The Resurrection.

When Mary hastened with her balms and spices
To weep once more above the sacred dead,
If she had found the sepulchre of Jesus
With door still sealed, and still death-tenanted;

Had found no waiting angel with those tidings
From which the world's new hope, new faith were born—
How had the nations fared through all the ages
That outward stretch from that first Easter morn?

—*Margaret H. Lawless, in The American Magazine for April.*

—Spurgeon tells an amusing story of the old lady who started up when her grandson was about to take her umbrella, exclaiming: "No you don't. I have had that umbrella thirty-three years, and its never been wet yet, and you ain't going to begin.

For Sale and To Let.

FOR SALE OR TO RENT.

MY PREMISES situated in Lower Sackville, consisting of House (nearly new), Barn and ten acres of Land, with a never-failing Well of Water. Only a few minutes' walk from Railway Station, Academies and Churches.

JOHN FORD, Jr.
April 11th, 1888. 1m

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. Possession given immediately. Apply to

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

House and Lot
For Sale or to Let.

THIS desirable Property formerly owned by Alex. Johnston, is situated at Upper Sackville, convenient to School, Church, Store and Post Office, and is a very pleasant locality. The House is new and very convenient; Outbuildings are in good repair. There is also a Blacksmith Shop and Carpenter Shop on the premises, and plenty of good water.
Terms very favorable. Apply to

CHARLES FAWCETT,
May 11th, 1887. Sackville, N. B.

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,
mar7-3m Sheriff.

New Brunswick, County of Westmorland, S. S.

L. S. Copy. To the Sheriff of the County of Westmorland, or any Constable within the said County, Greeting:—

WHEREAS, Oliver Jones, of Moncton, in the said County, Esquire, a creditor, has prayed that Administration may be granted to him of all and singular the Goods and Chattels, Rights and Credits, which were of John Howarth, late of Salem, in the State of Massachusetts, in the United States of America, deceased: You are therefore required to cite the said Oliver Jones, and all others interested, to appear before me at a Court of Probate to be held in the Office of the Registrar of Probate in Dorchester, within and for the said County, on the Tenth day of May next, at ten o'clock in the forenoon, to attend the granting of such administration, or to show cause why such administration should not be granted as prayed for.

Given under my hand and the seal of the said Court this fifth day of April, A. D. 1888.

(Signed) A. R. OULTON,
Judge of Probate,
County of Westmorland.
(Signed) CHAS. E. KNAPP,
Registrar of Probate,
County of Westmorland.

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250 "	Daily Bread " "	
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125 "	Silver Spray " "	
125 "	Pride of Peel " "	
250 ½ "	White Eagle " "	
250 ½ "	White Granite " "	

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April 11, 1888. ST. JOHN, N. B.

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NOTICE.

THERE will be sold at Public Auction, at or near the Residence of the late HARMON HUMPHREY, in Sackville, in the County of Westmorland, on

Tuesday, the 24th Day of April next,

At the hour of two o'clock P. M., pursuant to a License for that purpose obtained from the Judge of Probate of the County of Westmorland, for the payment of the Debts of the said Harmon Humphrey, late of the Parish of Sackville, in the County of Westmorland, Farmer, deceased, (his Personal Estate being insufficient,) the whole of the Real Estate of said deceased Harmon Humphrey, situate in the County of Westmorland. The said Real Estate consists of the following described Premises:—

Lot No. 1.—The Homestead Lot, bounded as follows:—North-easterly by Bridge Street; north-westerly by lands of Charles Scott, George E Ford, and lands in the possession of Edward Cogswell; south-westerly by lands in the possession of Horatio Richardson, Elisha Towse and others, and by the Island Marsh Road; and south-easterly by the Tantramar River and by lands of Captain Towse, containing 80 acres, more or less.

Lot No. 2.—Island Marsh Lot, consisting of 48 acres, or thereabouts, of English Marsh, and bounded northerly by the Island Marsh Road and lands of Nathan Lowerison; easterly by lands of Nathan Lowerison and lands of William Bulmer; southerly by the Tantramar River; and westerly by lands of Dr. Moore.

