

THE ACADIAN

AND KING'S CO. TIMES.

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

WOLFVILLE, KING'S CO., N. S., FRIDAY, OCTOBER 26, 1894.

No. 9.

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.

Rates for standing advertisements will
be made known on application 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
names of the party writing for the Acadian
must invariably accompany the contribu-
tion, although the same may be written
in 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 dis-
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he has subscribed or not--is responsible
for the payment.

2. If a person orders his paper discon-
tinued, he must pay up all arrears, and
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 refer-
ring to take newspapers and periodicals
from the Post Office, or removing and
leaving them uncollected for 30 days,
evidence of intentional fraud.

POST OFFICE, WOLFVILLE

Office Hours, 9 a. m. to 3 p. m. Mails
are made up as follows:

For Halifax and Windsor close at 7 1/2
a. m.

Express west close at 10 30 a. m.

Express east close at 4 30 p. m.

Kenilville close at 7 30 p. m.

Geo. V. Rank, Post Master

PEOPLES BANK OF HALIFAX

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

U. W. Musso, Agent.

Churches.

BAPTIST CHURCH--Rev. T. A. Higgins,
Pastor--Services: Sunday, preaching at 10 a. m.
and 7 p. m.; Sunday School at 9 30 a. m.
Half hour prayer meeting after evening
service every Sunday. Prayers meeting on
Tuesday and Wednesday evenings at 7 30.
Sings free; all are welcome. Strangers
will be cared for by

COLLIE W. BOBSON, Ushers
D. B. BAW

PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH--Rev. D. J.
Fraser, Pastor, at Andrew's Church,
Wolfville; Public Worship every Sunday
at 11 a. m. and 7 p. m. Sunday School
at 10 a. m. and 7 p. m. Chalmers' Church, Lower
Mercury; Public Worship on Sunday at 10 a. m.
and 7 p. m. Sunday School at 10 a. m. Prayers
meeting on Tuesday at 7 30 p. m.

METHODIST CHURCH--Rev. Oskar
Gronlund, B. A., Pastor. Services on the
Sabbath at 11 a. m. and 7 p. m. Sabbath
School at 12 o'clock, noon. Prayers
meeting on Wednesday evening at 7 30.
All the services are free and strangers wel-
comed at all the services--At Greenwich,
preaching at 3 p. m. on the Sabbath, and
prayer meeting at 7 30 p. m. on Thursday.

St. JOHN'S CHURCH--Sunday services
at 11 a. m. and 7 p. m. Holy Communion
at 10 a. m. and 11 a. m.; 2d, 4th and 5th at
8 a. m. Service every Wednesday at 7 30
p. m.

REV. KENNETH C. HIND, Rector.
Robert W. Storey, Warden.
S. J. Butterfield, Organist.

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 7 1/2 o'clock p. m.
F. A. Dixon, Secretary.

Temperance.

WOLFVILLE DIVISION S. O. 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 BALL 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.

Wanted Agents

Only a Step

from Weak Lungs to Con-
sumption, from Depleted
Blood to Anemia, from Dis-
eased Blood to Scrofula, from
Loss of Flesh to Illness.

Scott's Emulsion

the Cream of Cod-liver Oil,
prevents this step from being
taken and restores Health.
Physicians, the world over, en-
dorse it.

Don't be deceived by Substitutes!
Scott & Bown, Belleville, All Drugists, etc., etc.

DIRECTORY

OF THE

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.--Carriage
and Sleighs Built, Repaired and Painted.

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

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

DAVISON BROS.--Printers and Pub-
lishers.

DR. PAYZANT, F. B., Dentist.

DUNCANSON BROTHERS.--Dress
in Men's of all kinds and Feet.

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

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

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

REID, 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
dealers in Paints, 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 Floor
Shaw, J. M.--Barber and Toilet
Cuts.

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

WITTER, BURPEE--Importer and
Dealer in Dry Goods, Millinery,
Ready-made Clothing, and Gent's Fur-
nishings.

