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, MAY 13, 1892. No. 37.

The Acadian.

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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 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 communications 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 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.—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 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.

THOUSANDS IN REWARDS.

The Great Weekly Competition of The Ladies' Home Magazine.

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

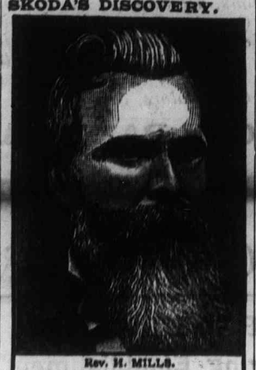
WEEKLY PRIZES.—Every week throughout this great competition prizes will be distributed as follows: The first correct answer received (the postmark being the date of receipt as the date received) at the office of the LADIES' HOME MAGAZINE each and every week during 1892 will get $20; the second correct answer, $10; the third and fourth, a beautiful silver service; fifth, six o'clock silver service; and the next 10 correct answers will get prizes ranging from $5 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.

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

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

PURIFY YOUR BLOOD with SKODA'S DISCOVERY.



Rev. H. MILLS.

Skoda Victorious!

Palpitation of the Heart, Kidney and Liver Trouble, Deathly Faintness and Loss of Appetite

CURED!!

THE FOLLOWING LETTER PROVES THE WONDERFUL MEDICINAL POWERS OF THE GREAT GERMAN-AMERICAN REMEDY. THE NAME OF REV. H. MILLS (THAN WHOM THERE IS NO BETTER KNOWN MAN IN THE MINISTRY) IS WELL KNOWN IN THOUSANDS OF HOUSEHOLDS IN THE PINE TREE STATE.

GENTS:—I am now 57 years old, and for over 16 years I have been afflicted with **weak Kidneys** so badly at times that I **could not rest nights.** I could get no position that would be comfortable my back was so lame.

My **Liver** also became affected, causing me to become **BETTER** very **Bilious.** I had a **Dull Headache continually accompanied by a sluggish tired feeling.**

My Appetite was very poor, and I would have a **deathly faintness at pit of stomach.**

For the last two years I have been greatly troubled with **Severe Palpitation of the Heart** after preaching and in long protracted meetings it would become very serious.

THAN

I have used the two Course of SKODA'S DISCOVERY and LITTLE TABLETS you kindly sent me, and through the blessing of God, I am PERFECTLY CURED. **I have not felt better for 20 years.** Fraternally yours,

GOLD

REV. H. MILLS.

Tracy Mills, Carleton Co., N. B.

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 Tonsorial Artist.

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 weight guaranteed of the very best quality. Superseides all others wherever put upon the market. Honest and reliable. It contains the most health-giving and nourishing properties. Unsurpassed and warranted to give satisfaction.

Dealers supplied by J. A. CHIPMAN & CO., Halifax, N. S., or direct from the Mills at 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, 25 cts.

POETRY.

Only a Woman.

Only a woman, shivering and old,
The prey of the winds and the prey of the cold!
Checks that are shrunken,
Eyes that are sunken,
Lips that were never o'er bold,
Only a woman, forsaken and poor,
Asking for alms at the bronze church door.

Hark to the organ—roll upon roll
The waves of its music go over the soul,
Like surtle past her,
Faster and faster;
The great bell ceases its toll.
Fain would she enter, but not for the poor
Swingeth wide open the bronze church door.

Only a woman, waiting alone,
Icily cold on ice cold stone.
What do they care for her—
Giving not bread but a stone?
Under rich laces their haughty hearts beat,
Mocking the woes of their kin in the street.

Only a woman! In the old days
Hope caroled to her happiest lays,
Somebody missed her,
Somebody crowned her with praise,
Somebody faced out the battle of life,
Strong for her sake who was mother and wife.

Somebody lies with a tress of her hair
Light on his heart where the death shadows are,
Somebody waits for her,
Opening the gates for her,
Giving delight for despair.
Only a woman—never no more!
She is dead in snow at the bronze church door.

SELECT STORY.

The Shadow of Nobility.

CHAPTER IV.

A LADY has just descended from her carriage, and is passing up the broad stone steps of a handsome house in town. She has scarcely touched the arm of her footman, and vouchsafed no glance at the passer-by. Drawn aside from the bottom of the steps, however, half shrinking from, half courting notice, a slight, unpretending figure attracts a momentary attention.

It is that of a girl of about fifteen, standing perfectly still but with a powerful appeal in look and attitude. A wistful pleading is in the large dark almond-shaped eyes. Her complexion is sallow, but her features are regular. One brown hand holds out a bunch of marguerites.

Very fresh they are; as if a burning sun had never shone on them in London streets. A sudden remembrance seems to strike the lady, for she glances at them with a tender gleam in her blue eyes, as she passes.

