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 8, 1892. No. 45

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

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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

PEOPLES BANK OF HALIFAX.

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

G. W. MUSSO, Agent.

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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 BANES } 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. H. Farner, 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

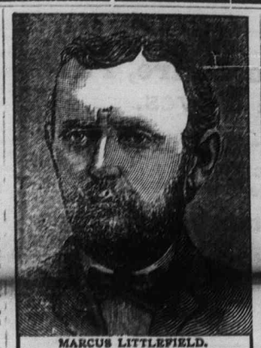
in the shop formerly owned by J. I. Brown, in the rear of F. J. Porter's grocery store, where they will be pleased to see all desiring work in their line, as they are confident they can give perfect satisfaction.

Wolfville, June 24th, 1892.

Florence A. Seabourne,

PIANO AND HARMONY.

WOLFVILLE, N. S.



MARCUS LITTLEFIELD.

Rheumatism of the Joints AND INHERITED HUMOR of the BLOOD

Banished by Skoda's,

AFTER PHYSICIANS HAD PRONOUNCED THEM INCURABLE!

MARCUS LITTLEFIELD LIVES AT WEST WINTERPORT, ME. A FARMER BY OCCUPATION, HE ENJOYS THE RESPECT OF ALL WHO KNOW HIM. IN CONVERSATION WITH A REPRESENTATIVE OF THE SKODA DISCOVERY CO., NOT LONG SINCE HE RELATED THE FOLLOWING STORY:

"Ever since I was **born**, I have been troubled at times, more or less, with a **HUMOR** on my hands, face and neck. For fifteen years it has been on the **increase**. I have been gradually failing in health, and for three years past it has **itched and burned** so badly, that all the way I could get any rest at night, was to **bathe in strong carbolic acid**, and this only relieved me for a few hours. In addition to this, eight months ago, **Rheumatism in my neck and shoulders set in, drawing my shoulders so out of place**, that for three weeks I did not have my clothes off. Physicians said I could never get well. I was unable to do any work, and was a great sufferer. I doctored with several Physicians, including Specialists in Boston, and **took nearly all the advertised sarsaparillas and blood purifiers**, but received **no benefit** what ever. I had given up all hopes, and my friends thought I could live but a few months. I began the use of SKODA'S DISCOVERY and TABLETS, according to directions, and also used SKODA'S OINTMENT externally. After using them but **one week**, there was a visible change in appearance. My skin that was literally **covered** with **pimples** and **blotches** began to clear up. **My appetite became good**, less pain in my shoulders, and **I gained rapidly**. I have now used less than two courses of SKODA REMEDIES, and my **Rheumatism has entirely disappeared**. SHOULDERS THAT WERE DRAWN OUT OF PLACE AND WHICH THE DOCTORS SAID COULD NEVER BE GOT BACK AGAIN ARE AS GOOD AS NEW AND IN PERFECT POSITION. My skin is **free from blotches and pimples**. I have **gained twenty pounds in flesh**, can go into the woods at sunrise, and chop cord wood until dark, and not get tired, a thing I could never do before in all my life, and **am able to work all the time**. My friends are **astonished** at the results, and not more so than my self. They consider it **almost miraculous.**"

BETTER THAN GOLD

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.

Notice of Removal!

Dr Barss has returned to his old residence adjoining the Episcopal Church.

Office hours—9-11—A. M.
2-3—P. M.

June 8th, 1892. tf.

JOB PRINTING of every description done at short notice at this office.

POETRY.

Work and Rest.

Weary! Who should be weary! Not he
who has life to live,
He to whom aught is given must still
have something to give;
And man is made for the battle, and the
sword is girt on the thigh,
And the purpose of God is thwarted if we
only linger and sigh.
Ay, and we all have been wounded, some
more and others less,
And the sorrows our hearts have suffered
have taught us tenderness.

Scatter the seed in the morning, and at
eve stay not thy hand,
Morning and noon and even, there will
still be open land!
It may be a cup of water, but a gently
spoken word,
Above the gift is noted, the faintest accent
heard;
And the good we do to another comes
back to us ever again,
As the moisture raised from the ocean
returns the gentle rain.

For blessing works in a circle, and the
faster that circle goes,
As it wheels around the throne of God,
ever in the strength it grows;
And life is the coinage of heaven to be
spent in the purchase of love,
Till all the realm of the earth below, is as
pure as the realms above.
Then weary not in the struggle; God
ruleth all for the best,
And at last the wings in the circle shall
bear the soul to its rest.

SELECT STORY.

The Shadow of Nobility.

CHPTER XIV.—*Concluded.*

"THEN you think my trouble was sent for my good, Mr Leatherly?"