Lot No. 3.—Sunken Island Lot, containing 250 acres, more or less, and bounded as follows:—North-westerly by lands of the estate of late Edward Anderson; westerly by lands of the late John Patterson and Albert Palmer; south-westerly by lands of the estate of said late Edward Anderson, Albert and Howard Trueman, and others; southerly, south-easterly and easterly by the line of the grant to late William C. Hamilton; and north-easterly and northerly by the line agreed upon as the Division Line between the said Lot No. 3 and lands of late Edward Anderson, the same being the portion of the Sunken Island Marsh allotted to late Harmon Humphrey in the division thereof between him and the late Edward Anderson.

Lot No. 4.—A Wood Lot containing 40 acres, more or less, bounded as follows:—North-easterly by the Lower Fairfield Road; south-easterly by lands of James Dixon; south-westerly by lands in the occupation of Nelson Bulmer; and north-westerly by lands in the possession of Clifford Bainbridge.

Lot No. 5.—A Wood Lot containing 40 acres, more or less, bounded as follows:—Northerly by lands of Nathan Lowerison, Thomas Egan and Richard L. Wry; westerly by lands of Thomas Lowerison; southerly by lands of Benjamin Beharrell and John Snowden; and easterly by lands of Oliver Wry.

Lot No. 6.—An undivided third part of that 100-acre Lot of Wood Land bounded as follows:—North-easterly by the Richardson Lot (so-called); north westerly by lands in the possession of George W. Milton; south-westerly by lands of Nathan Lowerison; and south-easterly by the Titus Anderson Lot (so-called).

Lot No. 7.—An undivided third part of that 500-acre Lot of Wood Land, bounded northerly by lands of the Lowerisons; easterly by lands of James Lowerison and lands in the occupation of one Harper; southerly by lands formerly occupied by Christopher Atkinson; and westerly by lands occupied by John Richardson and others.

Lot No. 8.—An undivided third part of that 15-acre Lot of Marsh known as the Humphrey Marsh, in the Great Marsh Body, bounded as follows:—Southerly by lands of Albert Cahill; westerly by a Road; northerly by lands of Albert Carter; and easterly by lands of one Wells.

All of said Lots being in the Parish of Sackville.

For further particulars apply to

MARY E. HUMPHREY,
Administratrix,
or JOHN A. HUMPHREY,
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March 13th, 1888.

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"That Girl in Black."

BY MRS. MOLESWORTH.

CONTINUED.

The draught betrayed its source, however. She was scarcely seated when voices approaching caught her ears.

"Here you are—there must be a window open, it is ever so much cooler in this corner. Are you afraid of the draught?"

"No—o—at least—oh, this corner will do beautifully. The curtain will protect me. What a blessing to get a little air!" replied a second speaker—a lady evidently.

"People have no business to cram their rooms so. And these rooms are—well, not spacious. How in the world did you get Marrinder to come?"

The second speaker laughed. "It was quite the other way," she replied. "How did he get me to come? you might ask. He has something or other to do with our host, and made a personal matter of my coming, so of course, I gave in."

"How angelic!"

"It is a penance; but we're going immediately."

"I shall dissapear with you."

"You! Why, you told me a moment ago that you were obliged to dance with some *protegee* of Mrs. Englewood's—that she had made a point of it. And you haven't danced with her yet, to my certain knowlenge," said the woman's voice again.

A sort of groan was the reply.

"Why, what's the matter?" with a light laugh.

"I had forgotten; you might have let me forget and go off with a clear conscience."

"What is there so dreadful about it?"

"It is that girl in black I have to dance with for my sins. Such a little dowdy! I am convinced she can't waltz. It was truly putting old friendship to the test to expect it of me. And of all things I do detest a bread-and-butter miss. You can see at a glance that this one has never left a country village before. She——"

But his further confidences were interrupted by the arrival of Mr. Marrinder in search of his wife.

"You don't care to stay any longer, I suppose?" said the new comer.

"Oh, no; I am quite ready. I *was* engaged for this dance—the tenth isn't it? but I am tired, and it doesn't matter. My partner, whoever he was, can find some one else. Good-night, Mr. Norreys."

"Let me go with you to the door at least," he replied. "I'll look for that girl in black on my way, so that if I don't see her I can honestly feel I have done my duty."

Then there came a flutter and rustling, and Miss Fforde knew that her neighbors had taken their departure.

She waited an instant, and then came out of her corner.

"He is not likely to come back to look for me in this room," she thought; "but in case he possibly should, I—I shall not hide myself."

