THE ACADIAN
AND KING'S CO. TIMES.

HONEST, INDEPENDENT, FEARLESS.--DEVOTED TO LOCAL AND GENERAL INTELLIGENCE.

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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 ficticious signature.

Address all communications to

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

Legal Decisions

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

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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 7.10 a. m.
Express west close at 10.20 a. m.
Express east close at 4 25 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 Saturdays at 1 p. m.

G. W. MUNRO, Agent.

Churches.

BAPTIST CHURCH—Rev T A Higgins, Pastor—Services: Su... ...aching 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 Sabbath at 7 p. m. and Wednesday at 7.30 p. m. Strangers always welcome.

METHODIST CHURCH—Rev. Oskar Gronlund, B. A., Pastor Services on the Sabbath at 11 a. m. and 7 p. m. Sabbath School at 12 o'clock, noon. Prayer Meeting on Wednesday evening at 7 30. All the seats are free and strangers welcomed at all the services.—At Greenwich, preaching at 3 p m on the Sabbath, and prayer meeting at 7 30 p m, on Thursdays.

ST JOHN'S CHURCH—Service every Sunday at 3 p. m. except on the first Sunday in the month, when the service will be at 11 a. m., with a celebration of the Holy Communion.

REV. ISAAC BROCK, D. D., Rector of Horton.
Canon of St Luke's Cathredal, Halifax.

Frank A. Dixon, Robert W. Starr, } Wardens.

ST FRANCIS (R. C.)—Rev T M Daly, 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.

APPLE TREES for SALE.

For the Fall and next Spring trade, at the

Weston Nurseries!

KING'S COUNTY, N. S.

Orders solicited and satisfaction guaranted.

ISAAC SHAW,
PROPRIETON.

JOHN W. WALLACE,
BARRISTER-AT-LAW,
NOTARY, CONVEYANCER, ETC

Also General Agent for FIRE and LIFE INSURANCE.

WOLFVILLE N. S.

IMPORTANT NEWS.

Something the People of Canada will Appreciate.

A Word from Halifax in the Right Direction.

Annapolis Speaks with no Uncertain Sound.

The late Hon. W. F. DesBarres was for more than 33 years, a Judge of the Supreme Court of Nova Scotia, and the name of Des Barres is held in the highest estimation by the people of the Maritime Provinces. Samuel W., son of Hon. W. F. DesBarres, is Registrar of the Admiralty District of Nova Scotia, having held the office for 23 years. In conversation with our Representative, a short time since, he made the following statement:

"I have used SKODA'S DISCOVERY and SKODA'S LITTLE TABLETS, for a few weeks, with the most gratifying results, and am of the opinion that they are of a high medicinal quality. I have no hesitation in endorsing the Skoda line of Remedies, and recommending them to the people of the Dominion, as articles of superior merit, and well worthy their confidence. I fully believe these Remedies to be all their proprietors claim for them."

The people of Nova Scotia are justly proud of their Institutions of learning, and their educators rank among the finest in the country. At the head of many of the Universities in the U. S., are placed men, who hail from the Dominion, and whose methods of teaching and discipline are regarded by the American people, as the finest in the world. For 15 years Mr. S. C. Shaffner has been one of the leading educators in the Province of Nova Scotia. At present he is Principal of the Public Schools in Annapolis. In speaking of SKODA'S REMEDIES he says:

"Having used two bottles of SKODA'S DISCOVERY with the LITTLE TABLETS, I have formed a very favorable opinion of these remedies. For Diseases of the Liver, Stomach and Kidneys, I believe them to be most excellent Medicines. I am so thoroughly convinced of their curative properties, that I shall take the full course of these Remedies, as recommended by the Company."

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.

DUNCANSON BROTHERS.—Dealers in Meats of all kinds and Feed.

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 faith fully performed. Repairing neatly done

MURPHY, J. L.—Cabinet Maker and Repairer.

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.

HAWKER'S TOLU AND WILD CHERRY BALSAM.

A Favorite and Most Valuable Remedy for the CURE of

COUGHS, COLDS, CROUP, HOARSENESS, BRONCHITIS, INFLUENZA

OR ANY FORM OF THROAT AND LUNG TROUBLE.

If Afflicted, Try It. It Will Cure You.

