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100 ACRES OF LAND. with good House and Barn thereon, and cuts about 18 Tons of Hay, with abundance of wood and water, everything in good repair, formerly the property of Alex. Kell, now in the possession of his son, Colin F. Kell, 140 Westville St. Dorchester, Mass. If sold before 1st of May, 1892, can be purchased for \$700 cash.

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Cumha.

Do Lachluinn MacPhearsain, a chaochail tois ach an Erraich am bliadhna 1852. Le Douul Domhnullach, coimhearsnach dha.

AIR FONN — "Sgeula af b'ait leam ri innse &c., le Donnachadh Ban do Mhorai Bhraid Alba. Fhuaras naigheachd nach b'eibhinn, Mu'n usal a chumadh an reite, Fear ga'm buin a bhi beusach,

Fhuair an t-urram far cheudabh, 'Mhic a Phearsain gun d'eug thu, 'S gun do ruidheadh air deile 'u, Sid an sealladh nach b'eibhinn le'd chair-

Sid an sealladh &c. A cheud Dir-daoine de'n Earrach, Bu ghourt a ghaoir a bha sa bhaile, Do phaistean a caioneadh 'sa gearain, 'S do bhrathair caomh is e fo'n eallach Bu mhor a churam gun mhearachd, 'S ceann an tuir 'bhi san anart, An taic'chliuiteach dh'fhas barrantach

laidir. An taic'chluiteach &c. Bu lionmhor neach anns an duthaich. Trom, airtnealach, tursach, Bur tric snithe air a suilibh, 'S an cridheachan ciurte, O'n dh'fhalaich an uir thu, 'S gu la'brach nach dean dusgadh

'S gu la brach'&c. Bha 'u Diaghaidh o'd oige, Ghlac 'u ciall agus colas, Uaisle, tuigse, agus foghlum, 'S tu gun uabhar gun mhorchius, Gu deas, biar arach, glan, seolta, Bu ghlan t-iomhaidh is do bhoichead, 'S bha 'u shliochd na fear mora bh statail.

'S bha 'u shliochd &c. Curraidh treun thu nach lubadh, Suairce, leirsneachail, turail, Squire a reiteach air cuisean, 'S eagal De air mar churam, Fear do bheusan 's do ghiulain, Chaoidh cha'n fhaicir as ur ann a'd aite

Chaoidh &c. Measg'nan daoine bu taitneach Leam clar h-aodunn ri fhaicinn, Do ghnuis aobhach 's i tlachdmhor. Ceum a b'entrom air faiche. Le'd phearsa fhinealta sgairteal, 'S le'd eideadh grinn anns an fhasan, 'S ann air m'fhirinn bu tearc iad thug

'S ann &c. SQUIRE bu mheasaile ceutabh, Fhad's a b'fhiosrach mi fhein e, Fear misneachail treuna, Gun ghiomh, gun choire, gun eu-coir, Ach na feuchte ro gheur ris, Bu Leomhan guineach san streup e, Saighdear ullamh nach eisdeadh an tair

Sighdear ullamh &c. Craobh dhe'n abhull a b'uire thu, Measg na gallanan dlutha, Chite thairis i a bruchadh, Flurach, duileagach, du-ghorm, Och mo lereadh 's mo dhiubhail Tus an Erraich gun ruisg i. Chrionn a gathain, 's chrom lubadh gu

Chrion a gathain, &c. Dh'fhalbh an curraidh bha rioghail, Dh'fhag sinn uile fo mhi-loinn, Cridhe soilleir 's e direach, Beul a labhradh an fhirinn, Chuireadh casg air luchd mi-ruin, Choisinn urram dha dhislean, 'S cliu gach duine anns 'n tir anns

d'has e 'S cliu &c. Mo sgeula geire mar thachair, Dh'f halbh a cheile bha taitneach Boidheach, ceutach ri faicinn, Cuimbte DECENT na pearsa. Bu ghrinn steidheil ro cheart i. Fior euchdag na cneasdachd,

Bean nam beusan, na maise, is na naire Bean nam beusan, &c. 'S fo'n rinn an diubhail air fagail. 'S e san uir air a charadh. Gur bochd tursach do mhathair, 'Bhean chluiteach rinn t-arrach 'S o'n nach tillear o'n bhas thu, Bitheamaid sirreadh gu laidir, Dia thoirt t-anam le failt' gu sholas.