She had had a moment's sharp conflict with herself before arriving at this decision; and her usually pale face was still faintly flushed when, slowly making his way in the direction of the sofa where she had now conspicuously placed herself, she descried Mr. Norreys

"Our dance—the [illegible]—I believe," he said, with an exaggeration of indifference, sounding almost as if he wished to irritate her into making some excuse to escape.

In her place nine girls out of ten would have done so, and without troubling themselves to hide their indignation. But Maisie Fforde was not one of those nine. She rose quietly from her seat and took his arm.

"Yes," she said, "it is our dance."

Something in her voice, or tone, made him glance at her with a shade more attention than he had hitherto condescended to bestow on "Mrs. Englewood's *protegee*." She was looking straight before her; her features, which he now discovered to be delicate in outline, and almost faultlessly regular in their proportions, wore an expression of perfect composure; only the slight, very slight rose-flush on her cheeks would have told to one who knew her well of some inward excitement.

"By Jove!" thought Despard, "she's almost pretty—no, pretty's not the word. I never saw a face quite like it before. I suppose I didn't look at her, she's so badly, at least so desperately plainly dressed. I don't, however, suppose she can talk, and I'd bet any money she can't dance."

As regarded the first of his predictions she gave him at present no opportunity of judging. She neither spoke nor looked at him. He hazarded some commonplace remark adout the heat of the rooms; she replied by a monosyllable. Despard began to get angry.

"*Won't* talk, whether she *can* or not," he said to himself, when a second observation had met with no better luck. He glanced round the room; all the other couples were either dancing or smiling and talking. He became conscious of a curious sensation as disagreeable as novel—he felt as if he were looking ridiculous.

He turned again to his partner in a sort of desperation.

"Will you dance?" he said, and his tone was almost rough; it had entirely lost its usual calm, half-insolent indifference.

"Certainly," she said, while a scarcely perceptible smile faintly curved her lips. "It is, I suppose, what we are standing up here for, is it not?"

Despard grew furious. "She is laughing at me," he thought. "Impertinent little nobody! Where in Heaven's name has Gertrude Englewood unearthed her from? Upon my soul, it is the very last time she will see me at her dances!"

And somehow his discomfiture was not decreased by a glance, an almost involuntary glance, at Miss Fforde as they began to dance. She was certainly not striking in appearance; she was middle-sized, barely that indeed; her dress was now, he began to perceive, plain with the plainness of intention, not of ignorance or economy. But yet, with it all—no, he could not honestly feel that he was right; she did not look like "a nobody."

There was a further discovery in store for him. The girl danced beautifully. Mr. Norreys imagined himself to have outlived all enthusiasm, on such subjects, but now and then, in spite of the *rôle* which was becoming second nature to him, a bit of the old Despard—the hearty, unspoilt boy—cropped out, so to speak, unawares. This happened just now—his surprise had to do with it.

"You dance perfectly—exquisitely!" he burst out when at last they stopped. It was his second dance that evening only; neither he nor Miss Fforde was the least tired, and the room was no longer so crowded.

She looked up. There was no flush of gratification on her face, only a very slight—the slightest possible—sparkle in the beautiful eye.

"Yes," she said quietly; "I believe I can dance well."

Despard bit his lips. For once in his life he felt absolutely at a loss what to say. Yet remain silent he would not, for by so doing it seemed to him as if he would be playing into the girl's hands.

"I *will* make her talk," he vowed internally.

It was not often he cared to exert himself, but he could talk, both intelligently and agreeably, when he chose to take the trouble. And gradually, though very gradually only, Miss Fforde began to thaw. She, too, could talk; though her words were never many, they struck him as remarkably well chosen and to the point. Yet more, they incited him to further effort. There was the restraint of power about them; not her words only, but her tone and expression, the quick play of her features, the half-veiled glances of her eyes, were full of a curious fascination, seeming to tell how charming, how responsive a companion she might be if she chose.

But the fascination reacted as an irritant on Mr. Norreys. He could not get rid of a mortifying sensation that he was being sounded, and his measure taken by this presumptuous little girl. Yet he glanced at her. No; presumptuous was not the word to apply to her. He grew almost angry at last, to the extent of nearly losing his self-control.

"You are drawing me out, Miss Fforde," he said, "in hopes of my displaying my ignorance. You know much more about the book in question, and the subject, than I do. If you will be so good as to tell me all about it, I——"

She glanced up quickly with, for the first time, a perfectly natural and unconstrained expression on her face.