R. Bryce,
Comm. M. D.,
F. G. S.,
Consulting
and Analytical
Chemist,
209 Baylton
St., Boston,
Mass.,
says:

After a careful examination of
Skoda's German Soap, I can-
not but commend it as a chemi-
cally pure and healing nature. It cannot
be too highly recommended, both for
medicinal and toilet use. I also ad-
vise

Skoda's German Ointment
perfectly pure and possessing high medi-
cinal qualities. It can be used with perfect
safety on the most delicate skin, and is an
excellent ointment for general every-day
use.

Mr. Raymond, whose name appears
above and who for many years was engaged
in the manufacture of toilet soap, writes
under date of Feb. 4, 91: "I am surprised
at its soft and purifying qualities. It is
pure, unadulterated, and free from alkali,
which most soaps contain."

Miss Alice L. Williams, a graduate of the
Victoria General Hospital Training School
for Nurses, Halifax, N. S., says: "Truly
Skoda's soap is soft as velvet and pure as
snow. It makes the skin soft, white and
beautiful."

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

HELP WANTED!

WANTED--ACTIVE, HONEST, CAPABLE
GENTLEMAN or LADY to travel representing
established, reliable house. Salary \$60
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. 38

Wanted Agents

POETRY.

"God's Grain."

(BY MARION HARLAND.)

The page bears but a single line--
And yet the greatest, truest friend
Who ever mingled tears with mine,
With her sweet hand the sentence pon-
ded;

I lean in puzzle and in pain--
"Our Lord is gathering in His grain!"
Within my sight two graves were heaped,
But yesterday, with crystal clods;
The sharp and sudden earth that re-
posed.

In my home-meadow--was it God's?
The blast that swept my grain?
His way of gathering in His grain?

Man's reckoning is not Thine, dear Lord,
From grapes unripe who wrings the wine?

With flowering corn whose bars are
stored?

In summer's prime we strip the vine;
In autumn pile the mighty grain,
And garner fully ripened grain.

"God's grain,"--she wrote, and then--
"His own."

With thankful soil the truth is phrased,
His chosen seed, in weakness sown,
To be in strength immortal raised.
Who early sends, with later rain,
Knows when to gather in his grain.

From frosts that blight; from droughts that
draw

The very life-blood from the roots;
From canker-worm; from tempests raw
That bruise, then burden tender shoots,
From earthly hail; from earthly stain--
In loving haste He saves His grain.

Thrice blessed sheaves! with them he
fills

His stately chambers, strong and fair;
The while the everlasting hills,
And boundless reach of sun-steeped
meads.

Thrill with the Harvest Home refrain--
"Our Lord hath gathered in His grain!"

SELECT STORY.

The Strike at Shane's.

CHAPTER IV.--Continued.

The other horses all agreed to feign
some kind of sickness to avoid work.

"I will not do anything that I can
get out of," said Towser, "if I have to
chase any of you, you needn't get
scared, for I'll not hurt you. There
is one thing that I have always done,
and that is, I kill the moles in the yard
and garden. They burrow under the
ground, where pass can't get at them,
and I have always made it a point to
watch for them and kill them. I will
not kill another mole if they destroy
all the garden."

"I will not kill another rat or mouse
on the farm, if they eat up all the
grain," said Pass.

"Thank you for that," said a big
rat, that came up out of a fence corner,
where he had been hiding and listening.

"I want you to understand that it is
not out of any consideration of respect
I have for you that I made that state-
ment," said Pass, and she walked over
towards the rat, who immediately drop-
ped back into his hole.

"Quite right and proper," said Dob-
bin; "we want no such characters to
live on the farm."

The snake and toad said they would
move over to the next farm.

"I shall move off the farm just as
soon as my mate gets well of a wound
received the other day from a shot
from Shane's gun," said the quail,
"and I promise you that no quail shall
come on this farm this summer."

"I have a grievance against farmer
Shane myself," said a hawk, that had
perched unseen on the top of the cat-
tles, "and I will agree to kill all the chickens
on the farm."

