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 6, 1892. No. 36.

The Acadian.

Published on FRIDAY at the office
WOLFVILLE, KINGS CO., N. S.
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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 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 ficticious 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, } Ushers
A DEW BARSS }

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.

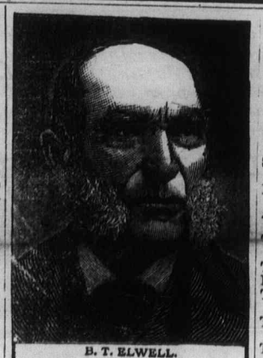
Which word in this advertisement spells the same Backward as Forward? This is a rare opportunity for every Madam and Miss, every Father and Son, to secure a splendid Prize.

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 $50; the second correct answer, $15; the third $10; fourth, a beautiful silver service; fifth, five o'clock silver service, and the next 50 correct answers will get prizes ranging from $25 down to $1. 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.

RULE.—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 (Can. Ed) Times. "A splendid paper, and financially strong.—Hastings (Canada) Star. "Every prize winner will be right to receive just what he is entitled to.—Norwood (Canada) Register. Address all letters to THE LADIES' HOME MAGAZINE, Peterborough, Canada.



B. T. ELWELL.

Perfectly Well at 79 Years of Age!

AT SKODA'S COMMAND!

"Time Rolls Back in Its Flight!"

ENLARGEMENT OF PROSTATE GLAND!

EXTREME CONSTIPATION

AND

CHRONIC INDIGESTION

CURED BY THREE BOTTLES!

MR. B. T. ELWELL, FORMERLY OF PATTEN, AROOSTOOK COUNTY, ME., BUT FOR THE LAST THREE YEARS LIVING AT ROCKLAND, ME., NO. 5 BUNKER ST., WRITES:

GENTS—I am now **79 years of age.** Have been troubled for **twenty years** with **Inflammation at neck of bladder** and **enlargement of Prostate Gland.** For six years, have been afflicted with irregular action of the bowels, alternating between **Diarrhea and extreme Constipation.** For two years the **Constipation** has been so great, that for **five or six days** would have **no action of the bowels at all.** I have been a great sufferer from **indigestion with no appetite.** Within fifteen minutes after taking food into the stomach, it would become **strongly acid** with **extreme bursting sensation,** and no action of the stomach whatever. Previous to taking SKODA'S DISCOVERY and SKODA'S LITTLE TABLETS, I had taken many remedies, including nearly all the sarsaparillas upon the market to-day with **not the least benefit.** I had been taking your Discovery but a few days before I felt a **decided change.** I have now taken one-half course (three bottles), and have a **fine appetite; not the least distress or souring after eating, bowels regular** in action every day, and **food tastes as good** to me **as when a boy;** my **bladder trouble** has **entirely disappeared,** and I have experienced so great a change that I feel it my duty to testify to the wonderful effects of your remedies.

BETTER THAN GOLD

Very truly yours, B. T. ELWELL.

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. Superseded 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 I. A. CHIPMAN & CO., Halifax, N. S., or direct from the Mills of HILLIARD & PEPLOW, Peterborough, Ont.

Minard's Liniment cures Burns, &c.

POETRY.

The Locked Door.

Two friends once closed between them, mutually,
A door with double locks, one on each side;
With seperate keys, fashioned with cunning art,
Sure of himself, strong in fresh-wounded pride,
Each, for his own side only, held the key.

And thus for weary weeks they dwelt apart,
Till one, at last, whose drooping tears had drowned
The fire of wrath that in his bosom burned,
Full of forgiveness, softly stole and turned
The key; then sought to open the door, but found
The other lock still fast, still locked the door!
Then the old anger leaped to sudden flame,
And, lying on his friend's hard heart the blame,
He shut again the bolt and turned once more
To nurse, in bitterness, the reopened wound.