Dia thoirt t-anam &c.

THE GLITTER OF GOLD.

Translated for the Ave Maria from the German of Antonia Jungst, by the Rev. J. M. Toohey, C. S. C.

III. " For the love of God, your Highness," said the duenna, approaching the Princess, we must leave here immediately! I saw the Count's huntsman and several servants dismount and take the road toward the Hinterriss. The Duke of Coburg, I have find us here!"

"That, of course, would never do," answered Hella, knitting her brows. "It is one thing to tell my uncle hereafter of my first independent venture, and quite another to be taken by him in the act.

But whither, Schonfeld?" "I entreat you, Most Gracious Princess, to take the nearest road to Gratz. I shall have no peace until I see you safe under the root of the Countess Aldringen."

"No, dearest Schonfeld. I have only just begun to enjoy my liberty, and am not of the mind to give it up so readily." The Princess moved on toward the Furstenhaus, plunged in thought, plucking to pieces the beautiful roses which she had gathered with such delight on the moun-

tains. Drawing a deep breath, she paused on the terrace and looked around her. With gentle caress the waves dashed upon the shore, kissing the foot of the hills, whose heads rose toward heaven. Here and there a skiff glided over the surface of the water, alive with joyous occupants. 3 There was an almost painful contraction of Hella's heart as she listened to the clear tones of the voices harmoniously singing together in the calm evening, and as she thought of her own isolation. Were not all those that rocked themselves yonder in the frail skiff happier

Helena von Hohenstein-Bedburg? "Es ist bestimmt in Gottes Rath." *

burst forth suddenly in deep tones over the tranquil lake, and all other voices were hushed. The rowers dropped their pars and listened in silence to the solemn tones.

The Princess also listened, enchanted, as she looked out at the little boat, which rested exactly in the line of the last rays of the setting sun. She recognized the singer as the dark, silent gentleman who at the dinner table had seemed to her to be the only personage of any consequence in that mixed company. When, after a while, she inquired of the lady beside her who he was, she was told:

"A professor of geology, - at least he has been for some days rambling, with his little hammer, among the racks and ravines of the Tristenkopf and the Sonmenjoch, and has brought back the strangest things with him. Although extremely polite and attentive, Mr. Stetten is very reserved."

The melody trembled and died away in the gentle evening breeze, and the boat

rapidly approached the shore. "I have it, Schonfeld!" said Hella to her lady of honor, whose eyes were fixed anxiously on her countenance. "We shall go to Ampezzo Valley. My opposite at the dinner table to-day was untiring in his praises of the beauty of the dolomites: it is a strange, fabulous world. And we shall thus kill two birds with one stone: O most conscientious of all duennas! we shall be on our way to Gratz. Should we by any misfortune be caught, we have simply sent the servants ahead, and have chosen the roundabout way through the Tyrol in order to avoid the wearisome journey through Vienna, which I have

made at least a dozen times." "Yes, certainly, if only --" "No ifs,' please, dear Schonfeld; do not spoil this grand evening for me by any

hateful "ifs." "Well, then, at least a 'but,' Most Gracious Princess," answered the court lady fully resolved to introduce a weighty matter. "Do you not think it would be proper to summon the chamber-maid? Without the help of the good, trustworthy Backer -" "I find myself perfectly well off without her help," the Princess interrupted. "And what can you criticise in my toilet, dear Schonfeld? It was not to no purpose that I practised this art for four weeks before-hand, as some people practise languages before they set out to travel. My trunk, it is true, is a little in disorder; but the confusion amuses me, and in time I shall learn order perforce. And now enough of those unpleasant topics. Look yonder to Seespitz. How wonderfully the snow-fields of the Zillerthal Alps glow in their firey red! How like purple roses the bright clouds are! And the church looks so peaceful in the bend of the shore, its sharp tower seeming

folded her arms instinctively. The singer had meanwhile landed and fastened his boat, and he caught the last words: he glanced up, and allowed mis eyes to rest with unmistakable pleasure on the countenance of the young maiden.

