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PRICES LOW! GEORGE STOTHART, WATER STREET, CHATHAM, N. B.

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 on order, selling cheap for Cash, or in exchange for Produce. THOMAS ATKINSON, Mortimore, Kent County, N. B.

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., Vice-Presidents. Guarantee Fund—\$100,000. Deposited with the Dominion Government for the security of Policy Holders \$50,000. H. CUTLERLAND, Manager. E. R. MACBURN, Manager for Maritime Provinces, St. John, N. B. Agents wanted.

Fire Insurance Agency. I am Agent for the following Standard Fire Insurance Companies: IMPERIAL, OF LONDON, ENGLAND. AETNA AND HARTFORD, OF HARTFORD, CONN. J. D. PHINNEY.

We have had a Grand New Year's Opening. Our attendance is much larger than at any previous period in the history of the college. Now is a grand time to enter, and we will gladly welcome all desiring a thorough Business and Short Hand Training. Send for Circulars and Specimens of Penmanship. KERR & PRINGLE, St. John, N. B.

VALUABLE HOTEL PROPERTY FOR SALE. I am prepared to sell my hotel at Rogersville Station known as the Brunswick House, opposite railway station. Any person wishing to go into the hotel business will find it a good stand, being the only hotel in the parish. The house is large and comfortable, containing eighteen rooms and kitchen, with good water on premises, a large Ice House, Wood Shed, Barn, and all necessary buildings—with garden attached. Any person wishing to purchase can have with or without furniture. Also, an adjoining Tenement House and Building Lots. Possession given at any time. Terms made to suit purchaser. M. O'BRIEN, MANAGER, Rogersville, Nov. 7, 1892. (3m)

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 speciality. GEO. W. WILSON.

A Bad Cold

If not speedily relieved, may lead to serious issues. Where there is difficulty of breathing, expectoration, or soreness of the throat and bronchial tubes, with a constantly irritating cough, the very best remedy is Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. It removes the phlegm, soothes irritation, stops coughing, and induces repose. As an emergency medicine, Ayer's Cherry Pectoral should be in every household.

"There is nothing better for coughs than Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. I use no other preparation."—Annie S. Butler, 169 Pond st., Providence, R. I. "I suffered severely from bronchitis; but was

CURED BY Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. It saved my life."—Geo. B. Hunter, Goose River, N. S. "About a year ago I took the worst cold that ever a man had, followed by a terrible cough. The best medical aid was of no avail. At last I began to spit blood, when it was supposed to be all over with me. Every remedy failed, till a neighbor recommended Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. I took half a teaspoonful of this medicine, three times a day, regularly, and very soon began to improve. My cough left me, my sleep was undisturbed, my appetite returned, my emaciated limbs gained flesh and strength, and to-day, thanks to the Pectoral, I am a well man."—H. A. Bean, 23 Winter st., Lawrence, Mass.

Ayer's Cherry Pectoral PREPARED BY Dr. J. C. AYER & CO., Lowell, Mass. Sold by all Druggists. Price, \$1; 5 bottles, \$5.

For Sale at SHORT'S DRUG STORE.

First-Class TAILORING ESTABLISHMENT WATER STREET, CHATHAM, N. B. F. O. PETTERSON, PROPRIETOR.

A Fine stock of Cloths to select from kept constantly on hand. Orders from a distance will receive prompt attention, and satisfaction guaranteed.

Sheriff's Sale!

To be sold at Public Auction in front of the Court House, in Richibucto, on FRIDAY, the second day of December next, at the hour of twelve o'clock, noon, of that day:— All the right, title and interest, property claim and demand, either at law or in equity of Auguste Renaud, of in and to that certain will and premises, situate in the Parish of Wellington, County of Kent, known as Renaud's Mill, together with the land on which the same is situated and the machinery there-in. The same having been seized and taken by virtue of several executions issued out of the County Court of Kent against the said Auguste Renaud. WM. WHETEN, SHERIFF.

The above sale is postponed to the second day of March next, at the hour of twelve o'clock, noon. Sheriff's Office, Richibucto, Aug. 26, '92.

Notice of Sale.

