

THE ACADIAN

AND KING'S CO. TIMES.

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

Vol. X.

WOLFVILLE, KING'S CO., N. S., FRIDAY, MAY 15, 1891.

No. 38.

CASTORIA

for Infants and Children.

"Castoria is so well adapted to children that I recommend it as superior to any preparation known to me." J. A. ARCHER, M. D., 111 So. Oxford St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

"Castoria cures Colic, Constipation, Worms, Biliousness, Flatulency, Indigestion, Headaches, Stomachic Distress, and all the ailments of Infants and Children, without injurious medication." THE CHESTER COMPANY, 77 Murray Street, N. Y.

The Acadian.

Published on FRIDAY at the office
WOLFVILLE, KING'S CO., N. S.

TERMS:
\$1.00 Per Annum.
(In Advance).

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Local advertising at ten cents per line for every insertion, unless by special arrangement for standing notices. Notices for standing advertisements will be made known on application to the office, and payment in advance is indispensable to the publication of any notice. The Acadian does not accept any notice unless accompanied by the advertiser, although the same may be written over a fellow's signature.

The Acadian Job Department is constantly receiving new type and material, and will continue to guarantee satisfaction on all work turned out.

Every communication 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 be given, and the name of the contributor must be given, although the same may be written over a fellow's signature.

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

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POST OFFICE, WOLFVILLE.

Office Hours, 9 a. m. to 5 p. m. Mails made up as follows:
For Halifax and Windsor close at 6:50 a. m.
Express west close at 10:35 a. m.
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Kentville close at 2:35 p. m.
Geo. V. Rand, Post Master.

PEOPLES BANK OF HALIFAX.

Open from 9 a. m. to 2 p. m. Closed on Saturday at 12 noon.
G. W. Munro, Agent.

Churches.

BAPTIST CHURCH—Rev. T. A. Higgins, Pastor.—Services: Sunday, preaching at 11 a. m. and 7 p. m.; Sabbath School at 9:30 a. m. Half hour prayer meeting after evening service every Sunday. Prayers meeting on Tuesday and Thursday evenings at 7:30. Seats free, all are welcome. Strangers will be cared for by the church.
Choir W. Rogers, } Ushers
A. G. Bass }

PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH—Rev. R. D. Ross, Pastor.—Services every Sabbath at 10 a. m. Sabbath School at 11 a. m. Prayer Meeting on Sabbath at 7 p. m. and Wednesday at 7:30 p. m.

METHODIST CHURCH—Rev. Oranwick Jos. A. M., Pastor; Rev. W. H. Turner, Assistant Pastor.—Baton and Wolfville.—Preaching on Sabbath at 11 a. m. and 7 p. m. Sabbath School at 9:30 a. m. Greenwich and Avonport services at 8 p. m. Prayer Meeting at Wolfville on Thursday at 7:30 p. m. at Baton on Friday at 7:30 p. m. Strangers welcome at all the services.

BROTHERHOOD CHURCH—Services: First Sunday in the month, 11 a. m. The Holy Communion is administered on the first Sunday in the month. The sittings in this church are free. For any additional services or alterations, please to the advance local news. Pastor, Rev. Canon Brock, D. D. Residence, Baton; Kantville, Wadsworth, Frank A. Dixon and Walter Brown, Wolfville.

By FRANCIS (R. O.)—Rev. T. M. Daly, P. P.—Mass 11:00 a. m. the last Monday of each month.

Masonic.

By GEORGE LOURIE, F. & A. M., meets at their Hall on the second Friday of each month at 7 o'clock p. m.
J. D. Chambers, Secretary.

Temperance.

WOLFVILLE DIVISION of 7 meets every Monday evening at their Hall, Vaux's Block, at 8 o'clock.

ACADIA LODGE, I. O. O. F., meets every Saturday evening in Music Hall at 7:30 o'clock.

DIRECTORY

Business Firms of WOLFVILLE

The undermentioned firms will use you right, and we can safely recommend them as our most enterprising business men.

