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, AUGUST 5, 1892. No. 48.

The Acadian.

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

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(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 sense 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

4. 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, } Ushers
A DEW BASS }

PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH—Rev. R D Ross, Pastor.—Service every Sabbath at 11 a. 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. Parker, Assistant Pastor. Horton and Wolfville—Preaching on Sabbath at 11 a m and 7 p m. Sabbath School at 9 30 a m. Greenwich and Avonport services at 3 p m. Prayer Meeting at Wolfville on Thursday at 7 30 p m; at Horton on Friday at 7 30 p m. Strangers welcome at all the services.

ST JOHN'S CHURCH—During July, August and September, service at 11 a. m. every Sunday, with service at 7 p. m. on 1st Sunday in the month. Holy Communion on the first Sunday in the month at the 11 a. m.

ISAAC BROCK, D. D.,
Rector of Horton.

ST FRANCIS (R. C.)—Rev T M Daly, P. P.—Mass 11 00 a m the last Sunday of each month.

Masonic.

ST. GEORGE'S LODGE, A. F. & A. M., meets at their Hall on the second Friday of each month at 7½ o'clock p. m.

J. W. Caldwell, Secretary

Temperance.

WOLFVILLE DIVISION S. of T. meets every Monday evening in their Hall at 8 00 o'clock.

ACADIA LODGE, I. O. G. T., meets every Saturday evening in Temperance Hall at 7 30 o'clock.

CRYSTAL Band of Hope meets in the Temperance Hall every Saturday afternoon at 3 o'clock.

TO LET.

That desirable property known as "THE LINDENS," lately the residence of John O. Pineo, Esq., deceased. For particulars and terms inquire of the subscriber,

R. V. JONES, *Executor*,
Or to E. SIDNEY CRAWLEY,
Solicitor.

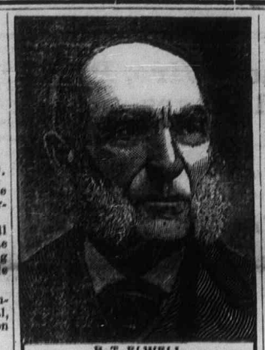
Wolfville, April 13th, 1892.—tf

Notice of Removal!

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

Office hours—9–11—A. M.
2–3—P. M.

June 8th, 1892. tf.



B. T. ELWELL.

Perfectly Well at 79 Years of Age!

AT SKODA'S COMMAND!

"Time Rolls Back in Its Flight!"

ENLARGEMENT OF PROSTATE GLAND!

EXTREME CONSTIPATION AND CHRONIC INDIGESTION

CURED BY THREE BOTTLES!

MR. B. T. ELWELL, FORMERLY OF PATTEN, AROOSTOOK COUNTY, ME., BUT FOR THE LAST THREE YEARS LIVING AT ROCKLAND, ME., NO. 5 BUSKER ST., WRITES:

GENTS:—I am now **79 years of age.** Have been troubled for **twenty years** with **Inflammation at neck of bladder** and **enlargement of Prostate Gland.** For six years, have been afflicted with irregular action of the bowels, alternating between **Diarrhea and extreme Constipation.** For two years the **Constipation** has been so great, that for **five or six days** would have **no action of the bowels at all.** I have been a great sufferer from **indigestion with no appetite.** Within fifteen minutes after taking food into the stomach, it would become **strongly acid** with **extreme burning sensation,** and no action of the stomach whatever. Previous to taking SKODA'S DISCOVERY and SKODA'S LITTLE TABLETS, I had taken many remedies, including nearly all the sarsaparillas—upon the market—but to-day with **not the least benefit.** I had been taking your Discovery but a few days before I felt a **decided change.** I have now taken one-half courses (three bottles), and have a **fine appetite; not the least distress or souring after eating, bowels regular** in action every day, and **food tastes as good** to me as **when a boy; my bladder trouble** has **entirely disappeared,** and I have experienced so great a change that I feel it my duty to testify to the wonderful effects of your remedies.

Very truly yours, B. T. ELWELL.

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 of HILLIARD & PEPLOW, Peterborough, Ont.

SKODA'S GERMAN SOAP, "Soft as Velvet," "Pure as Gold," that tells the whole story. Most highly medicated soap ever made. TRY one cake. It is elegant. At all Druggists. Price, 25 cts.