The eyes of the young girl glowed, she

to point straight into heaven."

"What a singular contrast," he murmored to himself, as he walked away and then turned to look back again, " between that piquant countenance, with those lines of determination about the mouth, and those enthusiastic words! But she is charm-

ing, as I already noticed at noon." At the supper table the chief subject of conversation was the expected coming of experience." the Duke of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha. Some of the guests had just arrived from Munich, it was said, and another portion would come in the morning from Jenbach; huntsmen and servants had already arrived during the day with the necessary provisions.

Fraulein von Schonfeld could hardly swallow a morsel. She kept her eyes fixed on the door, expecting every moment that it would open and admit some acquaintance. Her eyes once caught those of the Princess, who seemed to await the development of events quite calmly, as she chatted and joked with her neighbor, a lively Viennese woman, and did full justice to the frugal meal. And, indeed, the highborn lady troubled herself very little as to whether her frolic were discovered or not. She would be able to extricate herself easily enough, and with a laugh or word of flattery would disarm any opponent; whereas the whole weight of princely indignation would fall on her, the innocent

actor in this mad comedy. Such were the reflections of Fraulein von Schonfeld. At last the martyrdom of supper was over, the immediate danger was passed.

Germany, she took a row with them- on the lake. "Adiew, dearest Fraulein Felden!" she cried out, jestingly, as she set her foot in the boat. "Be not cast down if I sail away never to return."

"Fraulein Felden is your aunt, is she?" asked the young wife. "A very dear friend. I bave few, if indeed any, nearer or dearer to me."

The Princess grew sad and silent. Should the lake in reality swallow her, who would care, who would shed a tear for her? The Alldorfs would go into mourning for a month, and then would quite contentedly but letting the ladies attend to their values. take possession of the rich inheritance. Uncle Fritz would feel it a little more keenly; but after a few days the old bachelor would return to his favourite dish, truffle-pie and Haut-Sauterne, with through the throng; whilst Hella looked as much relish as ever. No one would around with eager eyes, and seemed as if miss her in the least; to no one would her she would never tire of wondering at the

matter of any importance. A feeling of pity for herself, poor just received a new picture-book, and solitary creature as she was, crept over turns over the leaves in joyful expectation her. Hella joined her hands in silent of what the next page has in store for pain as she saw how the young woman him. beside her gazed in quiet happiness on the countenance of her husband. What a blessed thing it is even in poverty to possess the love of one's own - whether and richer than she, the envied Princess * It is decreed in the counsels of God.

parents, husband and wife, or children, and to be happy in their happiness! Notwithstanding the still summer night and Hella felt the clanking of her chains and is supposed, and half confuses it may

mountain wagons which was to take them in winning the confidence and affectionfrom Toblach to Sculderbach.

were discovered. It would be grand; just An innocent Australian girl of moretee like the final act of a vaudeville, a surprising and moving tableau." The Princess laughed her merry laugh

pression, as if she really tasted all the a present from her betrothed. bitterness of such an hour. "What great matter is it, after all,"

c'est moi, in the fullest sense of the word. I am a Princess, with only my own important person to rule over; and why should I hold onto the train of any serenissina, and look no farther than it reaches? No, dearest Schonfeld. I have at last happily escaped from my golden cage, and do not intend to fly back at once behind it bars. But look at those mountains! Do they not resemble the towers and roofs of some monstrous castle built by giant hands, looking down on us fiercely, and threatening to bar our way? I should not be surprised if some guardian genius were suddealy to spring from behind that grey mass of stone and challenge us with lowered lance. And truly, Schonfeld, there he is!" A dark form separated itself from the

rock,-a tall, powerful figure, with a light tourist's bag on his shoulders, a staff, and, as it seemed to Hella, a shining hammer in his hand. As the open wagon passed the stranger, he took off his hat in salutation. "The professor from the Partisau!"

