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A MEMORY OF THE MED. and you know that as you go to seven o'clock Mass every morning with Miss Heywood, your reputation as a zealous child of Mary 18 established. We can do nothing but pray."

ITERRANEAN.

(From the Ave Maria.

Ι.

He sat just opposite to me, by the side of

He spoke but little : conversation evi-

dently fatigued him. The feverish sparkle

rary exile from home.

appearing to do so.

vomiting.

Gertrude was not satisfied. She reflected I was sorjourning in one of the little for a moment, then suddenly rejoined : towns on the shore of the Mediterranean. " Papa, may I pay a visit to his mother?" The father was touched. "You are a Although there for my health, I was not very ill. It is one of my hygienic principles, brave little girl," said he, giving her a kiss. "Go, and may the good God go however, that whenever I feel the premokiss.

n tion of coming illness, I should take with you !" Gertrude had received that very mornextraordinary means of prevention rather ing, from one of her father's friends, a than run the risk of being oblived to magnificent bouquet. Taking up the flowers, and accompanied by Miss Heytake heroic remedies. A slight attack of bronchitis consequently decided me on quitting at once the uncongenial atmos-phere of a London winter; and I determined was opened by Madame Crevier herself. who was so struck with the expression of to enjoy for the next six months a grateful modesty, sweetness, frankness and grace that shone from the face of the young interval of silence and solitude, a tempo-

girl, that, without hesitating or even asking herself the cause of this dainty apparition, she at once led pupil and governess into Such an exile had very few terrors for one of my temperament. With a moderate her parlor, and insisted upon their sitting supply; of books and stationery, and what down. "Madam," said Gertrude, "we heard my friends would term an immoderate my friends would term an *immoderate* supply of pipes and tobacco, I have been able to dwell more contentedly in far lone-lier and incomparably more desolate places than the pretty town I had selected for my residence. Moreover, with the legs of my residence. Moreover, with the legs of disagreeable to a sick person. Will you give them to him, Madam, and tell him tourist and the pencil of a scribbler, I felt proof against boredom of all kinds.

that we are praying for his recovery?" It was a very simple request, a mere act of ordinary civility; but the expression Once installed at the Three Kings' Hotel, I began to note my companions at the that accompanied the words went straight table d'hote. By far the most interesting to the mother's heart. Still quite unsuspicious of any ulterior design on the part of these was a young man, apparently about twenty-five years of age, whom 1 of her visitors, and fascinated by the charm of Getrude's manner, she answered : heard addressed as Viscount Beauchesne.

. My dear, would you not consent to see my son, and yourself give him the bouquet?"

his mother, the Countess Crevier, so that "O Madame, that we did not dare to ask I could study him at my ease without you! But it will afford us the very great

It would be difficult to imagine a room to inform him of this unexpected visit. He was half sitting, half reclining in form and face more charming than the Viscount's : tall, handsome and well built, great arm-chair. His color was ghastly. he had what is sometimes called a symand his face and hands were extremely pathetic physiognomy - a countenance in emaciated. It looked as though the little life that was left him had taken rufuge in which were blended, in exquisite harmony, intelligence, nobility, purity, and truth. his eyes. Gertrude, who had not seen him for His glance, at once mild and deep, was

month, was absolutely terrified at his aspect. To her he appeared more like a singularly attractive to me, and, as soon discovered, to most of our company as corpse than a living man. "O: God," she murmured, " help me in

There is only very little time my task! left in which to accomplish it. The Countess approached the invalid and began a formal introduction. "My son, this is Mademoiselle —."

of his eye and the hectic tinge of his cheek told too plainly that he was a con-She kad never heard Gertrude's Christian sumptive. He was frequently subject to name, and in her trouble had forgotten distressing coughs and partial suffocation, even that of the engineer. and almost every such attack culminated 'Gertrude Sonier," said the visitor.

