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IN WELDFORD PARISH  
FOR SALE!

I offer for sale the lot of land and premises in the Parish of Weldford, on the north side of the Richibucto River, containing one hundred and three acres, known as the Scotch Graham lot, adjoining the James Pine and Perkin's 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 conveyed 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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NEWCASTLE, N. B.

The Subscriber has thoroughly fitted up and newly furnished the rooms of the well known McKee house, Newcastle, and is prepared to receive and accommodate transient guests. A good table and pleasant rooms provided. Sample rooms if required.  
R. H. Grenley's teams will attend all trains and boats in connection with this house.  
JOHN MCKEE.

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My Dwelling House and Premises on Queen Street, now occupied by J. P. Côté and adjoining the residence of Henry O'Leary. The lot has a large frontage on the street, and affords room for the erection of a store or office.  
J. D. PHINNEY,  
Richibucto, July 31, 1893.

**HOUSE AND LOT**  
IN RICHIBUCTO  
FOR SALE.

The subscriber offers for sale the House and Lot situate on Pagan Street, Richibucto, adjoining the residence of J. F. Black, and known as "the Mudge property." Apply without delay.  
J. D. PHINNEY,  
Richibucto, July 21, 1893.

When you feel all tired out and broken up generally, you need a good tonic. Hood's Sarsaparilla is the best. Try it.

**IMPORTANT NEWS.**

Something the People of Canada will Appreciate.

A Word from Halifax in the Right Direction.

Annapolis Speaks with no Uncertain Sound.

The late Hon. W. F. DesBarres was for more than 33 years, a Judge of the Supreme Court of Nova Scotia, and the name of DesBarres is held in the highest estimation by the people of the Maritime Provinces. Samuel W., son of Hon. W. F. DesBarres, is Registrar of the Admiralty District of Nova Scotia, having held the office for 23 years. In conversation with our Representatives, a short time since, he made the following statement: "I have used SKODA'S DISCOVERY and SKODA'S LITTLE TABLETS, for a few weeks, with the most gratifying results, and am of the opinion that they are of a high medicinal quality. I have no hesitation in endorsing the Skoda line of Remedies, and recommending them to the people of the Dominion, as articles of superior merit, and well worthy their confidence. I fully believe these Remedies to be all their proprietors claim for them."

The people of Nova Scotia are justly proud of their Institutions of learning, and their educators rank among the finest in the country. At the head of many of the Universities in the U. S., are placed men, who hail from the Dominion, and whose methods of teaching and discipline are regarded by the American people, as the finest in the world. For 15 years Mr. S. C. Shaffer has been one of the leading educators in the Province of Nova Scotia. At present he is Principal of the Public Schools in Annapolis. In speaking of SKODA'S REMEDIES he says:

"Having used two bottles of SKODA'S DISCOVERY with the LITTLE TABLETS, I have formed a very favorable opinion of these Remedies. For Diseases of the Liver, Stomach and Kidneys, I believe them to be most excellent Medicines. I am so thoroughly convinced of their curative properties, that I shall take the full course of these Remedies, as recommended by the Company."

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Buctouche, June 16 1892. (6m)

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1892 -- WINTER ARRANGEMENT -- 1893  
On and after Monday 17th October 1892 the trains will run daily (Sunday excepted) as follows:

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 Halifax, (Monday excepted),	5.22
Accommodation for Campbellton,	12.41
Accommodation for Moncton, St. John and Halifax,	13.06
Through Express for Campbellton, Quebec, Montreal and Chicago,	21.06
All trains are run by Eastern Standard Time. D. POTTINGER, Chief Superintendent.	
Railway Office, N. B., 20th Oct. 1892.	

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The stallion Apollo will travel the following routes in the County of Kent 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 Thursday night at Charles McDonald's, South Branch; Friday at Kingston, remaining there till Monday morning. The following week he will leave Kingston Monday morning, and be at Alex. Robertson's at noon; Monday night at Matthew Whittney's, West Branch; at Thomas Irving's, Coal Branch at noon Tuesday, and at Joseph Côté, Ford's Mills, Tuesday night; Wednesday through Trout Brook to Harcourt, where he will be at the Eureka Hotel stable at noon; Wednesday night at Clark's, Bas River; Thursday, noon, at Robert Clark's, Bas River, and Thursday night at Docteur Babineau's, St. Louis, remaining there till Friday afternoon; leaving there he will return to Kingston. Terms made known on application to groom.

