

SHORT'S "Dyspepticure" ACTS LIKE MAGIC IN ALL STOMACH TROUBLES

FAST BECOMING FAMOUS
as a Positive Cure for
CHRONIC DYSPESIA
and all forms of
INDIGESTION.

"DYSPEPTICURE"
is sold by Druggists at 35c.
and 50c. Large Bottles by mail
free, on receipt of \$1.
CHARLES K. SHORT,
31 Garden St., St. John, N. B.
or 21 Niagara St., Buffalo, N. Y.

FAST BECOMING FAMOUS
as a quick and sure relief for
HEADACHE, SLEEPSLESSNESS,
NERVOUSNESS,
and all other troubles resulting
from indigestion.

FOR SALE AT SHORT'S FAMILY MEDICINE STORE, RICHIBUCTO.

WE ARE HEADQUARTERS

WOODEN BUTTER DISHES

AND
EGG CASES.

We also carry a large stock of Waxed Paper for Wrapping Butter and Lard.
Wrapping Paper, Paper Bags and Twines of every description.
We make a specialty of Tissue Paper for can wrappers.

SCHOFIELD BROS.,

IMPORTERS & WHOLESALE PAPER DEALERS,

P. O. BOX 435.

ST. JOHN, N. B.

J. & 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.

GREAT BARGAINS

IN ALL LINES OF

GENERAL MERCHANDISE

UNTIL AFTER CHRISTMAS

As this is a genuine offer don't fail to call, but come and be convinced that
Buctouche is the place to get a Bargain in

DRY GOODS,

BOOTS AND SHOES,

A FINE CARRIAGE WRAP,

SLEIGH ROBE,

or any line of goods kept in a General Merchandise establishment.

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

Whitehead

& Turner,

WHOLESALE GROCERS.—MANUFACTURERS.

—DIRECT IMPORTERS FROM—

China, Japan and West Indies,

—ALSO—

MEDITERRANEAN PRODUCE, WINES & LIQUORS.

DALHOUSIE STREET,

QUEBEC.

Subscribe for THE REVIEW.

that exception was Miss Catharine Lisard. Catherine, as we know, was a young person with a natural aptitude for turning events, whether of joy or sorrow to those around her, to her own advantage; and she had early seen the strong points of the present situation.

In Lady Caroline's day, and in Rosamund's day, Catherine had been nowhere—a demure puss, creeping about in the background; occasionally emitting sparks it is true, which might have enlightened more watchful eyes, but which had been passed over by those two dominant spirits, each too much taken up with her own whims and projects to give a moment to the supposition that a younger and feebler member of the family, could also have a mind of her own.

Catherine had bided her time. On the death of her mother she had made some faint, wavering and uncertain attempts at coming forward, making herself useful, and sliding into a more prominent position; but Rosamund had been in no mood to allow of indulgences and encroachments at that time. Everything which had savoured of a reflection on the old customs, and an overturning of the set routine, had been promptly quelled, and Catherine had at first made no way.

Then she had tried making friends with Gilbert, and been more successful. She had more than once taken him off her sister's hands, enabled Rosamund to slip away to solitude when only she could have done so, and established a claim on the latter's gratitude which had borne fruit. When she had been permitted to dine late on the night of Emily's and Henrietta's arrival, the ice had been really broken.

All the rest had been easy. She had made a slip in looking ungenial on the first symptoms of a more jocular dinner-table that was usual—and that on the first occasion of her presiding over it—but the error had been quickly retrieved; and although another momentary check had been received on the abrupt cessation of the frolicsome succeeding week, she had again found her opportunity in the reaction which had followed.

Dear papa could not dine alone—could not drive about alone—could not have a long, dull evening alone. She had so much enjoyed dear papa's music; and had practised an accompaniment on purpose to please him, so surely now he would not refuse to hear it? What could dear papa do but agree, and listen to her carefully prepared chit-chat, and, in spite of himself, be drawn into ordering the phaeton round, and bringing out the flute?

