

FOR CHRISTMAS TRADE.

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Tray Cloths, Table and Bureau Scarfs, Brush and Comb, Shoe and Laundry Bags, Fine Embroidered Lawn Handkerchief, and Silk Handkerchiefs. SPLENDID VALUE—DIRECT FROM JAPAN.

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COARSE SALT, in bulk and bags, DAIRY SALT,

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A FINE CARRIAGE WRAP,

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the many lights, almost blinding those who were near by with its luster.

Great red roses were her only ornaments. She would have none other. They were at her waist, and they nestled against her snowy breast as if they loved their sweet resting-place, and one tiny half-opened bud clung to her wonderful hair, looking like a drop of heart's blood.

With one parting glance at her maddening beauty she swept from the room like a queen, the odor of roses telling that she had been near.

Her friend, Lady Ethel, was the first one to greet her, and those who saw them together that night never forgot it. When all England was ringing with their names in after years, they looked back and remembered the two beautiful young girls as they stood with clasped hands, one slender, graceful, like a lily, her robe of white lace floating around her like a cloud, her golden head crowned with pale-blue forget-me-nots, her sweet, spiritual face looking like an angel's underneath the lights, and the other—ah, who could ever forget her, with her great, soulful eyes, her tremulous, red mouth and that crown of peculiar, glittering hair? She had a history in her face, they whispered, and in her lovely eyes. Whenever they thought of Lady Gabrielle Thornadyke it was always as she looked that night in her robe of gold, with masses of blood-red roses in her hands and on her breast.

And then her lover came to meet her with love and pride shining in her eyes, for well he knew that in all that vast throng of fair women, there was not one who was one half so beautiful as the girl he had chosen from all others to be his own.

He was not happy until he had her in his arms, and was swaying around the magnificent ballroom in a bewildering waltz to the sad, sweet, throbbing music of flute, violin and bassoon, and then as he pressed her closely to his breast, he whispered low:

"My darling, if this could only last forever! If I could only hold you in my arms through all time and eternity!"

She shivered with delight, and wished that they were alone out under the fair moonlight where no eye could see nor no ear could hear while they forgot the world and all else for the rapture of love's sweet kisses and embraces. What cared she for the world so long as he, the one she loved above all others, was with her? He was her world, her heaven.

"Come with me into the rose-garden when this dance is over," he whispered passionately. "I must have you alone a few moments! Ah, Heaven, how beautiful you are! You are more like an angel than a woman! I must have you where I can kiss your lips and hold you in my arms away from these curious eyes. How did I ever exist away from you so long, darling? It seems impossible to me now to even think of living without you!"

She smiled up into his face, and whispered, yes. She did not dream that outside a pair of burning eyes watched her through the climbing roses, with murder in their dusky depths.

At last the waltz was over, and the lovers were alone underneath the silver moonbeams. Heart to heart and soul to soul they stood gazing into each other's eyes, not uttering a word, but revealing in the fervent hand-clasp the depth and strength of their love.

Time passes always too swiftly when fond lovers are together, and before they were aware of how long they had been absent, their tender reverie was broken in upon by Lady Ethel, who appeared, panting and breathless before them, saying:

"Oh, Gabrielle, you and Sir Lionel came near missing all the fun! There is a magician and a fortune-teller at the house! He has erected the queerest-looking little black tent at one end of the drawing-room. Do make haste or you will lose it all!"

The pretty face was all aglow with excitement, and she turned and ran toward the house, Sir Lionel and Gabriel slowly following her, and as the young girl walked along over the short, green grass, and heard the crickets chirping out under the August moonlight, she felt her heart grow heavy as lead within her bosom, for the word "fortune-teller" always brought vividly before her eyes the faded band of gypsy rovers with whom her young life was passed, and a chill crept over her—why, she could not say.

When she entered the long drawing-room she saw that one end had been cleared, and there was a black tent, dotted with white stars erected there. Before it was a stretch of dull, red canvas, that looked like the waves of the ocean when tinged with blood, and standing directly upon what appeared to be a gigantic wave was a slender, black-robed form, with face hidden by a blood-red mask, through whose eyelets gleamed a pair of fiery eyes.

Lady Gabrielle shuddered and clung closer to her lover's arm, her eyes glued in a sort of fascination upon the repulsive-looking creature, who carried a long black, red-tipped wand in one black-gloved hand.

There was a moment of subdued silence, and then the black wand was lifted and waved slowly three times before the tent. At first nothing was visible save the smoldering tent, and then it appeared to fade away in misty, blue smoke, and two figures stood upon a rocky ledge. Both were

slight and graceful, and one was the dark swarthy face of a gypsy.

