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## IN THE SUPREME COURT IN EQUITY.

BETWEEN THE CENTRAL TRUST COMPANY, OF NEW YORK, PLAINTIFFS,

—AND— THE BUCTOUCHE AND MONCTON RAILWAY COMPANY, CHARLES A. PEARSON, JUNIOR, AND CHARLES F. HANNINGTON, DEFENDANTS,

There will be sold at PUBLIC AUCTION

at and in front of the Post Office in the city of Moncton, in the County of Westmorland and Province of New Brunswick, on

THURSDAY, THE THIRD DAY OF AUGUST next, at 12 o'clock, noon, pursuant to the directions of a Decree of the Supreme Court in Equity, made in the above cause on the seventh day of April, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and ninety three, with the approval of the undersigned, a Referee in equity duly commissioned, appointed and sworn to act in and for the County of Westmorland, under and by virtue of an Act passed in the 49th year of the reign of Her Majesty Queen Victoria, intituled "An Act respecting the administration of Justice in Equity," the lands and premises described in the plaintiff's Bill and in the said Decree of the Court, which said lands and premises are described in the said Bill and in the said Decree of the Court as follows:

"All and singular the line of Railway of the said The Buctouche and Moncton Railway Company extending from the point in Buctouche where the line begins to the point in Moncton where the line ends, a distance of about thirty-two miles constructed or to be constructed, together with all lands, buildings, bridges, fixtures, telegraph line or lines and structures of every kind and nature whatsoever, and all improvements and additions thereto, and all sidings, side tracks and turn-outs now owned by the said Railway Company or which may hereafter be acquired by it for the use of the said line of Railway. And also all easements, rights of way and rights in land of any kind or nature whatsoever now held or hereafter to be acquired for the use of the said line of Railway. And also all rolling stock, cars, engines, rails, ties, machinery, tools and materials of whatsoever kind, and all other personal property of every kind and nature whatever, now held or hereafter to be acquired for the use of the said line of Railway. And also all leaseholds, leases and rights under the same now held or hereafter to be held for the use of the said line of Railway. And also all other contracts, rights under contracts, choses in action and rights of any nature and kind whatsoever, legal or equitable, now held or hereafter to be acquired for the use of the said line of Railway. And also all powers, privileges and corporate rights and franchises, including the franchise to operate said line of Railway now held or hereafter to be acquired for the use of the said line of Railway. And also all other property, estate, right title, interest or thing which the said defendants or either of them now own or hold or may and shall hereafter acquire or hold necessary or convenient for the use, occupation and enjoyment of said line of Railway, excepting always, nevertheless, all subsidies given or granted to the said Railway Company by the Government of the Province of New Brunswick or the Dominion of Canada or otherwise in aid of the said line of Railway."

For terms of sale and other particulars apply to the Plaintiff's Solicitors. Dated the Eleventh day of May, A. D. 1893.

FREDERICK W. EMMERSON, Referee in Equity. WELLS & WELCH, Plaintiff's Solicitors.

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## STIFF-NECKED GENERATION!

FROM BLACKWOOD'S EDINBURGH MAGAZINE.

CHAPTER VII.—Continued.

"Oh, if you allow a man is not a gentleman, you may say what you like for him." "He may be a very—" "Worthy person," concluded Lady Caroline, with a sneer. "So he may; we will hope he is."

Lady Julia looked vexed, but did not speak.

"Hartland, am I not speaking the truth? You, I know, will agree with me?" resumed the speaker, who could hardly help perceiving that no one else did, or that, at all events, nobody approved of so public a declaration of the sentiment. "Hartland?" appealed Lady Caroline; and she turned her chair again towards him, for it had insensibly slid round, as in the warmth of the discussion she had declaimed for the benefit of those on the other side.

"Yes," said Hartland.

"Do you not agree with what I have been saying?"

He was obliged to own that he did not know what she had been saying.

This was worse than dissent; she grew alarmed. "Do come a little nearer then; I cannot shout across the room."

"But it is so hot where you are."

"Hot? Why, it is September."

"It is hot all the same," said Hartland, "and I can hear you perfectly, Lady Caroline. It was only because I was not attending to what you said that I missed knowing what it was."

