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The CENTRAL HOUSE is well adapted for
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Good Stabling on the Premises.

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ONE OF THE BEST HOUSES IN THE COUNTY.

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Drafts and Bills of Exchange, payable
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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.
Robb.
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Watches Clocks,
Spectacles, Silverware
And Fine Jewellery
OF EVERY DESCRIPTION.

Wedding Rings,
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Silver Thimbles,
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And everything kept in a first class Jewellery
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ROTARY SAW MILLS,
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WATER WHEELS.

AND OTHER MILL MACHINERY AND SUPPLIES

Engines - and - Boilers,
Either Portable or Stationary.

A leading Contractor has pronounced our
Hot-air Furnace
The Best Manufactured in the Dominion.
You should get one in your house, it will
save you time and money.
STOVES, FLOW FITTINGS, and other
Castings of every description.
Particular Attention given to JOB-
BING in all its Branches.
Write for Prices.

Weir & Morrison,
STELLARTON, N. S.

A Lost Friend.

My friend he was, my friend from all the rest:
With childlike faith he opened to me his breast:
No door was locked on altar, grave, or grief;
No weakness veiled, concealed no disbelief:
The hope, the sorrow and the wrong were bare,
And ah, the shadow only showed the fair.

I gave him love for love, but deep within,
I mingled each frailty into his,
Each hill topped folly in the sunset glow,
Obscuring values where rarer virtues flowed,
Reproach became reproach, till common grew
The capricious word at every fault I knew,
He smiled upon the censorship, and bore
With patient love the touch that wounded sore:
Until at length, so had my blindness grown,
He knew I judged him by his faults alone.

THE LEAVEN OF LOVE.

It was Ash Wednesday. An old woman
with a careworn face leaned over a washbasin
in a dreary room. Half the panes of glass
in the one window were missing and nearly
all the furniture. The window was stop-
ped up with a dirty newspaper that if
unfolded would have disclosed lurid
pictures of crime. Though dark and
dismal, the room was not dirty, and in
spite of her occupation the woman looked
particularly neat and clean. She rubbed
the clothes up and down the board in a
mechanical way, as if unconscious of what
she was doing.

She had been at Mass before sunrise
that morning and was thinking of the
explanation of Lent that she had heard.
In a hard way she was thinking, too, of
her own life — one long Lent of suffering,
privation and hardship — from the time
she was born until now that life was
almost done.

She thought of her husband, who, after
laboring night and day to get his place
cleared and some money ahead, had died
suddenly, just when life began to look
fair to him. She thought of her tending
days and wakeful nights, when her chil-
dren were growing, to keep them at school
and away from the rough element of the
streets. She thought of her daughter who
had died, and who seemed not so dead to
her as the one who married and went away
to another State, and whose unanswered
letters finally dropped into silence.

And through all these ran uppermost
thoughts of the wayward son — now ar-
rived at manhood — who, after a night's
doubt, had just gone away with curses
on his lips. She had bitterly scolded him,
to be sure, but wasn't that a mother's
duty? And he had answered her reproaches
with —

"Growin' again? You're always
growin'! If you had a chap's house
pleasanter he wouldn't have to run out of it
so much. You nor the girls never gave a
fellow a chance to breathe in the house with
you. And a man can't be kept at the
grind night and day. He's got to have
some fun. And if he don't get it inside
he'll get it out, you may bet your life on
that."

And then he swore about the wretched-
ness of his life and wished he was dead,
with an oath that made her flesh creep.
And this was the manhood that her beau-
tiful, golden-haired boy had grown into:
the fine lad for whom she had worked her
fingers nearly to the bone to have him
looking neat and to keep him at school for
years — a shiftless, foul mouthed, brutal
manhood; going steadily from bad to
worse, keeping no regular employment,
and only working when he must — for
drink's sake — at odd jobs.

And now they had got to the bottom of
things. Her last bits of furniture, that she
prized for old time's sake, he had
stolen out and pawned; and she was
obliged, in her tired old age, to take in
washing to keep her body and soul
together.

