

WILLIAM KERR.

JOHN M. ROBERTSON.

KERR & ROBERTSON, WHOLESALE Hardware Merchants,

No 47 Dock Street,

St. John, N. B.

Specialties: Shelf Hardware and Cutlery.

SELF OPENING BAGS. REDUCED PRICES. LOWER THAN EVER BEFORE.

It will pay you to get Our Prices before you purchase elsewhere.

SCHOFIELD BROS.

Wholesale Importers of Paper and Paper Bags, Corner of Market Square and Dock Street.

St. John, N. B.

Agents for the E. B. Eddy Co.

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DIRECT IMPORTERS OF BRITISH AND FOREIGN GOODS,

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WHOLESALE AND RETAIL DEALERS

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FLOUR, CORNMEAL, OATMEAL, COFFEE.

TEA, SUGAR, TOBACCO,

COARSE SALT, in bulk and bags, DAIRY SALT,

Molasses, Biscuits, Cheees,

PORK AND BEEF,

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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.

TEA

Oolongs, Padraes, Sarynnos and Congous Imperial Blend. Give it a trial.

RAISINS, Layers and Valencias.

LARD, Pure and Compound.

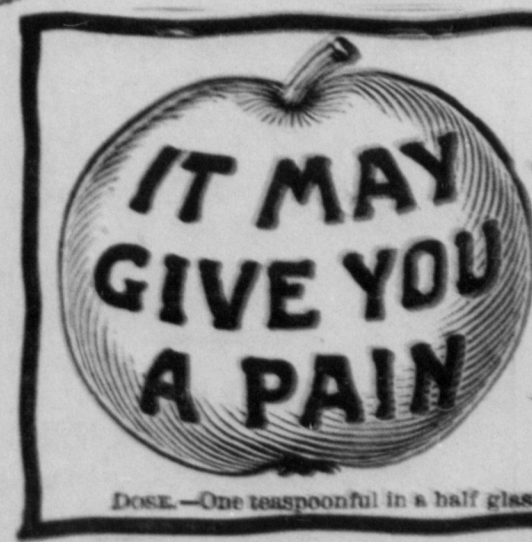
SPICES, Pure. All kinds always in stock.

T. COLLINS & CO.,

NORTH MARKET STREET,

ST. JOHN, N. B.

Orders by mail promptly attended to.



As many good things are likely to. But you are safe in running the risk if you keep a bottle of Perry Davis' PAIN KILLER at hand. It's a never-failing antidote for pains of all sorts. Sold by all Druggists.

DOSE.—One teaspoonful in a half glass of water or milk (warm if convenient).

The service over, the minister went down the aisle. She said to him: "Were those words for me? "Wounded for our transgressions." Was that for me?" The man of God understood her not. He knew not how to comfort a shipwrecked soul, and he passed on, and he passed on. The poor wanderer followed into the street. "What are you doing here, Meg?" said the police. "What are doing here tonight?" "Oh," she replied, "I was in to warm myself," and then the rattling cough came, and she held to the railing until the paroxysm was over. She passed on down the street, falling from exhaustion, recovering herself again, until after awhile she reached the outskirts of the city and passed on into the country road. It seemed so familiar. She kept on the road and she saw in the distance a light in the window. Ah, that light had been gleaming there every night since she went away. On that country road she passed until she came to the garden gate. She opened it and passed up the path where she played in childhood. She came to the steps and looked in at the fire on the hearth. Then she put her fingers to the latch. Oh, if that door had been locked, she would have perished on the threshold, for she was near to death! But that door had not been locked since the time she went away. She pushed open the door. She went in and lay down on the hearth by the fire. The old house dog growled as he saw her enter but there was something in the voice he recognized, and he frisked about her until he almost pushed her down in his joy. In the morning the mother came down, and she saw a bundle of rags on the hearth, but when the face was uplifted she knew it, and it was no more old Meg of the street. Throwing her arms around the returned prodigal she cried: "Oh, Maggie!" The child threw her arms around her mother's neck and said: "Oh, mother!" and while they were embraced a rugged form towered above them. It was the father. The severity all gone out of his face, he stooped and took her up tenderly and carried her to her mother's room and laid her down on mother's bed, for she was dying. Then the lost one, looking up into her mother's face, said: "Wounded for our transgressions! Mother, do you think that means me?" "Oh, yes, my darling," said the mother. "If mother is so glad to get you back, don't you think God is glad to get you back?" And there she lay dying and all their dreams and all their prayers were filled with the words, "Wounded for our transgressions, and bruised for our iniquities," until just before the moment of her departure, her face lighted up showing the pardon of God had dropped upon her soul. And there she slept away on the bosom of a pardoning Jesus. So the Lord took back one whom the world rejected.

