# THE ACADIAN

## AND KING'S CO. TIMES.

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

Vol. XL. WOLFVILLE, KING'S CO., N. S., FRIDAY, MAY 27, 1892. No. 39.



**The Acadian.**

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

TERMS:

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(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 transient 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 Master

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 D 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 welcomed to the

Coates W Roscoe } Ushers
A Neil Barss }

PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH—Rev. R D Crowe, Pastor—Service every Sabbath at 11 00 a. m. Sunday School at 2 p. m. Prayer meeting every Sabbath evening at 7 p. m. and Wednesday evening at 7 30 p. m. Strangers always welcome.

METHODIST CHURCH—Rev. Cranswick Jost, A. M., Pastor; Rev. W. R. Parker, 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—Service every Sunday afternoon at 3, except the first Sunday in the month, when there will be Morning Prayer with Celebration of the Holy Communion at 11.

ISAAC BROOKS, 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.


**THOUSANDS IN REWARDS.**

The Great Weekly Competition of The Ladies' Home Magazine.

Which word in this advertisement spells the same Backward as Forward? This is a rare opportunity for every Madam and Miss, every Father and Son, to secure a Splendid Prize.

WEEKLY PRIZES.—Every week throughout this great competition prizes will be distributed as follows: The first correct answer received (the postmark date on each letter to be taken as the date received) at the office of the LADIES' HOME MAGAZINE (each and every week during 1892) will get $200; the second correct answer, $100; the third $50; fourth, a beautiful silver service; fifth, five which silver service and the next 50 correct answers will get prizes ranging from $25 down to $2. Every correct answer, irrespective of whether a prize winner or not, will get a special prize. Competitors residing in the southern states, as well as other distant points, have an equal chance with those nearer home, as the postmark will be their authority in every case.

RULES.—Each list of answers must be accompanied by $1 to pay for six months subscription to one of the best HOME MAGAZINES in America.

NOTE.—We want half a million subscribers, and to secure them we propose to give away in rewards one half our income. Therefore, in case one half the total receipts during any week exceed the cash value of the prizes, such excess will be added pro rata to the prizes. If the reverse, a pro rata discount will be made.

REFERENCES.—"THE LADIES' HOME MAGAZINE is well able to carry out its promises."—Peterborough (Canada) Times. "A splendid paper, and financially strong."—Hastings (Canada) Star. "Every prize winner will be sure to receive just what he is entitled to."—Norwood (Canada) Register. Address all letters to THE LADIES' HOME MAGAZINE, Peterborough, Canada.



**SKODA'S DISCOVERY contains MORE SARSAPARILLA than any Sarsaparilla made.**

CLIFTON WEST.

**"People said I would die!"**

A TERRIBLE CASE OF

**Blood Poisoning!**

**SKODA VICTORIOUS!**

THE FOLLOWING CASE WILL BE VOUCHED FOR BY MANY OF THE BEST CITIZENS OF BELFAST, AND THE CURE THAT FOLLOWED IS TRUTHFULLY RECORDED.

"For months I had been a great sufferer from supposed **Blood Poisoning**, and its attendant results. My legs would **swell to twice their ordinary size**, and from my feet to my hips both legs were one **solid mass of great purple sores.** My arms and body also became affected in like manner. Ceaseless **itching and burning tormented me day and night.** I lost my appetite. My bowels became constipated. I was much reduced in flesh. **People said I would die,** and I believed there was **no help for me.** This was my condition when I began taking SKODA'S DISCOVERY and SKODA'S LITTLE TABLETS. Soon after using SKODA'S OINTMENT externally, I noticed a marked improvement. I soon commenced to improve. After using these REMEDIES **four weeks** I had **gained fifteen pounds** in flesh, and improved in every way.

**BETTER THAN GOLD**

Less than one course of the DISCOVERY, with SKODA'S LITTLE TABLETS and SKODA'S OINTMENT, has **completely cured me.**

**My appetite is excellent.** Swelling all gone from my legs. **Food digests well.** Bowels in good condition. And my **skin is free** from **sores and blotches**, and only the **ugly scars** upon my legs tell of my previous trouble.

Belfast, Me. CLIFTON WEST.

**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 taste weight and of the very best quality. Superior to 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.



**"SKODA'S GERMAN SOAP, "Soft as Velvet," "Pure as Gold," that tells the whole story. Most highly medicated soap ever made. Try one cake. It is elegant. At all Druggists. Price, 35 cts.**


## POETRY.

**Mothers.**

One mother, once, when her encircling arm
Grew powerless to shield her child from harm,
Wove a frail basket of the trembling reed,
And strengthening it with loving heart, she laid
Him, helpless, thus, beside the river's brim,
Trusting that God would keep and care for him.

