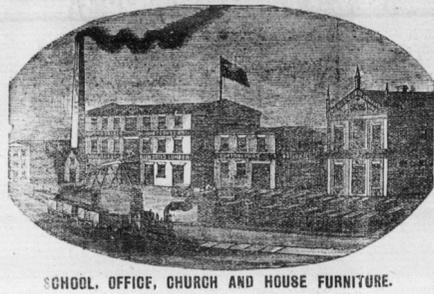


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BETTER THAN EVER. Sale of School Lands.

NOTICE is hereby given that the Trustees of School District No. 2 in the Parish of Dorchester in the County of Westmorland will, under and by virtue of Chapter 35 of the Acts of the General Assembly of the Province of New Brunswick, 5th Victoria A. D., 1861—sell at Public Auction in front of the Court House in the Parish on

SATURDAY, 8TH DAY AUGUST, A. D., 1891, at ten o'clock in the afternoon, that lot of land and premises situated in Dorchester aforesaid bounded and described as situate, lying and being in the Parish of Dorchester, bounded on the north by the main road leading from Dorchester Corner (so called) to Dorchester Cape, and consisting of the lands upon which the old School House now stands and buildings thereon, and land in front thereof, and the approach thereto, and bounded on the southerly side or front by the said main road, southerly or southwesterly by the old road to the island, and by lands of William P. Wilbur or his wife, and on the northerly side or front by the lands of John E. Upham, the distance of thirty feet, and on the West side by lands of said John E. Upham, and James Lawrence, and lands conveyed to the Trustees of the Parish of Westmorland.

Also that lot of land and premises, adjoining the aforesaid lot, bounded on the north by Joseph Hickman, Esquire, to the said Justice for school purposes, by deed bearing date the first day of June A. D. 1859, and therein described as commencing at the northwest corner of the Temperance Hall, thence running northwesterly along the line of John E. Upham, the distance of thirty feet, thence southerly at right angle to said line the distance of ten feet, thence southerly at right angle to said Upham's line the distance of thirty feet, thence northwesterly to the aforesaid corner of the said Joseph Hickman, Esquire, the distance of thirty feet, and on the West side by lands of said John E. Upham, and James Lawrence, and lands conveyed to the Trustees of the Parish of Westmorland.

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WHAT SHALL IT PROFIT?

If I lay waste and wither up with doubt, The blessed fields of heaven where once my faith Possessed itself serenely safe from death; If I deny the things past finding out, Or if I orphan my own soul from God, That seemed a Father, and make void The place Within me where he dwelt in power and grace, What do I gain that an myself undone? —Wm. D. Howells in Harper's.

A RESUSCITATION.

After being dead twenty years, he walked out into the sunshine. It was as if the bones of a dead skeleton should join themselves on some forgotten plain, and look about them for the vanished flesh. To be dead is not necessary to be in the grave. There are places where the worms creep about the heart in stead of the body.

The penitentiary is one of these. David Culross had been in the penitentiary twenty years. Now, what that worn-out heart he came out into liberty and looked about him for the habits with which he had formerly clothed himself—for hope, self-respect, courage, magnanimity, and industry.

But they had vanished and left no trace, like the flesh of the dead man on the plains, and so, morally unparalled, in the hideous skeleton of his manhood, he walked on down the street under the mid-June sunshine.

You can understand, can you not, why a skeleton might wish to get back into its comfortable flesh? David Culross had not walked two blocks before he was seized with an almost uncontrollable desire to beg to be shielded once more in that safe and shameful retreat from which he had just been released. A horrible perception of the largeness of the world swept over him. Space and sterility could seem no larger to the usual man than earth—that snug and insignificant planet—looked to David Culross.

"If I go back," he cried despairingly, looking up to the great building that rose above the story hills, "they will not take me in." He was absolutely without a refuge, utterly without a destination; he did not have a hope. There was nothing he desired except the surrounding of those four narrow walls which he had at night and dreamed through the ever-recurring dreams—dreams which were never prophecies or promises, but all ways the hackneyed history of what he had sacrificed by his crime and relinquished by his pride.

The men who passed him looked at him with mingled amusement and pity. They knew the prison look and they knew the prison clothes. For though the State gives to its discharged convicts clothes which are like those of other men, it makes a hundred-rod suit from the same sort of cloth. The police know the fabric, and even the citizen recognizes it. But, then, were each man dressed in different garb he could not be disguised. Every one knows in what dull school that side-long glance is learned, that aimless drooping of the shoulders, that rhythmic lifting of the heavy foot.

David Culross wondered if his will were dead. He put it to the test. He lifted up his head in a position which it had not held for many miserable years. He put his hands in his pockets in a pitiful attempt at nonchalance, and walked down the street with a step which was meant to be brisk, but which was in fact very uncertain. In his pocket were ten dollars. This much the State equips a man when it sends him out of its penal halls. It gives him also transportation to any point within reasonable distance that he may desire to reach. Culross had desired to get to Chicago. He naturally said Chicago. In the long colorless days that had been in Chicago that all those endlessly repeated scenes had been laid out before him.

