THE ACADIAN
AND BERWICK TIMES.

DEVOTED TO LOCAL AND GENERAL INTELLIGENCE

Vol. VII. WOLFVILLE, KING'S CO., N. S., FRIDAY, MAY 11, 1888. No. 39

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THE ACADIAN.

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Campbell's Cathartic Compound

IT CURES LIVER COMPLAINT, BILIOUS DISORDERS, ACID STOMACH, DYSPEPSIA, LOSS OF APPETITE, SICK HEADACHE, CONSTIPATION OR COSTIVENESS.

BRANDON, MAN., 21st Oct., 1886.—I find Campbell's Cathartic Compound the best article I have ever used for costiveness or biliousness, and easy to take. I am, yours truly A. M. McDONALD.

Sold by dealers in family medicines everywhere. 25c. per bottle

Select Poetry,

THE LAST OF THE DRUIDS.

Conal, last of the Druids, stood by the ruined shrine,
And the ashes were cold on the altar, and bitter and gray as brine;
The sacred grove was deserted, and impious hands had raised
The mystic sign of the stranger where the holy fires had blazed.
He went to the home of his father, and a stranger bade him in
Who knew not the face of Conal, nor came of his father's kin.

For the years were many and changeful, since Druid went afar
From the peaceful land of Ierne to the stormy fields of war.
He had battled with Pict and Briton, Norseman and Hun and Gaul,
When Dathi's glorious banner waved on the Alpine wall.
And now he was old and weary of the splendid joy of strife,
And he longed for the Druid cloister and the evening calm of life.
"The gods of the brave will bless me for the foes I have slain," he said,
And he turned to the land of Ierne—and they told him the gods were dead!

Then he cursed the gods of his fathers, the many who fled from one,
And he cursed the priest of the stranger for the thing that he had done.
"I will kill this priest, I will slay him, let him bide on land or sea;
Though a thousand swords defend him; and the gods shall be shamed by me!"
He went to the court of Tara, where the king had housed the priest;
He found him not at the palace, he found him not at the feast;
But down in a lowly hovel, where a man with the Black Death lay,
They told him "The good priest, Patrick, watches by night and day:
For the man he serves was his foeman in the days of his power and pride,
But the pride and the power have left him and the love of his friends has died;
Kith or kin has he none, save one only son, restless and gone wild;
And the Black Death's hand, Christ save us! would part the father and child.
The boldest soldier in Erin, I warrant ye, would not dare
To watch with old Conn, the Druid, in the deadly pest-house there.

Never a word said Conal, but his face was set and gray,
As he strode to the lonely cabin where the dying Druid lay.
He knelt by the humble pallet, and the air was thick with death,
But the lips of the stricken father smiled with his dying breath,
And his feeble hand was lifted to bless with the Christian's sign
The wayward son of his bosom, the last of the Druid line.

Then the sinful wrath of Conal passed like a mist away,
And he kissed the hem of the garment of the man he had sworn to slay.

Interesting Story.

How Sam Pennell Ran Away.

"Sam Pennell, hold out your hand!"

The pretty schoolma'am was pale but firm, and when Sam Pennell clutched his hands defiantly behind him, she seized one arm in a quick, strong grasp, drew the doubled-up fist toward her and wrapped the knuckles so sharply with the ruler that Sam howled with pain and spread out his palm.

"That will do," said Miss Rowe. "You may take your seat."

Instead of taking his seat, Sam Pennell, with the hot tears scorching his eyes and a flaming of soul that seemed as though it would burn through his jacket bolted for the door, slammed it in the teacher's face and started hatless across the fields towards the woods. It was his first punishment before the school, and it seemed more than he could stand. "I'll *never* go back now," he sobbed, convulsively. "If they try to make me, I'll run away."

He lay down under the shade of the cool woods and cried until his fountain of tears was dry. The leaves made a pleasant sound in the wind, the birds sang softly, and before Sam knew it, worn out by his emotions, he had fallen asleep. It was nearly midafternoon when he awoke. At first he was utterly bewildered. Then the circumstances of the morning came rushing back in a bitter tide, and he realized that he was in some sense an outlaw and a fugitive from justice. "I'll go home, anyway," he said to himself "and see what the folks say. Perhaps they haven't heard anything about it. Besides, I'm awfully hungry."

A few minutes later a hatless, tear-stained little fellow crept into the shed of Farmer Pennell's rambling old house. The kitchen door was open, and Sam stuck in his head and looked around.

