

THE ACADIAN

AND KING'S CO. TIMES.

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

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No. 14.

THE ACADIAN.

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WOLFVILLE, KING'S CO., N.S.
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J. O. WILSON, Contractor
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"Ayer's Pills are the best medicine I
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better general remedy could be devised.
I have used them in my family and
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To my certain knowledge, many cases
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Permanently Cured
by the use of Ayer's Pills alone: Third
day chills, dumb ague, bilious fever,
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constipation, and heart colds. I
know that a moderate use of Ayer's
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as the nature of the complaint required,
would be found an absolute cure for the
disorders I have named above."
"I have been selling medicine for
eight years, and I can safely say that
Ayer's Pills give better satisfaction than
any other pill I ever sold."
—D. S. Perry, Spottsylvania C. H., Va.

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

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- BAPIST CHURCH—Rev. T. A. Higgins, Pastor—Services: Sunday, preaching at 11 a.m. and 7 p.m.; Sunday School at 10 a.m. Half hour prayer meeting after evening service every Sunday. Prayer meeting on Tuesday and Wednesday evenings at 7.30. Seats free; all are welcome. Strangers will be cared for by
COLAS W. BOSSON, } Ushers
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Temperance.

WOLFVILLE DIVISION No. 1, meets every Monday evening in their Hall at 7.30 o'clock.

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

CRYSTAL Band of Hope meets in the Temperance Hall, every Saturday afternoon at 2 o'clock.

APPLE TREES FOR SALE!

For the Fall and next Spring trade, at the
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Orders solicited and satisfaction guaranteed.

ISAAC SHAW,
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FOR SALE.

A DESIRABLE HOUSE AND
LOT, IN WOLFVILLE, Apply to
Geo. H. Patriquin,
Wolfville, Nov. 25th, 1894. [Jan 22]

POETRY.

Ambition.

She stands by the wayside, smiling,
And pointing with jewelled hand,
She tells of glories waiting
Afar in the radiant land.
At the sound of her voice, the plodder
Goes on with courage renewed,
Gains gives ear to her chanting
And is with new talent endued.
The multitudes hear her in passing,
And each tells himself that she only
Is singing for him her sweet song.
That, he, of them all, is chosen
To win her at last to his breast,
That sometime, or where, he will con-
quer,
If he follows the Siren's behest.
For he sate men forget heaven,
They heed not the passing years,
They trample the hearts of women,
They scoff at the orphan's tears,
They live for one thing only—
To make for themselves a name—
And in bold letters inscribe it
High upon the Temple of Fame.
Oh, fools, who toil and who struggle,
Oh, fools, who enter the strife,
Who are lured by the song of a siren,
To squander the treasure of life.
The prize for all your enduring
Is that of the meaneast slave,
When at last you would clasp her
triumphant
You tumble into a grave.

SELECT STORY.

The Strike at Shane's.

CHAPTER XI.
John Shane's neighbors came promptly to his assistance, as they always do in farming communities. They came with their teams and tools, prepared to put in the corn, and the work of plowing up the ground and replanting the corn went merrily on. The birds came and did their share of the work. They followed the plows all day long and caught every worm that came to view. The men plowed the ground and harrowed it and stirred it all they could, so that the birds might get the worms. Shane's horses went to the work with a will, and did as much as any team on the farm. It was a glorious day, and a jolly crowd of men never got together than these same farmers. They felt happy because they were doing a generous deed, and they worked with a will until noon. The dinner bell rang and they went to the house to meet a fresh surprise. Every man's wife and daughter was there, and they had spread a long table under the trees, and put on it a feast that would tempt the appetite of an angel.

They had placed Mr. Shane in a chair and had gotten at the window where he could see it; and Mrs. Shane sat by his side, husband and wife, happier than they had been in many years. What a great feast that was there under the trees. What appetites the men had, and how eager the women were to satisfy them. They laughed and joked and ate, and there never was such a jolly time as they had on the Shane farm.

They worked all day and came back the next day, and worked until every hill of corn was planted again. The next day the rain fell and moistened the ground, and the sun came out and warmed it, and the corn sprouted and grew, and there was a great prospect for the future. "The true worms took some of it, but they had put on extra grain in each hill for the worms." The birds could not get all the worms, but they got most of them. The Shane farm was getting in accord with the plan of the universe, and prosperity was smiling on it.

Shane felt that he was in the right path now, and he studiously followed it. During the time he was confined to the house with his broken limb, Edith had induced him to read the books loaned her by Cora Tracy, which treat of animals and birds and their uses.