said the Princess laughing. "I wonder if he is here looking for stones." "It is quite possible," answered Fraulein von Schonfeld, somewhat peevishly, as she looked back at the young man, who

moved along the road with light, elastic step. "I hope we shall meet him no more. your Highness." "Why so, Schonfeld? He is a proper

man, with a face that tells of his deep learning. Through his bright spectacles he looks almost as learned as Professor Helmke, of happy memory, on whom I played all imaginable kinds of tricks, and who never lost patience, with the wild, rattle-pated girl. I have become acquainted with people of all classes of life," continued the Princess, counting on her fingers. There was the Prussian assessor with his pretty little wife; there was the good Frau Meng, of Vienna; the jolly Munich woman in the Partisau; yesterday in Nicderndorf I met the conceited Baron and the sedate Senator of the free Hanscatic cities;

but he are the prince. Fo you not think, Schonfeld, that there are disguised princes concealed under these everday faces, - for instance, that this professor may be a nobleman in disguise?" "As if I should not discover-it on the nstant if it were so!" replied the lady of honor, puckering her nose. "That indefinable air, that je ne sais quoi which surrounds the higher aristocracy, reveals itself at the first glance to a person of

have not come out in search of princes, but of men. O Schonfeld, what deep and my sterious solitude! How still is the green water, how ghostly the mirroring of the hills and skies! In presence of nature as it lies before us, I feel so small, so insignificant, that it seems to be a profanation in sight of these crown'd giants" - she pointed with her finger to the rose tinted glaciers of Monte Cristallo - "to speak of high-born or low-born. Of my God, how

beautiful is Thy world!" The Princess became silent, and fixed her enraptured gaze on the charming picture before her, which was only too soon wrapped in the gloom of approaching night. It was nearly dark when the light wagon drew up at the Inn of Schulder-

"What strange doings are going or here!" whispered Hella to her companion, who recoiled, as from the partially lighted house they caught a subdued sound of voices, notes of a guitar, and the shuffling and pattering of feet.

"Almost like a picture of Rembrandt's," added the Princess, stooping, delighted, at Now she could go and take refuge in the threshold. In the glaring light from protecting solitude of her chamber. But the fire on the hearth, which was reflected no! To the dismay of the lady, the Princess on the open court, forms were seen moving been informed, is expected there in a few days, with a great company of hunters. lake. Nay, more; at the invitation of a the painter's canvas: power all Tyrolese Only think if Count Burgsdorf were to young married couple from Northern in their rough blouses, short breeches, and coarse stockings; Italian ballad singers, peddlers, ramblers, and adventurers of all nations, who tried to make themselves understood in their various dialects.

> "It is impossible to stay here, Most Gracious -" "Silence!" commanded the Paucess turning to the slowly advancing porter. "Are the rooms ready for Miss Felden and Miss Stein, please? Ye rday we sent an order from Niederndor to prepare

rooms for us.". "They are, your Ladyship," answered the old man, taking charge of the trunk, "We come near having no place; but we managed finally."

Carefully gathering up up her grey silk gown, Fraulein von Schonfeld hastened going or staying, her life or death, be a strange life and doings revealed to her. She felt all the delight of a child who has

Hall's Hair Renewer enjoys the confilence and patronage of people all over the eivilized world who use it to restore and

the gentle breath of the waves, Princess accounts of the murderer Doming, wil be the infamous " Jack the Ripper." "Thank God we have happily escaped Nobody but himself knows the unmoer the danger!" said Fraulein von Schonield, his victims. He is not attractive in mind as the two ladies entered one of the low or body, yet he had no trouble, apparently. "Schonfeld, your everlasting anxiety is he murdered at his leisure, hiding the enough to provoke me to wish that we traces of his crime with devilish cunning. was on her way to meet and marry him after a short acquaintance, when she bear the Melbourne newsboys caying out the at these words; whilst Fraulein von Schon- the story of his last crime. She was the feld's countenance assumed a painful ex- wearing the jewels of the mordered woman

