Brofessional Cards.

GEORGE TOWNSEND, D. V. S. GRADUATE OF MCGILL VETERINARY COL-

BROOKSIDE FARM, NEW GLASGOW. N. S.

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ANTIGONISH, N. S. Dr. J. R. McLEAN EYE, EAR AND THROAT.

Artificial Eyes, any Color or Size.

Office: Kent's new Building, Prince Street. TRURO, N. S.

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Wm. F. McPHIE. Barrister and Solicitor, Notary Public. Office in W. U. Telegraph Building, ANTIGONISH, N. S.

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Central House. PORT HOOD, CB.

ONE OF THE BEST HOUSES in the County. CHARGES MODERATE.

A. G. McLELLAN, PROPRIETOR. Est. 1825. Incor. 1872.

AN AGENCY OF THIS BANK IS OPEN AT ANTIGONISH

For the transaction of a General Banking Business.
Drafts and Bills of Exchange, psyable in all parts of the World, Bought, Sold and Collected. Interest allowed on sums of Iwenty Dollars and upwards at Current Rate of Interest.

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

The CENTRAL HOUSE is well adapted for COMMERCIAL TRAVELLES, having

Commodious Sample Rooms. Good Stabling on the Premises.

Watches Clocks. Spectacles, Silverware And Fine Jewellery

Wedding Rings, Chased Rings. Gem Rings. Silver Thimbles, Gold Headed Canes

J. R. HELLYER, Main Street, Antigonish, N. S.

Farm for Sale.

THE FARM at the Ferry, South Side Harhor, 100 ACRES OF LAND,

C. F. KELL,

FOR SALE.

A LOT OF LAND containing One Acre GOOD BUILDING On same, situated on South River Road, about one mile from Town. Apply to MRS ROBT. HUNTER.



Hic Jacet.

Upon a stone with lichens gray, Mid mossy marbles of the dead, wild rose weeps itself away In crimson tears and kisses red

The beech upon it rains in gold : A brier wantons over it, And some old sculptor-hand had scroll'd Its brief Hie Jacet, quaintly writ. But if or beauty, age or youth

Be pillowed in the green below; Or heart of hope, or tongue of truth, Or babe or bride, we may not know.

Or if in life's allotted span. Who slumbers here knew aught of love That, hopeless, wastes the heart of man, Or felt the gnawing pain thereof :

What cruel caprice of circumstance O'erlook him, or what fate befell: What lifting wave of lucky chance, Two words alone remain to tell.

For run as will our round of years. In shine or shadow, peace or strife Let laughter be our lot, or tears, Hic Jacet is the sum of life. Patrick J. Coleman, in Catholic World.

THE LOST LODE.

A STORY OF MEXICO.

(Christian Reid, in Catholic World.) (Continued from last week.)

Vyner's first sensation on seeing her was one of shocked surprise - so much had she changed since he saw her last. How pale and thin was her face, how dark the shadows beneath her beautiful eyes! She looked like one who had just arisen from a bed of sickness; and this thought found TELEPHONE No. 10. P. O. Box 282.

expression in his first words. You have been ill!" he said, taken a few impetuous steps to meet her. "It was too much for you -- " He paused abruptly. He had been about to add, the night upon the mountain when you saved me," but the cura was still standing by, and he suddenly remembered that he did not know how much or how little had

been revealed to the latter. "I have been ill a little," she answered, but it did not matter. Why should you speak of anything so unimportant? I can think of nothing but my gratitude to God that I see you standing before me once more in life and health. Ah, senor, never, never can I be grateful enough that our prayers -" she glanced at the priest as if to show who was included in the plural pronoun - have been heard, and your life has been spared."

"Senor Vyner has indeed much to thank God and you for," said the cura impressively. " And now I will leave you to speak to him undisturbed."

He turned and went out, closing the door carefully behind him. Guadalupe sat down on the sofa, and, leaning back with an air of weakness, invited Vyner by a gesture to take the chair nearest her. He obeyed: but so powerful was the emotion which filled his heart as he looked at her, that he was absolutely incapable of utterance, and it was she who spoke first. "It is very good of you, senor, to

come so promptly in answer to my summons. Since we have heard that you were getting better, I have troubled myself much to think how I could possibly be sure JOHN M. BROUGH, Agent. of obtaining a few words alone with you-for they are words which it is necessary that I sure came to my assistance and offered to arrange an opportunity. This is why I

> "I felt your summons to be an honor," Vyner answered, "and as for my coming promptly - one does not deserve much thanks for doing that which one desires to do above all things. I, too, have been troubling myself with the thought of how I could best manage to see you-but it was ot so much for the sake of anything I had to say, as simply to see you. And yet I have much to say, for I have my life to thank you for. I do not know how or why you came to be upon that mountain; but I know well that had you not been there, I should not be here now."