To William S. Loggie, of Chatham, in the County of Northumberland and Province of New Brunswick, merchant, administrator of the estate and effects of the late Peter Loggie, of Richibucto, in the County of Kent and province aforesaid, fish-packer, deceased, and Jessie Loggie, of Anamosa, in the state of Iowa, widow of the said Peter Loggie, deceased, and Eunice Loggie, of the same place, and all others whom it may concern.

Notice is hereby given that under and by virtue of a power of sale contained in a certain indenture of mortgage bearing date the tenth day of January, A.D. 1891, and made between the said Peter Loggie and Jessie, his wife, of the one part and the undersigned Martin Lanigan, of Richibucto aforesaid, mill owner, of the other party, and duly registered in Book J, No. 2, pages 44, 45, 46 and 47 of Kent County Records; there will for the purpose of satisfying the moneys secured thereby, default having been made in the payment thereof, be sold at public auction on SATURDAY, the eleventh day of MARCH next, at twelve o'clock noon, in front of the Court House in Richibucto aforesaid, the lands and premises mentioned and described in said indenture of mortgage as follows:—

All and singular that certain lot, piece or parcel of land and premises situated in the town of Richibucto in the County of Kent, bounded on the east by Queen street; on the north by land owned by J. D. Phinney and land formerly owned by Richard McLaughlin; on the west by Pagan street, and on the south by the Church of England Sunday School-house and lands in possession of Allan Hains, William Connaughton and Eliza Davis, being the lands and premises known as the Chandler homestead, conveyed by Fanny S. Chandler to J. W. Forster and by the said J. W. Forster to one Wm. Robinson, by Wm. Robinson and wife to Amelia Forster and by deed from Amelia Forster to R. L. Botsford and from R. L. Botsford and wife to the said Peter Loggie. Dated the 6th day of February, A. D. 1893.

MARTIN LANIGAN, Mortgagee. WM. D. CARTER, Sol. for Mortgagee.

KEARY HOUSE, BATHURST, N. B. Good Sample Rooms, etc., in connection.

LOVE.

—BY— ABL. S. JACKMAN. CHAPTER XXI—Continued.

"But better death by drowning than be eaten alive by rats," she whispered, leaning her aching head against the cold iron bars, "and either is preferable to passing one's life with Leon Costello!"

She thought of her lover, and great hot tears filled her eyes. Why, it was not so many hours since she had lain in his arms, and he had kissed her, and told her that the angels up in heaven were not one-half so pure and sweet as she was. And it was such a short time ago that she had stood beside him, clad in her bridal robes, her hand in his, praying silently that the blow would not fall and crush her to the earth.

But it had fallen. She was driven from her home, disgraced before the world, and all for her girlish folly in wedding that gypsy, before her young heart knew the full meaning of the word love. Oh, if she could go back to the day when upon the rugged mountain-side she stood, and gazing far out over the valley that stretched out before her, felt that strange thrill at her heart, and heard a still small voice whisper that life held something better for her than being a gypsy's bride. If she had only heeded the tiny voice, all might have been well, and she would not be here in this prison house, awaiting her awful doom. Instead, she might have been happy, ah, so happy! She would have been with her lover—his dear arms would be clasped about her, his kisses would be finding their way into her soul, and she would sink to sleep, her head pillowed upon his breast.

Alone there, in the gloom and darkness, the mere thought filled her heart with gladness, but in a moment it had vanished, and once more the sorrowful truth loomed up before her.

"God pity me," she whispered. "For surely I need His pity."

Suddenly there was a sharp squeal close beside her, and then another and another, followed by the pattering of a dozen pairs of small feet. Oh, horror of horrors! Did ever such a cruel fate overtake a young girl before in all the world? Did such human monsters as Leon Costello exist? And must she die there alone, such a fearful death? To be eaten alive by those horrible rats! What would they say at home, she wondered, if they knew? What would her father say, and her lover? Would they pity and forgive her? But there was one whose heart was tender toward her, and that one was her gentle friend, Lady Ethel Soumerville, who had so nobly defended her to the last.

"God bless her, my true, brave friend!" she whispered, "and may He bless and make her happy, for she deserves it! Thank Heaven, she will never know of my awful fate!"

She drew back with a stifled scream, her tongue seeming to cleave to the roof of her mouth, for one of the repulsive creatures had brushed against her hand and another ran across her foot as she crouched close to the iron grates, filled with fear and terror.

