

INTERCOLONIAL 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,	12.32
Accommodation for Campbellton,	13.13
WILL LEAVE HARCOURT.	
Through express for St. John and Halifax, (Monday excepted),	5.23
Accommodation for Campbellton,	12.45
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.	

BUCTOUCHE AND MONCTON RAILWAY.

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

STATIONS.	Distance.	No. 1.	No. 2.
MONCTON.....	1	Ar. 10.00 Lv. 10.00	
Lewisville.....	1	9.56	10.04
Humphrey's.....	1	9.52	10.08
Irishtown.....	1	9.32	10.28
Cape Breton.....	1	9.19	10.40
Scotch Settlement.....	1	9.09	10.48
McDougall's.....	1	8.58	10.59
Notre Dame.....	1	8.42	11.16
Cocaigne.....	1	8.37	11.20
St. Anthony.....	1	8.21	11.35
Little River.....	1	8.05	11.48
BUCTOUCHE.....	1	7.50	11.59

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 20th, 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

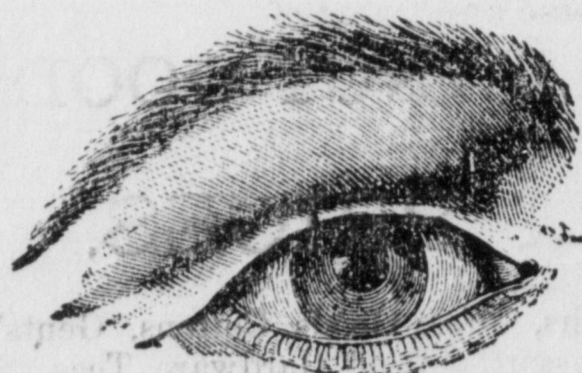
Trains are run by Eastern Standard time.

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

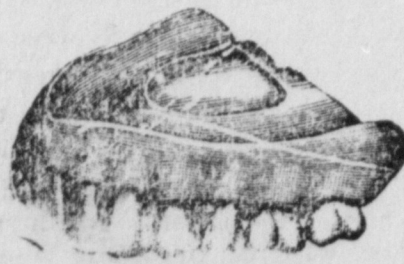
WILMOT BROWN.
General Manager and Lessee.
Richibucto, Dec. 7, 1893.

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

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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. Weldford on 16th, 17th and 18th. Kingston on 19th, 20th, 21st and 22nd. Richibucto on 23rd and 24th. Buctouche 26th and 27th.

DR. WOOD'S



Norway Pine Syrup.

Rich in the lung-healing virtues of the Pine combining with the soothing and expectorant properties of other pectoral herbs and barks.
A PERFECT CURE FOR
COUGHS AND COLDS
Hoarseness, Asthma, Bronchitis, Sore Throat, Croup and all THROAT, BRONCHIAL and LUNG DISEASES. Obsolete coughs which resist other remedies yield promptly to this pleasant piny syrup.
PRICE 25c. AND 50c. PER BOTTLE.
SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

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All kinds of country produce sold on Commission. Quick sales and prompt returns. Highest market prices realized.

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Meals served at all hours.

Oysters, Roast Fowl, etc. Highest cash prices paid for Buctouche Oysters.

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Are you bright and clever? If so, you have plenty of ideas of your own, also sense enough to grasp good new ones when offered. What do you think of a 32-column Illustrated Monthly Paper, each issue containing a Piece of Music, Vocal or Instrumental, Latest Fashions, Good Stories, Dramatic News and Portraits of Pretty Actresses, Household, Toilet and Fancy Work Hints, all for 25 cents a year, postpaid? Seems too good to be true, but we give you exactly what we advertise. Send 25 cents and see for yourself.

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P. S.—Some desirable territory for Agents may yet be secured.

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SEXUAL SYSTEM

of the male may be brought to that condition essential to health of body and peace of mind. How to DEVELOP stunted, feeble organs EXPLAINED in our new Treatise, "PERFECT MANHOOD." A simple, infallible, mechanical method, indorsed by physicians. Book is FREE, sealed. Address (in confidence),

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A NIGHT OF DEATH.

It was a disagreeable night. A sharp cutting wind had set in early in the evening, and continued with unabated vigor all the night. A drizzle, half rain and half snow, set in with it, and the face of the unlucky pedestrian looked so much haggard.

At the club we huddled around the fires and, warm though the rooms were, shivered uncomfortably every time a strong gust would send the sleet driving against the window panes.

"Ugh!" said the colonel, looking at me under his heavy eyebrows, and grasping the lapels of his coat he pulled them together as though to shut out the unpleasant feeling that seemed to prevail in the air.

I shivered sympathetically. "A bad night," muttered the colonel, laconically, and he drew his chair closer to the fireplace.

"It might be worse," he said, with an attempt at cheerfulness; but it felt flat.

It was near midnight, and Colonel Montfort and I had just returned from the theatre to enjoy a moment's warmth in the clubroom. We had it almost to ourselves for the night did not encourage late wanderings.

I rose to my feet and stretched my arms and legs.

