

# MONCTON AND BUCTOUCHE RAILWAY.

WINTER TIME TABLE.  
In Effect Wednesday, Oct. 14th, 1896  
EASTERN STANDARD TIME.

STATIONS.	Distance. Miles between stations.	NO. 1.	NO. 2.
MONCTON.....	Ar. 10.00 Lv. 10.00		
Swissville.....	1 1/2	9.55	10.04
Humphrey's.....	1 1/2	9.52	10.08
Richibucto.....	1 1/2	9.52	10.08
Cape Breton.....	10 3/4	9.19	10.49
North Settlement.....	12 3/4	9.09	10.48
McDougal's.....	15 3/4	8.58	10.48
St. John's.....	19 1/4	8.42	10.48
St. John's.....	20 1/4	8.37	10.49
St. John's.....	24 1/4	8.21	10.48
St. John's.....	28 1/4	8.05	10.48
BUCTOUCHE.....	32 1/4	7.50	10.49

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 10.59 and 12.05 respectively.

No. 2 Train connects with I. C. R. train from Halifax at Humphrey's, and with trains leaving St. John at 7.00, and Campbellton at 5.45.

Trains run daily, Sunday excepted.

E. G. EVANS, MANAGER.

Moncton, N. B., Oct. 12th, 1896.

## KENT NORTHERN RAILWAY.

### TIME TABLE.

Time	Dept. Richibucto, Arr.	Time
10.00	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.

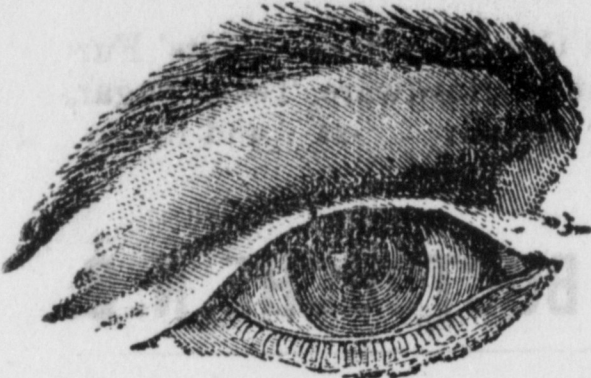
Connect with I. C. R. accommodation trains north and south.

WILMOT BROWN.

General Manager and Lessee.

Richibucto, Dec. 7, 1893.

## Merchants with an



## to Business Advertise in

## THE REVIEW.

BRS SOMERS & OHERTY



### 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 except January, May and December, as follows:

Harcourt on 18th, 17th and 18th.

Kingston on 19th, 20th, 21st and 22nd.

Buctouche on 23rd and 24th.

## WESTMORLAND Marble Works,

T. F. SHERARD & SON,

Dealers in Monuments, Tablets, Headstones.

Jewelry work of every description neatly executed. Orders promptly filled.

MONCTON, N. B. (aug31at)

## Commission Merchant.

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

O. S. MACGOWAN,

P. O. BOX 117, MONCTON, N. B.

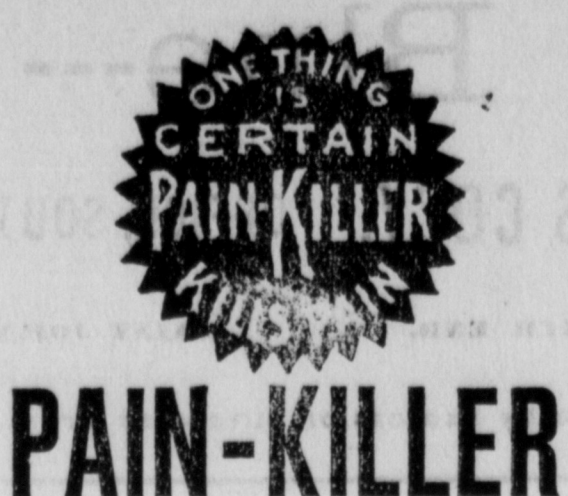
## CONNORS' RESTAURANT

Main Street, Moncton.

