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FOR SALE!

I offer for sale the lot of land and pre-  
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north side of the Richibucto River, con-  
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known as the Scotch Graham lot, adjoin-  
ing the James Pine and Perkins' lots, and  
fronting on the River and the Post Road  
leading to Harcourt Station. The lot was  
formerly owned and occupied by the late  
Malcolm M. Kendrick, and by him con-  
veyed to the late Robert Lawson. It is  
well situated and embraces a quantity of  
very fine land. A good title will be given.  
J. D. PHINNEY,  
Richibucto, July 21, 1893.

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My Dwelling House and Premises on  
Queen Street, now occupied by J. P. Cate  
and adjoining the residence of Henry  
O'Leary. The lot has a large frontage on  
the street, and affords room for the erec-  
tion of a store or office.  
J. D. PHINNEY,  
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discounts for two weeks. Don't miss  
this chance to lay in a stock of good  
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30c. Novels now at 20c.  
25c. " " " 15c.  
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1892 -- WINTER ARRANGEMENT -- 1893  
On and after Monday 17th October  
1892 the trains will run daily (Sunday ex-  
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WILL LEAVE KENT JUNCTION.  
Accommodation for Moncton, St.  
John and Halifax, 12.23  
Accommodation for Campbellton,  
13.12  
WILL LEAVE HARCOURT.  
Through express for St. John and  
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Accommodation for Campbellton,  
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Accommodation for Moncton, St.  
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Through Express for Campbellton,  
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All trains are run by Eastern Standard Time.  
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The stallion Apollo will travel the  
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every week alternately during the season.  
Monday morning, 29th instant, he will  
leave the Royal Hotel stable, Kingston,  
and proceed to Buctouche, where he will  
remain from Monday night till Wednesday  
morning at Hanigan's Hotel stable;  
thence to McKee's, at Little River, and  
Wednesday night at James McNairn's, St.  
Mary; Thursday, noon, he will be at  
Wm. McNairn's, Mill Creek, and Thurs-  
day night at Charles McDonald's, South  
Branch; Friday at Kingston, remaining  
there till Monday morning. The follow-  
ing week he will leave Kingston Monday  
morning, and be at Alex Roberts' at  
noon; Monday night at Matthew Whit-  
ney's, West Branch; at Thomas Irving's  
Coal Branch at noon Tuesday, and at  
Joseph Cais, Ford's Mills, Tuesday night;  
Wednesday through Trout Brook to Har-  
court, where he will be at the Eureka  
Hotel stable at noon; Wednesday night  
at Clark's, Bass River; Thursday, noon,  
at Robert Clark's, Bass River, and Thurs-  
day night at Docite Babinot's, St. Louis,  
remaining there till Friday afternoon;  
leaving there he will return to Kingston.  
Terms made known on application to  
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## A STIFF-NECKED GENERATION!

FROM BLACKWOOD'S EDINBURGH MAGAZINE.

CHAPTER XXI.—Continued.

"He is too good for you to play fast and  
loose with."

"Hartland, how dare you?" A sudden  
flash.

"Oh, I dare because there is no one  
else," said he, indifferently. "Your father  
will not."

"Certainly he will not. My father  
never spoke to me in my life as you have  
done."

"Just so. Neither would your aunt."

"No indeed."

"Nor any one else—now?"

"No."

"Somebody must," said Lord Hartland,  
doggedly.

"For his sake, I suppose?"

"For his sake, yes. I am, of course,  
sorry also for you, but—"

"It is natural to put him first."

"Because he has done no wrong," main-  
tained Hartland, looking her steadily in  
the face.

She was silenced. A full minute passed,  
and neither would or could be the first to  
break it. At length, as often happens in  
such cases, both burst forth at once.

"The fact is, Rosamund—"

"I must say, Hartland—"

"Well?" said he, yielding precedence.

"You—you might have spoken sooner."

"Oh." This was hardly what he had  
expected, and it must be owned he was  
somewhat taken aback by it. "Well, I  
suppose I might," he said slowly, at last.

"You have been on the watch, you have  
played the spy," continued his cousin,  
excitedly clasping and unclasping her  
hands, and drawing quick short breaths as  
she spoke. "How, then, how has it hap-  
pened that while you have been so clear-  
sighted and penetrating, you have not said  
a word, nor—not—"

"I have not played the spy, Rosamund,  
or I might have done so. I only saw,  
when the light was forced upon me; I  
only knew, when ignorance became im-  
possible."

"You mean by—by—"

"Your face, your voice, your manner,  
your everything. You are a changed  
creature. You are ungracious, sullen,  
bitter—you who used to be—"

"Never mind what I used to be."

"When he is by, I could almost call you  
shrewish."

"It is a pity he does not find me so."

"At other times you are sunk in  
melancholy, or—or else?"

"Or else?—what else?"

"As I found you just now," said he, in  
rather a low voice.

There was another pause.

"And all the rest," said Rosamund,  
presently. "How is it that you alone  
have perceived what all besides have been  
blind to? You have been so clever—  
where have your wits been?"

"You may well ask that. I ask it of  
myself continually."

"You mean that I have done nothing  
to—to keep up appearances?"

"Not much, certainly."

"It is false," cried Rosamund passion-  
ately. "I have tried and tried, no one  
knows how much,"—she bit her lip, and  
wrenched her hands apart, furious with  
herself for an admission so inadvertent.

"You have no right to force this out of  
me; your cruel accusations oblige me to—  
to—"

"You have told me nothing I did not  
know before," said he, quietly.