"Home?" inquired the colonel looking at his watch.

"Just as well," I said with a shrug of my shoulders; the gloom and dismalness of the weather seemed to have settled everywhere.

Colonel Montfort and I enjoyed a suite of rooms in one of the best flats in St. Paul, and led a nearly ideal existence for two such old bachelors as we were.

The colonel was an old southern man, and had seen service in the "Brothers' war." He had earned his rank by valiant and distinguished service for the Union forces he was a tall, well built man, with a commanding presence, and although past the middle age carried his years well.

On the other hand, although snugly put together and possessed of unusual endurance, was greatly his inferior in point of physique, and our friends at the club were wont to allude to us as "David and Goliath."

"That comparison is unjust," the colonel said one day laughingly, "for I am sure neither of us desires the other's death."

And we did not think then that our words were true.

"And it is extremely doubtful that this David will ever inflict a death wound on this Goliath," interposed a friend.

We laughed at the idea. But the colonel rose with a yawn, and again looking at his watch donned his wraps, and we went out into the slippery streets.

"Not a beastly cab in sight," grumbled my friend, as we peered about. "And on such a night too!" he added, with a grimace.

So we had to make the best of it, and trudged slowly home through the slush. The rain poured and beat upon us, and the wind whirled pitilessly about our heads.

"Ugh," said the colonel with a shudder. "Ugh!" repeated I. But I could not shake off the depression that had settled upon me with the sleet; and a foreboding of evil took possession of me that I tried in vain to dispel.

I was possessed of very sensitive nerves, and this combined with the life I led and the influence that had surrounded me since my birth made me a coward in some things. And never did I feel such an undefinable dread, and never were my senses so quick to make mistakes out of molehills as at the times when my spirits were depressed and my nerves made jangling by untoward weather. I was veritably a coward in the dark.

Usually when I got in a well lighted and heated room I could shake this depression off; but not so to night.

"You look excited, my dear Kane," said the colonel as we hung ourselves in easy chairs and stirred up the fire. I rose and went to the looking glass in one end of the room and started back shocked as I caught sight of my face.

It was filled with a tense, suppressed excitement that I had never seen there before—hair actually appeared like bristles upon my head, and under my eyes were large, dark rings.

After my first start I laughed somewhat awkwardly I am afraid, and told the colonel that I had evidently been dissipating too heavily of late.

He smiled absently and kept staring into the fire.

"Well, I guess I'll go to bed," I said after a pause.

The colonel nodded without looking up, and bidding him good night I left the cozy sitting room and made preparations for repose.

The colonel and I occupied separate sleeping apartments, as our suite was large, using the remaining rooms together. Until a day or two ago we had had a valet who attended to our wants, but he had left us, and we had as yet been unable to find a suitable person to take his place. My room was quite large for a bedroom, but for that reason I preferred it to a smaller one, as I was quite a stickler on matters of hygiene.

I undressed and went to bed. I finally heard the colonel leave the sitting room and go to his own apartment. A little later I heard the springs of his bed creak and knew that he also had sought the arms of Morpheus.

I heard the clock in the hall strike one, but I was still as wide awake as I was an hour before. My nerves, instead of becoming reposed, became more and more susceptible to the least jar. The crackling of an ember in the fireplace in the next room caused my heart to leap into my mouth and almost stop beating.

The creaking of a board sent the cold perspiration to my face. I lay still and scarcely dared to breathe until my body pained in every joint from lying in one position so long.

I heard the colonel's breathing in the next room. Then I heard a door slam on the flight below, and with difficulty suppressed a shriek.

And all the time I cursed myself for my cowardice; cursed myself for being such a child, and vowed that if I were allowed to live until morning I would stop drinking hot gins and smoking strong cigars.

I heard the clock strike two, and then must have fallen into a troubled sleep. I dreamed—oh, God, what did I dream? Would that all that happened that ill fated night had been but a dream!

For one thing, I dreamed that the last day had come, and that I with countless others had hurried toward a large, snow capped mountain. There were billows

of fire behind us and mountains of fire above us, yet we hurried on—on—on—never stopping, never turning. Clouds of smoke and flame rolled about us, yet through it all could be seen that mountain top, cold and serene in the midst of all that heat and woe, and its snow decked top seemed ever to beckon us on—on—on.

Thousands and millions died at my side, before and behind me. But I cared not. I grew giant with hunger and faint with fatigue, but still I hurried on. I crossed rivers of ice and valleys of fire, but they stopped me not.

At last I reached it. I started toward the top. Wearily, night and day, I traveled, and those who with me reached the bottom of the hoar capped giant fell off one by one, and at last I alone was left.

And alone I reached the top. And a feeling of indescribable ease and peace came over me, and I laid myself down in the cold, white snow and fell asleep.

How long I slept in the crystal snow I know not. For there, too, I had a dream. I saw two forms approach. One all white and pure, with peace and good will beaming from his eyes; the other black as night, and from his eyes gleamed forth the fires of hell.

