Alphabetical Farming.

There is a farmer who is Y's
Enough to take his E's,
And study Nature with his I's
And think of what he C's.

He hears the chatter of the J's
As they each other T's,
And Z's that when a tree D K's
It makes a home for B's.

A pair of oxen he will U's
With many haws and G's,
And their mistakes he will X Q's
While plowing for his P's.

In raising crops he all X L's,
And therefore little O's,
And when he hoes his soil by spells
He also soils his hose.

Poor "Pa!"

When Fred. D. was six years old his father and mother took him to the British provinces to spend a summer vacation. When crossing the frontier on his way home the custom house officer passed through the cars examining the baggage of the passengers, to see if it contained anything dutiable.

Fred. was very much interested in this, and his father had to explain to him how any passenger who brings anything new from Canada must pay a tax on it to the officer.

The inspector was just about to leave the car and pass on to the next when Fred., who had been silently reflecting for a few minutes, asked his father, in a shrill voice, that was audible to everyone in the car, including the customs examiner:

"Pa, did you pay him for that new overcoat and dress suit you got in Halifax?"

This little exhibition of juvenile cuteness cost his poor pa a $20 bill. His pa is a free-trader now.—*Boston Globe.*

—Lawyer (to witness)—"You have known the prisoner a long time?" Witness—"Yes, sir." Lawyer—"What is his reputation for truth and veracity?" Witness—"Well, he won't tell the truth when a lie will do as well, and I am a little doubtful about his veracity. I think he'd as lief steal as not."

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria,
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria,
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria,
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria,

For Sale and To Let.

For Sale or to Let.

A GOOD BLACKSMITH SHOP, with Tools therein, and Comfortable Dwelling House adjacent thereto, situated within two hundred yards of the Court House, Dorchester Corner, N. B., will be sold or let separately or together, as desired. Apply to

W. WILBERFORCE WELLS,
may9-1m Dorchester, N. B.

For Sale or to Let.

THE HOUSE on Salem Street, near Capt. B. A. Read's, at present owned and occupied by Mrs. Albert Black. It is in good order, has frost-proof cellar, is situated within convenient distance of schools, academies, public offices, etc. A never failing well of water, good garden, and about two and a half acres of pasture land. For particulars apply to Mrs. Black or Josiah Wood, M. P.

Sackville, Feb. 14, 1888.

To Rent.

THE house and grounds formerly the residence of the late Reuben Chase, Esq., Upper Sackville. There is a vegetable garden and flower garden. The house is commodious and comfortable, with good barn and outbuildings. Also a number of good hens for sale. Possesion given immediately. Apply to

MRS. REUBEN CHASE,
Upper Sackville.
Sackville, April 13th, 1887. tf

For Sale.

THE PREMISES occupied by me in Baie Verte, consisting of a Dwelling House, Shop, Office, Outhouses and Wharf. The location is one of the most convenient and desirable in town, and only a few minutes' walk from Churches, School House or Station.

If not sold within a short time, the Shop, with Office, suitable for any kind of business, can be let separately.

Title undoubted. Apply to

T. A. WELLING.
Baie Verte, May 25th, 1887

SHERIFF'S SALE.

TO be sold at Public Auction on TUESDAY, THE TWELFTH DAY OF JUNE NEXT, A. D. 1888, in front of the Court House, in Dorchester, in the County of Westmorland, between the hours of twelve o'clock noon and five o'clock in the afternoon:

All the Right, Title, Interest, Property, Claim and Demand of JOHN W. CLARE, his Possessory Right and Right of Entry, both at Law and in Equity, of, in and to the Lands and Premises situate in the Parish of Sackville, in the County of Westmorland, and bounded and described as follow:

All that certain piece or parcel of Land and Premises situate in Sackville, in the County of Westmorland aforesaid, bounded on the west by a road leading from Salem Chapel (so called) to the Main Road through Sackville, on the north by a Road leading from said Road to and joining the Main Post Road leading through Sackville at or near David G. Dickson's, on the east by Lands owned by the Estate of the late Sir Albert J. Smith, and on the south by Lands owned and occupied by John W. Sangster, containing one-fourth of an acre, more or less, being the same Premises on which the said John W. Clare resides at the date hereof; also all other Real Estate of the said John W. Clare, wheresoever situate or howsoever described within my bailiwick, the same having been seized by and to be sold under and by virtue of an Execution issued out of the County Court of Westmorland at the suit of John E. Hickey versus the said John W. Clare.