That night the other thought of olden days,
And melted in the memory; they seemed
No nearer than estrangement's later hours,
That of the quarrel he thought he must have dreamed.
And so unlocked the door; yet all his powers
Failed still to shake it. Then he muttered, "Fool,
To think that stubborn chur would e'er repent."
And socketward again the bolt he sent.
And thus, before the first friend's wrath could cool,
The other's heart grew hard again and kept
The bar between them while they walked or slept.

But one calm eve both waken from a dream
Of what has been, so clear, forshadowing, too
The golden prophecy of what may be;
Each rises, and on the moonlight's softened gleam,
Resolves to try again all he can do.
Once more before the barrier he stands;
And, as again, slowly each iron key
Rasps in the rusted wards, an answering sound
Comes from the other side. The great door flies
Open and leaves the old friends, newly found,
Lovingly looking in each other's eyes.
With reunited hearts and firm-clasped hands.

SELECT STORY.

The Shadow of Nobility.

CHAPTER II.—*Concluded.*

"Annis quoting Shakspeare!" he replied, with a somewhat forced laugh. "Where did you pick that up?"

"Out of a play which presents the ideal of a wise woman—Portia."

"I hope you don't mean to push comparisons and find a counterpart for me in the ugly Jew."

"I do not, father. I have always believed you to be generous and kind."

He winced a little.

"Believe me to be so still, Anxis,—if you can. But never believe it more than when I seek your welfare in this matter."

"But I do not love the Earl. I should be miserable if I married him. Yet he has never asked me," she added with a sudden feeling of relief, grasping at the shadow of a hope.

"He will—he has asked me for your hand."

"And you?"

"Have promised it to him."

There was neither sigh nor sob. The girl set her lips firmly and faced him pale and stern.

"I want to know what this thing you call 'necessity' is," she said. "Give it another name.

"Poverty."

"I love poverty," she broke out passionately,—"at least my idea of it. If I might live far away in a country, without a maid, and be free, I should be happy."

Mr Crichton smiled again. "Very interesting and Utopian," he replied.

Then he suddenly grew grave, and fidgeted a little in a awkward manner quite unusual to him. Furtive glances were stolen at his daughter, and he twice opened his mouth as if to address her before he spoke. When he did so it was in such a strange low tone that instinctively she glanced up at him, all the defiance of a few minutes before gone. She, too, was beginning to show nervousness.

"Shall I indeed give the necessity another name?" he inquired: "a name you would care less to hear?"

"Yes, I only want the truth."

"Then call it *debt.*"

Annis started as if smitten. Then putting both hands together she exclaimed;

"O, father if this be true why not sell off everything, and pay what you owe, and have an easy mind? Sacrifice everything but me."

"My child, do you not see what humiliation the selling off would involve? I should confess myself a bankrupt."

She was totally ignorant of business details, and had very little idea of what a bankrupt meant. So she continued, breathless with her own little plans:

"There is my pearl set, and mother's rubies. Take them—take all—only let us keep our self-respect."

"Sixty pounds would purchase these old sets," he rejoined impatiently. "For the present exigency I should require six thousand."

She gasped. The sum named was beyond her comprehension at the moment.

"I can work," she said timidly.

"You *cannot.* It is known in town that the Earl of Noelthorne is a suitor for your hand." (He did not add that he had let it be known) "This has tided back importunate pressure for a time."

"Then I am to be sold—sold for six thousand pounds?" she cried bitterly. "Yes, sold as surely as the wicked slave dealers sell the mulatto girls with a hammer and block! And you are my father!"

"Your imaginary parallel is not a happy one," he answered sternly. "I secure for you rank, position, wealth; not infamy."

She was too excited to take in his meaning.

"Father, is that all I am to you?" she went on pleadingly.

He steeled his heart against her tenderness as he had done against her pride, only asking a question in his turn.

"Annis, do you love another?"

A burning tide of shame rushed over cheek and brow; an expression of maidenly modesty almost painful to witness. Yet she hurriedly rejoined:

"No! no! Whom could I love?"

