

RAILWAYS.

INTER-COLONIAL RAILWAY. 1894. SUMMER ARRANGEMENT. 1894. On and after MONDAY, the 25th of June, 1894, the trains of this Railway will run daily (Sunday excepted) as follows:

WILL LEAVE KENT JUNCTION. Accommodation for Moncton, St. John and Halifax, 11.57. Accommodation for Campbellton, 12.48. WILL LEAVE HARBOUR. Through express for St. John and Halifax, (Monday excepted), 4.01. Accommodation for Campbellton, 12.20. Through Express for Campbellton, Quebec, Montreal, 20.56.

BUCTOUCE AND MONCTON RAILWAY. TIM & TABLE. To take effect Saturday, June 30, 1894. EASTERN STANDARD TIME.

Table with columns: STATIONS, No. 1, No. 2. Rows include Moncton, Lewisville, Humphrey's, Irishton, Cape Breton, Scotch Settlement, McDonald's, Notre Dame, Cocagne, St. Anthony, Little River, BUCTOUCE.

No. 1 Train connects with I. C. R. train for Halifax at 10.00, and with trains for Campbellton and St. John leaving Moncton at 10.20 and 10.40 respectively. No. 2 Train connects with I. C. R. train from Halifax at 10.00, and with trains leaving St. John at 7.00, and Campbellton at 5.30.

KENT NORTHERN RAILWAY. TIME TABLE. 10.00 Dept. Richibucto, Arr. 15.00. 10.15 Kingston, 14.46. 10.28 Mill Creek, 14.33. 10.45 Grumble Road, 14.16. 10.51 Molas River, 14.09. 11.15 McMinn's Mills, 13.45. 11.30 Arr. Kent Junction, Dept. 13.30.

Hotels. Hotel Stanley, KING SQUARE, ST. JOHN, N. B. J. M. FOWLER, PROPRIETOR. HOTEL WATER HEATING THROUGH-OUT.

GRAND ANSE HOTEL, GRAND ANSE, GLOUCESTER CO., N. B. This house is but a short distance from Grand Anse Station on the Caraquet Railway, and possesses unsurpassed advantages as a watering place.

QUEEN HOTEL, FREDERICTON, N. B. First-class Livery Stables in connection. J. A. EDWARDS, PROPRIETOR.

BRUNSWICK HOUSE, (Opposite Railway Station.) ROGERSVILLE, N. B. Open Day and Night. Sample Rooms on premises. Baggage carried and from Station. M. O'BRIEN, PROPRIETOR.

ADAMS HOUSE, CHATHAM, N. B. Sample Rooms and Livery Stable in connection. THOS. FLANAGAN, PROPRIETOR.

VICTORIA HOTEL, King Street, ST. JOHN, N. B. D. W. McORMICK, PROPRIETOR.

BELMONT HOTEL, SAINT JOHN, N. B. (Directly opposite N. B. and L. C. R. Stations.) J. SIME, PROPRIETOR.

NEW VICTORIA HOTEL

248 to 252 Prince William St., St. John, N. B. F. L. McCOSKERY, Proprietor. A few minutes walk from steamboat landing. Street cars for and from all railway stations and steamboat landings pass this hotel every five minutes.

INTERCOLONIAL HOTEL.

OPPOSITE I. C. R. STATION. SACKVILLE, N. B. FIRST CLASS LIVERY IN CONNECTION.

TERRACE HOTEL.

AMHERST, N. S. Large and well lighted Sample Rooms in centre of Town formerly occupied by Lamy Hotel.

KENT HOTEL, Richibucto, N. B.

JEO. A. IRVING, Proprietor. CENTRALLY SITUATED. Good Sample Rooms. Newly Furnished. Free hack attends all trains.

LeBlanc Hotel, Moncton, N. B.

Duke St., Opposite Post Office. P. E. LeBLANC, Proprietor. Good Stabling in connection.

Leonard Hotel, AND DINING ROOMS, Opposite Masonic Hall, Chatham, N. B.

Permanent and Transient Boarders accommodated on reasonable terms. P. G. EVANS, MANAGER. Moncton, N. B., June 27th, 1894.