"As obstinate as any of us!" muttered Lady Caroline to herself—"a Verelst all over! Even in a trifle like this!" and she liked him all the better for it.

If it had been the luckless Gilbert who had thus dared to brave her! But then Gilbert had not been born a Verelst.

Just now everything seemed against her. There was Hartland laughing like a boy, and holding—yes, indeed, clutching with both hands—Violet Waterfield's black velvet hat; dashing it too, regardless of consequences, up and down the window-pane! And there was Violet—the almost pretty Violet, the best-looking of the Waterfields, at any rate—standing by his side and looking on with a placid smile and participating interest! Something amusing, not sentimental, was going on, no doubt; but even amusing nonsense may be dangerous when it is not shared by all the party. Why was not Rosamund in the jest? Rosamund had neither spoken nor moved for a long time.

At Hartland's plain-spoken rejoinder she did, however, rouse herself. "Can you not see how much of his attention Hartland is bestowing on you, mamma?" she said bitterly. "My cousin is very good to be so respectfully silent when you speak; but he might remember that he is taking away the character of a man—"

"He! Hartland?"

"You are, and as Hartland does not stop you, it is to be supposed he agrees."

"I take away one's character!" said Lady Caroline, coloring up.

"And say the most cruel, false things!"

"Fie!"

"You speak of Major Gilbert as if he were some low man."

"So he may be."

"You know that he is not."

"I do not indeed. I know nothing about him."

"You know that he is the major of his regiment."

"Exactly, and that is all."

"You have set yourself against him ever since he came into the neighborhood."

"Certainly I have disliked him from the first."

"Why? For what? You have no reason. He had never given you any. Neither he nor any of his brother officers had ever shown us anything but kindness."

"Kindness! Absurd!"

"Civility you would call it, I suppose. And what civility have we ever shown them in return?"

"They come over often—" began Lady Caroline.

"Come over! Yes, 'come over.' That is just what they do."

"Oh, now, Rosamund," protested her aunt, who felt she could take part with Caroline now; "now, my dear you really are in the wrong. Hartland has them to dine and shoot constantly, and—"

"Yes, you, Aunt Julia; and Hartland, I suppose," conceded Rosamund; "but I am speaking of ourselves. We have never done anything for anybody—we never do."

"What have you then in this special instance to complain of?"

"I say it is a shame—a wicked, wicked shame," she cried, the moment people's backs are turned, to scorn them and run them down, and to say the unkindest, truest things—"

"Of whom are you speaking, Rosamund?"

"Of you, mamma." In Rosamund's burning fiery eyes there was no sign of finching. "Of you, and Aunt Julia, and Hartland," she went on. "Do you think I care if you are angry? I don't. I am angry; I am ashamed. If no one else feels how horribly, how heartlessly, how shamefully we have all been behaving towards these—these—poor friends of ours, I do. They are nothing to me. It is not that I care—that I mind—that I—why do you look at me like that? It is only that I hate injustice, and meanness, and hypocrisy, and especially towards those who have been so—been so kind to us."

"—and all at once, to the unutterable consternation of the whole circle, the passionate lips parted in a loud sob, and the sentence remained unfinished."

If a bomb-shell had exploded in their midst, it could not have been more appalling to all present.

CHAPTER VIII.

IT WAS HIS BOAST THAT HE WAS A LADIES' MAN.

Some sort of explanation of the foregoing scene must now be offered the reader.

The Major Gilbert who had been for the nonce the apple of discord had, as may have been gathered, only recently come to the neighborhood, and taken the command at the garrison stationed in the old-fashion-

ed county town of Longminster. He was a man of five-and-thirty, with a fine tall figure, a handsome set of features, a square determined brow, closely clipped hair, and a fierce moustache. Further, he was an excellent soldier, respectable in his private life, and though not drawing too tight a bow, considered a good man for ladies to be under—one who would keep a brisk look-out as to what went on, and not stand nonsense. As however, the major was neither unsympathetic nor injudicious, he was popular enough—indeed rather a favorite than otherwise in the mess-room; while once outside barracks, there was generally felt to be no better comrade going.