"That you, Sam Pennel?" came a sharp voice from the "buttry." "It's good you've got home. Your father's out in the medder back of the barn and wants to see you. No, sir, you don't get any dinner to day."

So Cousin Bets had told on him. Sam more than half expected it. Bets didn't like Sam very well. Big girl cousins seldom do like little boy cousins—and often with very good reason.

Poor, hungry Sam slunked out into the orchard. The invitation to meet his father in the "medder" he understood perfectly well. He had kept such engagements before, and always regretted it. Besides, pirouetting in front of a strap on an empty stomach was to exhausting to be thought of. His mind was made up in a moment. He would run away from Woodsville and go to the city. There he would rapidly become rich, would be nominated as Candidate for the Presidency of the United States and elected by a rousing majority. His first official act would be to banish the pretty schoolteacher and order out the State militia to raze the schoolhouse to the ground. He would then heap coals of fire upon his father's head by making him Minister to England. Louis's programme was made out in a flash. All that remained to do was to put it into execution.

Stuffing his pockets with apples, he climbed the fence and started for the railroad track, carefully keeping a row of elms between himself and the meadow back of the barn. The dear old house-dog, half blind with age, came nosing along his track. Sam hung around the old fellow's neck for a minute, kissed him on the curly head, and then with an aching heart drove him back to the house.

A freight train was just passing when Sam reached the railroad. The locomotive was puffing up-grade very slowly, and Sam waited until the last freight car came along, when he made a spurt as fast as his short legs could carry him, caught hold of the climbing irons and swung himself up. As the hatless yellow head appeared over the top of the car a brakeman sang out—"Hi, young man! The Inter-State Commerce law's gone into operation."

"What's that?" piped Sam, breathlessly, seating himself on the end of the car.

"No more free rides for directors."

"But I aint a director," objected Sam.

"Then you must be the President?"

"No, not yet," replied Sam, modestly, "but I expect to be. That's what I'm going to the city for."

"Well, I rather like your cheek!" exclaimed the brakeman, sitting down beside Sam, "and I guess I won't put you off till we side-track anyway. What are you doing—running away?"

"I suppose I am," replied Sam, sadly.

"Where do you live?"

"In that house over yonder. That's father out in the medder, on the load of hay."

"What's the difficulty between you and the old gentleman—incompatability of temperament?"

Sam looked up in astonishment. Even the pretty schoolma'am had never used such big words. "No," he answered respectfully. "It isn't so bad as that. It's nothing but a strap."

"Oh!" exclaimed the brakeman, laughing, "I've heard of such cases before. Now, young man, if my advice is worth anything, you will go back to the strap just as soon as you can get off this train without breaking your neck. There's another up-hill grade just beyond Perryville station, when you can drop off, apples and all, and I won't charge a cent for helping you. I'm one of the strap boys myself, and I tell you it felt mighty nice after I had been away from home for about six weeks."

"Did you run away?" asked Sam, offering the brakeman an apple.

"Yes, I did; and I was better off than you are, too—for I had a hat."

"What did you do when you got to the city?" persisted Sam, with intense interest.

"I got a first-class job at starving that lasted me as long as I was willing to keep the place. Did you ever try starving?"

"I—I begin to feel a little that way now," admitted, Sam seriously.

"Well, you will feel more so the farther you travel away from the strap—take my word for that. What did you expect to do in the city, anyway?'

Sam began to waver a little. "I—I expected to make lots of money and get to be President of the United States."

"That all?"

"Y-e-s."

"You are too modest by half. Most fellows want to be errand-boys, at twenty-five cents a day, and sleep in a box—that is, after they get to the city. But very few of them succeed to that extent."

Sam dropped his apple and sat buried in thought for several minutes. Finally he looked up and asked:

"How far are we from the upgrade?"

"About a mile. Here's the station."

"Well," said Sam, "I've made up my mind to get off. You haven't got an old musty slice of bread or a doughnut, have you?"

"No," laughed the brakeman, "but I've got some boss sandwiches and ginger-bread in my pail. Sit still and hang on tight." The brakeman ran forward to the locomotive and presently returned with a big slice of ginger-bread and two sandwiches. "Give me your apples," he said, "and put these in your pocket. Here is the up-grade. Good-bye. Mind my word and stick by the stap."

