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COARSE SALT, in bulk and bags, DAIRY SALT,

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English House Coal.

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SHINGLES, DEALS, BOARDS AND SCANTLING,

PITCH-PINE, HARDWOOD, LATHS, etc.

Kingston, Kent County, N. B

Eczema Tortured A Child.

About three years ago I had to leave school with sore hands. My teacher said it was Salt Rheum or Eczema and told me to see the doctor.

Mother got some medicine, but it did me no good.

After I had suffered with the itching and burning about three months, mother thought she would try Burdock Blood Bitters.

I only took two bottles, when my hands got completely cured. —Emma Sheridan, Parry Sound, Ont.

THE PROFESSOR.

A LOVE AFFAIR OF OCTOBER AND MAY.

There was a hint of autumn in the woodland tints, where the colors shaded from softest gray green through russet tones to deepest red and brown, and the breeze that swept over the upland was suggestive of chilly October, but the golden spell of Indian summer lay on the valley touching the ripe peaches with an added bloom and wooing the late roses to unfold their fragrant hearts before it was too late to give their sweetness to the dying summer.

In the rectory orchard, under the shadow of the fruit laden trees, village lads and lassies hid and sought, and out in the meadow the children laughed and played and danced to the music of their own voices.

The professor stood at the outer edge of a circle of infant revelers, his spectacles pushed up on his broad forehead, his soft Homburg hat tilted forward to shield his eyes from the sun.

Gray eyes they were, with a keenness in them that was reflective and that lent them a clearer vision for things that time had set at a distance than for present realities.

The iron gray hair was brushed back and outlined features that were not unhandsome, though their sternness gave him a semblance of severity until he smiled.

When the professor smiled children understood that the tall figure with its inclination to stoop was not likely to prove aggressive, and that the learning contained in that massive frame could be put aside with the spectacles; also that the professor might have been young once before the weight of a laurel wreath had puckered his brows and powdered his hair with the frost that comes before winter.

"He was smiling now and looking with appreciative interest at the game in progress.

"Do you know what they are singing?" he asked the rector's wife.

Mrs. Errington detached herself from the urn to answer carelessly. "Nuts and May, isn't it?"

"The delightful irrelevance of childhood," pursued the professor, "the sublime faith in the impossible. 'Here we come gathering nuts and May—so early in the morning!' Not content with demanding their autumn and their spring at the same time, they must have it early in the morning, too; and the world at their feet, with youth to make them enjoy it. They have faith enough to remove mountains, but I am afraid the days of miracles are past."

Mrs. Errington's glance lingered on him for a moment and then he travelled to where a girl in a white dress stood under the trees that bordered the rectory garden.

"There is Evadne," she said; "how fresh and cool and sweet she looks. Don't you think so, professor?"

He adjusted his spectacles to give a conscientious answer.

"Miss Evadne is always pleasant to look at," he said, as he glanced with a painstaking air in her direction; "at this distance I do not see her so plainly as I could wish."

"And she is always pleasant to talk to," added Mrs. Errington; go and ask her if she would like some tea, professor."

He went obediently and the white figure moved to meet him, while the echo of the words, "cool and fresh and sweet" floated still in his ears.

"I am sent to ask you if you will have some tea," he said.

"Is that meant for an excuse or an apology?" asked Evadne demurely.

"Does my errand need either?" he questioned in return, with his usual gravity.

"You seemed to consider so," said she, "in which if you will not think me conceited, I will confess you are unusual. There are people, she continued, noting his puzzled air, "who come and talk to me without any errand at all—merely for the pleasure of the thing."

A little smile was playing around her mouth, and through her curved eyelashes the sparkle of her eyes meant mischief.

The professor pushed his spectacles up again; when people were close to him he could see better without assistance.

"There are people," he said, "who might venture to come to you on their own merits, Miss Eva. I am not one of those fortunate few."

"No?" she queried, lifting her eye brows, "yet your merits are by no means insignificant. They are public property, professor, and we are very proud of them down here. I have even"—she looked away from him—"felt a little alarmed at the thought of them sometimes and wondered whether we all seemed very stupid and dull to so learned a person as you."

"Stupid and dull." He echoed the words involuntarily, while he was thinking what a dainty outline the contour of her cheek and chin made—like a pink sea shell, and what a singularly sweet intonation he had!

"You agree that we are so," she said after an instant's offended silence. "You add candor to your other merits, professor, I see. Well, the school treat is over. I think I must be going homeward. Good evening."

She stretched out a small white hand. He took it and considered it for a moment.

"Do you go across the fields," he said, "or around by the road?"

"Across the fields—when I have some one with me."

"Should I count as some one, or am I too?"

"Too what—too candid?"

"Too old," he said thoughtfully.

She looked him up and down.

"I suppose that you are twice my age."

"More than that, I am sure."