"God help me and him," she groaned,
and a couple of heart-wringing tears fell into
the suds, and she stopped for a minute to
wipe her eyes off with her apron.

"If you made a chap's house pleasanter,
he wouldn't have to go out of it so much,"
the words came back upon her with a
shock. Could it be possible that his
might be to blame for his going wrong?
She stood breathless, and like a flash came
a vision from the past. A wild, bright
boy, bubbling over with spirits, rushing
into a reckless room with muddy boots,
scattering confusion everywhere; throw-
ing his hat here, his books there, and
flinging himself on the sofa with a bit of
meat or bread in his hand, to read a bor-
rowed book. Then herself scolding as she
picked things up in a bitter, angry
way, till vexed at the never ending tirade,
the boy rushes out to the only companions
he knows, neighboring boys, but with
whom he is forbidden to play. More
scolding, therefore, when he comes in. That
was the picture, and the beginning of the
end, she felt. She could see it now; her
days of toil and overwork in trying to
make both ends meet had begun in her a
nervous, anxious spirit, that worked itself
out in fault finding. She had no time to
put aside her cares for a pleasant talk
with her children; in working for their
bodies she had forgotten to teach them
confidence and the law of reciprocal love
and duty, and so they had grown away
from her. The boy, finding it pleasant
away from home, stayed out more and
more till evil associates led him where
they would. His mother was only a
severe task-mistress, who was to be kept
in the dark as much as possible about his
actions, so that she wouldn't scold about
them, and so the evil days had come upon
her.

Her daughter, too, had died of a broken
heart. She had seen her wearing away,
but as she knew she was a good girl,
attending regularly to her religious duties,

she felt sure that she could not go wrong
and did not invite her confidence. Was
she wrong there, too? Would the open-
ing of that young heart, and tender,
motherly advice and sympathy have
helped her child over the hard trial of
unrequited love's bitter agony, and saved
her for a womanhood made better by it?
And would her other daughter now be so
careless of her if she had fostered the early
germs of affection in her child's heart.

"This flood of unusual feeling swept over
the old woman's heart and left her half
fainting. She was roused into her normal
self again by the sound of many footsteps
struggling up the stairs. In terror she fled
to the door. A litter, a mutilated body
and a group of workmen met her gaze.

"He's not dead though! Don't be
scared. He'll pull through. Hell from a
ladder and a pile of bricks fell on him.
He was a little boozey, and fell and never
got killed outright, you know."

With this bit of rough comfort the man,
who didn't believe what he was saying, edged
out after his companions. He was sure
the young man would die.

And he certainly would have died but for
the heroic efforts of that old mother. She
watched and prayed and worked with a
sort of frenzy till the worst was over. Then
when consciousness returned, and the young
man was too weak to even move in bed, by
a mighty effort she turned her very nature
to help him. She would not permit herself
to worry about anything. She showed him
always a pleasant face and tried to talk
only of pleasant things.

Finally one day, it was Holy Thursday,
when she was obliged to go to the washbasin
to earn some sorely needed money, she tried
to sing to keep things cheerful; it was a
song that had been his lullaby but the old
cracked voice sounded so strange in her
ears, after the lapse of so many years,
that the words died in a sob.

The young man who was dressed on the
bed, looked up, listened and turned his
face to the wall. Finally he sat up.
"Mother," he said.
"Well, John," she answered, trying to
conceal that her voice was husky with the
emotion that the old song had wrought in
her.

"Mother, I'm well enough to get up to-
day; and mother," getting up and coming
over to her, "I'm going out to church."
She looked at him with streaming eyes.
"And, mother, I hope that God will make
me a better son to you. Forgive me, if
you can, for being such a wicked one."

She fell upon his neck, and her poor old
weary heart nearly broke for joy. The
leaven of kindness had worked a change
that fault-finding or sermonizing had never
affected. Together they went to church
that day. On Good Friday and Holy Sat-
urday he confessed again before being al-
lowed to communicate on Easter Sunday.