Next door to the K. Shoe Store.

Meals served at all hours.

Oysters, Roast Powl, etc. Highest cash price paid for Buctouche Oysters.



## PAIN-KILLER

THE GREAT

Family Medicine of the Age.

Taken Internally, It Cures

Diarrhoea, Cramp, and Pain in the

Stomach, Sore Throat, Sudden Colds,

Coughs, etc., etc.

Used Externally, It Cures

Cuts, Bruises, Burns, Scalds, Sprains,

Toothache, Pain in the Face, Neuralgia,

Rheumatism, Frosted Feet.

No article ever attained to such unbounded popularity.

We have seen its magic effects in soothing the severest pain, and know it to be a good article.—*Chicago Daily Tribune*.

Nothing has yet surpassed the Pain-Killer, which is the most valuable family medicine now in use.—*Tennessee Express*.

It has real merit: as a means of removing pain, no medicine has acquired a reputation equal to Perry Davis' Pain-Killer.—*Springfield News*.

Be wary of imitations. Buy only the genuine "PERRY DAVIS' PAIN-KILLER." Sold everywhere; large bottles, 50c.

### THE BEDROOM.

How to Keep It in a Healthful Condition.

Too often a bed is made up in a slipshod manner without being thoroughly aired. This should never be allowed. The covering should first be stripped back over two chairs set at the foot of the bed. The mattress should then be doubled so that the air may get to all parts of it and left so for half an hour to an hour. In very severe winter weather the time may be lessened. Each piece of bedclothing should be well shaken before it is restored to its place, and the pillows beaten and patted into shape. The white spread, that should have been removed at bedtime the night before and neatly folded, is now fresh and smooth.

The bed is not all that needs close care in the sleeping room. The dusting is far more important than many people suspect. Accumulations of dust and dust form a favorite nesting place for disease germs and unsavory smells. On this account many ornaments are not to be commended in a bedroom. The bits of drapery, the brackets, the gay Japanese fans, the photographs and the pieces of bric-a-brac that are admirable in other parts of the house are out of place here. Whatever furniture there is should be carefully wiped off each day with a soft cloth, and this shaken out of the window afterward.

The receptacles for waste water should be washed out every day and scalded occasionally. In hot weather the scalding should take place every day and the utensils be sunned, if possible. Shoes and other articles of apparel should not be left lying about the room to gather dust and look untidy. Soiled clothes should never be left in the sleeping room. They contaminate the atmosphere.

### How to Make Canape Mikadada.

Prepare 4 shredded wheat biscuits. Rinse 12 canned shrimps in cold water, drain and fry them three minutes in 1-2 tablespoonfuls of butter and set aside. Beat 4 eggs until light, add 4 tablespoonfuls water, and again beat for two minutes. Add one-quarter teaspoonful salt and a little white pepper. Melt one-half tablespoonful butter in the blazer, pour in the eggs, stir for a few minutes. When the eggs begin to set, add 4 ounces grated Swiss or American cheese, stir for a minute, then divide the mixture equally over the biscuits. Lay 3 shrimps on each one and serve.

### How to Make Good Lavender Sars.

Fill a salt bottle with lumps of bicarbonate of ammonia and pour over it spirits of lavender. Keep tightly stoppered.

## ONE OF PALLIERE'S MARINES.

[The following story which we clip from a Boston Paper is by Mr. M. A. Tirrell, a young man well known in Richibucto.]

A few days since I happened aboard one of the warships in port: and while going the rounds I stumbled across an old sailor in a quiet corner, doing some tailoring, who, while working, was singing an old love song in the purest of Parisian French.

I interrupted him, in the same language, with an expression, which, translated into English, would be to the effect that bold Jack tar was ever a gay lad. The bronzed veterans stopped his sewing and eyeing me said:—

"Vous parlez francais?"

"Oui monsieur," I answered.

