

## IT WILL PAY YOU

—TO DEAL WITH—

## BROCK &amp; PATERSON,

Importers, Manufacturers and Wholesale Dealers in

## MILLINERY and FANCY DRY GOODS,

You can always find a good assortment of the latest novelties in everything that appertains to the

MILLINERY AND FANCY DRY GOODS BUSINESS,  
30 and 32 KING STREET, St. John, N. B.

Popular Prices. Liberal Terms.

TRY THEM!

WE SELL ONLY WHOLESALE.

## J. &amp; T. Jardine,

DIRECT IMPORTERS OF BRITISH AND FOREIGN GOODS,

—AND—

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL DEALERS

—IN—

## FLOUR, CORNMEAL, OATMEAL, COFFEE

## TEA, SUGAR, TOBACCO,

## COARSE SALT, in bulk and bags, DAIRY SALT,

## Molasses, Biscuits, Cheese,

## PORK AND BEEF,

## HAMS, OATS, BRAN AND SHORTS.

## HARDWARE, CROCKERYWARE, GLASSWARE

## BOOTS AND SHOES.

## DRY GOODS.

## Ready-Made Clothing, Scotch Horse Collars,

## IRON, CHAIN, ANCHORS, ROPE,

## NAILS OF EVERY DESCRIPTION, LIME.

## English House Coal.

## Blacksmith's Coal

## SHINGLES, DEALS, BOARDS AND SCANTLING,

## PITCH-PINE, HARDWOOD, LATHS, etc.

## Kingston, Kent County, N. B.

## SEASONABLE GOODS - - - -

## - - - - AT REDUCED PRICES.

JUST RECEIVED:

## FINE DRY GOODS,

## Boots and Shos, etc.,

WHICH I AM SELLING AT

## GREATLY-REDUCED-PRICES.

## J. A. IRVING, . . . BUCTOUCHE, N. B.

## Hardware House.

## FITCHET &amp; ATKINSON,

267 MAIN, 3 ROBINSON STREETS,

MONCTON, N. B.

## English, American and Canadian Hardware.

Wholesale and Retail.

## STOVES OF ALL KINDS. KITCHEN FURNISHINGS.

## PLOWS, AND FITTINGS FOR ALL STEEL PLOWS.

## D. F. BROWN &amp; CO.

PAPER BAG AND BOX MANUFACTURERS.

have on hand a large stock of Egg Cases, and Baking for Cases, which they are selling at the trade for very low figures. Write for prices.

Park Hotel Building, King Square, St. John, N. B.

## Andrew Dunn,

DEALER IN

Lumber, Railway Ties, Hemlock

Bark, Dry Goods, and General

Groceries, Flour, etc.

## Hay and Feed,

KING STREET, Welford Station, N. B.

room of the best hotel the place boasted. Lazy Terry! He undressed and tumbled into bed, and fell asleep to travel the nine miles over and over again in dreams.

He awakened in an hour, stiff and sore, dressed carefully, then paced slowly up and down the cool broad verandah, enjoying the quiet of the country. So the day passed. Before going to bed he took from his pocket a writing pad, and wrote:

"DEAR JACK: I am nine miles north, twenty-five cents out, and in Lakefield. Address me here. Yours, as ever, TERRY DENVER."

This he sealed and addressed to Jack, then went to bed.

At breakfast next morning there was a stranger at the table.

"Mr. Denver, this is Mr. Martin, ranger for a lumber firm. He is going north by Buckhorn. If you are out on pleasure you could do worse than take in Buckhorn. It is a wild locality. He will ride, and starts in ten minutes."

"Can you get me a horse in that time, and some one to bring it back; I may wish to continue north."

"I can supply you myself, but it will cost you—well, say ten dollars."

"All right; I am ready when you are



"I DREW LOVE SOCIETY."

Mr. Martin. I have only to post a letter. If letters come for me, send them on to Buckhorn."

In ten minutes three horses were ready. The hostler was going to bring them back. The horses were in excellent trim, and so were the riders. Away they went, out over the bridge, up the hill, then turned north. For some time they kept up a rattling pace; then all drew rein and brought up three abreast.

