

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, 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
- 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, 20c 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 GOODS.

- 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, 7c and up
- Fancy Prints, 6c and up
- Muslin, 5c and up
- Grey Cotton, 4c and up
- White Cotton, 6c and up
- Bedspreads, 85c and up
- Babies' and Children's Gloves, 15c and up
- Children's Underwear, 17c and up
- Tablecloths, 40c and up
- Silk for trimmings, 30c and up
- No. 1 Black Sateen, from 13c and up
- Ladies' Silver Watches, \$3.50 and up
- Good assortment of Jewelry at reduced prices. Tablespoons, 40c per doz., Forks, 40c per doz., Teaspoons, 25c.
- Linings, Trimmings for Dresses, Laces, Embroidery, &c., &c., will be sold at reduced prices to suit the times.

PRICE LIST OF GROCERIES.

- Porto Rico Molasses, No. 1, 43c per gal.
- Granulated Sugar, XXX standard, 22 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, 24 lbs for 22c
- Soda, 6c per pound.
- Tea, 15c per pound and up.
- Tobacco, smoking and chewing, 27c per pound and up.
- Pot Barley, 10 pounds for 25c
- No. 1 American Oil, 23 cents per gallon.
- Comfort and Surprise Soap 4 cents per cake.
- Creamtartar, 25c per pound
- 5 lbs Raisins for 25c

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

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- Invitations, executed with neatness and despatch.

THE AGE OF BRAIN WORK

"In these days, half our diseases come from the neglect of the body in the over-work of the brain. In this railway age the wear and tear of labor and intellect go on without pause or self pity. We live longer than our forefathers but we suffer more. They fatigued only the muscles, we exhaust the finer strength of the nerves." Dr. Chase's Nerve Food is the greatest medicine of this age because it is best suited to the needs of the present day. It restores and revitalizes wasted nerve cells and makes the pale, weak and exhausted strong and healthy and vigorous.

She—What a lovely piano, and it's for my birthday. What did it cost?
 He—Five hundred dollars.
 She—Gracious! How lovely!
 He—Yes and I only owe four hundred and ninety on it.
 George—Do you know, Bill, dat every boy hez a chance ter be de Premier of Canada?
 Billy (thoughtfully)—Well, I'll sell my chance fer 10 cents.

The Whole Story in a letter:

Pain-Killer

From Capt. F. Loye, Police Station No. 6, Montreal: "We frequently use FERRY DAVIS' Pain-Killer for pains in the stomach, rheumatism, all kinds of fruit bites, chilblains, cramps, and all afflictions which befall men in our position. I have no hesitation in saying that FERRY DAVIS' is the best remedy to have near at hand."
 Used Internally and Externally.
 Two Sizes, 25c. and 50c. bottles.

HER DENIAL

By Ruby Douglas

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"Do you know what I'm going to deny myself this Lent, Harry?" asked Lois Burruss on Quinquagesima Sunday.

Harry Norval, to whom she addressed her question, had been with her almost constantly during the past few months and was very much in love.

"I'm sure I don't know; some silly thing, I suppose," answered Harry, who was not in the best of moods.

They had been walking on Riverside drive, and she had persisted in carrying on a frivolous conversation all afternoon. In vain he had endeavored to bring her to a serious frame of mind so that he might tell her what he had been thinking of for months.

"You should be the last one to call it silly," she replied, laughing and brushing back the soft auburn locks the wind blew about her face. "I don't think it silly."

"Lois, I wish"—
 "I told you to call me Miss Burruss, Lois is so undignified, and I'm quite grown up now, if you please, Mr. Norval."

Grown up; yes, she was, if 5 feet 6 inches may be considered as such.

"Won't you be serious? You know I've called you Lois ever since—well, always, and I'm not—"

"Aren't you going to guess what I'm giving up?" she interrupted. She knew what he wanted to say and was determined he should not have an opportunity.

"No; I'm not."
 "Please guess; just once," she pleaded.

"Don't be cross." And she looked up into his face in a dangerous way. She knew the effect her eyes had on him.

"Candy, then. All girls do that," he replied crossly. A frown gathered on his handsome face as he realized how he had always to do what she wanted.

"Nothing so sweet. Guess again."
 "Pingpong."

"No, silly, but something equally nice to play with," she said saucily.

"It must be I, then," he answered, looking straight ahead of him.