"Indeed—indeed, no," she said. "I am very ignorant. In *some* ways I have had little opportunity of learning."

Despard's face cleared. There was no question of her sincerity.

"I thought you were playing me off," he said boyishly.

Miss Fforde burst out laughing, but she instantly checked herself.

"What a pity!" thought Mr. Norreys, "I never heard a prettier laugh." "I did, indeed," he repeated, exaggerating his tone in hopes of making her laugh again.

But it was no use. Her face had regained the calm, formal composure it had worn at the beginning of the dance.

"She is like three girls rolled into one," thought Despard. "The shy, country-bred miss she seemed at first," and a feeling of shame shot through him at the recollection of his stupid judgment, "then this cold, impassive, princess-like damsel, and by fitful glimpses yet another, with nothing in common with either. And, notwithstanding the *role* she had chosen to play, I—I strongly suspect it is *but* a *role*," he decided hastily.

The riddle interested him.

"May I—will you not give me another dance?" he said deferentially. For the tenth waltz had come to an end.

"I am sorry I cannot," she replied. The words were simple and girlish, but the tone was regal. "Good-night, Mr. Norreys. I congratulate you on your self-sacrifice at the altar of friendship. You may now take your departure with a clear conscience."

He stared. She was repeating some of his own words. Miss Fforde bowed coldly, and turned away. And Despard, bewildered, mortified even, though he would not own it, yet strangely attracted, and disgusted with himself for being so, after a passing word or two with his hostess, left the house.

An hour or two later Gertrude Englewood was bidding her young guest good-night.

"And oh, Maisis!" she exclaimed, "how did you get on with Despard? Is he not delightful?"

Miss Fforde smiled quietly. They were standing in her room, for she was to spend a night or two with her friend.

"I—to tell you the truth I would *much* rather not speak about him," she said. "He is very good-looking, and—well, not stupid, I dare say. But I am not used to men, you know, Gertrude—not to men of the day, at least, of which I suppose he is a type. I cannot say that I care to see more of them I am happier at home with papa."

She turned away quickly. Gertrude did not see the tears that rose to the girl's eyes, or the rush of color that overspread her face at certain recollections of that evening. She was nineteen, but it was her first "real" dance, and she felt as if years had passed since the afternoon only two days ago when she had arrived.

Mrs. Englewood looked and felt sadly disappointed. She had been so pleased with her own diplomacy.

"It will be different when you are a little more in the way of it," she said. "And—I really don't think your father should insist on your dressing *quite* so plainly. It will do the very thing he wants to avoid—it will make you remarkable."

"No, no," said Maisie, shaking her head. "Papa is quite right. You must allow it had not that effect this evening. No one asked to be introduced to me."

There was such a crowd——" Gertrude began, but this time Maisie's smile was quite a hearty one as she interrupted her.

"Never mind about that," she said. But do tell me one thing. I saw Mr. Norreys speaking to you for a moment as he went out. You didn't say anything about me to him, I hope;"

"No," said Mrs. Englewood, "I did not. I would have liked to do so," she said honestly, "but somehow he looked queer—not exactly bored, but not encouraging. So I just let him go."

"That's right," said Maisie; "thank you. I am so glad you didn't. I do hope I shall never see him again," she added to herself.

PART II.

A hope not destined to be fulfilled. For though Maisie wrote home to "papa" the morning after Mrs. Englewood's dance, earnestly begging for leave to return to the country at once instead of going on to her next visit, and assuring him that she felt she would never be happy in fashionable society, never be happy *anywhere*, indeed, away from him and everything she cared for, papa was inexorable! It was natural she should be homesick at first, he replied; natural, and indeed unavoidable that she should feel strange and lonely; and, as she well knew, she could not possibly long more to be with him again, than he longed to have her; but—there were all the reasons she knew full well why she should stay in town as had been arranged; the very reasons which had made him send her now made him say she must remain. Her own good sense would show her the soundness of his motives, and she must behave like his own brave Maisie. And the girl never knew what this letter had cost her invalid father, nor how he shrank from opposing her wishes.

"She set off so cheerfully," he said to himself, "and she has only been there three days. And she seemed rather to have enjoyed her first dinner-party, and the concert, or whatever it was, that Gertrude Englewood took her to. What can have happened at the evening party? She dances well, I know; and she is not the sort of girl to expect or care much about ball-room admiration."