- JOHNSON, C. H.—Boots and Shoes, Hats and Caps, and Gents' Furnishings.
- POWELL, CHARLES H.—Carriages and Sleighs Built, Repaired, and Painted.
- BLACKADDER, W. C.—Cabinet Maker and Repairer.
- BROWN, J. I.—Practical Horse-Shoer and Farrier.
- (JALDWELL, CHAMBERLAIN & CO.)—Dry Goods, Boots & Shoes, Furniture, &c.
- DAVISON, J. B.—Justice of the Peace, Conveyancer, Fire Insurance Agent.
- DAVISON BROS.—Printers and Publishers.
- J. R. PAYZANT & SON, Dentists.
- CHILMORE, G. H.—Insurance Agent, Agent of Mutual Reserve Fund Life Association, of New York.
- GOFFREY, L. P.—Manufacturer of Boots and Shoes.
- HARRIS, O. D.—General Dry Goods, Clothing and Gents' Furnishings.
- HEBBURN, J. P.—Watch Maker and Jeweller.
- HIGGINS, W. J.—General Coal Dealer, Coal always on hand.
- KELLEY, THOMAS.—Boot and Shoe Maker. All orders in his line faithfully performed. Repairing newly done.
- MURPHY, J. L.—Cabinet Maker and Repairer.
- DATHOUIN, C. A.—Manufacturer of all kinds of Carriage, and Team Harness, Opposite People's Bank.
- RYCKWELL & CO.—Book-sellers, Stationers, Picture Framers, and Dealers in Pianos, Organs, and Sewing Machines.
- RAND, G. V.—Drugs, and Fancy Goods.
- SLEEP, B. R.—Importer and dealer in General Hardware, Hoses, and Tinware. Agents for Frost & Wood's Flow.
- SHAW, J. M.—Barber and Tobacconist.
- WALLACE, G. H.—Wholesale and Retail Grocer.
- WITTER, BURPER.—Importer and dealer in Dry Goods, Millinery, Ready-made Clothing, and Gents' Furnishings.
- WILSON, JAR.—Harness Maker, is still in Wolfville where he is prepared to fill all orders in his line of business.

Garfield Tea.



A NATURAL REMEDY

Potent and Harmless!
RESTORES THE COMPLEXION!
CURES CONSTIPATION!

This remedy is composed wholly of harmless herbs and accomplishes all the good derived from the use of cathartics, without their ultimate injurious effects.

Ask your druggist for a FREE SAMPLE. For sale by

Geo. V. Rand,
Druggist,
50 WOLFVILLE, N. S.

This Remedy for Catarrh is the Best, Easiest to Use and Cheapest.

CATARRH

Sold by druggists or sent by mail, 50c. J. E. Hamilton, Weston, Pa. U. S. A.

POETRY.

The Deserted House.

Back from the road, up the old path,
Unmindful of harvest and aftermath,
With empty casements, drear and gray,
The house stands, facing down the bay—
And either side the slanting gate
The faithful sentinel lilacs wait.

Deep tangling vines with close embrace
The porch's fluted columns trace.
And busy swallows dart and call
From out the rain-stained, saggy wall—
And longing, watching, desolate,
The faithful sentinel lilacs wait.

At dusk in the old house I see
A dancing light of mystery.
Is it a firefly's fitful gleam,
Or some ghost candle's flickering beam?
Is it for this, when the hour grows late,
The faithful sentinel lilacs wait?

—Baton Transcript.

SELECT STORY.

On a Texas Prairie.

Sunset on a Texas Prairie. A glory
of gold and purple clouds above the
peaks of the distant mountains, a glory
of many colored flowers overtopping the
sea of waving grass that stretches miles
and miles away, bounded by the rim of
the sky upon three sides and by the
peaks of the mountain range upon the
other.

The half dozen cow-boys sitting in
front of a brown tent on the prairie give
little heed to the glories of sky or prairie.
Two of them are playing poker, the
stakes being drinks for the crowd, two
others are pitching quoits, and Sam,
the cook for the week, is preparing
supper over a little fire of buffalo chips
and china wood sticks, assisted by Baby,
a young fellow who has lately "joined the
band," as the cowboys phrase it.

The others, with one exception, are
"old stagers," for ten years have
been cattle keepers on the immense
ranch of Senor Cavallera, the wealthiest
cattle owner in the county. The excep-
tional stranger in the gates is the tall,
blond young man, who is playing poker
with Beauty, the hardest featured one
of the set, but a leader among them, by
virtue of his cool head, good judgment,
and his accomplishments in rifle shoot-
ing, riding, and poker playing.

