

## INTER-CLONIAL RAILWAY.

1895. SUMMER ARRANGEMENT. 1895

On and after MONDAY, the 9th September, 1895 the trains of this Railway will run daily (Sunday excepted) as follows:

WILL LEAVE KENT JUNCTION.  
Accommodation for Moncton, St. John and Halifax, 12.22  
Accommodation for Campbellton, 13.13

WILL LEAVE HARCOURT.  
Through express for St. John and Halifax, (Monday excepted), 5.23  
Accommodation for Campbellton, 12.43  
Accommodation for Moncton, St. John and Halifax, 13.05  
Through Express for Campbellton, Quebec, Montreal, 20.46

All trains are run by Eastern Standard Time.

D. POTTINGER,  
General Manager.  
Railway Office,  
Moncton, N. B., 6th September, 1895.

## MONCTON AND BUCTOUCHE RAILWAY.

SUMMER TIME TABLE.

In Effect Monday, June 24th, 1895 EASTERN STANDARD TIME.

STATIONS.	Distance.	NO. 1.	NO. 2.
MONCTON		Ar. 10.00	Lv. 15.00
Lewisville	1	9.56	15.04
Humphrey's	2	9.52	15.08
right town	3	9.48	15.12
Cape Breton	10	9.32	15.28
Scott Settlement	12	9.09	15.48
McDougal's	15	8.58	15.60
Notre Dame	18	8.42	15.76
Beaconsfield	20	8.37	15.80
St. Anthony	24	8.21	15.95
Little River	26	8.05	16.48
BUCTOUCHE	32	Ar. 7.50	Ar. 17.00

No. 1 Train connects with I. C. R. train for Halifax at Humphrey's, and with trains for Campbellton and St. John leaving Moncton at 10.20 and 10.30 respectively.

No. 2 Train connects with I. C. R. train from Halifax at Humphrey's at 15.00, and with trains leaving St. John at 7.00, and Campbellton at 5.25. Trains run daily Sunday excepted.

E. G. EVANS, MANAGER.  
Moncton, N. B., June 24th, 1895.

## 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	Molus River,	14.09
11.15	McMinn's Mills,	13.45
11.30	Arr. Kent Junction, Dept.	13.30

Trains are run by Eastern Standard time.

Trains run daily, Sunday excepted.  
Connect with I. C. R. accommodation trains north and south.

WILMOT BROWN,  
General Manager and Lessee.  
Richibucto, Dec. 7, 1893.

## For Sale or To Let!

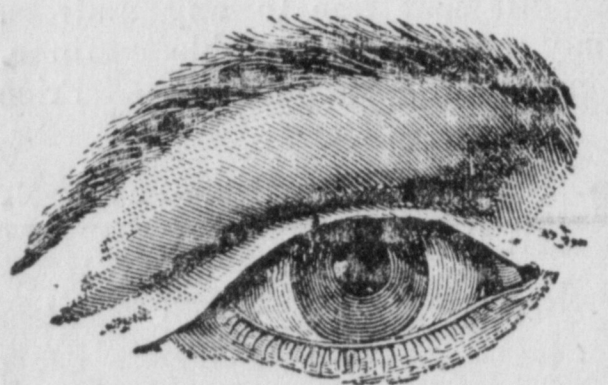
The Noble premises, so called, in the town of Richibucto, lately occupied by R. B. Noble. Barn and outbuildings and half acre land attached.

Possession immediately.  
For particulars apply to  
R. B. NOBLE, 41 Simcoe St.,  
Toronto.

or ROBERT BEERS, Richibucto.

## Merchants

## with an



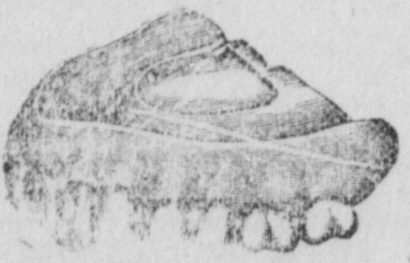
## to Business

## Advertise

## in

## THE REVIEW.

DRS SOMERS &amp; DOHERTY,



## DENTISTS.

Office—Y. M. C. A. building, Moncton.  
References—New York College of Dental Surgery, and University of Pennsylvania.

