

THE ACADIAN

AND KING'S CO. TIMES.

HONEST, INDEPENDENT, FEARLESS--DEVOTED TO LOCAL AND GENERAL INTELLIGENCE.

Vol. XIV.

WOLFVILLE, KING'S CO., N. S., FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 2, 1894.

No. 10.

THE ACADIAN.

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WOLFVILLE, KING'S CO., N. S.

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(IN ADVANCE.)

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and will continue to guarantee satisfaction
on all work turned out.

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of the county, or articles upon the topics
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must invariably accompany the copy and
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Wolfville, N. S.

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PEOPLE'S BANK OF HALIFAX.

Open from 10 a. m. to 3 p. m. Closed
on Saturdays at 1 p. m.

G. W. MUNRO, Agent.

Churches.

BAPTIST CHURCH--Rev. T. A. Higgins,
Pastor--Services: Sunday, preaching at 11
a. m. and 7 p. m.; Sunday School at 9.30 a. m.
Half hour prayer meeting after evening
service every Sunday. Prayer meeting on
Tuesday and Wednesday evenings at 7.30 p. m.
Sings first all are welcome. Strangers
will be cared for by
Geo. W. ROBERTSON, } Ushers
A. DEW BARRS }

PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH--Rev. D. J.
Francis, Pastor. 55 Andrew's Church,
Wolfville. Public Worship every Sunday
at 11 a. m. and 7 p. m. Sunday School
at 10.30 a. m. Prayer Meeting on Wednesday
at 7.30 p. m. (Graham's Church, Lower
Horton: Public Worship on Sunday at 10
a. m. Sunday School at 10 a. m. Prayer
Meeting on Tuesday at 7.30 p. m.)

METHODIST CHURCH--Rev. Oscar
Gronlund, B. A., Pastor. Services on the
Sabbath at 11 a. m. and 7 p. m. Sabbath
School at 12 o'clock, noon. Prayer
Meeting on Wednesday evening at 7.30 p. m.
All the seats are free and strangers are
welcome at all the services--at Greenwash,
at 3 p. m. on the Sabbath, and
prayer meeting at 7.30 p. m. on Thursdays.

St. JOHN'S CHURCH--Sunday services
at 11 a. m. and 7 p. m. Holy Communion
at 11 a. m. and 7 p. m. 2d, 4th and 6th at
8 a. m. Service every Wednesday at 7.30
p. m.

REV. KENNETH C. HIND, Rector.
Robert W. STORIE, } Warden,
S. J. BATHURST, }

St. FRANCIS (R.C.)--Rev. Mr. Kennedy,
B. F.--Mass 11.00 a. m. on the fourth Sunday
of each month.

Temperance.

WOLFVILLE DIVISION S. of T. meets
every Monday evening in their hall
at 7.30 o'clock.

ACADIA LODGE, I. O. G. T., meets
every Saturday evening in Temperance
Hall at 7.30 o'clock.

CYRILL Band of Hope meets in the
Temperance Hall every Saturday after-
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APPLE TREES for SALE!

For the Fall and next Spring trade,
at the

Weston Nurseries!

WESTON COUNTY, N. S.

Orders solicited and satisfaction
guaranteed.

ISAAC SHAW,
PROPRIETOR.

Telephone at residence, No. 28

IF YOU

Have a Very Bad Cough,
Are Suffering from Lung Troubles,
Have Lost Much from Lung
Are Threatened with Consumption,
Remember that the
DR. Emulsion
IS WHAT YOU REQUIRE.

Watch your Weight

If you are losing flesh your
system is drawing on your
latent strength. Something
is wrong. Take

Scott's Emulsion

the Cream of Cod-liver Oil,
to give your system its need-
ed strength and restore your
healthy weight. Physicians,
the world over, endorse it.

Don't be deceived by Substitutes!

Scott & Borne, Belleville, All Drugists, etc. & St.

DIRECTORY.

Business Firms of
WOLFVILLE

The undermentioned firms will use
your right, and we can safely recommend
them as our most enterprising business
men.

