THE ACADIAN
AND KING'S CO. TIMES.

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

Vol. XIV. WOLFVILLE, KINGS CO., N. S., FRIDAY, OCTOBER 19, 1894. No. 8.

THE ACADIAN.

Published on FRIDAY at the office, WOLFVILLE, KINGS CO., N. S.

TERMS:

$1.00 Per Annum.

(IN ADVANCE.)

CLUBS of five in advance $4 00.

Local advertising at ten cents per line for every insertion, unless by special arrangement for standing notices.

Rates for standing advertisements will be made known on application to the office, and payment on trancient advertising must be guaranteed by some responsible party prior to its insertion.

The ACADIAN JOB DEPARTMENT is constantly receiving new type and material, and will continue to guarantee satisfaction on all work turned out.

Newsy communications from all parts of the county, or articles upon the topics of the day are cordially solicited. The name of the party writing for the ACADIAN must invariably accompany the communication, although the same may be written over a ficticious signature.

Address all comunications to

DAVISON BROS.,
Editors & Proprietors,
Wolfville, N. S

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PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH.—Rev. D. J. Fraser, Pastor. St Andrew's Church, Wolfville: Public Worship every Sunday at 11 a. m., and at 7 p. m. Sunday School at 3 p. m. Prayer Meeting on Wednesday at 7.30 p. m. Chalmer's Church, Lower Horton: Public Worship on Sunday at 3 p. m. Sunday School at 10 a. m. Prayer Meeting on Tuesday at 7.30 p. m.

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REV. KENNETH C. HIND, Rector.

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ST FRANCIS (R.C.)—Rev Mr Kennedy, P.P.—Mass 11 00 a m the fourth Sunday of each month.

Masonic.

ST. GEORGE'S LODGE, A. F. & A. M., meets at their Hall on the second Friday of each month at 7½ o'clock p. m.

F. A. Dixon, Secretary.

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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.

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For the Fall and next Spring trade, at the

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KING'S COUNTY, N. S.

☞ Orders solicited and satisfaction guaranteed.

ISAAC SHAW,
PROPRIETOR.

Pale Faces

show Depleted Blood, poor nourishment, everything bad. They are signs of Anæmia.

Scott's Emulsion

the Cream of Cod-liver Oil, with hypophosphites, enriches the blood, purifies the skin, cures Anæmia, builds up the system. *Physicians*, the world over, endorse it.

Don't be deceived by Substitutes!

Scott & Bowne, Belleville. All Druggists. 50c. & $1.

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Business Firms of WOLFVILLE

The undermentioned firms will use you 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, Furniture, &c.

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DAVISON BROS,—Printers and Publishers.

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LIFE'S SUNSET ALL AGLOW.

Patrick Darling, aged 76 yrs.

Wife and I were the first settlers in Moro, Aroostook Co., Me., 41 yrs. ago. It was then a vast wilderness. With all its hardships our lives had been filled with happiness until the fall of '91, when we were attacked with dyspepsia, sleeplessness and their attendant evils.

SKODA'S DISCOVERY

Susan Darling, age 73.

CURED US, and we are again floating down life's river with all bright and smooth before us."

Skoda's Little Tablets cure sick headache, constipation and dyspepsia. 25 cts.

Medical Advice Free.

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

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Perry Davis' PAIN-KILLER

Buy a Big 25c. Bottle

NO OTHER MEDICINE ON EARTH is so efficacious for Colic, Canadian Cholera, Cramps, Chills, Diarrhœa, Dysentery, Cholera Morbus, Cholera Infantum and all Bowel Complaints.

POETRY.

Daily Dying.

The maple does not shed its leaves
In one tempestuous scarlet rain,
But softly, when the south wind grieves,
Slow, wandering over wood and plain,
One by one they waver through
The Indian summer's hazy blue,
And drop at last on the forest mould
Coral, and ruby, and burning gold.

