

CLARKE, GENERAL HARDWARE

KERP & 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.

J. W. HARNETT.

J. H. CARNALL,

Taxidermist and Naturalist.

38 King Square, (south side) St. John, N. B.

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 Cresote, Paine's Celery Compound,

Beef, Iron and Wine, Sordont, Compound Syrup, Extract Malt, Chester's Asthma Cure, Pure Cod Liver Oil, Dyspepticure, Cuticura Soap, Golden Medical Discovery.

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

RICHIBUCTO DRUGSTORE,

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.

Members of Kingston Agricultural Society allowed a discount as usual.

J. & T. JARDINE

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Repairing done promptly and in first-class style.

Horse shoeing a specialty.

Price of stage solicited.

Roll



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.

JAS. S. MAY & SON,

MERCHANT

TAILORS,

Domville Building,

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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 refitting. No paste-board chart, model or machine palmed 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.

and make a friend of her, Romilly."

"I, mother? Preposterous! There is handsome Clarence to beau her about. She would only ridicule a poor wretch like me."

"My dear, I assure you again you are wrong. Only know her, and you will, I am sure, admit that she is a most charming and amiable girl."

"Thank you. I would rather not, though, if you will excuse me."

"Do you always mean to lead this life, Romilly?"

"Yes, mother," he answered just a little sullenly. "Why should I alter it?"

"Why? Because it is an unnatural life for a young man—cruel to yourself, cruel to others. You should rouse yourself, alter your present mode of existence, try to forget the past, and seek a wife in some good unselfish woman."

"I don't want a wife, mother; I should only find her a troublesome chattel, and unselfish women are such rarities that I am afraid I should not have the luck to light on one. You are all I want," and despite the failure of her mission, Mrs. Desmond went away feeling content and happy in the security of her afflicted son's undying love.

CHAPTER II.

"I think I almost hate that woman!" murmured Desmond between his teeth, as a day or two later he saw Miss Pallis, or a lady whom he supposed to be Miss Pallis, for she was tall and golden-haired, and beautifully dressed, alight from a carriage and enter his house.

He could see all the arrivals in the courtyard from his rooms in the left wing, and watching them sometimes afforded him a sort of melancholy pleasure. Not in the present instance, though. He was weary of hearing his brother extol her praises in his lordly careless way, slightly jealous that his beloved and dearly loving mother should give so much thought and attention to this stranger, this alien, whom she had only known a few months, who had the reputation of being worldly-wise, heartless and frivolous, and who, of course, only thought of dress, dancing, flirtation, and admiration, and made those things her idols and worshipped them ardently.

It never occurred to him that he might be unjust—that this fashionable beauty might have a heart—a tender one, too—under her well-fitting silken bodice.

Beautiful women had no feeling, no compunction, no pity, no love, no tenderness for any thing save themselves and their lovely faces.

They were a mistake, and, if wrong could be right, should be improved off the face of the earth to make room for their less well-favored, and more gentle sisters.

He argued this from his knowledge of Leonora Cargill, and the infamous treatment he had received at her hands.

He could believe no beautiful woman to be a saint until she was tried and proved and therefore his brows were knit in a black frown, and his eyes were sombre as he saw the elegant figure disappear across his threshold, escorted into his house by Clarence, who was doing the honors with his usual easy grace and suavity.

He felt unreasonably wrathful with his brother that chill December day, as he stood in the courtyard for a few moments after escorting the fair guest in, giving some directions about her luggage.

The rays of the setting sun strayed over his brown head, and lingered in his bright blue eyes, as he stood, tall, straight, powerful—a perfect picture of manly beauty.

"He will make a fool of himself over her, of course," muttered Desmond as he looked at him gloomily, "if he hasn't done so already. Heaven send him he may not meet with my sad fate, though—like this, a maimed, crippled, helpless wretch, half dead, and yet with life bounding strongly in one's veins, with every instinct every feeling, every passion running riot, maddening one with hopes that can never be realised, desires that can never be gratified, yearnings that must remain unsatisfied; to know that years and years of life lie before of the same dull dreary kind, without any pleasure or joy, cheerless, uneventful, crushingly monotonous, and to be powerless—to be unable to alter one thing—one unhappy circumstance even by a hair's breadth. Oh, the misery of it!"

And he buried his face in his hands, and a groan, wrung from the depths of his heart passed his pale lips.

And while the master of Desmond Chase bemoaned his misfortunes in the solitude and silence of his dull rooms, his mother and brother entertained their guests in the library, where there was warmth, glow, and brilliance—where the light of the fire was reflected from the crimson draperies, and the gold-lettered book-bindings, and the marbles and bronzes littered about.

