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 20, 1892. No. 37.

The Acadian.

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

TERMS:

$1.00 Per Annum.

(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 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.

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 babbath 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 valuable Prize.

WEEKLY PRIZES.—Every week throughout this great competition one 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 $20; for second correct answer, $10; the third, $5; fourth a beautiful silver service; fifth, five silver dollars; and the next 50 correct answers will get prizes ranging from $25 down to $1. Every correspondent, irrespective of whether a prize winner or not, will receive a special prize. Competitors residing in the southern states, as well as other distant points, have an equal chance with those nearer home, as the postmark will be their authority in every case.

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

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

REFERENCES:—"THE LADIES' HOME MAGAZINE is well able to carry out its promises."—Peterborough (Can.) 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.

Mrs. Capt. J. E. MELVIN.

Paralysis Defeated!

BLEEDING PILES,

Headache and Dyspepsia

CURED BY SKODA.

MRS. MELVIN IS A LADY OF INTELLIGENCE, HONESTY AND TRUTHFULNESS, AND HIGHLY ESTEEMED BY ALL HER NEIGHBORS AND FRIENDS. SHE WILL CORODORATE ALL THE STATEMENTS IN THE FOLLOWING LETTER.

GENTLEMEN:—For years I had a terrible trouble with my stomach—my **food soured** immediately after eating, together with a **severe headache.** I would have a **prickly, numb sensation** in my arms, and down my sides, with strong tendency towards **Paralysis.** For thirteen years I have been troubled with **extreme Constipation,** combined with that most terrible tormentor, **Bleeding Piles.** At times they would bleed profusely, and pain me severely, so that I could neither **sit, stand, sleep or eat.** I became very much reduced in flesh and strength, and felt **completely worn out.** I have tried nearly all the Physicians in this vicinity, and have taken patent medicines in large quantities, but received no permanent benefit. Through a friend, my attention was called to the merits of SKODA'S REMEDIES. I consented to try them, having but little faith in their efficacy. I at first felt but **little effect,** but persisted in their use. I have now taken four bottles of SKODA'S DISCOVERY, used two boxes of SKODA'S PILE CURE and four boxes SKODA'S LITTLE TABLETS. **My Dyspepsia is all gone, Bowels regular, Appetite good,** and have gained much in flesh. In fact, **AM PERFECTLY WELL.**

BETTER THAN GOLD

All credit is due to your **Wonderful Remedies,** and I cannot say too much in their praise.

Truly yours,
MRS. CAPT. J. E. MELVIN,
No. 38 Warren St.,
ROCKLAND, ME.

We GUARANTEE 6 Bottles to BENEFIT or CURE. You get help or get your money back. WELL, YOU TRY IT?

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. Supersedes 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 at HILLIARD & PEPLOW, Peterborough, Ont.

SKODA'S OINTMENT, the Great German Skin Cure, and Finest Cosmetic made. Removes Blackheads, Pimples, etc., as if by magic. 8 oz. tubes in elegant cartons 50 cts.

POETRY.

Practical Philosophy.

Life holds no woe for me. I know full well,
However evil things may seem to me to-day,
Some future joy is certain to dispel
The clouds that lower darkly o'er my way.

And I have noted that one taste of bliss,
E'en though 'tis but a taste, hath joyous meed
To compensate for all that goes amiss,
On which a soul in sorrow long may feed.

No night e'er was whose darkness did not fade;
No storm e'er raged whose course was not soon run,
And so my soul, by troubles undismayed,
Doth simply wait the coming of the sun.

SELECT STORY.

The Shadow of Nobility.

CHAPTER V.—*Concluded.*

FOR some days, while the Earl was absent in Naples, in consequence of a telegram requiring his attendance on his mother whose death was momentarily expected, the child had been more than usually irritable. At last he became feverish, and one night the restlessness so much increased that the mother was hastily summoned to his bedside. She had the horror of seeing him seized with convulsions. These were not really violent, though to her inexperience nothing could be more terrible. The family physician was summoned. The patient, with a fixed stare and dilated pupils, evidently was without consciousness.

"Have you tried to lift him?" the great doctor said, turning to the head nurse.

"Yes, Sir."

"What have you noticed?"

"A numbness in the whole body, especially in the extremities."

The physician bent all his powers to a closer examination. It was as he feared. At last he lifted himself up: then motioned to the ante-room. Lady Noelthorne led the way.

"Your ladyship will excuse me," the doctor began. "I must make the result of my examination known to Lord Noelthorne."

