

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, S. HAYWARD,
 General Partner. Special Partner.
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 Medicines constantly on hand.


W. G. KING, M. D.
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JEWELLER, WATCH-MAKER
 AND
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-boots, etc., at a really 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 cars or at wharf, or can be got at the stores of Mr. W. S. Loggie, Chatham, and Mr. William Mason, Newcastle.
 G. A. & H. S. FLETT,
 Nelson.

Fire Insurance Agency.
 I am Agent for the following Standard Fire Insurance Companies:
IMPERIAL,
 OF LONDON, ENGLAND.
ETNA AND HARTFORD,
 OF HARTFORD, CONN.
J. D. PHINNEY.
D. F. BROWN & CO.
 Manufacturers of—
Paper Bags, Paper Boxes, Tea Caddies, SHIPPING TAGS, &c.,
 WRAPPING PAPER and TWINES all sizes and
 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.
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R.O. Shaughnessy and Co.
 MANUFACTURERS OF AND DEALERS IN
Fishing Tackle

 85 GERMAIN 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,
 Welford Station, I. C. R.
Jas. Brown,
 CONTRACTOR,
 AND MANUFACTURER OF
 DIMENSION LUMBER,
 Welford 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-President.
 ROBT. McLEAN, Esq., Vice-President.
 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.

BATTLE OF BALAKLAVA.
 One of the Most Famous Charges in History Graphically Portrayed.
 —Charge of the Heavy Brigade—The Famous Scots Greys.

Aroused before sunrise one morning in October, 1854, by the bang of field pieces and the rattle of musketry far out on the Causeway heights both brigades had delightedly sprung to work, saddled their excited chargers and donned their own uniforms and equipments. It was the fashion in those days for everybody to wear what we would call full dress in going into battle. And here at the nearest camp—that of the "Heavies"—the men were now "standing to horse," in their scarlet coats, white leather belts and heavy glistening brass helmets—all except one famous corps, the "Scots' Greys," a dragoon guard regiment that had long been permitted to wear the bearskin shako as a distinctive headgear. Indeed, there were three famous regiments in the heavy brigade, "The Royals," all Englishmen; the Inniskillens, all Irish, and the Scots' Greys, all "Braw Lads" from north of the Clyde. It was the famous "Union brigade," that fought under Ponsonby at Waterloo, but strengthened now by the addition of the Fourth and Fifth dragoon guards. They were only ten small squadrons in all, for many gallant fellows had succumbed to cholera and dysentery and the regiments were greatly reduced in strength, but there wasn't a man in the compact little force that did not long for the signal to mount and away, when the news came that the Turks had been driven back and only Campbell's Ninety-third stood firm between Balaklava and the Russian bear.

At six o'clock the high crest behind the cavalry camp was covered with French and English staff officers and generals who had heard the sounds of battle over in the Balaklava valley and had mounted in hot haste to see what was going on. And presently Lord Raglan himself appeared, and then it was that Lucan got his orders to go to the support of the Highlanders. The Heavies were nearest, so, leaving Lord Cardigan and the Light brigade sitting in saddle in front of the camp, Lord Lucan trotted over to Gen. Scarlett and bade him move by his right in the direction of the distant battery.

Away they went the bearskin shakos of the Greys, "Those terrible gray horses!" said Napoleon at Waterloo looking at that same regiment, and the brass helmets of the Inniskillens well to the front, the Royals and the Fourth and Fifth jogged along in the rear. They opened out to pass a little vineyard, and then, heading for Balaklava, they rode out on the rolling open prairie and were presently well over in what is called the South Valley, with a low ridge—that of the Causeway heights—separating them from the North valley, where at this very moment their comrades of the Light brigade were placed in a position at its western end and in full view of what they, the Heavies, could not see at all—a dense mass of Russian horsemen, 3,000 strong at least count, in their flat caps and heavy gray coats riding westward up the valley. An English light battery had trotted out to the Chersonese, unlimbered there, and the moment it caught sight of those gray masses let drive a few shells right over the heads of Cardigan's troopers, and no sooner had the Russian leader found himself under fire of the guns than he sounded "By the right flank" on the bugles, and away swung the whole mass directly in front of the Light brigade—move steadily up the Causeway slope beyond which Yorke Scarlett was trotting downward with the red-coated dragoons, and the next thing he and Lieut. Eliot knew the whole ridge to their left was alive with the "banneroles" of Russian lancers; and then in magnificent order, solid, massive, sixteen deep, those great battalions of Muscovite horse came surging over the crest and down the gentle slope directly at his slender column. Why! if the Russians had suddenly sounded the gallop and charged they would have come thundering down that broad, open tract an avalanche of resistless force, and by sheer weight and inertia, without striking a blow, could have swept the brave British from the field. They were just about ten to his one at the instant Scarlett caught sight of them, and how many more there might have been behind that low ridge a quarter of a mile away he never stopped to ask. Seeing the preponderance of metal against him any cavalryman would have been justified in wheeling to the right and scampering under the shelter of the guns on the Chersonese; where at this moment Raglan and all his officers sat, mad with anxiety, as to the probable fate of the little brigade of red-coats. Everybody expected to see him scurry off to the right, but Yorke Scarlett was a glorious fellow. Like a bullet he whirled to the left and flew straight at the throat of his foe, France and England looking on from the crest behind.