And when, on that day, they sat together
at High Mass — for the first time in so
many, many years — and the priest gave
out the text of his sermon. "I am the
Resurrection and the Life," she felt that
God would help her son to rise from the
degradation of sin and live — and she felt,
too, that her long fast for love was over,
that her Lent of sackcloth and ashes was
indeed past, and that Easter, the time of
rejoicing, was come. — *Catholic Columbian.*

Both air and water abound in microbes,
or germs of disease, ready to infect the
debilitated system. To impart that strength
and vigor necessary to resist the effect of
these pernicious atoms, no tonic blood
purifier equals Ayer's Sarsaparilla.

Chats With Good Listeners.
(Maurice Francis Egan, in Ave Maria.)

THE MODEL CATHOLIC.

There seems to be a tendency among us
to give, unconsciously, a sectarian mean-
ing to the word Catholic; and this tendency
our dissenting friends are quick to detect.
It is the highest of all titles; made more
glorious, too, by the name Roman which
St. Peter, Christ's Vicegerent, gave us the
right to prefix to it.

But, in looking over some of the publi-
cations expressly for Catholics, I must
confess that I am puzzled by the apparent
intention of the writers to separate the
word Catholic from the word Christian.
To be a Christian in the highest sense is to
be a Catholic; to be a Catholic is to be a
Christian, — for nothing can efface the
mystical marks of Baptism nor even ap-
peal itself. One, however, is led to be-
lieve that the term Catholic implies some-
thing higher than the term Christian, and
at the same time something narrower.
"You leave Christianity for us, and you
claim only to be Catholics," wrote a Pro-
testant lately. This, on second thought,
seems to have an appearance of truth.

orate the impression — which, he it under-
stood, is only an impression, not a fact at
all. What is a good Catholic but a good
Christian in the highest sense? Is a good
Catholic necessarily some mystical crea-
ture of hidden tests, apart from what we
understand Christianity to be? Not at all.
A good Catholic is a Christian citizen, the
most charitable of friends, and the most
forgiving of enemies. To be a thoroughly
good Catholic means that one should fulfill
every duty in life as thoroughly as possi-
ble. We fall below this often, and are
forgiven; and one of our greatest conso-
lations and safeguards is that we have the
means of rising and of keeping up.

But why should we fancy that the term
Catholic makes us one of a circle of reli-
gious aristocrats, whose position in the
eyes of God and our neighbor is dependent
on something else than the keeping of the
Commandments of God and His Church?
There is too much of that feeling; it has
been too much of that feeling. It is not
Christian, consequently it is not Catho-
lic. Nothing is Christian that is not
Catholic. The Italians and the Spaniards
have a way of pitying the English travel-
ler that do not salute the way-side statues
of the Mother of God. "They are not
Christians — poor creatures! or they would
show some reverence to the symbol of the
Mother of the Word made Flesh." This
is no more reasonable than that divi-
nity upon us — the division between
Catholics and Christians. A Protestant
may be a Unitarian, a Protestant may be
a Quaker, a Protestant may be an
entirely without belief in the divinity of
Christ as he is generally without special
reverence for His Mother; but a Catholic
must be a Christian; and a true Christian,
baptized, believing, sincere, must be a
Catholic, — but God only can tell whether
he is entirely sincere or not, or whether he
follows without reserve the light.

It is well for us to remember how uni-
versal, how unlimited the Church is, — for
she is Catholic. The Church is not a club,
composed of a certain nationality; of
men and women who are made part of it
by letters of introduction from other clubs.
It is as unlimited, except by the failure of
humanity to correspond with God's grace,
as the Mass itself. Who can limit the
merits of the Holy Sacrifice? Who can say
this Mass is for my friend alone, not for
all? It may be offered for one in particu-
lar, but it must take in all, as the arms of
the crucified Saviour were extended for
all.

It is not a question in the making of a
good Catholic whether he belongs to cer-
tain localities or not, whether he occupies
himself much with what are called special
Catholic works. But these are the ques-
tions: has he striven to keep the Command-
ments of God and the Church? And have
the teachings of the Church, those electric
currents that fuse all poor human effort to
things of beauty, entered into his daily
life? If they have, he has been an example
of charity and duty to his fellows. We
judge by that best. If his life stand the
scrutiny, he may be called a model Catho-
lic.

