

**D. MACDOUGALL,**  
**Photographer,**  
 ROBINSON STREET,  
**Moncton, N. B.**

**M. HOLLERAND,**  
 Custom Boot and Shoe Maker.  
**SATISFACTION GUARANTEED.**  
 Job-Work done promptly and at reasonable rates.  
 RICHIBUCTO, N. B.

**W. C. PITFIELD & CO.,**  
 IMPORTERS AND JOBBERS OF  
**BRITISH, FOREIGN and DOMESTIC**

**Dry Goods, TEAS, &c.,**  
 CANTERBURY STREET, ST. JOHN, N. B.

**BUCTOUCHE DRUG STORE.**  
 TOILET SOAPS, SPICES, PIPES,  
 HAND MIRRORS, BRUSHES, ETC.,  
 IN VARIETY.  
**FRUIT AND CONFECTIONERY.**

Prescriptions carefully prepared.  
 A large assortment of Patent Medicine constantly on hand.  
**W. G. KING, M. D.**  
 aug2289ui

**JEWELLER, WATCH-MAKER**

**PHOTOGRAPHER.**  
 I am prepared to do all kinds of Watch and Clock repairing and will pay special attention to work sent me from a distance and guarantee satisfaction.

Also—**DRY GOODS, BOOTS AND SHOES** and General Merchandise.  
 Selling out stock of Dry Goods, Rubbers, Over-hoes, etc., at a greatly reduced price to make room for Spring Goods.

A. E. LANDRY,  
 St. Louis, Kent Co., Feb. 13, 1890.

**Bricks!**

The Subscribers wish to call attention to the Bricks manufactured by them at their

**STEAM BRICK WORKS**  
 CHATHAM AND NELSON.

They are of large size—18 to the solid foot, and perfect in shape and hardness.  
 500,000 on hand. All orders attended to promptly. Bricks delivered to be cars or at wharf, or can be got at the stores of Mr W S Leggie, Chatham, and Mr William Masson, Newcastle.  
**G. A. & H. S. FLETT,**  
 Nelson.

**Fire Insurance Agency.**

I am Agent for the following Standard Fire Insurance Companies:

**IMPERIAL,**  
 OF LONDON, ENGLAND.  
**ÆTNA AND HARTFORD,**  
 OF HARTFORD, CONN.

**J. D. PHINNEY.**

**D. F. BROWN & CO.**  
 —Manufacturers of—  
**Paper Bags, Paper Boxes, Tea Caddies, SHIPPING TACS, &c.,**  
 WRAPPING PAPER and TWINES all sizes and weights.  
 PARK HOTEL BUILDING, KING SQUARE,  
 ST. JOHN, N. B.

—GRAND—  
**MILLINERY DISPLAY.**

Having one of the Best Assorted Stocks of Millinery and some of the best Milliners in the city, I am prepared as usual to do all kinds of Millinery work.

Orders from a distance promptly filled and satisfaction guaranteed.

Mrs. G. H. BROWN,  
 Main Street, Moncton.

**DRY GOODS, BOOTS & SHOES.**

**GROCERIES, Hardware, Flour,**

And all description of goods necessary to carry on a general trade.  
 Selling at lowest possible prices for CASH or in exchange for produce.

WM. BOWSER,  
 Kingston Kent Co., Feb. 17, 1890.

**READ THIS.**

The subscriber invites attention to his large and well-assorted stock of

**HARDWARE, Iron, Steel, Nails, WINDOW GLASS,**

**PAINTS, OILS & VARNISHES.**

—ALSO—  
**Silverware, Glassware, LAMPS, ETC., ETC.**

**PRICES LOW!**

**GEORGE STOTHART,**  
 WATER STREET, CHATHAM, N. B.  
 aug2289ui

**R.O. Shaughnessy and Co.**

MANUFACTURERS OF AND DEALERS IN

**Fishing**



**Tackle**

85 GERMALN STREET,  
**Saint John, N. B.**

Also Trunks, Bags and Valises.

**Stoves**

OF ALL KINDS.  
**Stove Fittings, Pipe, Tin-ware and Kitchen Utensils.**

I am now laying in my usual Fall supply.

Remember the Old Stand—  
**QUEEN STREET, RICHIBUCTO.**

**R. PHINNEY.**

**Andrew Dunn,**  
 DEALER IN

**Lumber, Railway Ties, Hemlock Bark, Dry Goods, and General Groceries, Flour, etc.**

**Hay and Feed,**  
 KING STREET,  
 Weldford Station, I. C. R.

**Jas. Brown,**  
**CONTRACTOR,**  
 AND MANUFACTURER OF  
**DIMENSION LUMBER,**  
 Weldford Station, I. C. R., Kent County.

