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HOW TO CYCLE.

NEWEST THING IN SKIRTS-FEMALE INSTRUCTOR TALKS.

Mysteries of the Pedal Mount and of Safe Dismounting for Women Who Ride-Bloomers are Pronounced Impossible Because They are Too Baggy.

Scientific cycling is the newest thing in the wheeling world. It has nothing to do with abstruse scientific problems. It is called scientific just as the cleverest and easiest method of landing a knockout blow on the tip of an adversary's chin is called scientific by the deft-handed gentlemen who follow the manly art.

"What do you teach that other cycling instructors leave untaught?" I asked the scientific man up in Forty-second street. "Everything," he modestly answered. "I think you can put it all in one word by saying that we teach safety. When a pupil leaves our hands his or her life is not in danger while riding out on the road. There have been many fatal accidents—one of them only a few days ago—caused by riders being unable to dismount quickly when threatened by danger. The chief trouble is that many wheelmen, and nearly all wheelwomen, are not able to jump off their wheels when they find themselves being carried into danger.

"In the accident I refer to the lady who was fatally injured was trying to go ahead of a heavy wagon and team. She tried to pass on the right side. Two or three of her companions had done so in safety. Just before she reached the horses they swerved suddenly and sharply to the right. The woman either collided with them or was so frightened that she fell off her wheel, and so received injuries that caused her death in a few hours.

"We know that such an accident could not have happened to her if she had known how to dismount and let the wheel go. That is one of the things we teach our pupils.

"The president of one of the street railway companies of this city got a bad fall recently. He sustained painful internal injuries that will keep him in bed for three or four weeks—all because he did not know how to abandon his wheel when it was running away with him. With two friends he arrived at the top of a hill, leading down toward the Hudson. They all thought the grade was too steep for safe going, so they dismounted. Half way down they all mounted their wheels again, thinking that the worst of the descent had been passed. As a matter of fact, they were on the most dangerous part of the hill.

"Finding that neither the brakes nor back pedaling would stop their wheels, all three riders dismounted. Two of them did so safely. The railroad president didn't know how. He tilted his wheel to the right side and tried to reach the ground with his foot. The result was that he was pitched forward over the handle bar, and received very serious injuries. He said afterward that he was glad he was not killed. Before he ventures out on the road again he will learn the right way to get off a runaway wheel."

"How is it done?" I asked. "Like this," replied the man of science, as he vaulted into the saddle and sped around the long room. When he came near me on the second round he took his feet from the pedals, whirled his right leg above the handle bar, and jumped off to the left, alighting on both feet, bending his knees so as to lessen the shock of the descent. The wheel darted off like a runaway horse. If it had not been caught it would have tumbled in a heap on the floor.

"There is another good way to dismount," said the scientist, as he again put the wheel in motion. This time hav-



THE WRONG WAY TO MOUNT.

ing attained a good rate of speed, he thrust his left foot backward, rested it on the little spur at the hind axle that is used in mounting, gave a quick shove with both hands, as he let go of the handles and jumped off backward behind his wheel. "Isn't that easy?" he asked. "Not a bit of it," I replied. "I have ridden a bicycle for a year, and wouldn't dare to try that trick."

"Then what would you do if your wheel began to run away with you going down hill?" he asked, with a note of triumph in his voice.

"It couldn't begin," I answered. "I walk down every steep hill I come to, and when I'm on a strange road I go very slowly down every hill, no matter how easy it is. You can never tell what kind of a grade you'll find around the next turn in the road."

"Ah!" said the scientific one. "If all riders would travel like that they would display almost human intelligence. But will they ever do so? I say never. I've ridden the wheel in all parts of the world, and I've never yet found new riders careful. The moment they learn how to run the wheel around the instruction hall they think they know all about it. If you tell them about the necessity of taking a few road lessons, they look at you as if you were trying to rob them or belittle their intelligence. I think a bicycle is much more dangerous than a horse. A rider may forget all about his horse and go jogging along for miles without any harm; but the moment you take your attention off your wheel you are liable to the worst kind of an accident.

"Learners never seem to know the rules of the road unless they are old riders or drivers. In meeting horses or vehicles keep to the right; in overtaking or passing them go around on the left. The vehicle that passes another on the road assumes all the risk. How many new bicyclists pay any attention to these rules? Mighty few, I can tell you. They wait until they've had an accident, and then they begin to learn."

The scientific man wrinkled his forehead with sad wrinkles. A charming lady of 185 pounds approached. "I'd like to learn to mount and dismount," said she. "If the wheel could only learn to start and stop like a cable car I'd be quite happy."