Dated at Dorchester, March 1st, A. D. 1888.

ANGUS McQUEEN,
mar7-8m Sheriff.

New Crop Molasses, &c.

2 CAR Loads Choice Retailing Molasses;
100 Tubs Choice Canadian Lard;
25 Bbls. Rankin's Soda & Sugar Biscuits;
80 " Choice Labrador Herring;
1 Car Load Bbls. and Half-Bbls. Labrador Herring.

ap124 A. J. BABANG & CO.

Salt! Salt!

Landing Ex Ship from Liverpool:

3,000 Bags Coarse Salt,
300 Bags F. F. Fine Salt.

GEO. S. DeFOREST,
13 South Wharf,
ap29 ST. JOHN, N. B.

CASTORIA

for Infants and Children.

"Castoria is so well adapted to children that I recommend it as superior to any prescription known to me." H. A. ARCHER, M.D., 111 So. Oxford St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

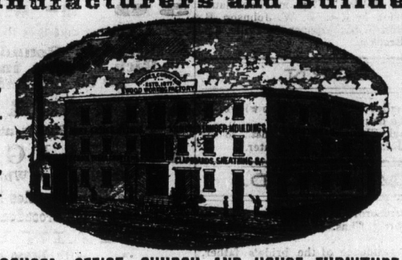
Castoria cures Colic, Constipation, Sour Stomach, Diarrhœa, Eructation, Kills Worms, gives sleep, and promotes digestion, Without injurious medication.

THE CENTAUR COMPANY, 77 Murray Street, N. Y.

RHODES, CURRY & Co.,

AMHERST, NOVA SCOTIA,

Manufacturers and Builders.



Doors, SASHES, BLINDS, WOOD Mantels, MOULDings, etc

WALNUT, Cherry, ASH, BIRCH, BEECH, PINE & Whitewood HOUSE FINISH.

● SCHOOL, OFFICE, CHURCH AND HOUSE FURNITURE.

Manufacturers of and Dealers in all kinds of Builders' Materials

jan27 Send for Estimates.

IMPORTED CLYDE STALLION,

COLIN CAMPBELL.

COLOR, Brown; foaled May, 1878; weight 1600 lbs.; bred by Mr. Grieve, Longlees, Torryburn, Fife Shire, Scotland, (and purchased from James Drummond, Black Law, Dunfermline, Fife Shire, Scotland), sired by Lord Imerurie, 487, in Clyde Stud Book; he by dam Bess, by Rory O'Moore. Colin Campbell's dam by Sir Colin, 776, C. S. B., he by Sir Colin Campbell, and he by Sir Walter Scott, all noted horses and prize winners, etc. Colin Campbell was purchased by Simon Beattie for Hon. J. H. Pope and shipped to Canada in September, 1880, by steamer Montreal.

COLIN CAMPBELL will make his headquarters at the Amherst Hotel.

ROUTE:—Will leave Amherst on Tuesday, May 1st, for Sackville, Midgie, Shemogue, Port Elgin, Baie Verte; home by Point de Bute on Saturday, 5th. Monday, 7th, will leave Amherst for Maccan, by Amherst Point, thence to River Hebert, thence back to Nappan, Leicester, Salem to Amherst by Friday, 11th. The above route will be made once a fortnight, health and weather permitting.

SERVICE FEES:—Single, $5; Season, $10; Insure, $15.

Mares changing ownership considered with foal.

Colin Campbell has proved himself a superior stock-getter by his stock in the Eastern Townships of Quebec, which are now matured and selling at high figures, especially in matched pairs.

At the Cumberland and Westmorland County Exhibitions last autumn they made a good show; at the place taking first and second prizes in their class.

Rufus Seaman, of Minudie, has a colt sired by Colin Campbell, which was purchased in St. John, and weighed 700 lbs. at 5 months old. Mr. Ainsley Black, of Amherst, owns one, 11 months old, that weighs 760 lbs.