COMMERCIAL HOTEL, MAIN STREET, MONCTON, N. B., Nos. 107 to 119.

Reopened, refurnished in elegant style, hot and cold water baths. Next to Post Office, in the most central situation in the city; electric bells and electric lights. The table will be supplied with all the delicacies of the season, and from past experience as a customer I hope to merit a large share of the Commercial trade for which the house is well suited. P. GALLAGHER, Proprietor.

CLIFTON HOUSE, CENTRALLY SITUATED.

J. M. McLEOD, Proprietor. DALHOUSIE, N. B. Terms Moderate. Pleasant Location. Free Coach to and from all trains.

KENT NORTHERN HOTEL, KINGSTON, KENT CO., N. B.

RICHARD HERBERT, Proprietor. Passengers and Baggage taken to and from the Station free of charge. Fine Sample Room and Livery Stable in connection.

Hotel Brunswick, MONCTON, N. B.

The largest and best Hotel in the City. Accommodating 200 Guests, situated in the centre of spacious grounds and surrounded by elegant shade trees, making it especially desirable for tourists in the summer season. GEO McWEENEY, Proprietor.

ROYAL HOTEL, KINGSTON, KENT CO., N. B.

This house is newly and comfortably furnished. Special attention to Commercial Travellers. Free Hack to and from all trains. JAS. CONWAY, Proprietor.

Waverly Hotel, NEWCASTLE, N. B.

The Subscriber has thoroughly fitted up and newly furnished the rooms of the well known McKen house, Newcastle, and is prepared to receive and accommodate transient guests. A good table and pleasant rooms provided. Sample rooms if required. R. H. Gremley's teams will attend all trains and boats in connection with this house. JOHN McKEEN.

ASK YOUR DRUGGIST FOR MILLER'S EMULSION OF PURE NORWEGIAN

COD LIVER OIL WITH HYPOPHOSPHITES, LIME & SODA. Palatable as cream. No oily taste like others. In big bottles, 50c and \$1.00.

ONONDAGA RITES.

New York Indians Dancing With Tomahawks and in War Paint and Feathers.

The turtle dance, though it is part of the religious service of these pagans, is a much more horrible affair than are the pleasure dances. The pleasure dance may be held in the evening, and it is always in the ordinary dress of the participants; but the turtle dance is in full war costume and paint. Some of the Indians were scarcely to be recognized in their hideousness.

Da-you-ar-guan-dah, the council-house keeper, who was seen a short time before carrying lemonade to the preacher, and who seemed to be the most harmonious of an Indian, was terrible in his feathers and paint and flourishing a tomahawk in a manner too frightful for a description.

The dancers formed in a ring around a bench in the center of the council-house. On the bench, sitting astride, were the two musicians, facing each other, and who opened the organ by starting their part of the exercises.

The music consisted of pounding upon the bench with turtle shells, containing a quantity of dried corn and fitted with handles for the more convenient use of the musicians.

Then the dance began by the warriors shuffling slowly along, beating time at first slowly, with their tomahawked feet, and then faster and faster as the music grew faster. Their contortions were horrible, and some of them occasionally assumed tableaux of the most hideous character, as if engaged in mortal combat.

The warrior who wore his white shirt hanging outside of the lower white garment and with seigh bells tied around his legs, with a wolf's tail artistically attached at its proper place, made an attack upon Spreading Path, the terrible, and was about to receive the latter's tomahawk, when the scene changed and two lives were saved.

The dance was led by Chief Harlequin, the Spear, sometimes called Charle Lyon, and the bravo who could not do it in the step of the orgie was not present.

The scene became more and more terrible, and towards the close of the half hour that the turtle dance continued, the perspiration dropped from the disfigured faces, mixed with the red stains of the chokeberry juice, and fell like great drops of blood on the floor of the council-house.

When the dance had been some time in progress, some of the women joined in, but not in the violent way of the men, and some of the old men, in their everyday clothes, also joined in with reverent spirit and tottering tread, while the painted and belchered young braves put in the telling figures.

