THE ACADIAN
AND KING'S CO. TIMES.

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

Vol. XI. WOLFVILLE, KING'S CO., N. S., FRIDAY, JULY 1, 1892. No. 44.

The Acadian.

Published on FRIDAY at the office WOLFVILLE, KINGS 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 arrangement for standing notices.

Rates for standing advertisements will be made known on application to the office, and payment on trancient advertising must be guaranteed by some responsible party prior to its insertion.

The ACADIAN JOB DEPARTMENT is constantly receiving new type and material, and will continue to guarantee satisfaction on all work turned out.

Newsy communications from all parts of the county, or articles upon the topics of the day are cordially solicited. The name of the party writing for the ACADIAN must invariably accompany the communication, although the same may be written over a fictitious signature.

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

Legal Decisions

1. Any person who takes a paper regularly from the Post Office—whether directed to his name or another's or whether he has subscribed or not—is responsible for the payment.

2. If a person orders his paper discontinued, he must pay up all arrearages, or 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 refusing to take newspapers and periodicals from the Post Office, or removing and leaving them uncalled-for is *prima facie* evidence of intentional fraud.

POST OFFICE, WOLFVILLE

OFFICE HOURS, 8 A. M TO 8 30 P M. Mails are made up as follows:

For Halifax and Windsor close at 7 00 a m.

Express west close at 10.20 a. m.

Express east close at 4 30 p. m.

Kentville close at 7 00 p m.

GEO. V. RAND, Post Mastor.

PEOPLE'S BANK OF HALIFAX.

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

G. W. MUNRO, Agent.

Churches.

BAPTIST CHURCH—Rev T A Higgins, Pastor—Services: Sunday, preaching at 11 a m and 7 p m; Sunday School at 2 30 p m Half hour prayer meeting after evening service every Sunday. Prayer meeting on Tuesday and Wednesday evenings at 7 30. Seats free; all are welcome. Strangers will be cared for by

COLIN W ROSCOE, A DEW BARSS } Ushers

PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH—Rev. R D Ross, Pastor—Service every Sabbath at 3 00 p. m. Sabbath School at 2 p. m. Prayer Meeting on Sabbath at 7 p. m. and Wednesday at 7.30 p. m. Strangers always welcome.

METHODIST CHURCH—Rev. Cranswick Jost, A. M., Pastor; Rev. W. R. Turner, Assistant Pastor: Horton 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 3 p m. Prayer Meeting at Wolfville on Thursday at 7 30 p m; at Horton on Friday at 7 30 p m. Strangers welcome at all the services.

ST JOHN'S CHURCH—During July, August and September, service at 11 a. m. every Sunday, with service at 7 p. m. on first Sunday in the month. Holy Communion on the first Sunday in the month at the 11 a. m.

ISAAC BROCK, D. D.,
Rector of Horton.

ST FRANCIS (R. C.)—Rev T M Daly, P. P.—Mass 11 00 a m the last 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 7½ o'clock p. m.

J. W. Caldwell, Secretary.

Temperance.

WOLFVILLE DIVISION S. of T. meets every Monday evening in their Hall at 8.00 o'clock.

ACADIA LODGE, I. O. G. T., meets every Saturday evening in Temperance Hall at 7 30 o'clock.

CRYSTAL Band of Hope meets in the Temperance Hall every Saturday afternoon at 3 o'clock.

FORSYTH & BENNETT,

Beg to announce to their friends and the public in general that they have recently opened

Horse Shoeing & Jobbing

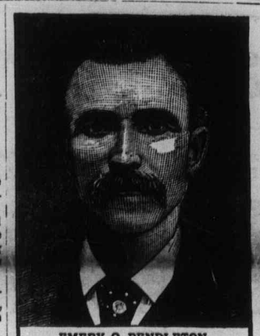
in the shop formerly owned by J. I. Brown, in the rear of F. J. Porter's grocery store, where they will be pleased to see all desiring work in their line, as they are confident they can give perfect satisfaction.