"Whom indeed?" he replied, as if relieved. "You have only just come out, and have seen so few men beside your cousin George, and he has ever been to you as a brother."

"Not even that," said the stricken, rebellious heart to itself. "A brother would have stood by me now in my trouble, and tried to get me free. O, why is he not my brother?"

But he was not; and now——O, the shame of it!—he never could be anything more. Yet her memory could recall many little acts of kindness, and much generous consideration. How was it that he had so suddenly grown unmindful of her? Ah,

"Men are men; the best sometimes forget."

Mr Crichton put his arm round his daughter, patted her on the cheek, and finally kissed her. He bade her be brave and obedient, for her own sake and his. She was a very lucky girl, if she only had the sense to discern it. She would be the envy of all her acquaintance; her conquest the talk of the town. Annis found it impossible to resist this sudden display of affection. There was a mingling of command and tenderness which is sure to impress a nature like hers. She gave no promise, but entered no further protest. Outwardly composed once more, she kissed her father and withdrew.

"Have you brought her to reason?" asked Mrs Crichton, as her husband entered his own room. "I thought you were never coming upstairs."

"I think she will regard my wishes," was the grave answer.

This satisfied the lady, but did not at all satisfy the head of the family. His will was supreme, his word a law. But what if that law consigned his child to a lifelong misery?

CHAPTER III.

"ANNIS, are you doing this thing of your own free will?"

What evil spirit tempted her then, in that trial moment of her life, to answer "Yes"?

George Knight flung her hand away.

"You are not the girl I thought you," he said. "You are a toy, to be bought and sold—dazzled by rank and fashion."

He spoke out of the bitterness of his soul, and she resented it. With a burning sense of injustice, with wounded pride, disappointment, and every evil passion of her nature stirred into a very whirlpool of wrath, she resented it. He doubted; he suspected. He had known her from childhood—known how little she cared for rank or state—yet wilfully misunderstood her now. In his eyes she was a mere puppet. Had he not called her a "toy of fashion"? She was low, mean, sordid; selling herself for position.

"Our doubts are traitors, and make us lose the good we oft might win."

Yes, "the good we oft might win." Ah, it was gone from her for ever—gone beyond recall.

In her mind there was not a doubt about her cousin. She set him down as harsh and unfeeling, rash and ungenous. Only this was not his habitual character. The false, unnatural life in town was changing even him. As to her future husband, she questioned very much whether he ever had known a generous impulse in his life.

Meanwhile for poor George Knight "the minutes he told o'er and o'er" were but a repition of the jealour Moor's. From their early days his cousin Annis had been his ideal of everything that was pretty and winning. Her girlish arts, even her little coquetries, her wilful imperiousness, were so many rivets to fasten her image in his memory.

Yet he could scarcely tell when she came to be enshrined in his inmost heart and bear the name of "woman." He used to kiss his cousin when they were innocent children together, but he knew there came a day when he could not so touch her for the very life of him; when the flutter of her little fingers within his own sent the life-blood surging to his heart. Then he had dreamed of a closer and dearer relationship. Yes, the shrine might hold its idol still under the sacred name of "wife." Annis and he would be content with simple pleasures and inexpensive comforts. The cage in which his song-bird should be placed must be flower-wreathed, but need not be glided. If only he might win her, life would be most blessed all; surely well.

So George Knight had dreamed a year or two before, but in the past twelve months many startling events had taken place. The Honourable Augustus Crichton moved from his country residence, and the constant recollecton of an impoverished rent-roll, to a house in town. Here he ran beyond the limits of his income, and burdened himself anew with debt. Yet with an appearance of supreme indifference, and assumption of position, Annis, his only child, was brought out, and became the belle of the season.