Walking up the street now with that wavering, ineffectual gait, these scenes came back to surge in his brain, and ceaselessly tossed in a wind-swept basin. There was the office, bare and clean, where the young stoop-shouldered clerk sat writing. In their faces was a strange resemblance, just as there was in the backs of ledgers, and in the endless file on the spindles. If one of them laughed, it was not with gaiety, but with gratification at the discomfiture of the other. None of them at all. None of them were rested after sleep. All of them rode on the sticky horse cars to and from their work. Sundays they lay in bed very late, and ate more dinner than they could digest. There was a certain fellowship among them—such fellowship as a bond of captives among cannibals might feel, such of them waiting with rival curiosity to see if the next to be eaten. But of that fellowship that plans in unison, suffers in sympathy, enjoys vicariously, strengthens into friendship and comradery in soul they know nothing. Indeed, such camaraderie would have been disapproved of by the head clerk. He would have looked on an emotion with exactly the same displeasure that he would an error in the footing of the year's accounts. It was tacitly understood that one reached the proud position of Head Clerk by having no emotions whatever.

Culross did not remember having been born with a pen in his hand, or even with one behind his ear; but certainly from the day he had been in company of knickerbrokers his constant companion had been that greatly over-estimated article. His father dying at a time that cut short David's school days, he went out armed with his new knowledge of double-entry, determined to make a fortune and a commercial name. Meanwhile, he lived in a suite of three rooms on West Madison street with his mother, who was a good woman, and lived where she did that she might be near her favorite meeting-house. She prayed, and cooked good dinners, principally composed of despairing misery. Her idea of house-keeping was to keep the shades down whenever it happened; and when David laid down in the evening for his purpose of pleasure, she would. David David persuaded himself that he despised amusement, and went to bed

each night at half past nine in a folding bedstead in the front room, and by becoming absolutely stolid from mere vegetation, imagined that he was almost fit to be Head Clerk.

Walking down the street now after the twenty years, thinking of these dead but recent days, this was the picture he saw, and as he reflected upon it, even the despoiled and desolate years just passed seemed richer by contrast.

He reached the station thus dreaming, and found, as he had been told when the warden bade him good-by, that a train was to be at hand directly bound to the city. A few moments later he was on that train. Well back in the shadow and out of sight of the other passengers, he gave himself to the enjoyment of the comfortable cushion. He would willingly have looked from the window—green fields were new and wonderful; drifting clouds a marvel; men, houses, horses, farms, all a revelation—but those haunting visions were at him again, and would not leave brain or eye free for other things.

But the next scene had warmer tints and was the interior of a rich room—crimson. Its amber fabrics, flowers, the gleam of a statue beyond the drapings, the sound of a tender piano—no, it was not a familiar melody, and a woman's face was just a part of all the luxury.

He himself, very timid and conscious of his awkwardness, sat near, trying bravely to get some of his brain on to his tongue. "Strange, how I did not mean to listen but I couldn't help hearing what you said just now. I don't blame you particularly. Young men will be fools. And I do not in any way mean to insult you when I tell you to stop your coming here. I don't want to see you inside this door again, and after what you will thank me for if you have taken very unfair advantage of my invitation. I make allowance for your youth."

He held back the curtain for the lad to pass out. David threw a mild, grateful glance at the girl. She was standing looking at her father with an expression that David could not fathom. He went into the hall picked up his hat and walked on in silence.

David wondered that night walking in the chilly streets after he quitted the house and often afterward if that comfortable and prosperous gentleman safe beyond the perturbations of youth had any idea of what he had done. How could he know anything of the life of the man he turned from his door? The "dead's dead word" and all its hateful slavery the dull darkened rooms where his mother passed through the endless evenings the bookless, joyless, hopeless existence that had cramped "Strange, how I did not mean to listen but I couldn't help hearing what you said just now. I don't blame you particularly. Young men will be fools. And I do not in any way mean to insult you when I tell you to stop your coming here. I don't want to see you inside this door again, and after what you will thank me for if you have taken very unfair advantage of my invitation. I make allowance for your youth."

Then the playing began—a happy intermingling of soft sounds, and Zoe Le Baron's hands were very girlish. Everything about her was unformed. Even her mind was so. But all promised a full completion. The voice, the shoulders, the smile, they were all rounding to maturity. "Why do you never come to church in the morning?" asks Miss Le Baron suddenly. "You are only there at night, with your mother."

"I go only on her account," replied David. "In the morning I am so tired with my work that I rest at home. I ought to go, I know."

"Yes, you ought," returns the young woman gravely. "It doesn't really rest one to lie in bed like that. I am so tired with my work that I rest at home. I ought to go, I know."

"Should you advise me," asks David in a confident tone, "to arise early on Sunday?"