Our death is gradual like these;
We die with every waning day;
There is no waft of sorrow's breeze
But bears some heart-leaf slow away!
Up and on to the vast To Be,
Our life is going eternally!
Less of life than we had last year
Throbs in your veins, and throbs in mine,
But the way to heaven is growing clear,
And the gates of the city fairer shine,
And the day that our latest treasures flee
Wide will they open for you and me.

SELECT STORY.

The Strike at Shane's.

CHAPTER II.—*Continued.*

Shane searched far and wide for a horse, but could find none at that season of the year. His temper grew worse all the time. Tom didn't escape his wrath either; but Tom had a way of getting even by taking out his spite on the cattle and horses, and even the dog and cat did not entirely escape his kicks and blows. And his leisure time was spent going about the fields shooting birds, as he said "for practise."

Things went on this way for a week or ten days, when Shane concluded to try breaking one of the colts. His idea of breaking a colt was by force, and the thought never entered his head that he could subdue it by gentleness.

The strong limbed, beautiful colt was enticed into the stable, and the door securely fastened. A rope with a slip-noose was then thrown over its head, and as it plunged away the rope tightened around its neck until it was choked almost into insensibility. A strong bridle was then placed on it and the noose was loosened. After being pulled around and whipped for about an hour the colt became too much exhausted to make further resistance, and Shane held it by the bit while Tom fitted on the collar and harness. Bay Dick was then brought out and hitched to the wagon, and the colt was placed alongside of him. Dick resented the idea of being hitched with a colt, and evinced some restlessness. "Gettin' frisky, are you?" said Shane, and he gave Dick a cut with the whip which raised a long welt on his side.

Dick laid back his ears, as much as to say, "I'll get even with you for that."

"All ready; let go!" shouted Shane, and Tom released the colt's head, which he had been holding by the bit. It began to rear and plunge about in its efforts to get loose. Dick caught the excitement of the moment, and began plunging and kicking with all his might. The team then started to run, dragging Shane a short distance, when he let go,—and they sped down the lane like a hurricane. The wagon was torn to pieces, and the two horses, trying to jump a fence, went down together, and were tangled up in the harness. Shane and Tom hastened to the place and extricated them. Dick was all right, but the colt's leg was broken.

"Go to the house and get the rifle," said Shane.

Tom went; and when he came back Shane put a bullet in the colt's head, saying, "It's no use to fool with a colt with a broken leg."

Such are the sentiments of many whose hearts are closed against the silent appeals of our dumb animals.

How often have we seen the look of pain in a horse's eye after receiving cruel blows for failing to do what was impossible—a look which almost seemed to say, "God forgive them, for they know not what they do!"

CHAPTER III.

Under the kind treatment of Mrs Shane Dobbin had improved rapidly, and was able to be turned out in the pasture; but he was still stiff in the joints and short in his wind. Shane had succeeded in getting a man from the village to come with his team and work a few days, but he was far behind his neighbors in getting his corn planted. This soured his temper more than anything else, for he was always ahead of his neighbors in his work, and he blamed it all to "his everlastin' bad luck."

From this time on he hardly gave his horses time to eat and sleep, and they were worked down almost to skin and bone. Dick's temper had not improved any, and he bore the marks of the whip frequently; for Shane said the only way to control a horse was to make him fear you.

About this time it became known about the farm that Dobbin had called a meeting of all the animals on the farm to take some measures for the amelioration of their condition. This meeting was to be held on the next Sunday, as that was the only day when the horses could get off.

Now, the animals did not know exactly what was to be done at the meeting; but they had great confidence in Dobbin, and attended the meeting in full force. It was held under the old oak tree down in the pasture beside the brook. The gathering was rather a surprise to Dobbin, for he had not expected so many. He had given notice that all the useful animals and fowls of the farm should be present, and as the result all the horses, cattle, sheep and swine were there, and all the chickens, turkeys, ducks and geese had sent representatives. Towser, the dog and puss, the cat, were there in person. All the birds of the forest had sent representatives, and there were also representatives from the snakes and toads.