"Assuredly, Lady Noelthorne; and in love. Call it a chastisement if you will, but read the twelfth of Hebrews upon chastisement, and you will be better able to say, 'Thy will be done.'"

There was an English service in a room at the hotel. It was rather a gaudy room, with obtrusive frescoes; but Lady Noelthorne did not regard this. For the first time she got some idea of worship, as her heart went up in praise and adoration. True, she had expressed fervent thanksgiving before in the simple hymns she had learned so readily, but the cry of her deep need was ever mingling with the strain, and marring the harmony.

The Countess was greatly cheered at that time by a letter forwarded by her cousin. It ran thus:

"I cannot thank you enough for telling me about little Fe," Mrs Lamphrey wrote. "I have the dear child now in a school, where her mother can visit her, I also visit the mother, and have learned more from her simple faith than from all the eloquent addresses I ever listened to. I feel, dear Annis, as if I never rightly understood you when I see this girl's entire devotion to the beautiful lady whose image is on her heart. She has begged me to send you a bouquet to-day. (What exquisite taste she has!) I do so, knowing the grateful affection will make the faded flowers fresh and fragrant."

"And I gave Fe only money," the Countess reflected. "Laura Lamphrey is giving her sympathy, counsel, education. With the will and the means one needs to learn *how* to bestow charity. Well, Mr Leatherly's experience and good sense will help me, and Lady Hibbert will held me too, when I come to know her. A woman can feel for a woman's weakness."

She never thought of the son at all, while looking forward with satisfaction to a meeting with the mother. So many things were filling heart and brain that his figure was unceremoniously pushed aside, as of little present interest.

Hope began to revive in her heart. She must not yield to despair, though she had once again foregone the love that might have blessed her life. A second time within her reach, the cup of happiness was deliberately put from her. Ah, beyond this was the possibility of recovery for her boy, and God's possibility of usefulness for herself.

CHAPTER XV.

"MARION, would you like to see Rome?"

"Of all places. You were not thinking of leaving me behind, Sir Guy?"

He had been, but was positively ashamed to acknowledge it. Somehow it was hard to make a confession of weakness to her. She was a woman with whom men would naturally wish to stand well.

"I thought you were in love only with the blue deep," he said. "I feared you would break out with, 'Where is the sea?' beneath the arch of Titus, or in St Peter's."

"I am not subject to such fits, and never languish anywhere," she answered drily.

"Happy girl!"

"Do you want to learn the secret of happiness, Sir Guy?"

"Assuredly."

"Don't allow yourself to think of yourself."

He looked amused. She always roused, sometimes piqued and provoked him, but upon the whole she did him good, and he liked her. She was very straight forward and practical, which he was not; very healthful in tone. She was, indeed, like a fresh breeze, which scatters our fancies, blows away our clouds and cobwebs, and hinders morbidity. No fear of mental syncope with her.

"And now, what is your impression of all you have seen?" he asked three days later, after Miss Gore had had her share of the sights

"That it is all dead greatness."

"Please explain. The golden air of Rome is not favourable to the guessing of riddles."

"What is the world the better of our dreams—yes, even of these treasures of Art?" she inquired, turning on him with an energy that was almost startling. "They may be 'a joy for ever,' as things of beauty are. They may be a high education for those who can see them. They may be an evidence of what man's imagination and genius can attain. But I have asked myself whether the man who humbly yet bravely, religiously yet quietly, tries to lessen the world's misery by setting to work on the human heart, is not more worthy of honour than the one who strikes upon the block of marble, or transfers the grand conception of his mind to the canvas."

"You are inspired, Marion."

"I know nothing of inspiration, and don't pretend to be a genius," she replied, with a toss of her pretty head. "But I can't shut my eyes to the fact that here, surrounding the elevation of Art, is squalor and degradation."

"Turning against your lovely mendicancy!" exclaimed Sir Guy

"Yes," she said; "the costume are but rags after all."

"Marion, I can't tell what to make of you."

"I can't make anything of myself," she rejoined, with a laugh. "I think, when we go back to England, I will put myself into your mother's hands, to do with me as she will. You know I am not noble; I am one of the people. I want to live among them; not trying to get rid of my time the best—or worst—way I can, but having an object in life. Now the noble and gifted Sir Guy——"

"Do not flatter, Marion."

"Ah," she returned quite coolly, "I thought there was a mistake somewhere."

He was annoyed; nay more, exasperated. He was accustomed to be made a great deal of, especially by women. Perhaps she knew this,

Lady Hibbert, entering at that moment, felt the disagreeableness of the atmosphere. She immediately engaged the combative young party herself.

"Have you been at St Peter's again, Marion?"

"Yes, but there was no service. It was, as I like it best, what the Americans call 'chock-full of silence.'"