Poor man! it was, so far, a disappointment to him. He would have liked to get a merry, happy letter that morning as he sat at his solitary breakfast. For he had no fear,, no shadow of a fear, that his Maisie's head ever could be turned.

"I have guarded against any dangers of that kind for her, at least," he said to himself, "provided I have not gone too far and made her too sober-minded. But no; after all it is erring on the safe side—considering everything."

Three or four evenings after Mrs. Englewood's dance Despard found himself at a musical party. He was in his own *milieu* this time, and proportionately affable—with the cool, condescending affability which was the nearest approach to making himself agreeable that he recognized. He had been smiled at by the beauty of the evening, much enjoying her discomfiture when he did *not* remain many minutes by her side; he had been all but abjectly entreated by the most important of the dowagers, a very great lady indeed, in every sense of the word, to promise his assistance at her intended theatricals; he had, in short, received the appreciation which was due to him, and was now resting on his oars, comfortably installed in an easy-chair debating within himself whether it was worth while to give Mrs. Belmont a fright by engrossing her pretty daughter, and thus causing to retire from her side in the sulks Sir Henry Gayburn, to whom the girl was talking. For Sir Henry was rich, and was known to be looking out for a wife, and Despard had long since been erased from the maternal list of desirable possibilities.

"Shall I?" he was saying to himself as he lay back with a smile, when a voice beside him made him look up. It was that of the son of the house, a friend of his own; the young man seemed annoyed and perplexed.

"Norreys! oh, do me a good turn, will you? I have to look after the lady who has just been singing, and my mother's fussing about a girl who's been sitting all the evening alone. She's a tsranger. Will you be so awfully good as to take her down for an ice or something?"

Despard looked round. He could scarcely refuse a request so couched, but he was far from pleased.

"Where is she? Who is she?" he asked, beginning languidly to show signs of moving.

"There—over by the window—that girl in black," his friend replied. "Who she is I can't say. My mother told me her name was Ford. Come along, and I'll introduce you, that's a good fellow."

Despard by this time had risen to his feet.

"Upon my soul!" he ejaculated.

But Mr. Leslie was in too great a hurry to notice the unusual emphasis with which he spoke.

And in half a second he found himself standing in front of the girl, who, the last time they met, had aroused in him such unwonted emotions.

"Miss Ford," murmured young Leslie, "may I introduce Mr. Norreys?" and then Mr. Leslie turned on his heel and disappeared.

Despard stood there perfectly grave. He would hazard no repulse; he waited for her.

She looked up, but there was no smile on her face—only the calm self composedness which it seemed to him he knew so well. How was it? Had he met her before in some former existence? Why did all about her seem at once strange and yet familiar? He had never experinced the like before.

These thoughts—scarcely thoughts indeed—flickered through his brain as he looked at her. They served one purpose at least, they prevented his feeling or looking awkward, could such a state of things be conceived possible.

Seeing that he was not going to speak, remembering, perhaps, that if *he* remembered the last words she had honored him with, he could scarcely be expected to do so, she at last opened her lips.

"That," she said quietly, slightly inclining her head in the direction where young Leslie had stood, "was, under the circumstances, unnecessary."

"He did not know," said Despard.

"I suppose not; though I don't know. Perhaps you told him you had forgotten my name."

"No," he replied, "I did not. It would not have been true."

She smiled, very slightly.

"There is no dancing to-night," she said. "May I ask ——" and she hesitated.

"Why I ventured to disturb you?" he interrupted. "I was requested to take you down-stairs for an ice or whatever you may prefer to that The farce did not originate with me, I assure you."

"Do you mean by that that you will *not* take me down-stairs?" she said, smiling again as she got up from her seat. "I should like an ice very much"

Despard bowed without speaking, and offered her his arm.

But when he had piloted her through the crowd and she was standquietly with her ice, he broke the silence.

"Miss Ford," he began, "as the fates have again forced me on your notice, I should like to ask you a question."

She raised her eyes inquiringly. No—he had not exaggerated their beauty.

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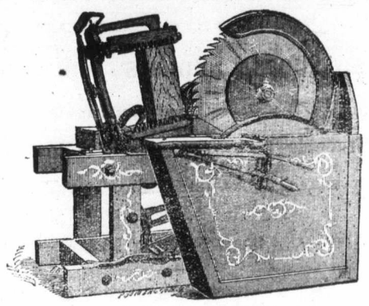

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