

# A Dollar Saved is a Dollar Made.

How to do it is to purchase your Goods at the People's Cheap Store, Rexton.

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

### PRICE LIST OF CLOTHING.

Men's Suits, from \$3.50 to \$10.00	Men's Underwear, 20c and up
" Working Pants from 90c up	" Topsirts, 40c and up
" Dress Pants, \$1.75 and up	" Socks, 10c and up
Youths' Suits, \$2.50 and up	" Handkerchiefs, 4c and up
Boys' Suits, \$2.00 and up	" Fancy Leather Belts, 40c and up
Boys' Pants, 40c and up	" Fancy Ties, 10c and up.
Men's Waterproofs, \$2.75 and up	

### PRICE LIST OF DRY GOODS.

Ladies' Dress Goods, 20c and up	Children's Underwear, 17 1/2c and up
" Fancy Underwear, 15c and up	Tablecloths, 40c and up
" Ladies' Wrappers, \$1.00 and up	Silk for trimmings, 35c and up
" Hose, 10c and up	No. 1 Black Sateen, from 13 1/2c and up
Children's Hose, 8c and up	Ladies' Silver Watches, \$3.50 and up
Gingham, 7 1/2c and up	Good assortment of Jewelry at reduced prices.
Fancy Prints, 6 1/2c and up	Tablespoons, 40c per doz, Forks, 40c per doz., Teaspoons, 25c.
Muslin, 5c and up	Linings, Trimmings for Dresses, Laces
Grey Cotton, 4 1/2c and up	Embroidery, &c, &c., will be sold at reduced prices to suit the times.
White Cotton, 6 1/2c and up	
Bedspreads, 85c and up	
Babies' and Children's Gloves, 15c and up	

### PRICE LIST OF GROCERIES.

Porto Rico Molasses, No. 1, 43c per gal.	Tobacco, smoking and chewing, 37c per pound and up.
Granulated Sugar, XXX standard, 22 lbs for \$1	Pot Barley, 10 pounds for 25
No. 1 Brown Sugar, 26 lbs for \$1	No 1 American Oil, 23 cents per gallon.
3 pound can of Beans for 10c	Comfort and Surprise Soap 4 cents per cake.
Lobsters per can, flat, 12c	
Peas and Corn, 3 cans for 25c	
Cream Soda Biscuit, 2 1/2 lbs for 22c	Creamtartar, 25c per pound
Soda " " 6 1/2c per pound.	5 lbs Raisins for 25c
Tea, 15c per pound and up.	

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

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# The Review

RICHIBUCTO, NEW BRUNSWICK

Published every Thursday at 1.00 per year in advance; \$1.50 if not paid within three months.

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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 kidney disease. She had severe pains in back and legs, was gradually losing flesh and felt a dread of the future. A friend recommended Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills and the result was a complete cure. There is no medicine more reliable, none so certain to produce a thorough cure. One pill a dose, 25 cents a box.

The Mexican city of Atlatla, on the Pacific coast, has been destroyed by a tidal wave, and at least thirty people drowned. Other places suffered severely.

Lord Hopetoun, who retired from the Governorship of Australia, declares he did not resign, but that things were made so unpleasant he was called by the Imperial authorities.

Sault Ste Marie, Mich., is to have a big factory to manufacture white metal from Canadian ore.

George M. Hopkins, of New York City, aged sixty years, a member of the staff of the Scientific American, died last week.

John Henry, the richest man in Carnegie, Pa., was struck by a train and fatally injured. As he lay dying he offered \$100,000 to anyone who would save his life.

An earthquake at Skagway while the people were at church toppled over chimneys and broke crockery, and the water of the Lynn Canal rose five feet, subsiding as suddenly, damaging several boats.

John Lufkin, a hostler in Gloucester, Mass., hanged himself in his stable there Friday afternoon.

You May Need

## Pain-Killer

For Cuts Burns Bruises Cramps Diarrhoea All Bowel Complaints

It is a sure, safe and quick remedy. There's only one PAIN-KILLER. FERRY'S PAIN-KILLER. Two sizes, 50c and 60c.

## A DETERMINED LOVER...

By HARRISON M. GRANT

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There wasn't a doubt in the mind of Thomas Dingwell, bachelor 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 up-turned 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



TOM STOOD THERE LIKE A 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 Lizzie'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.

"And it's pleasant weather, Mr. Dingwell, and it looks as if all the crops would turn out well."

"Mr. Dingwell" swallowed a lump in his throat and hurried away. He had some queer thoughts as he crossed the fields and climbed the rail fences. It took him two hours to arrange his thoughts on a string and reach a conclusion, and that conclusion was:

"By gum, but the old folks want Lizzie to throw me over and marry some stuck up feller with curly hair!"

The more he thought of it the more firm was his conviction, and he finally became so upset over it that he had to knock off work and sit on the fence and chew straws. He was hard hit and full of trouble, but he proposed to lie game. In other words, he proposed to marry Lizzie if he had to walk over the dead bodies of forty stuck up young men and set a barn or two on fire to give Chemung county fair warning. An hour after dark he appeared at Uncle Ben's with his Sunday clothes on. He expected to find Lizzie seated on the piazza, but she wasn't there.

the 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, yes! 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 know. 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 quarrelling 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 goodbye, and Uncle Ben and Aunt Mary had no further use for him. As it all 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 know, but you were too slow about it. I'll tell the dear 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 hard, 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 man should step in and take her from 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.

"Come on, I say! You'll marry me or I'll chuck you into Woodchuck creek and drown you!"

"But, Tom--"

"Come on!"

And Tom almost carried her to the carriage, and, climbing in after her, he gave the old mare a cut and sent her 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:

"By gum, but I've got you, and you can't get away! Now I'll take you home, and if your folks or that young squirt has got anything to say they'll find themselves locked in the smoke-house, and I'll be saying, 'Sorry, doncher know, 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 has 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 poetry, or is it that the poet is generally too 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 at the parsimony of the millionaire.

"Well, Mr. R.," he remarked quietly as he rose to leave, "all I can say is that if the Father of His Country is in the position in which you describe him he is in a tight place!"

### "Venus" In Disgrace

A woman in Summerville who was the possessor of a solitary but beautiful piece of statuary was one evening giving a party. Shortly before the guests arrived she looked through the rooms to see that everything was in order. Missing the "Venus" from its accustomed place, "Lee," she asked of the old butler, "where's my piece of statuary?"

"Miss Weeny, you mean, ma'am?" answered Lee, looking obstinate.

"Yes, the 'Venus.' Where is it?"

"Well, Miss Margrit, ma'am, I jes' thought as gentlemen was expected dis evenin' I'd better set Miss Weeny under de stahs."--Lippincott's Magazine

## 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 advice 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 Edmondson, 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 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 Ripon.

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 paper, and sometimes the rushes gave way to a carpet of green burlap.

### The Longest Verse.

The fourth verse of the twentieth chapter of Revelation contains more words than any other verse in the New Testament--sixty-eight.

### Well Tattooed.

Tattooed on the body of a man who lost his life in the southwest India docks were a crucifix, elephant, tombstone, dog, eagle, figures of Punch and Judy, cross flags and the word "Love" in large letters.

### A Noisy Escort.

The Abyssinian warriors always honor their king by a band escort of forty-five 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.



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