**ANTHONY MCNAIRN, JR.,**  
**JOHN ROBERTSON,**  
MANAGER.

**A STIFF-NECKED GENERATION!**

FROM BLACKWOOD'S EDINBURGH MAGAZINE.

CHAPTER XVI.—Continued.

"YOU CAN'T MEAN THAT?"  
"Fine old place, but a shade sepulchral," quoth Major Gilbert to himself, as he stood on the doorstep at King's Common the following morning, awaiting a response to his summons. "What a time they are in answering!" cried he next, with a lover's impatience. But the next moment the door was noiselessly opened.

"Any one at home?"  
It was a young under-footman who opened the door, and who now stood the picture of awkward, nervous hesitation, most evidently at a loss how to proceed in a moment of difficulty.

"Hey! What's the matter?" demanded the visitor, stopping short in surprise, while half-a-dozen conjectures—all unpleasant ones—flashed into his brain at once.

Was there going to be any trouble ahead? Was yesterday's work capable of being undone to-day? Had mischief been brewing in the night? Rosamund, what of her?

That something was strangely amiss was but too evident, and the thing to discover was—what?

"We have had a terrible misfortin in the night, sir."  
Gilbert drew a long breath of relief. What was a terrible misfortune to him? That would certainly not have been the fashion in which his dismissal would have been made known, and on that point all his present uneasiness and anxiety centred.

"Oh, indeed!" he said, with infinite comfort. "What is it, eh? But never mind; show me in, and I'll soon hear."  
"I—I—I really don't know, sir; her ladyship, sir—"

"Confound it! let's have an end of this," cried Gilbert, with excusable impatience; "say what you have got to say, and have done with it. I can't stop here all day while you hum and haw. Show me in to Lady Caroline," he added, in a sort of desperation, and turned towards the inner hall.

But this was too much. "Stop, sir, stop!" and William stepped back a pace; the next moment out came the thunder-bolt, "Her ladyship is dead, sir. O Lord!" cried the poor young fellow, raising his two hands and letting them fall again, to enforce the full import of his own words.

"Good God!" exclaimed Gilbert, glued to where he stood. "Her ladyship is—what?"

"Yes, indeed, sir."  
"Do you mean—but no, you can't mean that? You don't mean Lady Caroline is—good heavens!" wiping his brow. "Eh?—what—eh? Speak out, and speak plain, for God's sake, so that I can understand. Did you say that Lady Caroline is—?" but he could not articulate the word himself.

"Found dead in her bed this morning, sir. 'Tis an awful thing, sir," and the speaker looked indeed white and scared, for the news was scarce cold. "They thought at first it was a fit, and the maids and Mrs. Ossory was an hour in the room trying what they could do to bring her ladyship round, but it was no use. And now the doctors have just gone, and they say she must have been dead at the first. Dr. Makin brought another gentleman with him to make sure. You must have met them in the drive, sir. They ain't been gone many minutes."

"No. I came the other way. But how—what—good heavens! I can't think. I never heard anything more awful. Found dead in her bed, and she seem'd as well as any of us only last night! Was any reason given? Is she supposed to have been ill? Have they any idea how it was?"

"Bless me—I never was so shocked in my life!" continued Gilbert, pulling his long moustache; and, for once in his life, completely at fault in respect of his next move. Should he depart or remain? He looked at John, and John looked at him, irresolution upon either face, but the result was that they moved solemnly across the hall together.

"Lady Julia and Lord Hartland is here, sir," whispered the man, as he opened the drawing-room door; but it did not appear that he meant they were in the room for it was empty, as a single glance showed. Gilbert gazed mutely round.