Malcolm McLean, of Kensington, P.E.I., writes the following:

For five years I suffered from severe Chronic Bronchitis, for which the doctors and numerous patent medicines failed to give relief. My physicians and friends advised a change of climate as my only hope. HAWKER'S BALSAM OF TOLU AND WILD CHERRY was recommended to me, and I am happy to say that I was entirely cured before I had used two large bottles. I consider it to be truly a wonderful medicine, and cheerfully recommend it to all so afflicted.

For Sale by all Druggists and General Dealers.

PRICE 25 AND 50CTS. PER BOTTLE.

MANUFACTURED BY

THE HAWKER MEDICINE CO. (LTD.)
SAINT JOHN, N. B.

Ripans Tabules cure biliousness.
Ripans Tabules cure headache.

POETRY.

Song of the Gaspereau.

(ORIGINAL.)

Low down in the valley, secluded and peaceful,
Flows winding and surging, the bright Gaspereau;
Past orchards and meadows and banks plumed with willows,
Past woodland and pasture where sweet wild flowers grow.

When winter the valley clothes in a white mantle,
And gone are the flowers and leaves from the trees,
Thy mourning and sadness are but for a moment,
For the frost-king soon brings to thy throbbing heart peace.

And now o'er thy bosom once heaving and restless,
The bright steel of the skater so gracefully winds;
Hailing thy fetters with boisterous gladness,
Thine epitaph carving in fantastic lines.

But the sun having finished his southerly journey,
Now warmer and brighter the smile of his face;
And these with the tears the sky sheds so remorsefully,
Their forces unite o'er thy burial place.

Then as the germ of the seed sown in spring-time,
Warmed by the sunlight and moistened by rain,
Bursts from its bounds and springs upward rejoicing,
Fed from the scources that dormant have lain—

So, bursting asunder the chains that have bound thee,
Thou pour'st down the valley with deafening roar;
Heaving and tossing on billows the driftwood,
Piling the ice-cakes high up on the shore.

The brooks down the hill-side dash madly to meet thee,
Swelling thy waters to furious wrath;
Till reddened and angry they spread o'er the meadows,
Leaving the refuse behind in their path.

But sweet are thy ripple and song in the summer;
And blue are thy wavelets as dancing they go,—
Now gurgling in pools, now clattering o'er shallows,
Now lapping so softly the bank just below.

The valley-born wanderer afar from his country,
Is dreaming of home and the dear friends of yore;
When lo! through his vision thy current is sweeping,
And dreaming he strolls down the path by the shore.

Many the hands that have wrought in the valley:
Many the feet that have strayed by thy stream;
Now 'neath the sod they are quietly sleeping,—
But thou stop'st not to mourn o'er the end of life's dream.

Then flow on, Gaspereau,—on swift to the ocean;
But impress on men's hearts the refrain of thy song,
Thy waters now passing like lost opportunities—
Will ne'er pass us again—they forever are gone.

Gaspereau, Jan. 10th, 1893.

SELECT STORY.

KIT GRALE.

BY JAMES T. MACKAY.

CHAPTER II.

Kensel Point is a long neck of land lying parallel to the main shore, and almost severed from it by a land-locked harbor, opening eastward through a narrow inlet into the broad Hilbury bay. The neck is connected at the western end with the main land by a long sweep of sand beach, generally some fifty yards or more in width, but in high tides or easterly storms often quite covered in some parts. A carriage road winds around over this beach to Willowtree dock, where the steamboat touches morning and evening, on her way to and from the city. From the dock the ground rises abruptly to the high table land above, which constitutes the major portion of the point.

Half a mile from the dock, along the harbor shore, back from and above the road, stood the old Haliburton homestead, a square, two story building, painted a dull, washy red, and looking rather shabby and weather-beaten without but comfortable and pleasant within. Here Kit Grale and her father came to live now, and to take a new start in life. The ground slopes away into the road in front, to which a rain gullied path leads straight from the door. The broad space on either hand was covered by a rank growth of long wild grass, and shaded by the spreading branches of venerable horse chestnuts. A private lane leads up the steep ascent back of the house, between the locust thicket and the apple orchard, and then runs away back through level farm lands, woods and salt meadows to the sound. Below the slope, in front of the old house and beyond the road, a row of great old poplars stands, and from their gnarled roots the white sands slope away, over which the lapping tides eternally rise and fall, in their ceaseless ebb and flow. The road skirts the harbor shore the whole length of the neck, from the steamboat landing to the light on the bar at the inlet. And along this road, at varying intervals, stand the four or five houses, which are the homes of all the dwellers on Kensel Point. Back of the neck on the lonely sound shore, is the dangerous ledge called Gull reef, where the crew of the Gallowshields went so bravely to their death that wild night some twenty one years before.