A still more remarkable instance of female infatutation on a wholesale scale continued Hella, "if under your protection is found in the case of a man now on trial I see the world in a different light from in Boston for polygamy. According to what princely etiquette is pleased to dictate | the returns so far as received, he is the to me? You must remember that Petat nominal busband of at least fifteen living women, all of them having had more or less money when he paid his court to them They lost him and their money simultaneously after very brief honeymoons. The Boston wife, who has had him prosecuted married him on seven days' acquaintance, and her wedded life was exactly of the same duration. And this fascinator is sixty years old or more, has only one arm and is bald and almost toothless! - Boston

A young lady of Jefferson, West Virginia, declares that she was all run down before taking Aver's Sarsaparilla; but that now she is gaining strength every day. Ayer's Sarsaparilla is certainly a wonderfully effective tonic for the feeble and

An Ox in Liquor.

At a country-house near Konigsberg, a large cask of brandy was tapped the other day. A bucket filled with the dregs was left to settle somewhere near the door of the shippon. When the cattle were led out to drink, one of the oxen, spying the bucket, drained the whole of the contents after which it partook of a small quantity of water out of the trough and quietly trotted back to its stall. It was not long before the effects of the carouse began to tell so forcibly that the creature began to rave like mad, tearing up the ground with its horns and its hoofs, and threatening break its chain, where word is

down and lay for thirty hours in like stupor. For some time after our-four-footed reveller was serv now, we are happy to say, entirely reco ered, but he is always careful to give to brandy closet a wide berth.

had good reason; for he got hold of worthless mixture at "reduced rates He changed his opinion, however, when he began, to take Ayer's Sarsaparilla. It nay to be careful, when buying medicines.

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Asthma, Dyspepsia, Scrofula, Salt Rheum

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Between Sydenham Howe, Trustee of the
Estate of the late CATHERINE
SUSAN ANN HOWE, deceased,
and
ANGUS MCDONALD, Defendant.

ANGUS MCDONALD, Defendant.

be sold at Public Auction by the Sherist of
the County of Antigonish, at the Count
House at Antigonish, in said County, on.
Tuesday, May 10th, a. D. 1892, at 12 o'clock,
noon, pursuant to an order of foreclosure
and sale made herein, dated the 20th day of
March, 1892, unless before the day of the
sale the amount due and costs are paid
to the plaintiff, or into Court.

A LL the estate right, title, interest and equity of redemption of the defendant, Angus McDonald, or Eliza McDonald, his wife, and of all persons claiming through or under them, of, in and to all those certain lots, pieces and parcels, of

Situate, lying and being at Harbor an Bouche, in said County, and described as follows, viz-Lot No; one commencing at the east from the road leading to Crispo's wharf; thence was fifty four

DUNCAN D. CHISHOLM, High Sheriff of Antigonish Co.

H. MELLISH, 42 Bedford Row, Hallfax, Solicitor for Plaintiff.

THE

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V. J. A. VERMIER, M. D., C. M.,

March 29th, 1892.

And Silky Texture

to the hair, and gives much satisfaction."—
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"Ayer's Hair Vigor is the only preparation I could ever find to remove dandruff, arrs, itching humors, and prevent loss of hair. I confidently recommend it."—J. C. Rutler, Spencer, Mass.

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Aver's Hair Vigor Dr. J. C. AYER & CO., Lowell, Mass.

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A CAR LOAD NEW BURNED EXTRA WHITE LIME just received and for sale. JOHN McDONALD. Antigonish, March 29th, '92.—3 w.

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I think the combination of pepsin, extract of malt and traxacum with Genuine Englis'a porter

a happy one. It will be of service in all cases of general debility protracted convales cence, after fever, atonic dyspepsia, in fact in all cases where the system requires a tonic and light stimulant to awaken the function of energy of the organs and at the same time a fat producing agent.

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Beware of Imitations. Malto Pentonized Porter Co. (Ltd.)

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MOUNDINGS OF ALL KINDS

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