"Has any one ever called you anything but professor?"

"My mother calls me John."

"Any one else?"

"No one, since I was a boy."

They were crossing the meadow now. In the distance Mrs. Errington waved a goodbye to them. They had forgotten about her.

"Which would you rather be—yourself at your age with your knowledge or an ignorant young person like me?"

She had taken off her hat and was dangling it by a ribbon from her arm. Her hair was all ruffled, and one little tress, with a glint of gold in it, kissed her cheek lovingly.

They had reached the stile, and he stopped to help her over it before he answered. Then he said:

"Miss Eva, do you think it is possible for anyone to gather nuts and May at the same time?"

"Yes, if they get up early enough in the morning."

"What difference does that make?"

"The difference of not leaving things till they are too late."

He was still holding her hand. She gave it to him at the stile, and apparently he had not remembered to give it back.

Her eyes were like stars, and there was a rose flush like day dawn on her cheeks.

"How is one to know whether it is too late or not?"

"I thought you know everything, professor. And you called me stupid and dull just now so my opinion can't be worth having."

"I called you stupid and dull? Do you know what I think you?"

"You think me a vain, frivolous girl?"

"I think you the most perfect thing on God's earth."

"Professor?"

"I have another name, Evadne."

"When you have quite done with my hand?"

"I shall never have quite done with it. I want it for my own."

"Such a useless, silly little hand?"

"Such a pink and white little hand, like a May blossom."

He lifted it to his lips, and they were silent for a moment.

"Evadne, is a miracle possible?"

"What would be a miracle?" she said softly.

He drew her with gentle insistence into his arms, and she raised hers and clasped them around his neck.

"This is one," he answered, "it is the impossible come true."

"It was never impossible," she murmured, "only—you were asleep and dreaming, John, and now—you are awake, and it is early in the morning."—Chicago Herald.

IF WE WANTED TO LIVE we could say there is no case of advanced consumption that Adamson's Botanic Cough Balsam will not cure. The truth is it cures coughs and thus prevents consumption. 25c. all Druggists.

One of the most dangerous and repulsive forms of Kidney Disease is

DROPSY

for which Dodd's Kidney Pills are the only certain cure. In Dropsy the Kidneys are actually *damned up*, and the water, which should be expelled in the form of urine, flows back and lodges in the cells of the flesh and puffs out the skin. Remove the filth which plugs up the drain. Restore the Kidneys to health. There is only one Kidney Medicine

DODD'S KIDNEY PILLS

NEW INVENTIONS.

Below will be found a list of patents recently granted by the Canadian and United States Governments through the agency of M. M. Marion & Marion, Solicitors of Patents and experts. New York Life Building, Montreal.

CANADA.

65,922—Messrs. Beauchamp and Laurendeau, Montreal, P. Q., Horse collar.

65,941—James H. Greenwood, Boissevain, Man., Automatic brake.

65,942—James H. Greenwood, Boissevain, Man., Mechanical brake.

65,981—James H. Greenwood, Boissevain, Man., Car coupler.

*66,000—Alexander Ross, Montreal, P. Q., Car ventilator.

65,990—Messrs. Rundle and Mason, Portage La Prairie, Man., Band cutter.

64,915—James Matthews, Acton West, Ont., Rein holder.

UNITED STATES.

642,580—George A. Robertson, Westmount, P. Q., Catch Basins.

642,541—Gottlieb Von Alma, Kilworth, Ont., Fruit pickers.

DECEPTION PRACTICED by Greedy and Profit-loving Merchants.

They Try to Foist Imitation Dyes on Their Customers when Diamond Dyes are Asked For.

One of the Ladies Who Could Not be Deceived

Wise women are never deceived by the untrue and deceptive statements of greedy and profit-loving merchants and dealers. When a storekeeper tells you that some other make of package dye is JUST AS GOOD as the "DIAMOND," he is surely trying to mislead and deceive you. Successful home dyeing depends upon the use of Diamond Dyes; the use of common dyes means spoiled materials every time. Read the following letter sent to the proprietors of Diamond Dyes by Mrs. A. E. Parker, of Clarence, N. S.:

"Please find money enclosed for Fast Black Diamond Dyes for Cotton. I can't get it here, but I am offered something JUST AS GOOD. The JUST AS GOOD may do for some people, but I want the 'Diamond Dyes' as they are the best made."

KILLED IN A MILL.

(Truro News, Feb. 8.)

A sad accident occurred at Wynn's saw mill, near Riversdale last Saturday afternoon, by which Patrick Whittr, aged 52, a native of Brigus, Conception Bay, Newfoundland, lost his life. He was at his usual work on the log brow, and came into the mill, and accidentally fell in front of the big circular saw. His arm was severed, and he was drawn into the saw, and his face and neck terribly cut, and nearly decapitated.

