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HEAD OF MAIN STREET, ANTIGONISH, N.S.
Wholesale and Retail Provision Merchants and General Grocers.

JOHN McDONALD, Contractor and Builder, ANTIGONISH WOOD-WORKING FACTORY

Antigonish Woolen Mills. McKAY & BRINE, PROPRIETORS.

WANTED. Our Specialty. ROTARY SAW MILLS, LATH MACHINES, SHINGLE MACHINES, WATER WHEELS.

LAND SALE. IN THE SUPREME COURT, 1891 - No. 147. Between ADAM KIRK, Plaintiff, and JOSEPH McDONALD and EMILY McDONALD, Defendants.

LAND. Situated lying and being at Meadow Green, in the County of Antigonish, and bounded as follows...

Watches, Clocks, Spectacles, Silverware and Fine Jewellery. OF EVERY DESCRIPTION.

McCurdy & Co. LAND SALE. TO BE SOLD AT PUBLIC AUCTION, on Wednesday, 15th day of April next, a LOT OF LAND, Situated at Pomequet River, containing 150 acres...

JUSTICE SOAP. QUIETLY REFLECTING. Upon the virtues of Soap and the fact that the difference in price between the best and the worst is almost nothing...

TRY OUR CELEBRATED NEW BRAND OF INCA FLOUR. A first-class grade of family flour, winter wheat, ground from choice Northern wheat...

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

Professional Cards. GEORGE TOWNSEND, D. V. S., GRADUATE OF McGILL VETERINARY COLLEGE. BROOKSIDE FARM, NEW GLASGOW, 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.

Ernest Gregory, L.L.B. Barrister & Solicitor. Office: C. C. GREGORY'S BUILDING, Main Street, Antigonish, N. S.

Gillies & MacEchen, Barristers and Attorneys-at-Law, PRINCETON, N. S.

Sydney, C. B. Branch Office: St. Peter's, C. B. J. A. GILLIES. A. J. G. MAC ECHEN.

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

DENTISTRY. Dr. Torey WILL VISIT ANTIGONISH, NOVEMBER 1ST, 1892.

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

EAGAR'S PHOSPHOLENNE. A COMBINATION OF Cod Liver Oil Cream WITH HYPOPHOSPHITES. FOR THE CURE OF CONSUMPTION, PARALYSIS, CHRONIC BRONCHITIS, Asthma, Dyspepsia, Scrofula, Salt Rheum and other Skin and Blood Diseases...

Good Enough. Dear boys, I want to give you a motto safe and good: 'Twill make your life successful if you heed it as you should, Obey it in the letter - Don't say a thing is "good enough" Till it can be no better.

THE LOST LODE. A STORY OF MEXICO. (Christie Reid, in Catholic World.) He paused, and he judged rightly enough the character of the man before him not to be surprised that the dark brows knitted slightly over the deep-set eyes.

Meanwhile Fernando had indeed ridden away early, before the sun appeared above the eastern mountains. The cool freshness of the dawn - never in this high region without an accompanying chill - was grateful to his fevered senses; for all night long he had tossed and turned, beset by troubled visions, and with the pulsating excitement which Guadalupe had perceived in him thrilling through all his veins...

The marvellous glow of color which heralded the sunrise had faded by the time he entered the long, oriental-like streets, lined by close-barred, flat-roofed houses, and saw the beautiful church-tower guided by the first rays of sunlight.

Before one of the small, dark habitations which bordered the road, Fernando drew up his horse, just as a woman appeared in the low doorway. The level rays of sunshine fell over her tall, straight figure, and made her bare neck and arms - for she wore only the cotton skirt and white camiseta common among the lower orders - gleam like polished bronze, while no more purely Aztec face ever met the gaze of the first conquerors of Mexico.

"That is enough," said Fernando angrily, drawing his hand from her soft detaining clasp. "You insult me, you do not trust me, you can have no love for me. When a woman loves a man all that he does is right in her eyes, she thinks only of his interest, not of that of any other man; but you, what do you know of love?"

"So much that I would die for you, Fernando, willingly, gladly," she said, clasping her hands and bending toward him. "But to see you do what is dishonorable in the eyes of men, and a sin in the eyes of God, how could I love you and not try with all my strength to hold you back from that?"

