# 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, APRIL 15, 1892. No. 33.



**CASTORIA**

for Infants and Children.

"Castoria is so well adapted to children that I recommend it as superior to any prescription known to me." H. A. ARCHER, M.D., 111 So. Oxford St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

Castoria cures Colic, Constipation, Sour Stomach, Diarrhœa, Eructation, Kills Worms, gives sleep, and promotes digestion, without injurious medication.

THE CENTAUR COMPANY, 77 Murray Street, N. Y.



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

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

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

Address all communications to

DAVISON BROS.,
Editors & Proprietors,
Wolfville, N. S.


**Legal Decisions**

1. Any person who takes a paper regularly from the Post Office—whether directed to his name or another's or whether he has subscribed or not—is responsible for the payment.

2. If a person orders his paper discontinued, he must pay up all arrearages, or the publisher may continue to send it until payment is made, and collect the whole amount, whether the paper is taken from the office or not.

3. The courts have decided that refusing to take newspapers and periodicals from the Post Office, or removing and leaving them uncalled for is prima facie evidence of intentional fraud.

POST OFFICE, WOLFVILLE

Office Hours, 8 a. M to 8 30 P. M. Mails are made up as follows:

For Halifax and Windsor close at 7 00 a. m.

Express west close at 10.20 a. m.

Express east close at 4 35 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. 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

Chas W Rosoes, } Ushers
A nsW Bagss

PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH—Rev. R D Ross, Pastor.—Service every Sabbath at 3 30 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 welcomed 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.

## 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

BLACKADDER, W. C.—Cabinet Maker and Repairer.

BROWN, J. I.—Practical Horse-Shoer and Farrier.

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.

GILMORE, G. H.—Insurance Agent, Agent of Mutual Reserve Fund Life Association, of New York.

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, Opposite People's Bank.

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.

WILSON, JAS.—Harness Maker, is still in Wolfville where he is prepared to fill all orders in his line of business.

Some Children Growing Too Fast

become listless, fretful, without energy, thin and weak. Fortify and build them up, by the use of

**SCOTT'S EMULSION**

OF PURE COD LIVER OIL AND HYPOPHOSPHITES of Lime and Soda.

Palatable as Milk. AS A PREVENTIVE OR CURE OF COUGHS OR COLDS, IN BOTH THE OLD AND YOUNG, IT IS UNEQUALLED.

Genuine made by Scott & Bowne, Belleville. Salmon Wrapper: at all Druggists, 50c. and $1.00.

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.


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

## POETRY.

### At Break of Day.

The night of winter time has past.
From off its sepulcher has rolled
The stone of somber days at last,
And in the early morning's gold
The angel of our hope appears,
And uttering the royal word,
With lifted hand, to calm our fears.
He bids us seek our risen Lord.

Behold, the altars of the world
Are heaped with sacrificial bloom,
That speaks, through lips all dew-impearled,
The glorious life beyond the tomb;
A fervent, universal prayer,
From out the heart of human love,
Ascends beyond our clouds of care,
Borne by the Spirit's gentle dove.

Then, too, my soul, make haste to wreathe
Thy inmost altar shrine to-day;
The rarest flowers that fragrant breathe
With faith and trust upon it lay.
Go, memory's wide domain explore—
Each field, each winding path and wood—
To deck life's naked fane once more
With thornless sprays of gratitude.

Set forth the old communion wine
To pledge anew a broken faith;
Partake again of bread divine:
The hope triumphant over death.
Bow low—it is the Father's throne—
Then shalt thou rise, sustained and shriven,
The while a distant organ tone
Plays soft the melody of Heaven.

—JULIA H. THAYER.

## SELECT STORY.

### AN EASTER EDITION.

"You could hardly blame the poor settlers for cutting the wires," said one of a party of men on horse back as there came a lull in the conversation. "Couldn't blame 'em!" shouted the leader, Calvin. "Hev' they th' right to come on the G. X. ranche lands whenever they want to just because it happens that water is scarce this spring?"

