

K. & R. Glass, Zinc, Axes, &c.

Received per S. S. PLATO:

698 BOXES GLASS, 12 CASKS ZINC.

In stock and for sale at Manufacturers' Prices:

350 DOZ. AXES, Assorted.

"K. & R." BLENKHORN, CAMPBELL, KELLY'S and FOWLER'S.

50 DOZ. "1879" GOLD BLAST LANTERNS, Warranted not to blow out.

We sell wholesale to the trade only.

Orders by mail or through our traveller will have prompt attention.

KERR & ROBERTSON,

43, 45 AND 47 DOCK STREET, ST. JOHN, N. B.

Nov. 1st, 1897.—2 mos.

J. & T. Jardine,

DIRECT IMPORTERS OF BRITISH AND FOREIGN GOODS.

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—IN—

FLOUR, CORNMEAL, OATMEAL, COFFEE.

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COARSE SALT, in bulk and bags, DAIRY SALT,

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NAILS OF EVERY DESCRIPTION. LIME.

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CROWN SCOTCH WHISKEY is a very

Old blend of Whiskey that is largely used Medicinally.

THOMSON'S IRISH WHISKEY Made in

Newry Ireland recommends itself on trial.

J. S. HAMILTON'S PURE GRAPE BRANDY

in case or wood, is made on PELEE ISLAND from Pelee Island Wines, and guaranteed brandy.

E. G. SCOVIL,

TEA and WINE MERCHANT, Wholesale.

62 Union Street, St. John, N. B.

11 1/2 FT. DIA.

We are just completing 500 feet of Wrought Iron Pipe, 11 1/2 feet in Diameter. We simply state this to convince you that we are able to do any special work for you. We can do it quickly, and do it well. Established over 30 years.

CARRIER, LAINE & CO.,

236 St. Joseph St. QUEBEC.

LEVIS, P. Q.

145 St. James St. MONTREAL.

(PLEASE MENTION THIS PAPER.)

AT DARGAT.

(Sir Edwin Arnold in London Telegraph) October 20, 1897.

1 Fifty yards wide and platform stretched Between the shelters and the ridge; Only such slender space to cross, And 'tis of Victory the Bridge! But on those rocks eight thousand foes With furious fire the passage close.

2 Fifty yards wide! No more! Yet dare One step upon that levelled space, And the brave Linesman, torn with shot, Falls dead, or dying on his face, A storm-swept Bridge! A bridge of Hell! How deadly you prone corpses tell.

3 The Gurkhas start! Not readily Will those like pigmies of the hill Turn back for flame, or shot, or steel; But here, to-day, 'tis courage kills! The boldest man by man must bleed; The Gurkhas cannot do this deed!

4 Dorsetshire men and Derbyshire— Right gallant corps—form to the front! Fearless they close in long-linked ranks, Of that stern gap to bear the brunt; What manhood may, and loyalty, And pride, and pluck, this foe shall see!

5 Alas! too dreadful drives that hail Of hissing lead! The constant slain Roll, cumbering those heroic feet Which would advance; the bloody plain Is littered o'er with red and black; Dorsetshires, Derbyshires, turn back!

6 And loud from sangar and from craig, The taunting, bitter screams are heard Of tribes who mark a British line. Stayed, baffled,—nay, but not afeared! Eight thousand muskets keep the hill, And that Red Bridge untraversed still!

7 Then from grey hollows where they crouch The sons of Scotland silent gather— Wild indigo and tamarisks brush The limbs tread in the purple heather— The Gordon Highlanders fall in— Pipers and all—Hell's Bridge to win.

8 "Men of the Gordon Highlanders!" Colonel Mathias loudly cries, "The G. neal's orders are to take, At any needful sacrifice, Yonder position! His we'll make it, The Gordon Highlanders will take it!"

9 To skirl of pipes and gleam of blades The glorious band leaps joyous forth, Drowning the muskets on the hill With slogan from the North. Stay them! Death's self, Hell's self, give ground, When Gordons to the battle bound!

10 Fierce, splendid, faithful, stream our Scots To lightsome, homely Highland lilt; Too swift for fate, too bold to fail, Rush haskin, plume and kilt. The fifty yards of fire are passed, The savage ridge is gained at last.

11 Down from the emptied sangars fly Those rebel hordes; the flaming hill Is cleared! the grim position seized As was the General's will. The Colonel's simple word did make it, "The Gornon Highlanders will take it!"

12 Dear brothers of our blood! The cheers Which hailed you conquerors as ye came Mid glad battalions welcoming you, Down marching from the Hill of Flame Echo in British homes to-day, From north to south from Thames to Tay.

13 Folks say your earliest files were raised In bonny town of Aberdeen, Where lady King George's Faunee took A Duchess' lovely lips between. Scots, of the Gordon Highlanders, The country's kiss is yours, like hers!