Wolfville, June 24th, 1892.

Florence A. Seabourne,

PIANO AND HARMONY.

WOLFVILLE, N. S.



EMERY O. PENDLETON.

A BATTLE WITH DISEASE!

The Enemy Routed!!

SKODA WINS!

Extreme Nervousness, Loss of Appetite, and Rheumatism, DRIVEN FROM THE FIELD!

MR. EMERY O. PENDLETON OF BELFAST, ME., NOW 45 YEARS OF AGE, WAS A MEMBER OF CO. I, 15TH REG., ME. VOL. HE SERVED WITH DISTINCTION DURING THE WAR, REC'D AN HONORABLE DISCHARGE AND IS NOW A RESPECTED MEMBER OF THOS. H. MARSHALL POST, G. A. R., OF BELFAST, ME. SIX MONTHS SINCE WHILE AWAY FROM HOME AT WORK, HIS HEALTH BEGAN TO FAIL RAPIDLY, AND HE WAS SOON OBLIGED TO LEAVE OFF WORK ENTIRELY. HE SAYS:

"Coupled with all my old army troubles, I lost my appetite, had a **distressing** and **burning sensation** in my stomach, **extreme nervousness**, so bad that the least excitement would cause large **drops of sweat** to stand on my body for an hour at a time. Anything at a sudden, would cause me to start and jump. **Could not rest nights.** Lost flesh rapidly and became much emaciated. In addition to all this, a severe **Rheumatic trouble** from which I have suffered severely ever since my discharge, causing my limbs and joints to swell badly set in. **I was obliged to give up work,** and became much discouraged. Getting no better, I was induced to try SKODA'S DISCOVERY. It had a **wonderful effect upon me.** I began to feel better after using it only a short time. I have now taken four bottles. **My Rheumatism has all disappeared. Appetite has returned.** I have gained much in flesh and strength. **Nervousness all gone.** Am able to **sleep well nights.** And am again working at my trade as Blacksmith. I feel that **I am entirely cured** from all these troubles

BETTER THAN COLD

Yours truly,
EMERY O. PENDLETON.

SKODA'S LITTLE TABLETS
For **Headache** and **Liver Trouble.** With the Discovery they cure **Rheumatism.** Mild, safe, efficient. Far superior to any pill. Once used you will have no other. 50 in a box. Price 25 cts.

SKODA DISCOVERY CO., Wolfville, N.S.

DIRECTORY

—OF THE—

Business Firms of WOLFVILLE

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

BORDEN, CHARLES H.—Carriages and Sleighs Built, Repaired, and Painted

CALDWELL, J. W.—Dry Goods, Boots & Shoes, Furniture, &c.

DAVISON, J. B.—Justice of the Peace, Conveyancer, Fire Insurance Agent.

DAVISON BROS,—Printers and Publishers.

DR PAYZANT & SON, Dentists.

GODFREY, L. P—Manufacturer of Boots and Shoes.

HARRIS, O. D.—General Dry Goods Clothing and Gents' Furnishings.

HERBIN, J. F.—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 neatly done

MURPHY, J. L.—Cabinet Maker and Repairer.

PATRIQUIN, C. A.—Manufacturer of all kinds of Carriage, and Team Harness.

ROCKWELL & CO.—Book-sellers, Stationers, Picture Framers, and dealers in Pianos, Organs, and Sewing Machines.

RAND, G. V.—Drugs, and Fancy Goods.

SLEEP, S. R.—Importer and dealer in General Hardware, Stoves, and Tinware. Agents for Frost & Wood's Plows

SHAW J. M.—Barber and Tobacconist.

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

WITTER, BURPEE.—Importer and dealer in Dry Goods, Millinery, Ready-made Clothing, and Gents' Furnishings.

