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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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Beef, Iron and Wine, Sordozont, 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.

NEW BRUNSWICK, COUNTY OF KENT, S. S. To the Sheriff of the County of Kent, or any Constable within the said County, Greeting:

Whereas, Benjamin S. Bailey, of the Parish of Harcourt, in the said County of Kent, Esquire, hath prayed that letters of administration of the estate and effects of George R. Bailey, late of the parish of Harcourt, in the said County of Kent, yeoman, might be granted to him in due form of law.

You are therefore requested to cite all parties interested in said estate, to appear before me at a Court of Probate to be held at Buctouche, in the County of Kent, on Thursday, the 4th day of June next, at one o'clock in the afternoon, to shew cause, (if any), why letters of administration of said estate should not be granted to the said Benjamin S. Bailey, as prayed for.

Given under my hand and the seal of said Court this eleventh day of May, A. D. 1891.

HENRY H. JAMES, Judge of Probate in and for the County of Kent.

C. RICHARDSON, Registrar of Probate for said County.

Thos. L. Bourke,

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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.

NEW BRUNSWICK, COUNTY OF KENT, S. S. To the Sheriff of the County of Kent, or any Constable within the said County, Greeting:

Whereas, Robert Cochrane of Richibucto in the County of Kent, yeoman, a creditor of the estate of Henry Jorgenson, late of Richibucto, aforesaid, mariner, now deceased, hath prayed that letters of administration of the estate of the said deceased might be granted to him.

You are therefore requested to cite all parties interested in said estate to appear before me at a Court of Probate to be held at Buctouche, in the County of Kent aforesaid, on Thursday, the 4th day of June next, at eleven o'clock in the forenoon, to shew cause why letters of administration should not be granted to him, the said petitioner as prayed for.

Given under my hand and the seal of the said Court this 9th day of May, A. D. 1891.

HENRY H. JAMES, Judge of Probate, Kent Co.

C. RICHARDSON, Registrar of Probate for said County.

The best monument to a great man is the memory he leaves in the minds of the people, and that is all the monument any great man is likely to get, as far as the New York people are concerned.

certainly there would be no margin for journeys to Yorkshire in quest of unknown relations.

"My time is so very limited," he explained gently. "My presence is so urgently needed at home, and I must not linger an unnecessary week, and naturally," here he glanced at Barbara, "my greatest attraction is here."

"Well?" Aunt and niece were back in the drawing-room now.

Bab had thrown herself on a footstool at Lady Gray's feet, and she asked this question with intense anxiety.

"What do you think yourself, Bab?"

"I wish he didn't stare so."

Lady Gray smiled.

"I'm afraid you must make up your mind to being stared at, dear. Don't you know, Barbara, that you are very pretty?"

"Yes," said Bab innocently; "but what good does being pretty do me, if I've got to marry Mr. Carlyle?"

"Then you don't like him?"

Bab gave a little smile.

"He is very good looking—there is no doubt about that; but there seems something cruel about his mouth—it frightens me."

"But—"

"There's something strange about him; and why is he in such a hurry? In old Mr. Carlyle's letter he said he could spare his son for six months, or even a year if it seemed desirable."

"Perhaps he is anxious that his father should not be left too long alone."

"And why don't he go and see his relations?"

Geoffrey Carlyle and his host entering together prevented any answer to this question, even if Lady Gray could have thought of one.

The African walked across the room to Bab, as if he had already some special claim upon her.

"It is such a lovely night," he said, smiling, "and your grounds look so beautiful in the summer twilight. Wouldn't you show them to me?"

Barbara hesitated. An evening stroll in the grounds was generally much to her mind, but she rather doubted if she cared for the proposed companionship.

"Go, dear," decided Sir Robert; "you can show Mr. Carlyle the rosary; it is in his glory just now."

Bab gathered up the train of her velvet dress and stepped out through the open French-window. Geoffrey followed exultant; he felt he had scored one.

"Miss Grey," he began gently when they were out of sight of the drawing-room window—"Miss Barbara, I wonder if you can have any idea what this visit is to me?"

"I dare say it is a pleasure to you to see England," answered Bab demurely. "I hope you will have a pleasant stay." "I did not come to see England," he went on passionately; "I came to see you."

Bab considered an answer unnecessary. "For years," went on Carlyle with a strange fervor in his rich deep tone, "you have been my one thought, my one ambition, for your sake I struggled bravely in life's battle, for your sake I gloried in my success. To come to England, to lay what trophies I possessed at your feet, and claim you for my own has been my life's dearest hope and aim."

"But you had never seen me."

"I had heard of you; I knew you were beautiful, sweet, and true. I looked at the dusky-complexioned women of my own land, and my heart yearned towards my golden-haired darling far away."

Bab was of a practical turn of mind. "Are all women in Africa dark?" she asked eagerly. "Don't fair people ever go there?"

"I never saw a face like yours."

"Are your sisters dark?" asked Bab.

"I have no sisters; my mother is dead, and my father treats me with coldness and suspicion. There is no one in the world to love me unless my beautiful English darling will have pity on me!"