"And you must excuse, Doctor Jay," returned the Countess, with forced composure, "if I insist on its being made known to me in the first instance. I am able to bear it better than you think. Lord Noelthorne is unavoidably absent, and may not be able to return for some time. What measures are to be taken for our child's relief must be executed immediately, without waiting for his cognizance or consent."

"In your view of the case, Lady Noelthorne, perhaps I am justified in communicating to you—in communicating to you——" the doctor paused to observe the apparent strength of the hearer, but the Countess was calm and resolved—"that your son, the infant Lord Gosselin, is suffering from a form of infantile paralysis."

"Will he live?" fell from the white lips of the mother.

"He may live to old age, and will probably speedily recover the entire use of his limbs, though a slight affection may remain in one member. At least he will have the power of voluntary motion. In his case, however, I fear a complication. There is probably atrophy, or wasting of the nerve-cells, and partial unconsciousness may be succeeded by a lenghty want of intelligence. It is evidently a cerebral, or brain, affection. For this reason I would wish to have the opinion of one who has made the diseases of the nervous system a special study."

He did not tell her that with loss of intelligence he dreaded also the loss of speech. He had been very particular to make her understand his diagnosis hitherto, but this he suppressed.

"You speak of his intelligence being affected, the Countess said again, after a pause. "Am I to understand that he will grow up what is usually called weak-minded?"

"Your ladyship's idea is scarcely a correct one," returned the doctor. "He will not suffer from what in our profession is known as idiopathic paralysis. His is simply a want of brain power, a nervous prostration."

"Is it incurable?"

"There is a theory about the formation of new muscle fibres," returned Doctor Jay evasively. "There are also cases on record of a restoration of cerebral activity in circumstances of severe necessity."

"I do not understand."

"Under the influence of sudden alarm, or a shock which galvanizes the whole nervous system."

"Ah, I see. This might restore, or it might kill. Thank you."

Throughout the whole trying interview she had manifested extraordinary composure and intelligence. Dr. Hudson Jay could not but marvel as he looked at her, and, marvelling, admire. That she felt acutely the pain he was compelled to inflict was evident, but her nerves were strung to the highest tension. Her powers of endurance and command were beyond all praise. Was this the cold, insensible woman of fashion? he asked himself. Or was there a force of character in her which the world had never discerned?

"I shall communicate with Lord Noelthorne," she said in conclusion. "Meanwhile, I trust to you, Dr. Jay, to spare neither effort nor money to procure the best advice, and to carry out any treatment that may be suggested."

The intense eagerness under the forced calm, the pleading for hope in the deep blue eyes, were almost too much for the old physician. Had she fainted, or become hysterical, he would have known what to do; but this unnatural strength unnerved even him. Set phrases died upon his lips. He only took the hand extended to him, held it for a moment, and bowed over it in silent sympathy.

The Countess went back to her child's bedside. She vouchsafed no word of explanation, and even the head nurse, who had hitherto found herself a person of much importance, dared not venture on an inquiry. There was a look in her lady's face, however, which the elder woman read aright, and, motioning to an attendant to withdraw with her, both quietly left the chamber.

Then Lady Noelthorne fell on her knees beside the infant's couch.

"Baby, fairest of created things, you are all the world to me!" she sobbed out in a low, passionate tones. "God has been hard to you, but I never will. O, my darling, it is bitter—bitter that you must suffer, perhaps for my sin! I was a traitress to truth, but you had done no wrong, and your little hand might have guided me into light and peace. O, child, you are dearer to me in your weakness and pain than the noblest form with the most godlike intellect ever could be! If darkness must be your lot, I, too, choose darkness. I will shut myself out from the world and dwell in *your* world, with you. Though you may never recognize the hand that blesses and the spirit that soothes, I will devote myself to your comfort. This shall be the object of my life. It is 'a mad world,' they say; but I, at least, am sane in this my vow. Come joy or sorrow, whatever cares and changes wait me, I give my life, as far as may be, to lift the cloud which overshadows thine."

Half an hour passed by before the head nurse entered the apartment Lady Noelthorne was then seated where before she had been kneeling, quiet and resolute once more, her son's hand clasped between both of hers.

In the heart that had been false to itself was this desperate fidelity to another. As a girl she had been sacrificed against her will, through weakness and inability to resist the influences brought to bear upon her. Now she made a voluntary sacrifice, requiring courage, determination, perseverance, and more than feminine nerve. She must take the part of both parents, and be quick to devise, strong to execute, patient to endure. But how might this be accomplished?