A momentary recollection;—a broad, open field, a shady lane, a boy and girl who have wandered far from their country home; who had wandered farther since then. That is all.

The flower-girl is encouraged.

"Please buy, my lady," she entreats; suppressing the usual addition—"Only one penny," which she feels would be out of place here.

The voice is low but musical. The lady has ready sympathies; she draws a shilling from her purse and receives the proffered blooms.

"Change, my lady," says the girl, diving her brown hand into the recesses of her pocket.

An imperious gesture waves aside the coin.

"Are you poor, child?"

"Very poor my lady."

"Well, bring me another bunch at this hour to-morrow, and you shall have another shilling."

She passes in without further notice through the open door. The child, for she was little more, gazes after in a rapture of admiration.

"She's a real angel!" she murmurs.

Meanwhile the Countess of Noolthorne seeks the rich recesses of her boudoir, feeling "desperately mortal."

Within an hour the girl was far away from that rich quarter, in a miserable locality, beside a frail and fading woman.

"Mother, I saw such a beautiful lady to-day. The was a real angel!" she began.

"Angels do not walk London streets, my dear," replied the faded woman with a sickly smile.

"O, mother, you never saw her, or you would not say that. And she gave me a whole shilling for a penny bunch."

"By mistake? I hope you went after her."

"No indeed; not by mistake. She gave it on purpose, and she lives in the grandest house, and she told me to bring her another to-morrow, and I may see her again."

The sentences tumbled out breathlessly, but the faded woman was not as excited by the intelligence as her daughter thought she ought to have been. Mrs Hailyard had learned to look upon such incidents with suspicion. She began to institute a few inquiries, and apparently satisfied, bade the child tie up the fairest and freshest marguerites she could procure upon the morrow, and go straight with them, at the hour appointed, to the lady's house.

"Always be up to time, my little Faith."

"Yes, mother."

"And always pray about everything."

"I do, mother, as you bade me. I said a little prayer for the beautiful lady; for, mother, in spite of her fine clothes, and the tall footman and handsome house, I thought her eyes were sad. Perhaps the flowers reminded her of some one who died or went away. I said, 'God help her if she is in trouble!' as I turned away."

"Do you always observe those you meet in the street as closely, Faith?"

"Yes, mother, and some look sorry and many weary, and many fussy and fretful. But few have the peace of my mother's face in our own poor room at home."

"I wish you had a better life, my child; O, I wish you had a better life!" moaned the poor woman. "It is so hard to see you go out into the pitiless streets. But you are too young to sit shut up here without air or sunshine stitching from morning to night. Faith, never talk to the other girls you meet when you go out; never talk to them."

"I never do, mother."

"And pray each day that God will keep you from harm—'Lead us not into temptation,' you know. Your only safety is in the Great Shepherd's care, my lamb."

Thus this poor but pious mother endeavoured to keep her child—her only one—pure and good and true amid the many dangers by which she was surrounded. In their deep poverty and sore need, the girl had never been betrayed into absolute meanness and lying. She would have died rather than have acted a falsehood. Learning practically from its lack the value of money she often longed for the comforts it could procure; but this was more on her mother's account than her own. Yet again and again she was taught that "treasures of wickedness profit nothing." "The blessing of the Lord, it maketh rich, and He addeth no sorrow with it."

Faith's father, a merchant seaman of Portuguese extraction, in the service of a famous importer, was drowned at sea. He had an honest name, which was the only heritage he could leave his child. When the girl was forced to pick up a living in the best way she could, her mother's strength having failed, she went out into the streets with the consciousness that no shadow of blame or shame attached to her father's memory, while her mother was a truly God-fearing woman. It was a panoply in which she could scarcely go wrong, or be led aside from truth.

The lady's gift of a shilling was like the frog. It had swelled out into extraordinary dimensions. In exchange for that small coin Faith brought home a wonderful supply of provisions, with the assurance that to-morrow should be "as that day, and more abundant." They blessed God, ate and drank, and took courage.

At the same time the Countess of Noolthorne was in her dressing room, making her dinner toilet. Beside her on the table was the bouquet of marguerites, and by a strange whim she bade the maid place a few in her hair, and give her too or three for the bosom of her dress. Rarer and more fragrant flowers were grouped in delicate vases of Sevres china or Venetian glass, but they did not attract my lady's fancy. Her taste was perfect, her will supreme. There was no questioning either. The marguerites were the thing and no others.

With a sight of these common favourites of mother earth came a recollection of the girl who had sold them. How was it that she awakened an interest in the Countess's mind? She was pretty certainly; with a soft, dark, pensive prettiness, that was uncommon enough to be noticable. That was one reason; for the other—my lady's heart was empty!

"Trevor, do you know a flower girl with dark eyes and a foreign look, who sometimes passes this way?" she asked listlessly.

"No, my lady," replied the maid. "I have never noticed her."