She put her hands to her face for a moment with a slight shudder, as if the memory of that to which he alluded was almost more than she could bear. Then dropping them into her lap, she looked at him steadily with her sad, lovely gaze.

"And if I did something for you that night, senor," she said, "you have fully repaid me by the strict and honorable nanner in which you have observed the secrecy I asked of you. To know the ruth would, I think, kill my uncle - for he has had much trouble, and he is a proud man. I am aware that I asked for you have been betrayed in your most you will continue to preserve the secrecy..." mportant interests by one whom you trusted - betrayed, as well as almost murdered. I am bowed to the earth with shame when I think of it, when I say to myself that my cousin-"

emotion which for a moment she could not | you?" control. And it was then, without an

slender hands that lay in her lap, "do not - and I wished also to thank you for the think of these things! Think only of what great generosity of your silence." I am going to tell you. I love you with all my heart! What is it to me whether your in that manner," he said. "But for you cousin betrayed me or not? I thank him my lips would have been sealed in an for nearly killing me, since it has made eternal silence. Could I do less, then, me owe my life - my new life - to you. than I have done - even if I did not love yours and yours only, I can ask nothing passion of my soul - you must know and petter of earth. And I have said to myself of late that there may be a hope of this

in the dead of night -" She drew her hands from his grasp with a look of something akin to terror., "Ah, my God!" she breathed, as if to herself, you?" she went on, looking at Vyper. should prove very unlike, you and I - and

from discovery?" "I wished," she said, "to save him from not able to prevent what I feared, by God's mercy I prevented its worse consequence."

"Ah," he said, "I remember now that our manner the day before first made me think that there might be something wrong with your cousin. I felt then that you feared or suspected something. But let that pass. How does it matter? Whether you went that night for my sake or not, you saved my life, and I love you with a passionate devotion. I can think of devotion? Ah! if you only will -"

He leaned forward as if he would again slightly away and spoke with a grave and gentle dignity, which even in that moment

he thought he had never seen equalled. tell you a story. It is one which I came here to tell you, though I never thought of such a reason for it as the one you have just given me. You know, perhaps, that I have grown up in my uncle's house, an l that my cousin Fernando and I have known each other from our earliest years. But you do not know that we have loved each ether always-not as cousins only, but in a more tender and peculiar manner. Had things been different, we should have been acknowledged lovers. But everything was against us - most of all our poverty. I am a child of charity, possessing nothing, and my uncle, with a large family and many cares, could give Fernando nothing. So there seemed before us only hopeless waiting, or more hopeless separation. And then came the temptation which turned Fernando from an honorable man into a traitor. His heart was set upon finding the lost lode of the Espiritu Santo Mine. Once, and once only, he spoke to me of his hopes, when first there was a question on his taking service with you. I urged him not to do so-urged him until I angered him, and never again would he speak to me on the subject. I knew nothing of what he was doing, but I lived in dread. I suspected that he was betraying your interests, and I knew not which I feared most-his conviction of treachery or his success. I could not sleep at night for thinking and watching, and so it came to pass that I saw you when you went by on that night. The sight of you seemed to

confirm my worst fears, and trusting to the help of God, I took the short path up the mountain, hoping to arrive before you, warn Fernando, and avera the terrible consequences which must follow, I feared a meeting between you. But I was too late for this-you were already there when I arrived. So I could do nothing but wait-O Mother of God! in what heart-sickening suspense! - until Fernando came rushing down the mountain like a madman, and told me he had left you injured-dying in

the mine-" moment she could not continue. It was been to transfer the great heat generated should speak. But my kind friend the Vyner who broke the pause by speaking; by electricity from the wire to the surface

dark and dangerous shaft to safe me! Did you not think that it might be better and safer for the man you loved to leave me there to die?"

not reproachful, in the glance of the dark eyes as they met his own. "I only thought," she said, "that I would willingly die myself to save you, and to atone for the great wrongs that had been done you. And when I asked you to meet me here, it anderstand a little - how Fernando was tempted to so base an act."

"I can understand a man being tempted to anything for love of you!" said Vyner, kinds of domestic machinery, the same curas if the words were wrung from him.

