

# THE ACADIAN

## AND KING'S CO. TIMES.

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

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No. 7.

### THE ACADIAN.

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

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Editors & Proprietors,  
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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,  
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**Dress Making.**  
Misses' Hens' Tailor will cut and make Boys' Suits, and Ladies' Jackets and Dresses by the new Thompson Garment-Cutter System.  
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It is a sure sign of weakness. You need more than a tonic. You need

## Scott's Emulsion

The Cream of Cod-liver Oil and Hypophosphites, not only to cure the Cough but to give your system real strength. Physicians, the world over, endorse it.

Don't be deceived by Substitutes!  
Scott's Emulsion, Bottled in All Druggists, etc. &c.

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A Sad Accident. Thrown From Carriage, and Suffered Eight Years.

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Eight years ago I was thrown from a carriage, striking on the back of my neck, completely shattering my nervous system. I could not sleep; was very constipated, and the least thing worried me; my friends feared I would become insane. I tried physicians and patent medicines, but I received no benefit until I took

**Skoda's Discovery.**  
The Great Blood and Nerve Remedy. I AM PERFECTLY CURED.  
Skoda's Little Tablets cure constipation and sick headache. 33 cts.  
Medical Advice Free.  
SKODA DISCOVERY CO., LTD., WOLFVILLE, N. S.

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WANTED.—ACTIVE, HONEST, GENTLEMAN OF 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. CURED BY ALLEN'S COUGHS, COLDS, LUNG CROUP BALSAM**

Perseverance in using it will give relief, even in cases of long standing, where a cure seemed impossible and the patient nearly worn down.  
Per Bottle, 25c, 50c, or \$1.00.

USE SKODA'S DISCOVERY, The Great Blood and Nerve Remedy.

### POETRY.

**Autumn.**

The hills are glorious with autumn's fire,  
They flame from ocean to the utmost shore.

Maple and birch like knights in gay attire,  
At tourney watching in courtly dress  
Tier over tier along the mountain press.

Last night the enchanter's wand  
A wondrous work on their hues wrought.

To every hill throughout the land  
The treasures of the east were brought.  
Crimson and gold a radiant sheen,  
Incircle now each hill's dark brow,  
While in the vales the dark relieving green

Appears more pleasing to the giver now.  
In this month of garnered grain,  
Sweet nature yields her richest dower  
To deck the hillside and the wood  
And show the fading sunset's power.

There is a sense of spectral wings  
Within the radiant bowers  
As if a spirit went above  
The swift decaying towers.

The hills all rich with glory  
Are mirrored in the stream,  
And I watch their bright reflection  
In the fading evening beam.

And think how soon this bright creation,  
This glorious rainbow sheen,  
Will fade before the north wind's breath,  
Like unsubstantial dream.

But all things fade and pass away,  
And grow as a garment old;  
When endures forever and aye  
But sun and stars are sold.

### SELECT STORY.

#### The Strike at Shane's.

**CHAPTER I.**  
Gee up, there, Dobbin! Whoop!

With a shout that rang through the forest Tom Shane let the heavy "black snake" whip fall on the flanks of the two-willing horses. Again and again the heavy whip fell on the "off" horse, which was apparently unable to "pull even" with the younger horse on the "lead" side.

The horses, however, did not seem to mind, but were unable to move the heavy load to which they were hitched.

"Be easy there now, Tom, will ye? It's stuck ye are now, sure enough," said an Irishman who came up just then.

"It's all on account of that lassy Dobbin," said Tom, "he didn't pull a pound."

"Arrah, there now, it's forgettin' the age of the horse ye are. Sure, there wasn't a horse on the place could pull him when he was younger. It's gettin' along in the years I am meself, an' age will be wearin' the strength o' a horse the same as a man. Let 'em stand 'til I get a bit of a pry under the wheel."

