

NOW! For Eggs!

Sheridan's CONDITION POWDER advertisement with logo and text: "Before eggs fall in price get all you can from your hens by feeding them."

A HOLIDAY BY THE NORTH SEA.

It is a far cry from Richibucto to Stonehaven but a few lines from the latter old world place may interest some readers of THE REVIEW especially any of them who hail from near Aberdeen.

Stonehaven is a quaint old fishing village about 15 miles south of Aberdeen. It nestles in a hollow close down by the sea. The old town with its narrow irregular streets and its red tiled houses is somewhat of a contrast to the nearer port built on the higher land behind.

There are no places of great historic interest in the town. Near it Malcolm I is said to have been buried. In a mound which was supposed to have been his grave some men in getting gravel for mending the roads came on a rough stone coffin with human bones in it.

As a place for a quiet holiday it is splendid. You get the fine bracing breezes from the North sea which invigorate and cool one in hot weather such as we have been having. Bathing can be freely indulged in. The beach is not one of the best, but it is fairly good.

Within easy reach of the town there are a number of places of interest. The roads are very good for cycling only there is a long hill to be climbed which ever way one goes.

The ruins of Dunottar castle are two miles south. They stand on a promontory which is almost surrounded by the sea. Before the invention of artillery the castle must have been almost impregnable but it was captured by Wallace.

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The position would be very irksome, but what must it have been when the bands were kept in position by having wedges driven in firmly with a mallet. This was one form of torture to which the unfortunates were subjected.

Her face was covered with red spots and a large boil formed on her cheek. I procured 2 bottles of B.B.B., and by the time she had finished them the spots and boil disappeared and she has got strong and fleshy again.

I consider B.B.B. the best blood medicine known.

this tombstone that Sir Walter Scott saw old Mortality at work renewing the lettering.

The castle was taken by Cromwell. The Scottish Regalia was in it, but it was saved from falling into Cromwell's hands by the wife of the minister of the neighbouring parish of Kineff.

Five miles to the north of Stonehaven is Muchalls, a coast guard station. There are a few houses but it is not much of a place, although I was assured by an old fisherman that it was "a very steering town."

If we go directly inland from Stonehaven for 8 miles we can look down onto Deeside so much loved by her late Majesty. A run of sixteen miles takes us to Banchory.

A little south and not directly inland we see Fordoun, Aschenblae and Drumtochty Glen. This is not the Drumtochty of Ian McLaren. Aschenblae is said to be the cleanest village in Scotland.

In a future letter I shall describe one or two of our cycle runs along the coast and up Deeside.

R. J.

QUESTIONS FOR WOMEN.

Are you weak, nervous, irritable, easily worried and fatigued? Do you dread your daily work and feel like letting your duties go undone? Dr. Chase's Nerve Food will restore your nervous system and send the thrill of new life and energy through the body.

FREDERICTON, Aug. 31.—A shooting accident occurred Thursday night on the Tobique river, whereby Richard Sisson, aged 20 years, of St. Elmo, Victoria county, received a bullet in his thigh from a gun which he had with him while boating on the Tobique.



Cresswell, March 28, 1901 The T. Milburn Co., Limited, Toronto, Ont.

Dear Sirs,—I write to say that I have used Burdock Blood Bitters with excellent results. Last spring my daughter got all run down and was very thin and weak.

Her face was covered with red spots and a large boil formed on her cheek. I procured 2 bottles of B.B.B., and by the time she had finished them the spots and boil disappeared and she has got strong and fleshy again.

I consider B.B.B. the best blood medicine known.

MRS. I. DAVIDSON.

W. C. T. U. COLUMN.

"And let us not be weary in well-doing for in due season we shall reap if we faint not."—Galatians 6: 9.

WHY BIG RICH JOINED THE TEMPERANCE SOCIETY.

Big Rich was a Trinity Bay man. Tall, stout and strong, in the full prime of life, with keen, honest eyes lighting up his handsome face, he looked the very type of a Newfoundland fisherman, and that speaks no mean man, be it said, in all the perfections of physical manhood.