"You think Major Gilbert is not  
satisfied?"

"Of that you must be a better judge  
than I."

"You think he is being duped?"

"Ask that of yourself. There again  
you should know best."

"And this is the friend of the injured  
man, who now interposes on his behalf,"  
exclaimed Rosamund, with renewed fire;  
"this is the benevolent bystander, who  
cannot stand by and see a 'good fellow'  
played 'fast and loose' with! How brave  
of you, my cousin! How noble! It is a  
pity, however, the effect is somewhat  
marred by over-caution. He marches  
boldly enough to the attack, but directly  
it comes to close quarters he knows nothing  
and give an opinion on nothing. Oh, the  
diffidence, the modesty of some people!  
Pray, Lord Hartland, accept my humble  
commendations. I cannot sufficiently  
applaud the course you have chosen to  
adopt."

If she had hoped to taunt him into  
recrimination, the effort failed.

"Applaud or not, as you please," said  
Hartland, bluntly. "I expected you'd be  
angry, and I suppose I ought to say you  
have a right to be. All the same, do for  
heaven's sake, Rosamund, take my words  
to heart, and put an end to this—this mis-  
take, as soon as you can."

"How dare you speak so? How dare  
you call it a 'mistake'?"

"I could easily call it by a worse name.  
But," and his tone softened, "I will only  
say 'mistake,' and a very unfortunate one.  
This engagement should never have taken

place; but since it has taken place, the  
only remedy is to break it off as speedily  
as possible."

"I will never break it off."

He stopped short, surprised at last. He  
now knew that he had meant her to snatch  
at the suggestion.

"You will not?" he said.

"Not while I live."

"You prefer lifelong misery to a passing  
humiliation?"

"I prefer keeping my word to breaking  
it."

"You are not keeping it: you are only  
keeping the shell of it. You are keeping it  
in the letter only—the spirit is already  
broken."

"He does not know this. He never  
shall know it."

"How are you to keep it from him?  
And even if you do keep it, are you to go  
on befooling him through all life—"

"—Befooling him! Hartland—  
Hartland." She was choking with passion.

"How cruel, how wicked you are! How  
—how can you—how dare you speak to  
me like that? And you—you know all;  
you know how hard I had to fight for him,  
and how I had to stand up for him before  
everybody; and how I—I—oh, you must  
remember that dreadful scene!—and there  
were many, many more that you know  
nothing of, besides that one! Mamma  
was so determined against him. Aunt  
Julia was against him too; and my friends,  
I think that every one of them was the  
same. Only I—and—only you were for  
him."

"Nay, Rosamund, I never—"

"—You never what? Do you  
mean now to say that you never encour-  
aged me, never told me I was right, and  
—"

"—Only when I thought your heart  
was engaged. Had I known more—"

"—What more could you have  
known? You knew as much as any one;  
quite, quite as much as I did myself. No  
one really knew—"

"Take care," said Hartland, soft-  
ly touching her arm; "do not let us be  
overheard," pointing to some gardeners at  
work near. "Come back this way," and  
he led her again into the narrow hedged-in  
path from which, unconsciously, they had  
been about to emerge. "Do not suppose  
that I underrate all the difficulties that  
have beset you, Rosamund," he proceeded,  
after a few minutes' pause. "From the  
first you have had a thorny path to tread,  
and you have had to tread it alone and  
unaided. But you seemed so strong and  
resolute, and so entirely able to cope with  
the task you had set yourself—"

"—The task? I don't understand.  
What task?"

"It must always be a task to run counter  
to one's family. Forgive me for speaking  
in plain words, but—"

"—Oh, the plainer the better."

"We are getting no nearer the point,"  
said Hartland, suddenly, "and time is  
passing—we must not waste it in idle  
retrospect; it is no use looking back—all  
that can now be done—"

"Nothing can now be done—nothing,  
nothing. Oh, why did you come here to  
try me, to tempt me?" cried Rosamund,  
bitterly. "I never asked your help, I  
never went to you with my story—I could  
bear it myself, if I were only let alone.  
The others are far kinder than you. They  
say nothing, and see nothing. And after  
all," defiantly,—"after all, what is there  
to see? I am not, perhaps, recklessly and  
wildly in love, as the saying is," with a  
laugh of scorn. "I have found out that  
—that Major Gilbert is but a man and not  
a hero. He does very well. He is very  
kind. He is quite good enough for me.  
What is all this stir about, then, I should  
like to know? And who are you, that  
you should interfere, and presume to—"

and again rising sentiment choked her ut-  
terance.

"If we go on like this we shall never  
come to an end," exclaimed Hartland,  
with what seemed but the natural im-  
patience of a man under feminine circum-  
locution, though a close observer might  
have dimly suspected another emotion  
struggling beneath. "Rosamund, look  
how the darkness is creeping on. I can-  
not wait—nor can you. We must not be  
longer here together, and this may be my  
last, very last chance of seeing you alone.  
Do hear me, do not be angry with me.  
You say you mean to marry Major Gilbert,  
although you own—yes, you do, you have  
owned that you no longer love him. You  
say so this thing, Rosamund—I suppose  
there is no one to prevent your doing it;  
but remember that when you have ful-  
filled your promise as it now stands, you have  
only just begun the horrible farce—"

"—Why need it be a farce?" but  
in spite of herself she was awed by his  
vehemence.

"It would be a farce you would have to  
keep up year after year—"

"—It need never be one at all. I  
could learn to feel differently. Others

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