

CLARKE, GENERAL HARDWARE

KERR & THORNE

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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Taxidermist and Naturalist,

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Birds and Animals mounted in the best style of the art. Moose and Caribou Heads mounted in the best style. Furs of all kinds dressed. Good collection on hand for sale. Skins tanned and made into mats. Rare birds bought and fair prices paid. Arctic Owls particularly required. I guarantee that no moths will appear in my work.

JUST RECEIVED.

Robinson's Emulsion, Scott's Emulsion, Nestle's Food, Warner's Safe Cure, Hood's Sarsaparilla, Fine Sponges, Blood Bitters, Quinine Wine, Wine Beech Tree Cressote, Paine's Celery Compound,

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We have on hand a full line of STATIONERY, TOILET ARTICLES, PERFUMES, and all articles usually found in a first-class Drugstore. Also—Choice Confectionery, Briar Pipes, Imported Havana Cigars, Tobaccos and Cigarettes, Razors, Shaving Strops, Shaving Brushes, Hair and Cloth Brushes at the

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W. A. MACLAREN, Proprietor.

SEEDS

We have received a

Carload of Seeds

consisting of Red, Late Red, Alsike, White, Lucerne and Trefoil Clover, Timothy, and Red Top Grass.

Barley, Pease, Tares, Oats, Beans, Onion Setts and a full supply of Garden Seeds, which will be sold low for Cash.

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J. & T. JARDINE

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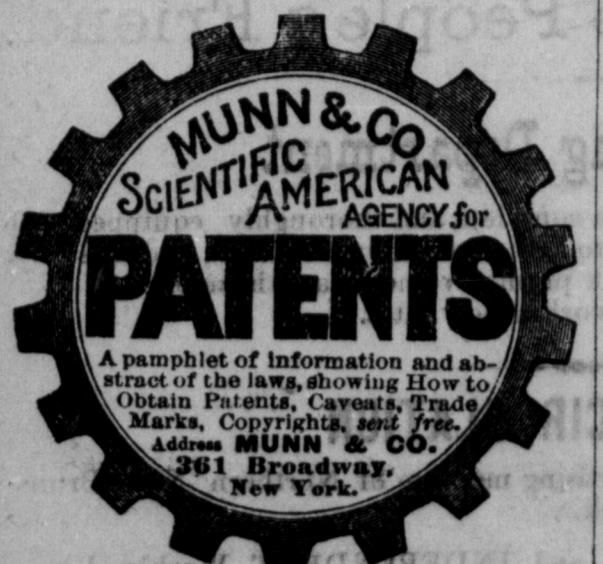
Carriages and Sleighs,

WELDFORD, N. B.

Repairing done promptly and in first-class style.

Horse shoeing a specialty.

Patronage solicited.



Notice of Sale.

To William Hutchinson, lately of Buctouche, in the County of Kent, in the Province of New Brunswick, farmer, and now in the United States of America, and to all others whom it may concern.

Notice is hereby given that under and by virtue of a certain power of sale contained in a certain indenture of mortgage bearing date the seventh day of May in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and seventy-five, and made between the said William Hutchinson of the one part and Ellen Dunn of the other part, and duly recorded in the registry office for wills and deeds, for the said County of Kent, on the said seventh day of May, A. D., 1875, by the number 11,200, libra V, pages 606, 607, 608. There will, for the purpose of satisfying the said principal money and interest secured by the said indenture of mortgage, default having been made in the payment thereof, be sold on Saturday, the eleventh day of July, next, at or near the hotel of Andrew Harragan, in Buctouche aforesaid, the following lands and premises situate in the parish of Wellington, in the County of Kent, bounded and described as follows, that is to say, being the same lands as were conveyed to the said Ellen Dunn by James Fraser, Esquire, barrister, by deed registered in the records of the County of Kent, the seventh May, A. D. 1875, and numbered 11197, and by the said Ellen Dunn conveyed to the said William Hutchinson by deed registered on the said seventh day of May, A. D. 1875, by number 11198 as by reference to the said deeds will more fully appear. Containing by estimation fifty acres more or less. Save and except by the said barrister's deed the exceptions therein mentioned.

For further particulars apply to the undersigned solicitors at Moncton. Dated this thirty-first day of March, A. D. 1891.

FRANK EDINGTON, Administrator of Ellen Dunn. A. W. BRAY, Solicitor.

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MERCHANT

TAILORS,

Domville Building,

SAINT JOHN, N. B.

WANTED.