TRY OUR CELEBRATED NEW BRAND OF

INCA FLOUR

A first-class grade of family flour, Winter patent, ground from choice Northern wheat. Full scale weight and of the very best quality. Supersedes all others wherever put upon the market. Honest and reliable. It contains the most health-giving and nourishing properties. Guaranteed and warranted to give satisfaction.

Dealers supplied by J. A. CHIPMAN & CO., Halifax, N. S., or direct from the Mills of HILLIARD & PEPLOW, Peterborough, Ont.

POETRY.

Scythe Song.

Mowers, weary and brown and blithe,
That is the world methinks you know,
Endless over word that the scythe
Sings to the blades of grass below!
Scythes that swing in the grass and clover,
Something still they say as they pass;
What's the word that over and over
Sings the scythe to the flowers and grass?

Hush, ah, hush! the scythes are saying,
Hush, and heed not, and fall asleep:
Hush, they say to the grasses swaying;
Hush, they sing to the clover deep;
Hush, 'tis the lullaby time is singing;
Hush, and heed not, for all things pass;
Hush, ah hush, the scythes are swinging
Over the clover, over the grass!

—*Andrew Lang.*

SELECT STORY.

The Shadow of Nobility.

CHPTER XIII.—*Concluded.*

"THERE was."

"Then how could you marry another?"

The tone of this inquiry was stern, even harsh. She trembled as she replied:

"You never said you loved me. How could I know? My father was in debt, and it was to save him from ruin I did it. I prayed him and my mother to spare me. They would not, and I became false for their sakes.

She was weeping now. His arms were flung round her, and for one moment her head lay on his breast.

"Annis, my once lost love, God has given you back to me. O, let nothing divide us now! Let us redeem the past, and make up the miserable mistake that blighted our youth. We might have been so happy all these years but I—I was a wretched fool to doubt you."

Strong man as he was, his voice shook, and there were tears in the eyes that gazed rapturously upon her, as upon a recovered blessing.

It was but for a moment. Lady Noelthorne drew himself up from the clinging arms, trying to speak resolutely:

"George, we must part."

"To meet again, my own."

"No; not as now. George, I have vowed my life to my boy. No one must come between us."

"No one shall, darling. I will guide and watch over him with a love only next your own. He shall never miss a father's care while I live."

His words were right manful and earnest, and she, knowing his sincere and noble nature, felt grateful. Still there was more required.

"George, if, loving you, and being to you all you wish, you could help me on in that higher love of which we have spoken, all might be well," she said. "But this cannot be. Unless we both started on life's journey together, determined to give our lives to God, I could not be happy even with you. My heart would not know ease."

"But we will so start. O, Annis, you shall make of me what you will."

The specious reasoning almost overturned her resolution. That she should secure the eternal good of the one whose life for years had been overshadowed by her faithlessness was a delightful prospect. Still she could not be blind to the error of her argument.

"I cannot change the heart," she answered sadly. "There must be a higher motive than earthly love. O, George, it will not do; we must part."

He closed his arms round her and kissed her. Then she placed both her hands against his breast, as if to keep him off, and he released her.

"No one shall ever do that again but you," she said falteringly; "that is all I can promise. But now it must mean 'Good-bye.'"

Where was the light gone from sea and land as George Knight descended from the vine-covered platform somewhat later, having seen the Countess to the terrace above? Whatswept around the headland beneath which he had been so blest but "a deep, wide sea of misery"? A glimpse of Eden was vouched him that only served to make the present darkness more profound. So bright had been his brief dream that he turned away, sick at heart and dizzy, from the solitary way where duty lay. It was bleak, barren, uninviting, and prosaic.

And yet, after the first bitter sweep of disappointment, a satisfaction that was almost fierce settled down upon his spirit. Had she not confessed that she once loved him? Had she not promised no other man should ever know the favour he had just taken without blame? O, surely that first embrace would not be the last? Surely God—the God she loved and honoured—having brought them together so marvellously, would not seperate them for evermore? George Knight's faith in his Maker's love and mercy, long almost gone, was beginning to revive. Though ignorant of the way of access to the Divine Presence, his heart sent up the first prayer it had framed for years—that he might be a better man, and worthy her, winning the blessing so long delayed.