POETRY.

Fishing.

A youth beside the water sits,
The noonday sun is warmly beaming;
His nose and neck are turkey red,
His eye with radiant hope is gleaming.
He watches close the bobbing cork
Advance upon the tiny billows;
A jerk, a swish, and high above
He lands a sucker in the willows.
That's fishing.

A fair maid trips the tennis court,
A dozen eyes admire her going;
Her black-and-yellow blazer burns
A hole right through the sunset's glowing.
She drives the ball across the net,
And into hearts consumed with wishing
She drives a dart from Cupid's bow;
She'll land a sucker too. She's fishing.
That's fishing.

The politician on his rounds
Tackles both workingman and granger;
He tries to make them think that he
Alone can save the land from danger.
He chucks the baby on the chin,
He says your wife looks really youthful,
And, though you know you're fifty-five,
You look just twenty—if he's truthful.
That's fishing.

My little wife beside me stands
And steals a dimpled arm around me;
A kiss upon my lips—that's bait—
Some information to astound me,
Her bonnet is quite out of style,
Her summer wrap quite past the using;
That lovely one—so cheap—at Brown's
Is just the one she would be choosing.
That's fishing.

So, whether the game be fish or men,
The bait be kisses, worms or blushes—
The place at home, by sunny pool,
Or tennis ground at evening's hushes—
'Tis the old game the serpent played
With Mother Eve in Eden's bowers,
And Adam's sons and daughters all
Will love the sport to time's last hours.
That's fishing

SELECT STORY.

The Shadow of Nobility.

CHAPTER XX.—*Concluded.*

He looked curiously at her.

"I fail to catch your meaning. Please explain."

"I am very ignorant she returned, with a strange, new timidity, "and am ashamed to turn teacher in any way. But your mother and the good clergyman would tell you if you want anything badly, and are sure it is a good thing, you might pray for it."

"O," he said, "I don't think I should get it in that way. When two persons are concerned in a matter, God is bound to help the best."

Sir Guy's reasoning, and his want of faith in the things which were beginning to be of such vital importance to her, tried Marion Gore deeply. But she was learning holy lessons of patience and trust, and trying to walk in a path of simple obedience. Peace was descending on her heart, and she felt, though the boon she had coveted most was withheld, life would not be unblest. Though the love which might have flooded her whole being with gladness was wasted indeed, its treasure poured at the feet of one who cared not for it, she could have known rest if only Sir Guy were happy. Her reflections afterwards might have read thus:

"I know what he meant well enough. He thinks God would not allow Lady Noelthorne to marry him. And I bade him pray for it! Surely it was not the old self who spoke then."

Sir Guy's soliloquy was:

"Three saintly women—my mother, Lady Noelthorne, and now Marion Gore following in their wake. And I, poor sinner, coming out of the fire unscathed and unimpressed. What a desperate character I must be, and how hard it is to move my stubborn heart and fire my cold fancy! Nothing short of a miracle will do it!"

So it is ever; trouble either purifies or hardens: is the birthright of hope, or the prison cell of despair. But Mr Leatherly was right in saying Sir Guy was surrounded by influences which must tell in the long run. The miracle of a holy life was a phenomenon for which he could not account; and day by day he read with increasing admiration the open volume of his mother's evidence of the power of Christianity in the soul.

CHAPTER XXI.

THE conversation into which he had been led with Marion Gore and the tone she adopted took Sir Guy by surprise. A religious discussion was not at all to his taste with any one, least of all with a young lady. The clergyman's thrusts he could have turned aside and plainly showed that interference with his opinions was distasteful. But into the late talk he had been beguiled. At all events it had one good result—it set him thinking.

He saw the Countess before they left the island. She greeted him kindly, as a proved friend, thanking him for the journey to Naples, undertaken on her behalf, and his subsequent care of all arrangements. Her manner was far more composed than his; and though her face was worn, her eyes heavy with weeping, there was no evidence of despair, or even of recent bitter mourning. She sorrowed indeed, but not "as others which have no hope." Sir Guy, while sensibly relieved was pierced to the heart with pity and admiration.

"My uncle has asked me to express his deep sympathy," he said. "He regrets that he cannot see you before you leave. No one deplored the accident more than he—that is, of the outsiders, I mean."

