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The CENTRAL HOUSE is well adapted for  
COMMERCIAL TRAVELLERS, having  
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**NOTICE!**

**DR. CAMERON**  
Has left the Central House and now  
resides on  
**CHURCH STREET,**  
In the House formerly owned by J. F.  
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Calf Skins  
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Highest Cash price paid.  
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**NOTICE.**

NOTICE is hereby given that at the next ses-  
sion of the Parliament of Canada, applica-  
tion will be made for an Act to incorporate the  
Society known as

**THE GRAND COUNCIL OF THE  
CATHOLIC MUTUAL BENEFIT ASSO-  
CIATION OF CANADA.**

The objects of which society are to unite frater-  
nally all persons entitled to membership  
under the Constitution and By-laws of the  
Society; to improve the moral, mental and social  
condition of its members; to educate them in  
integrity, sobriety and frugality; to receive,  
manage and disburse a benefit fund, a reserve  
fund, from which a sum not exceeding Two  
Thousand Dollars shall be paid to each member  
in good standing, his beneficiary or legal repre-  
sentatives according to the Constitution and By-  
laws of the Society.

Utiatur, October 20th, 1892.  
**LATCHFORD & MURPHY,**  
Solicitors of Applicants.

### THE ROMANCE OF A HANDKERCHIEF.

Without doubt it was seasonable weather,  
cold and raw, with snow trodden under  
foot into slippery mud. Old Miss Brown,  
whose stock of coals was almost exhausted,  
and who at all times suffered from an  
insufficiency of clothing, looked through  
the window of the one small room which  
she inhabited, and felt that it was very  
reasonable indeed. In years nearly sixty,  
in features sharp and thin, in stature small  
and stooping, she looked just what she  
was, a woman to whom life was a long  
struggle. The room was neat and clean,  
appropriate decoration appeared on the  
mud in shape of the one Christmas  
card she had ever received; and her well-  
worn garments were spotless. She had  
seen better days, and had been "generally  
brought up," as she would have said, but  
many reverses of fortune had reduced her  
to her present condition—a hard-working,  
half-starved dressmaker that is, she re-  
made old dresses; and did children's frocks  
for people who paid her less than they  
would have done a more "stylish" work-  
woman, and so called their employment  
of her—charity! She had never heard  
at just such low ebb as she found herself  
this Christmas Eve, although hard times  
had often been hers before, still, she had  
pulled through without anyone knowing of  
her straits, and she had never been in debt  
to the extent of a penny in her life.

Lately, however, she had experienced an  
unusual difficulty in getting in the money  
due to her, and to-day found her absolutely  
penniless, and without a fragment of food  
in the house. Still, she was not desper-  
ate; she glanced cheerfully at a bundle  
containing a child's dress just finished.  
Her eyes and her fingers and her back had  
ached over it, and ached yet, but the work  
was done at the promised time, and she  
was ready to take it home to Mrs. Machell,  
a new and a wealthy customer; then she  
would be paid for it; next week some-  
thing more would come, so why should she  
despond?

She put on a rusty triangular black  
bonnet, a far tipper strongly inclined to  
baldness, drew on a pair of carefully-  
inked black gloves, and went out; the  
sharp, strong air made her feel giddy and  
weak, but there being no hurry she walked  
slowly, studying the gay windows with  
their cards, *bonnetiers* and tempting  
presents. There had been fewer of such  
things in her young days, she thought;  
people had a deal to make them happy  
now. On the homeward way she would  
buy some tea and sugar and a bit of cake,  
since Christmas came but one year.

It was a long way to Mrs. Machell's  
house, and she was almost worn out when  
she got there, climbing the wide, pearl-  
grey steps slowly. A smart maid received  
the parcel, and tripped away down a long,  
beautiful hall. Sounds of music and song  
and laughter floated from a distant room,  
and evergreens with vivid red berries  
glistened on the wall. The smart maid  
opened back again. "Misses is engaged  
just now; you may call for your money  
some time next week," she said, all in a  
breath and then shut the door.

The poor old soul looked helplessly at  
it, then with a dry clicking sound in her  
throat, turned away, not having the courage  
to knock again, even had she been  
inclined to explain her needs to ears so  
unsympathetic.

"Deary me," she murmured, clasping  
her numbed fingers as she thought of the  
long, dreary road before her, "however  
am I to get home again?"

And home without fire or food on Christ-  
mas Day! Her lips quivered as she crept  
down the steps more feebly than before,  
shrinking close to the railings and at times  
pausing to rest. What was to be done?  
She had never begged or borrowed, and  
even at this crisis she could not begin  
either. Faint and sick, she faltered before  
a brilliantly-lighted window, tottering  
on a brilliantly-lighted window, tottering  
feebly before someone, who turned at her  
faintly-spoken apology, showing a young  
and lovely face.