"It's that or die. What would you do if you had a family an' your stock was dyin' when you know that just inside th' wire fences there was all th' water you could use? You'd do just as th' settlers did last night, an' stealin' out quietly cut th' wires an' drive yer cattle in to water an' save 'em."

But Jonas' argument was not popular. The men were all employes of the great Sunflower Cattle Company, whose acres included half the country and whose cattle, with the company brand, "G. X.," pastured on veritably a thousand hills. The company had bought up the land adjoining the water-course and now that the winter had proved very dry and free from snow the settlers and the people of the little village near by were actually suffering for water.

In spite of the armed force of herders and the strict orders of the company, the barbed wire fences were frequently cut and the action of the night before had been in Calvin's eyes particularly atrocious. He was young, handsome, broad shouldered, and carried his wide-brimmed sombrero with an easy grace that was the envy of his followers. He believed, too, that the settlers were chiefly incited to their acts by the urgings of the Pushville *Herald*, the weekly paper of which the village boasted.

"Just look at it now," he exclaimed, holding up a much-creased copy of the previous week's issue. "The editor's to blame for it all. See how he urges 'em on. He says: 'Capital has rights, but it has not the right to make the poor suffer; and law or no law the people should take care of their own families first and the herders' afterward.'"

"Let's clean him out," came a shout from the crowd.

"We'll fix his office so he won't abuse us," called another, and in a moment the little cavalcade was cantering across the plain toward the village three miles away, Calvin leading on.

In a three-cornered cabin on the very outskirts of the hamlet were the editor's office and home. The editor himself lay on the bed moaning with fever's pains. James Allen had faith in the town or he would not have been there. With his womanly daughter Kittie and little Roy he had struggled along in the faith that the boom would strike Pushville and make it a city. He had a vision of his tiny weekly growing to a daily with steam presses, associate press dispatches, and special telegrams, and he was endeavoring to educate his present list of readers to higher things in anticipation of coming day.

"Do you feel better, father?" the tall, fair-faced, eighteen-year-old Kittie asked, coming to his side.

"Oh, I don't know. My head is burning up and I am so tired."

"Well, lie still, and when the folks come back from the city I'll have the doctor. There is a celebration at the country seat, you know, and nearly everyone in town is there."

"But the Easter paper—it must be printed to-day."

With an instinctive appreciation of the bright spots in the year he had prepared an especially fine paper appropriate to the season. It had stories and poems on Easter and he felt that his patrons would be pleased.

"Yes, I know," said the girl, "that it must be published to-day, for to-morrow is Easter."

"And I have put so much time on it," moaned the sick man.

"Don't mind, I think I can run the press and Roy can help me. He is setting the last of the type now."

Allen groaned as he realized how slight a form was hers for such a task.

"You'd better get some one to help you."

"I will if I can, but if I can't—"

The fever made the man too weak to give the matter more attention, and the girl went out into the little press room and office to fight out the battle for herself. The paper meant bread for the little family, and as she fixed with her practiced hands the joyous Easter songs in their places, a tear or two fell from the tender eyes on the black and battered type.

Spring was well advanced for the season on the prairie. A delicate green was showing on the knolls and a darker tinge in the valleys. Meadow larks fluttered and cooed and soared above the cabin, and wild violets nestled among the blue grass clumps. A jack rabbit that had been sitting lazily on its haunches, blinking at the noonday sun, gave an alarmed start and skurried away at lightning pace at the approach of a company of wide-hatted riders. The little hamlet was so much deserted that no other living being saw them.

"See, that's th' place," pointed Calvin, motioning toward the *Herald* office. "Now you, Tom, hold th' ponies an' the rest of us 'll do the business."

The company halted and Tom gathered the reins of the ponies and stood holding them several rods from the cabin.

The men crept up slowly and came beneath the window of the press-room.

"Now be still till I get th' lay of the land," ordered Calvin.

He slowly raised up and his long hair showed above the window ledge of the room from which came the sound of machinery.

As he gazed he saw a rickety old press being turned by a handsome girl, her face flushed with the exertion and her lithe body swaying with the motion of the crank. A small boy perched on an inverted ink keg was feeding papers, and the steady "thump—thump" of the machine and the damp "swish!" of the sheets made a rhythmic music for it all.