He propped a fence rail, and proceeded to put it under the wheel as a lever to lift it a little out of the "chuck hole" where it had stopped. Those who are familiar with the ungravelled roads of Indiana in former years need not be told what a "chuck hole" is; but to those not experienced in such matters it might be explained that heavy hauling over these roads will wear deep holes with sharp edges, and when the wheel of a loaded wagon drops into one of these holes it is very difficult to pull it out. Thanks to an increased population, such roads are not so numerous as they were in former years, and teaming is not necessarily such a horse-killing business as it used to be.

"Now, will ye give 'em another pull?" said Mike, who had his "bit of a pry" under the wheel, and was dangling on the end of it doing his best to lift the wheel a little.

"Give 'em a schmal taste of the whip, to encourage 'em a little," he cried.

Again the whip was suspiciously used by Tom, and the two horses exerted all their powers, but only succeeded in moving the wagon enough to let Mike's pry slip out, and he came sprawling down in the mud. But more serious results had followed. Old Dobbin was down, and Tom, in his anger, was cutting him with his whip to make him get up.

"Hould on there, bye," shouted Mike, coming forward, covered with mud. "Ye wouldn't strike a man when he's down; why don't ye show the same decency to a dumb brute! Unhitch the chains there; don't you see the sild horse is lugging?"

"Littles do I care if he dies," said Tom, as he ungraciously assisted in

extricating him. "Here it is comin' night, an' this horse stuck here in the middle of the road all on account of that old brute."

"It's the fault o' yer feyther, it is, for if he'd be done the right thing by old Dobbin he'd give 'im the run o' the pastures, for the rest of his days without a bit of the work to do. It's goin' on twenty years since he was broke to the harness, an' that's afore you was borned," said Mike.

"Come, old fellow, get up;" and he assisted the old horse to his feet.

"Hello, there, what's up?" shouted the driver of a team that had come up behind.

"Sure, an' it's stuck in the mud we are," said Mike. "An' it's glad we are to see ye, Mr. Tracy, if ye'll give us a pull at the ind. o' the tongue wid them beautiful horses o' yours."

"Ah, it's Shane's team!" said Mr. Tracy, "and old Dobbin has been down. Shane never will learn when a horse is used up. He's had twenty years good service out of that horse and isn't satisfied yet. That's a good load for four horses over such roads as these."

"That's thrue," said Mike, "but Shane niver sinds four horses to do the work he can get out o' two."

Mr. Tracy's team was soon hitched to the end of the tongue, and the four horses easily pulled the wagon out of the mud.

"The old horse is wided," said Mr. Tracy, "and can never pull that load home. It's a shame to treat a faithful old horse in that manner. You had better pull out to the side of the road, and come back in the morning with a better team."

Mr. Tracy's advice was taken, as it was evident that old Dobbin was about used up.

About twenty-five years previous to the time Tom Shane was borned in Indiana, and had bought a small farm, on which he built a saw mill; and by running the mill, winter and farming in the summer he had added to his possessions until he was now the owner of two hundred acres of fine farm land. He had been a hard working man, and was now considered a well-to-do and prosperous farmer. He was a hard man to deal with, and always aimed to make a dollar where other people made a dime.

It was a favorite maxim of his that nothing should stay on the farm that did not more than pay expenses.

There was not a beast or fowl on the farm but what his careful eye was on it, and everything would bring in money or its fate was sealed.

Avarice held full sway over his mind, and there was no room in his nature for kindness.

Everything on the place felt the effects of his ill-temper—even his family did not always escape. His son Tom had, to a great degree, absorbed his father's sentiments, although a good boy at heart. A boy's character is often ruined by his early training, and Tom was guilty of many acts of cruelty to dumb animals which he did not know were wrong, simply because his father had set him that kind of example. He did not know that he was violating any law of humanity by such acts, because his thoughts had not been directed in that channel.

Altogether the animals on Shane's farm had a pretty hard time of it. There were two redeeming characters on the farm, however, and they were Mrs. Shane and her daughter Edith. Invariably kind and gentle in their ways, they were loved by everything on the farm, and their righteous indignation would sometimes get the better of their judgement, and they would speak their minds about the cruelties practised by father and son. They would usually meet with the reply that "Women had better keep still about things that don't concern 'em." And John Shane said, "Nuthin' made him madder than for a woman to interfere when he was dealin' with his animals."

