

# 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.

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, Sozodol, 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,

IMPORTER AND WHOLESALE

## WINE & SPIRIT MERCHANT,

11, 13 AND 25 WATER STREET,

ST. JOHN, N. B.

## T. F. & W. R. BUSTARD,

MANUFACTURERS OF

## 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.

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 show 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. J. D. PHINNEY, Proctor.

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.

Her companion looked at her with a strange pity in his dark eyes.

"I am a stranger, Miss Grey," he said gently; "I have no right to advise you; only I had a little sister of my own once, who might be your age if she had lived—let me say one word. Be true to yourself. Marriage is for all time—so long as your life lasts. Do not give yourself to any man you cannot respect."

Bab sighed. "Allow me to walk with you as far as our roads lie together."

"Won't you come to the Abbey? I am sure uncle will be pleased to see you."

He shook his head. "Your guest is not one of my friends. No; if Mr James Standisle had been with you, I must have trespassed on Sir Robert's courtesy. Miss Grey, I wonder if you will do me a favor."

"If it lies in my power."

"I think it does. I have come to England on business of the most delicate character. A great wrong has been done to my name, and I wish to set it straight; but if it is known I am on their track, the offenders will take flight and get off scott-free. Will you oblige me by not telling anyone of this meeting?"

"Certainly, you forget, though," with a timid blush, "I could not tell anyone, since I do not know your name."

"Ah, true; but I have your promise."

"Yes, do you mean to stay at Merton?"

"Possibly a week or longer. I hope I shall not meet your guest inadvertently."

"It is not likely; he rarely goes out. He sits in the billiard room and smokes, or else reads the papers to my uncle."

"Your uncle likes him?"

"He is devoted to him."

"And wishes you to be?"

"Yes, but I must not speak against him."

"Against Sir Robert?"

"Oh no, not he."

"Whom then? Geoffrey Carlyle? Why not? You have not known him a month. If you have an unfavorable opinion of him you are free to say it."

"You don't understand I am going to marry him."

"But you say you hate him."

"Yes."

"I congratulate you, Miss Grey; you are a thorough woman of the world. To save your heritage you would even take a man that you hate."

"You are quite wrong," said Barbara; "I don't want the inheritance a bit, only uncle Robert is so unkind to me. He said I should be most ungrateful and unthankful if I did not marry Mr. Carlyle. You see he is very much taken with him, and he seemed so angry and disappointed. I gave in, and we are going to be married next week."

"Next week?"

"Yes," said Barbara nonchalantly; it seems there must be some reason why Mr. Carlyle must be married next week, or else go back to Africa."

"And you have consented?"

"I have left all the arrangements to Uncle Robert. When one is going to be miserable it does not much matter how soon the misery begins."

"I think it does a great deal."

"And I dare say I shall die," went on Bab sorrowfully. "I was wishing this afternoon I could; only you see I am so young and strong."

"Don't think of such a thing. Why don't you refuse point blank to marry this man?"

"You don't understand. Uncle and aunt have been just like my own parents; they have indulged me in every possible way, and this is the very first thing they have asked of me in return."

"I see," said the stranger gravely; "you think *noblesse oblige*. It would be a fine example of gratitude, only it would wreck your life."

"No," said Bab, playing with her blue ribbon; "love is not everything. I dare say one could manage very well to live one's life without it."

"No true woman ever did."

"Then I am not a true woman. It seems to me quite easy."

"You are not a woman," he assented.

"You are nothing but a child—a beautiful troubled child; but you have a heart within your breast, some day that heart will wake, and you will know what it means, perhaps, when you are bound for life to a man you hate."

Bab looked troubled.

"It's no use talking."

"I think it is. I believe that it is in my power to make Sir Robert not only release you from your promise, but reproach himself bitterly that that promise was ever made."

"Do you mean it?"

"Yes."

"That I should be free, and yet no one would be unkind or angry with me?"

"Yes."

"You must be a magician."

"No. I can do more than that for you. I can make Geoffrey Carlyle give up all claim to your beautiful old home, and go back to his adopted country leaving you in peace."

"No," returned Bab; "that would not be fair. Let him take the Abbey, so that I am free."