After the lapse of an hour, in which he had striven with his own heart, and so far gained the mastery that he was outwardly calm, he ascended the zigzag path once more, determined to carry out a purpose he had in view. Not venturing to enter without ceremony, he knocked on a door which stood open under a pretty trellised verandah. A servant answered his summons; he inquired for Lady Noelthorne, and was admitted.

He saw her in the presence of her boy and his nurse. Assuming an intimate but grave air of authority, he said:

"Annis, I cannot allow you to remain here any longer. It is too lonely and unprotected a situtation. Besides, I am sure it is not the place for your son."

He was pleased to see that his words were not without effect.

"You must come with me to the other side to-day," he continued. "There I must leave you. But do you not know any one—any woman—who would travel with you?"

The Countess thought for a moment.

"I do know one," she rejoined. "A lady whose party I was asked to join."

Some impulse made her withhold the name. George Knight was too much engrossed by his own plans to have a suspicion concerning it.

"Is she all you could wish?" he inquired.

"All—more than all. She is a lady of rank, and a truly good woman."

"That is well," he replied cheerfully. "Now I shall leave you to prepare, while I see to our mode of conveyance back to the haunts of busy life once more. Now we shall feel 'the stir of the great Babel,' who had been for a brief season happily free from its jostling."

"It shall not jostle me," she said, making an effort to appear cheerful.

"You are wise," was the answer with a pretence at a smile. "The safest path, as well as the happiest, is to walk apart."

So each tried to cloak their feeling; each sought to stifle the moan for the light that had so quickly faded.

CHAPTER XIV.

To give George Knight his merit, not a thought of the worldly advantages which might accrue to him, a humble individual, from an union with the beautiful and wealthy Countess of Noelthorne ever occurred. Beautiful she certainly was; he loved her for it; but the extent of her jointure was of little interest. He had some vague impression that all she possessed belonged of right to her son, and he would only have consented to receive her settlement for her own dear sake, that she might be surrounded by the refinement and luxury to which she was accustomed. As to birth, they stood on a par, for there but rested upon her the shadow of nobility—a doubtful honour, purchased by the sacrifice of everything that was really good and noble, and entailing a life-long sorrow.

In one sense it was well for Lady Noelthorne that she and her cousin had met, for his superior judgment helped her, and his arrangements for her comfort and convenience were admirable. She passed into a good hotel for English travellers her son leaning on her arm, while George Knight walked at his other side. There was a complete screening from observation without any apparent attempt at it, for which the anxious mother gently blessed him.

In the begin[illegible] time was an English clergyman bearing his name among the a[illegible] happy thought occurred to G[illegible] Knight. He waited on the good man, made known to him the Countess's rank and his own relationship to her, touching a little upon her loneliness and inexperience, and the condition of her son. The clergyman promised to visit her during their stay in the same place, and help her as far as he might in the absence of a male relative.

The parting between the Countess and her escort was friendly, but constrained. The whole world might have witnessed it. As for the lover, he had his own ulterior views, and seemed by this very quietness to convey the impression that he did not regard her decision as final. To fall into the ravings of passion or be beguiled into pleading would not have served his turn just then.

The clergyman, Mr Leatherly, called on the distinguished visitor after her cousin left.

"Is it your pleasure to travel incognito, Lady Noelthorne?" he inquired.

"I do not know," she answered listlessly. "I had no thought about it. My cousin entered our names in the Visitors' Book: I never asked him how."

"Mr Knight is your cousin?"

Mr Leatherly was cognizant of the fact; he was only proving her ladyship.

"Yes; we grew up together as brother and sister in my father's house in the country. But we have not met since my marriage until lately."

"I suppose your only object in travel is pleasure. Your ladyship appears to enjoy good health."