Since than all mothers, taught by her, have known
God's care is longer, better than their own.
They weave their trembling faith into an ark,
And strengthen with their prayers the tiny bark,
And trust their growing children thus to Him
Who saved the lad beside the river's brim.

SELECT STORY.

## The Shadow of Nobility.

CHAPTER VI.—*Concluded.*

A sudden thought occurred to the Countess's mind. She mused for a moment or two in silence; then spoke out eagerly:

"You say your mother is a very good woman."

"A very good woman, lady."

"I suppose she knows a great deal about God and Heaven. But then she is uneducated."

"She believes God Himself teaches her, my lady."

"Fe, does she think—does she know whether one who has been very, very wicked, but is truly sorry for it, and wants to do better, if she tries hard to be good, might go to heaven when she dies, and have some one there with her who was most dear when they were on earth together, and who was a great deal better than herself?"

The meaning of this long speech was very clear to her who uttered it, but not at all to the girl who heard. It being vague and misty, of course she could not resolve the doubt, or answer the inquiry. She could only say she would ask her mother.

"Yes, yes, ask your mother, and come and tell me all she says as soon as you can—come to-morrow. Tell her I am very much in earnest to hear about heaven, and about how the people will live together there; whether we shall know each other, or miss the friends we loved on earth."

The idea of consulting a more experienced teacher never occurred to the Countess of Noelthorne for a moment. Not for worlds would she have betrayed her secret to one of the clergymen she knew.

"Here is money she added in conclusion. "I owe you many shillings. When you come to-morrow bring many bunches, the very brightest you can get in the market. Child, do not fail."

She spoke in a strangely excited manner, and as one desperately in earnest. At the same time her eyes had a wistful eager expression, as if she contemplated a distant object, which other eyes might not behold.

Faith took the shinning pieces in greater bewilderment and more rapturous admiration than ever. Checking a mad impulse to kiss the hand that extended the bounty, she backed out of the room.

CHAPTER VII.

"Come what come may,
Time and the hour runs through the roughest day."

—*Macbeth.*

THE old Earl of Noelthorne was laid to rest, the usual messages and tokens of condolence had been received, the legal formula had been gone through, and the new Earl's title established. Nothing now remained for the bereaved lady but to pray and wait, to endure and watch.

For some days she appeared strangely disquieted. The questions to which she had given expression to Faith Hailyard were agitating her mind. At the close of her interview with the flower-girl, however, an idea occurred to her, from which, wild and fanciful as it was, sprang the ghost of a buried hope.

On Faith's appearance next day, she was admitted without delay or suspicion. She had brought with her a large basket filled with the brightest flowers then in season. Late geraniums, early dahlias, with magnificent asters, crimson, purple, gold and white, showed well against a background of rich, variegated leaves; while here and there a sprig of some sweet-scented plant made the air heavy with perfume. The wealth of bloom seemed to mock the eye "with colours lightly spread."

Motioning to the girl to follow with her burden, the Countess opened a side door, leading from her boudoir to a quiet corridor, where they were free from observation. Then, pausing before another door, she drew aside a heavy curtain, and Faith found herself in a larger and, if possible, more beautiful apartment.

Their steps fell noiselessly on the rich pile beneath their feet, the neutral tints of which never attracted the eye for a moment. Long mirrors with silken hangings multiplied the novel articles profusely strewn around. To the girl's bewildered gaze it was a very fairy-land. Yet the fairest object, where everything had an interest, was a child of uncommon beauty of about three years, who reclined on a low settee in a bay-window.

It was the fall of the year, and a bright fire burned in the highly polished grate, guarded by its chimney-piece of quaint mosaic. Figures and fountains and flowers, arranged with apparent carelessness, but really with the most exquisite taste, were touched by a pale amber glow. It flickered over antique furniture, and cast pleasant shadows here and there. Upon the dancing light the boy's dark eyes were fixed, but not in wonderment of satisfaction.

At a sign from the Countess, Fe advanced to the side of the couch. The heavy eyes came back from the observation of the fire, and for a moment rested on the stranger's face.

Then, stealing up, Lady Noelthorne caught the flowers and showered them over the coverlet. The geraniums shed their leaves, and sprinkled it with broad crimson stains. On the arms, slightly folded, rested asters of rare beauty, as if pleading for notice. Yet there was no token that the boy regarded, or that the reckless waste of earth's loveliness gave him a passing sensation of pleasure.