She looked around her in despair, but the only objects that terrified eyes rested upon were the small, fiery orbs of the rodents, blazing through the darkness like coals of fire. She knew they would soon attack her, and she did not have a single weapon with which to defend herself, and even then she would be at the vile creatures' mercy, for there were hundreds of them, and each passing moment the number was increased. Where they came from she could not say, but like evil spirits of the night they arrived, noiseless and soft-footed, ready for their fearful work, and she, Lord Thorndyke's daughter, would soon be a bleeding mass of wounds from their sharp, white teeth.

"But better die even that death than submit to his cursed kisses and caresses!" she whispered hoarsely in the midst of her terror and fear. "Anything is better than that."

She screamed aloud and rushed to the other side of the room, scattering the crowd of rats as she ran, for one, growing bold, and driven on with hunger, had bitten her hand as it lay listlessly upon the window sill. She could feel the horrid, pulpy bodies under her feet, and their cries and squeals of anger caused her very soul to grow faint and sick.

And then like a huge army, they all attacked her. They leaped upon her arms her shoulders, her head, and but for her desperate hands, they would have torn her face into pieces. She felt her strength failing her, and scream after scream burst from her lips, for in a few moments she would be utterly at their mercy.

"My God!" she wailed, sobbing aloud in her pain and anguish. "Why, oh, why, have you deserted me? Have pity and help me, oh, dear Lord!"

Heaven heard and answered her prayer, for bleeding and torn as were her frail hands, it gave them strength enough to wrench from their fastenings the rusty iron bars, and as she felt them give way, a wild cry of joy burst from her lips. What mattered it to her if the cold, dark waters of the river rushed madly below?

It would be ten thousand times better than the fate that awaited her within, or going to the arms of the man she loathed.

The heavy iron bars fell upon the floor with a crash, scattering the rats, and giving her a moment in which to smash the dusty panes of glass. She did not feel the sharp, ragged edges of the broken glass cutting her hands, for they were already torn and bleeding.

The fresh air came in through the window, cooling and soothing her heated brow, and as she stood upon the ledge, and gazed down into the rushing waters below, for a moment she hesitated; but she beheld those blazing eyes, and then she heard Leon Costello's voice outside the door, and she hesitated no longer. Clinging her hands across her bosom as if in prayer, she whispered:

"God help me! I am going to my death, I know, but anything—any fate—is better than this!"

The door was burst open with a loud crash and Leon Costello rushed into the room, bearing in his hands a lighted lamp. He caught a fleeting glance of the slender form upon the window ledge, and with a curse of baffled rage, cried out:

"Stop, girl, for God's sake! You are going straight to your death! The river is below you!"

Gabrielle's reply was a wild burst of laughter, for she was crazed with fear and terror, and death was a blessed boon when compared to life with him, and with that laughter ringing in his ears, she sprang into the foaming waters below.

A hoarse cry came from his lips, and he whispered hoarsely:

"I must save her life, even if I lose my own in the attempt."

The white face had vanished beneath the dark, glassy waves but once, and as it arose for the second time, looking like a floating lily in its pale loveliness, he sprang in after it, and in another instant the slight figure was clasped in his arms.

"You are saved, my beautiful wife!" he cried in triumph, "and you shall not escape me again? You must learn to love me, and if you do not, I will torture you until you do. I will not give you another chance to take your life, but before I will ever give you back to your lover's arms, I will kill you with my own hands, my beauty!"

He reached the old house upon the river's bank in safety, and once more Gabrielle was a prisoner. Once more she opened her weary eyes, only to find those three hated faces looking into her own, and as she realized that she was in their power again, she sat upright, her eyes blazing in anger, her hands tightly clinched together under the coverlid.

"Coward!" she said, her voice trembling as she spoke. "You miserable, cowardly gypsy you! You think you have me in your power, but I defy you, and I will escape you yet! I am weak and helpless now, but my time will surely come. And when the day of my revenge does come, Leon Costello, I will show you no mercy! I have tried to take my own life to escape you, wretch, but now I wish to live—to live for revenge!"

CHAPTER XXII.

"MY BEAUTIFUL LADY GABRIELLE, YOU ARE ABOUT TO BE PUNISHED FOR TAKING YOUR HUSBAND'S LIFE!—YOU SHALL BE STONED TO DEATH!"

