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, JUNE 3, 1892. No. 40.

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 trancient advertising must be guaranteed by some responsible party prior to its insertion.

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

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

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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.

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

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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, } 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 welcomeat 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.

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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 valuable 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 week during 1892 will get either the second correct answer, $100; the third and fourth, a beautiful silver service; fifth, five other silver articles 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 near 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 (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."—Norwood (Canada) Register. Address all letters to THE LADIES' HOME MAGAZINE, Peterborough, Canada.

FRANK C. MORAN.

"I Itched Intensely!"

A TERRIBLE SKIN DISEASE

Of Eight Years' Standing

"PERFECTLY CURED"

BY

Skoda's Ointment and Discovery.

LEWISTON, ME.

GENTS:—I wish to inform the suffering through you that SKODA'S GERMAN OINTMENT and SKODA'S DISCOVERY will cure the worst Skin disease to be found. This statement may seem strong, but I think a true statement of my own case, will convince the most skeptical.

For some eight years I have had a terrible Skin disease from which I have suffered untold misery. I have tried Physicians of repute and about all the so-called "skin cures," but the result was failure.

My body was covered with white scales. I itched intensely, and when I would rub or scratch the scales off, abusing THAN the sensation such as only those afflicted as I was may know, tormented me.

My skin was so dry that my elbows, knees, hands, etc., would crack open so badly that they would bleed freely. My scalp was so that I could not comb my hair, and had to keep it clipped close to my head.

I have now used a half dozen bottles of SKODA'S DISCOVERY and about eight ounces of SKODA'S OINTMENT. The result is I am PERFECTLY COLD CURED. My skin is soft as an infants. Instead of torment I have sweet sleep at night, and a good head of hair.

FRANK C. MORAN.

Guarantee with Every 6 Bottles.

SKODA'S OINTMENT, the Great German Skin Cure and Finest Cosmetic made in 3 ounce tubes. Price, 50 cts. Try a tube.

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

Seasoned Pine.

ON HAND, One hundred thousand feet Seasoned Pine.

J. W. & W. Y. FULLERTON.

Port Williams, March 22d, 1892. tf

POETRY.

Three Doves.

Seaward, at morn, my doves flew free.
At eve they circled back to me.
The first was Faith; the second, Hope;
The third—the whitest—Charity.

Above the plunging surge's play,
Dream-like they hovered, day by day,
At last they turned, and bore to me
Green signs of peace through nightful grey.

No shore forlorn, no loveliest land
Their gentle eyes had left unscanned,
'Mid hues of twilight heliotrope
Or daybreak fires by heaven-breath fanned.

Quick visions of celestial grace
Hither they waft, from earth's broad space,
Kind thoughts for all humanity.
They shine with radiance from God's face.

Ah, since my heart they choose for home,
Why loose them—forth again to roam?
Yet look; they rise! With loftier scope
They wheel in flight towards Heaven's pure dome.

Fly, messengers that find no rest
Save in such toil as makes man blest;
Your home is God's immensity;
We hold you but at his behest.

SELECT STORY.

The Shadow of Nobility.

CHAPTER VIII.

ONE thing confirmed the Countess's decision, and even hastened its accomplishment: the effort made by her former gay acquaintances to draw her into fashionable society once more. This was pushed beyond the limits of decorum, and subjected her to considerable annoyance. After the first two or three months of seclusion proposals of marriage reached the beautiful young widow, which might have been flattering to a vainer nature of less preoccupied mind. With a thrill of indignation she consigned these epistles to the flames, only replying to one or two in the coldest and most formal manner, as a check to further pursuit. Other letters of a better tone there were, and among them one kind, sympathetic, brotherly; but no more. It was dated from Florence, and signed, "Your cousin George." Lady Noelthorne read it without a sigh; then opened an escritorie and placed it with other correspondence she wished to keep. She meant to reply to it some day.

But not a regret for the past assailed her now. It seemed as if, after being tossed about on a sea of wild alarm and restless striving, a great calm had settled down upon her spirit. And then, "come what come may," her lot was cast, her path in life was plain.

She forgot that to prolong life would be to prolong misery for her darling, and wanted to have his life prolonged. The doctors said that change of air and scene might help to restore the enfeebled constitution. She would journey from end to end of the earth, if necessary, in quest of health and strength for him.

"Nurse, would you come abroad with me?" she asked, a little anxiously.

Mrs Morenescher weighed the pros and cons of the proposition carefully in her own mind. It had not taken her unawares.

"Well, my lady, I don't say as it would not be at hinconvenience, but if your ladyship wishes——"

"*If* I wish!" interrupted the Countess. "How could I go without you? How could *he* ever do without you?"