He has beaten the blonde stranger
two games already, and is sure to win
the one in hand, for his opponent of the
synthetic eyes plays almost mindlessly.
Now then he knits his brow and bites
his yellow mustache as if some
thought, not pleasant to dwell upon,
crossed his mind. Beauty has already
accused him of letting his thoughts go
back to the girl he left behind him.
He "hails" from the Middle States, and
has not yet been a day among the boys,
having joined them that morning. His
avowed purpose of coming West is to
pick up a knowledge of cattle-tending
with an eye to having a ranch of his
own.

"Partner, you're thinkin' about
that sweetheart again, I've 'colled' you
twice," says Beauty.

"Beg pardon, I was looking at that
young man over there by the fire helping
the cook. He looks a little like a fellow
I know, that is, what I can see of his
face for that big hat he has slouched
over it. You call him Baby."

"His real name is Nan Nolan, and
he comes from York State, or that's
where he claims to come from. He ain't
been with us a week yet. You think
he might be your friend?"

"No, no I was only struck with a
kind of likeness when he had his side
face toward us. Beat again! I think
I won't try it any more."

"Nan, how is supper?" calls out
some of the quiet-players. "I'm all fired
hungry."

"Never seen you when you wa'n't
hungry!" says Sam leisurely turning
over the aloes of bacon in the frying-
pan. "Supper'll be along after while.
No hurry," he adds, lifting the lid from
a covered "skillet" in which three oval
shaped corn dodgers are browning.

"Chip and Charley'll be along after
while, and they'll be hungry as bears
in spring."

"I wish they'd leave in sight with a
fat back strapped behind their saddles.
No such luck though. Chip ain't no
shot, and Charley's new to huntin' deer
I s'pose, and deer's getting scarce round
the lick they've been hunted so much."

"Charley ain't much with the rifle,"
said Beauty. "He can ride like a
Kentucky from the Blue Grass. He's

lived there, too. I know from his talk,
though he says he's from Florridy."

"Why should he not tell the truth
about where he came from?" asked the
blonde who had given his name as
Winfield.

"Well, he might 'a' left there for his
health, and his state might be wantin'
him back, as if 'twarn't his state; then
it might be some fellow as owes him a
grudge—say for borrowin' a horse, or
a wife without leave. D'you see?"

"Just so," responded the other.

"And you think this Charley—What
did you say his last name was?"

"Cross."

"You think this Charley Cross a
fellow likely to borrow a horse, or a
wife without leave?"

"I don't say so. Cross is a pretty
good sort, but he ain't no saint. There
ain't no haller around his brow. He's
just the fellow to take with the women
—broad shoulders, brown eyes, curly
hair, sings love songs, and plays the
fiddle."

"German, perhaps; they're born
fiddlers."

"Well, yes, he was born that, he says,
and he went back awhile time o' the
war with the French. He talks a little
outlandish—just a little. I like to
hear him. His talk's got as much
music in it as his singin'. But he
ain't been any carpet knight. He's
got the seal of a saller out on his cheek."

"He has, has he?" said Winfield
stroking his yellow mustache. Then
he said abruptly: "Boys, what do you
do, when one of your comrades that
happens to be wanted, as you call it,
back where he comes, from is tracked
here? Do you stand by him or give him
up? Have you ever had the trial of it?"

"Well, yes, once or twice. What do
you depend on how the case stand
against the fellow. There was Natty
Blake—the detective were after him
about a bigger job 'n' this. We
knowed that was. The nigger
stabbed a fellow in the back. There
wasn't no white witnesses, and you can't
make a nigger swear against his own
color to save you. No way of getting
justice then but to lynch, so we stood
by the Nat and helped him to give the
slip. Six months ago we had a
dandy young fellow here that made
himself mighty popular. But one day
there came a man who'd tracked him
to kill him for ruinin' his daughter
—old fellow's only child. Well, we
never intermeddled."

"Just so," again responded he of the
yellow mustache. And at that instant
Sam's bass voice was heard scolding
Baby for a mishap in turning the hose
eak. It had broken in two.