J. S. LOWE, } Owners.
GEO. PUGSLEY, }
Amherst, April 10, 1888. 5i

Celebrated Trotting Stallion

DAN MORRELL

WILL make the Season of 1888 in the Counties of Westmorland and Cumberland. Dan is a dappled bay, weighs 1,350 lbs., trotted when 5 years old in 2.35, can show you a 40 clip any day in road wagon. He is a sure Stock Getter, and has proved himself to be the best Horse that ever travelled in Annapolis Co. for General Purpose Horses.

Like begets like—breed to the best—get a Good Horse. Farmers, improve the opportunity of getting the Best Horse for the Lowest Terms that ever travelled in these Counties. I have reduced the Terms to suit the times. Terms are:—4 Single, 6 Season, 10 Insure.

PEDIGREE OF DAN MORRELL.

Raised at Vermont on Bread Loaf Stock Farm; sired by Young Morrell, he by Rysdick's Hambletonian, he by Abdellah; Dam, Grey Morgan; Mare, Nancy, by Bell Founder Morgan. See Wallace's Monthly Stud Book.

Dan can be seen at Baie Verte every Saturday during the Season.

For Particulars see Hand Bills.

J. R. BROWN,
may16 Owner.

Farmers, Attention!

Thorough Bred Stock FOR SALE.

1 IMPORTED DURHAM COW;
1 Yearling Durham Heifer;
1 Durham Calf;
3 Polled Angus Cows;
1 Yearling Polled Angus Heifer;
2 " " Bulls;
2 Polled Angus Calves.

These are all first class Animals and of pure breeding, as will be found upon reference to N. B. Herd Book. Certificate of Registry and Pedigree furnished upon application.

The Polled Angus are hardy, mature early, well developed, good beefers, good milkers, and handsome in appearance.

The Durhams are very fine, large sized, with all the good qualities that breed can possess.

Farmers desirous of improving their stock will have an opportunity of procuring the best in the market. Apply to

may3-4i CHARLES FAWCETT.

Intercolonial Railway.

TENDER.

SEALED TENDERS, addressed to the undersigned, and marked on the outside "Tender for Works at Mulgrave," will be received until THURSDAY, MAY 31ST, 1888, for the Construction of an Earth Embankment and a Wharf of Cribwork at Mulgrave, on the Strait of Canseau, N. S.

Plans and Specification may be seen at the Chief Engineer's Office, Moncton, and at the Office of the Station Master, Mulgrave.

All the Conditions of the Specification must be complied with.

D. POTTINGER,
Chief Superintendent.

Railway Offices,
Moncton, N. B., May 14, 1888. 2i

JUST RECEIVED AT

T. H. Griffins, Amherst, N. S.:

3 CASES,

CONTAINING

$800 Worth of High-Class Silverware,

ALL ELEGANT GOODS.

Remember Special Sale

—AND—

Discount of 20 per Cent.

DURING THIS MONTH.

New Meat and Provision Store.

To the People of Sackville.

WE take this opportunity of thanking you for the liberal patronage with which you have favored us while we have carried on the Oyster Business. We have now much pleasure in informing you that we are about extending our Business by adding a full line of

Meats and Provisions.

Hereafter our patrons can rely upon getting from us Choice Meats of all kinds, thoroughly dressed and carefully cut up.

Fresh Beef, Fresh Lamb, Fresh Fish, Game and Poultry,

When in season, will be kept constantly on sale. We will give our personal attention to putting up choice CORNED BEEF cured by the most approved methods. Good SUGAR CURED HAMS and SHOULDERS, smoked or unsmoked, sold whole or sliced for the pan. DRIED BEEF in quantities or nicely shaved ready for the table. In CANNED PROVISIONS we will keep a full line, fresh and reliable. SAUSAGES of our own manufacture always on hand. OYSTERS by the peck or bushel, or shelled by the pint, quart or gallon.

We have Telephone connection, and orders by Telephone will be promptly attended to. Our wagon will deliver Goods to all parts of the town. Soliciting your esteemed patronage,

We are yours very truly,

mar28 H. W. KNIGHT.