"A wild country back here, but beautiful. This is excellent farming land, but further on the place is barren, with only an occasional streak of verdure. But where growth is, it can't be beat even in the tropics. I often wonder how nature can be so fickle laying such barrenness and such growth side by side."

Enthusiasm, thought Terry; but of a different kind than Jack's. Enthusiasm for one's country is not so boring as for one's friends, especially if the volleys of words is directed at one's self. Not even for this fair Canada can I feel my heart stir. I like things collectively.

The old trouble, Terry Denver, deficient in concentration.

"This is new to you. I mean the locality?"

"Yes, I am from Montreal."

"Ah!"

"I think I will enjoy the trip."

"Yes?"

"He thinks me stupid. Perhaps I am. Can it be that I bore people with my lack of words as much as if I talked them to death. I would feel silly, though, to talk as dear old Jack does, even if I could. I like to listen."

The conversation—proving languid they rode on. They struck rock after an hour and a half, so Terry suggested a slower gait, for the benefit of the horses.

"We will soon be there," said Martin, and the road taking an abrupt turn they came into Buckhorn.

"There is only one public house in the place, but this the nearest house, is always open to strangers. We will not cross the water just now."

They vaulted from the saddle and gave orders to have the horses cared for. An elevation of rock formed the foundation of the house where the two sought hospitality. Ere they reached the door a woman appeared in it, completely filling it with her two hundred pounds of physique.

"How-de-you-dew, Martin. Hungry as usual?"

"Yes, and here is another just the same."

"Della, here girl, two gentlemen hungry as politeness will let 'em be. Supper right off, child. Ike, you hurry off and catch a bass for Martin's tea, a two-pounder, mind, and the rest of you children make yourself scarce. Quick, now."

Terry watched with amusement the orders given.

"Are fish so plentiful here that you can order what you want and be sure you will get it?"

"That's just it, stranger. Any kind of a fish from the mud-cat and eel, up to the top of fishdom. Isabella, fetch the chairs. Now, Martin, have a pipe."

From her pocket she drew pipe and tobacco. The two cut, rolled, smelled and filled, then lit. Terry looked on, and the nose he had called ugly twined ominously. Never before had he seen the pipe used by woman. Yet why not, when so many men use it.

"Don't you smoke, stranger?"

"No."

"Well now."

A look of genuine pity flitted over her kindly face.

"Well now, to be sure. How old are you?"

"Thirty-six."

"Every one of my boys smoked at sixteen. Didn't it agree with you?"

"I never tried the experiment."

"Fedora, get some of them berries for this gentleman, he hain't learned to smoke yet. I dew love sociability," she continued, with a most expansive smile. A plate of berries, large and luscious,

was brought. Terry had never seen their equal. Buckhorn boasts of its berries. Terry thoroughly enjoyed the fruit in defiance of the fumes of rank tobacco. His thoughts flitted between Jack and the small talk of this smoking woman. A sentence now held his traveling thoughts. The woman had said, "He never came back; his canoe was found tied up in Deer Bay."

"Who never came back?"

"Oh! a young fellow what came this way with Martin on his last trip. Guess it must have been four years back. He took our boat and went for a ride down Deer Bay way. After the third day we sent two of the boys after him, but he couldn't be found nowhere. Queer, ain't it, he was the first of four young men who disappeared just so, down that way. Outside the rapids beyond, there isn't a spot to be feared in them waters."

"Supper's ready."

They followed the waddling woman into the house, everything was clean. Even Terry was satisfied to eat of that repast of fresh bass, fresh berries, fresh bread and butter. They were too hungry to talk, but the old woman talked for the three. When satisfaction set in Terry left the table and went out to the chairs on the stoop, as Mrs. Jones called the broad verandah. He was joined shortly by Martin, Mrs. Jones and a tall lanky Indian.

"Nosey wants to sell his canoe. He says he will let it go cheap, and teach the buyer how to paddle. He is going down to the Rice Lake reserve, and don't want to take his boat."

"How much does he want for it? I have made up my mind to go down to this land of disappearance you call Deer Bay, just to see what enchanted ground looks like. Of course I will want a boat of my own; we both might vanish."

"Twenty-five dollars he asks, but don't you give it. The Indians always ask a backdown price."

"I will take it if it suits me. Where is it?"

