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HOW TO CYCLE.

NEWEST THING IN SKIRTS—FE-
MALE INSTRUCTOR TALKS.Mysteries of the Pedal Mount and of Safe
Dismounting for Women Who Ride—
Bloomers are Pronounced Impossible
Because They are Too Buggy.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 rail-
way 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, lead-
ing 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 presi-
dent 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 in-
juries. 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 run-
away horse. If it had not been caught it
would have tumbled in a heap on the
floor."There is another good way to dis-
mount," 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 handle 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
been fifteen years in this business. I've
ridden the wheel in all parts of the world,
and I've never yet found new riders care-
ful. 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 jog-
ging 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 be-
gin to learn."The scientific man wrinkled his fore-
head with sad wrinkles. A charming lady
of 185 pounds approached."I'd like to learn to mount and dis-
mount," 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" John-
son. She is rather above the medium
height and her step is light and quick, al-
though 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 embar-
rassment, 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 plucked
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 ex-
claimed, with an air of ill-concealed tri-
umph. "It always does." The instruct-
ress 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 instruct-
ress 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 it were a
step, and as it rose again settled down easily on
the saddle. Her skirts which fell to her
knees, seemed to drape themselves on
either side of the saddle. They flowed
away in easy, graceful lines. The in-
structress sailed, 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 instructress, 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 instructress. "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 instructress
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 con-
fidence 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 ad-
miration. 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 instruc-
tor on the bicycle," said the teacher to
the management of this school think
that no one but a woman can teach a
woman all about mounting and dis-
mounting from a wheel. You know that
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 instructress 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 light-
ly 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. 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 impor-
tant 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 mis-
take and brought you the servants' cof-
fee!""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 represen-
tation of Presbyteries in the Assembly
from one fourth, as at present, to one
sixth, was disapproved.Messrs. McKay and McCoy were ap-
pointed a deputation to visit Burnt Church
and assist our people there in select-
ing 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. Mc-
Innis were submitted and he was accorded
the standing of a caterer and appointed to
New Brandon, Janville, &c., till the
end of April.Rev. Mr. Thorpe was appointed to sup-
ply 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 en-
deavor and other young people's societies
within the bounds of the Presbytery.Mr. Hamilton submitted the report of
the Home Mission Committee, which indi-
cated a very satisfactory condition of thing
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 in-
creased 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 sys-
tematic 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 in-
tends 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 ap-
pointed 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 congrega-
tion has made good to the pastor the de-
ficit arising out of the withdrawal of the
augmentation grant.The next quarterly meeting is to be held
at New Castle 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 Bur-
dock 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 Bedford at-
tend 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 peo-
ple have done—that it is easier to get in-
to 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 strangula-
tion. There was nothing for it but to
send on the young gentlemen with his sup-
porters to the next station. Here the as-
tonished officials uncoupled the carriage
and ran it into a siding. A file and saw
was secured, and, after considerable trou-
ble, the lad was released. Another story is
told by a passenger who escaped uninjured
from a serious railway smash in Suf-
folk. 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 in-
dignant 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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