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Central House, RUFUS HALE, PROPRIETOR, ANTIGONISH N. S.

The CENTRAL HOUSE is well adapted for COMMERCIAL TRAVELERS, having Commodious Sample Rooms. Good Stabling on the Premises.

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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. Antigonish, Sept. 22.

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STOVES, PLOW FITTINGS, and other Castings of every description. Particular Attention giving to JOB-BING in all its Branches. Write for Prices.

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Only One. Who knows of the steps it takes To keep the home together? Who knows of the work it makes? Only one—the mother. Who listens to the childish woes, Which kisses only smoother? Who's pained by naughty blows? Only one—the mother. Who knows of the untiring care— Bestowed on baby's head? Who knows of the tender prayer? Only one—the mother. Who knows of the lesson taught Of loving one another? Who knows of patience sought? Only one—the mother. Who knows of the anxious fears— Last darlings may not weather The storm of life in after years? Only one—the mother. Who kneels at the throne above? To thank the Heavenly Father For the sweetest gift—a mother's love? Only one—the mother. —Jennett Miller's Monthly.

A LITTLE NEWS-GIRL.

(By John Acton.)

"What paper to-day, sir?" "Same as usual, my dear. No," with a smile, as the child was about to return the change: "keep it. The 'Telegraph' is worth a nickel to me."

"Thank you very much, sir." Katie had never quite understood Mr. Crosby. To pay five cents every time you bought a three cent paper! If it were the 'Ledger,' now. People had to buy that to find out who was dead. It seemed very strange.

Mr. Crosby was Katie's best customer. "He'll never get rich if he keeps on that way," she predicted. But I guess he's well enough off already." She looked admiringly after the carefully dressed man. Then she thought of her father and sighed.

Mr. Crosby practiced law on Sixth street below Walnut. Across the way was Washington Square. Here the bright clean, cool grass, the giant shade trees in which the birds sang blithely, the clear-voiced, rosy-cheeked, romping children made a pleasing picture.

Near the Locust street entrance to the square, morning and afternoon, rain or shine, Katie Kernan stood selling newspapers. It was wearisome work, and she had little heart for the trees and the grass. The gray stone coping dividing them from the sidewalk was well enough to lean against when she grew tired, or wanted to count her unsold papers—that was all. She did not dare to go home before she had sold out.

To-day was particularly trying. It was now late in the afternoon and there had been one or two buyers. "Father will be in a bad humor to-night too," she murmured. "His wages are always gone by Friday. I might as well make up my mind to stay here till dark." She touched the string of her scapular and said a prayer to Our Lady Help of Christians.

Katie looked down at her shabby shoes. "I wish I could get a new pair, but I can't. The baby is to be christened on Sunday week and he'll need a cloak and a top. Nothing is too good for him." Katie's pretty face lighted up at the thought of the chubby little brother at home in his mahogany cradle. "I guess he's napping about this time."

"But what was this at her feet? She stooped and picked up a thin book bound in pink paper. Who could have lost it? She soon learned, on the front cover: "Maurice Crosby" was written in a bold hand.

"It's Mr. Crosby's. He's dropped it in his hurry. I'll keep it for him till to-morrow. The Sacred Heart Almanac." I didn't know he was a Catholic.

Katie turned the leaves of her "find." Everything interested her. She read our Lord's promises to the Blessed Margaret Mary again and again. Could she have expressed her feeling she would have said that the ninth promise held something personal, something precious for her: "I will bless every place where a picture of My Heart shall be set up and honored."

Katie clasped her hands, and a wistful look came into her eyes. Oh, I wonder would he—would Jesus help father, and mother? I could take the money to buy the picture out of my bank. There's twenty-five cents. I guess that would get one.

It was nearly dark. In the square a grass-scented, bluish mist began to rise; fireflies (Katie called them lightning-bugs) shone and faded among the tree-shadows. The frolicking children, with their hoops and roller skates, had all gone away.

Our Lady Help of Christians never forgets. Katie had disposed of her last paper and felt very thankful. She dreaded the streets at nightfall. Didn't she hear that terrible man, wearing rubbers, so that you couldn't hear them tread, pushed boys and girls into chloroformed canvas-bags and hold them to the Jefferson Medical College, and no one ever heard of them afterwards?

Katie shuddering, hurried homewards. She lived in—street. At that time two-thirds of its dingy, tumble-down houses were occupied by vicious and criminal whites and blacks. Here and there was a family the head of which earned his living by honest labor. A strangely-chosen place was this for self-respecting people, the majority of whom—God pity them!—were Irish Catholics. But so it was.

A buxom colored woman wearing a purple print gown and a bright bandana stopped Katie at the entrance to the street. "You be careful, honey. Your pa has been beating your ma again. She halloed murder, and all the little children ran over to my house. Your pa took the Bible out with him. Your ma fainted. You can come over with the other children if you get frightened. Walk right in without knocking."