Late in the evening Sam Pennell put in an appearance at the old farm-house. As he stuck his curly head in at the kitchen door, a pair of warm, motherly arms went around his neck and a trembling voice exclaimed: "Sam Pennell, you don't know how you frightened me, and your father's 'most wild. He's out in the woods with a lantern now. You poor, hungry child! There, sit down and eat, while I blow the horn."—*Detroit Free Press.*

Early Potatoes.

N. J. Shepherd, in the *Indiana Farmer*, says: One of the principal items in the securing of a supply of early potatoes is a good rich soil.

A sandy loam that is so situated as to be readily and thoroughly drained, and then if not naturally rich, rather above the average, make it so by the application of well-rotted and fined manure that is thoroughly incorporated with the soil. This is the foundation, and upon it depends in great measure the crop. Then the soil should be prepared in fine hills as early in the spring as the condition of the ground will permit.

Plant a good variety, using seed that has been carefully selected; cover well. Commence the cultivation as soon as possible after planting; use the harrow until the plants are up large enough; and then use the cultivator, securing a mellow, clean soil for the plants to grow in. As a general rule the nearer these conditions are secured, the earlier and better will be the crop.

I have had very good success in securing early potatoes by preparing the soil in a good tilth and then marking out the runs three feet apart, using a good single shovel plow and running out the furrows rather deep, and about 18 inches apart in the row. Throw a forkful of good manure, and with fourtined manure-fork work well into the soil, and on this drop the seed and cover well. Use whole potatoes. A much stronger and better plant can be secured by using whole potatoes than if they are cut.

After the plants have got well started to growing, I go over the rows and thin, leaving three of the best vines in each hill. By putting your foot down close to the vine and giving a sharp pull the vine can be pulled up without disturbing the rest. I am satisfied that a sufficiently better growth and yield can be secured than where the potatoes are cut and only pieces are planted, to pay for the increased cost of the seed.

I have tried the plan carefully, and this at least is the result of my experience.

Care should be taken if you are anxious to have early potatoes to have everything in readiness so that the planting can be done early, and to have the conditions of growth as favorable as possible.

Our Ottawa Letter.

NO. X.

[From our own correspondent.]

OTTAWA, April 28th.—Sir Charles Tupper's budget speech fairly bristles with facts and figures of national importance and should be read by every Canadian who wishes to be well informed on the financial position and the commercial development of his country. Dealing first with the figures for 1886-7, he shows that his estimate of the revenue for that year was $35,300,000; the result gave $35,755,993, or $455,993 above the estimate, the increase being mainly in customs duties paid in anticipation of changes in the tariff. The expenditure Sir Charles had estimated at $35,600,000, showing an estimated deficit of $300,000. The actual expenditure was only $57,680 in excess, and the deficit that was allowed for was turned into a surplus of $397,313. Turning to the current year, ending June 30th, 1888, he explained that his estimate was on a total revenue of $36,400,000, viz: Customs, $22,500,000; Excise, $6,400,000; Miscellaneous, $7,500,000. Up to April 20 the Customs dutics actually received, compared with the same period of 1886-87, show a falling-off of $227,000, and he could not count on more for the full year than $22,000,000. Excise will yield slightly in excess of the estimate, say $6,450,000; and miscellaneous, $7,550,000, or $50,000 more than the estimate. The total for the current year will therefore be $36,000,000, or $400,000 short of the estimate. On the expenditure side the minister showed that Parliament had granted supply amounting altogether to $37,082,000, and the expenditure would probably be $37,000,000, but he hoped that taking the accounts of the present and the coming year together they would balance. With regard to 1888-89 he expects caution in importations, without any great increase over 1887-88. He, therefore, estimates customs at $22,500,000, or $500,000 in excess of the estimate for 1887-8; he expects $6,500,000 from excise and $7,750,000 from miscellaneous revenues, making $36,900,000 in all. The estimate of expenditure amounts to $35,421,000, without counting mail subsidies and steamship subventions. The leading items of increase are already familiar to the public, the principal being for the service of canals and railways; the chief reductions being under the heads of immigration and public works. An important statement was made by Sir Charles in connection with the borrowing of £1,000,000 sterling in England. He explained that the reduction of the limit of deposits in the Government Savings banks, and the favorable terms offered by the chartered banks had had the effect of leading to the withdrawel of large deposits, which had gone to strengthen the position of the latter banks, enabling them to carry the business of the country along smoothly in a period of commercial depression consequent upon a poor harvest in Ontario, embarassment in the lumber industry, and over-speculation and over-trading. Although the withdrawels and deposits, including those in the post-office savings banks, about balanced, yet "as a result of the stationary character of these balances the capital expenditure of the country to a large extent had to be met out of the ordinary revenue and the Government," said Sir Charles, "had to resort to the English market. It therefore became necessary—to complete the capital expenditure and to pay the several subsidies to the various railways—that further borrowing power be authorized and a loan will be introduced hereafter when it could be definitely ascertained how much the Government will have to place on the market." Financers generally will agree in commending the Government for their action in drawing upon the cheap and abundant money supplies in England for their considerable requirements, leaving the Canadian banks free to handle their resources in the manner most likely to promote commercial interests at home. The important statement that the Government had resolved, for the present, to stop further outlay on capital account beyond that to which the country is already committed, will be received with general satisfaction.

