

# THE ACADIAN

## AND KING'S CO. TIMES.

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

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### POETRY.

Who Seeks, Finds.

Take this for granted, once for all,  
There is neither chance nor fate,  
And to sit and wait till the skies shall fall,  
Is to wait as the foolhardy wait.  
The laurel longed for, you must earn,  
It is not of the things men lend;  
And though the lessons be hard to learn,  
The sooner the better, my friend.  
That another's head can have your crown  
Is a judgement all untrue;  
And to pull this man or the other down  
Does not in the least raise you.  
No light that through the ages shines  
To worthless works belongs;  
Men dig in thoughts as they dig in mines  
For the jewels of their songs.  
Hold not the world as in debt to you  
When it credits you day by day,  
With the light and air, with the sun and dew,  
And all that cheers your way.  
And you in turn, as an honest man,  
Are bound, you will understand,  
To give back either the best you can,  
Or die and be out of hand.

—Photo Copy.

### STORY.

THE  
Ghost of Handcock Holler.

BY JACK HYDE.

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CHAPTER XI.—Continued.

"I'll fill it up for you, Mr. Grimes,"

says I, picking up the jug which he'd

set down in front of the amber syrup

punchon, as the shop door shut behind

him.

I'd filled up many such jugs before,

and I knew just how to do it. I knew

Mr. Grimes didn't hanker after the job

very much, and I thought perhaps if I

offered to do it he'd never let on he no-

ticed me at his amber syrup. I know

how to take Mr. Grimes!

Says he: "Ef yer like, Jack, you

kin; only be kerful not to spill it."

I first went to the counter

and proceeded into the back shop to fill

up the jug. As I did so the shop door

opened again and in walked somebody

else. It was Mrs. McGregor, the new

minister's wife, I told, when she spoke.

She'd come in to get some good table

butter, she said.

Now was my chance! I'd been

wanting to get even with Mr. Grimes

ever since he'd said that about me when

he'd come into the store, and I saw

now that the time had come. Perhaps

he'd say people had been thrashing

fullers again in a hurry, for nothing!

I concluded he wouldn't if I knew my

self, which I calculated I did. I hadn't

decided what I'd do yet exactly, but I

had it in my mind to do something

what'd make him feel cheap—some

laconic remark that'd make him feel

like trading himself off for a yellow dog,

and then hiring somebody to shoot the

dog, as the saying is. The molasses

was cold and running slow, so I put the

two-gallon measure underneath it and

let it run, while I went out into the

front part of the store where Mrs.

McGregor was buying butter to see

what I could do in the way of laconic-

isms. Mr. Grimes was taking some

tubs of butter out from behind the

counter and taking the covers of and

showing the butter to her, and she was

busy trying it.

Says she, after a little pause, point-

ing to one tub she'd just been trying—

"That butter looks well; has an excel-

lent color to it, but somehow it doesn't

seem to taste just like butter ought to."

Says I, interrupting her: "Look

not upon Grimes's butter when it is

yellow; when it giveth its color in the

tub; when it moveth itself aright.

### POETRY.

I wished that grease might still be free,

For, eying it from head to feet,

I couldn't deem it fit to eat.

"It must be pretty bad butter accord-

ing to that, Jack," says she, laugh-

ing.

"Oh," says I, "that's only poetry.

I dare say there's worse butter than

that in the world if you only know

where to go for it. Some of that but-

ter now I should call pretty good, for

store butter, to judge by appearances.

That tub there," I continued, pointing

to the one she'd been trying, "I

wouldn't advise you to have anything

to do with. It's pizen. You can

tell that by those spots in it. Of

course it depends all on what kind of

butter you want about choosing it.

In fact, it's all kinds but one particular

kind," says I, with a grain of humor.

She saw the joke at once. "For

instance, if you want hearty butter

I'd advise you to take that," pointing

to some rolls of beautiful light brown

butter with a slight pinkish tinge here

and there. "That's what I call good,

sound, strong, healthy butter. It's

profitable butter, too. If you're tired

out and want to get home quick just

jump onto Mr. Grimes's hand-sled here

and hitch a pound or two on ahead and

you'll be home in less'n no time.