Katie had become very pale. "Oh, Mrs. Royer! I was afraid pa would. The police couldn't have heard ma halloed, do you think?"

"No honey, I reckon not. Don't you be afraid about that, though, so long as your pa wasn't arrested. But the law here 'I'm keeping you, and your ma expecting you every minute!"

Katie thanked her kind-hearted informant, and in fear and trembling went up the gloomy, ill-smelling street. She found her mother waiting for her in the doorway. "You're crying, darlin'. What's the matter?"

"O ma! ma!" Katie sobbed. "Emeline Royer's just told me about pa. Where has he gone?"

Mrs. Kernan drew the child in and closed the door. I don't know. God forgive him! He took the Bible, with my marriage certificate in it. In a South street pawnshop it is by this time." She broke into violent weeping.

Oh Mother of Jesus! Did I ever think I'd live to see this day? Him that has a good trade—the builders say there's no better brick-layer in Philadelphia—to sell the Word of God for drink! The book blessed by Father Barbelin—Lord have mercy on his soul. And to be living in this den of thieves out of pure carteriness, because I said it was no place to bring up children! And him raisin' his hand to me whenever the fit takes him! Ah it's punished I am for neglecting my duties. No confession from years' end to week's end. And 'tis the same with him. Look at the five of your children. Never a decent shoe to your foot nor a rag to your back for Mass or Sunday-school. Sure it's heaven's we've been here—the pair of us—and it's comin' home now." She covered her tear-stained face with her hands and wailed despairingly.

"O ma! don't don't!" pleaded Katie, tears dimming her own eyes. "Sit down here in the rocking-chair. I've got something to tell you."

"That I will darlin'. Sure, if I hadn't my Katie to comfort me my eyes would never be dry. But first you run over to Emeline's for the young ones. I'll get them to bed before your father comes in—if he does come. They've had their supper. I'd go myself, but I don't want her to see my black eye."

Katie was soon back with the little ones—two sturdy boys and two fair girls ranging from three to nine years. They trooped obediently upstairs after their mother and speedily forgot their fright in sleep. When Mrs. Kernan came down Katie nestled in her lap and drew forth Mr. Crosby's almanac. She read aloud our Lord's Promises to Blessed Margaret Mary. When she had finished the ninth, Mrs. Kernan, thrilling with a new hope, cried eagerly: "Say that over again, darlin'!"

could make further remonstrance. Mr. Crosby was out of sight. That evening Katie bought the Sacred Heart picture, had it blessed by one of the Fathers at St. —, and straightway set it on the "parlor" mantel.

A week passed. Mrs. Emeline Calantha Royer remarked over the backfence to her next door neighbor that the world must be coming to an end. "Let me tell you why, Solforina Bidlow Jones. That Mike Kernan's been sober 'this here whole week. Don't tell me people can't let rum alone if they wants to. And Mrs. Kernan, she's beginning to look real peart—that is," qualifying, "she will when her black eye goes."

Solforina Bidlow fingered the brass handle of the hydrant meditatively. She was sleep in a big "wash"—for "one of the most aristocratic families on Walnut street," she proudly informed Mrs. Royer. "It's certainly queer, Emeline. There's Mrs. Herndon—this wash is her's. She's a strict Catholic. Her son Percy, he took to drink. The cook took me. His mother got a Catholic picture—forget the name—and put it in Master Percy's room. It changed him like conjuring. He has stopped drinking. He hates liquor now."

Emeline laughed—her guess truer than she dreamed: "I reckon Mrs. Kernan must have got one, too. Whatever it is, I'm mighty glad. She's a clever woman, and her Katie's just sweet."

"Well, Cass, I've found a nice little house for us," Kernan said that night—the first Saturday in years that he had been sober. "Please God, we'll be out of this rat-trap by Wednesday next. It's down near Tenth and Dickinson."

Mrs. Kernan gave him a grateful look. "Anywhere, anywhere, Mike, away from this." The forgiving kindly Jesus! How quickly He has rewarded the setting up of the little picture! Let us begin over again, dear. We haven't lived as we should; we ought to have had a 'Sacred Heart' to start with. There's no luck where there's no God."

"I know it, Cass. Something had made me see things differently the past week. I have been a brute to you. You might have dressed in your silks if I had done what was right."

Mrs. Kernan's lips quivered. "Never mind, Mike. We'll forget all that. We're old yet. And haven't we the children? We'll send Katie to school now, too. Mike—the poor child with her feet out of her shoes! She'll not be wanting things after the baby is christened, I know that."

Kernan leaned over and kissed her. You're too good for the like of me, Cass," he said huskily.