The fair one looked at me sleeping, with a world of agony and sorrow in his eyes; then turned his head toward the sky and looked up in supplication, while great tears fell from his eyes and onto the cold snow. And wherever a tear fell sweet flowers sprang up, and the fragrance that was wafted from them was not of earth.

But the other form approached me until it stood at my very side, looking down at me with burning eyes. I strove to move, to shriek, to pray, but all in vain.

Then I saw him stoop and stretch out his hand. It hung over my face an instant, then fell upon my forehead.

Then a great pain racked all my body and spirit, and at the instant I heard countless voices give a cry that boomed out from the mountain top and was heard over all the earth. And this was what they said, and the words still ring in my ears and never leave me while life lasts:

"And this is death!"

And I awoke. And horrors of hell, that clammy, burning hand still rested upon my face, and those burning orbs still peered into mine!

I did not faint. If I had, I would not now be alive to tell the tale. For that clammy, burning hand had moved down my face until it reached my throat, and the gleaming eyes shifted and turned and moved with the hand.

Then with an all powerful effort, with a strength that was not mine, I clutched the hand and flung it from me and leaped out of the bed.

To reach the door and dart into the sitting-room was the work of an instant. I turned even as I ran and saw those burning eyes follow.

"Colonel!" I cried hoarsely and scarce louder than a child. And as the dread thing approached I ran to his room. But, oh, God! the door was open, the room empty. And turning again, with the despair of death upon my brow, I saw those burning eyes again. They were the eyes of a madman, and the face approached until the hot breath hissed into my ears.

And the face was that of Colonel Montfort.

What happened then I do not know, it is a year and over since that dread night, and I am still an invalid. They say I am mad at times, but what wonder! My nerves are shattered, my life ruined. Never can I efface one incident of that night from my seared memory, and even at night it haunts me in dreams.

That morning, so they say, they found the colonel and myself lying on the floor in his bedroom, the colonel with a knife in his heart and I lying by his side with my hand still clutching the handle of the knife. I was delirious for months, and from my ravings they gathered the story. I suppose now that in that moment of supreme agony and despair I grasped a knife which the colonel always had in his room, and to save myself killed him.

And in the colonel's will it was found that he had left his all to "my friend"—the man that killed him.—A. B. Federmann in St. Paul Pioneer Press.

The British Empire.

The British empire is a political creation unparalleled in the world's history, not only by its extent and population, in both which respects it is slightly surpassed by China, but because, with an area of more than 10,000,000 square miles and with 352,000,000 inhabitants, it is scattered over the whole globe. It embraces all zones from the icy wilderness of Hudson Bay to the tropical jungles of India and the mahogany forests of Honduras; there is scarcely a product which a British province does not bring forth in excellent quality; and not less various are the degrees of civilization of its inhabitants, from the Kaffirs of the Cape to the highly cultivated citizens of Toronto or Sydney. We find, with Christians of all confessions, 200,000,000 Hindoos, about 70,000,000 Mohammedans, and 5,000,000 Buddhists; and the Bible is printed in 130 languages and dialects represented in the empire, yet, notwithstanding such promiscuous elements, the government, with rare exceptions, maintains order, and no sign of dissolution is visible.—Dr. F. Heinrich Geffcken, in October Forum.

Her Slumming Experience.

An amusing story is told of a West Walnut street young woman who, having read strange tales of slumming in London, determined to visit Philadelphia's own very tough slum district and see what life there was like. As a sort of preliminary she supplied herself with a number of tracts, having a vague idea that the benighted residents there were in need of spiritual instruction. Boarding a Seventh street car she got off at Bainbridge and to the first man she saw, who was leaning idly against a lamp-post, she very politely handed one of the tracts. He took it good-naturedly, and, after glancing at it, returned it with the smiling remark that he was a married man. Greatly mystified by this expression, she looked at the tract and saw that it was entitled "Abide With Me." She took the next car home, vowing vengeance against tracts and slumming.—Philadelphia Record.

Hardships of Literature.

Bilgers—I tell you this literary work is terribly wearing. Why, I've got writer's cramp.

Willis—Working on a book?

Bilgers—No. Signing petitions for candidates.—Chicago Record.

USE PEELEE ISLAND WINES FOR DEBILITY
NATURE'S TONIC.

F. G. SCOVILL, AGENT PEELEE ISLAND GRAPE JUICE. ST. JOHN, N. B. MARCH 15th, 1895.
DEAR SIR:—My family have received great benefits from the use of the PEELEE ISLAND GRAPE JUICE during the past four years. It is the best tonic and sedative for debility, nervousness and weak lungs we have ever tried. It is much cheaper and pleasanter than medicine. I would not be without it in the house.
Yours,
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E. G. SCOVILL,
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.

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ALL GOODS SOLD AT VERY LOWEST PRICES FOR CASH.
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KINGSTON, KENT COUNTY, N. B.

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We have never had such a showing of Goods for the above Department as we have this season, handsome patterns and better values. Mr. Colpitts will be in Kingston and Richibucto about the 15th of October with a full range of samples, please reserve your orders for Fall and Winter Clothing until he calls upon you.

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