"A chemical success and medical tri-
umph," so speaks an eminent physician in
reference to Ayer's Cherry Pectoral; and
the eulogy was none too strong. No other
medicine is so safe and efficacious in all
diseases of the throat and lungs.

A Roman Feast.

As exemplifying the pitch to which Ro-
man epicureanism was carried, and indica-
tive of a truly barbaric nature, a dish
consisting of the tongues alone of some
thousands of the favorite songsters of the
air was requisitioned at immense cost for
the inordinate cravings of one of the
Emperors. One can hardly avoid the
reflection that such a being must have
been extremely unfeeling. The liver of a
capon steeped in milk was thought a great
delicacy, and of solid meat pork appears
to have been most relished.

The staunch Roman who did not take
his pleasure homeopathically, reclined dur-
ing dinner on a luxurious couch, his head
resting on his left elbow, supported by
cushions. Stuntonian draws attention to
a superb apartment, erected by the extra-
sagacious Nero, in which his meals were par-
taken, constructed like a theatre, with
shifting scenes changing with every course.

The amount of money often expended by
the wealthy Romans on their sumptuous
meals appears fabulous. Vitellius is said
to have spent as much as 400 sestertia
(about £4,228 of our money) on his daily
supper; and the celebrated feast to which
he invited his brother cost no less than
£20,350! It consisted of 2,000 different
dishes of fish and 7,000 of fowls, with
an equally numerous meats. His daily
repast was of the most rare and exquisite
nature; the deserts of Libya, the shores
of Spain, the waters of the Carpathian sea,
and even the coasts and forests of Britain
were diligently searched for dainties to
supply his table; and had he reigned long
he would, observes, Josephus, have ex-
hausted the great opulence of the Roman
empire.

By the way, we wonder if these happy-
go-lucky Romans ever suffered much from
indigestion. Of one thing we are certain,
that in order to render the bridge from one
feast to another less tedious an occasional
resort was had to the persuasive powers
of an emetic. The extravagance of these
times was indeed so boundless that to en-
ertain an Emperor at a feast, unless you
were a Cressus, were to encounter almost
certain financial ruin — literally to be eaten
up. One dish alone at the table of Helio-
gabalus has been known to cost a sum
equal to £4,000 of our money. — *Chambers
Journal.*

Gratifying to All.

The high position attained and the uni-
versal acceptance and approval of the pleas-
ant liquid fruit remedy Syrup of Figs, as
the most excellent laxative known, illus-
trate the value of the qualities on which its
success is based and are abundantly grati-
fying to the California Fig Syrup Company

INVALIDS
Gain rapidly in health and strength by the
use of Ayer's Sarsaparilla. This medicine
substitutes rich and pure blood for the
impure and thin fluid left in the veins after
fevers and other wasting sickness. It im-
proves the appetite and tones up the system,
and as convalescents soon

Become Strong
active and vigorous. To relieve that tired
feeling, depression of spirits, and nervous
debility, no other medicine produces the
speedy and permanent effect of Ayer's Sar-
saparilla. F. O. Loring, Brockton, Mass.,
writes: "I am confident that anyone suffer-
ing from the effects of scrofula, general de-
bility, want of appetite, depression of spirits,
and lassitude, will be cured."

By Using
Ayer's Sarsaparilla; for I have taken it,
and speak from experience."
"In the summer of 1888, I was cured of
nervous debility by the use of Ayer's Sar-
saparilla. — Mrs. H. Bennett, 6 Middle-st.,
Lawrence, N. H."

