#### THE REVIEW RICHIBUCTO N. F. AUGUST 28, 1902.



We have just received a complete stock of New Goods, consisting of Clothin Fancy Dry Goods and Groceries. The above stock is A 1 in quality and we inten to sell them at rock bottom prices. Please give us a call and we will try to satisf yeu. Prices are as follows :

### PRICE LIST OF CLOTHING.

- Men's Suits, from \$3.50 to \$10.00 Working Pants from 90c up Dress Pants, \$1.75 and up Youths' Suits, \$2.50 and up Boys' Suits, \$2.00 and up Boys' Pants, 40c and up Men's Waterproofs, \$2 75 and up
- Men's Underwear, 20: and up Topshirts, 40c and up Socks, 10c and up Handkerchiefs, 4c and up Fancy Leather Belts, 40c and up Fancy Ties, 10c and up.

#### PRICE LIST OF DRY COODS.

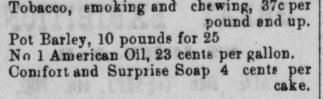
Ladies' Dress Goods, 20c and up Fancy Underwear, 15c and up Ladies' Wrappers, \$1.00 and up Hose, 10c and up Children's Hose, 8c and up Gingham, 7½c and up Fancy Prints, 6½c and up Muslin, 5c and up Grey Cotton, 4<sup>3</sup>/<sub>4</sub>c and up White Cotton, 6<sup>1</sup>/<sub>2</sub>c and up Bedspreads, 85c and up Badies' and Children's Gloves, 15c and up

Children's Underwear, 171c and up Tablecloths, 40c and up Silk for trimmings, 35c and up No. 1 Black Sateen, from 131c and up Ladies' Silver Watches, \$3.50 and up Good assortment of Jewelry at reduced prices. Tablespoons, 40c per doz, Forks, 40c per doz., Feaspoons, 25c. Linings, Trimmings for Dresses, Laces Embroidery, &c , &c., will be sold at reduced prices to suit the times.

#### PRICE LIST OF CROCERIES.

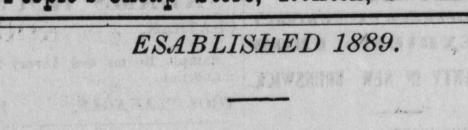
Porto Rico Molasses, No, 1, 43c per gal. Tobacco, emoking and chewing, 37c per Granulated Sugar, XXX standard, 22 lbs for \$1 26 lbs for \$1 . No. 1 Brown Sugar, 3 pound can of Beans for 10c Lobsters per can, flat, 12c Peas and Corn, 3 cans for 25c Cream Soda Biscuit, 2½ lbs fvr 22c Soda "6½c per pound. Tea, 15c per pound and up.

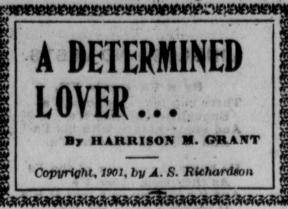
all the att in more and the



Creamtartar, 25c per pouud 5 lbs Raisins for 25c

The People's Cheap Store, Rexton, S. AIZANMA





There wasn't a doubt in the mind of Thomas Dingwell, backelor and farmer. that he would ultimately marry Lizzie Carter, schoolteacher and daughter of Uncle Ben and Aunt Mary Carter, his nearest neighbors. Although he had been courting her for three long years and had never actually asked for her hand, there wasn't a doubt in the mind of Lizzie Carter that she would some day be his wife. It was what folks call a slow courtship, and, though Lizzie's mother sometimes remarked that she would never have wasted three years of her time on any man, there was no real complaint until about the end of the third year. Then one evening as Uncle Ben was milking the cows Aunt Mary wandered down to the barnyard and sat down beside him on an upturned bushel measure and said:

"Benjamin, something's got to be done!"

"Good Lord, Mary, but you don't say so!" he gasped as he let up on the milking.

"Yes, sir; something's got to be done," she continued, with a grin on her face. "That Tom Dingwell has been hanging round here long enough, and our Lizzie has fooled away time enough, and now they've either got to get married or break up."

"Why, ma, how you talk! What's come over you all to once?"

"It's come over me that I don't want no more nonsense. It didn't take us but a year to get married, and why it should take Tom and Lizzie three times as long I can't make out. I've got a plan, and you've got to help me with it."

"Shoo! Shoo!"

"Never mind those flies. It's a plan to bring Tom to time or scare him away and let a better man come along. Now, Benjamin, you listen."