"I forced him to return to the mine the next day," she went on, as if eager to end her story, "because if he had stayed away he would at once have been identified as your assailant. He was loath to go, but for his father's sake he compelled himself to do so. When you are able to return to the mine, he will leave it at once. All is over. He has lost everything. I hope, therefore, that you will be generous and spare him as much as possible - that

"You have my promise," Vyner interposed hoarsely. "It was given you not for a week, a month, a year - but for my life. Your cousin is safe from me. But God of heaven! how can you say that he She paused, her voice choked with the has lost everything when he still has

"No," she said quietly, "he has me no instant's premeditation, that Vyner let longer. All is at an end between us. I am going away-it is likely that I shall am going away—it is likely that I shall never come back. Before going, I wished denly bending forward and taking the two to tell you this that you might understand

"You shame me when you speak to m If you will take this life, which is now you? But I do love you with all the feel that. What is your childish romance with your cousin to me? You have found happiness for me if it was indeed for my him unworthy, you have given him up. sake that you climbed that lonely mountain Guadalupe, come, then, to me! -- come and bless my life with your love, for I tell you that I cannot live without you."

"Oh, yes, senor!" she said with almost tender sadness, "you will live very well what is this? Senor, what can I say to without me. For; indeed, I think we You are mistaken. It was not for your when you go back to your own country sake I went to the mine that night. It was you will feel this. I should be as allen to to warn my cousin of your coming, since your country, your ideas, your life, as definition of "caligraphy."

He started as if she had stung him. religion. Still I know that love can build me to Engene Field, the "crested poet What!" he said in a voice the tones of a bridge with greater differences than the West?" If the late Horace Greeley's which were all jarring, "you knew, then, these. But I do not love you, senor. I writing would deprive a printer of his of his treachery, and wished to shield him have loved only Fernando all my life. reason, Field's would most assuredly re-

describes Mark Twain's penmanship.

Alex. E. Sweet, of Texas Siftings, writes

Robert J. Burdette, writer, lecturer

and humorist, writes a slow hand that is

half written and half printed. It is a

round hand and exhibits no shading what-

I have a letter written in 1889 by the

Quaker Poet. Mr. Whittier writes a re-

markably steady hand, considering his age.

Madeline S. Bridges, the voluminous

poetess, has an ordinary feminine hand-

writing - the good old-fashioned kind

without the modern pitch-pole crosses and

sharp angles of the average "soft-sex"

Sheriff's Sale.

Between Sydenham Howe, Trustee of the
Estate of the late Catherine
SUSAN Howe, deceased,
and
Plaintiff,
ANGUS MCDONALD, Defendant.

LAND.

TERMS, - Teu per cent. deposit at time of sale emainder on delivery of the deed.

HERE IS THE CUE.

PUT IT TO A GOOD USE.

DOES ALL THE WORK . . . It has no equal for separat

USTICE SOAP

ing Dirt from Clothes, or as a

Pure, Wholesome, Fragrant

and Refreshing article . . . FOR THE TOILET.

EAGAR'S

NOHO?

COMBINATION

Cod Liver Dil Gream

FOR THE CURE OF

CONSUMPTION

ECONOMICAL IN USE.

FOR SALE BY ALL DEALERS AT SOC. PER

H. MELLISH, 42 Bedford Row, Halifax, Solicitor for Plaintiff., March 29th, 1892.

DUNCAN D. CHISHOLM, High Sheriff of Antigonish Co

IN THE SUPREME COURT.

It is in light, thin lines, but very clear and

a large, bold hand, and is evidently in-

terested in some ink manufactory.

almost invariably pen-printed.

And although he has lost that love I store him to the bosom of his family. cannot put another in his place. I have There lies before me a poem-by Mr. Field, been through dark and bitter waters since of twenty-eight lines, exclusive of title, danger-for I feared what would occur if the night when I met him flying with your signature and date, and all written in a you met. I did not know he was there, blood upon his soul; but now the worst is space easily covered by an ordinary busi-but I suspected it; and your going to the over and my way is clear. I am going to ness envelope, and as clear as a steel mine at such an hour made me almost cer- offer my heart to God, if he will accept it. engraving. tain of it. Se I went-and although I was If not, I shall find work to do in the world. But with love, as I have known it, I am done for every Speak to me of it no

more." He looked at her with an expression of mingled anguish and despair. Never before, in all his spoiled life, had he felt so hopeless, never before realized that something opposed him stronger than any force which he could bring to bear against it. Given a woman of the world - of his own world - and he would have known well nothing but these things—nothing else is what to say in such a case; but what could worth a moment's consideration. Guada- he say to this girl who had been moulded lupe, will you not take the life and the by influences so alien to any he had known, and in whose beautiful eyes all fires of earthly passion seemed indeed for ever have seized her hands, but she drew quenched? He could only put out his hand with a great and bitter cry of yearning.