"It *was* my object—in part," she replied. "I am beginning to feel I ought to have a better."

The clergyman let her speak on.

"I have but lately been awakened to God's claims upon me," she continued. "Ought we who profess to know Him as others do not, to live wholly for ourselves?"

"We should not," he rejoined "Even Christ pleased not Himself; but, as it is written, 'The reproaches of them that reproached Thee fell on Me.'"

"Ah, that is it. If there is reproach for Him still in the world, a Christian should share it. But I do not see how."

Mr Leatherly was deeply interested.

"Your ladyship has vast powers in your hands," he said.

"I wish some one wiser than I would help me to put on their spectacles," she returned, smiling a little.

"Your name, your influence, your money, your time, are all talents—great talents," was his earnest answer. "Lend your influence to the various agencies for good. Let your name head committees and subscription lists. Be the patroness indeed of whatever will advance Christ's kingdom, spread peace and goodwill upon earth. As you have a house in town, open it for drawing-room meetings. I will not say to you, as I might to others, seek out the ruined 'rescue the perishing,' for the want of experience incidental to your ladyship's high position unfits you for this; but you may at least show prayful sympathy with those whose life-work it is. Choose your friends from the people of God; set your face deliberately Zionward. Court not earthly pomp, thirst not for worldly pleasure, and you will be 'a vessel meet for the Master's use,' bringing honour to our Redeemer."

The Countess's cheeks glowed.

"Thank you," she said. "I shall head my list of right true friendship with your name. I have a niece in London; she will held me, for she is more active, more whole-hearted than I. Besides"—here a shade fell over the bright face—"Mr Leathealy, I have a duty—a paramount duty in life—which makes me shrink from observation, and of itself necessitates retirement."

With Mr Knight's hint in his mind, the clergyman understood her better than she thought. To help her he asked very gently:

"Is it connected with your boy?"

She marvelled how he had come so near the truth. Evidently the secret of her trouble was getting abroad. However, when once the ice was fairly broken, she turned to him with a feeling of relief.

"It is," she replied. "My son is not strong."

"Yet he is able to travel, Lady Noelthorne. He has the power of motion."

"At present; but he lost it for a time. He has not the gift of speech, though he can understand. It is a singular case of prostration of the whole nervous system."

"Not what the faculty call cerebral disease?"

"I believe so."

"I had a child—a girl—who suffered from chorea long years ago," he returned eagerly. "But she was placed under judicious treatment and recovered. She could not even carry her hand to her mouth. I made the diseases of the nervous system a study in those days. Lady Noelthorne, may I see your son?"

George Knight little thought what a benefit he conferred upon his cousin when he introduced her to the notice of Mr Leatherly. A better thing could not have been devised than to place her, even temporarily, under the care of one so well fitted to counsel. This very effort to overcome the morbid shrinking from having the young Earl's condition discovered proved helpful, and brought salutary influences. And then the ever-pressing burden of care was lightened by a ready understanding, and true, but not obtrusive, sympathy.

The clergyman saw the child. He took the thin, slim fingers in his, and spoke; but there was no response, no token of interest or comprehension.

"Do you regard it as a hopeless case?" the Countess asked, after Mr Leatherly and she had withdrawn from the youthful sufferer's apartment.

"I cannot speak determinedly," he replied, rather evasively. "There is a case on record of a young man in a more helpless condition suddenly jumping up and offering a vigorous resistance to a robber who had entered his room. The paralytic exhibited extraordinary courage and decision, but when the danger was past he relapsed into his former state. I was going to recommend your passing into Germany. Now, however, I do not regard this as urgent. How did you intend to proceed from this, Lady Noelthorne?"

"I have no fixed plans. I was asked to join Lady Hibbert's party."

"Lady Hibbert! Does your ladyship know her? She is an admirable woman."

"I do not know her, but met her son at Rome. The invitation came from him."