"Above the bridge. Nosey, you go up and shoot the rapids; we will wait below for you. This gentleman will give you twenty dollars if your boat suits him."

Nosey grinned, and with that stealthy, slinking step peculiar to the breed hurried off up the river. Mrs. Jones called for her sun-bonnet, put it on, smoothed back her hair under its capacious brim, tied the strings under her double chin, and set off in the direction of the sound of roaring water in the distance. In a few minutes they came to what Terry thought a wall of ivy of some kind. Martin stepped forward, parted the vines, and revealed a flight of rude steps of stone, evidently of nature's make. Past these steps stretched out an arm of solid rock, against which the water dashed in wildest fury. Maddened at its puny strength it turned with a swirl, smoothed itself into an oily, treacherous composure, and ran noiselessly over the fall, at the extreme of the mighty barrier that had so easily stayed and turned the strength of a river. At the foot of the fall the water broke into a saucy laugh, and tossed coquettishly, flecks of spray at the barrier it could not move. Terry watched the water with interest, and a smile moved the calm, noble face. What a man he was. One made to win the love of woman, but without an effort; men strove to emulate him. Women first loved him, then hated, then loved again, and when unable to win naught but friendship, found that friendship from such as Terry Denver was worth more than most men's most passionate love.

"We will go down to the falls and watch Nosey come down. He never had no fear of anything, that Indian hadn't. He does that trick fine, I tell you."

They descended to the river brink, where the water danced a hornpipe on the rocky shore, and waited.

"Tis a mighty nice piece of paddling, that, to shoot clear of the eddy on the other side. There has been more drowning there than in all the water up and down. A most powerful eddy. There, quick!"

They looked up, and at the verge of the falls a canoe of brightest yellow poised itself. The Indian was silhouetted against the sky, and with a wild shout of half savage pride, he twirled his paddle above his head, then tossed it



A MIGHTY NICE PIECE OF PADDLING.

into the air. Just as the boat dipped forward he caught it again, plunged it into the glassy smooth water, and with steady nerve and graceful action guided the frail craft past the eddy, dashed gaily into the waves and spray, sped a quarter of a mile down, then paddled back to the feet of the watchers. Terry nearly enthused for once, but only quoted:

"Like a yellow leaf in autumn, Like a yellow water lily."

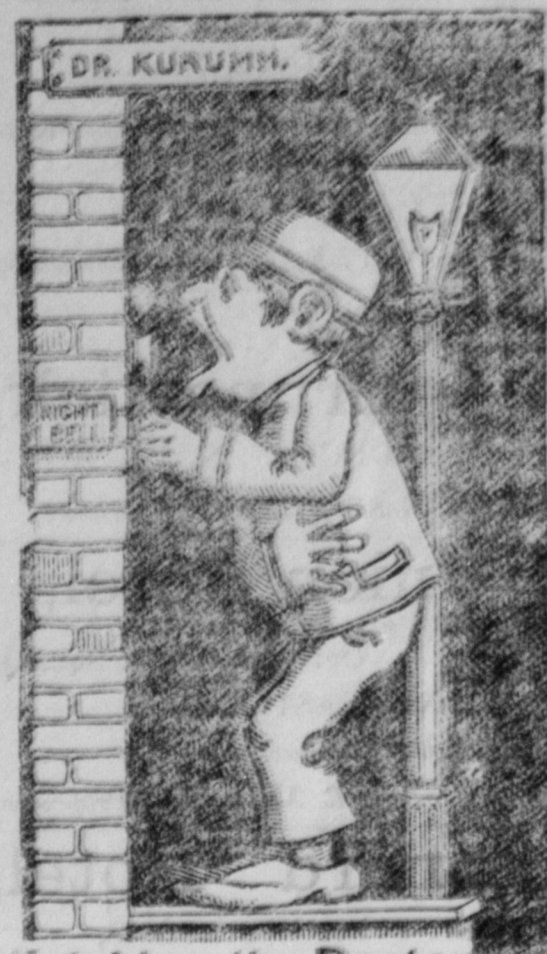
That was the nearest he had ever come to enthusiasm.

"Nosey, you will do that trick once too often. What if you could not catch your paddle."