For only a moment did they stand there face to face, one proud and defiant, the other fierce and angry, and then as they faded gradually away, the dark, handsome face of a man suddenly appeared between and all three vanished together.

The next scene was a winding mountain pathway, and the moon that smiled over the rugged rocks also smiled upon two figures that were wending their way down the rocky path. It was the dark face of the man who had come between the two maidens upon the mountain-side, and his companion was the younger and fairer of the two. Close behind them, with stealthy cat-like steps, stole the revengeful gypsy maid, her eyes filled with hatred and bitter revenge.

Again the scene changed. A white-haired old man was standing before the pair in a small, dimly-lighted room, his hands resting upon their heads in an attitude of blessing, and like an evil shadow, the dusky face peered in through the one small window, seeming to curse them both.

Once more the scene changed, and this time it was in a deep, dark forest, and the lovely maid was clinging, with terror written upon her face, to the arm of a tall, noble-looking man who held in his hand a smoking revolver. A magnificent white charger stood near by, and the couple were surrounded by a mob of scowling gypsies, whose angry faces showed no mercy. Upon the ground, with a deep wound in his forehead, from which the blood was streaming, lay the man who had wedded the pretty maid, apparently dead.

Not a sound disturbed the deathlike silence as another picture came slowly to view. This time it was in the midst of roses and rippling fountains. The beautiful maid was seated upon a rustic bench overhung by blossoming rose-vines, and kneeling before her was a handsome man, whose eyes were like blue-bells, and whose hair seemed to have caught all the stray beams of sunshine that fall from out the heavens.

His face was uplifted, and one could read the passionate love in his fine eyes and tender smile. Her lovely face drooped to meet his like some fair flower, and in another instant their lips would have met in one long kiss of supreme bliss!

But what was this? What meant that dark, evil face, with its wounded, bleeding brow, by coming between these fond lovers, so close that one could see the locks of her hair stirred by his hot breath?

In breathless silence the crowd watched when suddenly a low, stifled cry of horror and fear rang through the quiet room, and Lady Gabrielle Thornadyke sunk back in a swoon in her lover's arms.

She had borne all that it was possible for a human being to bear, and not go mad, for with horrified eyes she beheld before her, the scene that haunted her days and nights for many long weeks.

CHAPTER XIII.

"YOU SHALL SHED TEARS OF BLOOD, REDDER BY FAR THAN THE ROSES THAT NOW LIE DYING UPON YOUR WHITE BREAST."

Instantly all was confusion. A hundred different eyes were fastened upon the lovely, pallid face, and they all crowded close to her.

"Lady Gabrielle had fainted," was the message that spread like wild-fire, and they crowded still closer to her, shutting off all possibility of her getting even a breath of air.

Sir Lionel raised the slender golden-robed form in his strong arms, and carried her up the broad, winding stairway and into her own room. Lady Ethel Somerville fellow him, and in a few moments Jeanne was working over her unconscious mistress with a will. Lord Thornadyke was not there, nor had he been present when those fearful scenes were taking place in the drawing-room, and Sir Lionel was never so thankful for anything in his life.

Presently the waxen lids fluttered feebly and the dark eyes unclosed. A sigh fell from the trembling lips, and then she put out one hand to Sir Lionel, saying with a faint, sad smile:

"How weak and foolish I have been. It was silly in me to faint, but I could not help it. Help me to arise, Jeanne, and I will go back again to our guests."

"But, my darling, you had better lie and rest for a little while," Sir Lionel said, tenderly kissing the fair brow. "You ought to rest a little while before going down again."

"I am not ill," she said, rising and making an attempt to be gay and cheerful. "And it was very foolish to do anything so silly, but that horrid creature would startle any one, and she shuddered as she spoke, while her cheeks grew very pale.

"Let me lean upon your arm, Lionel," she said, with a wan smile, "and let Ethel have your other arm."

She leaned upon Sir Lionel's strong arm and Lady Ethel slipped her hand through the other. Gabrielle did not observe how pale her friend's sweet face grew as she did so, nor did she see the expression of bitter pain that crept into the gentle blue eyes.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

If old people are forgetful, they always remember to use Johnson's Anodyne Liniment.



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Most OLD PEOPLE are friends of Perry Davis' PAIN KILLER and often its very best friends, because for many years they have found it a friend in need. It is the best Family Remedy for Burns, Bruises, Sprains, Rheumatism, Neuralgia and Toothache. To get rid of any such pains before they become aches, use PAIN KILLER. Buy it right now. Keep it near you. Use it promptly. For sale everywhere. IT KILLS PAIN.