It was with some apprehension that Dobbin took charge of this great gathering, as it was the first time he had ever attempted to preside over a public meeting, and he would have found himself afflicted with a trembling of the knees if his knees has not been too stiff to tremble. More than that, he was doubtful if all the representatives present were entitled to seats in the convention; but he concluded to take the matter in his own hands without appointing a committee on credentials—probably owing to the fact that he never heard of such a committee. He concluded to take the most difficult problem under consideration first, and call on the snakes and toads to state their claims to sit in the convention.

"We are not animals," said one of the toads, "neither are we fowls; but we do claim to be useful. We destroy many noxious insects that would injure the crops grown on the farm. In fact, we live entirely on insects—such as flies, roaches, misquotoes, worms, and bugs, that would destroy agricultural crops. And we have been treated"—

"Never mind how you have been treated," said Dobbin, "we will hear that further on. I believe your statements to be true, and will allow you to remain in the convention."

"And we," said one of the snakes, live on insects the same as the toad, and assist in protecting the crops from these pests."

"Yes," said the toad, "you sometimes make a meal on one of my species."

"I admit that such things have been done, but I have never been guilty of such a crime," said the snake.

"Is not your bite poisonous, and are you not a dangerous fellow to have about?" inquired Dobbin.

"An entirely mistaken idea," said the snake; "there is but one poisonous snake in the State, and that is the rattle-snake. We do not associate with them at all. Although our teeth are sharp, we have no poison fangs, and our bite is no more dangerous than the prick of a needle. For the proof of this I refer you to any scientific investigator of the age."

"Well, we will accept your statements as true, and allow you to remain in the convention," said Dobbin.

"Bravo!" shouted some one in the rear, and Dobbin looked around and saw a long-eared mule.

"Hello! by what right are you here?" inquired Dobbin.

"By the right of my ability to get here," said the mule. "I am at present a free and independent character in this community, and seeing you assembled here I thought I would come over and see what the caucus was about."

"May I ask where you belong?" inquired Dobbin.

"I was formerly employed by a street car company of Indianapolis. I received too many kicks and blows and too much hard work for the amount of food I got, so I escaped from the stables and came out in the country for a vacation," said the mule.

"Well," said Dobbin, "if you stay here you will not be likely to find your condition any better."

"Never mind about me," said the mule. "It's just as easy to jump out of the field as it was to jump in; and if farmer Shane tries to capture me, he'll find I'm something of a kicker."

"That may be," said Dobbin, "but you will find that farmer Shane is something of a kicker too, as all the animals on the farm can testify."

"We will now proceed with the business of the meeting," said Dobbin, "and will call on all the assembled company to state their grievances and make suggestions for the remedy."

The cow was called upon.

"My troubles are not as serious as those of some others on the farm; but I don't think I have been treated fairly," said the cow. "I give all the milk for the family, and don't begrudge them any of it, yet when they took my calf from me I couldn't help but worry about it, and once I jumped the fence to get to it. Then Tom came with a club and beat me, and set Towser on me. I don't think that Towser is a bit better than Tom."

"Mr Chairman, I want to say a word here," said Towser, coming forward. "I admit that I have chased all the cattle, horses and hogs on the farm; but I have to do what my master commands me to do, for if I don't I will get kicks and blows. I haven't inflicted any serious injury on any of you, for my bark has always been worse than my bite."

"We must not always judge each other by our actions," said Dobbin, "for we are sometimes compelled to do things that we would not do if left to our own free wills."

"More than that," continued the cow, "that good-for-nothing Tom beats me and kicks me when he comes to milk me. He puts my neck in a stall where I can't turn my head around, and if I switch my tail to keep the flies off he gets mad and beats me. Why, last night he tied my tail to my leg so that I could not switch the flies, and a fly got on my back and bit me terribly. I couldn't switch it off with my tail, nor scare it off with my head. I stood it as long as I could, and then I kicked up with both of my feet. I only aimed to scare the fly away, but someway I kicked Tom over and spilled the bucket of milk all over him, and I'm carrying the bruises on me where he beat me for it. I don't give down my milk very well sometimes, but what encouragement is there for a cow that is treated in that manner?"