Tom, having arrived at home, and put the horses in the stable, came into the house, just as the family were sitting down to the supper table.

"You are late to night, Tom," said Shane. "Has anything gone wrong?"

"Yes, everything's gone wrong," answered Tom in a sorry mood; "and if I can't have a better team to work with I won't do any more teamin'."

"Come, sir," said his father, "none of that kind of talk—I won't have it. What's the matter with the team?"

"Why, enough's the matter," said Tom. "We got stuck in the mud down by Ford's, an' old Dobbin choked down an' wouldn't pull a pound;" and Tom proceeded to tell the whole affair as it occurred, not omitting Mr. Tracy's remarks.

"I think Tracy had better mind his own business and leave mine alone," said Shane, a little piqued.

"Well, if he had, your wagon would be standing down there in a mud hole yet," said Tom.

"That ain't what I mean," said Shane. "That's no more than I'd do for a neighbor; but I know a good horse as well as Tracy does; an' my horses don't take no back seat for his neither."

"No don't drive any wind-broken nor worn-out horses," retorted Tom.

"No more would I if it wasn't for your mother, who makes me keep old Dobbin."

"Well, John," said Mrs. Shane mildly, "you don't need to work old Dobbin if you do keep him. I am sure, as Mr. Tracy says, he has earned a rest for the balance of his life."

"You know my principles, Mr. Tracy, that nuthin' shall stay on this farm that don't pay expenses."

"I brought Dobbin here when I married you, John, and here he is going to stay as long as he lives."

Something in the tone of her voice touched a chord in John Shane's heart that caused his memory to turn back to the time when he married Mary. He was kind-hearted and happy then. —But oh, those times were different. A man couldn't afford to be generous now or the world would get the best of him. But why?

"An' I say, father," said Tom, "Shane, who had come up just in time to hear Shane's last remark."

Shane growled out something about "squandering money," and turning on his heel, went to the barn.

Hodges left medicine with Mrs. Shane, and she and Edith got the old horse into the yard and wrapped him up in an old quilt. They bathed his limbs with the ointment left by Hodges, and Mrs. Shane held his mouth open while Edith poured in the medicine for him to swallow.

Dobbin's condition soon became known throughout the barnyard, and also the cause of it. There is no question but animals do have some means of communicating with each other. How it is done we do not know. All migratory birds and fowls have a public meeting before starting on their journey southward, and go in flocks. It is interesting to watch a public gathering of crows, and see the dignified manner in which they will carry on the discussion of opinion on some point, and then there commences such a chattering and cawing, and rising to points of order, or for personal explanation, as was never heard outside of a session of congress. But in the end they always come to some kind of a decision—which congress does not always do.

It is said that the eagles of southern Indiana have a place of meeting where they hold an annual gathering, and make an apportionment of the country, assigning to each pair a certain territory over which they may hunt; and this meeting of eagles has never been known to be guilty of making a gerrymander, thereby setting a good example to some of our legislatures. It is not necessary for me to enumerate the many acts of sagacity of our domestic animals to show that they have some means of communicating ideas from one to the other.

Old Dobbin was a favorite with everything on the farm, and the news of his misfortune spread in a short time, and was a matter of general discussion by all the animals. Even the chickens missed him, for he never objected to their eating a few grains of corn out of his box; but if they got in his way he would push them gently aside with his nose.

Even John Shane missed him, but it was the result of a selfish interest; for here was his team broken up, and not a horse on the place to take his place. There was no one of talking about breaking one of the colts; and Bay Dick had such a temper that he couldn't

be worked with any horse but Dobbin. If he should hitch one of the colts up with Dick, everything would be kicked to splinters in five minutes.

He went among his neighbors and tried to hire or buy a horse, but it was the busy season, and none of them cared to part with any of their horses. In this way he spent the whole day and succeeded in doing nothing but getting into a very bad temper.

He went down to the field where Mike was plowing with the only team on the farm, and told him not to spare the horses, but "put 'em through from daylight till dark."