Paine's Celery Compound

CURES Nervous Prostration, Nervous Headache, Neuralgia, Nervous Weakness, Stomach and Liver Diseases, Rheumatism, Dyspepsia, and all affections of the Kidneys.

WEAK NERVES

PAINE'S CELERY COMPOUND is a Nerve Tonic which never fails. Containing Celery and Coca, those wonderful stimulants, it speedily cures all nervous disorders.

RHEUMATISM

PAINE'S CELERY COMPOUND purifies the blood. It drives out the lactic acid, which causes Rheumatism, and restores the blood-making organs to a healthy condition. The true remedy for Rheumatism.

KIDNEY COMPLAINTS

PAINE'S CELERY COMPOUND quickly restores the liver and kidneys to perfect health. This curative power combined with its nerve tonics, makes it the best remedy for all kidney complaints.

DYSPEPSIA

PAINE'S CELERY COMPOUND strengthens the stomach, and quiets the nerves of the digestive organs. This is why it cures even the worst cases of Dyspepsia.

CONSTIPATION

PAINE'S CELERY COMPOUND is not a Cathartic. It is a laxative, giving easy and natural action to the bowels. Regularity surely follows its use.

Recommended by professional and business men. Send for book.

Price $1.00. Sold by Druggists.

WELLS, RICHARDSON & CO., Prop's
Montreal, P. Q.

New Spring Prints!

JUST OPENED:

1,100 Pieces New Spring Prints;
200 " Chocolate Prints;
200 " Mourning Prints;
100 " Picquets, in White & Fancy;
100 " White & Blk Louise Linings.

A. EVERITT,

Wholesale Warehouse,
92, 94 and 96 Germain Street,
ST. JOHN, N. B.



CHAIRS.

DINING CHAIRS,

In Cane, Perforated and Wood Seats.

Children's Rocking & High Chairs,

LOOSE PERFORATED SEATS.

For Sale Low at the

Sackville Furniture Factory,

CHARLES A. DOULL.

A Song of Rest.

O weary hands! that, all the day,
Were set to labor hard and long,
Now softly falls the shadows gray,
The bells are rung for evensong,
An hour ago the golden sun
Sank slowly down into the west;
Poor, weary hands, your toil is done;
'Tis time for rest! 'tis time for rest!

O weary feet! that many a mile
Have trudged along a stony way,
At last ye reached the trysting stile;
No longer fear to go astray.
The gentle bending, rustling trees
Rock the young birds within the nest,
And softly sings the quiet breeze:
"'Tis time for rest! 'tis time for rest!"

O weary eyes! from which the tears
Fell many a time like thunder rain—
O weary heart! that through the years
Beat with such bitter, restless pain,
To-night forget the stormy strife,
And know what heaven shall send is best;
Lay down the tangled web of life;
'Tis time for rest! 'tis time for rest!

"That Girl in Black."

BY MRS. MOLESWORTH.

CONCLUDED.

And several days passed after the morning that brought her reply to Mrs. Selby's letter of inquiry, before the person it chiefly concerned was able to see it. For the pain in his head, the result of slight sunstroke in the first place, aggravated by unusual excitement, had culminated in a sharp attack which at one time was not many degrees removed from brain fever. The risk was tided over, however, and at no time was the young man in very serious danger. But Mrs. Selby suffered quite as much as if he had been dying. She made up her mind that he would not recover, and as her special friends received direct information to that effect, it is not to be wondered at that the bad news flew fast.

It reached Laxter's Hill one morning in the week following Lady Denster's garden party. It was the day which was to see the breaking up of the party assembled there to meet Lord Southwold and his daughter, and it came in a letter to Edith Flores-Carter from Mrs. Selby herself.

"Oh, dear," the girl ejaculated, her usually bright, not to say jolly-looking countenance clouding over as she spoke, "oh, dear, I'm so sorry for the Selbys—for Mrs. Selby particularly. Just fancy, doesn't it seem awful—her brother's dying."

She glanced round the breakfast-table for sympathy; various expressions of it reached her.

"That fellow I found in the grounds at that place, is it?" inquired Mr. Fforde. "I'm not surprised, he did look pretty bad, and he would walk home, and he hadn't even a parasol."