Mrs. Kernan smiled through her tears. "Don't say that, Mike dear. Sure," she said, "I wouldn't have let you put the ring on my finger if I had been."

Mr. Crosby misses Kate's winsome face and sweet voice, but he is glad to know that she is at the head of her class in the parochial school.

Master Maurice has developed into a fine-looking tyrant with a few teeth and many yearnings to talk.

His mother, happy in her new home, feels that she will ever associate his baby-days with the blessed presence and providing of the Sacred Heart.—Little Messenger of the Sacred Heart.

K. D. C. builds up the system by restoring the stomach to healthy action. Free sample to any address. K. D. C. Co., New Glasgow, N. S.

A Soldier's Words. A few summers since, says an exchange, while en route from Chicago to Sault St. Marie on a Lake Michigan steamer, there were assembled in the smoking apartment, a sociable group, unusually interesting to the writer from the fact that it comprised several military men, natives of the field and whose experience for conversation afforded abundant material for discussion. Among the party was Colonel D—, whose evident familiarity with home and foreign military service soon made him the centre of interest.

The conversation turning on the respective qualities of the soldiers of various nations, the Colonel was finally asked to state from what nationality he would select his men for a critical encounter had he choice of nations.

After a moment's hesitation he spoke of the training of one, the reckless daring of another, the cool determination, the endurance, etc., of others, after which he said in substance: "Yes."

"But, gentlemen, aside from the question of nationality, let me tell you that for men who know their duty, who could be depended upon to a man, although it were a case of almost certain annihilation, give me a regiment who had just knelt and told their sins to the chaplain or who had just received, at his hands, what they call a general pardon."

"I belong to no church. I never expect to. But I say without hesitation that I would stake my life on the absolute fearlessness of these men who believe so firmly that, whatever the result, they are prepared to meet their God."

Coming, as it did, from an infidel, in a group where the presence of a Catholic was unsuspected, you may be assured that this tribute to the effect of the practice of a faith which is admired even by those who have it not, was thoroughly enjoyed.

Let us hope that the Colonel may be led to investigate the interior merits of a religion which can produce in man such admirable external qualities.

Gratifying to All. The high position attained and the universal acceptance and approval of the pleasant liquid fruit remedy Syrup of Figs, as the most excellent laxative known, illustrate the value of the qualities on which its success is based and are abundantly gratifying to the California Fig Syrup Company.

Katie was not convinced, but before she

The Cure For

Scrofula was once supposed to be the touch of reality. Today, many people know that the "scrofula remedy" is Ayer's Sarsaparilla. This powerful purifying extirpates "the evil" by thoroughly eliminating all the impure elements of the blood. Consumption, catarrh, and various other physical as well as mental maladies, have their origin in

SCROFULA When hereditary, this disease manifests itself in childhood by glandular swellings, running sores, swollen joints, and general feebleness of body. Administer Ayer's Sarsaparilla on appearance of the first symptoms. "My little girl was troubled with a painful scrofulous swelling under one of her arms. The physician being unable to effect a cure, I gave her one bottle of

Ayer's Sarsaparilla, and the swelling disappeared." —W. F. Kennedy, McFarland's, Va. "I was cured of scrofula by the use of Ayer's Sarsaparilla." —J. C. Berry, Deerfield, Mo. "I was troubled with a sore hand for over two years. Being assured the case was scrofula, I took six bottles of Ayer's

Sarsaparilla and was cured."—H. Hinkins, Riverton, N. S. Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass. Sold by all Druggists. Price \$1; six bottles, \$5.

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CASH OR EASY PAYMENTS.

W. H. JOHNSON, 121 and 123 HOLLIS ST., HALIFAX, N. S.

NOTICE.

NOTICE is hereby given that at the next session of the Parliament of Canada, legislation will be made for an Act to incorporate the

THE GRAND COUNCIL OF THE CATHOLIC MUTUAL BENEFIT ASSOCIATION OF CANADA.

The objects of which society are to unite fraternal, all religious, moral, mental and social condition of its members; to educate them in integrity, sobriety and frugality; to establish, manage and distribute a benefit and 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 representative according to the Constitution and By-laws of the Society.

THE SOCIETY is open to all male persons of legal age, who are of good character and who are of the Catholic faith. The fee for admission is \$1.00.

LATCHFORD & MURPHY, Solicitors for Applicants.

Great Dirt Arrestor AND DISPERSER OF UNCLEAN ACCUMULATIONS IS THE FAVORITE JUSTICE SOAP No family should be without it. It is 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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— MANUFACTURERS' AGENTS FOR THE CELEBRATED — IVERS AND POND KARN AND EVANS BROS. PIANOS,

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.

JOHN McDONALD, on tractor and Builder, PROPRIETOR 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. LAND SALE.