"Did you hurt yourself?" the owner  
asked, in the lowest and sweetest of voices,  
but Miss Brown answered no, that she  
had walked a long way, and felt a bit  
tired, whilst the bright eyes scanned her  
white face, her drooping mouth, her silver  
hairs under the old bonnet.

"You look so tired and weak, and not  
very well. Do allow me to see you home;  
take my arm. I think it will help you a  
little—though it is only a woman's."

They walked on together, the girl sup-  
porting the frail old creature, and talking  
pleasantly as they went. Somehow the  
homeward way did not seem so long to the  
dressmaker's tired limbs, but she could  
not turn the key in the lock, so stiff  
and cold were her fingers. The girl did it  
for her, helping her inside. She did not  
faint as she feared, but she trembled from  
head to foot, a tear trickling down the  
hollow of her cheek. Hunger, fatigue,  
and cold were stronger than pride, and she  
told her bitter disappointment to the  
gentle stranger, true to her instincts  
refusing the sweetly offered aid. She  
had never borrowed before, she would  
not begin now. Perhaps if she had seen Mrs.  
Machell herself it would have been differ-  
ent.

"Now I know what to do!" exclaimed  
Christabel. "You will not let me help  
you in one way, but I may in another. I  
will go and ask if I may see Mrs. Machell,  
and tell her that it would be obliging you  
greatly if she would let you have the  
money now. Will that do?"

Miss Brown gave a faint sigh.  
"Servants take a deal on themselves  
sometimes, and the lady might never know  
I was there," she said hopefully, then,  
rethinking herself for want of charity,  
added that it was her own fault, as she  
should have told how badly she wanted the  
money. But it's a long way my dear, and  
they will be anxious about you at home."

"I have no home and no one to be  
anxious," the girl replied. "I have no  
relatives. I live in lodgings, and paint  
pictures for my daily bread. Never mind  
me before you have time to turn round I  
shall be back from Mrs. Machell, and  
ready to do anything else you like."

And then she was gone, only outside  
brushing away tears.  
"The poor old soul," she murmured.  
"Oh, how can rich people be so selfish?  
I shall try to make Christmas a brighter  
for her anyway."

The imposing exterior of the Machell  
mansion did not overawe Christabel, who  
had been born and bred a lady; nor was  
she overcome by the supercilious stare of  
the maid when she insisted on seeing Mrs.  
Machell. The girl bade her come in—  
not very civilly—and tapping at the door,  
informed her mistress that a young person  
wanted to see her, whereupon Mrs.  
Machell rustled into the hall, a portly  
vision in black silk and ivory-hued lace.  
She was annoyed at being disturbed; and  
Christabel's explanation very short.

"Miss Brown was told that I would pay  
her next week," she said, sharply. "Does  
she think that I will not keep my word?"  
"She is very much in want of money.  
A day or two means a great deal when one  
is poor."

Mrs. Machell eyed the intruder with  
cold disapprobation; beauty and young  
persons had no right together. She took  
out her purse slowly, then a thought strik-  
ing her, plump, white jewelled hands  
stopped midway.

"How am I to know that if I give the  
money to you, it will reach Miss Brown  
at all? You are a stranger to me."  
The girl started; it was a moment or  
two before she understood the meaning of  
the words.

"You don't suppose that I am a thief,  
do you?" she gasped.  
"How in the world can I tell what you  
are?"

Christabel became aware of some one  
looking at her over Mrs. Machell's shoulder,  
and caught a glimpse of a dark, hand-  
some face, and her color deepened, tears  
glistening on her lashes. She did not  
remain to argue about her own honesty,  
but with a swelling heart walked away  
opening the great door, she knew not how,  
and leaving the house. She walked on  
very slowly, half crying as she thought of  
Miss Brown's fearless room, and of the  
thin, hungry old face. How could she  
return empty-handed? She forgot the  
insult to herself in wondering how she  
could assist the poor dressmaker without  
wounding her pride. She heard quick  
footsteps following her, and presently the  
young gentleman who had heard her styled  
a thief was at her elbow, a light overcoat  
above his evening dress. He was breath-  
less with haste.

"I beg your pardon," he said, "but are  
you not the young lady who called about  
Miss Brown's account? Here it is; Mrs.  
Machell did not intend to hurt your feel-  
ings; she had a headache or something;  
please don't mind it."