"Put him out! put him out!"
screamed the hen; and the other birds
quickly sought cover.

"I'll fix him," said the tingbird, and
he made a quick dash at the hawk,
and struck him in the back with his
sharp beak.

"I'll help," said the crow; and be-
tween them they soon drove the hawk
away.

"I spend almost the whole of my
time catching worms and bugs," chirped
the robin. "It is true, that is the
way I make my living, but those worms
would destroy many dollars' worth of
crops. Last summer almost my whole
family was killed by Shane because we
took a few cherries, and I promise you
there shall not a robin remain on the
farm nor catch a worm on it this
summer."

So said all the birds; and it was
then and there arranged that there
should be a general emigration of birds
from the Shane farm.

"Am I in this?" asked the crow,
who had returned from driving the
hawk away, which he had chased clear
over to the adjoining farm.

"Well, that's questionable," said
Dobbin. But going to the fact that
the crow had chased away the hawk,
Dobbin was disposed to look more
kindly on him than otherwise would.

"Ah! you black rogue," said the
hen, "you stole an egg out of my nest
yesterday. I saw you fly away with
it."

"I admit it," said the crow; "but I
drove away a rat that was just about
to steal it, and I thought I might take
the egg as a reward for driving the
rat away. Besides, I drive away
hawks which would steal chickens, and
I kill a great many grubworms, and
cutworms, and ground mice," continued
the crow, "and if I'm a part of this
strike I'll not kill any more such pests,
and more than that, I'll move off the
farm and let the hawks kill all Shane's
chickens."

"Oh! come now," said the hen,
"let's compromise; you stay here and
keep the hawks away, and I'll give you
an egg now and then."

"All right," said the crow; "I'll
agree to anything to get into good
society."

"I have a few words to say," said
the blackbird; "I'm black like the
crow, but I don't steal eggs."

"Yes; but I saw you pulling up
corn down in the field yesterday, which
is just as bad," said Dobbin.

"Quite mistaken, I assure you,"
said the blackbird. "Sometimes I pull
up a sprout of corn, but it is to get at
the grubworm which is at the root. If
the grubworm which is at the root. If
I did not pull it up the grub would
destroy it anyhow, so in the end no
harm is done by me, but much good,
for I destroy a worm that would have
destroyed many stalks of corn before
the season is over. We cannot destroy
all the grubworms and cutworms that
are in the country, for they are so
under ground and we cannot get at
them. We follow the plow in the
spring and get all the worms that it
turns up. We follow in the summer
and get all the worms that the cultiva-
tor brings to the surface. Thousands
of crickets and grasshoppers are
destroyed by us which would injure
the wheat and grass crops. Hundreds
of my species have been killed by
Shane, and I will promise you that not
a worm nor an insect shall be killed
by a blackbird on the farm this summer.
More than that, all the blackbirds in
this section will join me, and each one
will carry a few grubworms and cut-
worms and drop them on Shane's
fields."

Dobbin thought that carrying worms
on the farm for the purpose of destroy-
ing the crops was contrary to the ar-
rangement that no violence should be
done to the person or property of
Shane; but the birds all insisted that
it was no more than right that they
should have this privilege. They
thought that was the best way to prove
to Shane the great amount of damage
done by these pests.

Everything being now arranged, the
convention adjourned to meet again on
the following Sunday at the same place,
and report what had been done.

"Wonder what all them beasts are
gathered 'round that tree for?" said
Shane, as he and Tom sauntered across
the field, laying their plans for the next
day's work. "Must be something
wrong."

"They're just standin' in the shade
of that tree, I guess," answered Tom;
"but it does seem kind of strange, for
there's Towser among 'em, an' he don't
often go very far away from the house."

"Yes, an' there's some other odder
there, too, that don't belong to this
farm," said Shane.

"It's a mule," said Tom. "I won-
der where in the nation he came from?"