"Correct. I shall give you up all through Lent. You must not come to



"REMEMBER, NOT UNTIL EASTER," SHE SAID.

see me once, and if we meet on the street you must simply say, 'How do you do, Miss Burruss?' in the most distant manner possible, your most perfect society style. Now, am I not self-sacrificing?"

They were almost at her home.
 "Lois, you're joking. I'm not the one who is keeping Lent. I refuse to be a party to any such thing."

"Oh, but you must. I've made up my mind, and I absolutely forbid you to come to see me until Easter Sunday."
 "You may as well say doomsday. Look here, Lois, I—"

"I know you are, and so am I just as hungry as I can be. Come in, and I'll make you the nicest Welsh rabbit you ever tasted. It will be our last, you know, until Easter."

He went in with her in the hope that they might steal a minute alone together and he perhaps persuade her to give up this Lenten notion. Forty days would seem an eternity to him, and he would hate Lent and everything pertaining thereto all the rest of his days.

But if Harry Norval had hoped for a tete-a-tete he was mistaken. Lois easily outmaneuvered him, as there were other young people at the house. His heart went down to the bottom of his patent leathers and remained there all evening.

"Remember, not until Easter," she said as he took her hand to go.
 "Really?" he asked earnestly as he pressed the little hand in his. "I can't, I—"

But he could not finish. The others claimed her attention.

After he had gone Lois felt tempted to call him back and retract her words. She began to see that the ordeal would be harder than she had expected. Forty days without the jolly little theater parties and walks and talks! But for his sake she held to her purpose. He gave her so much, and she—she did not know how much she was ready to give in return. The days of absence would teach her.

A large fragrant bunch of violets which came on Ash Wednesday morn-

ing was the only reminder she had of him.

Her guild work in the church and a little extra charitable work kept her time well occupied, but she never forgot to count the days until she would see Harry Norval.

Lois went to church on Easter morning, pretty and fresh in her new spring frock and the indispensable bonnet, but it was not of them or of the sermon that her thoughts were occupied. She was happily anticipating the events of the afternoon.

Would he come then or would he punish her and wait until evening? That was the question she asked herself over and over again.

The Burruss doorbell sounded many times that afternoon, but each time Lois' heart was doomed to sink again to its normal condition. No Harry Norval appeared. Even the evening did not bring him.

Lois tried to tell herself she did not care. Other men came, and she talked and laughed, but at the first opportunity she crept away to her room. From a drawer she took a withered bunch of violets which, had they not been past reviving, would have come to life with the tears which fell upon them.

Perhaps, she thought, he might be out of the city, for she had heard nothing of him all through Lent.

It was with a heavy heart that she dressed Monday morning to go to the church. She was one of the altar guild and had to take the flowers used on Easter to the hospital to cheer the patients in the general wards.

The nurses at the parish hospital knew her and were always glad to see her sweet, smiling face.

"What lovely flowers this morning, Miss Lois," said Miss Shelly, a nurse who met her in a lower corridor.

"Yes; aren't the lilies perfect? They are from the altar."

"May I have just one for my patient? He is not in the general ward, but he seems lonely, poor boy. His friends, if he has any, do not know he is ill. He talked of a sweetheart when his fever was highest, but she has not been to see him." She took a waxlike lily from the bunch. "Come over to the front room on floor 3 when you are up there, and if he is awake you may see him and cheer him up."

"I'll be only too glad to."

Lois went about the wards speaking to the various nurses and leaving flowers with them for the invalids. Miss Shelly met her just outside her patient's room and said she could come right in.

"Mr. Norval," began the nurse as they stepped into the fresh little room. "I have—"

But she got no further. Her patient stretched out his thin white hands to Lois and was kissing the little ones she put in them.

"Harry," was all Lois could say as she sat down beside him.

When Miss Shelly, seeing the situation, went out on a pretense of getting water for the lily, Harry Norval took his visitor's hands in his again and said: "Have I kept Lent to your satisfaction now, dear? May I say I love you now?"

Miss Shelly lost her patient soon after Easter.

CLASS DISTINCTIONS.

They Go Almost Down to the Very Bottom of Society.

