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REMOVAL.

The subscriber is now comfortably located in the Hutchinson building, further down Queen Street, to which he has removed from the old Desbrisay Store.

He begs to return thanks for the fair share of trade given him whilst at the latter stand, and respectfully solicits a continuance of the same.

In addition to his usual supply of Flour, Meal, Provisions, &c., he will keep constantly on hand which he can afford to sell as cheaply as any one a pretty full line of Groceries, such as Teas, Sugars, Molasses, Kerosene, etc., etc. Also, Sole Leather, and a very nice assortment of Chinaware, Crockery and Earthenware.

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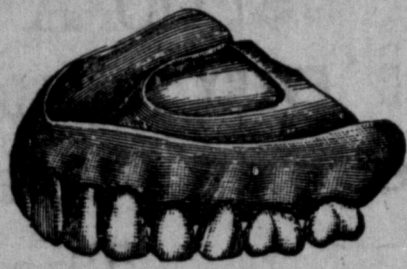
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Visits will be made to Kent County every second month, viz: January, March, May, July, September, November. Weldford on 16th, 17th and 18th. Kingston on 19th, 20th, 21st and 22nd. Richibucto on 23rd and 24th. Buctouche 26th and 27th.

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Sheriff's Sale.

To be sold at Public Auction in front of the Court House in Richibucto, on Saturday, the 3rd day of October next, between the hours of eleven o'clock in the forenoon and three o'clock in the afternoon of that day.

All the right, title, and interest, property claim and demand, either at law or in equity, of, in, and to, all that certain lot, piece, and parcel of land situate, lying and being in the town of Richibucto, in the County of Kent. Bounded on the east by Queen Street, on the north by the McDermott property, on the west by land deeded to Robert Richardson, on the south by the Carey property, being the lot of land occupied by Thomas G. Richardson, the same having been seized and taken by virtue of an execution issued out of the County Court of Kent at the suit of Doethe Richard against the said Caleb Richardson.

The above sale is postponed until Thursday, the 7th day of January, A. D. 1892.

WM. WHEATEN, Sheriff.

Sheriff's office, Richibucto. June 30th, 1891.

and I can tell you a little about the lady. Is it worth another £25?"

"Yes."

"Very good."

He unlocked his desk again and took out a blue envelope and handed it to me. I opened it and read the report.

"Marion Smith, widow of William Hengist Smith, was married at St. Mary's Church, Kensington, on —, 188—, to Sir Henry Lascelles, Bart. Sir Henry and Lady Lascelles are now residing at Cauning House, Kensington."

My wife had married one month after my drowned body had been identified by her, and she was now Lady Lascelles.

I had not the £25 with me, so I told the agent I would go to my hotel and fetch it.

"There is no hurry," he said. "Any time that you are passing to-day or to-morrow will do—or you can send me a check."

I folded the paper up, put it in my pocket, and went out into the street.

Here was a pretty kettle of fish. My wife had buried me and had married another man. I felt convinced that it was to marry the other man she had buried me.

She had seen the report of the finding of the body in the papers. The published statements of my former employer had put the idea into her head of playing a ghastly comedy and making herself safe in case I ever turned up and threatened proceedings.

She knew that I had left the country. She knew that I was going to the colonies when we signed the deed of separation.

Still I was dead. She had certainly killed me in a very effective way, and I should have some trouble in proving that I was alive.

And to do that would be to proclaim myself William Hengist Smith, the husband of Lady Lascelles. To do that would be to betray the woman I loved better than all else in the world, my dear Cora.

"William Hengist Smith," I said to myself, as I walked back to my hotel, "you are dead, dead and buried. Your wife has made herself safe in contracting a second marriage, and she has made you safe at the same time. A dead man can't commit bigamy."

I was rather relieved for Cora's sake that I was dead, but I didn't like the idea of that unknown suicide lying in my family grave among my people and using my name on the tombstone.

But how was I to get him out? He was there, and there he would have to stop till the day of judgment.

Satisfied at least that I was now safe, and that my wife could never interfere with me again, I began to breathe more freely. I had no fear now of anybody, so I walked about London holding my head high, and I lost the terror which had once or twice come upon me when I met women in the street who looked at the first glance something like my wife.

Relieved in my feelings, I determined to stay on through the London season instead of going abroad and returning from Venice to Australia.

One night at the opera we met an old friend of Cora's, a rich Australian lady who had been in England some two years. She insisted that we should come and see her, and we went to dinner a few days afterwards. Then came an invitation to a ball, and for Cora's sake I accepted it.

It was a grand ball, and a great many tip-top people were there, for our Australian friend's husband was an important public personage.

We arrived early—too early, not being used to society ways, and so we saw nearly all the people arrive, and were able to learn who they were.

Cora was delighted. She danced several times, and everybody admired her. I didn't dance, but sat quietly in a corner and looked on.

An hour later, when I was watching the dancers, I heard some one say "that's Sir Henry Lascelles."

"And is that dark woman his wife?"

"Yes," was the reply. "That is Lady Lascelles. Poor old chap, I'm afraid he has anything but a good time."