"Conrad, how *can* you be so unfeeling? I perfectly detest that horrid trick of joking about everything," said in sharp, indignant tones a young lady seated opposite him. It was Lady Margaret. Several people looked up in surprise.

"Beginning in good time," murmured a man near the end of the table.

"Why, do you believe in that? I don't," replied his companion.

Conrad looked across the table at his cousin in surprise.

"Come, now, Maisie," he said, "you make me feel quite shy, scolding me so in company. And I'm sure I didn't *mean* to say anything witty at the poor chap's expense. If I did it was quite by mistake, I assure you."

"Anything 'witty' from you would be that, I can quite believe," Lady Margaret replied, smiling a little. But the smile was a feeble and forced one. Conrad saw, if no one else did, that his cousin was thoroughly put out, and he felt repentant, though he scarcely knew why.

Half an hour later Lord Southwold and his daughter were talking together in the sitting-room, where the former had been breakfasting in invalid fashion alone.

"I would promise to be home to-morrow, or the day after at least, papa," Lady Margaret was saying; "Mrs. Englewood will be very pleased to have me, I know, even at the shortest notice, for last week when I wrote saying I feared it would be impossible, she was very disappointed."

"Very well, my dear, only don't stay with her longer than that, for you know we have engagements," and Lord Southwold sighed a little.

Margaret sighed too.

"My darling," said her father, "don't look so depressed. I didn't mean to grumble."

"Oh no, papa. It isn't you at all. I shall be glad to be at home again, won't you? Thank you very much for letting me go round by town."

. . . . . .

Mrs. Englewood's drawing-room—but looking very different from the last time we saw it. Mrs. Englewood herself with a more anxious expression than usual on her pleasant face, was sitting by the open window, through which, however, but little air found its way, for it was hot, almost stifling weather.

"It is really a trial to have to come back to town before it is cooler," she was saying to herself, as the door opened and Lady Margaret, in summer travelling-gear, came in.

"So you are really going, dear Maisie," said her hostess. "I do wish you could have waited another day."

"But," said Maisie, "you will let me know at once what you hear from Mrs. Selby. I cannot help being unhappy, Gertrude, and of course, what you have told me has made me still more self-reproachful, and—and ashamed."

She was very pale, but a sudden burning blush overspread her face as she said the last words.

I do so hope he will recover," she added, trying to speak lightly, "though if he does I earnestly hope I shall never meet him again."

"Even if I succeed in making him understand *your* side, and showing how generously you regret having misjudged him?" said Mrs. Englewood. "I don't see that there need be any enmity between you"

"Not *enmity*, oh no; but still less, friendship," said Maisie. "I just *trust* we shall never meet again. Good-bye, dear Gertrude. I am so glad to have told you all. You will let me know what you hear?" and she kissed Mrs. Englewood affectionately.

"Good-bye, dear child. I am glad you have not a long journey before you. Stretham will take good care of you. You quite understand that I can do nothing indirectly—it will only be when I see him self that I can tell him how sorry you have been."

"Sorry and *ashamed*, be sure to say 'ashamed,'" said Lady Margaret; "yes, of course, it can only be if—if he gets better or you see him yourself."

Two or three days later came a letter to Lady Margaret from Mrs. Englewood, enclosing one which that lady had just received from Mrs. Selby. Her brother, she allowed for the first time, was out of danger, but "terribly weak." And at intervals during the next few weeks the girl heard news of Mr. Norrey's recovery. And "I wonder," she began to say to herself, "I wonder if Gertrude has seen him, or will be seeing him soon."

But this hope, if hope it should be called, was doomed to disappointment. Late in October came another letter from her friend.

"I am sorry," wrote Mrs. Englewood, "that I see no probabilities of my meeting Mr. Norreys for a long time. He is going abroad. After all, your paths in life are not likely to cross each other again. Perhaps it is better to leave things."

But the tears filled Maisie's eyes as she read. "I should have liked him to know I had come to do him justice," she thought.

She did not understand Mrs. Englewood's view of the matter.