O if he had only put out one delicate hand and clutched at a rich blossom! O to see it wither and die in his grasp! O that he might "tie his life," as it were, within the band that had held the fragrant blooms! It might not be.

'Twas a vain hope, and an idle fancy. From the too restful feet, from the nerveless arms, from the graceful form and well-poised head, fell away Mother Earth's favourites, as though drooping in shame and sorrow to find themselves so little esteemed. He would have none of them.

Faith was about to gather up some of the despised bouquets, but Lady Noelthorne motioned to her impatiently to let them lie. Then she waved her hand towards the door in token of dismissial.

In her all-absorbing interest in the child, Faith had scarcely noticed an elder woman who sat apart sewing, and who had not interfered in the proceedings. Now, however, a remark from the latter attracted the girl's notice.

"There's no use in trying *h* experiments, my lady," she said. "See there!"

Involuntarily Faith threw a backward glance in the direction indicated, and saw, rising above the window-sill, a magnificent *jardiniere* in full glory.

"He sees that every day," was the low, sad reply.

Poor mother! It was evident she had counted upon the novelty of the situation.

In the ante-room Faith was joined by the Countess.

"You put the questions to your mother as I bade you?" she inquired, not making the smallest allusion to the strange scene through which they had just passed.

"Yes, my lady, and she said that the dear Lord and Saviour died to 'open the kingdom of heaven to all believers.'"

This was not at all what the Countess wanted, and she looked a little disappointed. Faith had the wit to perceive it, and continued:

"He giv sa right of entry into heaven to all who believe in Him."

"But all do—at least in Christian lands," put in the Countess impatiently.

"Yes, with the mind, my lady, mother says; but 'with the heart man believeth unto righteousness.'"

"Then all who are in earnest and try to believe everything they ought, down deep in their hearts, will be collected together in a great crowd in heaven by and-by. That is not what I wish for at all. I want to be with one only, and know one only."

The thoughts of the girl went back to the room they had just left, and the childish form upon the window-seat.

"I am sure people will know each other in heaven," she said, "because mother often talks to me of meeting father there."

"Children will surely go to heaven, Fe."

"O, surely my lady!"

There had come into the Countess's mind the dreadful possibility of the child dying while young.

But Fe, with the best intentions, and whole-hearted devotion to the beautiful lady, could not prove an efficient teacher. Mrs Hailyard, with better wit, indeed, instructed the girl previously, so that she came primed and loaded into the Countess's presence. Still, though a measure of comfort was administered, no great amount of spiritual good was done. Lady Noelthorne failed to see that heaven is to be won only through faith in Him Who died to remove all hindrances out of our way, and give us the right of entrance. She did not ask herself how she could stand in the presence of a holy God, Who is "of purer eyes than to behold iniquity." Indeed, God was left out of her calculations altogether. She set herself to be good, and to train her child to be good, simply that they might be happy together for evermore. The place would be beautiful and secure. If only they might get away to some remote part of it, one of the "many mansions," where the eye of the dread King would not be on them continually, all would be well.

God has many agents, and is not circumscribed as to means. Circumstances were working in Lady Noelthorne's favour, though she knew it not, and a consideration which seemed to have no connection with her heavenward aspirations led her on to good.

Edgar, Earl of Noelthorne, though deprived of the gift of speech, retained possession of his other faculties. Vision was not impaired, and his hearing was acute. He even tried to utter sounds, which were harsh and discordant, and was subject to fits of passion when he failed to make himself understood. In general, however, he was sunk in a sort of nerveless apathy, as far removed from imbecility as the barest notice is from entire appreciation.

He was little more than three years old when his mother discovered that he could be brought under the influence of sweet sounds. In her unchildlike girlhood she was wont to warble as a bird; but, unless to please her husband and at his bidding, music had not been cultivated since her marriage. Happening one day in the boy's presence to break into a snatch of song, she was surprised to find on looking towards him that it had attracted his attention. In spite of the nurse's disclaimer against "experiments," again and again she put forth her vocal powers to charm, with a more fervent desire for admiration than had ever come to her in Society. She had, at least, the joy of seeing that he listened, and his mere notice was better than the world's applause.

But all the songs she knew seemed unsuitable now. The thought that he might come to attach meaning to words linked to melody took possession of her. She longed for some simpler expression by which she could convey what he ought to know.