Mrs. Desmond sat by a little table dispensing tea in dainty cups, and Clarence and one or two other young men handed them to the girls, mostly clustered around the brilliant fire.

Miss Pallis was a little apart, lying in a low lounging chair, still wearing her velvet and furs, though she had thrown off her hat, and her gold-tressed head glinted in the fire-glow, and her pansy eyes looked almost black.

"Do you feel warmer now?" asked Clarence, hanging over the back of her chair.

"Yes, thanks."

"You ought to get a little nearer the fire, though it seems to be pretty well sur-

rounded by those chatterboxes," and he threw a not altogether kindly glance at the bevy of fair ones on the hearthrug, which glance was intercepted by Miss Richmond, who looking more than ever like a mouse in her grey gown, and in contrast with the lovely Miss Pallis, was furtively watching Clarence and his companion, and inwardly quaking at the sight of her beauty. For, finding that Romilly was not to be impressed by her "soft smiles and quiet wiles," she transferred her attentions to his younger brother—attentions which had been received by the latter with considerable complacency, as he was bored by the dull weather and the absence of visitors at the Chase. He had given no thought to her in any other way, and he was not altogether pleased at the reproachfully tender glance she thought fit to send in his direction, or the persistency with which she watched him.

What right had she to watch him? He had never said anything to lead her to suppose that he had serious intentions, and surely it was nothing to be a little civil to a girl, especially if she be young and fairly pleasant to look on, and, moreover, the friend and constant companion of a man's mother—thrown constantly in his path, living under the same roof, and naturally expecting those little courtesies which a host shows his guests, and Clarence had always to take his brother's place, and play the part of host to the guests gathered at the Chase.

Up to the time of Vera's arrival he had been quite ready to show her all the attentions their relative positions demanded and perhaps a little more than was absolutely necessary.

Now it was different. And who could wonder? A man is naturally attracted towards the most beautiful woman he meets with, and there could be no question as to who was the better looking in this case.

She was a pretty little thing, well enough in her way; but she looked nothing—simply nothing beside Miss Pallis's brilliant beauty. Her hair was golden, yet it looked flaxen beside the other's ruddy, glittering tresses; her eyes blue, yet pale and watery beside Vera's purple orbs; her cheeks fair, still chalky and lifeless beside the beautiful peach-like bloom on the London belle's cheek. Altogether she would not bear comparison with her rival for rival she knew she was the moment she saw Clarence's glance, which sought and lingered on the beautiful face.

"Won't you go nearer?" he repeated. "No, thanks," returned Vera; "I am very comfortable here, and I could talk to your mother more easily than I could if I were over there."

"Is that a hint for me?" he demanded, smiling down at her.

"A hint for what?" she asked, regarding him in surprise.

"To go."

"I did not mean it in that way."

"Really?"

"Really. If I want to address Mrs. Desmond I shall do so; you will be no obstacle to my doing that," she answered composedly.

"That is hardly kind," he said, slightly disconcerted by her coolness; for he was a flirt, and accustomed to pay attention to every woman possessed of any attractions that he came across, and to receive attention in return from them.

Miss Pallis was of different metal as he had to learn, and was surfeited with compliments and the society small talk of men of his class, and longed for the honest, open, straightforward conversation of a manly fellow.

"Why not?" she queried with a slight movement of her delicately-pencilled black brows.

"It is making a nonentity of me."

"I have yet to learn that you are not one," she retorted quickly, determined at once to put a stop to the love-making and compliment-paying of this handsome, conceited young fellow, who if he were let go on would worry her to death quite uselessly, besides giving the lead to the other men in the house, who would pester her with trifling attentions, of which she was heartily sick and tired, having been overpowered with them during the London season.

She had come to Cornwall hoping for a rest, for a little quiet, a respite from the ceaseless round of gaiety and flattery to which her position as a beauty condemned her, and she meant even at the risk of being considered rude, to stop his advances.

To her, as to many women of undeniable beauty, compliments were very unwelcome, though she found it very difficult to make the general run of her male acquaintances believe this, and they, thinking they would please her, hardly ever addressed her without interlarding their speech with a flattering allusion, thereby annoying her and gaining her dislike.

[TO BE CONTINUED]

A little fellow of four years went to a blacksmith's shop to see his father's horse shod, and watching closely the work of shoeing. The blacksmith began to pare the horse's hoofs, and, thinking this was wrong, the little fellow said earnestly, "My pa don't want his horse made any smaller."

An advertisement has been running in a Bristol, Eng., paper for the last year offering \$50 reward for any well-authenticated case of a child being carried away by an eagle, no matter in what country.

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