There were few steps at the close of the song in which the dancers were able to catch their breath, but the orgie was resumed in a very short time with renewed activity.

At the close the fantastic dancers rushed out of doors and dashed down the road and out of sight, nobody seemed to know just where, and were not seen again until they came around later in the day dressed like everyday Indians, as though nothing had happened. —Syracuse Herald.

Irish Channel Dam.

A stupendous scheme has recently been seriously suggested for the utilization in British waters of the energy of ocean currents for the purpose of distribution of power and light by means of electricity to centers of population at distances up to hundreds of miles from the source.

This is nothing less than the proposition to dam the Irish channel at the Mull or Cantine, where the distance between the Scotch and the Irish shores is only 15 miles, and where the energy of the current from the north is, so far as human requirements go, infinite—in that, it would have to be expressed in scores of millions of horse-power.

That this proposition is being regarded with some degree of seriousness may be gathered from the fact that a series of hydrographic surveys of the bottom of the channel has been made and chart-prepared of the coasts and of the highlands on both sides, from which materials might conveniently be got for building the dam.

The report of an engineer detailed for the purpose is to the effect that there are no engineering difficulties in the way; by which is meant that, given the means to proceed, it is a possible thing to do, and is, compared, for instance, with the erection of the Brooklyn Bridge, a piece of work requiring merely enough brute force.—Popular Science Monthly.

Whether Are We Drifting?

"We have come—and we are surely fast coming—to the point," says The New York Evangelist, "where we shall be forced to stop and ask ourselves, What is the meaning of the enormous wealth in possession of successful men? What is its function? What its power? And rightly to answer we must be able to answer the converse questions. What are the meaning, the functions, the power of poverty? Our Lord, we know, chose to enter life as a poor man; that He might understand the sorrows of the poor, we say. No doubt; but was that the only reason? St. Francis of Assisi thought not. He imitated him in voluntary poverty, for the sake, not of its limitations, but its freedom; he chose to be poor in order that being utterly without the cares and pre-occupations of wealth, or of earning and spending, he might be free, not only to serve, but also to enjoy; free to give his time, his labor, his thoughts, his love, to those in need, but also free to delight in the world of God's and ours; the splendor of the grass and glory of the flower, the companionship of birds and beasts, the peace of summer nights, and the joyous elixir of wintry days; free also to live within his own heart, and meet God there. With all the boasted freedom of our country, and our time, there are few, indeed, who have this liberty today."

Buffeted.

The angular man with the drooping red mustache pressed his hand to his forehead. "World against me," he groaned. "Looking neither to the right nor the left he tottered across the crowded ball room. Great drops of perspiration slid upon his neck and his collar was a sight to behold." —Tribune.

ALEXANDER DUMAS AT SEVENTY.

His Home in the Avenue de Villiers—Love for His Father—Personal Characteristics.

Prose-writers in the Avenue de Villiers, Paris, near the home of M. Munkeby, the Hungarian artist, may often see a tall, stately man, with a piece of statury under his arm, step up to the gate of one of the palaces and press an electric button. The man's features are bronzed, and little like those of the



A Long Time on the Way.

typical Frenchman. His hair is thick and white; his mustaches are like those of a Southern soldier; his nose is long and powerful, and his figure is well set. The people all stop to look at and greet him, for all Paris knows the man—Alexander Dumas the Younger, who a few days ago celebrated the seventieth anniversary of his birth. It is seldom that Dumas returns to his home without a new addition to his gallery of paintings or sculpture. He prides himself on his knowledge of art than on his novels and comedies. Only recently he had a part of his garden covered that he might find place for his collections. Dumas the Elder took more pride in his knowledge of cookery than in writing "The Three Musketeers," and the grandfather preferred people to wonder at his athletic powers than to admire his talents as an army leader.

The wealthy propriety of the Avenue de Villiers palace was born in an attic room of Paris, whose principal piece of furniture was a writing desk, on July 22, 1824. His father was then only twenty years old, and still a secretary of the Duke of Orleans, a place secured for him by his father, the old General Alexandre Dumas, the Marquis de la Paillette, who had gone to an early grave as the result of confinement in Neapolitan prisons. But the occupant of the attic room, who was one day to make the name glorious, had renounced the noble title and called himself plain Dumas, for it was plain in those distant days. Never blood, as is well known, circulated in their veins, as the mother of the old general had been a native of Havre.