In a few more weeks Shane recovered so much that he could walk about the farm on crutches. He could not help but mark the difference in the appearance of things. There was a look of content about everything.

The first time he went to the barn Dick came up to him, and putting out his nose touched Shane's hand.

"I certainly believe the horse is trying to ask my pardon," said Shane.

"It would be more proper for me to ask his pardon for mistreating him so long."

He patted Dick's neck and said, "I think we understand each other now, old fellow."

Physicians endorse them, and physicians make them.

Skoda's Discovery

and Skoda's other remedies, as I know them to be articles of true merit, and the physicians who compound them, to be men of integrity and ability. Skoda's Discovery is unlike any other. It is a remedy that cures disease by removing the poison, and it does so in the same time. It is a remedy that cures disease by removing the poison, and it does so in the same time. It is a remedy that cures disease by removing the poison, and it does so in the same time.

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"I tell you, Mister Shane, I never see horses work better than these same horses of yours," said Mike. "I think we'll have them prancing round again pretty soon."

"Don't talk that way. I'm afraid he'll not get much more enjoyment out of life, but he shall have an easy time of it as long as he lives."

But ere another year had gone by old Bobbin found a resting place beneath the sod, and the question was again asked, "Who knoweth that the spirit of man goeth upward and the spirit of the beast goeth downward?" God created him and made him subject to the will of man, and in the end God took him. The part that was mortal went back to the earth. If there was any immortal element in him God took it and knows what to do with it.

The work went on merrily on the Shane farm, and everything prospered. The birds did their duty nobly, and the crops were looking splendidly. Shane completely recovered from his broken limb, and people remarked that Shane didn't seem like the same man he used to be. He had learned that the birds were his friends; he had watched them in their work during the summer, and noticed how diligent they were in searching for insects. They took a few cherries and berries, it is true, but when he came to estimate the value of the fruit taken he saw that its value was greatly overbalanced by the benefits he received.

He had been accustomed to employing men to work for him, and he estimated the wages he would have to pay these men in comparison with the profits he could make out of their labor. If the balance was on his side of the account he employed them, and if not he didn't. He estimated the same way in regard to the birds.

The corn crop destroyed by the worms in the corn rows, and the second crop planted, which he believed now was saved by the birds, was worth all the fruit he would raise in several years. So he reasoned the matter with Edith.

"But, papa," she said, "isn't there something grander and nobler in this question than the mere money side of it?"

"Oh, yes, Edie; I see that side of the question, too. I recognize now that they are God's creatures, sent for our benefit, and that as he has given them to us he can take them away."

"And isn't there something more than that?" asked Edith.

"Yes; I appreciate their sweet songs now as I never did before. There are a great many beauties in nature that I never saw before. I begin to appreciate the gentleness and docility of our domestic animals. I don't blame Dick for running away with me; he only retaliates for the ill-usage I had given him. I do not intend that any dumb animal shall ever be mistreated on this farm again."

"Faith, an' I don't think there's any body on the farm now that wants to mistreat 'em, Mister Shane," said Mike, who had come in with Tom.

"I can trust you, Mike, for you always was opposed to mistreating the animals, but I didn't know but what you might have some of the old ideas left in your head."

"Niver ye fear for that boy, Mister Shane. Bogorra, he's a bigger crank than Mister Tracy himself, an' I think it's a young laddy of that name that's having a dale of influence wid' 'im on them points, eh?" and he gave Tom a vigorous poke in the ribs.

"Oh! shut up," said Tom, "that rattle-clap tongue of yours is always chattering about something."

"All right, me bye, 'tis Michael McCarty knows a bling or two, an' he has the tongue to tell ye of it," said Arrah, "I've been kavin' me two eyes open meself, this summer, an' I've changed the song I sang ye in the spring like this—"

Tom Shane and Cora Tracy were married the next winter, and it was her influence which had worked a change in Tom's thoughts and actions towards the lower animals.

The summer wore away and the winter was coming on. Shane's corn crop was in the crib, and had yielded far beyond his expectations, and his horses were sleek and fat and happy. He had brought the carpenters up from the village to repair the stables so that no cold blasts of winter wind would blow on his horses. He had bought blankets for his horses—something he had never done before.

The cold weather came on apace, and about the middle of November there came a snowstorm. The pitiless blasts of wind drove the snow in blinding sheets across the fields, and made the warm freestone in the Shane household seem doubly dear to all who love a home.

Edith was standing at the window watching the gusts of wind drive the snow about.

"Oh! say, papa, there is some animal down at the gate," said Edith. "Are any of ours out?"