"Will you tell Mrs. Machell that I am  
much obliged to her?" said Christabel. "It  
was very good of you to take the trouble  
to come after me with the money; I assure  
you it is sadly wanted."

"Really? She is a little old woman  
with a sharp face, isn't she? Looks as if  
she did not get much to eat?"

"I don't suppose she does, either. But  
for this money, she would have been  
without a fragment of food to-morrow.  
I never saw her before to-day, but her  
face and her poor little home told me her  
history."

"It was very kind of you to do so much  
for a stranger," said Arthur Machell.  
He was very anxious to prolong the  
conversation, but at the end of the square  
Christabel bade him a decided good night,  
and being a gentleman he accepted the  
dismissal, going his way to a friend's  
house, while Christabel went hers, hasten-  
ing with a lighter heart and heavier purse  
to the relief of her garrison.

Meanwhile Mrs. Machell returned to the  
examination of her Christmas presents,  
displaying them to her visitor and com-  
menting on the senders.

A box of French plumes from Mrs.  
Porter, Laura; did you ever? She must  
think I am a child yet. Where is that  
lovely lace handkerchief from Clara?  
That is something worth giving an old  
receiving. Dear me, where is it? I was show-  
ing it to you a few minutes ago."

"You took it with you when you went  
to that dressmaker's girl," said Laura,  
after shaking her skirts and peeping under  
the table.

"I remember now; you had it in your  
hand."

"Oh, so I had. I laid it on the hall  
table whilst I got my purse."

"She rustled from the room, but only a  
stick and some hat brushes lay on the  
table now; the lace was not on the floor  
nor among the umbrellas nor enveloped in  
her train. It had disappeared and she  
felt very angry; it was the most valuable  
of her presents and the one she liked best.  
Laura came to her assistance, then the  
maid, but the lace could not be found."

"That girl must have taken it," Mrs.  
Machell at length exclaimed, "I knew  
she was not honest! I felt certain she  
had only come to steal!"

"You should have her arrested before  
she has time to dispose of it," advised  
Laura, and without more reflection Mrs.  
Machell sent for a cab intending to drive  
Miss Brown's maid and surprise the guilty  
pair.

Cabs were rare in that neighborhood.  
When the vehicle stopped she began to  
feel rather afraid and to wish that she had  
waited for Arthur's protection. Summon-  
ing all her courage she went up stairs,  
knocked at the door with the brass plate  
as small and "skipped" as its owner,  
determined to avenge herself. Christabel  
opened the door, and the sight of her  
aided fuel to Mrs. Machell's wrath: she  
pushed by haughtily, the girl offering  
no opposition, thinking indeed that the  
rich lady had come to play the part of  
Santa Claus. The fire was burning bright-  
ly, a "kettle singing on the hob; the deal  
table was strewn with packages, house-  
hold necessities bought by Christabel, for  
Miss Brown had been too weak and ill to  
do her scanty shopping. Her dim eyes  
turned in wonder on the lady, whose  
indignation had reached its climax.

"You know what I have come for," she  
said, addressing Christabel; you had  
better give up the handkerchief and save  
yourself further trouble."

"I really do not understand you."  
"Oh I think you do! If you return  
that lace handkerchief now I will say no  
more about it, if you don't I certainly  
will give you the custody."

"The lace handkerchief," Christabel  
repeated wonderingly.  
"You are very innocent, to be sure!  
May I ask, Miss Brown, if you really sent  
this person to your house for your money?"  
Miss Brown had been looking from one  
to the other bewildered.

"The young lady very kindly offered to  
go for it, ma'am," she said meekly. "I  
was in some need of it, and I am very  
thankful to you for letting me have it."  
"Pray don't attempt sarcasm, my good  
woman. I certainly will not pay you a  
penny until my handkerchief is returned."

Miss Brown stared, Christabel had  
simply given her the money, suppressing  
the unpleasantness preceding its receipt.  
She now felt compelled to state how and  
by whom the account had been settled.

"A likely story!" said Mrs. Machell,  
with contempt. "I did not send the money;  
I would scarcely send my son on such an  
errand! You have been imposed on, Miss  
Brown. This girl has taken a very valu-  
able lace handkerchief from my house. I  
will have it, or I will sue you unless she  
gives it up."

"You are at liberty to do so," said  
Christabel, coolly and disdainfully; so  
undismayed, so composed, that Mrs.  
Machell began to feel uneasy. She  
wondered if she might not have put the  
handkerchief away in some of the other  
present boxes, into a glove box for instance.