Some sort of class feeling is, we believe, inherent in human nature. People often speak as though these demarcations existed only among the middle and upper classes, but such is not the fact. Indeed it is very far from the fact. No more misleading labels than "the masses" and "the masses" were ever invented. There are no masses, rightly speaking. Class distinctions go almost down to the bottom—not quite, of course, because there is always a residuum who through their fault or their misfortune have neither the pride nor the imagination to sort themselves.

Money is not an absolute criterion of social position. Character, in so far as it is reflected in propriety of behavior, counts for a great deal. A rowdy family sink directly, though they may have money to waste, and a respectable widow may retain her superiority in the face of grinding poverty. The acme of good manners, the very badge of gentility, is to be "quiet," never to let the sound of mirth, quarrelling or lamentation proceed out of your dwelling.

This sign of social distinction is appreciated down to the very bottom. On the upper rungs of the social ladder we should say that those social distinctions which can be defined at all rest upon birth, money and brains. Among the poor they rest upon money and manners, and the latter, alas, are, below a certain wage, woefully dependent upon the former.

Jonah and the Whale.

There is nothing in the original texts of the Bible to show that the creature which we are told swallowed Jonah was really the same animal we call a "whale" in this day and age of the world. The word translated into both the Septuagint and the New Testament was the Greek word "Katos," which means simply a sea monster, and this word was the one used by our Lord in his reference to the account of Jonah's exploit. So far, therefore, as the Hebrew or Greek words are concerned, the monster may have been a shark, a sea serpent or some other uncanny denizen of the deep.

Hence there is nothing incredible in the statement that Jonah, upon being thrown into the sea, was quickly overtaken by some water monster and swallowed without suffering mutilation. To Biblical students it is a well known fact that a vessel sailing from Joppa to any Spanish port must pass through a section swarming with a species of shark called a "sea dog." The sea dog has a throat large enough to swallow fair sized men.

Apply This Test To Your Nerves

Study these symptoms. They are for your guidance. You may not have them all, but if you have any of them your nervous system is not up to the mark, and a little extra expenditure of nerve force may bring the dreadful downfall.

Intolerance of motion, noise and light; twitching of the muscles of the face and eyelids; fatiguing sleep, sudden startings and jerking of the limbs; dizziness and flashes of light before the eyes; irritability and restlessness in every part of the body; headache, indigestion, feelings of weariness and depression, and loss of interest in the affairs of life.

So long as the daily expenditure of nerve force is greater than the daily income, physical bankruptcy is certain to result sooner or later. Nerve force must be increased, and this can best be accomplished by the use of Dr. Chase's Nerve Food, because it contains concentrated form the very elements of nature which go directly to form nervous energy. 50 cents a box, all dealers, or Ednanson, Bates & Co., Toronto.

Dr. Chase's Nerve Food

The Czar has a larger number of physicians in attendance than any other sovereign in the world. There are no fewer than twenty-four, and, needless to add, they are selected from among the most celebrated doctors in Russia. There is first a physician-in-chief, then come ten honorary physicians, and four honorary surgeons, two oculists, a chiropodist, and an honorary chiropodist, two court physicians, and three specialists for the Czarina.

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A FORCED SALE.

Frith's Purchase of His Own Portrait Painted by Himself.

Here is the astonishing history of one of Frith's own portraits painted by himself. The celebrated R. A. had entirely forgotten its existence until a friend entered his studio one morning and asserted that a capital picture of himself was on view in a small shop in Great Portland street. "It's not a bit like what you are now," observed the friend, "but it may have resembled you some years ago. Go and look at it."

Mr. Frith went and found his own image after an estrangement of forty-five years. He determined to buy it, though he had not the faintest recollection of having painted it. "Ah, a portrait!" said Frith to the woman in charge of the shop after he had pretended to examine several other works. "Whose likeness is that?" "That," said the lady, "is a portrait of the celebrated artist, Frith, painted by himself." "Why, he must be an elderly man," put in the artist. The woman remarked that he was young once. "Humph!" quoth the genial W. P. F. "Not much of a picture."

To this the woman demurred and asked £20 for the canvas. It was Frith's turn to appear surprised. "Well," replied the shopkeeper without moving a muscle, "it cost us nearly as much. We shall make a very small profit. You see, it is very valuable because the artist is deceased." "Deceased?" exclaimed the astonished painter. "Dead, do you mean?" "Yes, sir; died of drink. My husband attended the funeral."

Frith bought the picture, but did not revive for some time.



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