

WILLIAM KERR JOHN M. ROBERTSON.

KERR & ROBERTSON,

WHOLESALE

Hardware Merchants,

No. 47 Dock Street,

St John N. B.

Specialties:
Shelf Hardware
and Cutlery.

J. & T. Jardine,

DIRECT IMPORTERS OF BRITISH AND FOREIGN GOODS,

—AND—

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL DEALERS

—IN—

FLOUR, COR MEAL, OATMEAL, COFFEE.

TEA, SUGAR, TOBACCO,

COARSE SALT, in bulk and bags, DAIRY SALT,

Molasses, Biscuits, Cheese,

PORK AND BEEF,

HAMS, OATS, BRAN AND SHORTS.

HARDWARE, CROCKERYWARE, GLASSWARE

BOOTS AND SHOES

DRY GOODS.

Ready-Made Clothing, Scotch Horse Collars,

IRON, CHAIN, ANCHORS, ROPE,

NAILS OF EVERY DESCRIPTION, LIME.

English House Coal.

Backsmith's Coal.

SHINGLES, DEALS, BOARDS AND SCANTLING,

PITCH-PINE, HARDWOOD, LATHS, etc.

Kingston, Kent County, N. B.

RICHARD SULLIVAN & CO.

—WHOLESALE—

Wine and Spirit Merchants,

—IMPORTERS AND DEALERS IN—

TEAS, TOBACCOS and CIGARS.

44 & 46 DOCK STREET ST. JOHN N. B.

Bonded Warehouse No. 2

All the Leading Brands always on hand.

John O'Regan,

(ESTABLISHED 1879.)

DIRECT IMPORTER

—AND—

Wholesale Wine and Spirit Merchant,

LLOYD'S BLOCK 1 & 3 UNION STREET,

ST. JOHN, N. B.

CLEAN OUT THAT SPRING.

"Tom," said my wife to me one morning at breakfast, "if you have time to-day, I wish you would clean out the spring. The water doesn't taste just right, and there may be things in it that will make us ill. It's been running roily quite often lately, too."

Now that spring was about a quarter of a mile from the house, and the water came down through a pipe. We used it for everything—washing, cooking and drinking. It was very soft and sweet, and practically the same temperature all the year round. But things would get into it, and so it was my job to give it an annual cleansing and scouring. Rather a wet and disagreeable task, but worth while; for after its purgation the spring sent out water clear as a diamond, and pure as nature could brew it.

What flowing water is to the earth, the blood is to the human body. Unless the blood is free from impurities you cannot be healthy. For that reason few persons are really in perfect condition, perhaps nobody. There is no such thing as curing any disease unless we can drive the germs or poisons which cause it out of the blood.

But how do impurities get into the blood? Through and from the stomach, for the blood is manufactured from the food in the stomach. When the digestion is perfect, or nearly so, the blood is virtually pure. It builds up the body, and gives elasticity, strength and good spirits. When the digestion is bad the food ferments in the stomach and loads the blood with impurities, exactly as a foul spring or well sends out contaminated water. Take an example:—

"In March, 1885," says Mrs. Ann Willis, of 51, Bigg Street, Crewe, "I found myself in a low, weak state of health. I ached all over, and was as weary and tired as though I had been working beyond my strength; yet that was not the cause. My appetite was poor, and after eating I was puffed and swollen at my chest and had a deal of pain. I was also much troubled with mazes, and when out walking I feared I should fall down. My sleep was broken up and I felt as tired in the morning as when I went to bed. Then I got low and nervous. I couldn't bear company, and took no interest in anything. For nearly two years I was confined to my bed, under a doctor's care. It was in February, 1887, that a friend urged me to try Mother Seigel's Syrup. I got a bottle from the Co-operative stores in West Street, and in a week I was greatly improved. I could eat better and the food agreed with me. I was also brighter and in better spirits. I continued with the Syrup and grew stronger and stronger, and able once more to do my work and enjoy my life. That is now eight years ago, and at this date, March 6th, 1895, I have had no return of the complaint.

"In the Spring of 1889," says Mrs. Thomas Ward, newsagent, 276, Bridgeman Street, Bolton, "I felt strangely weak and ailing. At first I had a bad taste in the mouth, no appetite, and after eating I had weight and pain at the chest, and tightness around the waist. I had an awful pain at the pit of the stomach that never let up night or day, and made me irritable and wretched. After a time I got so bad I was afraid to eat—the food hurt me so. I became so weak that I almost fainted as I walked along the street. No medicine gave me relief. In March, 1890, after twelve months' suffering, my brother recommended me to use Mother Seigel's Curative Syrup. He said he knew its virtues from a happy experience. I got a bottle from Mr. H. B. Pare, the chemist, in Lever Street, and it soon made me feel better, and in a few weeks it cured me completely. From that day to this (Feb. 19th, 1895) I have been strong and well."