Think of it! "Left wheel into line!" was the order, and the instant the Russian leader saw it, he proved his incompetence by sounding "halt," and then, as though utterly aghast at the nerve and pluck of those brilliant ranks, there he sat in saddle, amazed, irresolute, wondering what to do next. Scarlett settled all that for him. The Russian horse batteries, with more cavalry, were popping up on that Causeway crest, but if there had been a million there inside of a minute it wouldn't have checked him now. "Gallop."

"Charge!" he ordered the instant the troop leaders had aligned their ranks, and never waiting for the Royals or the Fourth or Fifth to come up, or the leading squadron of the Inniskillens to get back, in he went, Eliot and a big trumpeter at his heels, the Scots' Greys thundering behind them, all riding straight as a dart for the centre of the Russian division. Upon the heights men held their breath in amazement, yet thrilled with admiration and delight. In front of them sat the Russians, stolid, almost stupefied, as with the savage, Celtic yells of the Inniskillens and the deep guttural roar of the Scots, and later the ringing cheer of the Saxon Royals the four nearest squadrons came dashing up the slope. No time to think now! A splendid looking officer—the colonel probably—sat in saddle in front of the Russian centre. Scarlett's brass helmet and red coat under the light surcoat deceived him. He took Eliot in chapeau and blue frock for a general, and his last act in life was a furious cut at the aide-de-camp, which did no harm, for Eliot's blade transfixed him and whirled him dead under the horse's hoofs, nearly wrenching the sword from even Eliot's grasp. The next instant Scarlett and his staff officers had shot deep into the Russian mass, and now, wedged in solidly on every side, were battling for their lives. The two light ranks of British troopers had dashed upon the solid Phalanx of Muscovite horse and could not budge it.

And then arose a din over which no orders could be heard. The clang of steel, the rattle of fierce blows, the wild shouts of the combatants, the neigh and scream of terrified horses, many of whom bowed their heads to escape the rain of blows, while others, furious with the crush, bit and kicked with savage strength. Lance and sabre, pistol and fist. Never had the mild-mannered Muscovites known such assailants as the wild Irishmen or brawny Scots, who lashed about like madmen and drew blood with every blow. Dozens of these docile riders terrified at the vim and fury of the islanders, slipped from their saddles and took refuge under their horses' bellies. Others fought and prodded the best they knew how, but such savage fighting they had never dreamed of—such mad audacity.

Three hundred dragoons charging 3,000 solid lancers up hill was something never before heard of. The foremost horses of the Russian ranks backed against those in rear. The 300 red coats were swallowed up among the 3,000 gray. Scarlett and Eliot were by this time so far in the heaving mass as to be beyond help of any hand, and there was no telling how things might have ended when with resounding cheers the belated squadrons of the Fourth and Fifth came dashing in on the Russian right. The advance of the Inniskillens came tearing back to the scene and charged home on the opposite flank, and then—then—to the enthusiastic delight of the spectators on the heights—after seven minutes of the most exhausting fighting ever known, the whole Russian mass began heaving backward up hill, and then dribbled, frittered, and clattered away in squads and beves until presently Boyjoff's guns and lancers made a disorderly rush for the other end of the valley, whither their handful of conquerors were too breathless and exhausted to pursue.

Does a Two-year-old Baby Pay?
 Does a two-year-old baby pay for itself up to the time it reaches that interesting age 1—Sometimes I think not. I thought so yesterday when my own baby slipped into my study and "scrubbed" the carpet and his best white dress with my bottle of ink. He was playing in the coal hod 10 minutes after a clean dress was put on him, and later in the day he pasted 50 cents' worth of postage stamps on the parlor wall, and poured a dollar's worth of the choicest "white rose" perfumery out of the window "to see it wain."
 Then he dug out the centre of a nicely baked loaf of cake, and was found on the dining room table with the sugar bowl between his legs and most of the contents in his stomach.
 He has already cost over \$100 in doctor bills, and I feel that I am right in attributing my few grey hairs to the misery I endured walking the floor with him at night during the first year of his life.
 What has he ever done to pay me for that?
 Ah! I hear his "little feet pattering along out in the hall. I hear his little ripple of laughter, because he has escaped from his mother and found his way up to my study at a forbidden hour. But the door is closed. The worthless little vagabond can't get in, and I won't open it for him. No I won't. I can't be disturbed when I'm writing. He can only just cry if he wants to. I won't be bothered for—"rat, tat, tat," go his dimpled knuckles on the door. I sit in silence.
 "Rat, tat, tat."
 I sit perfectly still.
 "Papa."
 No reply.
 "Peeze, papa."
 Grim silence.
 "Baby tum in—peeze, papa."
 He shall not cum in.
 "My papa."
 I write on.
 "Papa," says a little voice, "I lub my papa—peeze let me in."
 I am not quite a brute, and I throw open the door. In he comes with outstretched little arms, with shining eyes, and laughing face. I catch him up into my arms, and his warm, soft little arms go round my neck, and the not very clean little cheek is laid close to mine, the baby voice says sweetly—
 "I lub my papa."
 Does he pay?
 Well, I guess he does!—Detroit Free Press.