Thereupon the mere scientist retired,

and in his place there appeared a high priestess of the science of wheeling. As she is the first female instructor in this country she is worth reading about. She is a colored woman of about the same complexion as the famous "Ike" Johnson. She is rather above the medium height and her step is light and quick, although she looks muscular enough to carry any ordinary wheelwoman along by main strength. She brought forward a wheel of the drop frame pattern and gave it to the charming lady of 185 pounds. The scene that ensued was painful. You may see its like any fair day upon the Boulevard or the drives of Central Park. With an amiable smile to hide her embarrassment, the charming one tugged the wheel forward until the right pedal was uppermost. Then she tilted the frame toward herself as she stood at its left. The smile vanished now. Serious business had begun. With severe struggles she placed at the folds of her skirt and succeeded in laboriously hauling much of the material over to the right side. Then she placed her right foot on the pedal, poised for a moment on tiptoe of the left foot, and sprang forward and upward. By some rare good fortune she alighted in the saddle.

Once she circled around the room and then tried to dismount. Very slowly she



THOUGHT SHE KNEW IT ALL.

let the machine run. She wore a martyr's smile. She tilted the wheel to the left until it almost tripped as the pedal struck the floor. She cautiously extended her left foot and went hop, hop, hopping along the floor until the left pedal struck again, and then down sprawled the wheel, with the charming lady mingled in a confused mass of spokes, frame and handle bar.

"I know it would do that," she exclaimed, with an air of ill-concealed umph. "It is always does." The instructor was at her side in a moment. She administered a tonic. That tonic was a beaming smile.

"Really," the smile said, "you do the most graceful fall I have ever seen. You should be proud of it." But the instructor herself said:—"If you'll promise, madame, not to be afraid, you can learn to mount and dismount without a bit of trouble."

Then she took hold of the frame, raised the bicycle and spun the hind wheel until the left pedal was uppermost. Holding the handle bar firmly, she stepped up on the left pedal, stood on it as if dismounted, and as it rose again settled down easily on the saddle. Her skirts which fell to her gaiter tops, seemed to drape themselves on either side of the saddle. They flowed away in easy, graceful lines. The instructor smiled, rather than wheeled, around the room. She sprinted a little, as she approached—just a couple of hard, quick dabs on the pedals.

As the machine came darting at the pupil the instructor, never relaxing her glittering smile, took both feet off the pedals, swung them sharply to the left and leaped off. It was more like the way a cowboy reins up his pony just before he leaps on you, than anything else I had ever seen. The amiable pupil smiled and said: "Such a nice way to get off."

"You can do it now if you only try," said the instructor. "Ride around the room and try it when you come near me. I'll catch you and not let you fall." The pupil tried, but she promptly got her skirts tangled with the saddle. Nothing but the policemanlike grip of the instructor saved her from a bad fall. Encouraged by the dazzling smile, the pupil tried again and again, for half an hour. By that time the teacher had so inspired her with confidence that she actually dismounted in safety; but she threw away the wheel so that it might have been smashed if it had not been caught. The two women had a long chat in one corner, illuminated by giggles explanatory, and giggles of admiration. The teacher was waving her skirts and the pupil was exclaiming in amazement. Then the pupil went away.

"I believe I am the first female instructor on the bicycle," said the teacher to the pupil. "The management of this school think that no one but a woman can teach a woman all about mounting and dismounting from a wheel. You know that upon the success of both operations depend upon the management of the skirts. There are ever so many questions about skirts and saddles that a lady can't ask a man, but which she has no hesitancy in asking a woman teacher. Have you noticed my skirt?"

The instructor seized the handles of a high frame bicycle, such as men ride. She stood with a foot on either side of the rear wheel. Her skirt fell on either side of the wheel. Stepping up on the spur, she rose lightly into the saddle, mounted and rode away, just as a man would go; yet her skirts did not hamper her movements.

"What have you done with your skirt?" I asked, as she dismounted. "It's the very latest thing for women to wear while cycling," she answered. "You see, it's divided in front as well as at the back, yet it doesn't bag like the ordinary divided skirt. When I walk it looks like a solid skirt. When I get on the wheel the halves fall aside. Under it I have on a pair of tight fitting knickerbockers, such as men wear. That prevents any danger of catching on the saddle. Bloomers, you know, are simply out of the question on the wheel. They are so loose and baggy that they are sure to catch on the saddle as one mounts and dismounts. They are really more dangerous than skirts. No woman who respects herself will be seen wearing knickerbockers in the streets."

"What do you think is the most important thing for a woman to know who rides a wheel?" I asked her. "How to get off quickly and safely," she replied. "Once she masters that, she will never be hurt while cycling."

A Mistake.

"I fancy, Justine, that my coffee is much stronger to-day than usual."