Thus we see it is as I said: To purify the blood we must do away with the indigestion, the dyspepsia; we must cleanse and tone the stomach, which (when diseased), is the foundation of all the mischief. This necessary task is done by Mother Seigel's Syrup, with a thoroughness that ensures a lasting and real cure. The whole body shares in the restoration and so does the mind, whose powers rise and fall with the condition of the body. Now, as for the stomach-spring, don't wait for any set time to clean it out. Attend to it on the very day you perceive that it needs attention.

Judge—Ah, you've seen me more than once already, haven't you? Prisoner—I have that honor. And, as we know each other so well, permit me to ask how your charming wife is?

He—Aren't you pleased with the way my moustache is growing? She—Yes, indeed! I'm more tickled with it every time you call.

After a Severe Cold.

"Hood's Sarsaparilla has cured me of scrofula. I was weak and debilitated and Hood Sarsaparilla built me up and made me strong and well. After a severe cold I had catarrhal fever. I again resorted to Hood's Sarsaparilla which accomplished a complete cure." SARAH E. DEVAY Annapolis Nova Scotia.

Hood's Pills are the favorite family cathartic, easy to take, easy to operate.

THEY WERE BAD MEN

THE FORMER INHABITANTS OF ELLSWORTH AND HAYS CITY.

Back in the Sixties These Towns Were Not So Quiet as They Are Now—How Some of the Citizens Settled Down—Wild Bill and Jim Curry.

"Ellsworth!" shouted a brakeman on the Union Pacific railway, Kansas division, as the train swept through a prairie valley and slowed up at a sleepy, cottonwood shaded, prairie encircled western Kansas town. To the left could be seen a large and peculiar building, located on the outskirts of the village.

"What is that building?" I asked of the gray bearded man who had shared my seat for the last 20 miles.

"That is the Grand Army grounds and building," he said. "It belongs to the old soldiers, and they hold a reunion there every summer."

"They have picked on a very quiet town in which to rendezvous."

"Yes, this is a quiet town now, but I can remember, 30 years ago, when Ellsworth was hell's half acre. Yes, worse than that, for all the cussedness going on in this town in the sixties couldn't have been crowded on to less than hell's half section. Times was mighty dull in Ellsworth them days when there wasn't work for the coroner six days in the week, and he generally had to work overtime on Sundays. It was the toughest place on the plains until the railroad moved on west, and the killers, toughs, gamblers and their female companions followed on to Hays City. Then the carnival of crime and the contract for filling the graveyard was transferred to Hays. But today both towns are as quiet and orderly as a New England village. Some of the bad men of those days settled here in Ellsworth permanently and became quiet citizens—after they became residents of the graveyard on the hill yonder.

"Apache Bill, scound and tough, took up a permanent residence out yonder because a bartender got the drop on him one night and added about two ounces to Bill's weight in the shape of lead placed where it would do the most good. Comstock Charley, a half breed Cheyenne scout, tough and general all round bad man, also became a quiet citizen of the place where they planted 'em in those days on account of a puncture put into him by Henry Whitney, sheriff.

"Bill Hickok (Wild Bill) gained his fame at Hays City, west of here, as also did Jim Curry, who later on shot and killed Ben Porter, an actor, at Marshall, Tex. I knew Jim Curry when he was an engineer on this road. He became enamored of a woman, married her, and they settled down in Hays City, keeping a little restaurant there. There was a regiment of negro soldiers quartered at Fort Hays. The negroes took offense at Jim because he refused to serve them with meals at his house. They came around to clean out the place. Jim went to shooting, and when he quit Uncle Sam's army was dedicated to some extent.

"Wild Bill was a nifty man and did some killing in his day, and he might have lived longer if he had not grown careless. You see, Bill, like all men of his class, was always expecting trouble and was always on guard. Bill for years had never allowed himself to get into a position where his keen eye and ready revolver were not master of the situation, but he did allow the drop to be got on him twice to my knowledge. The first time I was present, and the next time—well, Bill was gone himself when the second time came to a climax.

"I will tell you the story of the time I was present. Now, I never knew Bill to pull his gun to kill unless it was in self defense or there was no other way to secure the peace and quiet Bill always hankered for and would have peaceably if he could, forcibly if he must. Jim Curry was a coward, but he was determined to acquire a reputation as a bad man, and, as Bill Hickok held the championship of the world at that time as a killer, Curry thought he might safely run a bluff on Wild Bill.