"Kit, girl," said Grale thoughtfully and sadly (they sat together on the front porch, in the pleasant summer twilight, watching the rising tide rippling brightly through the foliage of the green trees, lapping and tinkling on the pebbly sands with a bubbling music indescribably sweet), "Kit, girl," he said, "I was thinkin' o' George just now—your uncle, Kit that you never seen. Poor George! The sound o' the water ripplin' on the shore there makes me mournful like, though there's no music to my thinkin' like the sound o' the winds an' waves. He were a true heart, Kit, if ever there were one. An' I was a thinkin' how uncommon strange that I should go knockin' about salt water an' fresh for twenty year, an' then come back after all and turn lands man on this same point where the tide and wind drove us ashore that night."

Kit Grale had lived through her childhood in their little old house at the head of Hilbury harbor, a bright, careless, hearty child, forever in mischief, and giving her mother no little disquietude by perpetually getting afloat in any craft that offered, from a six-foot scow to old Tommy Cockel's long boat, with mast and sail. She took to the water as naturally as a duck, and seemed utterly reckless of danger. So it came about that she early became expert in water craft, and by constant exercise and exposure to air and sun, acquired insensibly a hardy constitution and a self reliant feeling of strength that has stood her in good stead and will to the end of her life. At the age of 14, Kit was suddenly and roughly awakened from the thoughtless dream of youth by the death of her mother. Her grief at this time had something awful in its strength, its utter abandonment, its wild despair, its angry even fierce rejection of sympathy and consolation. And when the intolerable bitterness of the pain wore off with time as it ever does and must, she came out of the fiery trial with a new found consciousness of duty to be done and character to be formed. The wildness was gone out of her laugh, and was replaced by a settled cheerfulness and buoyancy of spirits that kept her cheery of heart and face, and sustained her nobly in time of need. The craving for perpetual action and adventure, the hasty recklessness of her child life, settled into a steady, unfaltering devotion to a fixed purpose and a thoughtful habit of arranging all the little incidents that make up life, with reference to the direct or ultimate furtherance of that object. This purpose of her life to which she now made everything subservient, was to fill, as nearly as might be, her mother's place, and make up to her father the loss of his wife.

And all through the troubles which followed so thickly, she never failed him, even in this mad folly; but was ever the same, giving him of her strength in his weakness, cheering him with her happy smile that never failed his return home, though often the heart behind it was faint for fear.

So now, coming with him to Kensel Point, she set herself steadily to the same purpose. And now she had a lookout ahead, a definite prospect to hope for and work for. She thought if they could hold their own these three years that the mortgage had to run, laying by something each year, and paying the interest as it came due, they could then, having the farm clear, live comfortably and easily, and give her father the rest which his broken state required. Calmly and resolutely she set to work to bring about this result. Grale had come insensibly in these troublous times, to think of Kit more as a stronger friend than as a daughter to be guided and protected. He consulted her constantly, and would follow her advice, though some of the neighbors shook their heads sagely sometimes. And he seldom suffered by his faith in Kit, for she had strong sense and keen mother wit; and though she knew nothing of farming at first, she made friends with the best farmers on both sides of the harbor, and found them very willing to impart the results of their long experience. And though their opinions differed on many points, she had at once the calm judgement which is necessary to prefer a slow but safe method to a plausible but unsound one, and the daring which is required to take up a new theory, which, though apparently rash and hazardous, is in reality an improvement on the universal practice.

Grale bought a team of cheap horses, a couple of cows, and such other stock and implements as were absolutely necessary. A neighbor had put in the spring crops on shares—spring wheat, vegetables, potatoes and corn. But there were more weeds now than corn or potatoes; so Grale went to work with his plow, awkwardly enough at first, and his man Stubbs, an uncouth, slow-spoken, tobacco chewing Yankee with his hoe.