Saved by Strawberry Extract.

GENTLEMEN,—Feeling it my duty to give you an unsolicited testimony for the direct benefit I have received in my family from the use of Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry, let me say that while we resided at Fenwick, Ont., my little daughter had an attack of Dysentery or Bloody Flux, by which she was reduced to a mere shadow and quite helpless. Fortunately my family physician advised the use of Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry, as he neither had or knew of anything better for this dreadful disease, and therefore we gave it an impartial trial. I am happy to say that less than quarter of a bottle caused the flow of blood and clots to cease, and the child promptly recovered. We always have had Extract of Strawberry in the house since to be ready for emergencies common to children in summer from the effects of fruit, etc. I would just as soon think of losing my right eye as being deprived of Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry. This is a testimony of thanks for the untold benefit myself and family have received from this great remedy.

Mrs. W. H. GARROLD, St. David's, Ont., formerly of Hamilton, Ont.

A Valley of Death.

A valley surpassing in reality of horrors the fabled region of the upas tree is reported to have been discovered in the Island of Java. This Island is volcanic, and in one spot the emanations from the interior of the earth are so deadly that the place is called the Valley of Death. As the traveller approaches it he is attacked with nausea and giddiness. He also notices a suffocating smell. As he advances these symptoms disappear, so that, after passing through the belt of fetid air, which guards the valley, the visitor is able to examine with less risk the spectacle before him. The valley is oval, about one mile in circumference, and from thirty to forty feet below the level of the surrounding land. The floor of the valley is flat and dry, without any vegetation; and scattered all over it are the skeletons of men, tigers, wild boars, birds and stags lying among large blocks of stone. The hills which hem in the valley of desolation are clothed from base to summit with healthy trees and bushes. A traveller descended the side of one hill with aid of a bamboo stick, to about eighteen feet from the bottom, and compelled a dog to go down to the plain. In five seconds the animal fell on his side motionless, although it continued to breathe for eighteen minutes; and a fowl only resisted the deadly air for a minute and a half.—Exchange.

The Baby Over the Way. Across in my neighbor's window, With its folds of satin and lace, I see, with its crown of ringlets, A baby's innocent face. The throng in the street look upward, And every one grave and gay, Has a nod and a smile for the baby In the mansion over the way.

Just here in my cottage window, His chin in his dimpled hands, And a patch on his faded apron, The child that I live for stands. He has kept my heart from breaking For many a weary day; And his face is as pure and handsome As the baby's over the way.

Some times when we sit together, My grave little man of three, Sore vexes me with the question: "Does God up in Heaven, like me?" And I say: "Yes, yes, my darling," Though I almost answer "Nay," As I see the nursery candles In the mansion over the way.

And oft when I draw the stockings From his little tired feet, And loosen the clumsy garments From his limbs so round and sweet, I grew too bitter for singing, My heart too heavy to pray, As I think of the dainty raiment Of the baby over the way.

O God in Heaven forgive me For all I have thought and said! My envious heart is humbled! My neighbor's baby is dead! I saw the little white coffin As they carried it out to-day, And the heart of a mother is breaking In the mansion over the way.

The light is fair in my window, The flowers bloom at the door; My boy is chasing the sunbeams That dance on the cottage floor. The roses of health are crowning My darling's forehead to-day! But the baby is gone from the window Of the mansion over the way.

Supported by Prominent Men Throughout the Dominion.

Edward J. Javers, Real Estate Broker 93 Yonge Street, Toronto, Canada: "I have much pleasure in testifying to the benefits I have received from using K. D. C. While I did not believe in "cure alls" under all circumstances I can confidently recommend it for indigestion. I know of others who have also tried it with satisfaction.

I met an old acquaintance, and in comparing notes I said that Indigestion was my only trouble; he replied that he had suffered from the same thing for over thirty years; I said that I had a specific; I advised him to try K. D. C., he said it was his specific and we shook hands and agreed to give K. D. C. our support."

It is worthy of your supports, and is the sure support of the Dyspeptic.