To Annis the change had been at first delightful. Her country home was dull in the extreme, and she had lived there in a solitary grandeur which was very trying to a young and lively spirit. Her cousin George, who was obliged to refuse a commission in the Guards for want of means to support it, had been forced to go in for a Government clerkship, and was working himself on in a London office. Annis remembered the tall handsome boy, her aunt's son by a former marriage, who was idolized by a host of step-brothers and sisters, and took courage. At least she would have one friend in town.

To his uncle's house George Knight at once gained the *entree.* Mrs Crichton, with admirable discrimination, seeing that the intimacy of such close relations might not be evaded, tried to put him on a safe footing: that is, one from which there is seldom an advance. Once let there be between young people unrestrained intercourse without a particle of self-consciousness, and the step into the extreme passion is rare. So, at least, judged the woman of the world, and, judging thus saw no dark shadow to mar the brilliancy of her daughter's future path.

But the delightful vista of probability that suddenly opened was beyond the reach of fond expectation. Neither the Honourable Augustus not his honourable wife ever in their wildest fancy dreamed of seeing Annis a Countess.

"The shadow of nobility," indeed, rested on the father, the younger son of a noble house; but here was the very substance ready to descend in a more tangible form, in the shape of a coronet, on the brow of his child. No marvel that her parents were dazzled by the prospect.

But Annis herself was colour-blind, and could discern no roseate tints in the vista before her. "The traitor doubt." suggested that she could be unhappy though richly wed, full over her spirit like a pall, and changed her mood to gall and bitterness.

"You know, my dear George, we can have but one aim—the happiness of our beloved Annis," Mrs Crichton had found an opportunity of saying to her nephew, "But children are incapable of judging, and she is *such* a child still. We rely upon you to help her to see the advantages of the position now offered to her."

"I fail to see them myself," was the blunt confession.

Mrs Crichton opened her eyes very wide in an incredulous stare. Her nephew was decidedly *ganche.* Her husband must speak to him and not permit him to become troublesome.

So Mr Crichton *did* speak, and George was forced to listen. He asked but one question:

"Does Annis herself see what you deem the advantages of this offer?"

"Annis is a sensible girl," was the cautious reply, "and entirely submits herself to my disposal."

The hearer was as dissatisfied as the speaker. At the heart of each of these men was a dull aching, and at the same moment a wild longing, which, if it dared speak out, would say, "This must not be!"

Of course George Knight held no clue to the state of his cousin's mind at the time. She was wholly and wretchedly misjudged. He was madly and furiously jealous, and hurt at being set aside. How often had she consulted him on smaller matters, and his advice been followed! Now she did not ever accord him the privileges of a friend and brother. Not only was she changed to him, but false and heartless to herself. This was what fashion and folly had wrought! Ah, how true it is—

"Not ev'n the tenderest heart, and next our own,
Knows half the reasons why we smile or sigh."

Only the eye of God can read aright the subtleties of the human soul.

The *marriage de convenance* was carried on, but George Knight escaped the pain of being present at the nuptials. A vacancy occurring at the time in a foreign branch of the office by which he was employed, he applied for the post, and, to his great relief, obtained it. He had not realized what it would cost him thus to go, leaving home and hope behind, until he had turned his back upon Old England for years, perhaps for ever. Henceforth nothing was left him but a memory. He must "forget himself to marble."

The leave-taking in the country home was almost uproarious in its grief. In town it was formal and constrained. To Annis her cousin offered neither congratulations nor a wedding present. The wish for her happiness seemed to stick in his throat. "He showed very bad taste," his aunt severely said, privately intimating to the Earl that "the poor fellow was terribly disappointed at Annis' choice, and for his own sake the sooner he got out of the way the better." The Earl smiled in pity and triumph; then the audacious youth and his woes were dismissed from remembrance.

"Annis' choice." Miserable fallacy! Wretched delusion! It sent forth a fugitive from another earthly Eden, a wreck in hopes, an aimless wanderer, an old man in heart at five and twenty.