A few moments' conversation in his native tongue proved to me that this old Frenchman, wearing the naval blue of Uncle Sam, was no ordinary character and finding that he was about to have shore absence for the afternoon, I decided to take him in tow.

We took in the sights of the town, and late in the afternoon found ourselves at a certain known cafe. After he had warmed up with a glass or two of abstinence, that soul-warming and nerve-burnishing drink of your true "Jean Croyaud" I proceeded to draw him out.

I asked him how it was that such a highly educated man as his brilliant conversation denoted, had become a common sailor in the service of the United States.

"Well, mon ami," he replied, "I like interesting subjects, therefore I seldom talk about myself or my past life."

"But you speak my dear old French so well that I almost feel in the presence of a brother, and if you care to waste a moment, I will tell you a story of one past the meridian, on the wrong side of life, who is now rounding out his mis-spent years, fraught with inheritance of bitter memories. You laugh when I tell you that even a Frenchman can have his sad moments."

"To illustrate my narrative," he continued, "I will have to take you back many years to the sunny land of la Belle France, when I was a student at one of the naval schools."

"Yes, it's the same old song, tuned to the melody of youth and love."

"The song when once heard will ring in your ears, even though the heart chords have long ceased to vibrate with its maddening touch. The reckless song whose merciless music has buoyed the hopes of one and drowned the expectations of the other."

"Pardon me, my son, these tears are not for the past, but only caused by these white walls and vivid electric lights."

Near the school-grounds lived an old bourgeois or merchant, with his wife and lovely daughter. Judge for yourself; here is her picture in this locket which I have worn around my neck, and sacredly guarded for over 30 long years."

He, thereupon opened the little golden case, and I gazed upon the miniature of the sweetest face I had ever seen.

Proceeding, he said: "She was only 18, and I a beardless boy of 19. We met by accident at a mutual friend's house, and I—how could I help it—was made a captive slave. She loved me, and I by St. Antoine, how I adored her! Well young man, if you have ever had a boyish sweetheart you know how my life went up and out to that sweet little French lily."

"Her parents looked with favor—wonder of wonders—upon my suit, but, her father was a business man and realized that love alone would not consummate his daughter's future happiness."

"Although I had the assurance of his good wishes, he told me I could only claim the hand of his child when I was able to offer her a home, and had won a name for myself."

"At the age of 21, I graduated and secured a commission in the marines, under General Pallieres. At the expiration of my time, five years, I was, if successful to return for my little Marie."

"The years came and went, but how long they seemed. The days were months and the months were years. My time would be up in the early 'seventies,' and striving with might and main for Marie, I had advanced beyond expectation in the service of my country. How I looked forward to that day when I should call her mine: the one thing in all this world that I prized—that I lived for."

"But fate has always been against me through life, and so it was in this case."

"Everybody knows what happened to poor France about this time. Who has not heard of the cruel Franco-Prussian war?"

"Things were looking decidedly bad for 'La Patrie,' and in 1870, when Napoleon's troops were driven to Sedan, every man that could bear a musket was called to arms."

"Pallieres and his marines, of whom, I have told you I was one, were called out of the navy, and despatched to the seat of war."

"The world now knows what my brave general and his gallant men did at the heights of Sedan, in the arondissement of fair Ardennes, on that memorable September morn. History will tell you how we, time and again, beat back the

Bavarian hussars who attacked us in overwhelming numbers.

"Oh, these wild memories! How they surge through my grizzled head! How they carry me back to that day when I stood with my dashing comrades at the ramparts of Bazeilles!"

"Even now, I can see brave Pallieres, sword in hand, directing the vivid batteries and shouting to his iron-hearted command to fight for the honor of the Tri-color and the glory of the marines!"

"Again I am in the thick of carnage! Again I hear the cannon's roar mingling with the scream of shot and shell, while heroes are falling around me like Ardennes' forest leaves, when November winds blow chill and drear, and with dying breath cheering on the survivors by their cry of victory for France and the Marcellaise!"

