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COARSE SALT, in bulk and bags, DAIRY SALT,

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English House Coa.

blacksmith's Coal

SHINGLES, DEALS, BOARDS AND SCANTLING,

PITCH-PINE, HARDWOOD, LATHS, etc.

Kingston, Kent County, N. B

Worth, the famous dressmaker, says the most expensive dress he ever turned out was an evening dress for the wife of an American millionaire. He received \$200,000 for it. The embroidery on the train alone cost \$25,000.

Save Paying Doctor's Bills

—BY USING—

Bentley's Liver Pills.

25 Pills for 10 cents.

Read the Home Testimony from people that you know.

Folly Village, Dec. 7, '97.

A well known resident of Londonderry is Mr. James Flemming. He speaks to Kumfort Home Remedies as follows:—

JAMES FLEMMING, Bentley's Liver Pills

Folly Village. They seem better than any I have used. They seem to exactly suit me.

Richibucto Steam Carriage and Furniture Factory.

Carriages of all kinds, Truck Wagons, etc., built to order and kept constantly on hand. Repairing and painting done promptly. All work guaranteed.

Furniture of all kinds manufactured and kept in stock at lowest living prices. Upholstering and repairing done by competent workmen. Bring along your old chairs or lounges and have them re-upholstered so as to make them as good as new. Just received a new lot of picture moulding of different styles. Sashes and doors made to order and kept in stock. Frost & Wood's Farm Machinery kept on hand.

J. F. BLACK & SON.

SPRAINED BACK!

Sprains, Strains and Injuries of the Back often cause Kidney Trouble.

DOAN'S KIDNEY PILLS THE CURE.

Here is the proof:—

Mrs. S. Horning, Glasgow Street, Guelph, Ont., says: "Doan's Kidney Pills are grand. I have not been ill since taking them, which was over a year ago last winter, and can give them my warmest praise; for they restored me to health after 25 years of suffering. Twenty-five years ago I sprained my back severely, and ever since my kidneys have been in a very bad state. The doctors told me that my left kidney especially was in a very bad condition. A terrible burning pain was always present, and I suffered terribly from lumbago and pain in the small of my back, together with other painful and distressing symptoms, common in kidney complaints. I could not sleep, and suffered much from salt rheum. "When I first commenced taking Doan's Kidney Pills I had little or no faith in them, but I thought I would try them; and it proved the best experiment I ever made. I had only taken two boxes when the pain left my back entirely. Three boxes more, or five in all, made a complete cure. "After 25 years' of suffering from kidney disease I am now healthy and strong again, and will be pleased to substantiate what I have said, should anyone wish to enquire."

Laxa-Liver Pills are the most perfect remedy known for the cure of Constipation, Dyspepsia Biliousness and Sick Headache. They work without a gripe or pain, do not sicken or weaken or leave any bad after effects.

ALICE AND DREYFUS.

CLEARLY THE SAME CASE WAS TRIED IN WONDERLAND. (Baltimore Sun.)

Some persons have always maintained that "The Hunting of the Snark" is an allegorical poem, setting forth, in a fashion which only pretends to be whimsical, the sorrows, the struggles, the triumphs and the heart-breaking disappointments of human life. The Young Apollo Club, of Boston, once had "Jabberwocky" set to music—grand and solemn music—and sang it, sang all sorts of mysticism and occult meaning into it, while the newspapers printed philosophical articles about "slithy toves" and "ufish thought." Of course, this sort of criticism has not been confined to Eastern Massachusetts, but it has been said with much truth that Boston is not a place, but a state of mind. It never did any good for Lewis Carroll to insist that his works were pure nonsense and that he meant nothing else in them. A mystic is no less a mystic for not knowing that he is one.

But it now becomes clear that a certain portion of Mr. Carroll's books, namely, "Alice's Adventures in Wonderland," is more than allegorical or mystic or philosophic—that it is prophetic. This portion is the trial scene, and nobody who knows a prophecy when he sees one can possibly read it without noting how it portends the affair which at this moment holds more than any other the astonished attention of the civilized world. Here is a bit of the text:

The twelve jurors were all writing very busily on slates. "What are they doing?" Alice whispered to the Gryphon. "They can't have anything to put down yet before the trial's begun."

Oh, simple Anglo-Saxon mind, that supposes that the men who are to judge their fellow can have nothing to put down before the trial is begun. "They order this matter better in France!"

"Herald, read the accusation," said the King. On this the White Rabbit blue three blasts on the trumpet and then unrolled the parchment scroll, and read as follows: "The Queen of Hearts, she made some tarts, All on a summer day; The Knave of Hearts, he stole those tarts, And took them quite away!"

"Consider your verdict," the King said to the jury. "Not yet, not yet!" the Rabbit hastily interrupted. "There's a great deal to come before that!"