Yes, even in this fragile girl-wife, judging herself as severely as any one could for her many faults, was a noble self forgetfulness. Had she not put from her with a resolute hand every hope dear to a woman's heart, sooner than witness her father's ruin? And now, when out of the wreck of these hopes had sprung up a bud of promise, bravely she could stand by, controlling her agony, to see it wither ere fully blown. Yet this was the woman misjudged by the world in which she lived. Is it "of such stuff the world is made"? Ah, women, like the best men, "are moulded out of faults."

CHAPTER VI.

VERY jealously the Countess guarded the secret of her disappointment and pain. Most of all she kept it from the parents who had sacrificed her, and to whom her generous self devotion would have seemed a morbid delusion. Mrs Crichton only saw the child twice. On one occasion he was asleep; on the other, the mother and nurse kept well out of sight, and the meaningless stare of the dark eyes at the unknown face passed without remark. It was a relief to Annis when Mr and Mrs Crichton, through their son-in-law's liberality, were enabled to retire with some measure of credit to their country residence.

Of course Lord Noelthorne had been made acquainted with his son's state, and felt severely the blow to his hopes. It seemed indeed as though he only was the sufferer. The best advice was called in, and all that skill could devise in the latest discoveries of science was tried in vain. Then, with a great pity for himself that swallowed up every other emotion, the Earl looked out to the great world for solace and support. In one thing alone he saw with his wife. He intimated to the physicians and nurses his pleasure, in view of a possible or partial recovery, that no report of his heir's mental condition should go abroad. In spite of this, however, it leaked out that some mystery was attached to the young Lord Gosselin, and various solutions, without any admixture of truth, suggested themselves to the public mind

Parliament sat. His lordship grew deep in debates, drunk with politics, aiming to be somebody at his club. This diverted his attention from the domestic trial, so reducing his grief, while flattering his self-importance. The Countess saw him less frequently, and formal inquiries from the day and night nurses took the place of visits to the nursery. So far fortune favoured the anxious mother.

She knew her boy would never speak—the doctors had told them that; yet had she vainly tried to teach him words. She shrank with greater sensitiveness than ever from the dread secret's becoming generally known, rejecting with a proud disdain, and as an insult, the pity of Society. Thus year after year passed by.

"There is nothing certain but the unforeseen," says an old Chinese proverb. The unforeseen is the great inevitable. The Earl of Noelthorne went to his grave hopeful that the shadow which had fallen upon his house might in time be lifted, and ignorant of the utter incapacity of his son and heir to fill his place and inherit his estates.

He had a fit in the lobby of the House, and was bought home speechless. His young wife hung over his bed and watched him most sedulously, while his eyes rested fondly upon her. If she had wronged him by judging him hardly in thought, she endeavoured to make amends for it at the last. One thing was certain: she had never lost his confidence, or betrayed it in the smallest degree. In outward seeming at least she was a pattern wife. Neither knew how much he had believed in goodness for her sake; but he felt, poor man, how wholly he loved her. From his nature this love could not have been unselfish. He had asserted his will through the entire subjugation of hers. To his credit be it spoken, he never imagined what this cost her; or that she had the least regard for another. Her coldness and half-reluctant acceptance of his addresses were attributed by her mother to extreme maiden coyness and sensitiveness.

The Earl of Noelthorne's part in life had not been very brilliant, though his rent-roll was large, and his title an old one. Men who have borne distinguished names have played insignificant *roles* before now. His place in our story has not been prominent either, though important. He passes from our view forever.

Annis grieved for him sincerely, with that remorseful sorrow for which there is no alleviation. She saw that she had never given him affection, or even genuine sympathy: never appreciated the honour he had conferred in choosing her for his wife. His perfect confidence, shown in the liberal annuity settled unconditionally upon her, as well as in making her the heir's joint guardian, cut her to the heart. Like many another, the old Earl was more lamented in death than beloved in life.

The Countess's father and mother came up to town. Mr Crichton had charge of the interment. Upon that we need not dwell. His presence proved a great comfort and relief to his daughter.

"May I not see your child, Annis?" he said, after the first expressions of condolence were over.

"Nurse has taken Edgar out in the closed carriage," she replied. "The house was so gloomy and dull for him."

As if the infant Earl regarded silence and shut windows! Her conscience never upbraided her for the *ruse* she practised, even with the shadow of death upon the family.

The child was brought home. He slept a good deal: healthy infants do. He was asleep when his grandfather saw him.

"Is he a bright child, nurse?" asked the Honourable Augustus.

"Well, Sir, he is quiet—very quiet, I may say—and easy to be managed."

"But intelligent?"

"Yes, Sir; but more thoughtful than lively, I may say."