"You are very generous."

"My father loved him that is why I have tried so hard to like him. Uncle

says he and old Mr. Carlyle saved my father's life. I thought I should like Geoffrey just out of gratitude for that but I don't."

"You are very like your father."

"My father, did you know him?"

"Intimately. I was with him when he died; I was only a young lad then, but he had a great liking for me. I used to sit with him for hours in his last illness, hearing stories of his bright home, and the little daughter he was never to see again."

Bab was crying.

"I used to think Mr. Carlyle would talk to me of my father, but he never does. I asked him once to tell me something about him, but he said such things made him dull."

"I will talk to you of your father for hours if you like."

"But you won't come to the Abbey?"

"I cannot; but perhaps you will walk in the grounds alone sometimes?"

When they parted, it was settled that they were to meet in the same spot next day, and the stranger had given Barbara his solemn promise, that her uncle would release her from her agreement to wed his guest.

"Mr. Carlyle," corrected Bab. "Why do you say 'his guest,' as though the poor man had no name of his own?"

"I grudge him the name of Carlyle."

"Why?"

"Because he is unworthy of it."

And they parted. Barbara locked herself up in her own room and complained of a bad headache; the stranger went on to Merton village and engaged the two best rooms the Abbey Arms could offer.

"It was a blest inspiration that made me come by a mail earlier than I intended," he muttered on retiring to rest. "Why by the next steamer I might have arrived too late to save her. James Standisle must be a villain! How on earth has he managed to ingratiate himself with a proud old baronet like Sir Robert Gray?"

The mystery is out reader. When the good ship Trojan was on the point of leaving Port Elizabeth, when his luggage was actually on board, Geoffrey Carlyle found himself detained in Africa by the dangerous illness of his father.

There was no time to write; he did not care to telegraph on such private matters. There was a young man in the office whom he had made somewhat of a friend. James Standisle had been in Africa three years, but he had never managed to get on, and Mr. Carlyle had dismissed him, angered by his careless unbusiness-like habits.

This humble friend was on the point of sailing for England; Geoffrey gave him his own cabin, and charged him to go to Merton Abbey immediately on his reaching England. He wrote to the baronet recommending Standisle to his kindness, and saying that if he could obtain for him a post as bailiff or steward, it would be a personal favor to the writer.

To Standisle Mr. Carlyle confides just the outline of the strange links which bound his fate to Babara's; he also begged him to assure the Greys he would follow in the first steamer after his father's recovery, and that they might expect him in six weeks.

He little foresaw the temptation to which he was exposing Mr. Standisle. Discarding his third-class quarters for Mr. Carlyle's commodious first-class berth, all his luggage labelled 'Carlyle,' and the name appearing in the printed list of passengers, it was perhaps, not unnatural the handsome clerk should find himself addressed by his employer's name.

There were few passengers from Port Elizabeth, and these few really believed him a distant relation of the great mercantile firm. A day's delay, and it was too late to contradict the mistake, the *ci-devant* clerk travelled to England as Geoffrey Carlyle.

At first he meant honorably to fulfil the mission intrusted to him, but the first deceit led to many more. He was more than a little shabby. It was easy to replenish his wardrobe from Geoffrey's luggage, where he found various papers bearing on Laurence Grey's will, and reading these, James Standisle at last decided on personating his patron at the Abbey, and winning the hand of Barbara Grey.

Then came the news that Mr. Carlyle had recovered more quickly than anyone had expected, and his son would sail on the next steamer. Fancy in seven days detection and exposure would fall upon the impersonator; in seven days James Standisle—we will give him his own name now—must be Barbara's husband or give up all hope of ever winning her.

"It'll be an awful struggle."

The sweat stood on his forehead in great drops as he took his way to the library. He guessed he should find Sir Robert there, and he rather hoped the baronet might have something to tell him, but he was not prepared for his reception.

Sir Robert came to meet him with beaming face and outstretched hand.

"It's all settled."

The impostor staggered.

"Settled?"

"I always know how to manage people," resumed Sir Robert with a little air of triumph. "Barbara was very much agitated at first, but I soon explained things to her, and she has consented."