"I don't want to be hard on you," she  
said, "you are a young girl, and perhaps  
strongly tempted."  
Christabel's eyes flashed. "You shall  
substantially witness the charge you  
have made," she said very quietly. "My  
good name is all I have and there is only  
myself to protect myself."  
"I will go you until to-morrow," said  
Mrs. Machell. "And if by that time my  
property is not restored you know what to  
expect."

Christabel made no reply, but, as the  
lady retired, she bit her lip to restrain  
tears.  
"It is all my fault," Miss Brown said,  
pitifully. "Your kindness to me has  
brought me trouble on you. Who'd ex-  
pect such a thing? A gentle woman like you  
had I knew you would not believe it of  
me," the girl said more cheerfully.  
"Never mind. We'll keep our Christmas  
merry still!"

Mrs. Machell drove home in a rather  
drowsy state of mind. The first thing  
she did was to search carefully for the  
missing lace, but to no purpose.

"That girl must have taken it, after  
all," she decided. "How hardened she  
is!"

Hearing her son enter, she called to him,  
and he appeared, fresh from the frosty  
air.

"Well, mother dear, what is it?"  
"Did you really go after that dress-  
maker's girl and give her money?"

"I really did. But how did you know?"  
"I think it is the question, why did you  
do such a thing?"

"Well, to tell you the truth, I felt  
ashamed that people in our position should  
hesitate to pay what you called 'the  
paltry sum of ten shillings' to those who  
had helped me in my need. There is no harm  
in such a thing, and I feel sure the old  
soul would it."

"I wish you would learn the art of  
judicious kindness," she said angrily.  
"You took no receipt, and they will be  
claiming the money again."

"Come don't scold me, dear; I deserve  
your sympathy and compassion. I have  
been so laughed at by the Morrison's,  
I shall bear the last of this for weeks."

As he spoke he drew something from  
his overcoat pocket—the missing handker-  
chief.

"I went out in a tremendous hurry," he  
explained, "and catching sight of some-  
thing white on the lobby table, thought it  
was my own handkerchief, and took  
possession of it. Little Nelly Morrison  
shook me up in a search of tobacco,  
unaware that I had been the victim of  
all sorts of suspicions and every descrip-  
tion of chaff. Why, mother, what is  
the matter?"

Mrs. Machell had crimsoned to her  
forehead, feeling thoroughly ashamed of  
herself, and she faltered out the tale,  
pleating that her suspicions had been  
only the indirect cause of the  
"trouble," said Arthur gravely. "An  
explanation and an apology are due to  
that young lady, mother."

"I will make it all right once  
Christmas is over. I am dreadfully busy,  
as you know, and after all, no harm is  
done."

On the afternoon of Christmas Day,  
Miss Brown and Christabel had made  
themselves very comfortable, with fruit  
on the table, and a certainty of tea and  
cake in the immediate future. Christabel  
had brought a reasonable number filled  
with the most thrilling ghost stories that  
ever started a reader, and these she was  
reading for the benefit of her hostess, who  
firmly believed every one.

"And she read, whilst his heart  
stood still in mortal terror at this ghastly  
and mysterious vision a low strange  
knocking broke the charmed silence—"

Each gave an involuntary start, just  
at this moment, a low, strange, knocking  
was heard, and they stared at the door,  
gasping, then Miss Brown's thoughts flew  
to the case and Mrs. Machell's threat,  
and she shuddered pale.

"That girl must have taken it," said  
Christabel, and she admitted neither policeman nor ghost,  
but Mr. Arthur Machell, who, with a  
great deal of confusion, explained the  
incidents of the preceding night, begging  
Christabel's forgiveness in such a manner  
that not even a hard-hearted person could  
have refused it, especially at the season  
of peace and goodwill.

Arthur had little difficulty in getting  
into that humble dwelling; he found it less  
easy to get away.

If an angel came to Christabel to change  
and transform her life, it came in homely,  
human form, its celestial beauty hid in  
a half-starved old woman, to whom she  
had extended a hand of true kindness, into  
whose lowly years she brought an abiding  
sunshine.

When Christmas Eve came round again,  
it found her Art Machell's wife; even  
maternal opposition had been overcome  
by the sweetness and purity of the girl he  
loved.

And so it went, all came about through  
a lace handkerchief; it was, as together  
they entered the new home and the new  
life.

"Say rather," Arthur whispered, "that  
it was a through a dear act of kindness  
and gentle charity."

Its Excellent Qualities  
commend to public approval the California  
liquid fruit remedy Syrup of Figs. It is  
pleasing to the eye, and to the taste and  
by gently acting on the kidneys, liver and  
bowels, it cleanses the system effectually,  
thereby promoting the health and comfort  
of all who use it.