"You was tryin' to hear what they
were sayin' 'over yonder," rebuked
Sam. "You won't ever learn how to
cook unless you put your mind on what
you're doin'. Come, we'll put the
things on the table now; yonder come
Chip and Charley."

The quiet players had already called
out that Chip and Charley were nearly
here. The tent had hidden them from
sight; now they came in plain view,
thrown into full relief against the back-
ground of richly lighted sky. Winfield
took a field-glass from his pocket and
directed it upon the broad shouldered
figure riding his horse with such easy
grace. As he lowered the glass one at
least of the boys noticed that his face
was pale and set and that a fire of
deadly purpose flashed in his blue eyes.

He said lightly:

"Come boys, take another drink be-
fore supper. I lost the game and it's
my treat again."

They gathered around the brown
jug filled with old rye—all but one.

"Where is Baby?" asked Winfield.

"Baby's sulkin'! I suppose because I
scolded him for sp'lin' the hose-eak,"
explained Sam.

"Well, boys," said Winfield, "I've
got a story to tell you, and I'll make
it short. I'm not here on any cattle
business. The game I'm after will
soon be in my hands. It's the fellow
Cross, as he calls himself—Crossman's
his name. He was in my service on my
farm in Kentucky—looked after my
racing stable. He was a well educated
fellow and could sing, like all those
infernal Germans, and he got in with
my wife while I was in Paris. When
I got back I was confronted with the
news that they had run away together.
I've tracked him here; where she is I

don't know. But nothing but his
heart's blood will satisfy me. All I ask
of you is not to interfere. Hands off,
and let me take my revenge on the
damned villain!"

"That's fair." "We can't meddle,"
"His life's yours," were the answers of
the men.

They all turned as the sound of hoofs
was heard close at hand. Only one
horseman drew rein beside the camp.
It was Chip.

"Where's Charley? Where's Cross?"
was asked.

"Baby stopped him just behind the
tent to look at a wild pig he had behind
his saddle. He'll be round presently;
I'll hand over the jug. I'm just now out."

"Look," cried Beauty, pointing across
the prairie.

There, with the level rays of the sun
flashing over them, rode two horsemen
at full speed.

"Cross and Baby on the best horses in
the camp!" shouted Sam. "He
heard me, the young scamp, and told
him; but it will do no good. He shan't
escape. Come, boys, we'll run them
down!"

It was a hot chase that followed.
The fugitives had five minutes start
of them, and they rode with the
desperate haste of men who know that
life depends upon their speed. He who
was called "Baby" had spoken but once
since they drove the spurs into their
horses' sides and turned their heads
toward the mountain—twenty miles
distant. This was in answer to Cross-
man, who had urged the other to leave
him to his fate.

"If they overtake us I'll die with you,
or after you, Charley!" said Baby, and
the headless lips were pressed together
in stern resolve.

On they went, beating down the grass
and blood-red poppies beneath the fly-
ing hoofs of their horses, and on behind
them in plain sight, across the level
prairie rode the white band of cowboys
with Winfield in the lead. If they
could reach the mountain! There
were deep defiles and narrow passages
and caves within the mountains, where
two armed men could keep a half dozen
pursuers at bay; and further on beside
the river there was a town where the
law would extend its protection to the
pursued—against the avenging pursuer.

The sun went down, but the light
after-glow, together with the light of
the newly risen full moon, bathed the
prairie in a blended rose and gold and
silvery radiance indescribably lovely.

The mountain peaks show as though
inlaid with jewels, and the hills seemed
to wave their pine-tree banners in hope
and welcome to the fugitives who were
fast nearing their refuge. Their wild
yells and the thunder of their horses'
hoofs reached the ears of the two
desperate ones who had no time for
words—no time to look back. Cross-
man rode barebacked, the wind blowing
his brown curls back from his stern
face. Baby was white as death; one
hand grasped the bridle, the other held
clenched in his right fingers the revolver
that would be needed in another minute.

Suddenly Crossman's gallant gray
horse gave a convulsive start at the
instant that the sharp crack of a rifle was
heard behind them.

"He's hit," Crossman said. The
poor horse, trembling through all his
frame, tried to gather his limbs together
for another leap, but it was in vain;
they bent under him, and he fell, his
rider jumping from him, with a yell of
savage exultation and another ringing
rifle shot came from the pursuing band.