The home to which young Alexandre Dumas came was not a happy one, and the father soon deserted the mother, leaving her and the boy to fight along for themselves. This desertion and this struggle and the love for his mother, his only parent, influenced most of Dumas' writings in later years, long after he had come to wealth, honors and distinction. When only seventeen years old, at the College Bourbon, young Dumas made his literary debut in a volume of poetry entitled "Youthful Sims." But to one seemed startled by his debut, or by several novels which he wrote later on. He had an ability to make debts at that time more pronounced than his ability to produce books for which the public craved—following in money matters the footsteps of his father. He soon owed 50,000 francs. To help overtake the burden, he became a reporter on one of the Paris papers, and chronicled the news of the French capital from day to day.

On one of his "assignments" Dumas met a woman of the half-world known as Marie Duplessis. He became interested in the poor creature and decided to immortalize her in a book. He went to St. Germain, hired a little room in one of the inns for which he paid twenty francs a day. In three weeks he had finished the novel "La Dame aux Camélias," which has made his name undying. That was in 1848; his triumph was immediate, and it was a triumph which no other book that he has written has brought him.

In the last few years Dumas has been silent, since the appearance of "Denise" and "Francillon." The "Clemenceau Case," which caused the world to talk, was simply an adaptation for the theatre of his novel written thirty odd years ago.

Dumas is one of the few Frenchmen who speak German and read German literature. Years ago he published a criticism of Goethe's "Faust," which made him many enemies and subjected him to severe treatment from many critics for a time. But he disavowed it later, practically.

Dumas is a hard worker and spends several hours daily in study, surrounded by his books and paintings. He is usually dressed in a Russian morning "gown" presented to him by his friend, M. de Zichy, the private painter to the Czar, from whom he also possesses two paintings, "The Farewell of Two Lovers" and a scene from "The Clemenceau Case." These are among his favorites.

The relations between Dumas and his father, after the reconciliation had taken place, are among the most beautiful in literary history. And Alexander the Younger, although to-day an old man, still refers to his father with the homage of a child. In the recent edition of "The Three Musketeers," he wrote, among other things, the following, addressed to his father's spirit: "Wherever thou mayst be, my words will reach thee; for in the last twenty-three years in which we have been separated, no day has gone by on which I do not think of thee, my best friend, and I never the less, my dearest friend, and I had been able to forget thee, a thousand voices would have recalled thee daily to my memory."

VAS MARRIAGE A FAILURE.

Vas marriage a failure? Vell, now, dot de ponds. Altogether on how you look at it, mine friends. Like those double-horse teams dot you see at der races. It depends pooty moosh on der pair in der traces.

Eef they don't pull togedder right off at der start. Ten times oud't off nine they vas beddher apart.

Vas marriage a failure? Der vote vas in doubt. Those dot's oud't would be in, those dot's in would be oud't. Der man put oxberience, good look and dash Gets a wife mit some five hundred dousand in cash.

Budd, after der honeymoon, where vas der honey? She haf der oxberience—haf der money.

Vas marriage a failure? Eef dot vas der case Vas vas to become off der whole human race? Vot you dink dot der oidt "Pilgrim fathers" would say. Dot came in der Sunflower to oidt Plymouth Bay.

To see der fine country der peoples haf got. Und then hear diem ask soch conondrums as dot?

Vas marriage a failure? Shust go, ere you tell To dot Bunker Mon Hillumant, vder Varren fell? Dink Washington, Franklin and "Honest Old Abe."

They vas all been around since dot first lymoth labe. I vas only a Deutscher, budt I dells you vot I believ, every dime, in soch "failures" as dot.

Vas marriage a failure? I ask my Katrine. Und she look off me so dot I feels pooty mean. Dhen she say: "Meester, Strauss, shust come here, eef you please."

Und she dake me vhere Yawcob und leedle Loweeze. By der door trundle bed vas shust saying chere prayer.