Among women, of the class he belonged to, he was equally lucky; the sort of girls whom he was wont to meet, the friends of his sisters and his cousins at home, the not over-refined denizens of garrison towns abroad, found him quite to their taste; and it was indeed the boast of his secret soul that he was a ladies' man.

But he had never known really good society. He came of wealthy folks, but neither parent had risen, nor had cared to rise, above a somewhat humble origin; and he himself was the show member of the family.

By his two sisters, Emily and Henrietta, or Em and Etta, as he was wont to style them, Frederick was much beloved. He represented in their eyes all that was gayest and pleasantest in their lives. He petted them, and made them presents. He was applied to, to procure them indulgences and exemptions.

On reaching the recognised age of young-ladyhood, the height of the ambition either possessed was to obtain his approval and merit still more of his confidence.

Happily for the two, an audience was necessary to Gilbert as a hero to them—so there was no fear of a cessation of the long talks in the greenhouse or the garden. One of these had, just at the time we have now arrived at, elicited a tremendous secret. The absentee had run home on business, and what should the business turn out to be?

After guessing three times, according to precedent, the last guess had hit the mark as nearly as possible. No, he would not say he was going to be married; but he had come home in order to ask the governor what he would do for him in the event of his desiring to take to himself a wife.

The governor, on learning who the wife in question was, had professed himself satisfied, and had agreed to do the thing handsomely. All had been so much to his mind that he had thought he must let Em and Etta into the secret, before he went back to propose.

The two clasped their hands over the delightful news. He was in love at last! And really? Not just—he knew what. Oh, he knew well enough what they meant. "Be quiet, do, then, Em," cried Etta, who was by far the more excited of the two. "We shall never hear anything if we don't let Frederick speak. Now Frederick, do speak—do go on—do tell us all about her—and about it—and how it began—and where you met—and what you felt at the first. Now, do begin at the very beginning—"

"If I am ever to begin at all! Lord! what a tongue you have, Etta!"

"And then she tells me to be quiet," quoth the aggrieved Emily.

"Never mind that. Let Frederick speak. How old is she, Frederick? And what is she like? And is she pretty?"

"Go on—go on."

"Only one thing more. Is she dark, or fair? And is she like either of us?"

He looked at her, and then at his other sister, and then another countenance rose before his eyes. He shook his head.

"Oh, of course you will say she is ever so much nicer," cried Etta, gaily. "And so I daresay she is, if we could only hear about her. But you are so mysterious—"

At last they had it all. He was in love, really, and truly, and marrying in love this time. He had never been so before in his life, but he was done for at last. As for his little girl, she was very young, younger than either of them—

"But we are only twenty and twenty-one," protested Etta.

All the same she was younger; she was only eighteen—

"And you are five-and-thirty!"

This was not a lucky remark, and she was somewhat sharply informed that a man may be as much older than his bride as he chooses, and moreover, that it was an error on the right side; and furthermore, that women aged sooner than men, with more of the kind.

Etta listened with impatience. Of course, of course; she did not care two-pence about the age, for her part; she wanted to hear about the girl, about Rosamund; what a pretty name it was, and so uncommon! and was Rosamund herself pretty also?

Very pretty indeed! More than pretty, beautiful. The sort of face—and here the speaker paused; even he hardly liked to say to his sisters, "The sort of face you never see, and hardly know enough to admire if you did." He had dimly felt that he himself was but just able to appreciate the difference between the proud lip and noble brow of Rosamund Liscard, and the ordinary red and white prettiness of the damsels he was in the habit of taking for his standard.

"Pretty, and young," quoth Emily, summing up; "well, Frederick, what else is she well-dressed and stylish-looking?"

Frederick put out his chin. "My dear girl! Stylish-looking! She is an earl's granddaughter!"

"Oh—!" The joint exclamation and the expressions of the two awestricken listeners were a sight to see. That they had dared to ask if an earl's granddaughter were stylish-looking!

"I don't know if you would call her well-dressed," proceeded her brother, trying not to seem too much aware of the crushing impression he had produced. "She looks up-top in whatever she puts on. It's generally white of an evening, I think. It's not the thing for girls to dress very much, you know."

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