Uncle Ben leaned back on his milk stool and listened, and he was so interested that even when the old cow got tired of waiting and moved off he scarcely noticed her going. The talk lasted a quarter of an hour, and when

be mother had seen to that. There was a young man there, however, and, curiously enough, he had curly hair. and he was stuck up. He smoked cigarettes and spoke with a drawl. "Ah, yas! I suppose you are the fellow who has been hanging around

Miss Lizzie for the last three years. You needn't mind hanging any longer, you knaw. It gives me pleasure to inform you that I have won the dear girl's hand and heart and that we are to be wedded next month. Charming evening, I'm suah."

Tom stood there like a man turned to stone, and for a minute the quarreling of the hens on their roost sounded in his ears like the thunder of Niagara. He had lost Lizzie. She didn't want to see him, even for a last goodby, and Uncle Ben and Aunt Mary had no further use for him. As it al! surged up in his soul he turned, walked down the path and out of the gate and paused not as the stuck up young man called after him:

"Sorry, doncher knaw, but you were too slow about it. I'll tell the deah girl that you called."

Tom reached home intending to cut his head off with the ax or choke himself to death on an early turnip, but all of a sudden he began to get mad about it. He had been thrown down, and thrown bard, without notice, and he wouldn't stand it. Lizzie and everybody else knew that he intended to marry her after awhile-after the price of corn got above 45 cents-and no him.

Hardly conscious of what he was doing, he went to the barn and hitched the old bay mare to the forty dollar Ohio top carriage. Then he brushed the dust off his clothes, felt in his pockets to see if his \$2 was safe and, leaping into the vehicle, yelled "G'lang!" in a way that sent the staid old mare forward ten feet. She was on the gallop when she reached Uncle Ben's, and, without waiting to tie her, Tom sprang down and banged the gate open. Four people were on the piazza, and he came to the stuck up young man first, grabbed him by the legs and threw him into a bed of pinks. Uncle Ben started up with "What's this, 'Tom?" but Tom pushed him over his chair and sternly exclaimed:

"Don't dare to fool with a desperate man! Come on, Lizzie!" "Oh, Tom, what is it?" she asked.

# Was Pale, Weak **And Very Nervous**

Mrs. Benj. Hatfield, 77 Hillyard St., St. John, N.B., writes :-- "For three years I was a sufferer from extreme nervousness and female weakness. I was pale and weak, had no appetite and would sometimes faint two or three times a day. I underwent a very painful operation and for seven weeks was under the doctor's care but he seemed unable to help me.

Despairing of recovery, I took the ad-vice of a friend who told me that Dr. Chase's Nerve Food would build me up and make me strong and well again. I continued this treatment, using in all sixteen boxes, and believe that I am as strong and well as ever in my life. As a result I cannot say too much for Dr. Chase's Nerve Food. The testimonials I see for it are not half strong enough." 50c. a box, at all dealers or Edmanson, Bates & Co., Toronto. On every box of the genuine will be found portrait and signature of Dr. A. W. Chase.

# Dr. Chase's **Nerve Food**

#### Roman Charms.

Even the Romans were not without their charms. They hung little cases around the neck which contained a charm, generals not disdaining the same. Augustus thought it would bring man should step in and take her from him good luck to wear a piece of the sea calf and therefore never went without this talisman.

#### Hudson Bay.

Hudson bay is 1,100 miles in length and covers an area of 350,000 square miles.

#### The Horn of Bipon.

Ripon, Yorkshire, England, keeps up a custom 1,000 years old. Every night a "wakeman," attired in official costume, appears before the mayor's house and blows three solemn notes on the "horn of Ripon."

#### The Greenroom.

In the days of Queen Elizabeth it was customary to strew green rushes on the uncarpeted floor of the actors' retiring room in theaters; hence the term greenroom. Subsequently it was usual to decorate the walls with green CARDS.

5

# Commission Merchant.

All kinds of country produce sold one Commission. Quick sales and prompt so-turns. Highest market prices realized.

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# The Review

## RICHIBUCTO, NEW PRUNSWIK

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## FEAR OF THE FUTURE

Most people who dread the future are victims of some terrible disease. Mrs. W. Francis, 204 Colborne St., Kingston, was in a bad state with kidne : disease. She had life severe pains in back and legs, was grad ually losing flesh and felt a dread of the future. A miend recommended Dr. people were at church toppled over chim.

IV.

John Henry, the richest man in Carne. gie, Pa., was struck by a train and fatally injured. As he lay dying he offered

An earthquake at Skagway while the



TOM STOOD THERE LIKE & MAN TURNED TO STONE.

