

THE ACADIAN

AND KING'S CO. TIMES.

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

WOLFVILLE, KING'S CO., N. S. FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 9, 1894.

No. 11

Vol. XIV.

THE ACADIAN.

Published on FRIDAY at the office
WOLFVILLE, KING'S 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 ar-
rangement for standing notices.

Notices for insertion must be presented to
the office, and payment on transient advertising
must be guaranteed by some responsible
party prior to its insertion.

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

Newspaper communications from all parts
of the county, or articles upon the topics
of the day are cordially solicited. The
editors of the party writing for the ACADIAN
will invariably accompany the communi-
cation, although the same may be written
under a fictitious signature.

Address all communications to
DAVIDSON BROS.,
Editors & Proprietors,
Wolfville, N. S.

Legal Decisions.

1. Any person who takes a paper regu-
larly from the Post Office—whether di-
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he has subscribed for or not—is responsible
for its payment.

2. If a person orders his paper discon-
tinued, he must pay up all arrearages, or
the publisher may continue to send it until
payment is made, and collect the whole
amount, whether the paper is taken from
the office or not.

3. The courts have decided that refu-
sing to take newspapers and periodicals
from the Post Office, or removing and
leaving them uncollected for a prime fact
evidence of intentional fraud.

POST OFFICE, WOLFVILLE.

OFFICE HOURS, 9 A. M. to 5 P. M. Mails
are made up as follows:
For Halifax and Windsor close at 11 30
A. M.
Express west close at 10 30 A. M.
Express east close at 4 30 P. M.
Kentville close at 7 00 P. M.
Geo. V. HARD, Post Master

PROVINCIAL BANK OF HALIFAX.

Open from 10 A. M. to 3 P. M. Closed
on Saturday 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 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.
DORIS W. ROBERTSON, Usurers
A. P. W. BARSS

PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH—Rev. Dr. J. Fraser, Pastor.

Services on the Sabbath at 11 A. M. and 7 P. M. Sabbath
School at 10 A. M. Noon. Prayer
Meeting on Wednesday evening at 7 30.
At 7 30 P. M. Chalmers' Church, Lower
Harbour. Public Worship on Sunday at 11
A. M. and 7 P. M. Sunday School at 10 A. M. Prayer
Meeting on Tuesday at 7 30 P. M.

METHODIST CHURCH—Rev. Oscar Manning, R. A., Pastor.

Services on the Sabbath at 11 A. M. and 7 P. M. Sabbath
School at 10 A. M. Noon. Prayer
Meeting on Wednesday evening at 7 30.
At 7 30 P. M. Chalmers' Church, Lower
Harbour. Public Worship on Sunday at 11
A. M. and 7 P. M. Sunday School at 10 A. M. Prayer
Meeting on Tuesday at 7 30 P. M.

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. Storr, Warden.
S. J. KHALIFAR, Secretary.

FRANCIS (R. C.)—Rev. Mr. Kennedy, Pastor—Mass 11 00 A. M. on 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 7 30 o'clock P. M.
E. A. DIXON, Secretary.

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.

CRYSTAL Band of Hope meets in the
Temperance Hall every Saturday after-
noon at 2 o'clock.

APPLE TREES FOR SALE!

For the Fall and next Spring trade,
at the
Weston Nurseries
KING'S COUNTY, N. S.

Orders solicited and satisfaction
guaranteed.

ISAAC SHAW,
PROPRIETOR.

WATERBURY'S

WATERBURY'S
WILL QUICKLY CURE
DIPHTHERIA, QUINSEY, COLDS AND COUGHS.



A Little Daughter

Of a Church of England minister
cured of a distressing rash, by
Ayer's Sarsaparilla. Mr. RICHARD
BIKKA, the well-known Druggist, 287
McGill St., Montreal, P. Q., says:
I have used Ayer's Family Medicine for
40 years, and have heard nothing but
good of them. I know of many

Wonderful Cures

performed by Ayer's Sarsaparilla, one
in particular being that of a little
daughter of a Church of England min-
ister. The child was literally covered
from head to foot with a red and ec-
zematous eruption, from which she
had suffered for two or three years,
in spite of the best medical treatment
available. Her father was in great
distress about the case, and, at my
recommendation, at last began to ad-
minister Ayer's Sarsaparilla, two bot-
les of which effected a complete cure,
to my great relief and her father's
delight. I am sure, were he here to-day,
he would testify to the strongest terms
to the merits of

Ayer's Sarsaparilla

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

DIRECTORY.

Business Firms of
WOLFVILLE

SELECT STORY.

The Strike at Shane's.

CHAPTER VII.—Continued.

"The bad luck your papa has had
this spring makes us all feel down-
hearted. Perhaps it is all for the best,
and we can only hope that it will come
out all right."

"Don't think it will come out all
right," said Edith. "I don't think
papa is doing right to drive away the
birds, and work the horses to death;
and Mr. Tracy thinks the same thing.
For once told me so, and I'm going to
have a talk with papa about it."

It is quite useless to annoy him about it," said Mrs. Shane.

"His mind
is made up, and he will not change it."
This reply did not settle the matter
with Edith, for she was determined to
talk with her father about the matter,
but she did not expect the opportunity
to come in the manner it did.

The days slipped by and the corn was coming up, but the difficulties on the Shane farm had not improved any.

The horses were still not fit for use,
and Hodge could not tell when they
would be.

"I don't believe there's anything
the matter with that bay Dick," said Shane,
and I'm not going to fool with him
any longer. He eats as hearty as
ever, and I saw him down in the pasture
trotting round as limber as any
horse. I'm going to hitch him up and
make him work or break his neck.
Here's the corn coming up and some
of the horses have got to go in the field
pretty soon."