"The girl blushes a little. 'By all means,' she cries, her eyes twinkling. 'I would not come to church on my morning sermons are really very much better than those in the evening.' And she plays a waltz, and what with the music and the warmth of the room and the perfume of the roses, a something nameless and mystical came over her, and under a spell of which she lay for some time, and her lips above like a pair of pearls, and her eyes were like stars in the evening."

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Culross did not remember having been born with a pen in his hand, or even with one behind his ear; but certainly from the day he had been in company of knickerbrokers his constant companion had been that greatly over-estimated article. His father dying at a time that cut short David's school days, he went out armed with his new knowledge of double-entry, determined to make a fortune and a commercial name. Meanwhile, he lived in a suite of three rooms on West Madison street with his mother, who was a good woman, and lived where she did that she might be near her favorite meeting-house. She prayed, and cooked good dinners, principally composed of despairing misery. Her idea of house-keeping was to keep the shades down whenever it happened; and when David laid down in the evening for his purpose of pleasure, she would. David David persuaded himself that he despised amusement, and went to bed

each night at half past nine in a folding bedstead in the front room, and by becoming absolutely stolid from mere vegetation, imagined that he was almost fit to be Head Clerk.

Walking down the street now after the twenty years, thinking of these dead but recent days, this was the picture he saw, and as he reflected upon it, even the despoiled and desolate years just passed seemed richer by contrast.

He reached the station thus dreaming, and found, as he had been told when the warden bade him good-by, that a train was to be at hand directly bound to the city. A few moments later he was on that train. Well back in the shadow and out of sight of the other passengers, he gave himself to the enjoyment of the comfortable cushion. He would willingly have looked from the window—green fields were new and wonderful; drifting clouds a marvel; men, houses, horses, farms, all a revelation—but those haunting visions were at him again, and would not leave brain or eye free for other things.

But the next scene had warmer tints and was the interior of a rich room—crimson. Its amber fabrics, flowers, the gleam of a statue beyond the drapings, the sound of a tender piano—no, it was not a familiar melody, and a woman's face was just a part of all the luxury.

He himself, very timid and conscious of his awkwardness, sat near, trying bravely to get some of his brain on to his tongue. "Strange, how I did not mean to listen but I couldn't help hearing what you said just now. I don't blame you particularly. Young men will be fools. And I do not in any way mean to insult you when I tell you to stop your coming here. I don't want to see you inside this door again, and after what you will thank me for if you have taken very unfair advantage of my invitation. I make allowance for your youth."

hers. Now if you tell me that we do not care for each other—"

There was some one coming down the hall. The curtain lifted. A middle aged man stood there looking at him.

"Culross," said he, "I'm disappointed in you. I didn't mean to listen but I couldn't help hearing what you said just now. I don't blame you particularly. Young men will be fools. And I do not in any way mean to insult you when I tell you to stop your coming here. I don't want to see you inside this door again, and after what you will thank me for if you have taken very unfair advantage of my invitation. I make allowance for your youth."

He held back the curtain for the lad to pass out. David threw a mild, grateful glance at the girl. She was standing looking at her father with an expression that David could not fathom. He went into the hall picked up his hat and walked on in silence.

David wondered that night walking in the chilly streets after he quitted the house and often afterward if that comfortable and prosperous gentleman safe beyond the perturbations of youth had any idea of what he had done. How could he know anything of the life of the man he turned from his door? The "dead's dead word" and all its hateful slavery the dull darkened rooms where his mother passed through the endless evenings the bookless, joyless, hopeless existence that had cramped "Strange, how I did not mean to listen but I couldn't help hearing what you said just now. I don't blame you particularly. Young men will be fools. And I do not in any way mean to insult you when I tell you to stop your coming here. I don't want to see you inside this door again, and after what you will thank me for if you have taken very unfair advantage of my invitation. I make allowance for your youth."

Then the playing began—a happy intermingling of soft sounds, and Zoe Le Baron's hands were very girlish. Everything about her was unformed. Even her mind was so. But all promised a full completion. The voice, the shoulders, the smile, they were all rounding to maturity. "Why do you never come to church in the morning?" asks Miss Le Baron suddenly. "You are only there at night, with your mother."

"I go only on her account," replied David. "In the morning I am so tired with my work that I rest at home. I ought to go, I know."

"Yes, you ought," returns the young woman gravely. "It doesn't really rest one to lie in bed like that. I am so tired with my work that I rest at home. I ought to go, I know."

"Should you advise me," asks David in a confident tone, "to arise early on Sunday?"

"The girl blushes a little. 'By all means,' she cries, her eyes twinkling. 'I would not come to church on my morning sermons are really very much better than those in the evening.' And she plays a waltz, and what with the music and the warmth of the room and the perfume of the roses, a something nameless and mystical came over her, and under a spell of which she lay for some time, and her lips above like a pair of pearls, and her eyes were like stars in the evening."

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