"Gertrude-!" murmured the Viscount, in in his spitting blood. Several times, too, the hemorrhages brought on terrible a tone of mingled sadness and satisfaction. "That was the name of my sister who died last year at the age of fifteen. Ah! we

About a month after my arrival he die young in our family." Then, with the sudden change of imbegan to absent himself from the table, and pressions so natural in the sick he made finally ceased to appear there altogether. Gertrude talk to him. He himself said little; words almost choked him. He told We learned that he ate scarcely anything." and that the attacks which we had someher, however, that the bouquet was charm-ing; and he said to himself that still times witnessed were growing in frequency and seriousness. His physician paid him more charming was the idea of this child's offering her flowers to one whom she had

daily visits, and replied to our inquiries as scarcely seen. to his patient's health that the young Gertrude knew that one should take man was in grave danger; his heart had care not to weary the sick; so at the end of a quarter of an hour the visitors arose. become affected. The Viscount might drop "What ! already ?" said the Viscount .a much better sign than if he had felt like was

The landlady of the Three Kings' saying "At last!" Both he and his mother were profuse in a practical Catholic; so, having been told their thanks to their new friend. "If our flowers give you any pleasure," by the doctor of the serious condition of her young guest, she deemed it her duty said Gertrude, "and our visits do not inconvenience you, we shall come again, to inform in turn the Countess his

and always blossom-laden. I know where to find the prettiest anemones; and last year I made some marvellous discoveries "Madam," she began one day, "they tell me that your son is very low. You ness the old vills on the southern road are caring for his bodily comfort with the violets, orchids, daisies, and lilies of the

greatest solicitude. Don't you think it valley in profusion.' And so they parted, the best friends in time to look after his soul? If you would the world. have a priest sent for, there is no lack of

III. excellent ones here. You have only to The cordiality with which the visits had choose. Will you have our venerable cure, been received is easily understood. Besides his physical sufferings and the mental

invalid was visibly wasting away It is only a question of days," said the physician, in answer to our inquiries; for the interest of the company at the table d'hote had not diminished as the weeks went by. We were all, too, anxiouly awaiting the upshot of the ministry which it was well understood our pious little acquaintance, Miss Sonier, was en-gaged. She had the good wishes of most of us and the constant prayers of not a

few of our number. If that genuine little saint," said our good landlady, 'can't bring about his consenting to see a priest, may the bon Dieu have pity on him and on his foolishly loving mother, whom I would like to take by the shoulders and shake till she saw that what she considers kindness but was till is the worst of cruelties."

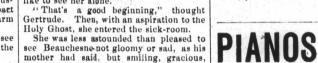
IV.

CURED BY Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. It saved my life." "About a year ago I took the worst cold that ever a man had, followed by a terrible ough. The best medical aid was of no avail. At last began to spit blood, when it was supposed to be all over with me. Every remedy failed, till a neighbor recom-mended Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. I took half a teaspoonful of this medicine, three times a day, regularly, and very soon began to improve. My cough left me, my alterned, my emaciated limbs gained flesh and strength, and to-day, thanks to the Pectoral, I am a well man."—H. A. Bean, 28 Winter st., Lawrence, Mass. Gertrude went to Holy Communion at the six o'clock Mass one morning, and begged God again and again to inspire her with some plan of affecting her object. She recited five lecades of Our Ludy's Rosary with the same intention, and en treated the Blessed Virgin to let her prove herself a true child of Mary by enabling her to succeed in bringing the Viscount to At ten o'clock she and her governess "How is the patient this morning?

hold.



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see Beauchesne not gloomy or sad, as his mother had said, but smiling, gracious, and apparently happy.

sense of spiritual needs.

inquired Gertrude.

went up to the Countess' apartments.

After a few trifling remarks—if we may call trifling what springs from one heart and reaches another-she asked herself how she should approach the great ques-tion. She sounded the patient delicately on the subject; and finding neither resistance nor inclination, she was somewhat repelled by this sort of neutrality. "Can I have taken the wrong roa1?" she

One circumstance added much to her embarrassment: the Viscount seemed to enjoy her trouble. He watched her with a half-malicious smile, which almost dis-

subject. Do fin imagine that I have not seen through ou this long while past?

ibly grateful to you besides. Come, speak

but she was mute from joy and thankful-ness. When she attempted to say some-thing, her tears began to flow and she was soon sobbing violently. Recovering somewhat, she fell on her knees almost mechancially and exclaimed : " ()h m

Beauchesne said nothing, but it was plain that he was gratified. A moment later the Countess and Miss Heywood

God sent me this little Sister of Charity charity -"

Gertrude, "you will fatigue yourself. Don't talk any more, please. And besides, what you say is — " ... Well, well, be it so! It is better to act.