Now, French Cove had for some years a flourishing Temperance Society; a Good Sons of Temperance Division, or a Not a Templar's Lodge, but just a simple Temperance and Mutual Improvement Society, supported among the people themselves, where from month to month the members met unseparated by thought, or word, or creed, or party, on the broad, open platform of temperance and mutual help.

HORN OR TWO OF GROG,

as a matter of course, when they went up the shore to Trinity to put off their fish at the merchant's, or when a new baby was christened, or a wedding or funeral made them merry or melancholy—no doubt, I say, these old stagers laughed and wondered at the queer notions and queer ways of the "temperance" folk as they called them, and prophesied a speedy end to the newfangled society. But they have been disappointed. It has increased from the ten or a dozen who met in the beginning in Uncle Bill Penny's old house, to the scores of members who now meet regularly in the school-house, and, in all the dignity of white regalia, march in annual procession around the harbour.

"HALF SEAS OVER,"

on the beach; and of how no one thought of spending Christmas without a supply of "the liquor," regularly fetched in well-filled jars from the neighbouring town. But, now, the man that brings a jar of liquor to French Cove, for his "Christmas," is half ashamed of being seen to carry it openly, and hides his "little brown jug" in a bread-bag, perhaps, or, at best, with a sort of sneaking bravado hurries his booty home. Now the drinking man may be easily counted, and one may pass over the beach, morning, noon, or night, at any season, without fear of molestation by some half-drunken reveller.

Not at once, however, did Big Rich join the Temperance Society. Somehow, quiet, steady man as he was, he held aloof, while very much of his acquaintances and members of his own family entered into the movement. One night, a little while after his admission, he told the story which substantially, I give in his own words:

"THE WAY I CAME TO JOIN

the Temperance Society, my friends," he said, "was this: Last spring, when the steamer Bear came into St. John's, after her first trip to the ice, myself and some more men of the crew said we'd go for a walk out of the town. So we went out one of the roads leading into the country, and after we had walked a good way from the town, we thought we'd go and see if there was anywhere near we could get liquor. Accordingly, we rapped at the door of a house near by, and asked the man of the house if he could tell us where to find a public-house.

"He looked at us, solemn like, and then

MILBURN'S HEART AND NERVE PILLS ARE A SURE CURE FOR

Nervousness, Sleeplessness, Nervous Prostration, Loss of Energy, Brain Fag, Faint and Dizzy Spells, Loss of Memory, Melancholia, Llistlessness, After Effects of La Grippe, Palpitation of the Heart, Anæmia, General Debility, and all troubles arising from a run-down system.

They will build you up, make rich red blood and give you vim and energy.

Price, 50c. per box, or three boxes for \$1.25, at druggists, or will be sent on receipt of price by The T. Milburn Co., Limited, Toronto, Ont.



he said: 'For the last three years I've been praying for the publicans and the drunkards.' And then, friends, he told us what he meant, and I'll never forget it, never. He said that a neighbour of his had a son, a fine, smart young man, but terribly fond of the drop. His father had tried his best to restrain him, but to no purpose—the young fellow loved the drink, and the drink he would have.

"Well, about three years before, the son, who had been away from home, returned, and, saying that he wanted to see some friends in town, he got a loan of the old man's horse, and rode away, promising to be home again before late. When the night came on the father sat in the house very anxious for his son's return. It got later and later, and still there was no sign of him, while the old man got more and more nervous, for fear that something was wrong. At last he heard the sound of a horse's tramp coming into the yard, and thought, anyway, his son was coming home.

"When he didn't come in, however, after several minutes he got alarmed and went out. There was the horse, sure enough, with the saddle on his back and the reins dragging, but his son was nowhere to be seen. The poor old man knew well enough now the truth he had all along feared—an accident had happened. So he called the man that was telling us, and they both went back over the road to look for the missing man.

"At last they found him, poor fellow, all in a heap by the side of the road. They didn't know at first but he was dead, but found when they moved him that he was still alive. He had fallen or had been thrown from the horse and was terribly hurt. The poor old father, in an agony of grief, went off for help and left the other man to stay with the son. 'That was a terrible thing,' says the man to us, 'to see that poor fellow in the state he was in, and to hear him was worse.'