My cheeks went deadly white and then flushed crimson.

Lady Lascelles! I turned and found myself face to face with my first wife.

Our eyes met.

She knew me, I am certain of that, but for all outward and visible signs I might have been a total stranger whose face her eyes had accidentally rested upon in the street.

I had not such complete command of myself.

I felt the hot blood rush to my cheeks and fade away again. My heart almost stood still and a faint sick feeling crept over me.

Sir Henry Lascelles, her husband, a tall military looking old man, a faded dandy vainly endeavoring to appear a young buck, was standing near her.

While my eyes were still fixed upon her (I could not look away, though I tried) she turned to Sir Henry and said, in a voice loud enough for me to hear:—

"My dear, will you fetch my fan? I have left it on the seat yonder by the Australian lady—Mrs. —, introduced to us just now—Mrs. Smith."

She had been introduced to my wife, and she wanted me to know it.

It was a marvellous performance on her part—this sudden and totally unexpected

meeting with a husband she had comfortably buried in Highgate Cemetery utterly failed to disconcert her. She had evidently foreseen that it might happen some day, and had carefully rehearsed the business of the scene so far as she was concerned.

She had been introduced to a Mrs. Smith. Directly she saw me she jumped to the conclusion that I was the Mr. Smith who was Mrs. Smith's husband.

She fired the shot in the hope of hitting the mark, and in a moment she saw that her aim had been a good one.

I dropped my eyes and turned away to hide my confusion. I felt that my guilty face would attract attention. I talked with the people about me at random. Heaven only knows what I said. I fancy some of them must have thought I had too much to drink.

At last I went on to the landing and wandered into a conservatory, and sat down in a quiet corner to try and collect my scattered senses.

A few minutes thought reassured me, Lady Lascelles could do nothing. She had buried me and married again. Feeling a little braver I went back into the ball room.

Our hostess came towards me:—

"Ah, Mr. Smith, I have been looking for you everywhere. I want to introduce you to a lady who is charmed with your wife and wishes to make your acquaintance."

She led me to a corner of the room and there I found my wife and Lady Lascelles laughing and talking together.

"Mr. Smith—this is Lady Lascelles," said our hostess, and then with a few words left me alone with my two wives.

By a desperate effort I rose to the situation and joined in the conversation, but I felt supremely uncomfortable, and I had the greatest difficulty in concealing my uneasiness.

Lady Lascelles was charming. She asked me about Australia, and inquired if I was a native or if I had gone out there from England.

Then she turned to my wife and asked her what she thought of London and how long we were going to stay, and said that she hoped to see more of us, and was so nice and agreeable that Cora was quite charmed with her, and told me afterward that she thought her quite the nicest person she ever met.

Presently Sir Henry Lascelles came up, and Lady Lascelles introduced us to him and he sat down and joined in the conversation.

It was all sheer devilry on the woman's part, but I could not help admiring it.

It was an extraordinary situation. Lady Lascelles and myself were husband and wife and she was introducing her husband to me and my wife sat beside her.

Soon after I asked Cora if she was not tired. I wanted to go. The comedy to me was growing hateful. I had begun to realize what it meant. Every word we two exchanged was really an insult to our two victims.

I began also to resent the look of triumph I detected in Lady Lascelles' eyes. Her look plainly said, "I have played my cards well; you dare not interfere with me or betray me. You cannot take a single step without ruining yourself."

I wanted to let her know that the secret of the cemetery was mine. I wanted to say that I had seen my own grave, and that I thoroughly appreciated the daring scheme which she had carried out with such effrontery.

But I had no opportunity of speaking with her alone, and so I left the explanation for a more favorable opportunity.

Cora expressed her readiness to leave at once if I was tired, and bidding Sir Henry and Lady Lascelles good night we went back to our hotel.

Shortly afterward we left London and went back to Australia. We went to Venice in order that we might see some of the famous places in France and Italy.

Before we left we received an "at home" card from Lady Lascelles. Cora was anxious to go, but I persuaded her she had better not. I said I had heard something about Lady Lascelles. I was very vague about it, but Cora, who had the greatest confidence in my superior knowledge of the world, yielded at once.

To say that I was afraid of meeting Lady Lascelles again would not be true. I knew that I was safe, but in her presence I felt unhappy. She was the flaming sword outstretched between me and Eden.

I loved Cora with all my heart and soul and I knew that I had bitterly wronged her, and that while the other woman lived it was impossible for me to atone for that wrong.

In Australia I had brought myself to forget the past. In England it all came back to me, and from the hour I saw my first wife I was never able to dismiss it from my mind.

In the knowledge that she lived and that she knew I had married again even the shock of my false death and burial were forgotten. Do what I would I could not help remembering that there was a woman in England who knew what Cora's real position was, and that woman, a daring heartless and unscrupulous adventuress, was my lawful wife.

Three years later we came to Europe again. During the three years I had heard nothing of Lady Lascelles. Once in an English society paper Cora had shown me her name among a list of guests at a grand

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