"I should scarcely like to describe the sad event to which you refer by the term you have used," she gently replied. "No doubt it was accelerated by alarm at the terrific eruptions, of which I shudder to think; but still I believe all was not only overruled, but wisely ordained, and has ended well."

"It is a great comfort that you can so regard it," he rejoined. "It would be well if every mourner had your ladyship's confidence."

"It is well," she continued, gathering strength as she spoke. "Of course it is a rare thing to part with those we love, at any time or in any way. It would be contrary to nature not to feel it a terrible wrench and pang. But with the assurance of their immediate bliss, and the hope of spending eternity in their company, we cannot grieve rebelliously. And, Sir Guy, I felt my life more blighted when I was surrounded by the false gloss and glitter of society, and people looked on and envied, than I do now in my sore bereavement. At least my heart is not bitter, and I am not at war with fate."

He could have canonized her there and then, had he the power. He might have knelt at her feet and worshipped her. Somehow the sentiments to which she gave expression seemed rather the utterances of a creature far beyond the reach of earthly passion, while Marion Gore's were only those of an impulsive girl. One kind of sorrow isolates, and in isolating sanctifies. It takes one away from the "miserable comforters" of earth, right into the arms of the Eternal Father. Thenceforth the face shines with the glory of His presence.

"As far as we can, we have made every arrangement for your convenience," Sir Guy said, after a short silence. "If there is anything left undon, acquaint either my mother or Mr Leatherly, and I shall see that your wishes are carried out."

Again she thanked him, and quietly turned away.

She had never blamed her father—never: never even to Lady Hibbert shown how she had been coerced into marrying the old Earl. But from the expression, "I felt my life more blighted when people looked on and envied," Sir Guy gathered her sad history. She should have married George Knight: she loved him. She had been forced into a union which her soul detested, and it proved the shadowing of her life. Even while his heart owned her its queen, and yearned to do her homage, how could he, knowing what he did, wish to win her? To a true man, her happiness should be the first thought. It would be an ignoble thing to think only of self. Ah, she had suffered too much already. If ever again she was called wife, it must be by one to whom the whole confidence of her woman's nature was given. Thus alone could the mistake of her life be corrected.

On the deep again. Ah me! As the Countess felt tthe water surging beneath the steam-vessel she shivered. But Lady Hibbert whispered: "'There shall be no more sea.' And there is no pain or sickness or trouble. No night there." Then she smiled—smiled in thanksgiving.

They touched at Gibraltar, and here the Countess had a surprise. The Honourable Augustus Crichton came on board.

Not even the great rock she had never seen, which held the key to the Mediterranean, moved her curiosity and wooed her to the deck. What cared she for its thousand guns and internal passages? The cessation of motion, the babble of tongues, and noise of disembarkation alone told her that they were beside the important *entrepot* Then she uttered a cry, for at the door of the cabin she beheld her father.

He took her in his arms without a word. She laid her head down on his breast as a weary child might have done. Then, as he bent his face to hers, he felt his neck encircled, and with great sobs that shook her slender frame she wept out the remaining bitterness of her sorrow.

"Annis, hush! My poor, poor child!" he said soothingly, when he could speak for he, too, was weeping. "God has taken your boy."

"Yes, father," was the broken reply. "I know it, and am glad, even while I weep."

This went beyond Mr Crichton's comprehension.

"Why glad?" he inquired. "It is not wrong to be sorry, Annis. It is only natural."

She raised her head. The time for reserve was past; disclosure could not affect *him* now.

"Because, father, he never would have grown into a strong or able man. He would have been weak and feeble in mind and body always."

Mr Chichton had more than suspected this, but he forebore to say so. Current reports, and the entire seclusion in which the boy was kept, apprised him of the truth. After all, it was well that God took him.

Yet he could not help feeling bitterly the want of dependence on her own family which the Countess's long reticence implied. Why had he not his daughter's confidence? Ah, why?

"Annis," he said at last, in very low, humbled tones, "I have often thought I made a grave mistake in marking out your lot in life, and not leaving you more free to choose. But I was under deep pressure at the time, and desperate. Besides, I wished to act for your own good—God knows."

The burden of a great shame and unavailing regret came over him, and he ended with a sob. It was her part then to turn comforter, and, true to her woman's instincts, she did it. She drew his head to rest on her shoulder, and held him closer with her clinging arms, assuring him that all was well—all well now.