BORDEN, CHARLES H.--Carriages
and Sleighs Built, Repaired and Painted.

CALDWELL, J. W.--Dry Goods, Boots
& Shoes, Furnitures, &c.

DAVISON, J. B.--Justice of the Peace,
Conveyancer, Fire Insurance Agent.

DAVISON BROS.--Printers and Pub-
lishers.

DR. PAYZANT & SON, Dentists.

DUNCANSON BROTHERS--Dealers
in Meats of all kinds and Fats.

HARRIS, O. D.--General Dry Goods
Clothing and Gents' Furnishings.

HERBIN, J. F.--Watch Maker and
Jeweler.

HIGGINS, W. J.--General Coal Deal-
er. Coal always on hand.

HEALEY, THOMAS--Boot and Shoe
Maker. All orders in his line faith-
fully performed. Repairing neatly done.

MURPHY, J. L.--Cabinet Maker and
Repairer.

ROCKWELL & CO.--Book-sellers,
Stationers, Picture Framers, and
Teachers in Pianos, Organs, and Sewing
Machines.

DAND, G. V.--Drugs, and Fancy
Goods.

SLEEP, L. W.--Importer and dealer
in General Hardware, Stoves, and Tin-
ware. Agents for Frost & Wood's Pumps.

SHAW, J. M.--Barber and Tobac-
conist.

WALLACE, G. H.--Wholesale and
Retail Grocer.

WINTER, BURPEE--Importer and
dealer in Dry Goods, Millinery,
Ready-made Clothing, and Gents' Fur-
nishings.

PERFECTLY WELL.

Was all run down, poor in flesh, could
not sleep, his food distressed him, and he
felt tired all the time. He took

Skoda's Discovery,

the great nerve and tissue builder, and
SKODA'S LITTLE TABLETS, that cure
dyspepsia, indigestion and headache.
He says: "I am perfectly well."

MEDICAL ADVICE FREE.

SKODA DISCOVERY CO., LTD., WOLFVILLE, N. S.

HELP WANTED!

WANTED--ADVISOR, HONORARY, CITI-
ZENMAN or LADY to travel representing
established, reliable house. Salary \$65
monthly and traveling expenses, with
increase, if suited. Enclose reference
and self-addressed stamped envelope.

THE DOMINION,
317 Omaha Building, Chicago.

DR. BARSS,

Residence at Mr. Everett
W. Sawyer's; Office oppo-
site Royal Hotel, Wolf-
ville.

Office hours: 10-11 a. m.; 2-
3 p. m.

Telephone at residence, No. 28

IF YOU

Have a Very Bad Cough,
Are Suffering from Lung Troubles,
Have Lost Much from Lung
Are Threatened with Consumption,
Remember that the
DR. Emulsion
IS WHAT YOU REQUIRE.

POETRY.

Little Kindnesses.

If you were toiling up a weary hill
Bearing a load beyond your strength
to bear,

Straining every nerve untiringly, and
still

Stumbling and losing foothold here
and there,

And each one passing by would do so
much

As give one upward lift and go their
way,

Would not the slight reterated touch
Of help and kindness lighten all the
day?

If you were breathing a keen wind
which tossed

And buffeted and chilled you as you
strove,

Till buffeted and bewildered, quite, you
lost

The power to see the way, and aim
and move,

And one, if only for one moment's space,
Gave you a shelter from the bitter
blast,

Would you not find it easier to face
The storm again when the brief rest
was past?

There is no little and there is no much;
We weigh and measure and define in
vain.

A look, a word, a light responsive touch
Can be the ministers of joy or pain.

A man can die in hunger walled in gold,
A crumb may quicken boys to stronger
breath.

And every day we give or we withhold
Some little thing which tells for life or
death.

SELECT STORY.

The Strike at Shane's.

CHAPTER VI--Continued.

The sorrel said that playing sick
was about as hard as working, for he
had been going hungry all the week;
a sick horse, of course, not being ex-
pected to eat. He could get along all
right as long as they would turn him
out in the pasture, where he could crop
the grass without being seen; but when
they shut him up in the stable they
could talk to him as they pleased.