CLARKE, GENERAL HARDWARE
PAINTS, OILS AND CLASS KERR & THORNE
 Silver Plate & Fancy Goods
 60 and 62 Prince Wm. St.
 Saint 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,
 38 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. 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 Creosote, Paine's Celery Compound,
 Beef, Iron and Wine, Sozodont, Compound Syrup, Extract Mall, 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.

Notice of Sale.
 To be sold by public auction on Monday, the eighteenth day of May next, at eleven of the clock in the forenoon, in front of the Bay View Hotel in Buctouche, in the parish of Wellington, in the County of Kent, for payment of the debts of the late Fletcher Kay, of the said parish of Wellington in the County of Kent, deceased, in consequence of a deficiency of the personal estate of the deceased for that purpose, pursuant to a license obtained from the Probate Court in and for the said County of Kent, the lands and premises following, that is to say, that entire lot, piece or parcel of land being all that half lot of land situate in the parish of Wellington, in the County of Kent, and Province of New Brunswick, in the Little Buctouche river, (so called), and bounded on the east by lands owned or occupied by Ezra Kay, on the north or front by the Little Buctouche river, and on the south by French lands, and on the west by the other half of said lot, now occupied by John S. Kay; containing fifty acres more or less, with the buildings, erections and improvements thereon.
 Dated April the 16th, 1891.
 WM. CRUISE,
 Administrator of the said estate.

New Brunswick, County of Kent S. S.
 To the Sheriff of the County of Kent or any constable within the said County, Greeting:
 Whereas, Isaac Humphrey of the Parish of Harcourt in the County of Kent, administrator of the estate and effects of Annie McDonald late of Harcourt aforesaid (deceased) with the will annexed, has said an account of his administration of said estate of said deceased and prays that said account may be passed and allowed according to law. You are therefore required to cite the said Isaac Humphrey and all others interested to appear before me at a Probate Court within and for the said County to be holden at the office of the Judge of Probate in Buctouche in said County on Thursday, the fourteenth day of May next at ten o'clock in the forenoon to attend the passing of said accounts.
 Given under my hand and the seal of the said Court this eighth day of April A. D. 1891.
 HENRY H. JAMES,
 Judge of Probate in and for the County of Kent.
 C. RICHARDSON,
 Registrar of Probate for the County of Kent.

Notice of Sale.
 To William Hutchinson, lately of Buctouche, in the County of Kent, in the Province of New Brunswick, farmer, and now in the United States of America, and to all others whom it may concern.
 Notice is hereby given that under and by virtue of a certain power of sale contained in a certain indenture of mortgage bearing date the seventh day of May in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and seventy-five, and made between the said William Hutchinson of the one part and Ellen Dunn of the other part, and duly recorded in the registry office for wills and deeds, for the said County of Kent, on the said seventh day of May, A. D. 1875, by the number 11,200, libra V, pages 606, 607, 608. There will, for the purpose of satisfying the said principal money and interest secured by the said indenture of mortgage, default having been made in the payment thereof, be sold on Saturday, the eleventh day of July next, at or near the hotel of Andrew Harragan, in Buctouche aforesaid, the following lands and premises situate in the parish of Wellington, in the County of Kent, bounded and described as follows, that is to say, being the same lands as were conveyed to the said Ellen Dunn by James Fraser, Esquire, barrister, by deed registered in the records of the County of Kent, the seventh May, A. D. 1875, and numbered 11197, and by the said Ellen Dunn conveyed to the said William Hutchinson by deed registered on the said seventh day of May, A. D. 1875, by number 11195 as by reference to the said deeds will more fully appear. Containing by estimation fifty acres more or less. Save and except by the said barrister's deed the exceptions therein mentioned.
 For further particulars apply to the undersigned solicitors at Moncton.
 Dated this thirty-first day of March, A. D. 1891.
 FRANK EDINGTON,
 Administrator of Ellen Dunn.
 A. W. BRAY, Solicitor.

Thos. L. Bourke,
 IMPORTER AND WHOLESALE
WINE & SPIRIT MERCHANT,
 11, 13 AND 25 WATER STREET,
 ST. JOHN, N. B.
T. F. & W. R. BUSTARD,
 MANUFACTURERS OF
Carriages and Sleighs,
 WELDFORD, N. B.
 Repairing done promptly and in first-class style.
 Horse shoeing a specialty.
 Patronage solicited.