When the cow had finished, Bay Dick was called on.

"I don't intend to stand this treatment any longer," said Dick. "A horse don't get anything but blows on this farm, whether he does right or wrong. I know I've got a fiery temper, and always aim to take my own part. I'm sorry I ran away the other day and broke the colt's leg, but that's done and can't be helped. But one thing is certain, I don't intend to submit to this treatment any longer."

The other horses all said "bravo," and "that's right."

"I'd be willing to do my share of the work if I was treated right," he continued; "but I get nothing but kicks and cuffs, and never a kind word. And there's that Tom has been driving me every Sunday night down to Tracy's place. He ties me to a strong post out in the road, with my head pulled away back with the check-rein, so that I can't get my head down to rest it. Then he goes into the house and stays until ten or eleven o'clock, while I stand there and shiver with the cold. If he would just put a blanket over me I wouldn't suffer so much; but it's little he ever thinks of our comfort. I tried to break loose and come home, but I couldn't. You all know what old Dobbin has suffered at their hands, and that's what we'll all come to in the end."

This speech was endorsed by them all.

"I don't know that I have any grievance to speak of," said a pig. "I have a pretty good time. It's true I sometimes get through a hole in the fence, and then Towser—

"There it goes again," said Towser. "Always blaming me for something I can't help."

"As I said," continued the pig, "I haven't much to complain of, but if I can do anything to help the rest of you I will do it."

"There's a hole in the garden fence where my chickens would get in last summer, and then I would have to go in and watch them," said a hen. Then some of the other hens would get in, and Tom would come and throw stones at us. He killed two of my chickens and broke my wing. Sometimes he would set Towser on us—"

"There now, I won't stand it any longer," said Towser, bristling up.

"Order, order!" shouted Dobbin; and Towser lay down again.

"I'm kicked and cuffed day in and day out," mewed Puss. "I try to catch all the rats and mice I can, but it don't do any good."

"Am I allowed to speak?" asked a quail which had hopped up on the fence.

"What reason can you give for appearing in this meeting," asked Dobbin.

"For the reason that I live on insects, and bugs, and worms, which would be destructive to the farmer's crops. I speak for all classes of birds. It is true that we eat a little fruit and grain, but that is nothing in comparison to the great benefits the farmer receives from us. We have added greatly to the prosperity of the farm, yet our nests are destroyed, our young killed, and the merciless guns of both Shane and his son are popping away at us all the time."

"That being the case, all birds that destroy troublesome insects are admitted to the convention," said Dobbin.

There being no more speakers, Dobbin said the convention would take a recess for five minutes, and go down to the brook and get a drink, after which they would discuss the matter as to the best and most convenient remedy for the evils existing on the farm.

CHAPTER IV.

The meeting having re-assembled, Dobbin called for suggestions as to the proper remedy for their misfortunes, and the proper course to pursue. All were silent but Bay Dick, who was in favor of kicking everything to pieces on the farm, and to show how it was to be done he wheeled around and kicked the top rail off the fence.

"If you will allow me to make a suggestion," said the mule, "perhaps I could give you some ideas on this subject."

"We will hear what you have to say," said Dobbin.

"I have been in the service of the street car company for several years," said the mule, "and I know when the street car drivers got dissatisfied with their wages they went on a strike. That is, they quit work until their difficulties were fixed up in some way, and they got what they wanted. I know we mules had an easy time of it while the strike lasted. Now, why couldn't you all go out on a strike and refuse to work until you get better treatment?"

"That would probably result in more blows and worse treatment instead of better," said Dobbin.

"No," said the mule, "if farmer Shane had to do without you for a while he would perhaps begin to appreciate your services, and would come to his senses and treat you better."