It was at this time that religous services which were the wonder of Christendom were being held in London. The Countess heard of the masses who attended, and that amongst the most eager auditors were many distinguished members of the aristocracy. A marvellous change, a transformation of the whole character, seemed to have taken place in the late Earl's niece, the young widow to whom we have already alluded. From her Annis learned of the impressive addresses, the hearty singing, the manifest emotion, the quickening of dead souls. Perhaps the most attractive feature in the programme was the second on our list. The Countess of Noelthorne resolved to see and hear for herself.

We need not dwell upon subsequent convictions. It was the story of hundreds at that time. Henceforth the heart was no longer sad, the hope no longer uncertain, the future no more dim and shadowy. On the throne where an idol had reigned supreme, God asserted His right to hold sway. A Saviour was revealed, Whose love had been slighted, Whose grace was hitherto unknown. A Friend, "strong to deliver and good to redeem," stood by her; and above all was a Father in pitying tenderness, Who had once to her mistaken fancy seemed an unjust Judge. Everything was changed, because Lady Noelthorne herself had become a "new creature."

She went again; she learned sweet hymns, which were to be sung by her boy's side. Her face lost its careworn expression, and when a light from above came into it her youth seemed renewed. Her step grew elastic; her heart had yet a song. Mrs Morenescher marvelled, and secretly conjectured that her lady had found some one to replace the dead Earl in her affections. Various surmises awoke in different minds, but the improvement in the Countess's spirits was manifest to all.

Only Fe was for a time forgotten. It is harder to be unselfish in joy than in sorrow.

From these days a purpose that had more than once occurred to Lady Noelthorne's mind gathered strength. In one thing only she was unchanged, and that was the ruling habit of her life; she shrank as much as ever from her son's condition becoming generally known until the discovery was inevitable. Recovery, the doctor said, was possible. A crisis might ensue at any moment; very probably as he grew to manhood. She would take him beyond the reach of commiseration, almost of observation. She would go forth from the scene of her suffering, losing themselves among strangers, forgetting her old self as far as might be. They would travel.

So "day is driven on by day, and the new moons hasten to their wane."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

**Leaks on the Farm.**

There are many leaks upon some farms, and some upon nearly every farm. A few of them are, a lack of knowledge of the principles of feeding; so that foods are not rightly proportioned for the results desired. An attempt to do more than can be properly done, and a consequent neglect to do work in the proper season. This leads to extra cost for labor to destroy large weeds which could have been easily killed while small and in future seasons to killing those that spring up from their seeds. Also results in crops not harvested when they are at their most favorable conditions, as the late-cut hay, the frozen vegetables or fruit and other damaged products will testify.

The keeping of land which does not, either as pasture, mowing land or wood-land, or in hoed crops, pay a fair profit over the cost of manure, labor and seed, with fair wages to the farmer is another bad leak of common occurrance. Again, cows that do not pay their keeping for more than nine months in the year, and horses whose days' work during the year does not amount to as much as their feed costs, are leaks that let the profits run away very rapidly. When these are all stopped others can be easily named, but these are enough for once.

**The No Goods of a Country.**

The advertisements which appear in a town paper show who are the most public spirited and enterprising citizens. A live newspaper does more to boom a town than any other institution. It gives thousands of dollars of free advertising every year. A paper can't live without a large advertising patronage. There are some citizenes who freely and nobly patronize their town and county paper and there are others who begrudge even a few paltry dollars for a legitimate advertisement, and yet these are the very men who growl and howl if a paper is not run to suit them. Such men are no good in a community, they are the mud on the wheel os progress.


Minard's Liniment for sale everywhere.



**For Scrofula**

"After suffering for about twenty-five years from scrofulous sores on the legs and arms, trying various medical courses without benefit, I began to use Ayer's Sarsaparilla, and a wonderful cure was the result. Five bottles sufficed to restore me to health."—Bonifacia Lopez, 327 E. Commerce st., San Antonio, Texas.

**Catarrh**

"My daughter was afflicted for nearly a year with catarrh. The physicians being unable to help her, my pastor recommended Ayer's Sarsaparilla. I followed his advice. Three months of regular treatment with Ayer's Sarsaparilla and Ayer's Pills completely restored my daughter's health."—Mrs. Louise Rielle, Little Canada, Ware, Mass.

**Rheumatism**

"For several years, I was troubled with inflammatory rheumatism, being so bad at times as to be entirely helpless. For the last two years, whenever I felt the effects of the disease, I began to take Ayer's Sarsaparilla, and have not had a spell for a long time."—E. T. Hanabrough, Elk Run, Va.