"I think not," he said, coming to the window. "Ah! it is that old mule that has been living in the highway all summer."

"Whom does it belong to, papa?"

"I don't know; it is a stray. It looks like a shame to let the old fellow stand out there and starve," said Shane.

"Let's take him in until the storm is over, anyhow," said Edith.

"Well, it shall be done," said Shane. "Tom, you and Mike go and put that old mule in the back stall and give him something to eat."

The mule, much to his astonishment, was driven into the stable and put in a warm stall. Corn and hay were put before him, and he ate and drank with all his empty stomach without any thought of saying grace.

"How is this?" he cried to Dobbin; "there's been some change since I was here before."

"Well, I should say so," said Dobbin. "We have everything heart could wish for now."

"Well, I'm glad to hear that," said the mule, "and if I can get a job here I'm going to stay."

"I hope you will," said Dobbin, for he all felt kindly towards you for instructing us how to carry on the strike."

"Well, there's one mule thoroughly surprised," said Tom, after they had returned to the house, "I never saw an animal look so surprised as he did when we put him in the stable; an' the way he shook the snow off his old faded hide and went for that corn was a sight to see."

"Well, it won't cost much to keep him, an' I guess we'll just let him stay this winter," and the mule got the job.

"That's right, Mister Shane, an' the good God will give ye credit for it in the next world," said Mike.

"And all God fearing people will give ye credit for it in this world," said Mrs. Shane.

should be so large that all and each can get at the feed at the same time. Cattle, especially the milky mothers of the herd, should have a full share of the farmer's care and attention. They cannot be heard together in a fold like sheep. They can, however, be made comfortable in stalls without extra partitions.

In fixed stanchions, which are still in use in most dairies, the cow puts her head through a Y shaped stanchion, the right-hand upright of which fastens at the top and the whole assumes the shape of the Roman II when the head is in. I have favored a single pole with a cattle tie adjustable to the size of the neck.

Recently I have seen what may be called an improvement on either of the given methods. The stanchion consists of two round, upright poles of even size and smoothly rounded, fixed on a round disk made of plank above and below, which allows the whole stanchion to turn or revolve at the will of the cow; that is to say she can turn her head by her side—the general natural position—while lying down or while standing turn either way to lick herself or rid herself of a fly. With the old stanchions she could not do so, which was and is the principal objection.

Warmth, more or less, is needed by all animal life, more directly by warm-blooded creatures. When it comes to health and thrift or growth it is produced by food, which is as fuel to a furnace or stove, and consumed by warm stables.

Cattle, horses and sheep will consume (and need it, also) from one-third to one-half more of feed during winter under open sheds or with no shelter overhead, than five stock well housed in barns and stables.

Nothing looks more pitiful than to see side of a rail fence in a snowstorm, a man who will subject his animals to such treatment is not a farmer, for he does not even study his own best interests. There may be some readers who would be profited by these hints if they would put them to a practical test.

Romance no More in Farming.

The cutting of a field of grain to day presents a very different spectacle from what it did then. They are not yet seen on every farm, but they are sufficiently numerous to be looked upon as the first process of harvest—"American respect and binders" have usurped the places of men and women. But a few years ago a harvest field was a scene of animated human happiness; it is now little better than a dull, uninteresting spectacle of the latest mechanical appliances. "The Reaper and Binder" is dragged from side to side of a field; and in a few hours the grain has been cut, and the man, who is bound and cut, is left in the most formal of rows without a human hand ever having touched it. No wonder the people are leaving the rural hamlets and villages; they are not needed. Formerly all hands, those of young as well as those of the old, were needed most in time of harvest; in a year or two they will everywhere be then required least.

It is pleasant, to read of the man who says in the poem the soldier on duty in a far distant land in the slumbers of the night, dreamed that returning home, he had reached his ancestral property, and among the pleasant things that greeted his ears were these:

"I heard my mountain goats bleating aloft,
I knew the sweet strains that the corn reaper's sung."

Henceforth these sweet strains will be heard only in dreams even by those who remain at home. Will poetry even in the finest harvest weather ever gather around "American Binder"?

Heartless.

It is almost as cruel to joke a man about his fast horse as about his wife and children, but newspaper wits have no mercy. The Detroit Free Press tells of a man who takes great delight in the possession of a horse that can "trot a mile in 2.30."

He was driving rapidly along Jefferson Avenue the other afternoon, when a friend hailed him.

"I can't stop," the driver shouted. "I've got to catch the 2.50 train."

Garban's
Little River, Digby N.S.
Oh, 1894.

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