Baby was on his feet in an instant.
"Mount," he cried. "Mount my
horse! Quick!"

"And you—you will get up behind?"

"No, no! He could not reach the
hills with us both. They will not hurt
me. Go, I will come to you. Mount!
Mount, for God's sake! Quick!"

Thus urged, Crossman sprang into
the saddle and drove the spurs into the
racking sides of the black horse.

"Good bye! Come to me!" he cried.

Baby waved his hand. He could
not speak. That last shot had struck
home, burying itself near his heart.
He wanted all his strength for the one
moment that would give Crossman time
to reach the shelter of the hills.

The pursuers were near at hand.
Winfield rode ahead. He had given
a cry of rage when he saw the exchange
of horse and that his two shots had
failed to put his intended victim in his

power. But he spurred his horse
afresh and came straight on. He was
near enough for Baby to take up a ring
aim at the horse. The bullet crashed
through the head of the splendid brute
and he pitched forward, throwing his
rider over his head. He was stamed
and his arm broken, and he lay there
until the others came up and gathered
around him, thinking he was dead.
The instant he was on his feet and try-
ing to mount his horse.

"It is too late!" cried Sam, "Cross-
man has got to the hills!"

Muttering curses, Winfield walked to
the spot where Baby stood beside the
dying horse. The hat had fallen from
his head, the short curling dark hair
was blowing loose in the wind.

"Base woman!" cried Winfield. "I
know you now! You have helped your
lover to escape me! You shall pay for
it, for you can still feel humiliation!"

"He has escaped, thank God!" he
said, a smile flashing over her darkly
beautiful face. "And I—I too have
escaped you!"

As the words left her lips she fell to
the ground, and the soul that had slung
through loving not wisely in the
presence of his judge.

The First Public Bank.

To Venice, the "Queen of the Adri-
atic," belongs the honor of having
established the first public bank of which
any record can be found, such an institu-
tion being unknown to the ancients.

In 1711 the Republic of Venice was
very hard pressed for funds to carry on
the war in which it was continually
engaged in order to uphold its supremacy.
As a consequence a tax was
levied on its moneyed men, who were
promised a perpetual annuity of four
per cent. on the tax thus contributed.
The burghers never dreaming of the
possibility of returning the principal.

The lenders immediately instituted
a bureau for carrying out the proposed
plan of receiving and paying out the
interest, and in a comparatively short
time it was created into the Bank of
Venice. The exact date of its found-
ing is not known with any degree of
certainty.

Interest on the loan was promptly
paid, and the creditors of the Republic
were subsequently paid in full the sum
they had advanced. Consequently, so
popular did it become, that it was
found absolutely necessary to transform
the private bank into one of deposit
that all classes might take advantage
of the accommodation thus afforded.

In 1823 the interest paid by the
Government alone amounted to upward
of \$1,000,000 a year, and the share
and credits of the bank were so well
supported that at all times its bills
were quoted and held at a premium
above the current money of the Repub-
lic.

After many years of prosperity, the
Bank was given its death blow by the
French invasion of 1797. The freedom
of the nation and the independence of the
Republic vanished like a dream before
invaders, and as a natural consequence
the bank having thus lost its credit and
support, also disappeared in the general
ruin.—Detroit Free Press.

A Hint for Farmers.

The Toronto Mail points out that
farming in England is more productive
than in Ontario. Thus, while the
average crop of wheat per acre last
year in the Old Country was thirty
bushels, that of Ontario—judging from
an average of eight years—was only
eighteen. England produces thirty
five bushels of barley to Ontario's twen-
ty-six, forty-one of beans to Ontario's
twenty, and nearly twenty-nine bushels
of peas to Ontario's twenty. There
was no crop in which the English farmer
did not beat his Ontario brother, acre
for acre, and on the whole, the farmer
got 40 per cent. more stuff off his farm
than do we here. Coming to the
difference in value of the respective
yields, the gross average return per acre
for England and Wales is about \$23
per acre, while that of Ontario is \$14.
Probably one great reason for this is
that in England there is a closer atten-
tion paid to the work, and as there is less
ground to go over it is better and more
carefully handled. It does not follow
that the English farmer is better off
than the Canadian farmer, but the
comparison suggests that with more
careful methods the Canadian could
get a higher yield for his labor.