While her voice was ringing out in clear, bell-like tones, filling the air with musical echoes, Leon Costello's eyes never left her lovely face, but breathless, spell-bound, like one entranced, he listened, admiration and love shining forth from his black eyes.

"What a fury you are, my dear Gabrielle!" he said, laughing. "But you are a hundred times more beautiful when you are in a rage. I love you better to-night than ever before, and I will have a kiss if I die for it! You are not a very dutiful wife, nor a loving daughter. Here I am an affectionate husband, eager for your embraces, and here you deny me even one tiny kiss. Your mother, too, is beside you, and you will not cast a fleeting glance upon her! Truly, you are not a very tender-hearted young lady! Why do you not speak to your mother?"

"I have no mother," Lady Gabrielle answered proudly. "That woman who now stands before me ceased to be my mother and my father's wife long ago. When she deserted husband, child and home for a band of roving gypsies, she also lost the name of woman, even, and—"

"Girl," the gypsy queen's voice broke in, stern and calm, but, oh, what a storm raged beneath that quiet exterior. "Girl, beware, I am only human, and I cannot stand everything. Be careful what you say, or I shall forget that you are my child, and I will have you punished as you deserve!"

"You forgot years ago that I was your child, it would seem," Gabrielle retorted bitterly. "Would to God I could forget that so vile a wretch as you are my mother!"

"Ha, ha, ha!" laughed Leon Costello, "she has no love whatever for her dear friends. Even for her sister, Lauretta, she has not a smile! How is that, my dearest Lauretta?"

[TO BE CONTINUED.] Now is the Time. In this the season of coughs, colds, asthma, bronchitis and other throat and lung complaints, it is well to be provided with a bottle of Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup which effectually cures all such diseases, and that very promptly and pleasantly. Price 25 and 50c. Sold by all druggists.

WE CARRY A FULL LINE OF BRISSEL'S CELEBRATED CARPET SWEEPERS. Robertson & Givan, MONCTON, N. B.

NEAT! STYLISH! SERVICEABLE! THIS IS WHAT IS REQUIRED IN A SUIT OF CLOTHES. MURDOCK McLEOD'S TAILORING ESTABLISHMENT, 113 MAIN STREET, MONCTON, IS THE PLACE TO GET A SUIT OF CLOTHES MADE. A Fine Stock of Cloths on hand to select from.

K. & R. Axes, MADE WITH "FIRTH'S" BEST AXE STEEL, ESPECIALLY FOR US. NONE BETTER. EXTRACT FROM A NOVA SCOTIA CUSTOMER'S LETTER:—"The K. & R. Axes are giving good satisfaction and as I will be buying quite a quantity I would like you to limit their sale to me in this locality, as they suit my trade." KERR & ROBERTSON, WHOLESALE HARDWARE, ST. JOHN, N. B.

NEW. NEW. NEW. RAISINS AND CURRANTS, ALL NEW STOCK. SPICES. CHOICE TEAS. PRICES LOW. T. COLLINS & CO., Wholesale Grocers. Produce and Commission Merchants. St. JOHN, N. B.

NEW GOODS! Nearly every day brings in new additions to stock. We buy nothing but the Plums in the trade. Our expenses are light, and therefore we can and will give our patrons the advantages of our purchases every time. We mean to sell goods and mean that our prices will do it. Those who want best value for their money should not fail to come to us. We will make it to their interest to do so. We are having much of a run now on for Chambrays for ladies' house Wrappers. They are only 8c a yard, worth twice the money. J. FLANAGAN, 90 MAIN STREET, MONCTON, N. B.

CURRAN & WALKER, DEALERS IN DRY GOODS, GROCERIES, HARDWARE, CROCKERYWARE and GLASSWARE. FLOUR & MEAL, BOOTS & SHOES, READY-MADE CLOTHING. ALL GOODS SOLD AT VERY LOWEST PRICES FOR CASH. PRODUCE TAKEN IN EXCHANGE FOR GOODS. KINGSTON, KENT COUNTY, N. B.

NO FRAME GIVEN AWAY with a dozen Photos, But a liberal DISCOUNT OF 20 PER CENT. that will enable my customers to purchase a FRAME to suit themselves.

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