Mrs Morenescher's conscience was not wholly drugged. She was in her lady's confidence, and at least devoted to her interests.

"Annis, you keep your child too much to yourself," Mr Crichton protested.

"He is all I have, father."

"But you should not be selfish. You know how we love him."

"I know how I love him," was the secret response of the heart that had vowed to stand between him and commiseration, which to her morbid fancy meant disgrace.

Wreaths and crosses of extreme beauty and magnificence were sent in by friends and relatives to be laid on the dead Earl's bier. Mr Crichton, when passing through the great hall, found on a side-table an exquisite bouquet of lillies of the valley, with a single spray of forget-me-nots in their midst. It was so very simple and fragrant that he took it in his hand.

Some fine instinct led the Honourable Augustus to carry the humble gift to his daughter's boudoir. He felt she would not despise the remembrance, and, being an uncommon one, it might even rouse her.

"How pretty!" Lady Noelthorne exclaimed, as her father entered. "It looks like a flower-girl's little bunch."

"It is so. A poor girl left it at the door for you."

"Fe. How thoughtful! And I had forgotten her, poor child."

"Who is she?"

"A good, pure girl who used to bring me marguerites, and who knew how to value a shilling.

In spite of the miserable surroundings a twinkle might have been detected in Mr Crichton's eyes. Perhaps he thought there were more like Fe in the world. He only protested against the Countess's bringing such people about her, however, condemning them all roundly as rogues and vagabonds, unworthy of a lady's notice. He might have added a hint as to infectious diseases brought from unwholesome localities; but this, the only argument that would have had weight did not occur to him.

The trifling incident resulted in an order for the flower-girl's admittance next time she called. But Faith had been neglected so long that she did not dare to intrude, and three long weeks passed away before she ventured to touch the bell of the stately mansion once more. To her unbounded surprise and joy, after a few minutes' waiting in the hall, she was conducted to Lady Noelthorne's presence.

"Why, child, how ill you look!" the Countess exclaimed, as her humble visitor entered. "Have you suffered?"

The girl's cheek had grown thinner and sallower. There were dark lines under her eyes. Now she coloured vividly.

"It was nothing," she said. "It is nothing—now."

The meaning of the ingenous speech was obvious. Faith was happy in the favour of this beautiful lady, and willing to bask in it as in a partial sunshine.

"Mother and me were very sorry for your trouble, my lady," she ventured timidly, after a pause. "But we know God would comfort you."

"He sent the trouble, Fe."

"Yes, lady; but mother says He sends trouble that He may give good along with it. She says we will see it all very plain by and-by."

"When?"

The question was idly put, but reverently answered:

"In heaven, my lady."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

For Constipation **Ayer's Pills**

For Dyspepsia **Ayer's Pills**

For Biliousness **Ayer's Pills**

For Sick Headache **Ayer's Pills**

For Liver Complaint **Ayer's Pills**

For Jaundice **Ayer's Pills**

For Loss of Appetite **Ayer's Pills**

For Rheumatism **Ayer's Pills**

For Colds **Ayer's Pills**

For Fevers **Ayer's Pills**

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

Every Dose Effective

There is no excuse for any man to appear in society with a grizzly beard since the introduction of Buckingham's Dye, which colors a natural brown or black.

"German Syrup"

G. Gloger, Druggist, Watertown, Wis. This is the opinion of a man who keeps a drug store, sells all medicines, comes in direct contact with the patients and their families, and knows better than anyone else how remedies sell, and what true merit they have. He hears of all the failures and successes, and can therefore judge: "I know of no medicine for Coughs, Sore Throat, or Hoarseness that had done such effective work in my family as Boschee's German Syrup. Last winter a lady called at my store, who was suffering from a very severe cold. She could hardly talk, and I told her about German Syrup and that a few doses would give relief; but she had no confidence in patent medicines. I told her to take a bottle, and if the results were not satisfactory I would make no charge for it. A few days after she called and paid for it, saying that she would never be without it in future as a few doses had given her relief."

Coughs, Sore Throat, Hoarseness,

$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 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." For 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 " " .....$250 in Gold
3rd " " .....Organ valued at $150
4th " " .....$100 in Gold
5th " " .....Gent's Gold Watch full Jewelled
6th " " .....Ladies' Gold Watch full Jewelled
7th " " .....$50 in Gold
8th " " .....$25 in Gold
9th " " $10
10 Rewards of $10 each
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 629 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 "egg" cannot be used as there is but one "e" 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. H. MACDONALD, City Clerk, Peterborough, Canada, and COMMODORE CALCUTT, Peterborough.

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

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