Nosey grinned and said, "Yam mum," and became silent.

"I will take your boat; here is twenty-five dollars."

Nosey took the money, strapped his belt tighter, gave a glance of farewell to his pet, then vanished amid the vines.



Fetching the Doctor

At night is always a trouble, and it is often an entirely unnecessary trouble if

Terry Davis' PAIN KILLER

is kept in the house. A few drops of it remedy in a little sweet water or milk, brings prompt relief. Sold everywhere.

Have you seen the New

BIG BOTTLE

Price 25 Cents.

A NEW DEPARTURE IN

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.

TO MEET A LONG FELT WANT I AM MAKING UP AND SELLING

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.

JOHN WHITE.

93 to 97 Charlotte Street,

St. JOHN, N. B.

Thos. L. Bourke,

IMPORTER AND WHOLESALE

WINE & SPIRIT

MERCHANT,

11, 13 AND 25 WATER STREET,

ST. JOHN, N. B.

Always Insure Your Property

—IN THE—

PHENIX

INSURANCE COMPANY,

—OF—

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, 254,223 43

Reserve for Re-insurance, 1,749,245 43

NET SURPLUS, 1,301,235 39

Total Assets, \$45,305,004 23

J. D. PHINNEY,

Agent, Richibucto.

Scientific American

Agency for

PATENTS

CAVEATS, TRADE MARKS, DESIGN PATENTS, COPYRIGHTS, etc.

For information and free Handbook write to MUNN & CO., 361 Broadway, New York.

Oldest bureau for securing patents in America. Every patent taken out by us is brought before the public by a notice given free of charge in the

Scientific American

Largest circulation of any scientific paper in the world. Splendidly illustrated. No intelligent man should be without it. Weekly, \$3.00 a year; \$1.00 six months. Address MUNN & CO., Publishers, 361 Broadway, New York.

DRS. SOMERS & DOHERTY,

DENTISTS.

Office—Y. M. C. A. building, Moncton.

References—New York College of Dental Surgery, and University of Pennsylvania.

Visits will be made to Kent County every month. Welford on 16th, 17th and 18th. Kingston on 19th, 20th, 21st and 22nd. Richibucto on 23rd and 24th. Buctouche 26th and 27th.

ARTISTS' MATERIALS.

EDWARD FORBES,

Moncton, N. B.

Winsor and Newton's Oil Colors,

Sable and Hog-hair Brushes,

Academy Board,

Prepared Canvas,

Plaques,

Materials for Shadow Painting.

All orders by mail promptly attended to.

E. FORBES, Moncton, N. B.

C. P. CURTIS & CO.

176 Atlantic Ave.,

Boston, Mass.

Solicit consignments of all kinds of

Produce, Canned Goods,

FRESH SALMON

AND

EGGS,

A SPECIALTY.

Since Last September

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

SCOTT'S CUBE

—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 Cube is prepared in Canada only by W. C. RUDMAN ALLAN,

Chemist and Druggist,

King Street (West), St. John, N. B.

For sale by all Retail Druggists.

Price 50 cents per bottle; 3 bottles \$1.50.

Wholesale by Messrs. T. B. Barker & Sons and S. McManis, St. John, N. B. Messrs. Brown & Webb, St. John Bros. & Co., Forsythe, Smith & Co., Halifax, N. S.; Messrs. Kerry, Watson & Co., Montreal; T. Milburn & Co., Lynn Bros. & Co., Toronto; London Drug Co., London, Ont.

Daily Mail

And Passenger Stage leaves Welford 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 Welford 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., Welford, I. C. R., Kent County

NOTICE!

Having refitted the old stand lately occupied by James Wry, Kingston, I am prepared to attend to all kinds of carriage work.

Painting a specialty.

GEO. W. WILSON.

NOTICE!

Having sold out my business to Mr. Odber K. Black I would solicit a continuance of the liberal patronage bestowed on me to Mr. Black.

JAS. S. WRY.

Kingston, Aug. 2, 1892.

Referring to the above I would beg to inform the public that I will keep on hand a full line of coffins and caskets, and will attend to all orders promptly and in a manner that will give satisfaction.

ODBER K. BLACK.

Richibucto, Aug. 2, 1892.

FORSALE OR TO LET