On Mrs Morenescher's benign face was the shadow of a smile, that seemed to say there was no answering her lady's question. The monetary advantages and accession of importance outweighed the inconveniences, if indeed any existed. The Countess carried her point.

"I shall take Trevor only," she continued. "I can give my own orders, and we may travel quietly, as our fancy leads, without having a regular route mapped out for us."

This did not exactly suit Mrs Morenescher's ideas of importance. She consoled herself with the reflection that the less state the less worry and trouble. She was not jealous of Trevor's having found favour with her mistress. Looking down from her loftier altitude, she could afford to be gracious to the young woman. The maid might be useful, but the nurse was indispensable.

Lady Noelthorne made all her arrangements very quietly, and with great discretion and resolution. She almost stole from her house in town. She ordered her carriage, went in person to her solicitors and bankers, saw her agent and the work was done. There only remained to write a farewell letter to her parents, for which her conscience smote her not a little. She could not consent to a personal interview with them, however, dreading her mother's plotting and planning, and the endless schemes to which a disclosure of her intentions would give rise. A goodly sum was placed to their credit in the bank, to which she made reference. After all, they were open to consolation.

There were few in England, large as her circle of acquaintances was, from whom the young Countess parted with pain. One was the late Earl's niece. She must say "Good-by" to her; and—yes, to Faith Hailyard also.

The poor flower-girl was stricken to the heart at the prospect of her loss. It seemed to her that the sun must cease his shinning; the great pulse of London life would cease to beat.

"O, my lady!" she exclaimed, as the truth dawned upon her. "O, my lady!"

There was untold sorrow in the ejaculation. The disappointment and distress were so genuine that the Countess was moved. She little knew how desolate the young life would be.

"Fe," she said at last, "I have known a great sorrow. I would forget it—forget myself as much as possible. God has comforted me—you will be glad to tell your mother that—and I think I can serve and praise Him better in some other place than here, where there are so many people I know. I want to get away from people, Fe;—away with God."

It was strange that she should vouchsafe an explanation to such a child,—a child not of her own rank and standing, but gathered out from the dregs of the people, out of the mire of her surroundings. But this child had a heart and a conscience, and a soul which must be—which had been saved as her own had been. So the Countess was not too high of mind and station to lay her soft palm for a moment upon the bare, brown fingers of the flower-girl, with a whisper, "Do not forget me; pray for me still!" When Fe recovered her self-possession, she found herself in the street, unconsciously clasping a tiny packet, in which lay three gold sovereigns.

Poor Fe! She thought of the first time she had strolled into this hitherto unknown grand quarter, partly because business in other places was overdone and slack, and partly because she wanted to survey the mansions of the great. One carriage had attracted her, though plain and quiet as any, and there was a momentary gleam of a face at the window, which seemed as a beautiful vision. The next minute she was cringing back from the footsteps of nobility, yet, true to habit, plying her trade with the old professional pleading. Now all this was over and gone. There was nothing left her but a memory

Mrs Lamphrey, the late Earl's niece, understood the Countess better than any one else did at that time. One glance at the infant Earl sufficed to tell her the truth; the mystery was solved. But she felt too deeply for the young mother to betray this knowledge in any way. She never asked to see the boy, and Annis secretly marvelled at her want of interest. She forbore even to comment on the sudden departure from England, feeling that change of scene would be as needful for the watcher as the watched.

"I shall have the hardest part to bear," she said one day, as they talked together of this contemplated change. "If 'no man is a hero to his valet,' it is surely as true that it is hard to be a Christian in one's one family."

"You would not think of coming abroad with me?" put in Lady Noelthorne a little dubiously.

"No, my dear; my part is here. It would be a sorry beginning to run away from one's duties."

"Do you think I am evading mine?" was the somewhat anxious inquiry.

"I do not. I believe it you duty to go.

The questioner secretly wondered how much her visitor knew. Mas Lamphrey was shrewd enough to suspect a great deal, she was sure.

"I never thought I should come to love you so well, Laura," said her ladyship naively. "I feel you are my one friend here."

"You will write to me, Annis?"

"Constantly, dear. O, Laura, what changes have come to us both!"

"It is the dawn of life," remarked Mrs Lamphrey thoughtfully. "What will the outcome be? There must be development and progress, if it is real!"

"I used to think life was all a cheat," replied Annis. "I see now that it 'derives its value from its use alone,' and is indeed given us for a noble end."

"You speak of the term of natural years," returned Mrs Lamphrey. "I spoke of that living principal which, as we have lately heard, only living soul's possess."

"Ah, Laura, you know a great deal more than I do!"