Mother, will you send for the curef to act. Mother, will you send for the curef I must go to confession. To fulfill my duty, to obey the law of God, and also to gladden the heart of Mademoiselle Gertrude, I wish to die a Christian death."

An hour later he received the last Sacraments with a piety that affected to tears the old priest who attended him.



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inquired Gertrude. "Very weak and very gloomy. But come in; your visit will do him good; it is his only relief. Do you go in alone; Miss Heywood and I will remain here. He said to me amot an hour ago: 'When Miss Go and omes up to-day, I would like to ach here law?" like to see her alone.'

est pleasure."

nentally inquired.

comfited her entrely. At last he broke the awkward silence. "Come, come my friend! there is no need of handling the matter with gloves, or of lingering so long at the door of the

Prudence is a good quality, but one should not abuse it. I know perfectly well what you wish me to do, and I am inexprese-I am waiting." Gertrude would willingly have spoken

God, how good Thou art! A thousand thousand thanks !"

"You know very well that I am dying. "You know very well that I am dying. The principle thing now is that I should die well. You have been afraid of terrify-ing me, and would not call in a priest; so God sont me this little Sitter of Charity. She has not meached to me or catechised me; but was preaching is comparable to her inexhaustible and ever-ingenious

"Monsieur Beauchense," interrupted



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Silver Thimbles. nies.' And this was all that the landlady could **Gold Headed Canes** extract from her. And everything kept in a first class Jewellery just recorded, the rumor spread through J. R. HELLYER,

that his mother, through most deplorable Main Street, Antigonish, N. S. cowardice, refused to let him know his condition or receive the last Sacraments. Some of the guests thought her conduct Our Specialty ROTARY SAW MILLS. LATH MACHINES. SHINGLE MACHINES WATER WHEELS. sively devout Catholics, they shared the landlady's views about the necessity of receiving Extreme Unction. There was one young person in partic-

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could you not do something?"

Weir & Morrison, STELLARTON, N. S. conclude that 1 have been sent by you; been hazarded by Gertrude, and the poor

who is as full of wisdom as of years? Or anguish consequent upon the knowledge would you prefer the Abbe Bourque? He that his end was drawing near, Beauchesne was dying of ennui. He loved his mother

is of the same age as the Viscount, and is tenderly, but that mother was rather the apostle of our young people." tenderly, but that mother was rather a weak personage. Three years a widow, she had lost, a twelvemonth ago, a beauti-ful and loving daughter, and now felt that she was soon to see her only remaining The Countess did not at once reply She grew as pale as a corpse, and her fear rendered her speechless. When she had somewhat recovered she exclaimed : hope also wither away. Deep-seated piety alone could have given her the fortitude to moderate or at least conceal her sorrow, "Stop !- for mercy's sake, stop! He nay hear you, and it would give him a

shock. 'I must be very low,' he would but deeply pious. She appeared before her son, then, now in a paroxysm of grief, now say, 'since they talk of bringing a priest with a countenance that strove in vain to to see me.' Why, it would be enough to preserve an aspect of repose. The thought that he was daily to enjoy a quarter of an "But, dear Madam," replied the good hostess, "the doctor has told me that your serene Gertrude was, therefore, like balm to Beauchesne's agitated spirit. son is very dangerously ill, that there is It need not be said that Mr. Sonier gladly consented to his daughter's charithardly any hope of his recovery. Meanwhile he may die at any time, - and, unless able while he may die at any time, — and, unless able plan, and it was understood the you look to it, die, too, without putting governess should, as a matter of course, his accounts with the good God in order." his accounts with the good God in order."

the sick-room. As a matter of fact, how-ever, Gertrude often went unattended to see her invalid, as she soon came to style "What would you have me do? I am confident that my husband, were he alive, would severely blame me for bringing a the Viscount. She invariably round the Countess Crevier keeping him company. Despite her want of piety, the latter was a most affectionate mother. What she could not herself succeed in doing to amuse and not herself succeed in doing to amuse and priest here under the circustances. Priests are well enough for those who have led a wicked life, but my son's conduct has tranquilize her son, she was delighted to always been irreproachable. God will cersee accomplished by another. During the first two or three days Ger-trude and Beauchesne conversed in a because of the absence of a few ceremo-