"Guadalupe," he said, "you break my heart! I have hoped so much, so much -"Senor," she said, listen to me while I and now you tell me that there is no

"None from me, senor," she answere very gently. But remember that I shall never forget my debt of gratitude to you, and that as long as I live your name will always have a place in my prayers. Take again my heart's best thanks, and now-Adios."

The sweet and solemn farewell was still sounding in his ears as he left the room, and still before his eyes he saw-for how many a long day would he not continue to see! - the last picture of Guadalupe, standing in the dim light of the old monastic chamber, with the white crucifix outlined against the wall behind her graceful The cura, pacing to and fro in the cor-

ridor, breviary in hand, met him with something of compassion in his dark, gentle glance. Perhaps the white face of the young min told its. own story to those observant eyes.".

ANGUS MCDONALD, Defendant.

To be sold at Public Auction by the Sheriff of the County of Antigonish, at the Court 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 29th 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, pleces and parcels of "You will rest a little longer, senor,' he said kindly, 'before going out again into the sun? And a glass of wine-But Vyner declined these friendly offers. "The sua matters nothing, senor,"

he said a little grimly. "It is necessary that I should return to my house. I have many preparations to make, I am leaving for England immediately." "It is best," said the eura.

find that when you are once at home, your wound will cure very speedily." Was there a double meaning in his

speech! Vyner did not know. But these words too remained with him, as he passed from the cool, shaded court, with its fountain and doves, its blooming flowers and ascetic inscriptions, to the white glare and and dust of the street beyond.

Electricty for Domestic Purposes.

ber five commencing sauchty-four feet west from the last mentioned lot; thence west along the main road seventy-four feet; thence north eighty four feet; thence east seventy-four feet; thence south eighty-four feet to the place of beginning. Lot number seven commencing seventy-four feet west from the last mentioned lot; thence west along the main road seventy-four feet; thence west seventy-four; thence south eighty-four feet; thence west seventy-four; thence south eighty-four feet to the place of beginning. Also the one-half of the field containing the above mentioned lots-ghat is to say:—Said residue bounded on the south eighty-four feet from the main road; on the west and north-west by land of Joseph Crispo; on the north by land in possession of Donald Chisholm; and on the east by the "and leading to Crispo's wharf, entire lot including from" lots, containing twelve acres, or parcel of land, situate lying and being in Harbor-au-Bouche, aforesaid, being the southern half of a lot containing eight acres, more or less, entire lot abuted and bounded as follows:—Towards the east by lands of James M. Hall, and land in possession of Donald Chisholm; towards the south by land of Namuel McDonald and Edward Corbett; and towards the north and west by the road leading to Crispo's wharf. At the Crystal Palace Electrical Exhibition a room has been fitted up for showing how electricity may be applied to a variety Her tones faltered, ceased,—for a of domestic purposes. The difficulty has but his voice sounded strangely different to be heated. Without this cooking has from that in which he had spoken before. hitherto been impossible. A new process, "And then you went down into that however, has been perfected, by means of which the specially prepared enamel at the bottom of cooking utensils is fitted with a fine wire, embedded in the enamel itself. Water is boiled, cutlets are broiled and There was something pathetic, though pancakes fried in this way, the great advantages of this mode of cooking being the total absence of dirt and of surrounding heat, all that is generated being utilized in the cooking. In addition to this, a great economy is effected, the cost of boiling potatoes or cooking a steak being estimated was to tell you this story that you might at one farthing. For the heating of irons, the driving of sewing machines, coffee grinders, knife cleaners, fans for ventilators and small electric pumps, and in fact all rents that produce light can be used, and the fact that no knowledge of machinery is required on the part of the operator renders the prospect a hopeful one to housewives. - Ex.

The good used to die young; but since the invention of Puttner's Emulsion wise parents give it to their children, and prolong their useful lives. Only 50 cents a

> How They Write. (Selected)