Certes, Catharine was better than nobody. And though one's own schoolgirl daughter is no great thing, and a poor exchange for a lively, bantering, roguish young lady visitor, still, when the one is not to be had, it is as well to put up with the other—and by degrees Mr. Lisard found it so.

For one thing, Catharine, conscious of the feeble tenure by which she held her present high estate, took infinitely greater pains to amuse and gratify her parent than any other member of the house had ever thought of taking with Lady Caroline's husband—for in that light he had always been regarded.

Catherine was not only invariably good humoured and attentive and at his service but she had little ingratiating offices at command, and little affectionate flatteries on the tip of her tongue whenever opportunity offered. Through her he learned that Mrs. Twopenny, the baker's wife thought him the youngest-looking gentleman of his years she had ever known; and that Mrs. Jenkins at the home farm, had heard he had such a power of learning, that she was afraid so much as to let fall a word before him.

He had her own assurance of his talents as a whip, coupled with the complements on the same subject left behind by Emily Gilbert. He heard that he never looked so well as on the box-seat of his phaeton, and that he managed the spirited pair so beautifully that no one need ever be nervous when driven by him.

Naturally the spirited pair came to the door the next day, and Catharine was driven wherever she wanted to go.

Again with a diligence which neither love of the art nor fear of Miss Penrose had ever been able to incite, the dutiful daughter now mastered such simple ditties as a flute very much out of practice could accomplish; and as Mr. Lisard was really fond of music for its own sake, and had only been discouraged from cultivating it by Lady Caroline's persistent inattention and ignorance, there was no doubt that a resource against *ennui* had now been hit upon.

To Catharine it was, for the present, joy enough merely to play the grown-up person; to sit in the vast saloon and have coffee handed to her along with her father; and to stay up at night until she chose to go to bed.

For this she would have paid a much heavier price than merely drumming on the piano for an hour or so daily; and when, with an easy air, she one day found herself asking for the loan of her father's purse as they drove through the streets of Longminster, and subsequently shopping with it, here and there, all over the place, without his remonstrating, or even seeming to observe what she was about—(so taken up was he with himself, his horse, and his horsemanship)—her cup was full and ran over.

What was it to her that her sister, the beauty, the pride of the neighborhood, lay

slowly recovering from the brink of death, feeble, wasted, helpless, unable for the slightest exertion of mind or body, the bloom on her cheeks faded, the round, healthy limbs shrunk and almost powerless, the once vigorous spirit like that of a little child?

Catherine would answer all inquiries in her most cheerful accent.

"Rosamund is ever so much better, thank you. Yes, isn't it a pity she has had to have her hair cut off? But I dare say it will soon grow again." Or, "Aunt Julia says Rosamund is doing as well as we could possibly expect. We have just been to the Abbey. Some of us go over nearly every day." Or "Rosamund always liked being with Aunt Julia. I daresay she would rather be ill at the Abbey than anywhere else."

If interrogated as to the probable duration of the sick girl's recovery, Catherine would occasionally astonish her interrogator. "When will Rosamund be fit to come home? Oh dear, not for a long, long time yet. We have not even seen her yet. Oh, we have not thought about her coming home at all. Aunt Julia says she does not know in the least when she will be fit to be moved even down stairs,—and as for leaving the Abbey, Aunt Julia will keep her as long as ever she possibly can." And it was tolerably obvious that if Aunt Julia were to keep the sick girl altogether one person at least would find no fault with the arrangement.