"Poor fellows, they died happy, and will never know the outcome of that disastrous fight. God bless the grave for one thing, it kills the memories of the past."

"Yes, it was a sorry day for us, that first of September, 1870. But if a greater number of our generals were made of Pallieres stuff, and if France had a few more regiments like the Infanterie Marine, MacMahon would have told a different story, and Napoleon would never have capitulated to the Prussian dogs."

"I am bothering you, sir, with unnecessary details."

"The last I remember of that desperate and stubborn defence is, that, about noon, I was struck in the breast and head by fragments of a bursted shell—here are the blackened scars."

"When I came to, several hours after, I found myself in a rude hospital at Sedan, surrounded on all sides by hundreds of other unfortunates. There I laid for six long and weary months hovering between life and death, but thanks to a rugged constitution and the tender mercies of some God-sent sisters of charity, I managed to cheat the grim destroyer, and pulled through; but it was almost a year before I recovered my senses so as to remember my name and where I belonged. Of course during all this time my folks had heard nothing of me, my last letter having been mailed the day before I was wounded."

"After a short convalescence followed by a tedious journey, I reached my home, to find that I was mourned as dead, having been reported among the killed at Bazeilles. I lost no time in repairing to the town where lived my sweet Marie, the girl who had been uppermost in my mind and had occupied my sleeping and waking dreams for over five years. The bonnie maid whom I knew would never forget me."

"My God, man! you can imagine my feelings when I found that like the rest, thinking me dead, she had married the village doctor."

"The wound made by that splintered shell on the battlements of Bazeilles although ragged, has, however, healed; but the one received at the little village R. is so deep that it is beyond the curing power of human skill."

"Voila, that is my story, friend. Now you know why one of Pallieres' marines is serving as unmatelot deguerre under the stars and stripes."

M. A. Tirrell.

### Brick and Marble.

"I found Rome built of brick; I left it built of marble," said Augustus Caesar.

Which is something to boast of. Whosoever turns a sheep pasture into a cornfield, or makes two blades of grass grow where only one grew before, is so far a benefactor to his race. And whosoever finds the world cursed by pain and disease and leaves behind him the knowledge how to overcome it—at least in part—is worthy of even a better guerdon. This a few have done, and their crowns of blessing will remain bright ages after the Roman emperors have been utterly forgotten."

Here is a short story in that line. Mrs. Monica Barrett worked in a mill, and does yet. She belongs to the great multitude in England who depend on their labour for a living. The question with her is, What can my two hands do? not, How shall I spend my income? Her husband (who will pardon us for mentioning it) is a shoemaker and a good one. He hammers away at his bench, and his wife toils at the mill—as we said. It takes both to keep the pot boiling, and to find meat to put in that same pot. Early hours and late, no matter how backs may ache and eyelids grow heavy with sleep; that's the way it goes.

Well, sometime in 1885, this woman began to lose her power to work. You who (like the writer of these lines) must work, or have no money for the butcher, the baker, or the landlord, understand what it means to have to knock off work. Yet we stick as long as we can. To be sure. Who consents to drown so long as there is a straw to clutch at? She held on when she ought to have been in bed at home.

"I could hardly stand at the loom," she says, "I was so weak. I had been ill ever since the spring. It was then I first felt languid, tired and weary. Everything was a trouble to me, I was so discouraged and depressed. I couldn't eat; my appetite was almost gone. And when I did eat a little of something, it hurt me at the chest and in the pit of the stomach. There was a bitter, sourish taste in my mouth, and a sickening wind or gas came

up. My strength gave out more and more, and one cannot work when the body trembles with weakness. What ailed me I couldn't tell."

"From time to time I was obliged to leave my work at the mill, and stay at home. Occasionally I would be laid up two or three weeks in this way. I was anxious to get well; who wouldn't be? I consulted two doctors, one after the other, in hopes they could help me. They gave me medicines, but I was none the better. One of the doctors said my complaint was constitutional weakness. Beid as the doctors' medicines I took others, but they didn't reach my trouble."