For all blood diseases, the best remedy is

**AYER'S Sarsaparilla**

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

Cures others, will cure you


"I assure you, gentleman," said the convict upon entering the prison, "that this place has sought me and not I the place. My own affairs really demanded all my time and attention, and I may truly say that my selection to fill this position was an entire surprise. Had I consulted my own interests, I should have peremptorial declined to serve; but as I am in the hands of my friends, I see no other course but to submit." And he submitted.

Some men try advertising as the Indian tried feathers. He took one feather, laid it on a board, and slept on it all night. In the morning he grunted out, "White man say feathers heap soft; white man heap fool—humph."


**"August Flower"**

**How does he feel?**—He feels cranky, and is constantly experimenting, dieting himself, adopting strange notions, and changing the cooking, the dishes, the hours, and manner of his eating—**August Flower the Remedy.**

**How does he feel?**—He feels at times a gnawing, voracious, insatiable appetite, wholly unaccountable, unnatural and unhealthy.—**August Flower the Remedy.**

**How does he feel?**—He feels no desire to go to the table and a grumbling, fault-finding, over-nicety about what is set before him when he is there—**August Flower the Remedy.**

**How does he feel?**—He feels after a spell of this abnormal appetite an utter abhorrence, loathing, and detestation of food; as if a mouthful would kill him—**August Flower the Remedy.**

**How does he feel?**—He has irregular bowels and peculiar stools—**August Flower the Remedy.**



**$3,500 IN REWARDS**

**The Canadian Agriculturist's Great Half Yearly Literary Competition.**

The Fifth Half Yearly Literary Competition for 1892, of THE CANADIAN AGRICULTURIST, America's old and reliable Illustrated Family Magazine, will close June 30th, (all letters bearing postmark not later than June 30th will count, no matter where posted.) The following splendid prizes will be given free to persons sending in the greatest number of words made out of letters contained in the words, "THE ILLUSTRATED AGRICULTURIST." ☞ Everyone sending in a list of not less than 100 words will receive a valuable present of silverware.

1st Grand Reward.....$500 in Gold
2nd " " .....Grand Piano, valued at $500
3rd " " .....$250 in Gold
4th " " .....Organ valued at $200
5th " " .....$100 in Gold
6th " " .....Gent's Gold Watch full Jewelled
7th " " .....Ladies' Gold Watch full Jewelled
8th " " .....$50 in Gold
9th " " .....$25 in Gold
10 Rewards of $10 each.....$100
Next 20 prizes,—20 Silver Tea Sets, quadruple plate, warranted.
Next 50 prizes,—50 Silver Dessert Sets, warranted heavy plate
Next 100 prizes,—100 Silver Butter Dishes, &c., warranted heavy plate.
Next 500 prizes consists of Heavy Plated Silver Kettles, Butter Dishes, Fruit Baskets, Biscuit Jars, Sugar Shells, Butter Knives, &c., &c., all fully warranted, making a total of 669 splendid rewards, the value of which will aggregate $3500.

This grand Literary Competition is open to everybody everywhere. The following are the conditions:

1. The words must be constructed only from letters in the words, "THE ILLUSTRATED AGRICULTURIST," and must be only such as are found in Webster's Unabridged Dictionary, in the body of the book, none of the supplements to be used.

2. The words must be written in rotation and numbered 1, 2, 3 and so on, for facilitating in deciding the winners.

3. Letters cannot be used oftener than they appear in the words "THE ILLUSTRATED AGRICULTURIST." For instance, the word "egg" cannot be used as there is but one "g" in the three words.

4. The list containing the largest number of words will be awarded first prize, and so on in order of merit. Each list as it is received will be numbered, and if two or more tie, the first received will be awarded first prize, and so on, therefore the benefit of sending in early will readily be seen.

5. Each list must be accompanied by $1 for six months subscription to THE AGRICULTURIST.

The following gentlemen have kindly consented to act as judges: J. C. MACDONALD, City Clerk, Peterborough, Canada, and Commodore CALCUTT, Peterborough.

OUR LAST COMPETITION.—"Got $1,000 prize all right."—M. M Brandon, Vancouver, B.C. "Thanks for $500 prize."—G. W. Cunningham, Donald, B. C. "Prize received O. K."—J. D. Bapple, West Superior, Wis. "$200 prize received. Thanks."—G. V. Robertson, Toronto, and 300 others, in United States and Canada.

This is NO LOTTERY—merit only will count. The reputation for fairness gained by THE AGRICULTURIST is the best guarantee that this Competition will be conducted in like manner. Send 3c stamp for full particulars to THE AGRICULTURIST, Peterborough, Canada