The Use Of

Harsh, drastic purgatives to relieve consti-
pation is a dangerous practice, and more liable
to fasten the disease on the patient than to
cure it. What is needed is a medicine that
in effectually opening the bowels, corrects
the constive habit and establishes a natural
daily action. Such an aperient is found in

Ayer's Pills,

which, while thorough in action, strengthens
as well as stimulates the bowels and excretory
organs.

"For eight years I was afflicted with con-
stipation, which at last became so bad that
I began to take Ayer's Pills, and soon the
bowels became regular and natural in their
movements. I am now in excellent health."
—Wm. H. DeLaune, Dorset, Ont.

"When I feel the need of a cathartic, I
take Ayer's Pills, and find them to be more
Effective

than any other pill I ever took."—Mrs. B. C.
Grubb, Burlington, Va.

"For years I have been subject to consti-
pation and nervous headaches, caused by
irregularity of the liver. After taking various
remedies, I have become convinced that
Ayer's Pills are the best. They have never
failed to relieve my bilious attacks in a
short time, and I am sure my system retains
its tone longer after the use of these Pills, than
has been the case with any other medicine I
have tried."—H. S. Sledge, Weimar, Texas.

Ayer's Pills,

PREPARED BY
DR. J. C. AYER & CO., Lowell, Mass.
Sold by all Dealers in Medicine.

THE GREAT COMPETITION!

THE CANADIAN AGRICULTURIST'S
\$5,000 WORD HUNT.

Positively closes May 30th, 1891, (15 days
thereafter being allowed for letters
to reach us from distant points.)

The following magnificent prizes will be given free to
the successful competitors in the word hunt. The
prizes are:—

1st Prize, \$1,000 (to be paid in cash)
2nd Prize, \$500 (to be paid in cash)
3rd Prize, \$250 (to be paid in cash)
4th Prize, \$100 (to be paid in cash)
5th Prize, \$50 (to be paid in cash)
6th Prize, \$25 (to be paid in cash)
7th Prize, \$10 (to be paid in cash)
8th Prize, \$5 (to be paid in cash)
9th Prize, \$2 (to be paid in cash)
10th Prize, \$1 (to be paid in cash)

making a total of \$2,000. The prizes will
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for England and Wales is about \$23
per acre, while that of Ontario is \$14.
Probably one great reason for this is
that in England there is a closer atten-
tion paid to the work, and as there is less
ground to go over it is better and more
carefully handled. It does not follow
that the English farmer is better off
than the Canadian farmer, but the
comparison suggests that with more
careful methods the Canadian could
get a higher yield for his labor.

Language of Fowls.

Very tame hens often show a desire
to talk to you, and it is usually possible
to understand their meaning. Once a
Cochin, whose years and breeding
entitled her to a separate perch, came
and stood in front of me, looked me full
in the face and complained loudly of
something I could not translate further.

Patience investigation revealed that one
end of her perch had slipped down, and
Mrs Bull had no idea of sleeping on an
inclined plane. Another time a nervous
little Leghorn met me at the henhouse
door fairly screaming and jumping with
excitement. I understood, from the
cacophony which finished each sentence,
that she had been disturbed on her nest.

I did not wonder at her new powers of
speech when I found the nest occupied
by my cat and three small kittens.

When the chicks, as first begin to move
in the egg, just before hatching, the
mother hens sing to them a low, crooning
song; very sweet and never heard at
any other time. A friend tells me that
her canary stammered her one day by an
entirely new call. It was so plainly
"Come here, quick!" that she hurried
to the cage to find an enormous cat,
with face pressed against the window
pane staring in at poor Ned—a danger
sufficiently great to account for the new
call.

There are but two ways by which
one can hear animal converse. One is
by listening to them when they are not
aware of your presence, always a
difficult feat. The other is by winning
their entire love and confidence.—Cle-
ment's Record Book.

Norton's Magic Liniment requires no
pulling, as one trial will convince you
that it is far superior to any other sold
in this Province.

Minard's Liniment cures Gout in
Cows.