The president of the court, being a blunt, military man, sees no reason why any formality should be observed when the verdict is a foregone conclusion; but even in France the lawyers will drag things out to make a pretense of earning their money so there has to be a long trial.

The first witness was the Hatter. He came in with a teacup in hand and a piece of bread and butter in the other. "I beg pardon, your Majesty," he began, "for bringing these in; but I hadn't quite finished my tea when I was sent for."

"You ought to have finished," said the King. "When did you begin?"

The Hatter looked at the March Hare, who had followed him into the court, arm in arm, with the Dormouse. "Fourteenth of March, I think it was he said."

"Fifteenth," said the March Hare. "Sixteenth," added the Dormouse.

The Hatter was obviously a military witness, and he was shy about giving his testimony without that appealing glance (or sympathy and encouragement toward the line of his friends, which is described in the papers nearly every day.

In spite of their precautions the military witnesses do not always agree. They give three different dates for the same occurrence, which has nothing to do with the case, and the jurors write down all three numbers, add them up and reduce the answer to shillings and pence. Can there be a doubt that this is just what M. Bertillon would have done if he had been present? It is enough to prove anybody in France guilty of anything.

"I am a poor man, your Majesty," the Hatter began in a trembling voice, "and I hadn't but just begun my tea—not about a week or so—and what with the bread and butter getting so thin—and the twinkling of the tea"—

"The twinkling of what?" said the King. "It began with the tea," the Hatter replied.

"Of course twinkling begins with a T!" said the King sharply. "Do you take me for a dunce? Go on!"

"I'm a poor man, the Hatter went on, and most things twinkled after that—only the March Hare said"—

"I didn't," the March Hare interrupted in a great hurry. "You did," said the Hatter.

Here was a confrontation in Wonderland, and here is one at Rennes, from a dispatch printed in The Tribune a few days ago:

Then the Colonel, at bay, replied savagely: "I said I only read one document. I did not say only one document was read." * * * Captain Freystaetter * * * in a distinct, bold voice, told * * * how Colonel Maurel not only read these documents, but made comments on them. * * * General Mercier at once denied Captain Freystaetter's declaration that the Panizzards dispatch was contained in the dossier. It is a lie!" he said. Captain Freystaetter, however, replied firmly * * * "I swear that what I have said is true."

Will it not be hard to make future generations believe that Lewis Carroll was not present at the Dreyfus trial? Presently the court is thrown into a truly French confusion, with blows and violent language, by a disagreement between two witnesses as to whether tarts are made of pepper or treacle. Alice herself is at last put on the stand.

"What do you know about this business?" the King said to Alice. "Nothing," said Alice. "Nothing whatever?" persisted the King.

"Nothing whatever," said Alice. "That's very important," the King said, turning to the jury. They were just beginning to write this down on their slates when the White Rabbit interrupted: "Unimportant, your Majesty means, of course," he said in a very respectful tone, but frowning and making faces at him as he spoke.

"Unimportant, of course, I meant," the King hastily said. Just so the judges at Rennes listened like owls to M. Bertillon's testimony, in utter perplexity as to whether it was important or unimportant, but convinced that it was highly one or the other, and determined to get it all down either way.

"There's more evidence to come yet, please your Majesty," said the White Rabbit, jumping up in a great hurry; "this paper has just been picked up."

"What is it?" said the Queen. "I haven't opened it yet," said the White Rabbit, "but it seems to be a letter written by the prisoner to—somebody."

"Who is it directed to?" said one of the jurymen. "It isn't directed at all," said the White Rabbit; "in fact, there's nothing written on the outside." He unfolded the paper as he spoke, and added: "It isn't a letter after all; it's a set of verses."

"Are they in the prisoner's handwriting?" asked another of the jurymen. "No, they're not," said the White Rabbit, "and that's the queerest thing about it." (The jury all looked puzzled.)

"He must have imitated somebody else's hand," said the King. (The jury all brightened up again.)

"Please your Majesty," said the knave, "I didn't write it, and they can't prove I did; there's no name signed at the end."

"If you didn't sign it," said the King, "that only makes the matter worse. You must have meant some mischief, or else you'd have signed your name, like an honest man."

What need is there of comment? If you find anything—an invitation, an acceptance, a letter, a laundry list—written in the prisoner's hand, it proves his guilt. If it is not in his hand the proof is all the more conclusive.

"Alice in Wonderland" forecasts the Dreyfus case not only in general but in detail, for one of these verses is:

If I or she should chance to be Involved in this affair, He trusts to you to set them free, Exactly as we were.

And a dispatch published a few days ago says:

Du Paty de Clam will make a written statement, which will be put forward as a complete, desperate confession by him. In this he will state that Colonel Henry, in his last interview with him in Fort Mount Valerien, before Henry committed suicide, confessed that he, Dreyfus, and Esterhazy were confederates. When Dreyfus was arrested Henry and Esterhazy promised that if he would not denounce them they would in some way secure his liberation.