"I told her to bring me another bunch of marguerites to-morrow," the Countess continued, not heeding the maid's disclaimer. "Tell Ambrose to let me know when she calls, if I am at home."

"Yes, my lady."

My lady was certainly eccentric, but it is a privilege of the great so to be.

Lord Noolthorne had a few guests, chiefly men. A niece of his, a young widow, with enough wit to be considered brilliant by her acquaintances, had arrived while the Countess was in the Park. Her presence was a general relief, and her lively sallies made the entertainment go off well. My lady was always gracious to her lord's guests, and had sufficient regard to his wishes in everything to lead to her being considered a pattern wife. She was more generally looked upon however, as a woman with little mind and less heart, who but for her beauty might have remained in a corner all her days.

Lady Noolthorne was at home next day when Faith Hailyard called. To the man's supreme disgust Ambrose was directed to show the girl into the morning room where the Countess was seated. He took care to keep a vigilant eye upon the young "party" in her transit through the hall. The servants of the great must be blind and deaf and dumb when occasion serves. He softly closed the door, shutting the strange visitor in with his mistress, with perfect imperturbability.

"So you have not forgotten, child?"

If Faith had thought the lady beautiful on the previous day, she thought her still more so now, in a graceful attitude on a low *fauteuil*, in the most becoming of *demi-toilettes*.

"No, lady," replied the girl; "you gave me a shilling."

A slight expression of contempt curled the lip of the questioner. Self-interest was the ruling motive of the world. But she only asked:

"Is a shilling so much to you?"

"A great deal lady."

"Child, answer me truly. Are you very poor?"

The dark eyes of the flower-girl looked fully into the blue ones bent on her. Their expression was ingenuous and candid.

"We are very poor," she said, aloud, "mother and I. I would not tell a lie, my lady, for the whole world, for mother says it is a sin."

"Where is your father?"

"Dead, my lady."

"Was he a good man?"

"A very good man, lady. He has gone to heaven."

"Are you trying to be good too?"

"Yes, lady; but mother says I can't get to heaven that way."

"How then?"

"O, lady, you know; the good Lord loved us and died for us. He only is 'the Way.'"

The Countess of Noolthorne knew this, at least had heard it; but the knowledge had no effect upon her life. She did not pursue the subject.

"Your name, child?" she inquired.

"Faith Hailyard."

"Was your father an Englishman?"

"Yes, my lady, but his father came from Portugal. Father used to call me his 'little Fe. Fe is the Portuguese for Faith, lady."

"I like it," said the Countess, with some show of interest. "I shall call you Fe. So, Fe, you would not tell a lie?"

"No, lady, by God's mercy."

"Or pretend to be what you are not."

"No lady."

From the proud lady's heart arose at that moment the prayer which the poor flower-girl had breathed for her in the street the day before,—"God help me!"

But nothing of this appeared at the time. Only Fe was dismissed with the gift of a crown-piece, and a promise that if she handed in a bunch of flowers every day to the servant at the door, she should receive from him a shilling. The girl's face grew rapturous at the prospect, and she began to express in broken words her fervent thanks. The lady interrupted;

"Nay, child, spare your thanks. It will not cost me anything. Your mother would tell you, to be good we must deny self. I think of myself always, and most. There, that is my true nature, and very few know it. It is a comfort to speak out for once. And, Fe, if ever I wish to see you again, I shall find means to let you know."

The girl bowed low, with a sort of natural grace which did not pass without notice. Presently the Countess touched a bell, and the tall servant solemnly ushered Faith Hailyard into the street.

CHAPTER V.

THE world is what we make it or as we take it. To some it spreads itself around the limits of the habitable globe, to others dwarfs itself into the smallest span. There came a moment when Lady Noolthorne held her world in her arms.

That soft ball of pink flesh, fine cambric, and rich lace was herself, and more than herself. It was the development, almost the completion, of her life. All the tenderness, the pent-up unsatisfied yearnings of her woman's nature went forth, and gathered into its mighty enfoldings this atom of humanity.

O, she had been "sick of this bad world!" "The daylight and sun" had grown painful to her. But here suddenly was all set right: this baby form was the fine meal, which being cast into the troubled pool, would prove for the healing of the waters.

Her part on life's stage had hitherto been a sad one, but now a rainbow of promise encircled it round. Though a portion of her very being, there was an object of interest outside of self. She would not have lived in vain could she this soul improve and bless. Her lot thenceforth was not meagre and bare mid its gilded surroundings; her heart no more unblest.

She loved passionately, devotedly, tenderly. She was no longer conscious of the need for support, but felt strong to protect. Whatever had come to her, no shadow should fall on the path of her child that she could avert. As a lioness she could fight for the rights of her young—her beautiful—her first born—her baby boy!

"He is like his lordship. He has his lordship's very features," said the nurse.

"He is like my father," replied the Countess decidedly.