"The gray mare had the same opin-
ion, but they both promised to hold
out to the end, if it took all summer,
and they got so thin that they had to
stand tight in the same place to make
a shadow.

"I have had a pretty rough time of
it," said the sorrel. "The only way I
could get even was by not giving milk,
and the only way I could keep from
giving milk was not to eat. I have
had to starve myself for a whole week,
but I have the satisfaction of knowing
that they have not had enough milk in
the family; and that good-for-nothing
Tom has not had any milk to drink for
one week. No doubt I am looking
pretty thin, but I am determined not
to give any milk if I can help it. I
have received several beatings from
Tom, because he says I won't give
down my milk, and I kicked him once."

"That is quite heroic on your part,"
said Dobbin. "Who is the next?"

"There never was a dog had as hard
a time as I do," said Towser. "I
have tried not to do anything, but I
get so many kicks and blows that I
have to pretend to do something to
keep them from beating me to death.
By 'them' I mean Mr. Shane and Tom,
for Mrs. Shane and Edith are as kind
as they can be. I haven't killed a
mole this week, and they ate up all
of Mrs. Shane's flowers. I was awfully
sorry about that for I haven't anything
against Mrs. Shane. And then when
Edith told me to drive the hogs out of
the garden I wouldn't go, and she had
to go and drive them out herself. I
licked her hand afterwards and tried
to make up with her, but she wouldn't,
and said I was a lazy dog. I'll make
it all up to her when this strike is
over."

"I just had to lay an egg every day,"
said the hen, "but I made a neat way
back under the barn where they
couldn't find it, and then went up in
the hay-mow and cackled. I know
they haven't found any eggs for they
are all there, except what I gave the
crows, and I think he earned them, for
I haven't seen a hawk for a week."

"The rats and mice are about to
take the place, for I haven't bothered
them this week," said puss. "When I
get hungry for a mouse, I go over to
the next farm to get it. Shane said I
ought to be starved into eating mice. I
humph! There are mice to catch in
other places than here. I won't
starve."

"I have done my part," said the
crow. "The hen has been giving me
eggs to eat, and I have spent my spare

time in carrying worms and dropping
them on the fields, and I have had
about a hundred of my friends at the
same work. I wonder the hen has
not seen a hawk this week, for no
hawk will ever come around where a
hundred crows are."

"You have no doubt seen the result
of my work," said the blackbird. "I
have had some hundreds of my friends
at work carrying worms and insects on
to the farm and dropping them. There
will be enough worms on the farm
within the next week to eat up all the
crops this summer."

"I don't think that is right," said
Dobbin. "For Shane may change his
mind before the season is over, and
then we would be sorry for what we
have done."

"Oh! don't worry about that," said
the blackbird. "I have explained the
matter to them, and they have all
agreed to assist in carrying all the
worms and insects off again, if events
should take a favorable turn for us.
We'll make that all right."

"With that understanding, I consent
that the work go on," said Dobbin.

"Tom has been chasing us all the
week with his gun, but we keep out of
his way. It's open war between us
from now on, and we'll see which
wins," said the blackbird.

The other birds said they had been
engaged in similar work, and that
there was not now a single bird of any
kind on the farm.

While this meeting was going on
Shane had gone over to the Tracy
farm to see if he could not get Mr.
Tracy to help him out with his work.

"It seems like fate is agin' me this
year," said Shane. "What little crops
I have got in are about to be taken by
the birds. I keeps Tom all the time
to keep 'em out of the corn."

"You and I have different views
about such things," said Mr. Tracy.
"I consider the birds my best friends;
I wouldn't part with them for any
money, and I don't allow a bird shot
on my farm."

"I never could see it in that light,"
said Shane. "I know they pull up
the corn and there's enough blackbirds
on my farm to take all the corn I can
plant."