BEST ON EARTH

SURPRISE SOAP

THE GREAT SELF WASHER TRY IT

A marvel of economy in time, labor and money, for the laundry and general household use.

The St. Croix Soap M'f'g Co., St. Stephen, N. B.

The country expected the announcemant that no changes in the tariff would be proposed this session and Sir Charles gives the reasons for the Government's decision. He also intimated that a return to the old reciprocity treaty of 1854 was not advisable in Canadian interests, and he expressed the opinion that the Mills Tariff Bill now before the United States Congress would be adopted and through its agency and the legislation he is about to propose there will be a considerable extension of the commerce of the two countries irrespective of treaties.

The iron industry is one of vast importance to Nova Scotians, and Sir Charles' defence of the iron duties will be carefully scanned and generally approved. He makes out a strong case in their favor, and, as he remarks, time is on their side. His showing of the increase in our imports of sugar from the West Indies, his remarkable figures on the development of intercolonial trade and of Canada's coasting trade, will be perused with the greatest satisfaction. I refer your readers to them as supplying the fullest and most complete defence of confederation, on business principles, that has yet appeared. On the whole the budget speech of 1888 will rank with the best that have been delivered in our Canadian capital. C. S. C.

Sore Eyes

The eyes are always in sympathy with the body, and afford an excellent index of its condition. When the eyes become weak, and the lids inflamed and sore, it is an evidence that the system has become disordered by Scrofula, for which Ayer's Sarsaparilla is the best known remedy.

Scrofula, which produced a painful inflammation in my eyes, caused me much suffering for a number of years. By the advice of a physician I commenced taking Ayer's Sarsaparilla. After using this medicine a short time I was completely

Cured

My eyes are now in a splendid condition, and I am as well and strong as ever.—Mrs. William Gage, Concord, N. H.

For a number of years I was troubled with a humor in my eyes, and was unable to obtain any relief until I commenced using Ayer's Sarsaparilla. This medicine has effected a complete cure, and I believe it to be the best of blood purifiers.—C. E. Upton, Nashua, N. H.

From childhood, and until within a few months, I have been afflicted with Weak and Sore Eyes. I have used for these complaints, with beneficial results, Ayer's Sarsaparilla, and consider it a great blood purifier.—Mrs. C. Phillips, Glover, Vt.

I suffered for a year with inflammation in my left eye. Three ulcers formed on the ball, depriving me of sight, and causing great pain. After trying many other remedies, to no purpose, I was finally induced to use Ayer's Sarsaparilla, and,

By Taking

three bottles of this medicine, have been entirely cured. My sight has been restored, and there is no sign of inflammation, sore, or ulcer in my eye.—Kendal T. Bowen, Sugar Tree Ridge, Ohio.

My daughter, ten years old, was afflicted with Scrofulous Sore Eyes. During the last two years she never saw light of any kind. Physicians of the highest standing exerted their skill, but with no permanent success. On the recommendation of a friend I purchased a bottle of Ayer's Sarsaparilla, which my daughter commenced taking. Before she had used the third bottle her sight was restored, and she can now look steadily at a brilliant light without pain. Her cure is complete.—W. E. Sutherland, Evangelist, Shelby City, Ky.

Ayer's Sarsaparilla,

Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass. Sold by all Druggists. Price $1; six bottles, $5.

For 1888 is better than ever, and should be in the hands of every person contemplating buying BULBS or PLANTS. It contains 3 Colored Plates, thousands of Illustrations, and nearly 150 pages, telling what to buy, and where to get it, and naming lowest prices for honest goods. Price of GUIDE only 10 cents, including a Certificate good for 10 cents worth of Seeds. JAMES VICK, SEEDSMAN, Rochester N. Y.