desultory manner about a hundred different topics — the weather, the influence on the temper wrought by sunshine and rain, the love of flowers, their favorite colors, litera-ture, the pleasures of life in the country, and kindred subjects. They talked, too, of God and religion, but merely in an inci-Within a day or two of the interview

dental way. Latter on, as Beauchesne grew weaker, and could take no further part in a conthe hotel that the Viscount was dying, and versation than to interject an occasional monosyllable. Gertrude turned to the Countess, who graciously did her best to Some of the guests thought her conduct quite natural, and applauded her precau-tion. Others, however, were pained to learn the news; for, although not exces-incle derout Catholics they shared the tones, in which the tears were almost audible, so depressed the Viscount that Gertrude ventured one day to say to him : "What if I should read to you?" He bowed his head in assent; and thenceforth, during at least half of the

alar who was overwhelmed with sorrow when she heard the state of the case, and who vowed that she would try every possible means of proventing such a possible means of preventing such a rticulation distinct without being affected. catastrophe as the Viscount dying with-Well managed, the human voice is the most perfect of instruments; for it is a out seeing a priest. This was little Gertrude Sonier, the fifteen-year old daugher living one. To say that Beauchesne listened hving one. To say that beauchesne instened with pleasure is to understate his feelings: he listened with rapture. Her gentle tones seemed actually to charm away his pains. Then, after reading for some time, Gertrude would, unaffectedly, and as if of a civil engineer, who, with Gertrude and her English governess, Miss Heywood, was spending some weeks in our forced to do so by a noble soul and a rich imagination, comment on the pages she had read,—now one of Lamartine's har-"Papa," said Gertrude to Mr. Sonier, monies, then an "autumn leaf" of Victor Hugo, extracts from Chateaubriand, Mon-"What do you want me to do? This unfortunate young man sees nobody. If I

unfortunate young man sees nobody. If i ask to be allowed an interview with him, they will suspect my purpose. They will a single direct attempt at proselytism had

. And now if I were inventing this story. its conclusion would certainly be different from what, as I am merely the narrator of facts, the real ending must be. It is,

of course, guite inartistic to bring the Viscount to the verge of the grave, and then — presso /--allow him all of a sudden to recover, and recover from consump-tion of all diseases. Yes: it is decidedly an amateticish expedient; and if this tale were fictitious, Viscount Beauchesne, much as I am inclined to like him, would and we have seen that she was anything assuredly die and be buried forthwith. Unfortunately for the demands of art, however, facts are stubborn things, and

To confine myself to facts, then, the Viscount did not die. On the contrary, Extreme Unction operated in his case, as it has done and is daily doing in thousands of others, a bolily as well as a spiritual cure. He had wished to die a Christian death; God apparently desired him to live a Christian life. He improved rapidly, and in less than a month from the day the Viscount. She invariably found the the cure was sent for he was in perfect the cure was sent for ne was in perfect health. The landlady declared that his cure was a real miracle; and Dr. Faustin, a determined freethinker, was rather offended at this somewhat insolent recov-ery, he having declared it quite impossible. But physicians are often mistaken, as everybody knows. I shall not attempt to describe the

gratitude which the Countess Crevier and gratitude which the Countess Crevier and her son showed to her whom the latter persisted calling his little benefactress. Gertrude shought they both made much ado about nothing. What she had done was quite simple, and to her mind only natural. With the arrival of May, the company at the Three Kings' disbanded, — the Countess and Beauchesne going to Spain and the ast, Engineer Sonier and his daughter to Bordeaux, I to London, and the others to their respective cities, towns. the others to their respective cities, towns or villages. About two years ago I met Mr. Sonie A bout way years ago 1 met why. Some one evening, coming out of the Church of Notre Dame in Paris; and learned that on every reduring 15th of March, the anniversary of the day when Gertrude began her ministry, she received a splendid bouqut.

Whether the Countess and her son were in Granada, Jerusalem, or at the foot of the Great Pyramid, the flowers invariably arrived on the anniversary. Finally, the boquet was accompanied one year by a letter from Beanchesne's mother to Gertrude's father. That was the beginning of the end. Gertrude is the most loving and lovable Viscountess in all sunny France; and Miss Heywood, who still lives with her former pupil, declares that the Beanchesne household is the ideal Christian family in an ideal Christian home.

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