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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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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 decided 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 Dosithe Richard against the said Caleb Richardson.

WM. WHETEN, Sheriff.

Sheriff's office, Richibucto.

June 30th, 1891.

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Wm. T. STEWART, Owner.

Campbellton, N. B., May 2, 1891.

ears, and the touch of his lips still thrilling her own?

"I could never marry a man I did not love. Mr. Rosslyn has come too late. My heart is no longer mine to give."

There was a startled wonder in the regard Lord Audley fixed upon his child. His lips twitched convulsively, and his brows were drawn in almost a frown over his mild blue eyes.

"And may I ask who has been fortunate enough to gain it?" he asked coldly. "It seems to me I am the last person to know my daughter's secrets; why have I been kept in the dark?"

"I did not know myself until to-day that Basil loved me. He is coming this evening to ask your consent," Lilly faltered, her pale face crimsoning with sensitive pride. "Only, please, papa, let Mr. Rosslyn know I am not free; he will understand then that I cannot receive his attentions."

Lord Audley sighed heavily; he was always cold and distant to his child, but his heart he loved her truly.

Ralph Rosslyn's proposal had not pleased him as it should have done; the knowledge that Lilly had chosen for herself and chosen one well worthy of her made him feel a sudden thrill of joy. He surprised the girl by kissing her tenderly before leaving the dining-room.

"When Basil calls I shall see him," he whispered gently. "I am not sorry you like young Glandore best; perhaps Rosslyn is a little too old and grave for you."

"And too treacherous!" Lilly murmured inaudibly; she did not want her father to hear any unpleasant remarks about his friend.

Rosslyn's rage knew no bounds when he heard Basil's engagement publicly announced. He had hoped Lord Audley would force his daughter to accept him.

"I hate that fellow! I could kill him had I only the power!" he muttered hoarsely.

Gipsy, who had brought him the news, was puzzled at the malignant expression that crossed his face. It frightened her, though, poor child! not until long after did she realize the terrible menace in that look.

"What is it? Are you cross?" she asked softly, laying a timid hand on his cold one. "I thought it would have pleased you to know dear Lilly was happy."

"Happy! Do you think she is happy?" he questioned, breaking off with a short laugh. "I am afraid there is a fool's paradise, which will soon be ended."

"Hush! You must not say that! You hurt me," Gipsy whispered tremulously, bending her dusky head like a stricken flower.

Something in her tones, and in the weary droop of her figure, sent a sudden swift fear to her brother's heart.

Almost roughly he placed his hand beneath her round chin, forcing her face upwards, until he could look full into her eyes.

They were strangely mournful, and the sweet red lips were quivering like a grievous child's, the pretty flush which glowed through the rich olive of her skin was replaced now by unusual pallor.

"Gipsy," he began huskily, fixing his penetrating regard on her shrinking face, "tell me the truth. Do you love Basil Glandore? Has his betrothal wronging your heart as it has mine? Is the sweet dream broken?"

"You are cruel to ask me that question," Gipsy sobbed, forcing back the hot tears that welled into her eyes. "If I suffer it is my own fault and I suffer in silence. Please let me go."

Ralph released her. He had not expected that outburst of passion in his gentle sister. From a thoughtless winsome child she had suddenly become a woman, and the change did not add to his amiability.

"A double wrong to be avenged!" he thought, as Gipsy rushed from the room. "When I have made him feel my hatred, he shall suffer threefold for every pang that poor child suffers now."

And in her own handsome chamber Gipsy was battling bravely against the bitter pain which had so suddenly filled her life. She knew it was useless striving to kill that unfortunate love, but she earnestly hoped to hide it from the world—above all, from Basil.

Whilst Ralph Rosslyn was brooding over his vengeance, and his sister was striving for strength to bear her anguish, Basil, all unconscious of the trouble he had caused, was enjoying a nice quiet chat with Lilly.

"You don't mind waiting a year for me, do you?" he whispered lovingly. "You see, father wants me to become a member for Dalryville, and until I have been successful I ought not to think of marriage."

"I shall wait for ever, if needs be! You don't know how dearly I love you. How easy it seems to go on idly loving, without looking too far into the future. Somehow, I have never pictured to myself a life passed by your side; everything is so dark, so veiled in mystery. I almost wish I had the power to fathom the fate in store for us both."