"Are you paralyzed?" whispered Jonas, pulling his chief's trousers leg. "Come down."

"Boys," replied Calvin, hoarsely, "look here."

One, two, three—half a dozen bearded faces came up beside his and struggled for a place in view of the scene within.

"Well?" said some one, when they had again crouched to the ground. Calvin's face wore a suspiciously tender expression and his eyes were moist.

"Let's charge on 'em an' throw th' whole shop out doors," muttered Jonas, mockingly.

"You shut up," replied Calvin.

Just then the press stopped and Calvin took another peep to see what was the matter.

"Oh, Roy, I'm so tired," sighed Kittie, going over to the little desk and sitting down. "Papa is getting worse and this is such hard work. I wonder if we can do all of it alone."

She picked up one of the freshly printed papers and read:

"A time of joy is Easter time,
Of joy at wintry struggles past,
Of joy at sunshine come at last,
When all the earth seems fit for rhyme."

But the hours were passing, and wearily she took hold of the crank and began to turn. The joy was not for her.

"Hurry, let's charge," urged Jonas lugubriously.

"Boys," whispered Calvin, his eyes this time more than moist, "it's an Easter paper she's printin'. I know what Easter is—or used to be in the old times back east. It's a time of joy an' happiness, an' I don't care what the G. X ranche orders me to do I ain't no heathen. See here Jonas you want to 'charge' so bad, come on. The rest of you wait."

The two went boldly around to the front door, frightning into flight a meadow lark prospecting for a nest location. Without halting Calvin pushed open the door, letting in a flood of light, and with Jonas at his side, stood with hat in hand ready to bow to the worker at the press.

But the press had stopped and Kittie, weary and discouraged, was leaning against it, her bosom heaving with sobs. She looked up quickly at the intruders and started forward as if to greet a new subscriber or other patron of the day.

"Ahem," began Calvin, awkwardly, "We called ter see yer about—that is, it's a time for joy and good will an'—"

"Tell her what you think about fence cuttin'," whispered Jonas, maliciously

Kittie heard the last word.

"The settlers aint hardly to be blamed for saving their own lives," she commenced.

"Of course they ain't, done just right, exactly right," put in Calvin, and then added as the shortest way out of his dilemma: "Git away here and let me run that press."

His strong arm fairly made the machine and building tremble and Roy who had wonderingly watched the proceedings, was put at his best pace to feed the papers fast enough.

"You, Jonas, help fold and address them papers," called Calvin, "and don't stop to read the pictures while you are doin' it."

Jonas and Kittie soon had a full basket of the fresh papers. The former had taken a sly glance at the sheets occasionally, and as Calvin left the press hold up before him the last paper with his finger on this item:

"There was some more fence cutting at G. X. ranche last night. The settlers are making a gallant fight for their rights, and we hope the hirelings of the rich corporation will be made to suffer for the oppression they are guilty of this spring."

"And you wrote it, too, didn't you?" he added, nodding toward Kittie.

"Yes, sir. My father is sick."

"So that's the kind of stuff you are helping print about us?' to Calvin, with mock indignation.

"It's pretty bad," laughed the other, with a slight reddening, "but there's so much Easter stuff in the paper that it offsets it, I guess."

When Roy had been sent out with the basket of papers to the post office Calvin asked to see the sick editor.

"He's pretty bad," he said. "I'll see that a doctor is sent."

He was as good as his word, and after joining his companions he led them down through the town and sent three of them back loaded with eatables and delicacies such as could be procured for the family and the sick man, while he himself found a physician.

The men were eager to joke their leader about some of the matter contained in the paper but something in his face forbade, and they confined their remarks to comment on the Easter features of the issue.

The following day, Easter, Calvin left the ranche early and wearing his widest rimmed hat and reddest neckti.

No one dared ask him where he was going, but the men noticed with a laugh that he turned his pony's head toward the hamlet.