Ayer's Sarsaparilla
Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.
Sold by all Druggists. Price 25¢ six bottles, \$1.
Cures others, will cure you

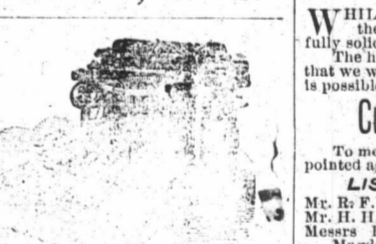
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AND DISPERSER OF UNCLEAN ACCUMULATIONS
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JUSTICE SOAP

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

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TOP SHIRTS
CARDIGAN JACKETS

TROTTER BROS.,
Agricultural Implement Warehouse,
Offer at Prices Lower than ever sold in Nova Scotia for a short time
only, in order to make room for New Goods.

Steel Plows from \$9.00 to \$15.00
Metal " " 4.00 to 10.00
Plow Fittings for all the Leading Plows.

We have hitherto done 7-8th of the Implement trade of this County
and if Farmers want the Best Goods at the Lowest Possible Prices
now is their time to invest.

A Terrible Sufferer for Five Years Immediately Relieved by
- M. - P. - P. -
To the Malto Peptonized Porter Co., Truro, N. S.
Gentlemen, — This is to certify that for five years I suffered from
Chronic Dyspepsia and my life was a continual misery. I could not eat
anything without it distressing me and from weighing 245 pounds, I was
reduced to 140 pounds.
Three months ago I was recommended by my physician, Dr. Suther-
land of this town, to take Malto Peptonized Porter and from the day I
first took it I felt relieved and in three months I have gained 25 pounds and
I can eat with comfort anything coming along.
Westville, N. S., August 27th, 1892.
The above certificate was sworn to before J. F. Olive, Esq., J. P., at
Westville, N. S., August 27th, 1892. For sale by: J. J. Duffin, J. P., at
Truro, N. S.

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116 and 118 Granville Street,
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ORGANS, THE FAMOUS "KARN,"
FOR CHURCH AND PARLOR.

New Raymond Sewing Machines,
FOUR DIPLOMAS (HIGHEST AWARD) TAKEN AT THE LATE PROVINCIAL
EXHIBITION.

Please write for Prices to Ourselves or to
A. T. MacDONALD, Agent, Antigonish.

Antigonish Woolen Mill.
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 us last season, we would respect-
fully solicit a continuance of the same during the present season of 1892.
The high reputation our work has made for itself in the past about us sufficient guarantee
that we will endeavor to retain and increase our present patronage this season, by exceeding (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 mill personally, we have ap-
pointed agents in the following places, a list of which we place before you for your guidance:
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Mr. H. H. Bruce, Barney's River. Miss Janet McDonald, Avondale.
Messrs. B. Delaney & Son's, House Harbor. Mr. J. J. McDonald, River Dennis, C. B.
Magdalen Islands. Mr. William McKay, Guysboro Intervale.
Mr. A. C. Gillis, Middle Melford. Mr. Fred McLean, Linwood.
Mr. J. J. Gillis, Georgetown. Mr. Peter McLean, River Dennis, C. B.
Messrs. J. & E. Hart, Guysboro. Mr. Murdoch McLean, Port Mulgrave.
Mr. D. Melver, Barney's River. Mr. A. M. LeBlanc, M. P. P., West Arichat, C. B.
Mr. A. P. Miller, Mergomish. Mr. T. J. Sears, Lochaber.
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Mr. M. H. McDonald, Lismore. Mr. W. M. Stroppe, Arton.
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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 cleaned, 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 KNITTING 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 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 25, 1892

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ANTIGONISH WOOD-WORKING FACTORY
ALWAYS ON HAND OR MADE TO ORDER
Flooring, Sheathing, Shingles, Laths, Doors and Windows.
MOULDINGS OF ALL KINDS.
Also for Sale: Lime, Plaster, Cement, Etc.

Men's Undershirts and
Drawers, good weight, 45c.
All Wool, - - - 65c.
Heavy All Wool, - 75c.
Extra Heavy, - 85c.
Cheapest ever offered, \$.55
Blue Lace Shirt, - .75
English Blue Flannel, .85
A Good Shirt, - 1.00
A Fine Line of Cardigan
Jackets, the best we have
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\$1.00, \$1.25, \$1.35, \$1.50,
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