He was inexpressibly bewildered and appalled, but it would be impossible to deny that he experienced also another sensation, and one equally novel to him at the moment—he breathed freely. For once in his life he heard the handle turn in the door, and stepped forward upon the soft carpet within without a quail; for once he advanced from behind the large screen which guarded the entrance without trepidation; and for the first time he looked straight up and down, and round and round the spacious gloomy apartment. His reverie had barely been brought to this appropriate close ere the door opened and Lord Hartland entered.

The two shook hands in silence. Then Gilbert burst forth impetuously. "I never had such a shock in my life."

His companion nodded, and the two sat down.

"When did you hear?" asked the major, next.

"Directly after breakfast. They had been trying to revive her for some time then."

"When do you suppose it took place?"  
"Makin—that's our doctor—thinks just before rising. The maids say she was still warm when they took her in hand, and they used all sorts of restoratives at once."

"With no effect?"  
"Oh no; she had been dead before they began."

"Was her husband not on the spot? Was he no good?"  
"Not at all. He was in his dressing-room—you know he is an early riser—and he thinks now he heard her call, but supposed at the time she was speaking to her maid. She had certainly striven to rise, for she was lying half across the bed."

"Has—have you seen Rosamund?" said Gilbert, next. "You know it was all settled between us yesterday, don't you? I was here till late last night."

"I heard it was all right," replied Lord Hartland, putting out his hand quietly. "This is rather rough on you; but you will help to comfort them all, Rosamund especially. She is with her aunt now."

"Shall—do you think I ought to go away?" inquired Gilbert, who had been asking the same question of himself for the last five minutes, without being able to answer it to his satisfaction. "Of course I am not a relation—I mean one of the family yet, and I should not like to intrude if—"

"Oh no," said Hartland, with a faint smile, "it could not be called intruding. You have a right to stay, and I should say my cousin would be disappointed if you left. She will see you presently."

"What is being done?"  
"The usual things," and Hartland took up a paper-knife and played with it absently. After which the two sat a long time in silence, gazing for relief into the fire.

"I suppose the arrangements will devolve on you," said Gilbert, presently.

"I will give any help I can."  
"The boys are too young to be much good."

"And the two eldest are at school."  
"There is no one, then?"  
"I fancy Mr. Liscard will be able to express his own wishes; and though I have not seen him yet, he knows I am here, and can send for me when he chooses."

"The funeral can't well take place before the middle of the week."  
"No."

Then another silence.  
"I am glad I came over early," said Gilbert, nursing his knee reflectively.

"This happened to be an easy day, and I was tempted."  
"What o'clock is it now?"  
"Not twelve yet. I meant to have had a walk or drive or something, and was here by half-past eleven. But now,"—and he dolefully shook his head.

At length Rosamund came down. She had been weeping, poor child, and at sight of the two figures who rose respectfully to receive her, tears flowed afresh. Until a few hours ago she had never known death, and had had indeed but little to do with the realities of life so terrible, so frightful a jar upon the even tenor of her days was not to be at once comprehended, and was scarcely to be looked upon but with horror and amazement. Her mother dead—gone for ever—snatched away without a parting word or sign! The thing seemed too monstrous for belief; and almost as one in a dream she had clung and wept, soothed by Lady Julia's expansive, wholesome, and very real sympathetic tribulation. It had been an effort to leave her, even to come down and meet her lover—and yet it had been something to have a lover to come to.

She had heard that Hartland was with Gilbert, and had well known how quickly the former would depart on her approach; and indeed he had instantly begun to consider how best to do so, when there was a tap at the door, which made all turn their heads. A tap at the door—at that door—at a door that never was, and never was meant to be tapped upon!

What could it portend?  
Only a housemaid entering with a message.

"I had better go and see what she came about, however," said Hartland, making use of the notion. "One of us is wanted, I imagine." And he left the room.

All that day he was very little to be seen, and yet his presence was felt everywhere.

Insensibly one and all came to lean on him for directions and suggestions, for Major Gilbert was still too much of a stranger to bear the part he would otherwise have done, and it was due to Lord Hartland that the principal benefit which could have been conferred on the mourn-

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**Cod Liver Oil.**

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