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Is a most loathsome, dangerous, and preven-  
tion. It is a blood disease, usually of  
serous origin, and for which local  
treatment is useless. Before health is pos-  
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the system, and to do this

**SUCCESSFULLY**  
the disease must be treated through the  
blood. For this purpose no remedy is so  
effective as Ayer's Sarsaparilla.

"For the past eight years, I have been  
severely afflicted with Catarrh, none of the  
many remedies I tried affording me any re-  
lief. My digestion was considerably im-  
paired, and my sleep disturbed by phlegm  
dropping into my throat. In September  
last I resolved to try Ayer's Sarsaparilla,  
beginning to use it at once, and am glad to  
testify to its most beneficial effects."  
—Frank Tison, Jr., chemist, 271 West  
Fourth street, New York City.

"My daughter, Elizabeth, was afflicted  
with Catarrh from her fifth year. Last  
August she was

**TREATED WITH**  
Ayer's Sarsaparilla, and after three months  
of this treatment she was completely cured.  
It was a most extraordinary cure, as my  
daughter, Elizabeth, is now well, and  
strongly recommends it."  
—Mrs. D. W.  
Kearney, Valparaiso, Neb.

**Ayer's  
Sarsaparilla**  
Prepared by J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.  
Sold by all Druggists. Price, 25¢ per bottle, \$5  
Cures others, will cure you

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UNCLEAN  
ACCUMULATIONS  
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THE FAVORITE  
**JUSTICE SOAP**



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true economy, as a good article, one  
which will do good work without injury  
to hands or delicate fabrics. Try it.

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MOULDINGS OF ALL KINDS.

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McKay & Brine, PROPRIETORS.

While thanking our many patrons throughout Antigonish County and many other parts of  
the Province for the large share of patronage extended to us last season, we would respectfully  
ask a continuance of the same during the present season of 1892.  
The high reputation our work has made for itself in the past should be sufficient guarantee  
that we will endeavor to retain and increase our present patronage this season, by exerting (if it  
is possible) in class of workmanship that of previous years, in all our various specialties such as

**Custom Carding, Fulling, Dressing, Dyeing, Etc., Etc.**

To meet the convenience of many who are unable to visit our mills personally, we have ap-  
pointed agents in the following places, a list of which we also place before you for your guidance.

**LIST OF AGENTS FOR MCKAY & BRINE'S WOOLLEN MILLS.**  
Mr. H. K. McDonald, Point Tupper, C. B.  
Mr. J. E. Bourke, Deschamps, C. B.  
Mr. H. H. Bruce, Barney's River.  
Messrs. B. Jacques & Son's, House Harbor.  
Magdalen Island.  
Mr. A. G. Gillis, Middle Melford.  
Mr. J. J. Gillis, Georgeville.  
Messrs. L. & E. Hart, 1890-shore.  
Mr. D. McIvor, Barney's River.  
Mr. A. P. Miller, Westport.  
Mr. W. J. McDonald, Nalgiant Cove.  
Mr. John A. McDonald, Antigonish.  
Mr. M. B. McDonald, Lemer.  
Mr. J. C. McDonald, Ardross.

All work entrusted to any of our Agents as above, either for Custom Carding, Fulling, Dress-  
ing or Dyeing, will have our prompt and careful attention.  
Our cards having been newly clothed, are in first-class condition to turn out good work and  
our cloth finishing cannot be excelled anywhere. Charges for all our work are moderate. "Note."  
We pay Railway charges both ways and return promptly.  
We also keep in stock large assortment of KNOTTING YARN, both double and twisted, and  
single of all colors; also TWEEDS, HOMESPUNS, FLANNELS and SHIRTINGS, which we can  
recommend to our customers, and guarantee them the best value in the market, as we use PURE WOOL  
only in our manufacture.  
The highest market price always paid for wool in exchange for goods.

**MCKAY & BRINE.**  
Antigonish, May 23, 1892.

**IN STOCK AT  
C. B. WHIDDEN & SON'S,**

Choice Pastry and Family Flours,  
Graham Flour, Rolled Oats, Oatmeal,  
Cornmeal, Split Peas and Beans,  
Pot Barley.

**MOLASSES**  
In Pouches and Barrels.

— A FULL LINE OF —  
**Canned Goods**

CHOICE FAMILY GROCERIES.  
Sugar Cured Hams and Bacon,  
Kerosene Oil in Casks and Tins,  
Choice Family Lard.

NO. 1 JULY HERRING,  
CODFISH AND HAKE.  
**C. B. WHIDDEN & SON.**

**INTERCOLONIAL RAILWAY.**  
1892.—Winter Arrangement.—1893.