"Well now, my lady, he is like your ladyship's father; particular about the chin."

Henceforth the fact was established that the infant Lord Gosselin was the very counterpart of the Honourable Augustus Crichton.

To tend and watch over her baby became the all-absorbing occupation of the Countess's days. He was scarcely one moment absent from her mind. No wonder she ceased to look for the humble flower-girl; ah, even forgot her altogether.

This engrossing affection wrought at different times unfavourably on her manner to her husband. It made her variable, capricious, excitable, where before she had been forbearing. If he admired the child, she was pleased and gentle; but if there was not sufficient homage paid to the "autocrat of the nursery," she was offended. Should the Earl speak of the boy in a pompous way, as "his son and heir," something exclusively his own, she grew jealous. The idea began even to pierce his lordship's dull brain that the child would spoil the mother, while the mother was spoiling the child.

The boy was beautiful; there was no question as to that. His colour, when the first pink of infancy toned down, was pale and rather sallow, but his features were regular and refined; in truth, exactly like his maternal grandfather's. The eyes were large, full, and dark. Though the mother would not admit it even to herself, his disposition was certainly irritable, and this sometimes cast a peevish shade over the face which would otherwise have seemed angelic.

"Is he cross, nurse?" privately inquired the family physician one day.

"Well, Sir, I should say he was, Sir," the woman answered. "But my lady gives him anything he cries for, and more than he cries, for, too."

"He certainly has not a vigorous constitution," was the grave rejoinder. "The mother must have been of a nervous temperament."

"When will he begin to notice?" the Countess would inquire in turn, when months had passed on without childish recognition or observation.

"Any time from this out, my lady," was the cautious reply. "Some infants notice sooner than others, but people do say those which are not so bright at first are the cleverest afterwards."

This manifest delusion pleased the Countess. She had set her heart upon seeing her son grow up a clever man.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Minard's Liniment relieves Neuralgia.

PEOPLE FIND

That it is not wise to experiment with cheap compounds purporting to be blood-purifiers, but which have no real medicinal value. To make use of any other than the old standard AYER'S Sarsaparilla—the Superior Blood-purifier—is simply to invite loss of time, money and health. If you are afflicted with Scrofula, Catarrh, Rheumatism, Dyspepsia, Eczema, Running Sores, Tumors, or any other blood disease, be assured that

It Pays to Use

AYER'S Sarsaparilla, and AYER'S only. AYER'S Sarsaparilla can always be depended upon. It does not vary. It is always the same in quality, quantity, and effect. It is superior in combination, proportion, appearance, and in all that goes to build up the system weakened by disease and pain. It searches out all impurities in the blood and expels them by the natural channels.*

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

"August Flower"

For Dyspepsia.

A. Bellanger, Prop., Stove Foundry, Montagny, Quebec, writes: "I have used August Flower for Dyspepsia. It gave me great relief. I recommend it to all Dyspeptics as a very good remedy."

Ed. Bergeron, General Dealer, Lauzon, Levis, Quebec, writes: "I have used August Flower with the best possible results for Dyspepsia."

C. A. Barrington, Engineer and General Smith, Sydney, Australia, writes: "August Flower has effected a complete cure in my case. It acted like a miracle."

Geo. Gates, Corinth, Miss., writes: "I consider your August Flower the best remedy in the world for Dyspepsia. I was almost dead with that disease, but used several bottles of August Flower, and now consider myself a well man. I sincerely recommend this medicine to suffering humanity the world over."

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

$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, as many when received. 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." All 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 $[illegible]
3rd " " ..... $300 in Gold
4th " " ..... Organ valued at $[illegible]
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 in Gold
Next 50 prizes, —50 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, Bunch Jars, Fruit Stands, Butter Knives, &c., &c., all fully warranted, making a total of 800 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," but in no instance is any word to be used which is not 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 "up" cannot be used unless there is one "u" 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 so it is received will be numbered, and if two or more lists have the same number of words the one received first will be awarded the prize, and so on, therefore the benefit of sending in early will result in some.

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: Mr. MACDONALD, City Clerk, Peterborough, Canada, and COMMERCIAL GAZETTE, Peterborough.

OUR LAST COMPETITION.—Out of 1,000 prize winners we have received testimonials from the following: Mr. M. Brandon, Vancouver, B. C., speaks highly of $100 prize. Mr. E. W. Cunningham, Dundalk, Ont., writes "Your magazine is the best I ever subscribed for." Wm. Hogan prize received. Thanks. Mrs. E. Hobson, Toronto, and 50 others, in United States and Canada.

THIS IS NO LOTTERY, merit only will count. The reputation of the Publishers extent to THE AGRICULTURIST in the past is ample guarantee that the Competition will be conducted in the most honorable manner. Address all letters to THE AGRICULTURIST, Peterborough, Canada.