"So he sent Bill word he would kill him on sight, not that he had anything against Bill, but Curry had gone into the killing business, and he proposed to hold the center of the stage and show that he was displaying energy and aptitude in his business. Bill paid no attention to Curry's talk, not considering him in his class.

"One day I met Curry on the street in Hays. We went into a saloon kept by a little, nervous, excitable German. Wild Bill's tall form and long, black hair loomed up at a table in the back part of the room. His back was toward Curry and myself. Curry walked over to the table, standing directly behind Bill. Before any one suspected what he would do he had his gun against Bill's head and said, 'Now, you long haired —, I've got you, and you're going to die.' Bill never batted an eye nor moved a muscle, but said, 'You would not shoot a man down without giving him a show to defend his life, would you?' 'Wouldn't I? What show did you ever give any one, you —?'

"The Dutchman was dancing around like mad, imploring Jim to put up his gun and for him and Bill to shake hands. If they would, he would stand treat for the house, which proposition was finally accepted. Wild Bill and Jim Curry shook hands, after which Bill said: 'Now, Jim, I got nothing ag'in you, and I don't want to kill you, but if you are bound to get a reputation there's a town full of tenderfeet here and lots of sassy nigger soldiers. Go practice on them. You'll have to get more of 'em to give you a reputation, and it will take more time to git than if you held a discussion with me, but I think you will live longer to enjoy it and be happier than if you kept up projectin' with me. So now let's jes' drop this, or I may get the idea into my head that you're in earnest, and that might be bad for you.'—Indianapolis Journal.

REMARKABLE CASES

Chronic Invalids Raised from Their Sick Beds After Giving Up Hope.

London, Ont.—Henry R. Nicholls, 176 Rectory street, catarrh; recovered. Dr. Chase's catarrh cure. 25c.

Markdale—Geo. Crowe's child, itching eczema; cured. Chase's Ointment.

Truro, N.S.—H. H. Sutherland, traveler, piles—very bad case; cured; Chase's Ointment. 60c.

Lucan—Wm. Branton, gardener, pin worms; all gone. Chase's Pills.

L'Amable—Peter Van Allan, eczema for three years. Cured. Chase's Ointment.

Gouver Point—Robano Bartard, dreadful itching piles, 30 years. Well again. Chase's Ointment. 60c.

Meyersburg—Nelson Simmons, itching piles; cured. Chase's Ointment.

Malone—Geo. Richardson, kidney and liver sufferer; better. One box Chase's Pills. 25c.

Chesley—H. Will's son, crippled with rheumatism and suffering from diabetes completely recovered. Chase's Pills.

Matchard Township—Peter Taylor, kidney trouble, 30 years; cured. Chase's Pills. 25c.

Toronto—Miss Hattie Delaney, 174 Crawford street, subject of perpetual colds. Cured by Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine. 25 cents.

THE CRANE DANCE.

Where the Soubrettes Got Their Idea For a Specialty.

There is a dance called the crane dance, which is popular at the vaudeville houses. At Lincoln park there is a real crane which does a crane dance, and those who have seen its saltatorial feats say the bird does it much better than do the featherless, two legged animals.

No purely imitative dancing could fail to gain by being an exact copy of the performance of the long necked, spindle legged sand hill crane. Its steps are not only grotesque, but they are of a kind to make the gravest onlooker lose his dignity and laugh like a delighted boy at the circus. This Lincoln park bird at the outset of his dance is the personification of dignity. When in the days of his freedom he tripped it on his native sand hills for the sole benefit of his mate, he did so only in the spring-time, but now, in his lowly captive state, he dances in and out of season if the keeper who feeds him will but wave his arms and take an awkward step or two to give him encouragement.

The crane begins its dance by shoving one long leg, with its claw attachment, straight out in front of his body. Then he lowers it and draws it back slowly until it is within an inch or two of the ground. Then there is a lightninglike double shuffle, and the other leg is pointed to the front. Then the dance begins in earnest. The wings are stretched and beat the air in perfect time to the movement of the feet, be they going fast or slow. There is the semblance of a clog; then the sinuous foot and body movement of the nautch girl, and in a moment the whirl of the dancing dervish, to be succeeded as a finale by a sort of wild "all hands round," in which every feather of the bird is alive, as it enters into the joy of the dance with an utter abandon. The act of stopping is like the "halt" of the German soldier—sudden, stiff and instant. Then the crane marches away to a corner with a still stately tread, but with an eye which appears to reveal embarrassment.—Chicago Times-Herald.

English Administration of Jamaica.