For some hours father and daughter were left undisturbed. They had many things to speak of, but by tacit consent the name of George Knight was not mentioned between them.

"Your mother came up to town on receiving the sad news," Mr Crichton said. "Then she went down to Noelthorne. She will have your house ready to receive you. Annis, do not forget that we love you as no others can."

"I will not," she returned gratefully burying the memory of the old wrong.

"You belong to us by right," he went on, "and even in affliction it is sweet to receive back our child. We are getting old, Annis, and have no one now but you to be the comfort of our declining years."

If he had meant by appealing to her sympathy to gain something of the former ascendency over her, he could not have done it more effectually. By casting himself upon her generosity the old tie was confirmed, a new claim entereed. It was not she who needed support and cheer now; it was the author of her being. They never had been harsh or cruel, that she could recall, and it was their very pride in her that made them ambitious. Had she ever given them full credit for their affection? or did not that one bitter mistake blot out the memory of much good?

"I hope to be a good daughter in time to come," she answered timidly. "I know I failed in my duty in the past. We have each something to forgive."

And then mindful ever of the feelings of others, she went to seek Lady Hibbert, asking her to introduce Mr Crichton to Sir Guy and Mr Leatherly.

"I can never express what those dear friends have been to me," the Countess said simply. "To thank them would be to wrong their love."

Perhaps there was something of restraint in the meeting between Sir Guy and the Honourable Augustus. The former was not a little prejudiced against the man who had sacrificed his child, while the latter looked upon the baronet with suspicion, and almost dislike.

The truth was, Mr Crichton, having long felt his heart empty and home lonely, had just conceived the idea of both being refilled by the return of his child. When once the pressure of debt was removed, and he ceased to be under the influence of constantly recurring anxiety, a sense of desolation settled upon his spirit. He became low, nervous, irritable. Without any settled aim or occupation in life, not the leader of a party, nor of sufficient stamina in politics, he wavered between town and country, finding both alike distasteful. He blamed the weather and abused the people, never considering that the root of the evil, the spirit of discontent was in himself. From his wife he met with little sympathy, and her pride in the fact that she was mother-in-law to an Earl only aroused his sarcasm.

By and-by he came to regard his daughter almost as a stranger in a strange land. She was to him as the moon in her mighty orbit, sailing along in unclouded majesty, clear and beautiful, but cold and far off. Her smiles, when they met, were like the reflections of sunlight on an ice-line, too transient and illusionary to satisfy the heart. She did not revisit the home of her childhood, and he never, as we have seen held a child of hers upon his knee.

But now—now that he hda tasted the sweetness of reviving tenderness, now that he had held his daughter in his arms once more, as he never had done since she was a little girl, he was jealous over his recovered treasure. Gladly would he have interposed between her and the formation of new ties.

He was even jealous of her friendship for Lady Hibbert and Miss Gore, though too polite and too much of a gentleman to show this. He assumed quite a confidential air with the ladies, but with Sir Guy his laboured acknowledgments and expressions of gratitude for the service rendered his daughter placed the baronet at a distance. He essayed also, while alone with the latter to deplore Lady Noelthorne's having ventured in the yacht. Adopting a pitying tone as he commented on her want of judgment in so doing, he threw a certain amount of blame on her advisors and companions. Although, Sir Guy Hibbert felt that though the Countess was on a platform of moral excellence far beyond his own, the Honourable Augustus Crichton was decidedly on a lower level.

(TO BE CONTINUED.

WATCH THIS SPACE

IT IS RESERVED FOR THE "AD" OF

GRODER'S BOTANIC DYSPEPSIA SYRUP,

KNOWN AS

"The Leading Dyspepsia Cure —OF— The World!"

Sold Under an Absolute Guarantee.

SOON TO BE MANUFACTURED IN ST. JOHN, N. B. —BY THE— GRODER'S DYSPEPSIA CURE CO. (LIMITED.)

"German Syrup"

A Throat and Lung Specialty.