**Temperance and General**  
**LIFE ASSURANCE COMPANY,**  
 OF NORTH AMERICA.

Incorporated by Special Act of the Parliament of Canada.

HEAD OFFICES—TORONTO.  
 HON. GEO. W. ROSS, Minister of Education, President.  
 HON. S. H. BLAKE, } Vice-Presidents.  
 ROBT. McLEAN, Esq., }  
 Guarantee Fund—\$100,000.  
 Deposited with the Dominion Government for the security of Policy Holders, \$50,000.  
 H. SUTHERLAND, Manager.  
 E. R. MACHUM, Manager for Maritime Provinces, St. John, N. B.  
 Agents wanted.

**Lumber! Lumber!**

I have on hand at my Mill, situated within a few yards of the Intercolonial Railway, a quantity of

**Pine, Spruce and Hemlock**  
 BOARDS AND SCANTLING,  
 SHINGLES.

Dimension Lumber cut to order, selling cheap for Cash, or in exchange for Produce.

THOMAS ATKINSON,  
 Mortimore, Kent County, N. B.

**C. P. Curtis & Co.,**  
 GENERAL

**Commission Merchants,**  
 176 Atlantic Ave., Boston, Mass.  
 Consignments solicited of all kinds of Fish in their season. Smelts and Eels a specialty. Also Spruce Gum.

**Album Verses.**  
 I thank you for your kind request  
 That I inscribe this opening page;  
 But oh! I know not what to write,  
 For many themes my thoughts engage.  
 Fain would I tune my faltering lyre,  
 And sing some fragment of a song,  
 To cheer you as you pass through scenes  
 Where joys and cares alternate throng.  
 But then I feel I cannot use  
 Light words, nor think bright thoughts to-day;  
 One cannot help one's moods, you know—  
 Come! Muse, come tell me what to say.  
 Could I but throw what lies before,  
 I then would eagerly advise  
 What paths of life you should avoid,  
 And how secure some tempting prize.  
 Yet that, however good it seems,  
 Were after all of transient worth;  
 For shadows of a second life  
 In bold relief stand ever forth.  
 In journeying scatter as you go  
 Your freshness on the desert drear;  
 With smiles, kind words, and deeds of love  
 Some world-weary sister cheer.  
 So shall your days be full of joy,  
 While all you meet will call you blessed;  
 So shall the angels guard your way,  
 Until you reach the Land of Rest.

**"I Am Revenged."**

"Depend upon it, Barbara," said Ralph Penniford, "he's only amusing himself with you! It's the way these fine city gentlemen do when they come down to the country."  
 Barbara Wynyard's brilliant eyes, soft as velvet, and fringed with long jet-black lashes, sparkled ominously.  
 "How dare you speak so to me Ralph?" she flashed out. "I will thank you to mind your own affairs for the future and let me alone!"  
 The young man looked sadly down on the flushed, beautiful countenance of the girl.  
 "Your affairs and mine, Barbara, once meant the same thing!" he retorted.  
 "Once is not now!"  
 "I know it, Barbara;" and Mr. Penniford turned away, feeling himself dismissed after the most regal fashion.  
 The crimson zephyr wool wherewith Barbara Wynyard was crocheting for herself a coquettish little three-cornered hood, became sadly entangled after Ralph saw gone, and finally Barbara threw it aside in a pet.  
 "He wouldn't dare!" she thought to herself, "after all he has said and looked! And, after all, why shouldn't he marry me? Am I not pretty enough to be any man's wife?"  
 And the mirror to which she instantly appealed for confirmation answered her "Yes."  
 When Mr. Egerton strolled round that evening to ask Barbara to walk on the seashore with him, he thought he had never seen her look so beautiful.  
 "She ought to have been called Delilah," he said to himself; "or Judith, or Miriam. Surely she has Jewish blood in her veins somewhere."  
 Neither had he ever known her to be so absent-minded.  
 "Barbara," he said at length, "what is the matter with you to-night?"  
 As he spoke he stopped on a level stretch of sandy beach, and the silvery light of the newly-risen moon enhanced the beauty of the dark radiant face at his side.  
 Barbara lifted her eyes to his—deep, quivering wells of fire.  
 "Shall I tell you the truth?"  
 "Yes."  
 "Well, then, I was wondering where all this would end—this walking, this singing, and boating, and delicious dreaming away of summer evenings!"  
 "End!" Mr. Egerton repeated rather uneasily. "Why, where should it end, Barbara?"  
 "That is just what I want to know," she said quietly. "Do you mean to make me your wife, or—are you merely amusing yourself, as people say you are?"  
 "I wish people would be good enough to mind their own business," said Mr. Egerton, feeling himself growing uncomfortably warm.  
 "I know; but this is my business," said Barbara firmly. "You have told me a good many times that you loved me. What does it all amount to?"  
 "Upon my word, Barbara, you are taking matters very seriously."  
 "Am I?"  
 "I—I—of course you must know—it's very awkward to expect a fellow to explain. I haven't a penny of my own—entirely dependent on my grandfather, I give you my word, and he's a hale fellow of sixty, with no idea of 'taking off his shoes before he goes to bed,' as people say. Ha, ha, ha!"  
 "Well!"  
 "Well—and so, of course, I'm not in a position to marry; and if I were—"  
 "Yes, even if you were. Go on; I am listening."  
 "To be frank with you, Barbara, I shouldn't pick my wife off the sea-sands of a little fishing-village. I expect style and connection, and the other accompaniments of a fashionable life, when I marry."  
 "Exactly so," said Barbara with a quiet scorn. "Suppose, then, we part."  
 "As friends?"  
 "No; as enemies!"  
 "You little tigress!" laughed Mr. Egerton, feigning the offhand ease of manner he was far from feeling; "I do believe your eyes shot fire then."  
 "Perhaps they did. I am only a woman; if I were a man I should knock you down!"