Having come to this conclusion, he said he would hitch Dick up to the cart and drive him to town, and see if he couldn't limber him up under the whip.

"Do be careful," said Mrs. Shane,
"you know that horse has a bad tem-
per."

"Oh! I guess Dick knows me by
this time, and he knows I won't stand
any nonsense. If he's as lame as he
pretends to be, it won't be much trouble
to handle him."

Accordingly the horse was put on Dick, and he was hitched to the cart.

He stumbled around like a very lame
horse, and made a very bad show of
getting along. No one but Shane
would have undertaken to drive him in
the condition he appeared to be in.

"Poor Dick," said Edith, as Shane

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. 39.

WATERBURY'S

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WILL QUICKLY CURE
DIPHTHERIA, QUINSEY, COLDS AND COUGHS.

POETRY.

My Rights.

Yes, God has made me a woman,
And I am content to be
Just what he meant, not reaching out
For other things, since He
Who knows me best and loves me most,
Has ordered this for me.

A woman to live my life out

In quiet, womanly ways,
Hearing the far off battle
Singing as though a lass
The crowding, struggling world of men
Fights through their busy days.

I am not strong or valiant,

I would not join the fight
Or jostle with crowds in the highways
To only my garments white;
But I have rights as a woman, and here I
claim my right.

The right of a rose to bloom

In its own, sweet, separate way,
With none to question the perfume
And none to utter nay
If it reaches a root or points a thorn, as
even a rose-tree may.

The right of the lady birch to grow,

To grow as the Lord may please,
By never the sturdy oak rebuked,
Denied not sun nor breeze,
For all its plant tenderness, kin to the
strongest trees.

The right to a life of my own—

Not merely a casual bit
Of somebody else's life flung out
That taking hold of it,
I may stand as a cipher does, after a
numeral writ.

The right to gather and glean

When food I need and can
From the garnered store of knowledge
Which man has heaped for men,
Taking with free hand freely and after
an ordered plan.

The right—ah, best and sweetest!

To stand all undimmed
Whenever sorrow or want or sin
Call for a woman's aid,
With none to cavil or question, by never
a look gained.

I do not ask for a ballot;

Though my very life were at stake,
I would beg for nobler justice
That men for manhood's sake
Should give ungrudgingly, not withhold
If I must fight and take.

The first fault and the feeblest

Both seek the self-same goal,
The weakest soldier's name is writ
On the great army's roll,
And God who made man's body strong
made, too, the woman's soul.

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WIFE OF HANS

Palpitation OF THE Heart,

Nervous Exhaustion AND Stomach Trouble.

My daughter, Mrs. Mann, has been
suffering from the above diseases for
years, and employed all the
Leading Physicians
in Rockland and specialists in Boston,
but got no relief. They said it was
caused by a bad state of the blood.
She could not sleep nights; bowels
constipated, and palpitation of the
heart so bad she could hardly walk.
She has taken 4 bottles of

Skoda's Discovery,

and SKODA'S LITTLE TABLETS. Now
she can work every day, eat well and
sleep soundly. I can never express my
gratitude.
—MRS. S. E. CROWELL,
Rockland, Me.

Medical Advice Free.
SKODA DISCOVERY CO., LTD., WOLFVILLE, N. S.

CHAPTER VII.

The story of the accident was soon
spread abroad over the farm, and was
commented on by all the animals; but
the general opinion seemed to be that
there would be one person less to abuse
them—for a while anyhow.

"I'm sorry Tom wasn't fixed some-
how so that he couldn't get out here to
see us," said Edith.

"I don't like that way of doing,"
said Dobbin to Dick. "You went too
far in that matter. Of course every-
body will know now that you were
playing off, and they may see through
the whole thing, and that will result in
more violence."

"Well, what is done can't be un-
done," said Dick, "my temper got
away with me, and I was tired of sham-
ing. If I had been really lame Shane
would have driven me just the same;
I was lame for all he knew to the con-
trary, and when he whipped me I start-
ed to run before I had time to think.
I knew I might as well make a com-
plete job of it while I was at it; for
Shane would know I was shamming any-
how, and I would have to fight it out
with him sometime. You see, I had
put myself in a position where I had
to fight or surrender, and I preferred
to fight."

"It's a very bad piece of business,"
said Dobbin, "and may make trouble
for all of us. You should have kept
your temper."

"I tried to and failed, as you see,"
said Dick. "I have neither your age
nor experience in such matters, and
make bad breaks sometimes."

"We will have to take some other
means of protecting ourselves when
Shane gets about again," said Dobbin;
"but that won't be for a good many
days, so Tower says."

"It's open war with me now," said
Dick. "I don't intend that the harness
shall go on my back again until this
matter is settled. Tower was saying
the other day that Shane said if ever
we did get able to work he would make
us pay dear for our vacation."

The days were long and tedious for
Shane as he lay on his bed and brood-
ed over his troubles. To his physician
suffering was added the worry about
the condition of things on the farm.
Mrs. Shane and the children tried to
keep all further trouble from him by
putting the condition of things in their
most favorable light, but he understood
his business too thoroughly to be de-
ceived.

"Tom, how long before that corn
will be ready for the cultivator?" asked
Shane, as Tom was passing through the
room.

"I don't know," said Tom, "but
when it is the neighbors will all come
in and plow it over for you."

"Did the blackbirds take much of
it?"

"I don't think they took any of it,"
said Tom.

"Oh! yes I have, Mr. Tracy; I am
strong. Come, let me