PHENIX INSURANCE COMPANY, HARTFORD, CONN.

Why?

Because of its strength, loss-paying power, and record for fair and honorable dealing. Statement January 1st, 1890: Cash Capital \$2,000,000.00 Reserve for Unadjusted Losses 254,033.43 Reserve for Re-insurance 1,749,245.41 NET SURPLUS 1,301,233.39 Total Assets \$5,305,004.23 J. D. PHINNEY, Agent, Richibucto.

DRS. SOMERS & DOHERTY,



Office—Y. M. C. A. building, Moncton. Reference—New York College of Dental Surgery, and University of Pennsylvania. Visits will be made to Kent County every month. Weldford on 16th, 17th and 18th. Kingston on 19th, 20th, 21st and 22nd. Richibucto on 23rd and 24th. Buctouche 26th and 27th.

BENT WOOD CHAIRS

Heretofore the great bulk of these chairs was imported entirely from Austria or United States. Now they are being made in Canada and sold at almost half the price of the imported ones. They are finished in light and dark 16th Century and Oak. They are the Cheapest Dining Chair now in the market.

A GOOD TAPESTRY LOUNGE FOR \$6.00.

STUDENT CHAIRS FROM \$3.35 UP.

An immense variety of all the higher grades of Furniture. Call and examine the stock.

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T. F. SHERARD & SON, Dealers in Monuments, Tablets, Headstones. Cemetery work of every description neatly executed. Orders promptly filled. MONCTON, N. B. (week-end)

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A SPECIALTY.

Since Last September

I have not spent one day without intense suffering until I obtained a bottle of

SCOTT'S CURE

—FOR—

RHEUMATISM.

I have used part of my second bottle, and consider it the best remedy for RHEUMATISM ever discovered. I would recommend any one to try it who suffers as I did—I was unable to work, or even walk, and now enjoy better health than I have for years. Yours truly, E. B. GREEN, City Road, St. John.

Scott's Cure is prepared in Canada only by W. C. RUDMAN ALLAN,

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Price 50 cents a bottle; 6 bottles \$2.50.

Wholesale by Messrs. T. B. Barker & Sons and S. McDiarmid, St. John, N. B. Messrs. Brown & Webb, Simons Bros. & Co., Forsythe, Sulcliffe & Co., Halifax, N. S.; Messrs. Kerly, Watson & Co., Montreal; T. Milburn & Co., Lyman Bros. & Co., Toronto; London Drug Co., London, Ont.

Daily Mail

And Passenger Stage leaves Weldford Station, I. C. R., for Richibucto, via Bass River and Kingston, on arrival of the St. John, Halifax and Quebec express trains. Sundays excepted.

Returning—leaves Richibucto at 4.00 p. m., local, and arrives at Weldford Station in time to connect with night express trains going North and South.

Fare, \$1.50. Good Livery Stable in connection.

L. J. WATHEN,

King St., Weldford, I. C. R., Kent County

BUCTOUCHE AND MONCTON RAILWAY.

WINTER TIME TABLE.

In Effect Monday, October 24th, 1892

EASTERN STANDARD TIME.

Leave Buctouche	7.45
Arrive Moncton	10.00
Leave Moncton	15.00
Arrive Buctouche	17.15

Train connects with I. C. R. Express for Halifax and accommodation for Buctouche, Moncton, and 10.25 and 10.30 respectively. With I. C. R. express from Halifax and accommodation from Campbellton due at Buctouche at 11.15 and Moncton at 11.40 respectively. Express for St. John arrives in Moncton 10.25 and leaves Moncton for St. John at 15.15. E. G. EVANS, Superintendent. Moncton, N. B., Oct. 21st, 1892.

Sheriff's Sale.

To be sold at Public Auction, in front of the Court House in Richibucto, on Saturday, the 20th day of August next, between the hours of eleven o'clock in the forenoon and three o'clock in the afternoon of that day.

All the right, title, and interest, property claim and demand, either at law or in equity, of, in, and to, all that certain lot, piece, and parcel of land situated, lying and being in the town of Richibucto, in the County of Kent, bounded on the east by Queen Street, on the north by McDermott property, on the south by the Carey property, and occupied by the same having the virtue of an execution of the County Court of Deshaie Richard and Richardson.

The above sale is further postponed until Saturday, the 24th day of December next at the same time and place.

W. WHELAN, Sheriff

Sheriff's office, Richibucto, Sept. 24th, 1892.

MARBLE WORKS.

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Correspondence solicited.

J. H. LAWLER & CO., CHATHAM, N. B.