"It would be cruel," Gertrude had said to herself, "to tell him how she blames herself, and how my showing her Mrs. Selby's letter had cleared him. It would only bring it all up again when he has doubtless begun to forget it."

Nevertheless, Despard did not leave England without knowing how completely Lady Margaret had retraced her cruel words, and how bitterly she regretted them.

. . . . . .

Time passes quickly, we are told, when we are hard at work. And doubtless this is true while the time in question is the present. But to look back upon time of which every day and every hour have been fully occupied, gives somewhat the feeling of a closely printed volume when one has finished reading it. It seems even longer than in anticipation. To Despard Norreys, when at the end of two busy years he found himself again in England, it appeared as if he had been absent five or six times as long as was really the case.

He had been a week in England, and was still detained in town by details connected with the work he had successfully accomplished. He was under promise to his sister to run down to Markersles the first day it should be possible, and time meanwhile hung somewhat heavily on his hands. The waters had already closed over his former place in society, and he did not regret it. Still there were friends whom he was glad to meet again, and so he willingly accepted some of the invitations that began to find him out. One evening, after dining at the house of a friend whose influence had obtained for him the appointment which had just expired, he accompanied the ladies of the family to an evening party in the neighborhood. He had never been in the house before; the faces about him were unfamiliar. Feeling a little "out of it," he strolled into a small room where a select quartette was absorbed at whist, and seated himself in a corner somewhat out of the glare of light, which, since his illness, rather painfully affected his eyes.

Suddenly he thought of Maisie Fforde as he had last seen her seemed to rise before him as in a vision.

"I wonder if she is married," he said to himself. "Sure to be so, I should think. Yet I should probably have heard of it."

And even as the words formed themselves in his mind, a still familiar voice caught his ear.

"Thank you. Yes, this will do nicely. I will wait here till Mabel is ready to go."

And a lady—a girl, he soon saw—came forward into the room towards the corner where he was sitting. He rose at once; she approached him quickly, then with a sudden, incoherent exclamation, made as if she would have drawn back. But it was too late; she could not, if she wished, have pretended she did not see him.

"Mr. Norreys," she began; "I had no idea——"

"That I was in England," he said. "No." I have only just returned. Pardon me for having startled you, Miss Fforde—Lady Margaret, I mean. I on my side had no idea of meeting you here or——"

"Or you would not have come," she in her turn interrupted him with. "Thank you; you are frank at all events," she added haughtily.

He turned away. There was perhaps some involuntary suggestion of reproach in his manner, for hers changed.

"No," she said. "I am very wrong. Please stay for two minutes, and listen to me. I have hoped and prayed that I might never meet you again, but at the same time I made a vow—a real vow," she went on girlishly, "that *if* I did so I would swallow my pride, and—and ask you to forgive me. There now—I have said it. That is all. Will you, Mr. Norreys?"

He glanced round; the whist party was all unconscious of the rest of the world still.

"Will you not sit down for a moment, Lady Margaret?" he said, and as she did so he too drew a chair nearer to hers "It is disagreeable to be overheard," he went on in a tone of half apology. "You ask me what I cannot now do," he added.

The girl reared her head, and the softness of her manner hardened at once.

"Thee," she said, "we are quits. It does just as well. My conscience is clear now."

"So is mine, as to *that* particular of—of what you call forgiving you," he said, and his voice was a degree less calm. "I cannot do so now, for—I forgave you long, long ago."

"You have seen Mrs. Englewood? She has told you at last that all was explained to me—your sister's letter and all," she went on confusedly, "that I saw how horrid, how low and mean and suspicious and everything I had been?"

"I knew all you refer to before I left England," he said simply. "But I asked Mrs. Englewood to leave it as it was, unless she was absolutely forced to tell you. I knew you must hate the sound of my name, and she promised to drop the subject."

"And I have scarcely seen her for a long time," said Maisie. "I saw she did avoid it, and I suppose she thought it no use talking about it."

"I did not need her explanation," Despard went on gently. "I had—if you will have the word—I had forgiven you long before. Indeed, I think I did so almost at once. It was all natural on your part. What had I done, what was I, that you should have thought any good of me? When you remember the way I behaved to you at first," and here his voice grew very low. "I have never been able to—I shall never be able to forgive *myself*."