"The way that ridiculous Catherine is getting the upper hand in that poor neglected house, really annoys me more than I can tell!" exclaimed Mrs. Waterfield one day, on returning from King's Common, where Catherine had done the honours with an alacrity and solicitude a performance, but which did not answer so well with every one as with her docile papa. "I confess that to see that mere child sitting perked up in the drawing-room in an afternoon, ordering about and taking the management of everything—she who ought to be at her grammar and geography, and would never have been visible at all, had her poor mother or Rosamund been about—it is quite too much for me. The child is insufferable. I cannot think where she picked up all that manner. Rosamund had not an atom of it—not at any time,—she was as charming and simple as possible, even when she had begun to be noticed, and made much of; and, for a wonder, Lady Caroline had the wisdom not to try to improve her. But Catherine is a born actress and diplomatist. Her coolness, her self-possession, the way in which she persecutes you with attentions and inquiries—and all the time with such evident satisfaction in her own perfect address and *savoir faire*—I scarcely know how to look. She is a detestable child," quoth the speaker, with energy.

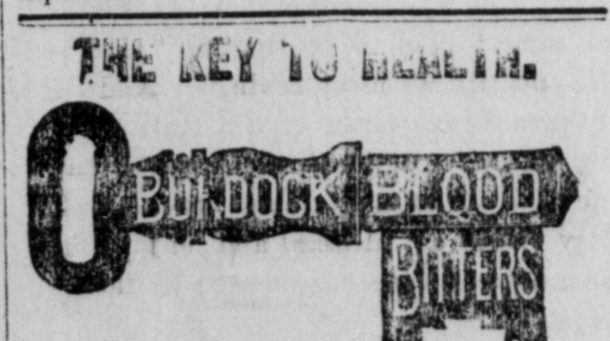
Rosamund, Mrs. Waterfield had been unable to resist, in spite, perhaps, of an involuntary touch of envy, and wonder that the unamiable, uninviting Lady Caroline Lisard should have such a bright and radiant creature belonging to her—but she could let herself out, as it were, about Catherine.

Catherine reigning at King's Common, in all the glory of solitude and prominence, and with obvious forecasting of gay doings and revelry by-and-by, was likely to have advantages and surroundings such as she could not hope to give her girls; and what was Catherine that she should merit such promotion? If her father went on the way he had begun, indeed, the young regent's reign might be short, though merry—but Mrs. Waterfield did not under-rate the abilities of the astute damsel; she did not think that "dear papa" would find himself left altogether free to pick and choose his society. Already Catherine had made great strides in her ascendancy; and as he was a man certain sooner or later to fall once more under the dominion of petticoat government, if the daughter could only hold her ground for a time, she stood an excellent chance of having him completely under her thumb for the future.

No one would have been more indignant at all of this than Lady Julia, had Lady Julia not been entirely engrossed at this period by other and sweeter cares.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

The best medical authorities say the proper way to treat catarrh is to take a constitutional remedy like Hood's Sarsaparilla.



Unlocks all the clogged avenues of the Bowels, Kidneys and Liver, carrying off gradually without weakening the system, all the impurities and foul humors of the secretions; at the same time Correcting Acidity of the Stomach, curing Biliousness, Dyspepsia, Headaches, Dizziness, Heartburn, Constipation, Dryness of the Skin, Dropsy, Dimness of Vision, Jaundice, Salt Rheum, Erysipelas, Scrofula, Fluctuating of the Heart, Nervousness, and General Debility; all these and many other similar Complaints yield to the happy influence of HOOD'S BLOOD BITTERS.

For Sale by all Druggists.
T. MILBURN & Co. Proprietors, Toronto.
FOR SALE AT SHORTS DRUG STORE.

"I feel like a new man."
"It will cure any case."
These are the enthusiastic words of the gentleman whose portrait appears with these lines. His own statement is free from any wordiness or "writing up."



G. W. COX.

For the past five or six years I have been troubled with DYSPEPSIA. In the winter of '92 I was completely "used up," so much so that I tried three doctors without receiving any benefit from their treatment. I tried other dyspepsia medicines without success.

During that period of trial and experiment I was so poorly that I could not work steadily for one half hour at a time without going to my house and lying down.