The bride's presents were numerous and costly, but the wedding, by her desire was quiet. The *parure* alone might have reconciled her to anything, even to a husband as old as her father, and not nearly as attractive.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Not Like His Mother's

There's a young man recently married, that is to say, a year or so ago, living on St Antoine street, who ought to be in the diplomatic service, says the Detroit *Free Press.*

His wife had pie for dinner the other day.

His wife watched him with peculiar pleasure.

"How do you like it?" she asked after the first bite.

"Um—well," he said, with his mouth full, "you don't make pie like my mother used to."

Her face reddened and the tears started faintly on her eyelashes.

She had made that pie herself and she had told him so.

"No," he continued after waiting a minute for her to say something; "no Fanny, you don't. My mother couldn't make a pie fit to eat, and this is simply glorious.

ARE YOU MADE miserable by Indigeston, Constipation, Dizziness, Loss of appetite, Yellow skin? Shiloh's Vitalizer is a positive cure. Sold by Geo. V. Rand, druggist.

The ruins of the palace of the Queen of Sheba have not been found in Mashonoland, Africa, whence the wonderful gold of Ophir is supposed to have come. But the Zimbali ruins show that this strange country was once the scene of a mighty civilization.

Garfield Tea restores the complexion.

Ayer's Hair Vigor

Makes the hair soft and glossy.

"I have used Ayer's Hair Vigor for nearly five years, and my hair is moist, glossy, and in an excellent state of preservation. I am forty years old, and have ridden the plains for twenty five years."—Wm. Henry Ott, *alias* "Mustang Bill," Newcastle, Wyo.

Ayer's Hair Vigor

Prevents hair from falling out.

"A number of years ago, by recommendation of a friend, I began to use Ayer's Hair Vigor to stop the hair from falling out and prevent its turning gray. The first effects were most satisfactory. Occasional applications since have kept my hair thick and of a natural color."—H. E. Basham, McKinney, Texas.

Ayer's Hair Vigor

Restores hair after fevers.

"Over a year ago I had a severe fever, and when I recovered my hair began to fall out, and what little remained turned gray. I tried various remedies, but without success, till at last I began to use Ayer's Hair Vigor, and now my hair is growing rapidly and is restored to its original color."—Mrs. A. Collins, Dighton, Mass.

Ayer's Hair Vigor

Prevents hair from turning gray.

"My hair was rapidly turning gray and falling out; one bottle of Ayer's Hair Vigor has remedied the trouble, and my hair is now its original color and fullness."—B. Onkrupa, Cleveland, O.

Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass. Sold by Druggists and Perfumers.

"German Syrup"

For Coughs & Colds.

John F. Jones, Edom, Tex., writes: I have used German Syrup for the past six years, for Sore Throat, Cough, Colds, Pains in the Chest and Lungs, and let me say to anyone wanting such a medicine—German Syrup is the best.

B.W. Baldwin, Carnesville, Tenn., writes: I have used your German Syrup in my family, and find it the best medicine I ever tried for coughs and colds. I recommend it to everyone for these troubles.

R. Schmalhausen, Druggist, of Charleston, Ill., writes: After trying scores of prescriptions and preparations I had on my files and shelves, without relief for a very severe cold, which had settled on my lungs, I tried your German Syrup. It gave me immediate relief and a permanent cure.

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, 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 $350
3rd " " .....$200 in Gold
4th " " .....Organ valued at $150
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 supplement 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 "agri" 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.

TESTIMONIALS OF COMPETITION.—"Got $1,000 prize all right."—M. M Brandon, Vancouver, B.C. "Thanks for $50 prize."—G. W. Cunningham, Donald, B. C. "Prize received O. K."—J. D. Baptie, West Superior, Wis. "$250 prize received. Thanks."—G. Y. 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 in the past is ample guarantee that this Competition will be conducted in like manner. Send a stamp for full particulars, to THE AGRICULTURIST, Peterborough, Canada