500 GIRLS.

To learn the Kellogg French Tailor System of Dress Cutting. The only system in America which cuts Worth's French Darts, front, back, sleeve, and skirts without retting. No paste-board chart, model or machine patterned off on you as a tailor system of dress cutting, but a genuine Tailor's Square, Dart and Sleeve Rule. No re-fitting—no re-basting. Lessons not limited. Full instructions given in fitting and basting. Address or call on M. MACDOUGALL, Weldon St., Moncton. General Agent for New Brunswick and Nova Scotia.

Bab found no fault with the exception; she nestled the least bit closer in his arms.

"And you will love me always?" "In life and death."

Everything was settled before they parted. At half-past seven Barbara was to meet her lover—her real lover—outside the Abbey gates; they would drive straight to Merton church, and there the clergyman would marry them; before nine o'clock Barbara would be safe in her own room but Barbara Grey no longer.

"But will they marry us?" she asked. "Mr. Smith knows I am only eighteen, and—"

"Mr. Smith is away; the curate in charge was a college friend of mine. I am quite sure it would be a pleasure to him to make us happy."

"And afterwards?" "Afterwards! Ah, Barbara, can't you trust me?"

"I would rather know."

"By ten o'clock I shall be at the Abbey. I do not think your uncle will refuse to see me, when he hears what I have to tell him. I am certain, even if you were not mine, he would break off the engagement between you and his guest."

"It seems so strange."

"What seems strange, Barbara?"

"That to-morrow should be my wedding-day. Do you remember a week ago I had never seen you?"

"Ours is probably the shortest engagement on record; but what does it matter if we are happy? You are quite sure you will not repent, Barbara?"

"Stoop down," she whispered, "and turn your head away—I want to tell you something." Then, as he obeyed her whim: "I think, if we were so poor we had to do our own work, and have no servants, if you told me even we would have to live in Africa all our days, my answer would be just the same. I couldn't let you go away."

He looked pleased.

"Ah, Barbara, I can bear anything after that! And now, my darling, I must leave you; I know that you will be true to me, and that to-morrow I will not seek my wife in vain."

That evening seemed most tedious to Barbara Grey.

Sir Robert had arranged that his niece and her husband should proceed to the Isle of Wight directly after their marriage so that this was Bab's last night for some weeks in her old home. Her aunt attributed to this her agitated manner and flushed hectic cheeks.

Lady Grey loved Bab as her own child, and was very anxious over her future; she followed her into her room that night and sat down on the sofa at the foot of the bed.

Barbara took a stool at her feet and buried her poor tired head in her aunt's lap.

"I hope you will be happy, dear."

"I am sure I shall."

"Mr. Carlyle loves you very warmly, and after all love must have a return."

"I suppose so; but it is better to start with love on both sides."

"You don't repent, Bab—you are quite sure you wish this to go on?"

"I mean to be married to-morrow, aunty."

Lady Grey shivered. "It has all come so sudden; it is so different from your wedding as I used to plan it; and your dress is not fitting the heiress of the Abbey."

It was a soft white silk, trimmed with lace; the silk had come from India, and was long among Lady Grey's hoards.

Her own maid had cut out and manufactured the dress, there being no time to send to a London modiste.

"It is very pretty," said Bab simply. "Aunty, I am so tired, I must say good-night."

Lady Grey rose at once and taking the girl in her arms, kissed her fondly.

"Good-night, my darling."

"And, aunty," pleaded the girl; "promise me just one thing—that you'll always love me, however bad I may prove."

Lady Grey marvelled at the words, but she promised tenderly, and a minute later Bab was alone.

It was seven o'clock the next morning when Bab awoke; no time for hesitation or scruple. She must get on with her dressing or she would be late.

Bab dressed herself as swiftly and calmly as if it had not been her wedding-morning. She gave one regretful glance at the white silk that hung on the chair before her, and then chose a soft worked muslin, as simple as it well could be, and yet with the one qualification needed—that its trimmings were wholly white, unrelieved by one touch of color.

Bab fastened her hat, a white straw trimmed with snowy ostrich-feathers took up a pair of white silk gloves, gave one wistful look behind her, and went forth to keep the appointment.

Mr. Carlyle was waiting for her. He lifted her into the carriage and drove off. Not until they were out of sight of the Abbey would he trust himself to speak.

"I knew my darling would not fail me."

"I am so frightened," she whispered.

"Oh, am I very wicked?"

"No, child."