At last I went to W. E. Thistle's drug store to get something to relieve me, and he recommended GRODER'S SYRUP. I have taken two bottles and am now completely cured. I feel like a new man; I can eat or drink anything and enjoy my food. I have recommended your remedy to others. I cannot say too much in its favor. Yours truly,
G. W. Cox.

P. S.—I am confident that Groder's Syrup will cure any case of Dyspepsia if it is properly used. Others who suffer as I did should know of the intrinsic merit of your remedy. For some time I have felt it my duty to write you and let you know just what two bottles of your medicine have done for me. This statement is to be used as you think best. It is true in every particular, as my friends can testify.—G. W. C.

Mr. Cox is a well known carpenter and joiner of Hartland.

Hartland, Carleton Co., 7 30, 1893.

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. Weldford on 16th, 17th and 18th. Kingston on 19th, 20th, 21st and 22nd. Richibucto on 23rd and 24th. Buctouche 26th and 27th.

WESTMORLAND Marble Works, T. F. SHERARD & SON,

Dealers in Monuments, Tablets, Headstones.
Cemetery work of every description neatly executed. Orders promptly filled.
MONCTON, N. B. (aug23rd)

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.

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.
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.

S. R. FOSTER & SON, MANUFACTURERS OF WIRE NAILS, STEEL AND IRON CUT NAILS, And Spikes, Tacks, Brads, Shoe Nails, Hungarian Nails, &c., ST. JOHN, N. B.

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

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,
Chemist and Druggist,
King Street (West), St. John, N. B.
For sale by all Retail Druggists.
Price 50 cents a bottle; 3 bottles \$2.50
Wholesale by Messrs. T. B. Barker & Sons and S. McDiarmid, St. John, N. B.
Messrs. Brown & Webb, Simson Bros. & Co., Forsythe, Sutcliffe & Co., Halifax, N. S.; Messrs. Kerry, 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 Livestock in connection.

L. J. WATKIN,
King St., Weldford, I. C. R., Kent County

FOR SALE or TO LET.

I am prepared to sell or to let my house and property on Main Street, Richibucto. The house is large and comfortable, and would make a desirable residence for any one wishing the same.
Terms given on application.
C. RICHARDSON.

WILLIS H. ROGERS,

WHOLESALE COMMISSION FISH DEALER.
106 FULTON MARKET,
NEW YORK.

Bank Reference furnished when desired. Consignments solicited. Stencils furnished at a moment's notice.

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 as to order, alling cheap for Cash, or in exchange for Produce.
THOMAS ATKINSON,
Mortimore, Kent County, N. B.

Thos. L. Bourke,

IMPORTER AND WHOLESALE

WINE & SPIRIT

MERCHANT,

11, 13 AND 25 WATER STREET,
ST. JOHN, N. B.

COLLECTOR'S NOTICE.

The undersigned non-resident ratepayer of School District No. 1, Parish of Richibucto, in the County of Kent, is hereby notified to pay District School Tax as set opposite the name, together with the cost of advertising—\$3.00—to the undersigned at his office in the town of Richibucto, within two months from the date thereof, otherwise legal proceedings will be taken to recover the same from the administrator of the estate.
Estate of Peter Loggie, District School Tax for 1893, \$12.00.
Dated at Richibucto, Kent County, November 28th, 1893.
JAMES MCDUGALL,
Secretary to School Trustees.

FOR SALE!

My Dwelling House and Premises on Queen Street, now occupied by J. P. Caie and adjoining the residence of Henry O'Leary. The lot has a large frontage on the street, and affords room for the erection of a store or office.
J. D. PHINNEY,
Richibucto, July 31, 1893.

A. E. LANDRY,

SAINT LOUIS, N. B.

DEALER IN

Dry Goods, Boots & Shoes

Rubber Goods, etc.

Selling Cheap for Cash.
Watchmaker and Photographer
Clocks and Watches repaired at short notice and satisfaction guaranteed.
Agent for the celebrated Laurance Spectacles.