"Ah, Sir Guy! He is a man of good parts, but his political opinions are peculiar. He is rather visionary; at times a cynic, but certainly not an optimist. But, pardom me, he is a friend of your ladyship's."

"Not so near that I cannot bear to have his character defined."

"I was about to add 'rather lazy,'" returned the clergyman, with a smile. "However, with such a mother—and she has immense influence over him—he must become something grand, and leave a mark on his day and generation."

"You believe in a mother's influence?"

"And a mother's prayers. Dear Lady Noelthorne, they do not fall to the ground, or remain, like vapours, suspended in mid-air by their own density, but rise to the heart of the Great Father. We yet shall see the needs be for everything, and reap the fruit of our faith."

"But I cannot see how God can send evil."

"The question might hinge upon what we call evil," he replied. "We cannot always discern bitter from sweet, and sometimes call light darkness. It is certain God moves in everything, and all circumstances are under His control. To a child of God there are no second causes, and we must look away from self and surroundings, and gathering gloom, it may be, trusting to Him Who makes no mistakes, but 'doeth all things well.'"

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Columbus Was Not the First.

It was at Lisbon that Columbus first planned his voyage. But long before, when Lisbon was a flourishing Arab city, intelligent and splendid, Edrisi relates that an expedition was sent out from its port to explore the dark and unknown ocean. The commanders were brothers known as the Almagrurins, or the Wandering brothers. They must have set sail before the year 1150. They crossed the Atlan[illegible] said, visited unknown islands a[illegible] ured new lands. After a weary voyage of many months they returned in safety. A street was named after them in Moorish Lisbon, called the street of the Almagrurins.

Possibly the attempt might have been renewed, and a Moorish city might have sprung up in Cuba or Hispaniola, at Philadelphia or New York. But soon the conquering Christians took Lisbon and checked its advance in knowledge. For many centuries it was given up to war and chivalry. At length it revived the Moorish instincts of trade and commerce. Lisbon became the centre of discovery, and Columbus learned in all its traditions perhaps the story of the Almagrurins.—*Eugene Lawrence in Harper's.*

"August Flower"

How does he feel?—He feels blue, a deep, dark, unfading, dyed-in-the-wool, eternal blue, and he makes everybody feel the same way—**August Flower the Remedy.**

How does he feel?—He feels a headache, generally dull and constant, but sometimes excruciating—**August Flower the Remedy.**

How does he feel?—He feels a violent hiccoughing or jumping of the stomach after a meal, raising bitter-tasting matter or what he has eaten or drunk—**August Flower the Remedy.**

How does he feel?—He feels the gradual decay of vital power; he feels miserable, melancholy, hopeless, and longs for death and peace—**August Flower the Remedy.**

How does he feel?—He feels so full after eating a meal that he can hardly walk—**August Flower the Remedy.**

G. G. GREEN, Sole Manufacturer,
Woodbury, New Jersey U. S. A.

6TH HALF-YEARLY COMPETITION

The most Interesting Contest ever offered by The Canadian Agriculturist.

One Thousand Dollars in Cash, a Pair of Handsome Shetland Ponies, Carriage and Harness, and over two thousand other valuable prizes for the Agriculturist's brightest readers! Who will have them? According to the usual custom for some years past the publishers of THE AGRICULTURIST now offer their Sixth Half-yearly Literary Competition. This grand competition will, no doubt, be the most gigantic and successful one ever presented to the people of the United States and Canada.

One Thousand Dollars in cash will be paid to the person sending in the largest list of English words constructed from letters in the words "The Canadian Agriculturist."

Five Hundred Dollars in cash will be given to the second largest list.

A Handsome Pair of Shetland Ponies, Carriage and Harness, will be given for the third largest list.

Over one thousand additional prizes awarded in order of merit; One Grand Piano; $300 Organ; $400 Piano; Dinner Sets; Ladies' Gold Watches; Silk Dress Patterns; Portiere Curtains; Silver Tea Services; Tennyson's Poems, bound in cloth; Dickens in 12 volume, bound in cloth, etc.