It was the church where Bab had worshipped Sunday after Sunday ever since she was a child. All looked familiar, only it was strange to be there in the early morning without her uncle and aunt, and stranger still to see a young man standing in the place of the grave old minister.

The clergyman began the service the moment eight was struck by the church clock. He read it solemnly and impressively, and when he came to the question, "Who giveth this woman to be married to this man?" Bab turned very pale; it seemed to her there was no one but the old clerk who could possibly reply to the appeal; she was relieved to see an elderly man emerge from one of the pews and answer "I."

The service over, the bride and bridegroom, the clerk, and the stranger adjourned to the vestry, and there the bridegroom presented the latter to his wife.

"Lord Anstruther, Barbara—one of my oldest friends."

"And his uncle to boot," said the peer pleasantly. "My dear Barbara, you must let me congratulate both; Geoff is a fine fellow, if he is a trifle eccentric."

"He isn't," said Bab indignantly.

Everyone smiled but the bridegroom. With perfect gravity he reminded Bab of the flight of time and put her tenderly into the carriage.

"You will see her again, uncle, as you have promised to come with me when I visit Sir Robert."

The breakfast bell tolled out its summons. Bab obeyed the call promptly.

Lady Grey started.

"My dear, this is shocking! No one ought to see you to-day until you are dressed as a bride."

"Never mind," said Bab; "Mr. Carlyle isn't superstitious."

The false Geoffrey tried to smile; he was getting horribly anxious; his triumph seemed very near, but he dreaded lest he should lose his prize at the eleventh hour.

They all dawkled over breakfast, though no one ate much. Lady Grey had just suggested that Barbara better go and dress when there came a thundering knock at the door, and the footman appeared a moment later with two cards on a salver. He handed them to his master.

Sir Robert read them aloud in his surprise.

"Lord Anstruther! What on earth does he want with me? And 'Geoffrey Carlyle!' Geoffrey, to his nephew-in-law elect, 'what can this mean? Do you think your father has come over by any chance to be present at your wedding?'"

"It must be some imposter," declared Mr. Carlyle, but his face grew white to the lips.

"Nonsense! a man in Anstruther's position would not countenance such a thing. 'He may be deceived, Sir Robert,' with great energy. 'I beseech you do not see these people; do not let our wedding-day be clouded with dissension.'"

"I certainly shall see them," said Sir Robert pompously; "I cannot slight an old acquaintance like Lord Anstruther."

He went straight to the library. He had prepared a set speech, but the earl interrupted him.

"Sir Robert, I have come to tell you that you are the victim of as clever a fraud as I ever heard of. My nephew," and he indicated his companion, "Geoffrey Carlyle being delayed in his voyage to England, entrusted his excuses to you, together with his personal luggage, papers, and other articles, to one of his father's clerks, whom he had a friendly interest in. He recommended the young man to your kindness, knowing that though he was unsteady and idle, another start in life might be the making of him; that clerk's name was James Standisle."

"I never heard of him," began Sir Robert; "and—"

"Precisely," interrupted Lord Anstruther. "My nephew reached Merton a week ago to find Standisle had robbed him of name, identity, and sweetheart."

A cold sweat broke over Sir Robert's face.

"You don't mean—"

"I mean that the man to whom you have betrothed your niece is James Standisle, a penniless adventurer, who has repaid my nephew's kindness by the blackest ingratitude; he is of reckless habits, bad temper, and vicious pursuits. Wretched, indeed, would be a young girl surrendered to his mercy."

"But this is their wedding-day," groaned Sir Robert. "Two hours more and she'd have been his wife."

The true Geoffrey Carlyle shook his head. "No, Sir Robert; pardon me if I have stolen a march upon you. I saw your niece a week ago, and loved her. I need not tell you how I worked my will, only I taught her to love me back again. Her father's fortune, present and to come, I have settled on her; and this morning, in her own parish church, she became my wife."

"Your wife? Impossible!"

"It is just as you had planned, only she has married the true Geoffrey Carlyle instead of the false one; and, I may add, the man she loves, instead of the one she feared."

When Sir Robert recovered from his amazement, he sent immediately to his guest's room to request him to come to him, but James Standisle had quietly made his escape. Seeing that discovery had come, and his game was "up," he left the Abbey as fast as possible, and none of those within its walls have seen him again.

Barbara was in her own room when a message summoned her to the drawing-room. Her husband met her at the door and led her up to her uncle.

"She tells me you have been a father to

(Continued on page 8.)

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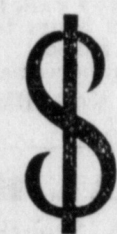
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