All day he spent beside the sickbed where Allen tossed and fretted, and when at evening the doctor pronounced him much improved. Calvin induced the daughter to walk a little while out of doors in the sweet spring air, and there she listened with pleased attention as he told her of Easters he had passed in his New England home in his boyhood. That was the beginning. A few weeks later two of the herders were riding homeward in the late twilight. As they passed the editor's cabin Jonas remarked: "They say Calvin is helpin' get out every paper now."

"Yes," was the reply, "and he'll soon be one of the family, I reckon, and he's in luck, too. Hush, there they are."

Calvin and Kittie were walking slowly toward the cabin, unconscious of the presence of onlookers.

Their arms were around each other.

CHARLES MOREAU HARDER

### Reading and Thinking.

Reading should teach a man to think; it is too often relied on to save him the trouble of thinking. "Reading maketh a full man," says Lord Bacon, but when there is no outflow fulness breeds stagnation. Many students are like a reservoir into which a little stream of water runs no faster than it evaporates. They are forever pumping in but never drawing out. The mind of a mature man should be a spring, not a pond.

It is true, as has been said, that "too much reading leaves a man no time for thought." The artist does not study colors and drawing all his life and never paint. He is taught how to start and learn to paint by painting. The artisan does not spend a lifetime in training his eye and hand and accumulating muscle; he gets his tools and goes to work. That part of the intellectual workman's education which comes from reading is to teach him how to use his tools—that is, his mental faculties. Reading wings his imagination; it tames his fancy; it instructs his judgment; it arms his reason; it enriches his memory. And when his mind is thus developed and equipped it is as ready for its work as the blacksmith's arm is for its task when he gets strength and skill to yield the hammer. Too many students make of the world a gymnasium instead of a workshop; they are forever getting strength, but never using it to any purpose except try and get more.

As a result the professions are full of crammed men but scant of thinkers. The true method is to make of reading a means, not an end.

### Kitchen Notions.

Next to a good range a good clock is of paramount value in the kitchen.

Coffee cake should be wrapped, while warm, in a napkin, and there remain till cut.

Keep sharp the knives for cutting meat and bread and for peeling vegetables.

Folding towel racks, set on the wall near the sink, are a great convenience in drying dish towels and dish cloths

Gilding on silver should be rubbed as little as possible; wiping it with a soft linen cloth moistened with ammonia is all that is necessary.

When you have spilled anything on the stove, or milk has boiled over and a suffocating smoke arises, sprinkle the spot with salt and it will disappear immediately.

Sometimes the fire will not burn readily at first, because the air in the chimney is cold; in that case, burn a quantity of paper or shavings before trying to light the other fuel.

Do not fill lamps to the top, and do not burn them until they are entirely empty, for fear of an explosion. Do not keep them on the chimney-piece or in a very warm place, lest the gas expand with heat and thus cause an explosion.

NAMED HIM.—It was the Sabbath school class, and little 'Liz'beth had been listening with much interest to the scriptural illustration of the shepherd and his sheep.

"Now," said the teacher, "tell me who takes care of the sheep?"

"The Shepherd," answered the class in chorus.

"That is right; and who else?"

There was silence for a moment. Then a little hand was raised with, "I know, teacher."

"You may tell."

And 'Liz'beth answered, with sincere emphasis, "Bo Peep."

PUBLICITY WANTED.—The K. D. C. Company wish the public in general to know and dyspeptics in particular to test the wonderful merits of K. D. C.—the Greatest Cure of the Age for indigestion and dyspepsia in any form. Try it! Sold by G. H. Wallace.

There is much that is bird-like about most young girls; the pity is they are not taught that there is so much that is cat-like about the men.


SKODA'S DISCOVERY contains MORE CELERY than any CELERY COMPOUND made.

CHARLES EMMET.

"I AM CURED!"

Physicians, Pile Remedies and the Knife UTTERLY FAILED!

Yet there was Help!

GENTS—I wish to inform you that the treatment consisting of SKODA'S REMEDIES you sent me for Piles, has, as you stated in your letter accompanying the same, actually cured me.