"Please, sir, I must have made a mistake and brought you the servants' coffee!"

"I really think that smoking produces selfishness," said Mrs. Pessimist to her husband, who was placidly puffing his post prandial pipe.

"I beg to differ with you, my dear," replied he between puffs; "for when I am smoking it gives you a chance to talk without interruption."

Presbytery of Miramichi.

A quarterly meeting of Presbytery was held in St. Andrew's Hall, Chatham, on the 17th instant. Revs. T. G. Johnstone, N. McKay, Wm. Aitken, John Robertson, Wm. Hamilton, A. F. Thomson, Joseph McCoy, J. M. McLeod, F. W. Murray and J. K. McClure were present.

A remit from the General Assembly proposing to reduce the scale of representation of Presbyteries in the Assembly from one fourth, as at present, to one sixth, was disapproved.

Messrs. McKay and McCoy were appointed a deputation to visit Burnt Church and assist our people there in selecting a site for a new church—the duty to be carried out on Tuesday, the 24th inst., at 10 o'clock.

Testimonials in favor of Mr. J. M. McInnis were submitted and he was accorded the standing of a caterist and appointed to New Brandon, Janeville, &c., till the end of April.

Rev. Mr. Thorpe was appointed to supply Black Brook and Nelson from the third Sabbath of January to the end of April.

Rev. J. M. McLeod was appointed to attend to the interests of Christian endeavor and other young people's societies within the bounds of the Presbytery.

Mr. Hamilton submitted the report of the Home Mission Committee, which indicated a very satisfactory condition of things in our mission fields. Seven catechists have been employed as against six last year. These agents occupied their fields for a longer time than in former years, so that the expense was greater, and yet through the improved methods and increased liberality of the fields all the cost of the services was met with the aid of \$200, whereas it required \$429 to square accounts the previous year.

The claims of the college fund and the Bursary fund were cordially commended to the liberality of the people.

The committees on state of religion, Sabbath observance, temperance and systematic giving were discharged and the several conveners of these committees were constituted a committee on Church life and work. This change was made in order to bring the Presbytery's committee into harmony with changes adopted by the last General Assembly.

Mr. Aitken intimated that although his health is greatly improved he is yet by no means well, and he is advised to seek further rest, that for this purpose he intends to visit Scotland during the spring months and the Presbytery to grant him leave of absence for six months.

The Presbytery noted with great pleasure the marked improvement in Mr. Aitken's health, regret to learn that he has not fully recovered, sympathize with him in his continued indisposition, grant him leave of absence for six months, commend him and his family and congregation to the care of the Head of the Church and agree to supply his pulpit during the period of his absence.

Mr. McKay and Mr. McCoy were appointed a committee to arrange supply.

A deputation consisting of Mr. Aitken and the clerk was appointed to visit Red Bank to ascertain how far the congregation has made good to the pastor the deficit arising out of the withdrawal of the augmentation grant.

The next quarterly meeting is to be held at Newcastle on the last Tuesday of March. N. McKay.

Severe Headache Cured.

I had severe headache for the past two year and used all kinds of medicine without finding a cure until I tried Burdock Blood Bitters, when relief and cure quickly followed. I think there is no better medicine in the world.

MISS MINNIE DRYSDALE, Berlin, Ont.

Incidents of Railway Travel.

Several lads residing at Bedworth attended school at Coventry. Not long ago they hit upon a novel plan of amusement. One of them mounted on the shoulders of two comrades, and got his head through the aperture for the lamp in the roof of the carriage. He surveyed the scenery with great satisfaction: But at Coundon Road he discovered—as many wiser people have done—that it is easier to get into a tight place than it is to get out of it. He was unable to withdraw his head, and when a porter entered the compartment and endeavored to assist him by tugging at his legs, he complained in no small alarm that he was in danger of strangulation. There was nothing for it but to send on the young gentlemen with his supporters to the next station. Here the astonished officials uncoupled the carriage and ran it into a siding. A file and saw was secured, and, after considerable trouble, the lad was released. Another story is told by a passenger who escaped uninjured from a serious railway smash in Suffolk. Seeing a fellow traveller searching anxiously among the wreckage with a lantern, he offered to assist in the search, and thinking the old man had lost his wife, asked in sympathetic tones, "What part of the train was she in?" Raising his lantern and glancing at the kindly-disposed passenger, the old man shouted with indignant distinctness that triumphed over physical infirmity. "She, sir, she? I am looking for my teeth!"—English Paper.

La Grippe weakens digestion use K.

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That valuable farm at Bass River, Kent Co., known as the Robert Brown farm, is offered for sale or rent. The farm contains about 186 acres of the best land in the County, over 100 acres of which are cleared and under a high state of cultivation.

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