Stubbs lived with his wife and numerous progeny in a very small and tumledown cottage on the other side of the orchard. In the harvest months a greenhorn was imported from Castle Garden to the assistance of the venerable Stubbs, and astonished Kit by his unlimitedd powers of consumption.

A rough, loud-voiced, quick-tempered but honest and faithful Irish girl completed the household. And, with Bridget's assistance, Kit put into execution numberless little plans for saving and increasing the profits of the place. As soon as money enough could be scraped together more cows were bought, and poultry. And she was forever busy keeping the house neat and cheerful, kneading, baking, skimming cream, churning, hunting eggs, setting hens and ducks, tending the broods when they hatched, besides sewing, knitting and the hundred and one things which are always doing and waiting to be done on a farm. They kept a small sail-boat, which Kit named the Foam, in which she often went round to Hilbury when any provisions were needed, through the two inlets and the two long winding harbors.

Grale went about his work steadily and quietly. It was hard work for the old salt at first, and often, when things went wrong and worried him, he came home feeling that he could not go back to the unwonted and distasteful employment. But Kit's bright face, that always had its brightest smile for him, invariably cheered him and helped him on again. He saw her always busy, never showing signs of weariness, always cheery and thoughtful of numberless little things that could add to his comfort or take any strain off him upon herself. And, seeing her so, he was constantly encouraged to hold on. The neighbors thought him a rather strange, melancholy man, but liked him withal, for his quiet, peaceable ways, never taking offense, always ready to oblige. He would constantly fall into fits of moody thought when not employed, and in these moods he had a trick of unconsciously muttering to himself, as one talks in his sleep. Often and often, Kit came to his side where he sat on the porch, in the pleasant evenings of those summer months, and heard him murmuring:

"But I promised her I'd try, and God helping me, I will!"

Then she would speak to break his gloomy reverie. "What were you saying, father? Did you speak to me?"

"I was thinkin' o' George, Kit, girl—thinking o' George."

Then she would chat to him with simple but artful speech, and laugh too, very merrily, often with a heart that was anything but glad, and eyes downcast to hide drops that would glisten when she glanced at the broken face, so lined with the marks of life's battle and defeat.

Sometimes he would say:

"Come, Kit, put away that work—you're workin' too much, an' next thing you'll be gettin' pale an' thin. Come out an' lets go an' get a breath o' fresh air. I'm choked for a free blow, Kit, on the blue water."

Then they would take the Foam and put her away for the light, if the wind was fair, or beat out slowly, down the long narrow harbor. Through the inlet, then round the low lighthouse on the bar, on to the north, through the broad bay, and so to the fresh breezes and tumbling waves of the open sound beyond. Somehow the Foam would always take the Gull reef in her course, sooner or later, and, standing off shore if it blew, Grale would show her where the ship went down; or if the water was smooth, would run in close to the reef and show her the rock on which he and his mate were thrown that night, and from which his first and best friend, George Gladwin, dropped to his grave.

So the months passed, as months will. Grale came gradually, as he grew more accustomed, to be less moody and to feel less repugnance to his new calling; grew finally to take a pleasure that surprised him, in watching the wonderful processes by which the crops grow, through the infinite stages of tender shoot, green blade and ripened fruit. Kit was always the same, cheerful, active—doing everything in a quiet, clever way, that it would do you good to see. Things prospered with them, and the prospect seemed every day more promising. The interest on the mortgage was regularly paid, the stock of the farm increased, and something was laid by toward the payment of the debt.

For two years and more they slowly prospered. Then the tide turned, as Grale said once before. The flood was past and the ebb was swift and sure. The third winter the troubles began. The sheep took to blind staggers, got weak in the knees, fell down and got up again many times, then lay still and died by twos and threes. Potatoes saved for a higher price in the spring, rotted in the cellars. Old Bill, the big bay, went well into the stable one night, and the next morning lay stark in his stall, with a noose of his halter drawn tight around his throat. A rascally sloop captain took their hay to market and cheated them of half the money. A terrible snow storm came in March when the young lambs wanted sun and southwest winds, and the poor paling things lay dead by fives and tens in a night. It rained trouble—poured. Swiftly the cloud came back to the father's face—settled there, heavy and lowering. It fretted Kit ceaselessly, wearingly. She had troubles of her own, too. A thunder storm killed her goslings in the shell. But, the old sow, made a breakfast two or three times off a brood of chickens. The milk of the new cow turned out to be ropy, and the churn would go for hours together—half a day sometimes—and may be no butter for their pains.