And Barbara Wynyard turned and quietly walked away.  
 Gerald Egerton looked after her with a curious feeling, half admiration, half fear, stirring his heart.  
 "By Jove! she's a beauty!" he thought. "If she only had been rich, instead of poor; and if I only had not been dependent on my grandfather!"  
 And Mr. Egerton felt dissatisfied equally with fate, himself, and Barbara Wynyard.  
 Barbara went home and opened the little "Diary" in which she was wont, after the fashion of romantically disposed young ladies, to record such emotions and experiences as are capable of being put into written words, and wrote therein, with the date, seven words:  
 "I will be revenged on Gerald Egerton."  
 And if anyone had seen her face, as she closed the book, they would have been convinced that she meant to carry out her purpose.  
 "I am not a man," she thought, looking out into the moonlight, with two red spots, like coals of fire, burning on her cheeks, "but there are other and subtler ways of being avenged than belong to mere brute force. He has mortified me and made me suffer. I will have my turn yet."  
 Mr. Egerton left Beachwold the next week.  
 "The season was getting on," he said, "and the place was getting slow."  
 And so perhaps it was, for the exciting element of beautiful Barbara Wynyard's companionship was lacking.  
 "You had better take a tour," advised Mr. Clarethorne, that hale handsome man who enjoyed the honour of being Gerald Egerton's grandfather. "You are not deriving any benefit from the gaming-houses here."  
 "Just as you say, sir," said Gerald, who had been taught in all things to defer to the wishes of his wealthy progenitor. And he went accordingly.  
 It was just a year afterwards when, sitting at his late breakfast of claret, grapes, and broiled birds in a Florentine villa, Mr. Egerton broke open the seals of a packet of home letters, and grew whiter than the carved marble vases among the lime-groves outside.  
 "What's up, Egerton?" asked Mr. Vane, his friend and fellow-traveller.  
 "The meanest trick that ever was played on a fellow," gasped Gerald, tearing at his neck-tie. "He's going to be married."  
 "Your grandfather?"  
 "Yes."  
 "Well, hasn't he as good a right as anyone, if he chooses, and the lady is willing?"  
 "No!" shouted Gerald; "he hasn't. Not at his time of life, and after all the years of expectation he has dragged me through."  
 "Who is she?"  
 "He doesn't say. He simply insults me by inviting me home to the wedding."  
 "A very proper attention I should say."  
 "You should say?" snarled Egerton, turning suddenly round on his companion.  
 "Very possibly. He isn't your grandfather, and his marriage doesn't ruin you?"  
 He rose up as he spoke, and strode out among the myrtles and lime-tree, his brow as black as midnight.  
 "Take my advice," called Vane after him; "put your righteous indignation in your pocket—go home and do the agreeable to grandmamma! The whole loaf undoubtedly is gone, but that's no reason you shouldn't enjoy a few of the crumbs, if you are only a little politic."  
 And Gerald Egerton, on sober second and third thoughts, concluded to profit by the hints embodied in his friend's advice.  
 "Of course she will be young enough to be my sister," he said. "Old men always do make fools of themselves; but perhaps I can manage her, after all."  
 It was a bracing winter night, the sky all sprinkled with stars, when Gerald Egerton walked up the steps leading to his grandfather's princely mansion and rang the bell.  
 The butler grinned at him as he opened the door.  
 "You're too late for the wedding, Master Gerald," said he. "Master brought his bride home last night."  
 "The deuce he did!" said Gerald gloomily. "What sort of a one is it—oh, Butts?"  
 "A stunner, sir," the man answered confidentially; "only nineteen."  
 At that moment another servant threw open the folding-doors leading into the drawing-room, and revealed Mr. Clarethorne, looking provokingly young and healthy, with a tall slight girl by his side, dressed in wine-coloured velvet, relieved by the flash of diamonds and the creamy folds of rich old point lace. As she turned to welcome her grandson—how ridiculous the idea seemed!—Gerald Egerton started back.  
 He was looking full into the radiant depths of Barbara Wynyard's eyes.  
 One smile—one scornful flashing smile a haughty triumph—and then they met as strangers, thought the hot blood boiled up into Gerald's cheeks as if his veins were running molten fire.  
 "What are you writing, dear?" Mr. Clarethorne asked his young wife that night, as she closed and locked a clasped book at her desk.  
 "Nothing," she answered with a bright smile.  
 But, underneath the entry made in bitterness of heart a year ago, she had written these words:  
 "I am revenged on Gerald Egerton!"