As there are more than 1000 prizes, any one who takes the trouble to prepare an ordinary good list will not fail to receive a valuable prize. This is the biggest thing in the competition line that we have ever placed before the public, and all who do not take part will miss an opportunity of a life time.

RULES. 1. A letter cannot be used oftner than it appears in the words "The Canadian Agriculturist." For instance the word "egg" could not be used, as there is but one "g" in the three words. 2. Words having more than one meaning but spelled the same can be used but once. 3. Names of places and persons barred. 4. Errors will not invalidate a list—the wrong words will simply not be counted.

Each list must contain one dollar to pay for six month's subscription to THE AGRICULTURIST. If two or more tie, the largest list which bears the earliest postmark will take the first prize, and the others will receive prizes in order of merit. United States money and stamps taken at par.

The object in offering these magnificent prizes is to introduce our popular magazine into new homes, in every part of the American continent.

Every competitor enclosing 30 cents in stamps extra, will receive free, by mail, postpaid, one to THE AGRICULTURIST'S Elegant Souvenir Spoons of Canada.

Prizes awarded to persons residing in the United States will be shipped from our New York office free of duty. All money letters should be registered.

OUR FORMER COMPETITION.—We have given away $25,000 in prizes during the last two years, and have thousands of letters from prize-winners in every state in the union and every part of Canada and Newfoundland. Lord Kilcourse, A.D.C. to the Governor General of Canada, writes: "I shall recommend my friends to enter your competitions." M. M. Brandon, Vancouver, B. C., "received $1000 in gold" and we hold his receipt for same. A few of the prize winners: Miss J. Robinson, Toronto, $1500; J. J. Brandon, Fenelon Falls, Ont., $1500; David Harrison, Syracuse, N. Y., $630; H. Heavis, St. Louis Mo., $300; Jas Baptie, West Duluth, Minn., $500; Miss Georgina Robertson, Oak St., Brooklyn, $1000; Fred H. Hills, 359 State St., Bridgeport, Conn., and thousands of others.

Address all communications to THE AGRICULTURIST, Peterborough, Ontario.

READ THE BIBLE.

And at the Same Time Earn One Hundred Dollars in Gold.

The first letter containing the correct answers to the following questions received at the office of THE CANADIAN AGRICULTURIST (each week from now until the 30th of June, 1892,) will receive $100 in gold; the second will get $60; third, $25; fourth, handsome silver service; to the next 50 correct answers we will send prizes ranging from $5 down to $2.

☞ Every answer, whether a prize winner or not, will receive a special prize.

QUESTIONS TO BE ANSWERED.—(1.) How many books does the Bible contain? (2.) How many chapters? (3.) How many verses?

RULES.

1. We commence to open letters on Monday morning of each week. If more than one letter is received by the same mail with correct answers, the first opened will count, the second will take next place, and so on.

2. Each letter containing answers must be accompanied by $1 to pay for six months subscription to THE AGRICULTURIST—one of the very best illustrated Home Journal in Canada.

3. People living in the United States have precisely the same privileges in connection with this competition as those residing in Canada. They can easily gage their letters each week so as to reach us in the beginning of the week, when they will be almost sure to get a good prize.

WHAT THE PEOPLE SAY OF US.

"Received $1,000 prize all right"—M. M. BRANDON Vancouver, B. C.

"I shall recommend my friends to enter your competitions."—LORD KILCOURSE, A. D. C. to the Governor General, Ottawa, Canada.

"Splendid prize received."—C. F. McCormack, St. Stephen, N. B.

"Prize of $235 received."—D. HARRISON, Syracuse, N. Y.

"Handsome prize received."—MISS RETTA KENTZ, Oxford, Mich.

Over 5000 receipts from prize winners in former competitions on file in our office.

Letters containing money should in all cases be registered. Address,

THE AGRICULTURIST PUBLISHING CO.,
Peterborough Canada