The English administration of Jamaica is a thing to be thankful for. There are law and order, excellent roads, comfortable houses, adequate police, lawn tennis and cricket, plenty of manly, companionable English army and navy officers and a governor who is strong, able and genial. At the same time it would be folly to maintain that the island is producing a tenth part of the wealth that is latent in soil and atmosphere, or that most of the wealth that is beginning to make its appearance is due to anything so much as to the American enterprise and capital which are opening up railways and cultivating fruits. Another serious fact, though not necessarily an unwelcome one, is that the island's 4,000 square miles contain a population of 600,000 persons, 25,000 of whom are white.—Julian Hawthorne in Century.

Youthful Interrogator.

"Mother," said a thoughtful Boston child to his maternal relative.

"What is it, Waldo?"

"Is Philadelphia older than Boston, mother?"

"Of course not, my son. The first settlement was made in Charlestown in 1630, while William Penn did not arrive on the site of Philadelphia until 59 years later."

"That was always my impression, mother, but how is it that Philadelphia is mentioned in the Bible, while Boston is not?"—Pittsburg Chronicle-Telegraph.

COLLECTOR'S NOTICE.

The mentioned non-resident rate payers of Districts No. 3 or 4, in the Parish of Weldford, in the County of Kent, Province of New Brunswick, are hereby notified to pay the amount of rates and taxes set opposite their names, together with the costs of advertising, 50c. each, to the undersigned within two months from the date hereof, otherwise legal proceedings will be taken to recover the same.

	No. 1895	1896	1897
William Brown	8	10.88	11.56
Robt. Brown Jr.	3	3.88	4.12
David Kewick	3	1.51	1.61
Patrick Kenney	3	1.01	1.01
Jeddy Lynch Estate	3	3.18	3.09
Bernard McAffrey	3	1.17	1.24
James McLaughlin	3	3.18	3.40
Jan. s. cott	3	1.17	1.24
William Wallace	3	1.17	1.24
Mrs Joan Campbell	3	1.17	1.24
Mrs George Moody	3	1.17	1.24
Joseph Fenney	4	1.84	1.91
George K. McLeod	4	1.84	1.98
Michael Wood Estate	4	1.84	1.98

RICHARD WARMAN, Collector.
North Weldford, Kent County, N. B.
June 1st 1897.

R.A.D'OLLOQUI, M.D.

PHYSICIAN & SURGEON,
KINGSTON, KENT CO., N. B.

Special attention paid to Diseases of the Eye. Artificial Eyes inserted.
Telephonic communication with Royal Hotel.

Geo. V. McInerney,

arrister, Attorney, Notary, &c.
Solicitor for the Merchants Bank of Halifax.
RICHIBUCTO, N. B.

R. HUTCHINSON, Q. C.,

CLERK OF Peace,
VICE CONSUL FOR SWEDEN AND NORWAY,
LLOYD'S SUB-AGENT.
Divisional Registrar Births Marriages and Deaths
RICHIBUCTO, N. B.

Jas. Brown,

CONTRACTOR,
AND MANUFACTURER OF
DIMENSION LUMBER,
Weldford Station, I. C. R., Kent County.

C. RICHARDSON,

Barrister,
SOLICITOR, NOTARY PUBLIC.
Referee in Equity.
RICHIBUCTO, - - - - - N. B.

D. J. Cochrane,

Commission Merchant.
LIVE STOCK BOUGHT and SOLD.
Money to Loan.
RICHIBUCTO, - - - N. B.

B. S. BAILEY,

NOTARY PUBLIC,
STIPENDIARY MAGISTRATE,
ISSUER OF MARRIAGE LICENSES,
AUCTIONEER & GENERAL AGENT
Weldford, N. B.

O. J. McCully, M. A., M. D.

Memb. Roy. Col. Surg., Eng.
SPECIALTY, DISEASES OF EYE, EAR AND THROAT.
Office—Cor. Main and Westmorland Streets,
Moncton, N. B.

H. H. JAMES,

Barrister at Law, Notary
SOLICITOR AND CONVEYANCER
Referee in Equity.
JUDGE OF PROBATES.
BUCTOUCHE, - - - N. B.

H. M. FERGUSON J. P.

Notary Public,
Conveyancer, ec.
Issuer of Marriage Licenses,
ACCOUNTS COLLECTED AND PROCEEDS PROMPTLY PAID OVER.
Commissioner of the Richibucto Civil Court.
KINGSTON, KENT COUNTY, N. B.

WARNING!

Any person cutting fire-wood, logs, or other lumber on the "Smith property," Molus River, will be prosecuted and punished under the provisions of the Dominion Criminal Law.
Dated, December 14, 1896.
J. D. PHINNEY.

GOOD COMMERCIAL AND OTHER PRINTING AT THE REVIEW OFFICE