**-CLOTHING-**  
 —FOR—  
**FALL AND WINTER WEAR.**

Men's, Youths' and Boys' Suits, Overcoats, Reefers, Pants and Vests.

—FULL LINES OF—  
**Gents' Furnishing Goods,**  
 FUR COATS, CAPS, COLLARS, GLOVES.

Our present season's Stock, on hand and to arrive, will be found unusually large, well assorted and excellent value in all departments.

**W. H. FAULKNER.**  
 243 MAIN STREET, MONCTON, N. B.

**CLARKE, GENERAL HARDWARE**  
**PAINTS, OILS AND CLASS KERR & THORNE**  
 Silver Plate & Fancy Goods  
 60 and 62 Prince Wm. St. Saint John, N. B.

**THIS IS THE COCK THAT ROSE IN THE MORN THE DAY THAT IDEAL SOAP WAS BORN HE HAD RISEN EARLY TO TELL TO MANKIND THAT WONDERFUL SOAP TO SEEK AND TO FIND.**

**USE IDEAL SOAP.**  
 All grocers sell it.  
 THE WORLD IS WAKING UP TO THE VALUE OF IDEAL SOAP.  
 Made only by Wm. Luggan St. John N.B.

**C. H. FLEWELLING**  
 ILLUSTRATIONS OF DESIGNER AND ENGRAVER IN WOOD  
 15 NORTH WHARF ST. JOHN, N. B.

**REMOVAL.**

The subscriber is now comfortably located in the Hutchinson building, further down Queen Street, to which he has removed from the old Desbrisay Store.

He begs to return thanks for the fair share of trade given him whilst at the latter stand, and respectfully solicits a continuance of the same.

In addition to his usual supply of Flour, Meal, Provisions, &c., he will keep constantly on hand which he can afford to sell as cheaply as any one a pretty full line of Groceries, such as Teas, Sugars, Molasses, Kerosene, etc., etc. Also, Sole Leather, and a very nice assortment of Chinaware, Crockery and Earthenware.

**J. W. HARNETT.**

**J. H. CARNALL,**  
 Taxidermist and Naturalist,  
 88 King Square, (south side) St. John, N. B.

Birds and Animals mounted in the best style of the art. Moose and Caribou Heads mounted in the best style. Furs of all kinds dressed. Good collection on hand for sale. Skins tanned and made into mats. Rare birds bought and fair prices paid. Arctic Owls particularly required. I guarantee that no moths will appear in my work.

**JUST RECEIVED.**

Robinson's Emulsion, Scott's Emulsion, Nestle's Food, Warner's Safe Cure, Hood's Sarsaparilla, Fine Sponges, Blood Bitters, Quinine Wine, Wine Beech Tree Cresote, Paine's Celery Compound,  
 Beef, Iron and Wine, Sozodont, Compound Syrup, Extract Malt, Chester's Asthma Cure, Pure Cod Liver Oil, Dyspepticure, Cuticura Soap, Golden Medical Discovery.

We have on hand a full line of STATIONERY, TOILET ARTICLES, PERFUMES, and all articles usually found in a first-class Drugstore. Also—Choice Confectionery, Briar Pipes, Imported Havana Cigars, Tobaccos and Cigarettes, Razors, Shaving Strops, Shaving Brushes, Hair and Cloth Brushes at the

**RICHIBUCTO DRUGSTORE,**  
 W. A. MACLAREN, Proprietor.

Subscribe for THE REVIEW,  
 Only \$1.00 per annum.