Gems of Thought.

Hatred is the madness of the heart. However disguised, wrong is always wrong.

Fidelity is seventh-tenths of business success. You can judge a man by what he laughs at.

To live the gospel is the best way of preaching it. The pleasures of sin are only pleasures of reason.

Politeness has been well defined as benevolence in small things. Two persons cannot long be friends if they cannot forgive each other's failings.

Forget yourself and think of others, if you would know the truest happiness. The right kind of a man always learns something worth knowing from a mistake.

Without courage there cannot be no other virtue. Each hour has its lesson, and each life; and if we miss our life we shall not find its lesson in another.

A light and trifling mind never takes in great ideas and never accomplishes anything great or good. Men of earnest thought and quiet contemplation exercise wonderful influence over men of action.

A laugh to be joyous must be from a joyous heart, for without kindness there can be no true joy. Most people succeed, not by doing many things as well as others, but some one thing better than others.

It may seem a somewhat unimportant matter whether we discover the good points of those who are around us, and let them know that we mark them, or not. Yet the influence that we exert upon our neighbors by our thoughts and words concerning them is greater than any of us imagine.

All moral excellence thrives in an atmosphere of apprehension. Many a man has won a victory over fierce temptation simply by the conscientiousness that someone has faith in him, and believes that he will conquer. Many a one has also been driven into desperate iniquity by the thought that there is not one left who cherishes any hope for his future.

A Remarkable Cure.—J. W. Jennison, Gilford—Spent between \$200 and \$300 in consulting Doctors tried Dixon's and all other treatments but got no benefit. One box of Chase's Catarrh Cure did me more good than all other remedies, in fact I consider myself cured, and with a 25 cent box at that.

Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria.



SHILOH'S VITALIZER. Mrs. T. S. Hawkins, Chattanooga, Tenn., says: "Shiloh's Vitalizer 'SAVED MY LIFE' I consider it the best remedy for a debilitated system I ever used." For Dyspepsia, Liver or Kidney trouble it excels. Price 15 cts.

SHILOH'S CATARRH REMEDY. Have you Catarrh? Try this Remedy. It will positively relieve and Cure you. Price 50 cts. This Remedy for the successful treatment of Catarrh of the Bladder, Prostate, Uterus, etc., is furnished free. Remember, Shiloh's Remedies are sold on a guarantee to give satisfaction.

LUMBER!

I have on hand at my Mill situated within a few miles of the International Railway, a quantity of Pine, Spruce and Hemlock BOARDS AND SCANTLING, SINGLES.

Dimension Lumber on order, selling cheap for Cash, or in exchange for Produce. THOMAS A. HARRISON, Moncton, Kent County, N. B.

FOR SALE!

FARM IN GALLOWAY, RICHIBUCTO PARISH. I offer for sale lots 72 and 73 in Galloway settlement, formerly occupied by one Henry McGeehan. There is a dwelling house, and several acres cleared and under cultivation. The land includes some of the best hay land in the district. Terms to suit purchaser. J. D. PHINNEY, Richibucto, Sept. 17th, 1894.

PATENTS

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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.

Farm for Sale!

That valuable farm at Bass River, Kent Co., known as the Robert Brown farm, is offered for sale or rent. The farm contains about 186 acres of the best land in the County, over 100 acres of which are cleared and under a high state of cultivation.

There is a large first-class, two-story dwelling house, two large barns, one stage house, grainery and stable combined, and other out buildings. It is situated in the most thriving and popular part of Kent County, within two minutes walk of the post-office, where a daily mail is received, and quite close to the superior school and within half a mile of Mr. E. Walker's lumber and grist mills.

For further information and particulars address the undersigned at Harcourt Station. JAMES BROWN.

GOOD COMMERCIAL AND OTHER PRINTING AT THE REVIEW OFFICE

When we assert that Dodd's Kidney Pills Cure Backache, Dropsy, Lumbago, Bright's Disease, Rheumatism and all other forms of Kidney Troubles, we are backed by the testimony of all who have used them. THEY CURE TO STAY CURED. By all druggists or mail on receipt of price, 50 cents. Dr. L. A. Smith & Co., Toronto.

CONNORS' RESTAURANT,

Main Street, Moncton, Next door to the K. Shoe Store. Meals served at all hours. Oysters, Roast Fowl, etc. Highest cash prices paid for Buctouche Oysters.

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