"What about Naples?" inquired Miss Gore in turn.

"I suppose we must go," replied Sir Guy, with a sigh of mingled weariness and regret.

For, though he had visited Lugano and the places of interest around, he had failed to discover the Countess of Noelthorne's retreat. So important a personage could scarcely have passed away and made no sign; yet all trace of her whereabouts seemed lost.

"Guy, I have just remembered that I have a clerical friend within reach," Lady Hibbert said. "You must call on Mr Leatherly for me."

"At your command, my mother though I have no regard for the cloth. It was destroyed years ago by a Methodist minister on the Welsh hills. He asked me, 'Was I prepared to die?' I ignominiously fled."

"I have heard that somewhere before," remarked Miss Gore.

"Possibly," he rejoined, "because the repetition of a joke pays. Nevertheless, it had its origin [illegible] all you."

"Guy," said his mother [illegible] when they were alone. "I and one [illegible] you vex Marion."

"On the contrary, *ma mere*, she vexes me."

"You are acknowledging that she has power over you—the power of awakening anger."

"Mend your speech, dear mother; say *annoyance*."

Lady Hibbert looked sharply at her son.

"Guy, you have failed to discover Lady Noelthorn's retreat. You know what that betokens."

"But too well. She does not want me to follow her."

"It may mean——"

"Indifference. It does not mean dislike."

"No, it could not mean the latter, his mother thought. But it was not vanity that answered her only his knowledge of the Countess's perfect ingenuousness.

To gratify his mother and quiet her anxious fears, as well as secure a cessation of hostilities, Sir Guy invited Miss Gore to walk with him. She graciously assented.

Away from the city, ancient and modern, along an old road of historic fame, from whose heights one could catch glimpses of the turbid Tiber, and then look inward over valleys clothed with verdure.

They paused at last on the slope of a hill. At one side was a precipitous descent, on the other a succession of low stone arches of perfect symmetry. On the top of these was a portion of a ruined wall, with a deep embrasure, commanding a splendid panorama of the surrounding country.

A very singular thing in connection with the arches was, that, though so close together, each afforded the person looking through them a different view. Now it was a narrow belt of cypresses, then a vine-covered cottage and a smiling orchard. Beside there was a peaceful brook and babbling waterfall; on the other hand a great purple rock, with myrtles and cyclamens in its rifts.

"I don't know which is loveliest," Marion said.

Just then a small piece of granite rolled to their feet. Looking up, they beheld bending from the embrasure, her hand leaning for support on a crumbling outer ledge, an Italian peasant girl of scarce twelve years. The picturesque costume, the graceful attitude, the ruin, formed a charming picture. Sir Guy drew out his sketch-book; his model was before him. Marion Gore peeped over his shoulder at the able copy.

Suddenly an enormous eagle, measuring fully six feet across the wings, stooping from a rocky lair, swept down over the head of the child, causing her to start from a pleasant day-dream. She threw her whole weight upon a loose block of marble that was poised on the ledge. It rocked gently for a moment, then gave way, and slipped from its place, throwing the girl outward.

Marion Gore had seen the stone waver and slip. With a cry, which was but as an echo of the frightened child's, she sprang towards the ruin. But Sir Guy was before her. His arms received the descending form, and broke its fall.

Strange to say, the Italian girl escaped with little injury. Her face was cut—it might be by her deliverer's ring—ere she touched the earth. But when both had rolled a few paces down the steep incline, she freed herself from Sir Guy's embrace, and staggered to her feet, dazed and dizzy, but apparently with no limb fractured. Sir Guy himself seemed to suffer more, for his arm, as he drew himself together, hung motionless by his side.

"You are hurt!" Marion said, helping him to rise.

"Only my hand: it is nothing. The wrist is sprained."

She took off her silk neckerchief, and, gently raising the injured member, proceeded to bandage it as well as she could. Her touch was prompt and tender, and she was not a girl to shrink from anything she ought to do. Then she pulled off her hat, and, untwining long scarf, began to make a sling for his arm Against this he protested.

"Do you think I could regard my finery *nom?*" she asked, with the least touch of scorn. "What an opinion of me you must have! You suffer."

The tone was so unlike her usual resolute one, still more her late sarcastic *badinage*, that it seemed to show her in a new character. It was to Sir Guy as a revelation. Under its influence he moaned out, for he could not smile, the oft-quoted apostrophe:

"O, woman, in our hours of ease——"

"I am not 'hard to please,' Sir Guy," she said gravely.

But now the little girl demanded their attention, and they had to convey her through one of the arches towards the vine-covered cottage, strangely regardless of the prospect they had lately so much admired.

As they walked homeward afterwards, Sir Guy ventured on the nearest approach to an apology he ever made in his life.