"Why, there's just as many on my
farm and they follow the plow and
pick up every worm and bug they see
and eat it. I'm satisfied that the work done
for me this spring by blackbirds alone
is worth fifty dollars to me, and they
are not half done yet. I have a great
deal more work for them to do for me
before the season is over. Why, the
birds are one of God's best gifts to us,
and we ought to give Him thanks for
sending them. They are not only a
benefit to us in money, but their songs
brighten our lives and make our homes
more pleasant."

"I never have time to listen to their
singin'," said Shane, "and as for their
usefulness, I think they injure us more
than they do us good."

"Well, I hope you will see things in
a different light some time, and be able
to understand what a good gift they
are to us."

"I never can see things like you do,"
said Shane; "and it's no use for us to
argue for we can't agree. When luck
begins to run agin' a man there's no
stoppin' it. Now there's all them
horses of mine disabled, and I don't
know what to do."

"Now to be candid, friend Shane,
don't you think you are in a measure
responsible for the condition of your
horses? Now there's old Dobbin
would have been able to do light work
all summer if he had not been over-
worked, but he is not fit for any work
now."

"Yes; and I'd get rid of him if it
wasn't for Mary. I don't believe in
keeping useless animals just out of
sympathy."

"Oh! come now, you don't think
God gave man dominion over the lower
animals just that we might tyrannize
over them, and abuse them? There
is no record of any crime they ever
committed against the laws of God, or
any disobedience to His will that should
lead Him to give man dominion over
them as a means of punishment; but
on the contrary, it seems as though He
has given them to us to be useful to us,
and make us happier. There is
nothing in a dog, a pig, a chicken, and
that limit on 'em when he's over-
worked, but he is not fit for any work
now."

"I don't know as much about how to use
a horse as Abner Smith. Why, I've
owned two horses to his one, and I've
owned out more horses than he ever
owned. I'd get more work out of the
horse if he'd let Tom drive 'em, but
then I'll have to do the best I can--
An' then there's Tracy's horses; I'll
use them myself, and may be John will
get ashamed of himself if I don't do
as much as I do with Tracy's team;
but then I promised Tracy that I
wouldn't use his team hard, and if I
would he would never forgive me. John
would just be mean enough to go right
away and tell Tracy if I did get a full
day's work out of 'em. Well, I'll just
have to do the best I can, but I do
have to have to work with people who
have such cranky notions. It's strange
they can't see that it pays better to
work a horse for all there is in him,
and when he's over-worked, he's over-
worked, but he is not fit for any work
now."

of old Dobbin, at least. You had long
years of service from him, and he had
grown too old for the work you put on
him. The same reason would probably
hold good with the other horses, for I
think you have overworked them this
spring. I say it in all kindness to you;
but I think you have got into the
habit of looking at things in the wrong
light, and are measuring things by a
false standard."

"You may be right about the
matter," said Shane; "but I don't see
how a man is to get along in the world
if he don't push things."

"That depends on what you mean
by pushing things, and getting along
in the world. If the getting of money
is the aim of life it might be to our
interest to wring the last pound of
strength out of our beasts that could
be got out of them, but I believe it is a
good policy not only to get happiness
for ourselves, but to make them happy
too; and I don't think I ever lost any-
thing by that policy."

"Well, we can't agree on these ques-
tions," said Shane, "and what I want
to know is if you will help me out a
little with my work, when you get your
crop in."

"Why, certainly, I am always will-
ing to help a neighbor when he is in
trouble. Let me see: the boys will
have that lower field broke up by the
middle of the week, and then I will
send you one team on one condition,
neighbor Shane."

"What is that?" asked Shane.

"That you will apply my principles
in regard to the lower animals to your
horses. That you will treat them as
kindly as I would treat them, and be
as merciful to them as you would be
to me, if I went over to help you."

"I agree to that," said Shane, "and
appreciate your kindness, I am sure."

Shane took the agreement and went
to Abner Smith's, who lived on the
next farm. Abner Smith was a bluff
old fellow who always spoke his mind,
and was always free to criticize any-
thing that did not suit him, but his
criticisms always had a ring of equity,
as being the result of honest conviction.
Justice to all things, both man and
beast, was the ruling principle of his
life. Shane's errand here was the
same as at Tracy's, and he related his
troubles and asked for the use of a
team in getting his corn planted.