But she never flinched or faltered. As brave heart beat in that slight girl's breast as ever of soldier chief who keeps flag flying over leaguered fortress and flaunts defiance from the parapet, though famine and pestilence stalk gaunt within the walls, and the warder on the tower descries no help or hope!

God knows how she fared through it, against such odds, hiding a sore, sick heart behind a bright, brave face!

CONTINUED NEXT WEEK.

He Understood.

I was engrossed in my magazine as the train sped on, and did not notice that a bride and groom had entered the car at a small station, but my attention was attracted to the couple in a rather odd way—by telegraphic signals.

Two young men who sat opposite to each other across the aisle were making remarks to each other about them by ticking with their knives on the metal arm of the seat.

"Sweet as a peach, isn't she?" ticked off the young man whose seat was immediately behind the new arrivals.

"Yes," replied the other. "Bridal couple evidently."

"See how close he sits to his tootsey-wootsey."

"I see. They are holding each other's hands, aren't they?"

"No, but they are exchanging love glances."

"How on earth do you suppose a chump like that managed to get such an angel?"

"Give it up. She surely couldn't see anything in him to admire."

"Her lips were just made for kisses."

"That's what they were."

"Say!"

"Well?"

"When the train gets to the next tunnel I am going to reach over and kiss her."

"You wouldn't dare."

"Yes, I would. She'd think it was her husband, you know."

Their telegraphic conversation stopped here for the bridegroom had taken out his knife and commenced to tick off this message on the arm of his seat;

"When the train gets to the next tunnel the chump proposes to reach over and hammer your two heads together till your teeth drop out. See!"

Soon after that two passengers might have been seen sneaking off to the smoking car; and they remained in the smoker not only while the train went through the tunnel, but until they reached their destination.—*Harper's Bazar.*

By placing two iron bars at seven or eight yards distance from each other and putting them in communication on one side by an insulated wire, and on the other side with a telephone, it is said that a storm can be predicted twelve hours through a certain dead sound heard in the receiver.

Ayer's Hair Vigor

Makes the hair soft and glossy.

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

Ayer's Hair Vigor

Prevents hair from falling out.

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

Ayer's Hair Vigor

Restores hair after fevers.

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

Ayer's Hair Vigor

Prevents hair from turning gray.

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

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

A PRIZE REBUS

A Gift for Everybody Answering this Puzzle Correctly.

$100 IN CASH.

Jack and Jill went up the hill to get a pail of

In the above well-known Rhyme the word "Water" is missing, and is to be found concealed in the above cut of Jack and Gill. The publishers of Our Young People will give $100 in Cash to the person who first can find the word "Water" in the above picture. To the second one a fine Gold Watch. To the third a fine Silver Watch. To the fourth an elegant Five O'Clock Silver Tea Service. To the fifth an imported Hassle Hex. To the 6th a Simplex Typewriter. A Solid Gold Ring to each of the next two correct answers. A $5 Gold Piece to the next three. A gold brooch to each of the next ten correct answers. A committee consisting of five teachers from the public schools of Toronto will be invited to be present and assist the judges in the award of prizes.

Each contestant is to cut out the Rebus and make a cross with a lead pencil on the five letters (Water) and send same to us with ten three-cent stamps (or 30 cents in silver) for one years' subscription to Our Young People, which is a (large, beautifully illustrated 16 page magazine,) a beautiful Engraving "The First Kiss" will be sent free by return mail to every answer received. Remember that you get the paper for an entire year and a chance for one or more of the prizes. This is your opportunity and if you delay you will miss and regret it. We will give to the last 20 correct answers received each a handsome Souvenir Spoon of Columbus.

REMEMBER IT IS FOR YOU TO SAY whether or not you will have Our Young People as a regular visitor at your home for the next year, and a chance of winning one of the above prizes. If you are not perfectly satisfied with your investment after receiving the first copy of Our Young People you can have your money back. Isn't this fair.

The envelope which contains correct answer bearing first post-mark will receive first reward and the balance in order as received. Be sure and answer to-day and enclose 30 cents and you will receive the best value you ever did for the money. Address (E) OUR YOUNG PEOPLE, Toronto Street, West, Toronto, Canada.