"I hope I have never appeared rude to you, Marion."

"No," she replied, a little tremulously. "It is I who offended. I owe you a great deal, Sir Guy.

So there was a cessation of hostilities, a truce, if not a permanent and established peace.

But the gentleman found himself reflecting a little, in after-hours, upon the young lady's whimsicial ways. At one time she slighted and even made a jest of him, undervaluing the gifts which the world—his world—so readily acknowledged; at another she came on in the *role* of "a ministering angel" He certainly admired her more in the latter, and was quite willing she should sustain it. It could not be that she had any special regard for himself, beyond what their relations as guardian and ward warranted. The disparity of years precluded the idea, and he dismissed it as untenable almost as soon as it occurred. Not that he was insensible to his own influence in general: unfortunately he knew it too well. But neither could he be blind to her force of character, thinking "all her sense only chat." She was not a girl to be won without wooing. He contented himself at last by a general animadversion on her sex, reflecting with Terence:

"I know the ways of women. When you will, they won't——"

He did not finish the quotation.

CHAPTER XVI.

THE Countess of Noelthorne and Lady Hibbert, wishing each to meet with the other, could not long remain apart. Mr Leatherly was the connecting link.

The charm at the first interview was complete on either side. The mother was won as her son had been.

"Are you afraid to venture with us for a cruise, Lady Noelthorne?" the visiter asked. "Or have you formed other engagements?"

"Neither," replied the Countess, with a smile, "but—but——" A strong impulse came upon her to plead the truth for once, and she added: "My son is not strong."

"And you think it would not agree with him. It might not."

"It is scarcely that," was the timid confession. "The experiment would be worth trying. But—but Lady Hibbert, I cannot bear any one to notice him."

The simple revelation was uttered without premeditation. The elder woman was touched by the confidence.

"You will let me notice him, dear Lady Noelthorne," she said,—"notice him for his own good. Is it not possible to amuse or interest? Of course you know him best. But do you think entire seclusion, and seeing only the same faces day by day, is altogether well?"

Lady Hibbert had taken her cue from Mr Leatherly, as he had his from George Knight. The young mother did not question the sources of information, but greedily seized upon the hope her visitor's words conveyed.

"Thank you very much for your wish to have me with you," she rejoined. "I may go, but will consult a friend here. If the sea air or motion did not agree with my boy or me, I suppose we could land at any time?"

"Of course; I would come on shore with you myself. You need not be afraid; our yacht, the *Thelka*, is newly built, over fifty tons, and has fair accomodation. My brother talks of dropping southwards towards Sicily. It is a whim; however, we shall coast it, as far as possible, all the way, stopping at places of interest. He wants to see the Blue Grotto, and no less wonderful *Grotta Verde*."

"You will promise me to screen my son from curious observation?" questioned the Countess wistfully. "Pity I could not bear. I have been so long in retirement. Lady Hibbert, that I have become foolish—morbid—call it what you will. I want to get strong in mind and body to be able to do some good in the world. I can never go into fashionable life again."

"You have suffered, Lady Noelthorne?"

"Yes, suffered more than you could ever know." Then another impulse came upon her, and she hurriedly added, "I married young; I shall never marry again."

"Never, dear friend?"

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

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."—Bonifacio 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. Hansbrough, 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

"German Syrup"

Croup. We have selected two or three lines from letters freshly received from parents who have given German Syrup to their children in the emergencies of Croup. You will credit these, because they come from good, substantial people, happy in finding what so many families lack—a medicine containing no evil drug, which mother can administer with confidence to the little ones in their most critical hours, safe and sure that it will carry them through.

ED. L. WILLITS, of Alma, Neb. I give it to my children when troubled with Croup and never saw any preparation act like it. It is simply miraculous.

MRS. JAS. W. KIRK, Daughters' College, Harrodsburg, Ky. I have depended upon it in attacks of Croup with my little daughter, and find it an invaluable remedy.

Fully one-half of our customers are mothers who use Boschee's German Syrup among their children. A medicine to be successful with the little folks must be a treatment for the sudden and terrible foes of childhood, whooping cough, croup, diphtheria and the dangerous inflammations of delicate throats and lungs.

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 volums, bound in cloth, etc.

As there are more than 100 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 oftener 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, Perouse, $1500; J. J. Brandon, Paradise Falls, Ont., $1500; Dwight Harrison, Syracuse, N. Y., $500; R. Beavis, St. Louis Co., $500; Jas. Rapile, West Duluth, Minn., $500; Miss Augusta Robertson, Oak St., Brooklyn, E. D., $500; Miss Fred. H. Hills, 359 State St., Bridgeport, Conn., $500 and thousands of others.

Address all communications to THE AGRICULTURIST, Peterborough, Ontario.