Visits will be made to Kent County every month. Harcourt on 16th, 17th and 18th. Kingston on 19th, 20th, 21st and 22nd. Buctouche on 23rd and 24th.

## "THOUGHTFUL JIM."

His Part in a Gold Mine Boom of an Earlier Day.

For a week or more "Thoughtful Jim" of Strawberry Hill, had been unusually thoughtful. He was a quiet, thoughtful man when he came to us. Even when working the hardest he had a far-away look in his eyes and his mind seemed to be somewhere else. A dozen or more of us had a talk about him one night, and after an hour's discussion Elder Watkins arose and said—

"While I'd rather have a feller around who breaks out and cusses and cracks his heels together occasionally, I ain't agin a thoughtful man. If Jim wants to sit and think instead of talkin' let him think and be hanged to him."

That was the general feeling for some months, but when it came to pass that "Thoughtful Jim" spent nine-tenths of his time sitting around on the rocks with his chin on his hands, while his partner was doing all the work, that partner felt he had a right to complain. He did complain, and as a result a committee waited on the delinquent and the chairman said: "Jim Bailey, this ain't no country for a thoughtful man."

"No?" queries Jim, looking off down the valley in a dreamy way.

"When a feller has so many things to think of that he has to sit down and let his partner do all the work it looks bad."

"Yes," says Jim, never raising his eyes to look around him.

"The boys is apt to suspect that he killed his mother, burned an orphan asylum or tore down a meetin' house back in the States. Mebbe he's stole hosses or robbed banks, or went around murderin' innocent babies, and his mind can't rest."

"Mebbe so," whispers Jim, though he didn't appear to realize he was speaking.

"And them same boys," continued the chairman, "is also apt to remark that the aforesaid thoughtful critter, who has did all these crimes, had better stop his thinks and go to work to pack his duds and dig out! There ar' thorts and thorts. We don't know what your thorts ar', but I've tried to make it plain that we don't like the situashun."

If Jim heard the words he did not reply to them. He sat there for an hour or more, never turning his gaze away from the valley leading down to San Francisco. At length he rose up, walked over to his shanty and packed his stuff, and presently he started off without a word to any of us, and without stopping to ask for his share of the dust under the stones of the fire place. He went off down the valley, head and eyes down and looking neither to the right nor the left, and after watching him for a while Elder Watkins shook his head in a solemn way and solemnly observed:

"Boys, I'm glad on it! When a critter jumps up and down and yells and hollers and cusses, it's plain English and ye kin understand it, but when he sits down and looks away off and thinks and thinks and keeps his thorts to hisself how on airth ar' ye goin' to size him up?"

We were in touch with 'Frisco. We knew all about mining stock and had more or less dealings in them. One day, amonth after "Thoughtful Jim" left us, shares in the "Golconda" appeared in the market. It was reported to be a mountain of gold. 'Frisco went wild over it. Shares of the face value of \$25 jumped to \$70, \$80, \$90 and \$100 inside of a week. Men fought to buy them at any price, and out at Strawberry Hill we naked and scamped and gathered up our last dollar to buy at \$130. We could have sold at \$138, but we wanted more. One day we were offered \$150 a share by a chap who said he wanted to get a controlling interest, but Elder Watkins solemnly shook his head and replied:

"Stranger, it would be flyin' in the face of Providence to take less than \$800 a sheer, and I hope you won't offer that."