"Well, I'm always neighborly," said
Smith, "and I think I can spare you a
team by the middle of the week, and
I'll send my boy John along to drive
it for you."

"That is not necessary," said Shane;
"I have plenty of hands. What I
want is horses; Tom can drive the
team, if you will let me have it."

"I'd rather my boy John would go
along with the team," said Smith.
"It shan't cost you nothin'. You see
the team is used to John, and then
they do say that you are a hard man
on horses, neighbor Shane, and I
ain't used to bein' ill treated."

"Well, just yourself about that. By
the way, I'll send Tom over to work
in John's place, if you insist on send-
ing John with the team."

"That's fair," said Smith. "If you
don't need the boy, just send him over
and I'll find work for him."

"Farmer Shane returned home feel-
ing more cheerful than he had for some
days; but he didn't feel right about
the way Tracy and Smith had talked
about his treatment of his horses and
other animals.

"The idea," he soliloquized, "that I
don't know as much about how to use
a horse as Abner Smith. Why, I've
owned two horses to his one, and I've
owned out more horses than he ever
owned. I'd get more work out of the
horse if he'd let Tom drive 'em, but
then I'll have to do the best I can--
An' then there's Tracy's horses; I'll
use them myself, and may be John will
get ashamed of himself if I don't do
as much as I do with Tracy's team;
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have such cranky notions. It's strange
they can't see that it pays better to
work a horse for all there is in him,
and when he's over-worked, he's over-
worked, but he is not fit for any work
now."

give him away. I tell you time is
worth more than horse flesh."

Such were the thoughts of a man
who was intent on money getting. He
forgot that the same God who created
him created the lower animals, and
that the dominion God gave him over
them was a trust to be executed mere-
fully.

CHAPTER VII.

The days went by, and Tracy and
Smith sent their teams, and the work
went merrily on at the Shane farm,
and it looked like the corn would be
planted in pretty good time yet.
Shane's horses were not improving in
appearance any, and he had spent the
price of a horse in fees to Hodges to
cure them. He hoped to get them
created by the time the corn was ready
for the cultivator, but the first thing
was to get the corn planted.

The work went steadily on, and by
the middle of the next week the last
hill was in the ground, and Shane was
astounded at the amount of work that
could be done by two teams, when they
were worked according to Tracy's and
Smith's plans; for he had kept his pro-
mise to Tracy to treat the team well.
He had given them proper rest during
the day, proper care at night, and had
worked them a reasonable number of
hours. He remarked that "Smith and
Tracy had two mighty good teams.
They just go right along and do what
they are told to do without any fuss or
trouble." Yet he could not under-
stand that it was the kind treatment
that these horses received that made
them work so cheerfully.

"There's an awful sight o' grub-
worms in this soil," said John Smith,
as he and Shane were breaking up the
ground for corn. "If them blackbirds
that's a hangin' around in the woods
would come down and pick 'em up it
would be many a dollar in your
pocket."

"I ain't got any use for blackbirds,"
said Shane. "The pesky things will
be around when the corn's planted to
pull it up. I'd rather take my chances
agin the worms than the birds. If I
had a gun, I'd start them black rascals
out of there."

"They'll pick up a sight of worms
if you'll let 'em," said John. "Father
don't allow us to kill birds. He says
they're more than pay their way."

"Maybe they do for some people,
but they don't for me," said Shane.

The birds were confining their work
to the fields, and were not seen about
the house. This was observed soonest
by Edith, who was very fond of birds.

"How strange it is, mamma, that
there are no birds this summer," said
Edith.

"I have noticed it," said Mrs. Shane.
"Perhaps they have not come yet."

"Oh! yes they have," said Edith.
"There's just lots of them over at
Tracy's, and lots of nests. I don't see
why they don't build any nests here.
It seems so lonesome here without them.
I think papa and Tom are cruel to
shoot them and drive them away, and
I told papa so."

"Don't worry your papa any more
than you can help, Edie," said Mrs.
Shane. "He has had a great deal of
trouble