\*Alluding to the story that the beautiful Duchess of Gordon offered each man willing to join her husband's new regiment a kiss and a guinea.

Spared a Terrible Fate.

By the timely use of Dodd's Kidney Pills—The great Life Savers of the 19th Century—Bright's Disease robbed of its Terrors.

OTTAWA, Nov. 15.—Local medical men, in common with their brethren in all parts of the country have always maintained that Bright's disease is incurable, and that all that can be done for the victims of that disease is to ease their journey to the grave. There are thousands of Canadians however, who know that this opinion is wrong. Among them is W. Young, traveller, of this city, who says he was cured of Bright's disease, by Dodd's Kidney Pills. "I am completely cured," he says, "and no other medicine but Dodd's Kidney Pills did me any good." These pills are the only sure cure for Bright's disease.

A PRIEST MURDERED.

PHILADELPHIA, Pa., November 11.—The body of Rev. Henry J. McPake, an assistant priest of the Church of the Annunciation, was found yesterday lying in an archway in the rear of St. Paul's Cathedral. The right side of the skull was fractured and he had been dead for some time the nose was broken and there were bruises on the forehead. The police are confident that the priest was murdered and the fact that his watch and purse are missing lends strength to this theory. There is not the slightest clue to the murderer.

THE GREEN BRAKEMAN.

A conductor would sooner be called "on the carpet" before the superintendent six times a week than to have one green brakeman a year.

Although they are considered 18-carat nuisances, and conductors do everything possible to get rid of them as quickly as possible, they furnish oceans of fun for the crew.

"I had a 'beaut' on my last trip," said the Erie conductor. "Like all the rest that ever went on a road, he had just dropped the plow.

"What's your name? I asked him.

"Ira Wilson, sir," he replied.

"Where do you want your remains sent?"

"What's that, sir?"

"I say where do you want your body sent when you get killed?"

"Gosh! Well, I suppose you might telegraph to the old man."

"After we pulled out, he came to me and said: 'Now, if I don't suit you or do anything wrong, a little cussin' won't do me any harm.'"

"He went ahead to ride in the engine, and at the next stop came back to the caboose with a pail and said the engineer had sent him for a bucketfull of signals.

"At one station I couldn't find him when we were ready to go, and after delaying us about 20 minutes, we found him comfortable seated in the waiting room of the depot.

"Well, are you working, or waiting for a passenger train to get back home?" I asked him.

"Oh are you ready? I was waitin' for orders," was the brilliant reply.

"Oh, he was a raw one, the worst I ever run against. Along in the night I missed the 'Rubes,' and started ahead to see if he was on the engine. I got about half way up the train when I saw a light in an empty stock car. I climbed into the car, and there was his nibs nicely curled up in one of the feed troughs, sound asleep.

"Well, you won't get killed here, but you may kill the rest of us," I told him when I got him out of his trance. When we pulled off the main track into the yards at Fifty-fifth street, I told him to go ahead and close the switches, to go straight ahead ten miles and see that the track was one rail. I thought we had at last landed him and ourselves alive in Chicago, but he didn't do a thing but forget to put the pin in the first switch after he had closed it, and we went into the ditch. After a night of horror and anxiety, he got in his work on the home stretch. But I roasted him so that he must certainly be disgusted, and if he thinks all the conductors are as bad as I am, I believe he'll quit."—Chicago Chronicle.

SIGN OF STRENGTH.

The sign of strength, a ruddy countenance depends upon rich, red blood. To make the blood rich and ruddy, the countenance clear and bright, and the step firm and elastic, use BURDOCK BLOOD PURIFIERS. J. A. Gillan, B. A., Toronto, Ont., says: "I enjoy good health now to the greatest degree, ever since the day I started to use B. B. B."

GETTING IN ON THE GROUND FLOOR.

Travelling Passenger Agent Tom Campbell says that a Swede came into a lawyer's office one day and asked: "Is there a lawyer's place?" "Yes; I'm a lawyer." "Well, Maister Lawyer, I tank I shall have a paper made." "What kind of a paper do you want?" "Well, I tank I shall have a mortgage. You see, I buy me a piece of land from Nels Petersen and I want a mortgage on it."

HELL AND LONDON.

On the covers of a popular tract I find the quotation, "Hell is a city much like London." If this were so, I would cheerfully accept a sentence which should play my part as a citizen to the best of my power, for it would be a city full of paths and humor, where much that is bad is mingled with all that is lovable, where the very fiends who are represented as tormenting the lost are really engaged in works of mercy and brotherly love; a city, above all, where justice and straightforwardness and manly effort never fail to make their influences felt.—"Rich and Poor," by Mrs. Bosanquet.

AN INTERESTING DEED.