Next day those shares couldn't have been sold for a cent a piece. "Golconda" had busted. It was only a mine on paper. We sent a man down to 'Frisco to investigate. Everybody had been bitten, for the thing had been beautifully worked. The man at the head of it was our "Thoughtful Jim," and the day before the crash came he took passage for New York and carried half a million dollars with him. When our man returned and reported a public meeting was called. It was attended by "many tax payers," every one of whom was dead broke and hungry. Nobody knew just what ought to be said or done on such a sorrowful occasion. Some wanted to "Whereas" and some wanted to "Resolve," but Elder Watkins got up on the head of a barrel and waved his hands for silence and said:

"It don't seem necessary to string out this funeral purshun more'n half a mile, nor to stand around the grave more'n half an hour! We hev been did up and busted. We hev bin cut down as a flower. We had a thoughtful man in this camp, which his name was "Thoughtful Jim." We driv him out because we argued that a thoughtful man was no good. While we was workin' with our hands he was workin' with his head. While we was a-thinkin' he had killed his mother he was a-thinkin' how to make a scoop. We orter knowed better, but we didn't. We orter knowed that when a critter sots down and thinks and thinks and thorts sunthin' has to bust, but we took the wrong trail. We ar' busted. We ar' reduced. We ar' flat-broke. That ain't nuthin' more to be said. Let's adjourn the meetin' and hunt fur mush-rooms and roots!"—Detroit Free Press.

## How Statues are Made.

Charles Caverley, N. A., the sculptor, stood in his studio the other day. Before him was a skeleton, a gruesome-looking object but one faithfully produced.

"What's that?" asked a visitor, pointing to the clay.

"That," said Mr. Caverley, "is to be a statue of Burns."

"But why don't you make the poet?" inquired the visitor. "What's the use of making skeletons?" Mr. Caverley said, "all statues are built up that way. First the skeleton is modelled, then the muscles are put on, and lastly the clothes."

The visitor apologized for his ignorance, and incidentally remarked that he'd bet that nine men out of ten would think as he did.

## Comments of Her Relatives.

Penelope—Sharley called last night.

Justine—That's twice in a week, isn't it?

Penelope—Yes.

Justine—I suppose he'll come three times in the next week?

Penelope—That's what brother says.

Justine—And five times the next?

Penelope—That's what sister says.

Justine—And six times the next?

Penelope—That's what aunty says.

Justine—And seven times the next?

Penelope—That's what papa says.

Justine—And then what?

Penelope—Then we'll get married; that's what everybody says.

Justine—And then what?

Penelope—Then I won't see him any more of an evening; that's what mamma says.—Brooklyn Life.

## OSCULATORY EXERCISES.

Every Variety of Osculation May be Witnessed When a Big Steamer Comes In.

Right or wrong, everybody likes to see kissing—that is, everybody who isn't soiled on life. The sight is equal to the act, but nevertheless it is a cheering sight. There are places in this city where every variety of osculatory salutation can be witnessed several times a week.

It is on the pier when some big ocean steamship comes in that this delicious drama is played. This is the time of the year when those who have been doing Europe hie themselves homeward, and when their brothers and other fellows' brothers, their husbands, sisters and friends gather on the pier to welcome them, and finding language inadequate, do just what Adam and Eve would have done under similar circumstances.

The end of the pier is packed with as happy an aggregation of mortals as can be found anywhere. Out in midstream is the big, black hulled steamer. Nearly everybody on the pier is going to kiss somebody on the steamer, and vice versa, and in most instances the exchange will not be limited. Pleasurable expectancy makes everybody good natured. The crowd doesn't mind having its toes trod upon or its elbows jostled.

Pushed and pulled by panting little tugs the ocean leviathan, itself powerless and unyielding, crawls toward the pier. At length she gets near enough for recognitions to be exchanged. Handkerchiefs are waved frantically. Kisses are wafted across the intervening space. Greetings are hurled from shore to ship and from ship to shore. Everybody is in a tight place, but nobody can keep still. Women on pier and on steamer jump and clap their hands ecstatically.