Whether or not one be a believer in the character-in-handwriting theory, there is a fascination in examining the varied chirography of persons more or less noted. This is espically so, I think, when we study the hand writing of famous folk in the field of literature. During the past four or five years the writer has succeeded in collecting the signatures of a few of our celebrated "literarians," a brief description of which may be of interest to readers. The most peculiar handwriting in the lot, perhaps, is that of one Edgar Wilson Nye,

better known as Bill Nye, humorist, lecturer and playwright. It looks as though the writer had placed his pen-point on paper aud then had suddenly been stricken with fever and ague. For example, the word PARALYSIS, CHRONIC BRONCHITIS, "running," in Mr. Nye's handwriting, Asthma, Dyspepsia, Scrofula, Salt Rheum and other Skin and Blood Diseases, Rickets, consists of a fairly recognizable "r," and beautiful wavy line which suddenly Anamia, Loss of Flesh, Wasting, both in descends, at a sharp angle, below the line. Adults and Children, Nervous Prostration. He spares no ink in the grand "flooreesh" after his well-known sig. If he thinks as One teaspoonful of Phospholetne being equal in nutritive and blood making value to ten times it bulk of Cod Liver Oil, it will prove to be the Cheap est preparation in pass. be writes be must frequently tremble on the verge of vertigo. all of Cod Liver Oil, then prove to the Code of the proparation in use.

Phospholeine is the only preparation that has a now of which has effected actual cures in the provential of the partial cures in the provential of the prov

I might name at least a dozen schoolchildren of my acquaintauce who would make a better display of penmanship than " M. Quad" the Detroit Free Press man, now on the staff of the New York World. It does not quite agree with Webster's

The Cure For PIANOS

people know that the "sovereign remedy Ayer's Sarsaparilla. This powerful alter ive extirpates "the evil" by thorough Consumption, catarrh, and various other plasical as well as mental maladies,

SCROFULA

When hereditary, this disease manifests itself in childhood by glandular swellings, running sores, swellen joints, and general feebleness of body. Administer Ayer's Sarsaparilla on appearance of the first symptoms. "My little girl was troubled with a painful serofulous swelling under one of herarms. The physician being unable to effect a cure, I gave her one bottle of "A good, legible business hand" exactly James Whitcomb Riley writes straight up and down - often drifting into backhand; writes with a heavy stroke, but makes his letters small. His capitals are

Ayer's

Sarsaparilla and was cured."—H. Hinkins, Riverton,

Prepared by Dr J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass Sold by all Druggists. Price \$1: six bottles, \$5 Cures others, will cure you

- - ORGANS

THE LARGEST AND FINEST STOCK IN THE MARITIME PROVINCES.

Don't fail to write for Price List and Catalogues, and you will save money and get a First Class Instrument.

CASH OR EASY PAYMENTS.

W. H. JOHNSON,

121 and 123 HOLLIS ST.

HALIFAX, N. S. NEW BUTCHER SHOP,

MAIN STREET.

JAMES BROADFOOT BEGS to inform the Public that he has just opened a Butcher Business in the Shop lately occupied by MESSRS. WOOTTEN & DEXTER, and will be glau to serve all who may favor him with their patronage with Fresh Meats of all kinds. Having experience and a thorough knowledge of the business, I am prepared

HAMS, BACON, ETC., ALWAYS ON HAND. Meat delivered in any part of the Town at short notice.

JAMES BROADFOOT.

PINE NEW MILLINERY

WEST END WAREHOUSE.

We show here some of the New Styles which we have now



We have secured the services of MISS WILLIAMS, of Fredericton, whose reputation in that City bespeaks for her here a large share of the Fashionable Trade of both town

McCURDY & CO.

JOHN MCDONA D. Contractor and Builder.

ANTIGONISH WOOD-WORKING FACTORY

Flooring, Sheathing, Shingles, Laths. Doors and Windows MOULDINGS OF ALL KINDS.

Also for Sale: Lime, Plaster, C ment, Etc. Antigonish Woolen Mills.

McKAY & BRINE, PROPRIETORS.

OUR new firm having invested larger capital in this Business, is now preparing to put in more Machinery, together with strict personal attention, we expect to be in a position to give our CUSTOM CARDING, SPINNING, WEAVING, FULLING, DRESSING and DYEING We have now in Stock a large quantity of KNITTING YARN, both Double and Twisted, and the commond to our Customers, and guarantee them best value in the Market, as we use PIRE

McKAY & BRINE.

ROTARY SAW MILLS.
LATH MACHINES.
S NGLE MACHINES.
WATER WHEELS. AND OTHER MILL MACHINERY and SUPPLIES Engines - and - Boilers.

A leading Contractor has pronounced our Hot-air Furnace The Best Manufactured in the Dominion.

Either Portable or Stationery.

You should get one in your house, it will save you time and money. STOVES, PLOW FITTINGS, and other Castings of every description

Particular Attention given to JOBBING in all its Branches.

Write for Prices.

Weir & Morrison,

This is the way

with the B. & C. corset: if you want ease and shapeliness, you buy it but you don't keep it unless you like it. After two or three weeks'

wear, you can return it and have your money.

FOR SALE BY

STELLARTON, N. S. IVICCURDY & Co.