Only be kerful it don't drag you all

over the place when it gets a-going.

That's the kind of butter you can't

stop when it takes it into its head to

go. If you think you'd like a pound

or two of that Mr. Grimes would be

delighted to put some up for you."

I could see that Mr. Grimes was

slightly annoyed, but of course he

wouldn't let on before the minister's

wife.

Says she, after a little: "I guess

I won't bother with any butter to-

night anyway. You can give me a

quart of that amber syrup if you like

that's what you call it, isn't it?"

"Yes, that's the name," says Mr.

Grimes. "But it'll take purty nigh

all the evening to get a quart out of

that 'ere cold night like to-night. Ef

you're in no hurry fur it I'll turn it

out and take it over when I shut up

shop."

"Thank you," said she, and she

turned to go out.

As she did so, I said, with a pre-

ference of joking, says I, "Mr. Grimes,

you can put up a half a pound of

that pizen butter of yours if you like

to grease our hay-enter with; I

noticed she ran kind of hard this

morning."

I was sorry the moment I said it,

but the deed was done. I don't

suppose I would have said it under

ordinary circumstances. It was kind

of on the heat of the moment and I

said it before I thought. Mr. Grimes

lost his presence of mind immediately.

I never saw a man lose his presence of

mind so instantaneous. However, I

managed to escape his ravages after a

good deal of anxiety on my part. The

minister's wife closed the door

after her, he picked up a junk of a

### POETRY.

me out before long. Perhaps he'll be

sorry he looked fullers in his office

then," I meditated—"pr'aps." How-

ever, I thought I wouldn't let the

molasses run over very much. I didn't

want to make too much work for him—

I thought about fifteen minutes would

be enough time to give it quite a

start on him. So I lit the office lamp,

sat down on a chair and commenced

reading a book that was lying on

Grimes's table. It was interesting

and I don't know how long I sat there.

Anyway, I concluded it must have

been a good hour before I thought

of a word about the molasses. It was

too late now. The molasses couldn't

run out much more, I concluded.

I decided I wouldn't get mixed up

in it at all. I'd steer clear of it al-

together and then I wouldn't be blamed

for it. I blew out the lamp and

crawled underneath the office table and

pretended I was home and a-bed.

When Mr. Grimes found out about his

molasses, I thought, like as not he'd

burst into the office and in a rage of

madness, massacre me. Such things

have happened. I concluded when Mr.

Grimes burst in I'd pretend I'd got

out some way or other, and then

likely he'd be so mad he'd forget to

lock the door after him and I'd glide

out behind him and get away. Vain

is false hope! And especially more

so in particular. We can never tell

what minute may be our next, as the

fuller very aptly said in the continued

story.

Well, the crisis came at last, if

such it might be called. Directly

the office door opened and in walked

Mr. Grimes. "Humph!" said he to

himself, "so somebody's unlocked the

door and he's got out and went home.

Wall, I hope it'll be er lesson to him."

Saying which, he turned around and

walked out, shutting the door after

him. It was a good minute before I

realized the situation. That molasses

didn't seem to be troubling him much

after all! Could it be possible he

hadn't noticed it? I opened the door

cautiously and followed him out. The

store was pitchy dark. I came pretty

near falling over the pickled herring

barrel and breaking my neck, but

fortunately it happened to be on the

other side of the shop, so I escaped. I

groped my way along. As I got

to the stove the shop door suddenly

opened and shut again and I heard

the key turn in the lock and then

somebody walk out towards the middle

of the road and the frost cracking

under his boots as he walked along.

What in the dickens was up? Could

that be Mr. Grimes? I set up a

shrill cry through the darkness and

listened, but no response came. I

concluded it was.

(To Be Continued.)

Kindness Saved Him.

At a dinner party, several years ago,

in Washington, a story was told of the

effect of a single act of kindness, which

may interest the boy readers. About

forty years ago a young man named