Aunt Mary had said her last word, accompanied by a thump of her fist and a "So, there, now!" Uncle Ben gazed at her admiringly and exclaimed:

"By gum, Mary, but what a woman you are to think up things!"

Two days later, as Tom Dingwell came over to the potato field where Uncle Ben was working and asked for the loan of a saw, he thought he saw a change in Lizzle's father. The greeting seemed cold and distant, and when he was called Mr. Dingwell instead of Tom his knees began to quake. He was too upset to ask for explanations, and as he went to the house to get the saw Aunt Mary bowed to him stiffly and said:

"It's hanging in the woodshed, Mr. Dingwell."

"W-what?" gasped Tom as another quake struck his knees.

well, and it looks as if all the crops ld turn out well."

"And it's pleasant weather, Mr. Ding-

"Come on, I say! You'll marry me or paper, and sometimes the rushes gave I'll chuck you into Woodchuck creek way to a carpet of green baize.

and drown you!" "But, Tom"-"Come on!

carriage, and, climbing in after her, he gave the old mare a cut and sent her | Testament-sixty-eight. along to Squire Joslyn's at a three minute gait. The squire was at home. Ten minutes later the knot was tied, and Tom was saying to his bride:

squirt has got anything to say they'll in large letters. find themselves locked in the smokehouse, and I'll be saying, 'Sorry, doncher knaw, but you were too slow about it!""

#### Like Father, Unlike Son.

The Lancet, the well known English medical weekly, has been inquiring into the question of the transmission of genius from father to son and bas found that the sons of great poets are generally dull dogs. Poetic fervor is evidently a spiritual flame that burns itself out in the generation wherein it is kindled. Indeed it often seems to burn out the very aptitude for paternity, or is it that the poet is generally teo poor to permit himself the delight of fatherhood? However it may be, many eminent English poets can never be accused of having "dull dogs" of sons because they never had any sons at all. Cowley, Butler, Otway, Prior, Congreve, Gay, Phillips, Savage, Thomson, Collins, Shenstone, Akenside, Goldsmith, Gray, Johnson and Keats all died without leaving offspring, and Pope, Swift, Watts and Cowper were never married. Dryden's, Addison's and Parnell's descendants did not pass into the second generation, and the descendants of Shakespeare and Milton became extinct in the second and third generations. Sir Walter Scott's baronetcy expired with his son.-Harper's Weekly.

Close Quarters For Washington. At the time, now some years ago, when subscriptions were being solicited for the erection of a statue in New York city to President Washington, says a contributor to Short Stories, a gentleman called to secure a contribution from an old resident, who, although wealthy, was a little "near."

On learning the object of the visit the rich man exclaimed: "Washington! Washington! Why,

Washington does not need a statue! I keep him enshrined in my heart!"

In vain were the visitor's solicitations, and he was naturally indignant DIARRHOFA DYSENTERY

The Longest Verse. The fourth verse of the twentieth And Tom almost carried her to the chapter of Revelation contains more words than any otker verse in the New

Well Tattooed.

Tattooed on the body of a man who lost his life in the southwest India "By gum, but I've got you, and you | docks were a crucifix, elephant, tombcan't get away! Now I'll take you | stone, dog, eagle, figures of Punch and home, and if your folks or that young Judy, cross flags and the word "Love"

#### A Noisy Escort.

The Abyssinian warriors always honor their king by a band escort of fortyfive trumpets wherever he goes.

## Soldiers as Gymnasts.

Every Japanese barrack has a gymnasium, and the Japanese soldiers rank among the best gymnasts in the world. In half a minute they can scale a fourteen foot wall by simply bounding on each other's shoulders, one man supporting two or three others.

## Women's Masks.

In 1580 black masks were worn in public by ladies of all ranks. The mask was held in place by ribbons passed behind the ears or by a glass button held between the teeth.

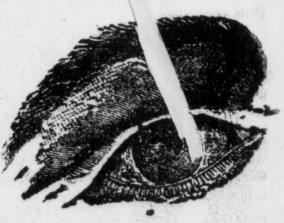
#### Burton

Robert Burton published the "Anatomy of Melancholy" at forty-five. It was written to relieve the strain of a mind bordering on insanity.





Merchants with an



to Business Advertise in THE REVIEW

the Scientific American, died last week. ) Two sizes, 25c. and 50c. on the plazza, but she wasn't there. de stahs."-Lippincott's Magazine
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