Year after year I suffered thus, sometimes feeling a bit better and then worse again. It was a sad and miserable time, and so long—from the spring of 1885 to the spring of this year, 1893.

"Last March I read in a little book about Mother Seigel's Curative Syrup, and got a bottle from Mr. Watkinson, chemist, Flyde Road. After I had taken it for fourteen days I felt wonderfully relieved; my food agreed with me; I relished it and gained strength. Cheered up by this I kept on taking it, and it wasn't long before all the pain and distress were gone like a bad dream, and I was a new woman. Since that time I have enjoyed the best of health. (Signed) Monica Barrett, 11 Maudland Road, Press ton, October 10th, 1893."

Save for the happy ending what a sad story this is. The worst part is that she should have suffered eight years with indigestion and dyspepsia (the bane and blight of women) when she might have been cured in eight days had she known of the Syrup, and used it in the spring of 1885. There is no measuring or figuring on an experience like this. It is death in life. Yet hundreds of thousands of English women are going through it all the time—yes, even now. Well, we can only say, try the medicine that cured Mrs. Barrett. If it cured her, why not you?

"I found Rome built of brick; I left it marble," said Caesar.

"I find people ill; I leave them well," says Mother Seigel.

### Mrs. Buzzell Has Not Found Her Ideal.

The somewhat singular case of Mrs. Adie W. Buzzell, a young woman of Clinton is attracting much attention in Eastern Maine.

Although but 34 years of age, she has been married and divorced five times. In each case she has been the libellant.

Her five ex-husbands are still living, and are, most of them, neighbors of Mrs. Buzzell.

She is now in sole possession of a large farm, that she tills with the aid of a hired man. This spring she has done most of the ploughing, and has herself planted a large portion of the crops. She says that in years past, owing to the inefficiency of her husbands, she has done the mowing with a two-horse machine, and that this season she shall, as usual, attend to that work.

In fact, Mrs. Buzzell is a very advanced type of an independent woman and frankly states that when she has found that a husband has not come up to her ideas of thrift, industry and congeniality she has promptly set him aside. She also says that she is still looking for the right man to handle her farm and make her happy.

A statement to this effect appeared in a local paper recently, and since then the woman farmer has been subject to a singular seige. From a radius of 50 miles about, suitors have flocked to Clinton. Some are farmers of substance and standing, who want such a helpmeet as Mrs. Buzzell appears to be.

One man who rode up to her door was a prominent Canadian man, with about \$10,000 and he urged Mrs. Buzzell to go with him and take care of his property. He is also a divorced man, and explained to the Clinton woman that after a married experience of seventeen years he had found that his wife was "too slack" around the house. Mrs. Buzzell's neatness attracted him.

Other applicants have come in teams, on foot and by train. Many are cranks who wanted to work on the farm two or three months on trial without pay. Some brought their extra wardrobe in valises and parcels; others came in light marching order.

This week the woman has been so pestered by attention from suitors that she has hitched her yellow watchdog just outside her door. If a man braves the dog, Mrs. Buzzell lifts a shotgun across her arm and, with the self-reliance of Maine farmer women, threatens to "let daylight" through the persistent suitor unless he leaves the premises.

She also receives on an average a dozen letters a day, all offering marriage. Ten men have volunteered to come and assist her in haying without pay, just to show what kind of workers they are. One candidate, who came on the train from East Orland, tried to leap from the car steps at a point near Mrs. Buzzell's house, and it required the united strength of the conductor and brakeman to restrain him until the train stopped at Clinton village.

So far, the woman has driven away all suitors and has answered no letters. She secured a divorce from her last husband only three months ago, and avers that she isn't ready to try matrimony again just at present.

### ENVOI.

A wide, bare field 'neath blinding skies,  
Where no tree grows, no shadow lies,  
Where no wind stirs, where no bee flies.

A roadway, even, blank and white,  
That swerves not left, that swerves not right,  
That stretches, changeless, out of sight.