"If you loved me you would believe that I know best what is right," he said with passionate arrogance. There was a moment's silence. Then, "Should I?" she asked with a quivering intonation. "I think not, Fernando; for how can any human love altar the laws of God, the laws that bind us to justice and truth? They do not depend on what you or I may think or feel toward each other, those laws. They are fixed for ever, like the stars yonder, to guide us both."

She was the only confidante whom he could allow himself, and he had followed an irresistible impulse in speaking to her freely; but he saw now that he must deny himself this solace, and wear a mask for her as for all the rest of the world.

And indeed Guadalupe's name was at this moment called by a voice - that of her aunt - which she had no alternative but to obey promptly. "I come," she answered, and then rising, bent for an instant over Fernando as he remained seated, put both hands on his shoulders so that the sweetness of her presence seemed to envelop him, kissed him lightly on the forehead, and was gone.

She did not see him again that night, and when she asked for him the next morning one of the younger boys said that he had ridden away at daylight, without telling any one where he was going. Guadalupe sighed. Was he angry with her, or did he only mean to avoid her, fearing farther words concerning their difference? She said to herself that he need have no such fear. She had wisdom enough to perceive clearly that no words of hers had power to move him; and there was a great and unusual capability of reticence in the girl. Some day perhaps, the opportunity would come to speak again with more effect - until then, with the deep, simple piety of her race, she could only pray.

The old man shook his head. "No, it is not enough, senior," he replied. "For I must not only be paid for what I can tell you now, but I must have a share in that vein when it is found; and therefore I must deal with the man who will find and own it."

"Whether you understand me or not, at least I understand you, Rosalio - and that very well. And if what you can tell proves to be of real value, you shall have your terms; for when that vein is found, I, and no other man will be its owner. I wish to know where to look for it, in order that it may not be found at present. Now tell me all that you know, and I will give you a hundred dollars for the information."

"Five hundred, senior, no less," the other answered calmly, "because I do not boast, but speak the truth, when I say that I know where the vein may be found. There are tales that it came to an end, that the ore no longer paid. That is not true. Those tales were spread to save the mine in times of danger; and I was one of the three men who covered up the lode and blockaded the passages that led to it. We were sworn never to betray the secret; but all are dead now save me, both of those who ordered and those who did the work; so there is no further reason why I should keep the oath. And I have only wanted to find who will be likely to pay most for what I can tell."

"If this be true," said Fernando, who had grown very pale, "there is no need of your information. We have only to clear out all the old passages and workings until we find the vein where you left it."

The old man made an indifferent gesture with his hands and shoulders. "Try," he said laconically, "and when you have failed you will be glad to come to Rosalio. We did not do our work by halves." "And if I believe you, and, to save time and labor, pay even the price you ask for what you can tell, are you sure enough of yourself to be certain that in all these years you have forgotten nothing?" "Nothing!" was the firm answer. "It is clearer here - he touched his head - than things which happened yesterday. I have asked the men now working in the mine where they are seeking the lode, and I smiled when they told me. For they will never find it there."

do," Fernando answered as he sat down in the offered chair. "I have come to see you again about the Espiritu Santo Mine," he went on quickly, looking up at the dark old face. "No one knows as much of it as you do, Rosalio, for I think you are the last of those who worked it in the time of the great bonanza."

"There is no other here of whom I know, senior," the old man answered. "Yes, I worked there in the days when silver was pouring out like a river; but that was long ago, before the times of fighting."

"So long ago," said Fernando, "that I know not where to find another man who has seen with his own eyes the great *vea madre*. And now I want you, Rosalio, to tell me exactly where it lay when you saw it last."

"You! - you are going to work the mine!" the old man said with astonishment. "And you wish to find the *vea madre* for the strangers who possess it now?"

"Perhaps," said Fernando drily. "At least I wish to know where lies the best prospect of finding it; and I will pay well for the information, if you can give it to me."

"What concern of yours is it to attempt to understand it?" Fernando demanded laughingly. "If I pay you, is not that enough?"

"The young eyes and the old ones met for a minute, and the latter did not quail before the angry light which shone in the former. The steady gaze of those keen bright orbs was indeed the thing which told Fernando that the old Indian held him in his power. Whatever his terms, they must be accepted to, or else he might carry to Ynere a tale that would sweep away all hope of his (Fernando's) ever finding the great lost lode. So, his resolve was quickly taken - Rosalio must know all, and be so closely bound by chains of interest that treachery would become impossible. Therefore it was with a strong effort to control himself that he spoke:

"K. D. C. frees the stomach from poisonous acid gas and restores it to healthy action."