"Yet is my knowledge little, dear aunt. We have but just learned, as children might do, the Source whence wisdom flows. Still, Annis, you underrate your intelligence. I often notice that you seem to have read a great deal, and that not altogether what is usually called 'light literature.'"

"I have read a good deal," was her ladyship's somewhat evasive answer. She was going to add, "It beguiled me when in trouble;" but, instead of this she said "I formed the habit when young."

"And you are old now?"

"No; I feel I have just begun to live."

"I met with a book of old proverbs the other day," Mrs Lamphrey said. "The motto of the Emperor Nerva was, 'A good mind possesses a kingdom.' We need not be less rich than he, Annis. At all events we are yet young, and may give our young lives to God to shape and use.'"

Ah! such young lives are not "idle ore." Out of the "central gloom," out of the "fears and tears," comes forth true metal moulded to the Master's will.

"Laura," remarked the Countess with a smile, ere they parted, "do you know what is said to be the most curious thing in the world?'

"A woman who is not curious," was the laughing response. "Fair aunt, does it not say something in the Bible in commendation of a woman who has discretion?"

Then Lady Noelthorne knew that her secret was held by one at least beyond the narrow circle of physicians and nurses.

CHAPTER IX.

THE Urbs—the City of Cities—Rome

The Countess of Noelthorne had come thither to please herself; to muse amid the ruins of fallen greatness or on the sunny slopes of the Campagna. On the latter she had her child: in the nave of St. Peter's she stood alone. Not the presence of worshippers or idlers disturbed her rapt serenity of soul. She could feel nought but the vastness, the sublimity, the awful Past the dread Unseen. She gazed with wonder and awe upon the creations of genius Even the Moses of Michael Angelo became to her earnest contemplation a living, sentient being, whom she dreaded to approach.

She had been in Paris with her husband soon after their marriage, but they had not gone to Italy The Earl was suddenly recalled to town, and the intended tour cut short. It was never completed; the birth of the heir and his alarming seizure precluded all thoughts of pleasure. Now for the first time she was to gain some practical knowledge of foreign cities and people.

Rome modern had few charms: the ancient and "Eternal" City transcended any previous conception. She did not know till then what a fervid imagination she possessed, what an intense love for the beautiful was in her nature. It was not the art of man that awakened and called it forth; it was rather Nature, which is "the art of God." It was because "breathing Nature lives in every line" that the pictured treasures of palaces and churches possessed her fancy, and lived in her memory for years to come.

"Have you seen the St. Cecilia?" asked a lady whom she met at her hotel.

A look was sufficient answer. The Countess's mind was full of the sweet prostrate figure, with its hidden face and crown of martydom.

"How the presence of these vulgar tourists does annoy one!" continued the lady.

"Nothing annoys me," replied Annis simply.

It was literally true. She seemed to be living above every worry, even the nuisance of the beggars.

The next day she might have retracted her words; for, having a chamber of the Palace of Colonna, she came upon an English acquaintance.

"Sir Guy Hibbert!" she exclaimed, with that impulse common to all young travellers to greet any one from the fatherland as a friend.

"Lady Noelthorne!" was the eager reply, as the gentleman bowed low. I did not hear that you had left town."

"A clear proof that I am not a notable person," was the smiling rejoinder.

The gentleman might have looked a compliment; he certainly did not utter one, and this told in his favour. The next moment he was walking by the Countess's side, talking gravely and quietly, but not with obtrusive attention, and greatly contributing by his remarks to her enjoyment.

He was a man of noble bearing and distinguished presence, in the prime of life, a lover of art, and a painter of no mean merit. He knew where to touch the fine points and bring them out for her benefit.

"Beatrice de' Cenci," he said as his fair companion paused to gaze at the beautiful face upon the canvas. "I shudder to look at it. Let us pass on."

"Why?"

To interest the Countess, to be allowed to linger by her side, was an object of the first importance to Sir Guy. He continued:

"You do not know her story? She endured the most cruel torture, and imprisonment in a frightful dungeon, protesting her innocence of a crime of which she was guilty. She even forced the miscreant who had accused her as the instigator of the crime to retract his words, and persist in the denial to his death."

"But she was guilty?"

Undoubtedly. But it is not from her guilt we shrink, but at the thought of her horrible endurance."

"Women can endure a great deal," remarked the Countess quietly.

There was nothing in the tone to give it a peculiar meaning, nevertheless Sir Guy Hibbert mentally made a note thereof. The beautiful young woman beside him, with her saintlike purity of mind and innocence of expression, had one thing in common with the guilty beauty in the picture—both had suffered. He looked down with a tender pity upon the one whose wrong he did not fathom.