Footprints midway down its dust,  
Two lagging, laden feet that just  
Trail on and on because they must.  
—Grace Denio Litchfield in Century.

### STYLES IN PARLOR STOVES.

The Evolution of the Self Feeder—"High Art and Low Feed."

The modern American self feeding parlor stove, which also was originally made cylindrical in form, is now almost without exception made square. The self feeder commended itself at once upon its introduction and it soon came into wide use. Its utility was everywhere recognized. It was not then, however, so perfect in detail as it has since been made. The magazine was at first made larger than was really necessary, even for the purpose of such a stove. In a large size self feeder, standing pretty high generally, the opening into the magazine at the top, through which the coal was poured, was so high that it became quite a task to lift a scuttle of coal up to it. This was not so much noticed at the very outset, when people were more impressed by other features, but it speedily became a consideration of importance. It was said at the time that in feeding some of the stoves a stepladder was needed. It certainly did require a considerable degree of exertion.

The ornamentation of the stoves at that time consisted of moldings and bands, and perhaps of wreaths in low relief, cast upon the upper part of the cylinder, looped around the top, and the stove was often surmounted with an ornamental urn. All this made a handsome stove, as stoves went, but it was felt that something better might be produced in the way of style and finish and that it was practically essential that something should be done to lower the feed. These two requisites to the highest development and greater success of the self feeding parlor stove were formulated in the phrase "high art and low feed" once familiar in the trade. The demands were promptly met.

To bring the feed lower, the whole stove was lowered wherever it could be done, a trifle being taken here and there, the grate was lowered a little, and the magazine was reduced in size where that could be done and still leave it of ample size to meet essential requirements. The effect of these changes was to bring the feed down to where it is today, within convenient reach, and the general lowering of the structure of the stove was in keeping also with the new outward shape that was adopted, square instead of round, the fire pot, however, remaining round.

At first in the ornamentation of stoves of the new design tiles were used freely and some of the parts of the stoves or their trimmings were nickel plated. Tiles are still used to a considerable extent. Nickel plating is more freely used than at first, and bronze is now used also. While the stoves are in outline and effect square it does not follow that they are flat sided. Some are recessed, some have swell sides. They are made in various modifications of shape and in a great variety of styles of finish as to ornamentation in tiles and nickel plating, and in a great variety of ornamental patterns reproduced in the castings themselves. Many of these stoves are tasteful as well as elaborate. "High art and low feed" are combined in them.—New York Sun.

### A Lake of Ink.

In the midst of the 3,500 Cocopah volcanoes of Arizona stands the lake of ink, into which run scores of streams of clear, hot, mineral charged water. It is only a quarter of a mile long by half as much wide, but no bottom has ever yet been found to its gloomy depths. The black water rises to within three or four inches of its level shores, and the temperature at the edge is 110 degrees F., rising at a depth of 100 feet to 216 degrees—4 degrees above boiling point. To the touch the water feels smooth and oily, and when it is in repose ashes and oily matter cover the surface half an inch thick. Although the water is jet black, it does not discolor the skin of a bather. The coloring matter seems to be held in suspension and will adhere to a white cloth dipped in the lake. To the taste the water is warm, salt and bitter.

To the bather the sensation is most delightful, exhilarating to such a degree that a bath of 15 minutes makes one feel as if under the influence of the very best brandy.

Millions of bubbles, formed by escaping gases, keep the surface at all times agitated, till it rolls, boils and foams as if ready to roll over its banks and escape. Whenever the neighboring volcanoes rage with anger, the lake follows suit, and the sight of its maddened waters will not soon be forgotten.

The cures wrought on the Indians who bathe there and on the few white men who have so far visited the spot are almost incredible.—London Answers.

### Market Rate.

Some of these big magazine editors are humorous at times. In response to this inquiry from an amateur, "What does poetry bring in New York?" one of them replied:

"We have no regular prices, but if you ship it in crates or carloads we believe