"Mr. Norreys!" said Maisie in a very contrite tone. But Despard kept silence.

"Are you going to stay at home now, or are you going away again?" she asked presently, trying to speak in a matter-of fact way.

"I hardly know. I am waiting to see what I can get to do. I don't much mind what, but I shall never again be able to be idle," he said, smiling a little for the first time. "It is my own fault entirely—the fault of my own past folly—that I am not now well on in the profession I was intended for. So I must not grumble if I have to take what work I can get in any part of the world. I would rather stay in England for some reasons."

"Why?" she asked.

"I cannot stand heat very well," he said. "My little sunstroke left some weak points—my eyes are not strong."

She did not answer at once.

Then, "How crooked things are!" she said at last suddenly, "you want work. and I— oh, I am *so* busy and worried. Papa impressed upon me that I must look after things myself, and accept the responsibilities, but—I don't think he quite saw how difficult it would be," and her eyes filled with tears.

"But," said Despard, puzzled by her manner, "he is surely able to help you?"

She turned to him more fully—the tears came more quickly, but she did not mind his seeing them.

"Didn't you know?" she said. "Papa is dead—more than a year ago now; just before I came of age. I am quite alone. That silly—I shouldn't say that, he is kind and good—Conrad is Lord Southwold now. But I don't want to marry him, though he is almost the only man who, I *know*, cares for me for myself. How strange you did not know about my being all alone! Didn't you notice this?" and she touched her black skirt.

"I have never seen you except in black," said Despard. "No—I had no idea. I am so grieved."

"If—if you stay in England," she began again half timidly, "and you say you have forgiven me"—he made a little gesture of deprecation of the word—"can't we be friends Mr. Norreys?"

Despard rose to his feet. The whist party had dispersed. The little room was empty.

"No," he said, "I am afraid that could never be, Lady Margaret. The one reason why I wish to leave England again is that I know now I cannot—I must not—risk seeing you.

Maisie, looked up, the tears were still glimmering about her eyes and cheeks, was it their soft glistening that made her face look so bright and almost radiant?

"Oh, do say it again—don't think me not nice, oh, *don't*," she entreated. "But why——oh, why, if you care for me, though I can scarcely believe it, why let my horrible money come between us? I shall never care for anybody else—there now, I have said it!"

And she tried to hide her face, but he would not let her.

"Do you really mean it, dear?" he said. "If you do, I—I will swallow *my* bride, too, shall I?"

She looked up, half laughing now.

"Quite again, you see. Oh, dear, how dreadfully happy I am! And you know, as you are so fond of work now, you will have *lots* to do. All manner of things for poor people that I want to manage, and don't know how, and all our own—I won't say 'my' any more—tenants to look after, and —and——"

"'That girl in black' herself to take care of, and make as happy as all my love and my strength and my life's devotion can," said Despard. "Maisie, my darling, God grant that you may never regret your generosity and goodness."

"No, no," she murmured, "yours are far greater, far, far greater."

This all happened several years ago, and, by all I can gather, there are few happier people than Despard Norreys and Lady Margaret his wife.

—A disastrous fire occured at Charlottetown Monday night, 14th inst. The fire started in the Excelsior roller rink, owned by Mr. McGregor, of the Osborne house, and Mr. Muttart, of Summerside. The wind was high at the time and the whole block was soon in flames. The buildings burned were: The Excelsior roller rink, Citizens ice rink, J. Saunders' dwelling and stables, John McPhail's three dwellings (two of which were new) and carriage factory and stables, Baptist church and manse. The loss on the church is estimated at twenty thousand dollars, and the insurance on the church goes to pay the mortgage while an outstanding debt of $4,500 remains to be paid by the trustees, so that the congregation is $4,500 worse off than nothing. The repairs to the same church last year, necessary from the effects of the fire in July last, cost over $1,800 and this year it is said the church was one of the most comfortable in the Dominion. The pastor, Rev. Mr. Whitman, is now in the United States attending the conference. The total loss is estimated at forty-five thousand dollars; insurance twenty-two thousand.

Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria.

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R. T. PRIDHAM.
Baie Verte, May 2, 1888. 3m

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