The librarian of St. Paul's, London, has in his keeping very many interesting documents, among others a deed of gift from King Ethelbert of a farm in Kent, which he made over to St. Paul's at a time when the cathedral was but an insignificant structure of wood. The rent from the land is received to this day.

NOVELIST'S BEST EFFORT.

Novelist—Do you like tennis? The old lady gives a perfunctory answer.

NOVELIST—THE ONLY TENNIS I LIKE IS TENNYSON.—WOMAN.

THE MORE A MAN KNOWS THE MORE HE IS INCLINED TO BE MODEST.—FIELDING.

LAFAYETTE THE COURTIER.

Stories of the Gallant Frenchman and His Second Visit to America.

Many charming stories have been told by old ladies who were in their prime when Lafayette made his second visit to America of the gallant Frenchman's courtesy.

On the day of his public reception in Virginia he rode in an open carriage without his hat, exposed to the rays of a brilliant sun, bowing to the crowds always ready to greet him. There was some apprehension that sunstroke might be the penalty of his politeness, but the marquis was an old soldier. Before leaving home he had put a damp towel into his capacious wig and, protected by his helmet, he could indulge his French politeness with impunity. French and American revolutions and Austrian dungeons had taught him the art of self preservation.

The most charming story is of earlier date—his visit to the mother of Washington. He found her in the garden, raking together dried weeds and sticks, preparatory to a bonfire, arrayed in a linsey skirt, sack and broad brimmed hat tied over the plaited border of her cap.

The hostess met the situation with the composure of a duchess. Dropping her rake, she took between her bare palms the hand the nobleman extended as he bowed before her and said:

"Ah, marquis! You have come to see an old woman! I can make you welcome without changing my dress. I am glad to see you. I have often heard my son George speak of you. But come in."

Preceding him into her living room, she placed herself opposite him, erect as a girl of 18, never touching the tall, straight back of her chair, while she listened to the praises of her son poured forth by the eloquent Frenchman.

Then she mixed with her own hands a cooling drink and offered it to the general with a plate of homemade ginger cakes. The man of the world accepted the beverage as simply and gracefully as it was tendered, pronounced it delicious and arose to go. Would she give him her blessing?

She looked up to heaven, folded her hands and prayed that God would grant him "safety, happiness, prosperity and peace."—Youth's Companion.

HONESTY THE BEST POLICY.

If You Are Dead Broke, Own Up Like an Honest Man.

Dead broke is not an accurate term. It is relative. A millionaire considers himself dead broke when he finds that he has only a V in his pocket. Men of less means think they are dead broke when they can find but a quarter or a half in their pockets. But with the mass of people who haven't very much, even when at their best, dead broke means that condition in which a man finds himself without a nickel in his pockets. Pennies don't cut any ice. Even three or four of them won't pay a car fare, and when a man hasn't car fare the walk to Cumminsville at midnight seems long—awfully long.

"That's what ailed me the other night," said a resident of that suburb. "I didn't have a nickel to my name—not a nick. So I tried to work the conductor. When he struck me, I felt in my pockets, first one, then the other and then looked dazed.

"I had a nickel," I said, "but blame me if I know where it is."

"Too thin, old man," said the heartless man in blue. "You'll have to walk a little just for change as you haven't got it." Think of a man getting off a joke like that.

"I walked, but not far. Tried another conductor with the same racket. Didn't work. He was heartless also. I knew I'd get home if the cars kept coming, but the last car would be due soon. Then I thought of the old motto, 'Honesty is the best policy.' I'll try it on."

"I got on the car and held up my head. When the man with the badge came along, I said:

"I'm dead broke, old man. Let me take a sneak home, will you?"

"That worked to a charm. He was the best conductor I ever saw. He knew I was telling the truth. The others thought I was lying, and I was, but not in the way they thought. All he said was:

"All right, old fellow. Don't give me away though."

"Not on your life," I said. Then I curled up and slept the sleep of the just and the righteous. Hereafter I'm going to tell the truth, cost what it may."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Back-Ache, Face-Ache, Sciatic Pains, Neuralgic Pains, Pain in the Side, etc. Promptly Relieved and Cured by The "D. & L." Menthol Plaster. Having used your D. & L. Menthol Plaster for severe pain in the back and limbs, I unhesitatingly recommend same as a safe, sure and rapid remedy in fact, they act like magic.—A. LAPOINTE, St. Catharines, Ont. Price 5c. DAVIS & LAWRENCE CO., LTD. PROPRIETORS, MONTREAL.

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WARNING!

Any person cutting fire-wood, logs, or other lumber on the "Smith property," Molus River, will be prosecuted and punished under the provisions of the Dominion Criminal law. Dated, December 14, 1896. J. D. PHINNEY

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. (aug31ui)

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