"N-ah if I know meself," said Mike to himself, as Shane started away. "It's not such a fool I am to overtax me own strength for the sake of getting a little more work out of the horses."

CONTINUED NEXT WEEK.

#### The Cunning Cobbler.

Many years ago, the husband of an old lady died without making his will, for the want of which necessary precaution his estate would have passed away from his widow, had she not resorted to the following expedient to avert the loss of the property. She concealed the death of her husband, and prevailed on an old cobbler, her neighbor, who was in person somewhat like the deceased, to go to bed at her house, and personate him, in which character it was agreed that he should dictate a will leaving the widow the estate in question. An attorney was sent for to draw up the writings.

The widow, who, on his arrival, appeared in great affliction at her good man's death, began to ask questions of her pretended husband calculated to elicit the answers she expected and desired.

The cobbler, groaned aloud, and looking as much like a person unable to give up the ghost as possible, feebly answered:

"I intend to leave you half of my estate, and I think the poor old shoemaker who lives opposite is deserving the other half for he has always been a good neighbor."

The widow was thunderstruck at receiving a reply so different from that which she expected, but dared not negative the cobbler's will for fear of losing the whole of the property; while the old rogue in bed—who was himself the poor old shoemaker living opposite, laughed in his sleeves, and divided with her the fruits of a project which the widow had intended for her sole benefit.

The cobbler supplies food, light and household utensils for the Jamaica islanders.

#### "Only the Scars Remain."

Says HENRY HUDSON, of the James Smith Woolen Machinery Co., Philadelphia, Pa., who certifies as follows:

"Among the many testimonials which I see in regard to certain medicines performing cures, cleansing the blood, etc., none impress me more than my own case. Twenty years ago, at the age of 15 years, I had swellings come on my legs, which broke and became running sores. My family physician could do me no good, and it was feared that the bones would be affected. At last, my good old

**Mother Urged Me**  
to try Ayer's Sarsaparilla. I took three bottles, the sores healed, and I have not been troubled since. Only the scars remain, and the memory of the past, to remind me of the good Ayer's Sarsaparilla has done me. I now weigh two hundred and twenty pounds, and am in the best of health. I have been on the road for the past twelve years, have noticed Ayer's Sarsaparilla advertised in all parts of the United States, and always take pleasure in telling what good it did for me."

**Ayer's Sarsaparilla**  
Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.  
Cures others, will cure you.

USE SKODA'S DISCOVERY, The Great Blood and Nerve Remedy.

followed in the footsteps of his father. He had brought Dobbin home wet with sweat, and tied him in his stall without robbing him down, and such a thing as a blanket was never heard of in Shane's stables. Tom's ill temper had made him even forget to put in the usual bedding of clean straw, and the result was, as any good horseman might expect, that Dobbin had taken a severe cold.

"How now, Tom," cried Shane, as Tom entered the barn, "here's a nice mess you've made of things."

Tom stood with his hands in his pockets, staring at Dobbin; and while his conscience compelled him to feel a little sympathy for the old horse's sufferings, yet he had the secret satisfaction of knowing that he would not have to drive him any more for a few days, anyhow.

"You go down to town an' bring up Hodges, an' see what he can do for him," said Shane.

Had he known what would be the result of this action, he would rather have said, "You take him down to the woods an' put a bullet in his brain." But he thought Hodges could doctor the old horse up so that he would be able to work again.

Shane got Dobbin out of the stable in the meantime, although he was as stiff he could scarcely walk.

Hodges, the veterinary surgeon, soon came and said he thought he could cure him, but that he didn't believe he would ever be worth much, or able to do much hard work again.

"Well, I'll spend no money on him," said Shane. "Here's your fee for this time, and you needn't come any more."

"Mr. Hodges," said a voice behind them, "you can give old Dobbin all the attention he needs, and I will see that you are paid for it."

Shane, who had come up just in time to hear Shane's last remark, said:

"I don't intend to spend any more money on him," said Shane. "Here's your fee for this time, and you needn't come any more."

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