Und she say, mit a smile: "Vas dhere some failures dhere?" CHARLES FOLLEN ADAMS.

A Long Time on the Way.



Mrs. Badlong—Did you have a good sermon this morning? Miss Badlong—Very good; but some-what disappointing.

Mrs. Badlong—What was the text, dear? Miss Badlong—"Behold! the bride-groom cometh."

Mistaken in His Man.

He sauntered dejectedly into a drug store, bought a cigar, lighted it, and then inquired mysteriously of the clerk: "How much strychnine does it take to kill—"

"I don't know and wouldn't tell you if I did," interrupted the clerk.

"How much do you sell for a dose?" persisted the stranger.

"We never sell strychnine without a prescription from some physician we know," answered the clerk.

Then he went to the telephone, rang up three figures, said a few cabalistic words, and returned to the counter. The sad man was quietly smoking his cigar. He took it out of his mouth to ask: "How much is arsenic a grain?"

At that moment a policeman entered the store hastily.

"Where is he?" he asked, breathlessly. "There," said the clerk, pointing to the smoker, who was the only person in the store; "he didn't get any poison from me."

"You come along," said the policeman; "you can't kill yourself here, my man!" "Rats," said the dejected customer, winking at the policeman.

"Why didn't you say so before," said the clerk; "and not go and put one to sc much trouble? I thought you was a suicide, sure."

Coming Across Lots.



Reginald.—There is one thing I can never get over—your turning my love into jest. Rosamond.—There is one thing I can never get over—a barbed wire fence.

Only One.

Merchant—I shall advance your salary fifty dollars this year. You have been remarkably correct and careful for the last twelve months. Haven't made a single mistake, have you? Bookkeeper—Only one. Merchant—What was that? Bookkeeper—I thought I should get a raise of a hundred at least.

The Last Resort.

Managing Editor—Have you written that bunch of funny paragraphs, Mr. Sadman? Subordinate.—Not yet—I can't think of anything. Managing Editor.—Then write an editorial on "The Decline of Canadian Humor"—you've got to earn your salary, somehow!

No Soap.

Helen Hyler.—I suppose you had to tell a lot of girls this year that you would be a brother to them? Jack Lever.—Not much! I have three real sisters of my own; and I know what being a brother means.

How to Make It Go.

Miss Cutting.—You ought to have your poem set to music, Mr. Rimes. Rimes.—Why? Miss Cutting.—In a song, no one pays any attention to the words.

A Contemplative Season.

Tatterton Torne.—How are yer goin' ter spend de Winter, Raggsey? Weary Raggles.—Plannin' out next Summer's loaf.

LEGAL.

CITATION.

NEW BRUNSWICK, COUNTY OF KENT.

{ L. S. } To the Sheriff of the County of Kent, or any constable within the said county, Greeting:

WHEREAS William Brait, of Kingston, in the said County of Kent, merchant, David Palmer, of the same place, hotel keeper, and Hugh H. McLean, of the City of Saint John, barrister-at-law, have, by their petition, prayed that the will of William Cail, late of Kingston, aforesaid, deceased, may be proved in solemn form in this Court.

You are, therefore, required to cite the next of kin of the said deceased, namely: John Cail, of Kingston, in the County of Kent, gentleman, aged about eighty-three years; Edward Cail, of Stockford, in the State of California, in the United States of America, farmer, aged about sixty-four years; Joseph Cail, of Mill Branch, in said County of Kent, farmer, aged about sixty years; James Cail, of same place, farmer, aged about fifty-eight years—all of whom are brothers of deceased; Elizabeth Sullivan, widow of the late William Sullivan, of Pine Ridge, in said County of Kent, aged about seventy years; a sister of deceased.