Bab shook her head.

"I think I had better tell the truth at once. I had quite made up my mind before I ever saw you that I wouldn't marry you."

"But why?"

"I love England dearly, and my uncle and aunt are just like my own parents. I couldn't leave them—I really couldn't, not for anyone in the world."

"It is the law of nature."

"Is it? Well, I never mean to leave them; and I wouldn't go to Africa for worlds!"

"Why not?"

Bab deliberated. "I don't think I like anything I have heard of the place."

"What have you heard?" said Bab reflectively; "because we are always having bazaars to help pay their clergymen."

Geoffrey bit his lip.

"Poverty cannot touch you," he pleaded; "here or in Africa, you would be safe from that."

Bab continued.

"And I hate being too hot, and I can't bear mosquitoes. A snake would kill me, just from sheer fright, and I know I should be starved."

"That is childish."

"Is it?" and the young lady drew herself up with great dignity. "Well, I am not going to Africa, Mr. Carlyle—so there!"

A little silence; they were standing in the rosary, but the perfect beauty of the scene was lost upon them; they were too full of their own fate.

"And if I said we need not go to Africa?" said Geoffrey Carlyle, looking into Bab's blue eyes with a fierce tenderness he had never felt before. If for your sake, I am content to stay in England—how then, Barbara. Would you give me a different answer?"

He waited breathlessly for a reply, but Barbara Grey was trembling like an aspen-leaf. An awful presentiment had come to her that this stranger possessed some strange magnetic power which would mould her to his will.

She did not like him, she was conscious of a fear and distaste for him; but there, standing alone with him beneath the blue canopy of heaven, she could not struggle against his will; the look of those clear black eyes seemed to rob her of all power of resistance.

When she spoke, her voice surprised her; it was so weak and faltering.

"How long are you going to stay in England?"

"That depends entirely on yourself."

"It is my life that you are asking for," pleaded the girl, half sadly, half dreamily.

"Tell me the longest you can wait for my answer."

"I can give you a month."

"Listen to me, Mr. Carlyle. I promise solemnly to give you my decision in four week's time, on one condition."

"Name it."

"That you leave me here till then; that you do not speak to me again as you have done to-night."

There was a look not good to see in his dark eyes.

"Surely I may try to win you?"

"I have told you my conditions."

"But—"

Bab was firm.

"Leave me free for four weeks," she said gravely; "and I promise at their end you shall have my answer, ay or nay."

"And if I refuse?"

"You can have my answer to-night—No."

"You are quite resolved?"

"Perfectly."

His voice changed.

"I have no will but yours; but you are really hard upon me, Barbara dear."

The girl drew herself up.

"I am Miss Grey."

"But not to me."

"To all the world except my uncle and aunt. Remember, Mr. Carlyle, that for four weeks' time you must treat me as you would any other lady into whose company you were thrown; then I promise you your answer."

"But I may strive to please you—to teach you to love me."

Bab smiled dreamily.

"I fancy that lesson is never learned unless it comes without the teaching; you can be as agreeable as you like."

They were in sight of the drawing-room windows. Bab quickened her steps and entered first.

Mr. Carlyle muttered something as she disappeared, hardly consistent with his professions of affection.

"You shall pay for this, and dearly, when once you are in my power. I'll teach you to value my affection then. You are like a beautiful untrained horse; well, I'll break you in, my beauty, and teach you know your master!"

The little party broke up early that night. When the guest was safely locked in the room where the portmanteau lettered "Geoffrey Carlyle" occupied such a prominent position, he threw himself into a chair and seemed lost in thought.

"It's a risky game," he decided; "but I've gone in for the stakes, and I'll win 'em if I can. The old man will be easy in management, but his wife's a Tartar, and the girl is no simpleton. Still, with these, it will be hard if I can't hold my own."

"These" were letters on foreign writing-paper in somewhat faded ink, all in the crabbled old-fashioned writing of Sir Robert Grey.

Carlyle's brow clearly wonderfully as he read them, and when at last, in the small midnight hours, he went to bed, it was to dream of himself with a fair wife called Barbara, and possessed of an ample income.

CHAPTER II.

Three weeks of the four demanded by Barbara for reflection had passed by. In seven days Geoffrey Carlyle would have a right to demand his answer.

Geoffrey Carlyle was still at the Abbey, and he had kept his promise to the letter.

He had never teased Barbara with professions of love, but he never left her side. He was her shadow. He seemed to spend his whole time in seeking to please her; and Sir Robert Grey, charmed by his devotion, had relaxed somewhat in his severe judgment, and pronounced the young stranger a well-behaved young man.

[TO BE CONTINUED]

Bean and gone and done it—"Well, Chiltern, did the mare have her beans?"

"Yes, 'm." "You crushed them as I told you, 'm." "No, mum; I give 'em to 'er 'ole, so that she might domesticate them 'erself, mum."

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HON. S. H. BLAKE, Vice-Presidents.

ROBT. MCLEAN, Esq.,

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E. R. MACHUM, Manager for Maritime Provinces, St. John, N. B.

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