Why, gentlemen, I can hardly realize it when I stop to think of the loss of years of suffering I have endured, or the Pile Remedies I have tried, of the Physicians employed, of the two surgical operations performed (having had the Pile Tumors removed twice with the knife) and all I could get was temporary relief. But now after taking seven Bottles of SKODA'S DISCOVERY, three Boxes LITTLE TABLETS, and using Five Boxes of SKODA'S PILE CURE, I am cured.

BETTER THAN GOLD

I am now able to work every day, and shall start for Virginia in a few days to work cutting timber.

You freely gave me the medicine but I want to partially pay you for what you have done. Enclosed find $20, which is about what I paid for one operation that did me really no good at all.

Gratefully yours,
Bangor, Me. CHAS. EMMET.

Guarantee Contract with Every Bottle.

SKODA DISCOVERY CO., Wolfville, N.S.



**Building Lots.**

Parties wishing to secure desirable building lots in Wolfville cannot fail being suited in the block of land adjoining the Presbyterian church, which has recently been laid out into good sized lots and will be sold at reasonable rates. The situation is a most desirable one and the land is of an excellent quality. Information concerning the same may be had and plan of lots seen, on application to,

B. O. DAVISON,
AGENT,
WOLFVILLE N. S.



**$3,500 IN REWARDS**

The Canadian Agriculturist's Great Winter Literary Competition.

The Fifth Half Yearly Literary Competition for the winter of 1892 of THE CANADIAN AGRICULTURIST, America's old and reliable Illustrated Family Magazine, is now open. 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." $5 Everyone sending in a list of not less than 150 words will receive a valuable present of silverware.

| | |
|---|---|
| 1st Grand Reward | $500 in Gold |
| 2nd " " | Grand Piano, valued at $500 |
| 3rd " " | $200 in Gold |
| 4th " " | Organ valued at $200 |
| 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 |

In Rewards of $10 each, $100
Next 50 prizes, 50 Silver Tea Sets, quadruple plate, warranted
Next 50 prizes, 50 Silver Dessert Sets, warranted heavy plate
Next 100 prizes, 100 Silver Butter Dishes, &c., warranted heavy plate
Next 500 prizes consists of Heavy Plated Silver Knives, Butter Dishes, Fruit Baskets, Biscuit Jars, Sugar Shells, Butter Knives, &c., &c., all fully warranted, making a total of 660 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 "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 lists contain the same number of words, the one 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: C. Macdonald, City Clerk, Peterborough, Ont.; and Cornbower Patent, Peterborough.

THE LAST COMPETITION—The $100 prize gold watch to M Brandon, Vancouver, B.C. Thanks for $50 prize received. Cunningham, Dunsil, B. C. $25 prize received O K. J. D. Smith, West Superior, Wis. $20 prize received. Thanks. G. T. Roberts, Ont. 7 cents and 20 others, in United States and Canada.

TRUTH TO LOTTERY—must only will count. The remarks for fairness added by THE AGRICULTURIST for 1891 is sufficient guarantee that this Competition will be conducted in the fairness. Send 3c stamp for full particulars to THE AGRICULTURIST, Peterborough, Ontario.



**$2,500 REWARDS FOR BIBLE READERS.**

Or at Winter Competition of The Ladies Home Magazine.

QUESTIONS.—Where does the following words first appear in the Old Testament: "Knowledge," "Wise," and "Joy?" Where does the following words first appear in the New Testament: "Judge," "Pass," "Peace" and "Joy?"

WHAT PRIZES.—Every week throughout this great competition prizes will be distributed as follows: The first correct answer received the postmark date on each week to be taken as the day received at the office of the Ladies Home Magazine (each and every week during 1892 will be a week) the second correct answer $100; the third $50; fourth, a beautiful silver service; 5th, six orders silver service; and the next 10 correct answers will be rewarded with a beautiful silver service. Every little correct answer, irrespective of whether sender wins 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 the 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.

REFERENCES.—The Ladies Home Magazine is well able to carry out its promises.—Peterborough (Ont.) Examiner. 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. Money should be sent by post office order or registered letter. Address, The Ladies Home Magazine, Peterborough, Canada.