"Consented to marry me?"

[TO BE CONTINUED]

## READ THIS.

The subscriber invites attention to his large and well-assorted stock of

**HARDWARE,**  
Iron, Steel, Nails,  
**WINDOW GLASS,**

**PAINTS, OILS & VARNISHES.**

—ALSO—

**Silverware, Glassware,**

**LAMPS, ETC., ETC.**

**PRICES LOW!**

**GEORGE STOTHART,**

WATER STREET, CHATHAM, N. B.

aug2289ui

## R.O. Shaughnessy and Co.

MANUFACTURERS OF AND DEALERS IN

## Fishing

**Tackle**

85 GERMAIN STREET,

Saint John, N. B.

Also Trunks, Bags and Valises.

## Lumber!

**Lumber!**

I have on hand at my Mill, situated within a few yards of the Intercolonial Railway, a quantity of

**Pine, Spruce and Hemlock**

BOARDS AND SCANTLING,

SHINGLES.

Dimension Lumber cut to order, selling cheap for Cash, or in exchange for Produce.

THOMAS ATKINSON,

Mortimore, Kent County, N. B.

## C. P. Curtis & Co.,

GENERAL

**Commission Merchants,**

176 Atlantic Ave., Boston, Mass.

Consignments solicited of all kinds of Fish in their season. Smelts and Eels a specialty. Also Spruce Gum.

## IT COSTS YOU NOTHING.

It is with pleasure we announce that we have made arrangements with that popular, illustrated magazine, the **AMERICAN FARMER**, published at Cleveland, Ohio, and read by farmers in all parts of the U. S. and Canada, by which that great publication will be mailed direct, FREE, to the address of any of our subscribers who will pay up all arrearages on subscriptions and one year in advance from date, and to any new subscribers who will pay one year in advance. This is a grand opportunity to obtain a first-class farm journal free. The **AMERICAN FARMER** is a 16-page illustrated journal, of national circulation, which ranks among the leading agricultural papers. Its highest purpose is the elevation and ennobling of Agriculture through the higher and broader education of men and women engaged in its pursuits. The regular subscription price of the **AMERICAN FARMER** is \$1.00 per year. **IT COSTS YOU NOTHING.** From any one number ideas can be obtained that will be worth thrice the subscription tion to you or members of your household YET YOU GET IT FREE. Call and see sample copy.

## THE REVIEW

—AND—

## THE AMERICAN FARMER,

One year to one address for only One Dollar!

**Two Papers for the Price of One.**

This extraordinary offer will only hold good for a short time.

## D. MACDOUGALL,

Photographer,

ROBINSON STREET,

## Moncton, N. B.

M. HOLLERAND,

Custom Boot and Shoe Maker.

SATISFACTION GUARANTEED.

Job Work done promptly and at reasonable rates.

RICHIBUCTO, N. B.

W. C. PITFIELD, S. HAYWARD, General Partner, Special Partner.

## W. C. PITFIELD & CO.,

IMPORTERS AND JOBBERS OF

**BRITISH, FOREIGN and DOMESTIC**

## Dry Goods,

**TEAS, &c.,**

CANTERBURY STREET, ST. JOHN, N. B.

## BUCTOUCHE

**DRUG**

**STORE.**

TOILET SOAPS, SPICES, PIPES,

HAND MIRRORS, BRUSHES, ETC.,

IN VARIETY.

**FRUIT AND CONFECTIONERY.**

Prescriptions carefully prepared.

A large assortment of Patent Medicine constantly on hand.

## W. G. KING, M. D.

aug2289ui

## Fire Insurance Agency.

I am Agent for the following Standard Fire Insurance Companies:

**IMPERIAL,**

OF LONDON, ENGLAND.

**ÆTNA AND HARTFORD,**

OF HARTFORD, CONN.

## J. D. PHINNEY.

## D. F. BROWN & CO.

Manufacturers of—

Paper Bags, Paper Boxes, Tea Caddies,

SHIPPING TAGS, &c.,

WRAPPING PAPER and TWINES all sizes and weights.

PARK HOTEL BUILDING, KING SQUARE, ST. JOHN, N. B.