The steadily increasing demand for . . .

Dr. HARVEY'S SOUTHERN

RED PINE

shows that those who have been using it have told their friends how it gives

Immediate Relief

to the most Obstinate Coughs

and does not derange the digestion.

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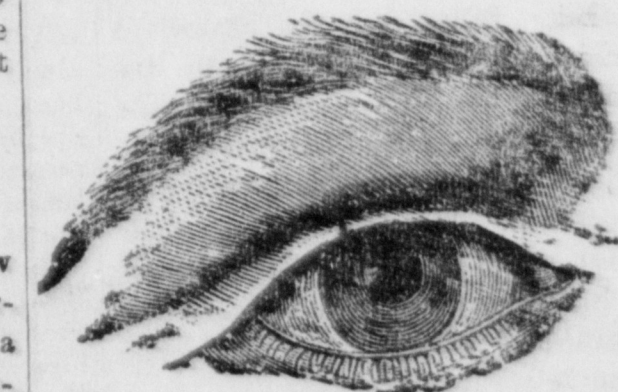
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THE REVIEW.

SCIENCE AT FAULT.

Hospitals said to be Incapable of Curing Bright's Disease.

Cave up Wm. Brownley, of 91 Cathedral St. Montreal, as Hopeless—He Fell Back on Dodd's Kidney Pills as a last Resort—Eleven Boxes Cured Him Completely.

MONTREAL, Feb. 12.—One is reminded how far medical science is from a complete mastery of disease by a case which has come to light in connection with the hospitals both of this country and of the United States. Mr. William Brownley had Bright's Disease and found that there was no way of curing this disease except by Dodd's Kidney Pills.

Mr. Brownley had suffered with Bright's Disease for twenty years. During most of that time he was constantly trying to effect a cure. He asserts that never did he find anything until he used Dodd's Kidney Pills that gave him anything more than mere temporary relief. Doctor after doctor had given him up; Bright's Disease was incurable. In search of relief Mr. Brownley states that he tried all the best hospitals in Canada and the United States in vain. The hospitals also considered Bright's Disease incurable. The hospital physicians were as helpless as the others.

But there is a cure for Bright's Disease, and Mr. Brownley discovered it at last. Dodd's Kidney Pills will cure Bright's Disease. This is an absolute and undeniable fact. There are thousands of people in Canada to prove it. There have been hundreds of signed statements to that effect published by those whom Dodd's Kidney Pills have cured.

Mr. Brownley of Montreal was cured by Dodd's Kidney Pills. It took eleven boxes to cure him perfectly. It took twenty years for the hospitals and doctors to declare him incurable. There is a significant lesson to be learned from this case of Mr. William Brownley of Montreal.

At Red Bank, Northumberland county, a few days ago, the store and dwelling of Daniel Sullivan were burned. The property was insured in the Commercial Union for \$2,000, and the stock for \$1,000.

THE SMALL POX TRAMP.

A Newcastle Advocate reporter has learned a little about the "Weary Willie" who is responsible for the existence of smallpox in this province. The tramp contracted the disease in some part of Quebec where it is prevalent. Like the majority of knights of the road, this tramp was hard to overcome, so hard in fact that the smallpox did not deter him from continuing his tramp. He went to Metapedia and ate a square meal at a farmer's house; he then walked to Petit Rocher, stopping at several houses enroute. The next heard of him was when he struck Gloucester Junction. The I. C. R. authorities there suspected that something was wrong with him and presented him with a ticket to Petit Rocher. He stayed all night in a tank at Petit Rocher and next day boarded a train, but was put off. He took the road and when he arrived at Little Metis he was placed in a box car and he is still there and likely to remain for some time. During his tramps he visited a house or rather a hut at Canobie Settlement where in lived seventeen people in one room and a loft. He said he was very cold and wanted something to eat. He took off his sock and shook it, and the smallpox scales which had been on his leg were scattered about the room. Out of the seventeen occupants of that house two are down with the smallpox and it is altogether likely the rest will soon be afflicted.

CASTORIA

For Infants and Children.

The famous signature of *Dr. H. Fletcher* is on every wrapper.

E. G. Siggers, Patent Lawyer, Washington, D. C., U. S. A., reports the following patents granted by the United States Patent Office, January 30, 1900, to Inventors residing in the Dominion of Canada. He will mail copy of specification and drawings of any patent upon receipt of 10 cents. (Postage stamps will not be accepted.)

ALWAYS KEEP ON HAND

Pain-Killer

THERE IS NO KIND OF PAIN OR ACHES, INTERNAL OR EXTERNAL, THAT PAIN-KILLER WILL NOT RELIEVE.

LOOK OUT FOR IMITATIONS AND SUBSTITUTES. THE GENUINE BOTTLE BEARS THE NAME.

PERRY DAVIS & SON.