It takes an awful long time to get the big steamship snug alongside of the pier. It is deliciously tantalizing to those who are impatiently waiting to rush into one another's arms. But it gives the mere spectator, who has no such reason for impatience, time to observe that there are some stunning girls on board that steamship. The glow of health is on their cheeks and the light of love in their eyes, and they look their prettiest because in the excitement they forget themselves entirely. The breeze toys with bangs, whisk vells aside and sets their hair adrift. But their eyes are on "Tom," or "Harry," or "Charley," on the pier and they are oblivious to such trifles. They won't be so tomorrow; they will be just like other girls then, but now they are different and that very difference makes them so attractive, and makes you wish that you were "Tom" or "Harry," or "Charley."

The steamship is made fast to the pier at last, the pudgy tugs scurry off in search of others, the gangplank is swung out, and the race to get the first kiss begins.

A man starts in the lead; he is halfway down when a puff of wind lifts his hat; he pauses to clutch it and loses the race. A superb brunette, with hat securely moored, darts by, and in another moment is embraced by stalwart arms, and two spirits having "these moments" the touching of the lips. Nor do they mind who sees it, and the spectator looks on without compunctions of conscience.

In a moment the osculatory engagement becomes general. It is kisses to right of you and kisses to left of you. You can't see them all, can't see one-tenth of them, but the regret vanishes when you recollect that it will be practically repeated two or three times a week for a month to come, so that you can come again and see what you missed the first time, because nature limits you to one pair of eyes.

All the world loves a lover—or ought to—and naturally the kisses which lovers exchange interest one most. There is something about them—the look which accompanies them, the blush which acknowledges them—by which they are recognized and classified. But perish the thought that they are the only kind of kisses worth seeing. There are old men, with the snow of winter on his head but eternal spring in his heart, kisses a white-haired lady. And the way he does it and the way she receives it and returns it tells a story of mutual devotion and loyalty that has stood the test of two score years or more, and makes you feel like taking off your hat.

There are kisses between mothers and their children, and brothers and sisters, and girls and girls—sweet and wholesome to look on, and sufficient in themselves to make a philanthropist revise his miserable philosophy and acknowledge that there is genuine happiness in this world and much to make life worth living.

Osculation continues unrestrained for half an hour or more. There is contagion about it. It makes you feel like kissing somebody yourself. It almost prompts you to go up to some girl and say, "Pardon me, but I am a stranger here and there is no one to kiss me. Don't you feel sorry, and won't you try to console me?"

But the rules of polite society forbid it, and, if they didn't, "Tom," or "Charley," or "Harry" would have something to say that wouldn't be a bit pleasant.

## Faith, Hope, Charity.

"Without faith it is impossible to please God." Heb. chap. 11th, vi. verse.

While faith is the fundamental principle of religion, hope is the food of the soul, and charity is the honey which sweetens the heart, and the three combined are the bulwarks of Christianity. As faith is essential to salvation, so also is charity necessary for the accomplishment of God's will, while, as St. Paul tells us that, "Through faith we glory in the hope of the glory of the Son of God." Faith comes to us by knowledge, and is strengthened or weakened according to the guidance of passion. It is a gift of God, and as such should be treasured with the greatest care. True faith begets firm hope, and inspires an ardent charity, while all three enriches the soul, making it zealous for the honor and glory of God, and its own sanctification, makes it ambitious by its yearning for supernatural happiness, and inflames it with a Christian ardor. The Christian's duty not only consists in attaining a knowledge of God but loving and serving Him; indeed St. Paul assures us that "faith without good works availeth nothing," so that it is just as essential to practise as it is to profess faith, and Jesus Christ Himself tells us that the great commandment of the law is: "To love the Lord thy God with thy whole soul and with thy whole heart and with thy whole mind and with thy whole strength," which we can only do by obeying Him in all things and so merit the glory of the blessed, the end for which we were created.—Francis S. Mitchell.

## A SMART WOMAN.

How She Frightened away a Persistent Tramp.

While a woman in New Brunswick was alone in her house recently, a tramp knocked insolently at the door and demanded refreshments.