Shane and Tom having come close
enough for the animals to see them,
the mule started across the field to
the point where he had jumped the fence.
Towser, seeing the turn affairs had
taken, started after the mule, as
though chasing it, and made a bee-line
for home as soon as he was out of sight
of Shane. The other animals scattered
in various directions, and Shane and
Tom proceeded in the direction the
mule had taken to see where it had
gotten in.

CHAPTER V.

Monday morning came bright and
fair, and Shane was up at dawn. He
felt the horse, and seeing the horse

horse lying down, he thought the horse
was still sleeping, and threw a corn-cob
at him.

"Come, wake up there, lay bones,"
he shouted, but the only response was
a groan.

"What in the nation is the matter
now?" he asked himself, as he went
around in the stable and gave the horse
a poke with the fork handle.

"Get up here," he shouted, and gave
the horse another poke with the fork
handle. The sorrel got up on his feet,
but stood with his head down.

"He'd better not try that with me,"
said Shane, to himself, in an undertone,
as he munched his corn.

"Looks like a sick horse, sure," said
Shane. "I never knew that horse to
refuse to eat before. Fire and thun-
der!" he exclaimed, as he looked in
the gray mare's stall, and saw that she
had not touched her corn. "Somebody
must have poisoned these horses."

He led the sorrel horse and gray
mare out in the barn-yard, where they
rolled around and made a great show
of having the colic.

"Tom, come here!" shouted Shane,
as Tom came sauntering down the
path with his milk pail. "You put
the saddle on Dick, an' go down an'
get Hodges as quick as you can."

Tom did as he was commanded;
but when he attempted to bring Dick
out of the stable he pretended to be so
stiff that he could not get out. Shane
was called up and made acquainted
with the state of affairs.

"What in the nation do you suppose
is the matter with 'em?" he asked,
still more astounded. "Tain't no
founder, for they haven't been overfed."

"I've an idea that it's some of that
mule's work," said Tom. "Like as
not he's been kicked."

"I reckon one mule couldn't kick
all the horses on the place," said Shane,
as they examined him for hoof marks
and found none.

"Well, you'll just have to walk
down to town an' get Hodges, an' he
quicker about it."

"It does beat all," said Shane, as he
returned to the house. "There's no
misfortune dyin' that don't light on
this farm."

"What is the matter now?" asked
Mrs. Shane.

"Why, every horse on the farm is
disabled in one way or another," said
Shane.

"Well, I thought you were working
those horses too hard," said Mrs. Shane.
"You should remember, John, that
horses are not machines that can go on
forever. You should judge their feel-
ings something by your own. You
raised Mike's wages for working over
time, but what have you given these
horses for their overwork? Have you
given them any better care or better
food?"

"Oh, you have foolish notions about
such things, an' you and me will never
agree on them points," said Shane.

"It is true, nevertheless, that if you
would give your horses better care, and
lighter work, you would be the gainer
in the end," said Mrs. Shane.

"How can I help it," said Shane;
"here's only three horses left on the
farm, an' I've got to get all the work
I can out of 'em."

"It was overwork that put Dobbin
in the shape he is now in," said Mrs.
Shane. "If he had been properly
cared for, and not been given work he
couldn't do, he would have worked all
summer."

"Well, what's done can't be undone;
an' I've got to get them horses on their
feet again. Them foolish notions of
yours won't make any money on the
farm; so there's no use discussin' 'em."

"Time will show," was Mrs. Shane's
parting shot.

Hodges soon arrived, and worked on
the horse all day, and at night they
did not seem any better than when he
began. He said they were the most
peculiar and stubborn cases he had
ever seen. Dick had several quiet
laughs at the expense of the other
horses because they had to take nasty
medicine, while his treatment was ex-
ternal. Hodges said he couldn't see
what was the matter with the horses,
unless their constitutions were entirely
broken down by overwork. He left in
the evening with instruction that if
the horses were not better by morning
he was to let him know.

"Did you see that big Book of black-

birds down in the lower field," inquired
Shane of Tom at the supper table that
evening.

"Yes," said Tom; "there must have
been hundreds of 'em."

"You must get out early with the
shot-gun in the mornin', or there won't
be a grain of corn left in the ground."