Both were profoundly ignorant of church history, and knew nothing of Blandina, the poor slave-girl of Rome who met a fearful death with a smile sooner than accuse her brethern and sisters in the Gospel. "We have done no wrong!"—the piteous protest was a noble utterance of truth, which it cost the mere child bodily agonies to sustain. There came a time when the Countess of Noelthorne considered Rome Pagan and Pâpal as "drunk with the blood of the martyrs of Jesus;" but not then. Not with the first glamour of its art relics upon her did she realize the horror of its iniquity. Afterwards she visited the Catacombs, where the early Christians found a refuge and a tomb, and stood on the awful site whence so many professing her faith, beaten and stoned, and out of the midst of the fire, saw, like the first martyr, the "heavens opened, and the Son of man standing on the right hand of God."

But to return from our wandering.

"Have you seen the Farnese Palace and La Farnesina, Lady Noelthorne?" Sir Guy Hibbert is asking. "They are about the finest in Rome."

"Yes."

Then ensued some conversation about the genius of Michael Angelo, and the frescoes of Raffael and his compeers.

"Is there nothing I can have the pleasure of showing you? What about the fountains?"

"I have not seen those in the Borghese Gardens; only that of Trevi."

"Ah, that huge mass of rock-work and shell! Its limpid waters are reported to have curative powers."

The Countess did not reply. Of course she did not believe in their efficacy.

"German Syrup"

J. C. Davis, Rector of St. James' Episcopal Church, Eufaula, Ala.: "My son has been badly afflicted with a fearful and threatening cough for several months, and after trying several prescriptions from physicians which failed to relieve him, he has been perfectly restored by the use of two bottles of Boschee's German Syrup. I can recommend it without hesitation." Chronic severe, deep-seated coughs like this are as severe tests as a remedy can be subjected to. It is for these long-standing cases that Boschee's German Syrup is made a specialty. Many others afflicted as this lad was, will do well to make a note of this.

An Episcopal Rector.

J. F. Arnold, Montevideo, Minn., writes: I always use German Syrup for a Cold on the Lungs. I have never found an equal to it—far less a superior.

G. G. GREEN, Sole Man'fr, Woodbury, N.J.

"Then you have not been to Tivoli?" went on her companion. "May I have the honour of acting as your guide to the Cascatello?"

Not having a valid excuse to offer, and rather glad at the prospect of escaping from the professional guides, the Countess assented.

She was thankful for the position in which he had placed her next day, and showed her appreciation of it by entirely forgetting him—by entirelf forgetting herself, as she once had so wished to do.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Ayer's Pills

Are compounded with the view to general usefulness and adaptability. They are composed of the purest vegetable aperients. Their delicate sugar-coating, which readily dissolves in the stomach, preserves their full medicinal value and makes them easy to take, either by old or young. For constipation, dyspepsia, biliousness, sick headache, and the common derangements of the *Stomach, Liver, and Bowels*; also to check colds and fevers, Ayer's Pills

Are the Best

Unlike other cathartics, the effect of Ayer's Pills is to *strengthen* the excretory organs and restore to them their regular and natural action. Doctors everywhere prescribe them. In spite of immense competition, they have always maintained their popularity as a *family medicine*, being in greater demand now than ever before. They are put up both in vials and boxes, and whether for home use or travel, Ayer's Pills are preferable to any other. Have you ever tried them?

Ayer's Pills

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

Every Dose Effective

$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 no later than June 30th will count, no matter when 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." and Everyone sending in a list of not less than 100 words will receive a valuable present of silverware.

1st reward.....$500 in Gold
2nd " " .....Grand Piano, valued at $500
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 689 splendid rewards, the value of which will aggregate $3,500.

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 contest.

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 "g" in the three words.

4. The list containing the largest number of words will receive a first prize, and so on in order of merit. Each correct word will be numbered, and if two or more lists are received will be awarded first prize, and so on, to those the earliest of sending in early will results favorably.

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. G. MACDONALD, City Clerk, Peterborough, and COMMODORE CALCUTT, Peterborough.

GRAND YACHT COMPETITION.—"Not a $1,000 prize alone." M. Dragonflesh, Vancouver, B.C. "Thanks for 1st prize."—H. W. Cunningham, Donald, B. C. "Prize received O. K."—J. D. Baldie, West Superior. "$250 prize received. Thanks."—G. V. Roberts, Toronto; and 300 others, in United States and Canada.

THE $50 LOTTERY—merit only will count. The prestige gained by THE AGRICULTURIST in fairness in the past is a sure guarantee that this Competition will be conducted in the same manner. Send 2c stamp for full particulars to THE AGRICULTURIST, Peterborough, Ontario.