"I'm looking for work," he said, "and I want something to eat at once or there will be some trouble."

"I have fed three big, strong fellows like you to-day, and I think that is sufficient," she answered.

"Well, if you don't give me something I will stay here all day," and the hobo coolly sat on the stoop.

The lady got an alarm clock and wound it up. Then she went into the front room where her voice could be heard by the tramp. Causing the alarm to ring, she shouted:

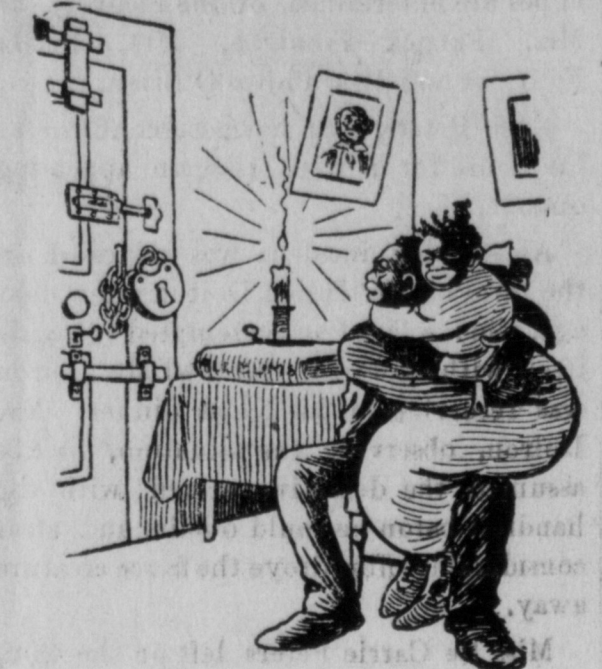
"Hello, central! Give me police station, please."

The tramp was all attention. Then he heard the following counterfeit conversation:

"Is this the police station? Please send an officer to my house at once. There is a tramp here who refuses to leave the yard. What? Yes, he ought to be in prison. All right."

The tramp started for the street in double quick time.—Jeweler's Review.

## A Mild Hint.



Miss Peterson.—Am dat doah locked? Mr. Johnsing (excitedly).—Yes, but wah fo yox, honey?

Miss Peterson.—I've done afraid de wind gwine git in an blow de candle out.

## "Your Age, Madam?"

Depositions were taken last week at the office of a well-known Chicago lawyer, and the age of a lady witness was demanded.

"What is your age, madam?" was the form of the question.

"Put it as you wish," she replied in an off hand manner.

"Write 45 years old," said the lawyer to his stenographer.

"But you are wrong by ten years," protested the lady angrily.

"Excuse me, madam. Then addressing the stenographer: "Write 55 years old."

"Sir," shouted the lady, "I am only thirty-seven."

## The Milkman, Too.

"I see you are building a new house, Mr. Bung."

"Yes, you are right."

"Made the money out of whisky, I suppose?"

"No."

"Why, you are a liquor dealer, are you not?"

"Oh, yes. But the money I'm putting into this house was made out of the water I put into the whisky. Every farthing was made out of the water, sir."

## Earning an Honest Penny.

Miss Lily nestles familiarly on the lap of a young gentleman who has been paying his addresses to her big sister all through the springtime of this year.

"Tell me, sir, are you well off?"

"Yes, my little pet."

"You are very well off?"

"Why, what difference can it make to you whether I am rich or not?"

"You see, my big sister said yesterday that she would give 20 francs to know if you were well off, and I should like to earn the money."