"It will be a very happy one," Basil exclaimed unimpressed by her serious dreamy tones. "But don't speak so dolefully, else I shall be obliged to marry you right off, for fear I shall wake up one day and find you flown."

Lilly smiled, and gazed tenderly at the beloved face bending above her. Impulsively she stretched out both white arms, and twined them about his neck, laying her head, with a gesture of infinite trust, against his breast.

"My own darling, I could never leave you! Death may part us—unfaithful never!"

"Not even Rosslyn?" Basil questioned smilingly.

"No, not even Rosslyn. How I hate that man!"

"Ditto! I believe he is an evil spirit. I cannot help shuddering when he comes near me, and the instant I see him beside you I long to strike him dead at my feet."

"How horribly tragic you are, Basil! I shall be afraid of you if you talk like that."

"No, you won't! By the way, do you know that Lucius Belmont has followed his brother's example, and this morning proposed to Rita?"

"I thought so. Your poor father will be terribly lonely without his girls."

"That is why you must let me give him another daughter soon."

The girl did not answer in words, but Basil read the soft love-light in her eyes aright, and bending he pressed many passionate kisses on her yielding lips.

Lilly returned those caresses. From the first moment she had known Basil really loved her the old proud shyness had quite vanished, leaving a very sweet unconscious trust which went straight to her lover's heart.

"Have you seen Peggy lately?" she asked presently.

"Yes; I passed her cottage this morning, and stopped to ask her a few questions. She seems perfectly happy and contented; Simon has turned out to be a most devoted husband."

"We must never forget her. I never cease to think of all we owe her. I believe you would have died had not Peggy taken such care of you."

"I believe I should. By Jove! she's a plucky little thing!"

"What was that you gave her on her wedding-day?"

"A golden necklet and a diamond locket with my portrait; also a big lock of my hair inside. I could not think of any better present."

"That was pretty enough. I wish you would give me one of your dear little curls," Lilly whispered softly.

"What would you do with it?" Basil questioned, smoothing the flaxen head resting above his heart.

Lilly unclasped a tiny chain from about her throat, and showed him a small golden heart attached to it.

"I would keep it there, and wear it night and day."

"All right. Wait one moment and I will give you just as much as you want."

Recklessly Basil drew out a pretty silver pen-knife, and opening it, severed one of the thick brown curls falling over his brow.

Lilly gave a little cry of distress, but she was too late to stay his hand.

"There you are. Is that enough?"

"More than enough. How could you be so thoughtless!" she said reproachfully.

Basil laughed gaily, watching her as she gently wound the hair into a round ring, laying it in the small trinket.

Before closing the heart she pressed her pure lips fervently to the bright lock.

Weeks flew by on fairy wings; time seemed made only for bright pleasures and sweet love-dreams.

The warm summer was fast drawing to a close, when the terrible cloud that had long threatened Lilly's happiness fell like a dark shroud on her life.

There had been a dinner at Glen Innes, and Ralph and his sister were amongst the guests gathered in the big hall.

Lilly, looking like a sweet dream-maiden flitted to and fro, helping Hazel and Rita to amuse their gay visitors. No brow wore a look of greater serenity than hers; few faces could match hers in peerless beauty.

Ralph felt this, and his evil heart thrilled with mingled hate and love.

Had he dared he would have seized her in his strong arms, and held her crushed against his breast until she swore to give up Basil to be his wife.

Gipsy had recovered some of her lost gaiety; her poor little heart had ceased to throb so painfully each time she was brought into contact with the lovers.

Her brave smile and cheerful words blinded all eyes but her brother's. He read beneath that calm exterior, and knew what daily anguish battled in her soul before she could face the world with a laugh on her lips.

Later, as they sat in the big handsome drawing-room, one of the servants entered and spoke in a low tone to Basil.

He started, and something like a frown settled on his brow; the next instant, however, it changed to a good-natured smile.

"You will excuse me, Lilly, won't you, darling? Simon is here, and wishes to see me. I won't be long."

"I wonder what he wants?" Lilly asked looking a little vexed. "Can't he come another time?"

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

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