"I'm lost, I'm lost," he'd say, 'I'm lost, I'm lost,' and then he begged me to open his jacket and take out a bottle of rum he had in it.

"Take it away, take it away," said he, 'I've got hell enough inside of me without having it outside, too.'

"And then before his father got back with help he was dead. Soon after this happened, the poor old man died, grief-stricken; and now you know why I said to you when you came in and asked for a public house that I had been for three years praying for the publicans and drunkards."

"Friends," said Big Rich, as he finished his speech, "I tell you we left that man's house feeling very different to what we did when we went in. We felt ashamed and guilty, and walked back to St. John's, talking quietly enough of the terrible story we had heard. How the others felt I don't know, but one thing I do know, and that is, that I never forgot it; and, friends, that's how I came to join the Temperance Society."

Reader mine, my story is done. It is a sad, sad story; all the more sad because the like of it happens oftener than we think. Safety lies only in sobriety—the man that drinks at all is in danger of all the consequences; all the more in danger because every man thinks that he, at least, is strong enough to resist it. Drink is doing its awful work in our country every day, and many a widow weeps, and many an orphan starves, and many a kindly, noble heart is ruined, that the publican's till may be filled and the publican's fortune made.

ook's Penetrating Plasters

GOING - - with a rush.

All those fashionable TWEEDS and SERGES are rapidly disappearing, and if you are in need of a suit you had better call and select, as our trade is increasing so rapidly that cloth does not stay with us long.

L. C. RILEY, Rexton. SIMON GRAHAM BUILDING.

Now in Stock:

- AYER'S SARSAPARILLA, AYER'S HAIR VIGOR, WAMPOLE'S EXTRACT, BEEF IRON & WINE, LEIBIG'S EXTRACT OF MEAT, HERBINE BITTERS, REFINED PARAFFINE WAX, CHALONER'S CROUP CURE, PINKHAM'S COMPOUND, SEIDLITZ'S NERVINE, SEIDLITZ POWDERS, ROYAL FOOT EASE for sore feet, ROCHELLE SALT, CATARRHOZONE and HEADACHE POWDERS

for sale low by

K. B. FORBES.

BARGAINS

AT THE White Store, REXTON.

SPRING GOODS.

- Men's Blue Serge Suits, from \$3.00 to \$6.00
Boys' Tweed Suits, assorted colors, 8 to 10 years, 2.25
Men's Pants, from 90c. to 1.25
Sateen Shirts, 45c. " 75c.
Flannel Shirts, 25c. each.
Underwear, all wool, 50c
and Boys' Spring Hats, straw and felt, all prices
and Women's Tanned Boots & Shoes, VERY LOW
Flannelette, 6 cts. per yard and upwards
Dress Goods, at greatly reduced prices.
Cotton Goods at a bargain
Flour, \$3.50, \$4.00 and \$4.50 per bbl.
Corn Meal, \$2.80 per bbl.
Molasses, 38c and 40c per gallon.
Granulated Sugar, 22 lbs. for \$1.00
Brown " 25 " " 1.00
Soap, "Happy Home," 10 lbs. for 25c.
Oatmeal, " " " 25c.
Barley, " " " 25c.
Cream Tartar, 30c per pound
Smoking Tobacco, 35c " "
Black Tobacco, 35c " "
Soda Biscuit, 7 cts. per lb
Baking Soda, 12 lbs. for 25c
Tea, 15, 20, 25 and 30c. per lb
Pickles, 2 bottles for 25c.
Ker. Oil, 22c. per gallon
Nails, all kinds, \$3.60 per keg
Table Cloths, 75 cts. each
Beans, 3 1/2 cts. per lb.
Corn and Peas, 3 cans for 25 cts.
Raisins, 10 cts. per lb.
Dried Ham, 10 cts. per lb.

A large quantity of CROCKERYWARE at wholesale prices. DRESS GOODS of all kinds at a bargain. Call and examine our goods and secure bargains.

The WHITE STORE, SOUTH END REXTON BRIDGE.

CHEAP SALE OF SUMMER GOODS.

Highest Price Paid for Produce.

GEO. F. ATKINSON,

REXTON, KENT CO.