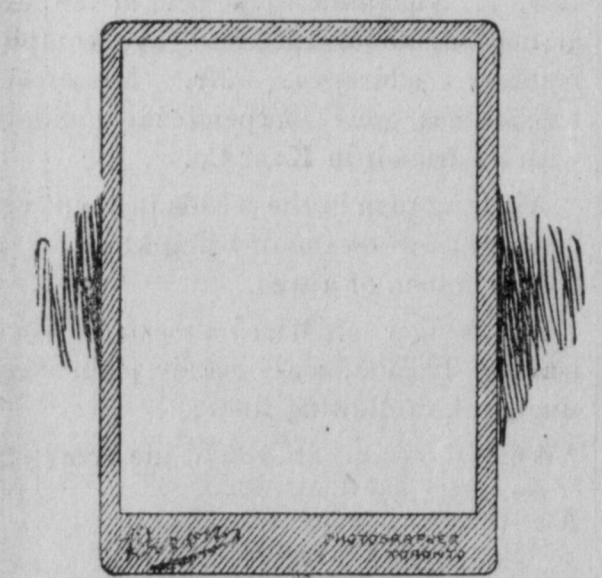
## Time is Money.

Hurry Up.—"What is the reason you charge twice as much for my cuffs as you did formerly?"

Washerwoman.—"Because you have begun making pencil notes on them."

Hurry Up.—"What difference does that make?"

Washerwoman.—"The girls waste so much time in trying to make them out."



Picture of the man who takes just as much pleasure in having his wife sit on his knee for hours now as he did ten years ago, before they married.

## Historical.

"To the guillotine with him!"

Napoleon bowed his head in deep thought, and murmured:

"This is no personal revenge; I did it for the benefit of posterity—the man was writing memoirs of me."

A look of beatific calm settled upon the stern features of the tyrant, for he felt that he had done a good deed.—Truth.

## So Would We.

After dinner at the cafe Robby noticed, with bulging eyes, the heaping pile of change which the waiter brought back to his father.

"Oh, papa!" he exclaimed, "oh, papa! I'd like a plate of that, too!"

## One Thing He Knew.

Mrs. Quiverful—"Do you know, dear, that I think the baby sometimes cries in her sleep?"

Mr. Quiverful (savagely).—"I don't know about that. But I know she often cries in mine."

## USEPELEE ISLAND WINES FOR DEBILITY NATURE'S TONIC.

E. G. SCOVIL, AGENT PELEE ISLAND GRAPE JUICE. ST. JOHN, N. B. MARCH 15th, 1893.

DEAR SIR—My family have received great benefits from the use of the PELEE ISLAND GRAPE JUICE during the past four years. It is the best tonic and sedative for debility, nervousness and weakling we have ever tried. It is much cheaper and pleasanter than medicines. I would not be without it in the house.

Yours,  
JAMES H. DAY,  
Day's Landing, Kings Co.,

## E. G. SCOVIL,

TEA and WINE MERCHANT, Wholesale.

62 Union Street, St. John, N. B.

## ANNOUNCEMENT!

Having purchased the store lately occupied by Mr. T. F. Curran, I am prepared to do a general mercantile business and hope by strict attention to the wants of my customers to meet with a share of public patronage, and also, a continuance of the custom heretofore given to Mr. Curran.

My stock consists of:

DRY GOODS, GROCERIES, HARDWARE, CROCKERYWARE and GLASSWARE.

FLOUR & MEAL, BOOTS & SHOES, READY-MADE CLOTHING

ALL GOODS SOLD AT VERY LOWEST PRICES FOR CASH.

PRODUCE TAKEN IN EXCHANGE FOR GOODS.

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KINGSTON, KENT COUNTY, N. B.

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Men's and Boys' Overcoats,  
Men's and Boys' Frieze Ulsters,  
Men's and Boys' Pea Jackets, Naps and Serges,

All sizes, 22 to 46 inch chest measure. Special low prices. We shall be pleased to send Clothing on approbation, paying Express charges one way.

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## Paterson &amp; Co.

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## Masonic Temple,

## GERMAIN STREET,

## ST. JOHN, N. B.

## PRINTING, EMBOSING, ENGRAVING, ETC., ETC.

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## HALIFAX, N. S.

## SUMBUL BITTERS,

The Great Kidney Regulator and Morning Tonic.