Is not this the exact meaning of the stanza just quoted?

"Let the jury consider their verdict," the King said, for about the twentieth time that day.

"No, no," said the Queen. "Sentence first—verdict afterward."

The pure French method again. Keep a man in banishment for five years, with occasional torture, and then bring him back and try him.

"Who cares for you?" said Alice. * * * "You're nothing but a pack of cards!" At this the whole pack rose up into the

air, and came flying down upon her: she gave a little scream, half of fright and half of anger, and tried to beat them off, and found herself lying on the bank with her head in the lap of her sister, who was gently brushing away some dead leaves that had fluttered down from the trees on to her face.

"Wake up, Alice, dear!" said her sister; "why, what a long sleep you've had!"

Will the whole French army prove to be a pack of cards, gaudy and flimsy and weak, and come fluttering down, harmless and helpless, around M. Labori? And if only Dreyfus—yes, if only the whole French people—could wake and find it all a dream.—New York Tribune.

WEARY OF EXPERIMENTING

When the kidneys are kept healthy and vigorous by the use of Dr. A. W. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills. It is uric acid left in the blood by defective kidneys that causes rheumatism. Dr. A. W. Chase's Kidney Liver Pills make the kidneys strong and active in their work of filtering the blood, and thus remove the causes of rheumatism. One pill a dose, 25 cents a box.

THE LATE COLONEL INGERSOL.

In an editorial on the death of Col. Robert G. Ingersol, the Greenville (S. C.) News says:

"When the war broke out his patriotism landed him into the colony of the Eleventh Illinois Cavalry. His regiment got down into Tennessee, in General Foret's tramping ground. His command was sent out on picket duty at a cross-roads where there were no Confederates, so far as Col. Ingersol knew, and he held the position with great skill until Forest had some use for that special road. He was surrounded or cut off, or something else happened for he suddenly found himself and his troops marching rapidly to Forest's headquarters under charge of a few squadrons of Confederate cavalry, under command of a mere youth, who wore the single star of a major. The genial humor of Ingersol was shown when he reached the headquarters of the Confederate troops. When asked who was in command of the Union troops, Ingersol said that he didn't know.

"You're a queer officer not to know who is in command of your forces," said the Confederate general.

"I was in command an hour ago," was the reply, but blamed if I know who is now."

"This incident satisfied the military ambition of Colonel Ingersol and he quit the service."

If you notice your child grinding the teeth during sleep, picking the nose, eating ravenously but not seeming to gain flesh, you may be sure worms are present and should not delay giving Dr. Low's Pleasant Worm Syrup. Price 25c.

A hen chasing a grasshopper on a slippery sidewalk has been one of the diverting sights that have encouraged my attention this week, remarks the man about town in the Portland Argus. She caught sight of the insect and made a dash for him in the funny headlong style a hen was has of running. But just as she reaching to grab him with her open mouth, the grasshopper vaulted lightly over her head, as much as to say, "Just as easy." The hen slid along a few feet with braced legs before she could stop and then turned and made another frenzied rush at the agile member of the locust family. But she had no better success than before. When the grasshopper had fooled biddy in this way for quite a while, he sprang off into an open lot, leaving the hen to scratch her nose and indulge in any reflections on the mutability of earthly things especially grasshoppers.

Children Cry for CASTORIA.

Ingraham Taylor, of Bonne Bay Nfld., was tried last Thursday on a charge of setting fire to a French lobster factory. He was found guilty and sentenced to 12 months in the penitentiary and two years banishment from the colony.

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MACHINERY of all kinds, SECOND HAND and NEW!

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

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All kinds of country produce sold on Commission. Quick sales and prompt returns. Highest market prices realized.

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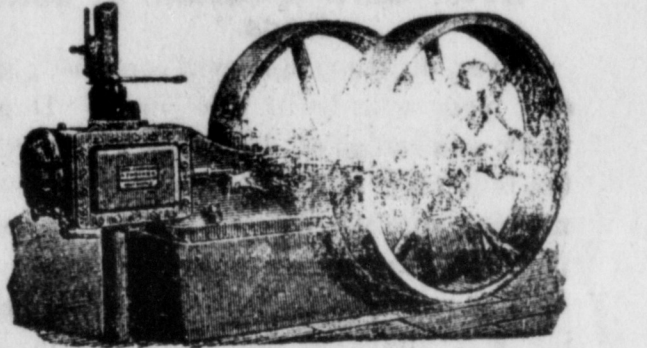
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Issuer of Marriage Licenses, ACCOUNTS COLLECTED AND PROCEEDS PROMPTLY PAID OVER. Commissioner of the Richibucto Court.

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