And the following nephews and nieces of deceased: John Cail, of Trout Brook, in said County of Kent, millman, aged about forty-five years; George Cail, of same place, farmer, aged about forty-three years; Thomas Cail, of same place, millman, aged about forty years; Jonathan Cail, of same place, farmer, aged about thirty-eight years; Jane Livingston, wife of D. Livingston, of same place, aged about forty-seven years; Lizzie Mitchell, wife of R. Mitchell, of South Branch, in said County of Kent, aged about thirty-seven years; Christabel Livingston, wife of John Livingston, of Trout Brook, in said County of Kent, aged about thirty-five years; Margaret Little, wife of James Little, of West Branch, in said County of Kent, aged about thirty-three years; Jessie McRae, wife of George McRae, of Trout Brook, in said County of Kent, aged about thirty-one years; Aggie Young, wife of Fred Young, of Trout Brook aforesaid, aged about twenty-seven years; (they being the children of the late Thomas Cail, who was a brother of deceased William Cail); James S. Hannay, of Brandon, in the Province of Manitoba, policeman, aged about forty-four; Edward Hannay, of Kingston, aforesaid, trader, aged about thirty-three years; John Hannay, of same place, laborer, aged about forty years; Christabel McArthur, wife of William McArthur, of same place, aged about forty-six years; Mary Bailey, wife of Leslie Bailey, of Brandon, in the Province of Manitoba, aged about thirty-eight years; Bessie Hudson, wife of George Hudson, of Kingston, aforesaid, aged about thirty-one years; Louise McGarrity, wife of John McGarrity, of the City of Saint John, in said Province of New Brunswick, aged about twenty-nine years; (they being the children of Christabel Hannay, now deceased, who was a sister of the deceased William Cail); Thomas Cail, of Pine Ridge, in said County of Kent, farmer, aged about thirty-five years; Phoebe Dyke, wife of James Dyke, whose residence is unknown, aged about thirty-two years; Sarah Cail, of Pine Ridge, aforesaid, spinster, aged about thirty years; John Cail, of same place, farmer, aged about forty-two years; Christabel Shorley, wife of Matthew Shorley, of Harcourt, in said County of Kent, aged about forty-seven years; Jane Wellwood, wife of Robert Wellwood, of same place, aged about forty-five years; Mary Cail, of Pine Ridge, aforesaid, spinster, aged about forty-one years; James Cail, of same place, farmer, aged about thirty-eight years; William Cail, of Lynn, in the State of Massachusetts, in the United States of America, laborer, aged about thirty-six years; (they being the children of Jonathan Cail, now deceased, who was a brother of the deceased William Cail); John Cail, of West Branch, in the County of Kent, aforesaid, farmer, aged about forty-five years; Lizzie Robertson, wife of James Robertson, of same place, aged about forty-three years; Jane Hannay, widow of the late David Hannay, of Kingston, aforesaid, aged about forty-one years; Hannah Warren, wife of Eben Warren, of Harcourt, aforesaid, aged about thirty-nine years; Sarah Mitchell, wife of R. Mitchell, of Kingston, aforesaid, aged about thirty-five years; Thomas E. Cail, of Kingston, aforesaid, farmer, aged about thirty-three years; and Jessie Gesner, wife of Isaac Gesner, of Greatbrook, in the State of Maine, in the United States of America, aged about thirty-one years; (they being the children of the late George Cail, who was a brother of the deceased William Cail).

You will also cite George Edward Cail, of Kingston, aforesaid, the heir of said deceased. And also William Brait, of Kingston, aforesaid, merchant, David Palmer, of the same place, hotel keeper, and Hugh H. McLean, of the City of Saint John, barrister-at-law, the said Petitioners and the Executors of said will, and all others interested in the said will, or in the estate of the said deceased. And they and every one of them are hereby cited to be and appear before me, at a Court of Probate, at the office of the Registrar of Probates at Richibucto, in the said County of Kent, on Tuesday, the sixteenth day of October next, at four o'clock in the afternoon, to attend the proving of the said will of the said deceased in solemn form. Given under my hand and the seal of the said Probate Court at Richibucto in the County of Kent, the seventh day of July, A. D., 1894.

(Sgd) HENRY H. JAMES, Judge of Probate, County of Kent. (Sgd) C. RICHARDSON, Registrar of Probates, County of Kent.

TEACHERS WANTED.

Trained French teachers for vacancies in Madawaska County. Apply to F. B. McAGHER, Inspector, Grand Falls, N. B.