After some further discussion this plan grew in favor and was adopted, and the mule which had been in the street car strike gave them full instructions how to proceed.

"I'll not do another day's work," said Dick, "and I'll kick everything to pieces they hitch me to."

"Hold on there," said the mule, "no violence to persons or property. That was the rule in the street car strike. Just quit work and let farmer Shane get along the best he can."

"That's right," said Dobbin, "no violence in this strike."

"Well, I'll do the best I can to keep cool," said Dick, "but they mustn't push me too far."

"Now, we will hear from each member as to the course they intend to pursue," said Dobbin.

"As for my part," said Dick, who was highly delighted with the plan, "I shall pretend to be very lame, and stiff in my shoulders."

"Consider your high temper," said the mule, "perhaps it would be better for you to locate your lameness to your hind legs."

"Not much," said Dick, "I may have occasion to use my heels before I get through this if they use me too severely."

"I shall stay in the farthest corner of the pasture, and make Tom come after me every night instead of going up to the barn to be milked, as I have always done," said the cow, "and I shall give just as little milk as possible."

CONTINUED NEXT WEEK.

Keep clear of personalities in general conversation. Talk of things, objects, thoughts. The smallest minds occupy themselves with personalities. Personalities must sometimes be talked, because we have to learn and find out men's characteristics for legitimate objects; but it is to be with confidential persons. Do not needlessly report ill of others. There are times when we are compelled to say, "I do not think Bouncer is a true and honest man." But when there is no need to express an opinion, let poor Bouncer swagger away. Others will take his measure, no doubt, and save you the trouble of analyzing him and instructing them. And as far as possible dwell on the good side of human beings. There are family boards where a constant process of depreciating, assigning motives, and cutting up character goes forward. They are not pleasant places. One who is healthy does not wish to dine at a dissecting table. There is evil enough in man, God knows! But it is not the mission of every young man and woman to detail and report it all. Keep the atmosphere as pure as possible, and fragrant with gentleness and charity.

A Serious Case Indeed.

Few things vex a physician more than to be sent for in great haste at an unreasonable hour, only to find upon arrival that little or nothing is the matter with the patient. An eminent English surgeon was called to an "urgent case" of this sort, and found that the patient, who was a man of great wealth and small courage, had received a very slight wound from a fall. The surgeon's face did not betray his irritation, but he gave his servant a dollar to go home with all possible haste and return with a certain plaster. The patient, turning very pale, said, anxiously:

"I trust, sir, there is no great and immediate danger?"

"Indeed there is," answered the surgeon. "Why, if that fellow doesn't run like a race-horse, there's no telling but your wound will heal before he gets back with the plaster."

"When I was a Boy,"

Writes Postmaster J. C. WOODSON, Forest Hill, W. Va., "I had a bronchial trouble of such a persistent and stubborn character, that the doctor pronounced it incurable with ordinary medicines, and advised me to try Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. I did so, and one bottle cured me. For the last fifteen years, I have used this preparation with good effect whenever I take

A Bad Cold,

and I know of numbers of people who keep it in the house all the time, not considering it safe to be without it."

"I have been using Ayer's Cherry Pectoral in my family for 30 years, with the most satisfactory results, and can cheerfully recommend it as being especially adapted to all pulmonary complaints. I have, for many years, made pulmonary and other medicines a special study, and I have come to the conclusion that Ayer's Cherry Pectoral occupies a position pre-eminent over other medicines of the class."—Chas. Davenport, Dover, N. J.

Ayer's Cherry Pectoral

Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.

Prompt to act, sure to cure

WORMS FOR the removal of worms of all kinds from children or adults, use DR. SMITH'S GERMAN WORM LOZENGES. Always prompt, reliable, safe and pleasant, requiring no other medicine. Never failing. Leave no bad after effects. Price, 25 cents per Box

USE SKODA'S DISCOVERY
The Great Blood and Nerve Rem