Dr. Alex. J. Chisholm, PHYSICIAN SURGEON, (Graduate of Bellevue Hospital Medical College, New York, and late of Victoria General Hospital, Halifax.) ANTIGONISH, N. S. OFFICE: DR. McINTOSH'S BUILDING, BOARDS AT CENTRAL HOUSE, ANTIGONISH, N. S., OCTOBER 31.

Administrator's Sale. IN THE COURT OF PROBATE, 1892. In the matter of the estate of Alexander Forbes, late of Beech Hill, in the County of Antigonish, Farmer, deceased. To be sold at Public Auction, at the Court House, in Antigonish, on Monday, the 12th day of December, 1892, at ten o'clock a.m., pursuant to a license to sell, granted by the Court of Probate for the County of Antigonish, dated the 2nd day of November, A. D. 1892.

A. L. the estate, right, title, interest, claim, property and demand of his late said father, as before the time of his decease, in and to the following land and premises, namely: All that certain lot, piece or parcel of

LAND, Situate, lying and being at the South River in said County of Antigonish, and on the West side of said River, bounded as follows, that is to say: On the South by lands of John B. McDonald, on the West by lands of the heirs of the late John McDonald, and now, or lately occupied by Alexander McMillan, on the North by lands of John McMillan, (Allan's son), and on the East by the waters of the South River, and containing one hundred acres more or less, and being the Northern one half or quarter of the lot of land owned and occupied by the Defendant in his life time, and certain other lands, situate, lying and being at Pinevale in said County, and bounded as follows: On the South by lands of Donald McLean, (deceased), and now in possession of his legatees, on the North by lands of Donald McLean, on the West by lands of the heirs or legatees or grantees of Angus McDonald, (deceased), and on the North by lands of Pinevale Lake, containing six acres more or less.

The said lands and premises have been levied upon under execution, duly issued on the judgments entered in the above several causes, certificates of each of which judgments were duly recorded in the Registry of Deeds for said County of Antigonish for upwards of one year. The sale of the lot first herein above described, is made subject to a mortgage thereon for \$100.00 registered in book 36, at page 377 of said registry.

TERMS: 20 per cent. cash deposit at sale, balance on delivery of deed. D. CHISHOLM, Sheriff Antigonish County.

A. MACGILLIVRAY, Plaintiff Antigonish County. Sheriff's Office, Antigonish, October 18th, 1892.

CASH EGG MARKET. 2000 Sheep and Calf Skins WANTED. Highest Cash price paid. DORANT & CO., ANTIGONISH. FOR SALE. WRITE TO POST OFFICE BOX 80, Antigonish, Nova Scotia, for the best HIGHLAND PIPES in America. Good as new. Very cheap. Old in the cause.

LAND SALE. IN THE COUNTY COURT, For the District No. 6. Between WILLIAM H. MACDONALD, Plaintiff, and ROBERT McSAMARA, Defendant. To be sold at Public Auction, by the Sheriff of the County of Antigonish, or his Deputy, at the Court House, in Antigonish, on Friday the 25th day of November, 1892, at 11 o'clock in the forenoon.

A. L. the estate, right, title, and interest of the above named defendant, at the time of the date of the judgment herein, in and to the following lot, piece or parcel of

LAND, Situate, lying and being at Antigonish Harbour, in said County, bounded as follows, that is to say: On the South by Ogdens Pond (so called), on the East by lands of Henry H. Crear, on the North by lands of Allan Cameron, and on the West by lands of Elizabeth McLean, containing ninety acres more or less, and being the same lands conveyed by Elizabeth Whitman, and others to Thomas McSamara by deed bearing date the 10th day of November, 1887, and recorded in the Registry of Deeds, kept at Antigonish, in Book 15 at page 431, as by reference thereto will more fully appear, the said lands having been levied upon under an execution issued in the judgment obtained in the above cause, a certificate of which was duly recorded in the Registry of Deeds for the said County of Antigonish, for upwards of one year.

TERMS OF SALE: 20 per cent. cash deposit at sale, remainder on delivery of deed. D. CHISHOLM, Sheriff County of Antigonish.

A. MACGILLIVRAY, Plaintiff. Sheriff's Office, Antigonish, October 18th, 1892.

McCURDY & CO.

Men's Undershirts and Drawers, good weight, 45c. All Wool, - - - 56c. Heavy All Wool, - - - 75c. Extra Heavy, - - - 85c.

UNDERCLOTHING. Cheapest ever offered, \$.55 Blue Lace Shirt, - .75 English Blue Flannel, .85 A Good Shirt, - 1.00

TOP SHIRTS A Fine Line of Cardigan Jackets, the best we have yet shown at \$1.00, \$1.25, \$1.35, \$1.50, \$1.75 and \$2.00.

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