Those who have not used Boschee's German Syrup for some severe and chronic trouble of the Throat and Lungs can hardly appreciate what a truly wonderful medicine it is. The delicious sensations of healing, easing, clearing, strength-gathering and recovering are unknown joys. For German Syrup we do not ask easy cases. Sugar and water may smooth a throat or stop a tickling—for a while. This is as far as the ordinary cough medicine goes. Boschee's German Syrup is a discovery, a great Throat and Lung Specialty. Where for years there have been sensitiveness, pain, coughing, spitting, hemorrhage, voice failure, weakness, slipping down hill, where doctors and medicine and advice have been swallowed and followed to the gulf of despair, where there is the sickening conviction that all is over and the end is inevitable, there we place German Syrup. It cures. **You are a live man yet if you take it.**

6TH HALF-YEARLY COMPETITION

The most Interesting Contest ever offered by The Canadian Agriculturist.

One Thousand Dollars in Cash, a Pair of Handsome Shetland Ponies, Carriage and Harness, and over two hundred other valuable prizes for the Agriculturist's delighted readers! Who will have them? According to custom and custom is some years past the publishers of The Agriculturist now offer their sixth half-yearly Prize Competition. This grand competition will, no doubt, be the most valuable and successful one ever presented to the people of the United States and Canada.

Ten thousand Dollars in cash will be paid to the person coming in the largest list of English words constructed from the letters in the words "The Canadian Agriculturist."

Twelve Dollars in cash will be paid to the person coming in the largest list of English words constructed from the letters in the words "The Canadian Farmer."

Twelve Dollars in cash will be paid to the person coming in the largest list of English words constructed from the letters in the words "The Canadian Horse."

Twelve Dollars in cash will be paid to the person coming in the largest list of English words constructed from the letters in the words "The Canadian Home."

Twelve Dollars in cash will be paid to the person coming in the largest list of English words constructed from the letters in the words "The Canadian Girl."

Twelve Dollars in cash will be paid to the person coming in the largest list of English words constructed from the letters in the words "The Canadian Boy."

Twelve Dollars in cash will be paid to the person coming in the largest list of English words constructed from the letters in the words "The Canadian Agriculturist."

Twelve Dollars in cash will be given to the person coming in the largest list.

A fine home Pair of Shetland Ponies, Carriage and Harness will be given for the third largest list.

Over one thousand additional prizes awarded in order of merit. One Grand Piano, $500 Organ; $400 Piano; $300 Piano; Ladies Gold Watches; Silk Dress Patterns; Gold Watches; Silver Tea Services; Teaspoons; Forks, etc., etc., to be given in 14 others, bound to delight, etc., etc., in a more than 1000 prizes, any one who takes part in this delightful, adorable and successful one ever presented to the people of the United States and Canada.

Twenty Dollars in cash will be paid to the person coming in the largest list of English words constructed from the letters in the words "The Canadian Agriculturist." 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 for a six months subscription to one of the best HOME MAGAZINES in America.

NOTE.—We want half a million subscribers, and to secure them we intend to give away in rewards one half our income. Therefore, in case one half the total receipts during our competition 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. Its reputation is well known. A second Dollars in cash will be paid to the person coming in the largest list of English words constructed from the letters in the words "Home Magazine." Competitors may be in any part of Canada, Britain, Ireland or the United States. Address all letters to THE LADIES HOME MAGAZINE, Peterborough, Canada.

PEOPLE FIND

That it is not wise to experiment with cheap compounds purporting to be blood-purifiers, but which have no real medicinal value. To make use of any other than the old standard AYER'S Sarsaparilla—the Superior Blood-purifier—is simply to invite loss of time, money and health. If you are afflicted with Scrofula, Catarrh, Rheumatism, Dyspepsia, Eczema, Running Sores, Tumors, or any other blood disease, be assured that

It Pays to Use

AYER'S Sarsaparilla, and AYER'S only. AYER'S Sarsaparilla can always be depended upon. It does not vary. It is always the same in quality, quantity, and effect. It is superior in combination, proportion, appearance, and in all that goes to build up the system weakened by disease and pain. It searches out all impurities in the blood, and expels them by the natural channels of the system.

AYER'S Sarsaparilla

Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass. Sold by all Druggists. Price $1; six bottles, $5.

Cures others, will cure you

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 splendid 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 and every week during 1892 will get $200, the second correct answer $100, the third $50, fourth, a beautiful diamond ring, followed with orders after every week, and the following week every correct set prize competitor, whether a prize winner or not, will receive a 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.

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