

# 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.....	1	10 00 Lv. 15 00	
Lewisville.....	1	9 05 15 04	
Humphrey's.....	1	9 32 15 08	
Irishtown.....	1	9 32 15 09	
Cape Breton.....	1	9 32 15 09	
Scott's Settlement.....	1	9 32 15 09	
McDonald's.....	1	9 32 15 09	
Notre Dame.....	1	9 32 15 09	
Cocagne.....	1	9 32 15 09	
St. Anthony.....	1	9 32 15 09	
Little River.....	1	9 32 15 09	
BUCTOUCHE.....	1	9 32 15 09	

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 10.30 and 11.30 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.

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.	Keat Junction, Dept.	13.30

Trains are run by Eastern Standard time.

Trains run daily, Sunday excepted.

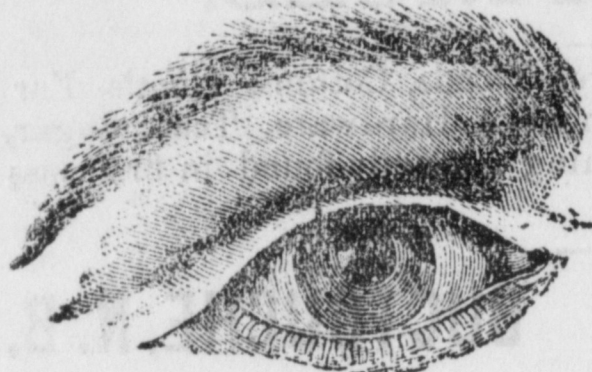
Connect with I. C. R. accommodation trains north and south.

WILMOT BROWN.

General Manager and Lessee.

Richibucto, Dec. 7, 1893.

Merchants  
with an



to Business  
Advertise  
in  
THE REVIEW.  
DRS SOMERS & DOHERTY



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 16th, 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.  
Cemetery work of every description neatly executed. Orders promptly filled.  
MONCTON, N. B. (aug31st)

# 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 Fowl, etc. Highest prices paid for Buctouche Oysters.

# EVERY FAMILY SHOULD KNOW THAT



Is a very remarkable remedy, both for INTERNAL and EXTERNAL use, and wonderful in its quick action to relieve distress.  
**PAIN-KILLER** is a sure cure for Sore Throat, Coughs, Chills, Diarrhoea, Dysentery, Cramps, Cholera, and all bowel complaints.  
**PAIN-KILLER** is THE BEST remedy known for Sore Throat, Sore Headache, Pain in the Back or Side, Rheumatism and Neuralgia.  
**PAIN-KILLER** is INDESTRUCTIBLE and is the BEST LINIMENT MADE. It being GREASY and PERMANENT, it stays on the skin, and is SAFE TO USE internally or externally with certainty of relief.  
Beware of imitations. Take none but the genuine "PAIN-KILLER." Sold everywhere; 25c. big bottle. Very large bottle, 50c.

# CHEAP EXCURSIONS

TO THE  
CANADIAN  
**North-west**  
VIA THE  
**CANADIAN PACIFIC**  
Railway.

The following low rates for Excursion Tickets will be made from any Station on the Intercolonial, Prince Edward Island, Dominion Atlantic, and Canadian (in New Brunswick) Railway, viz. to:

DELORAIN	RETURN RATES.
Reston.....	\$28.00
Estevan.....	
Bismarck.....	
Moosomin.....	
Dauphin.....	
Regina.....	\$30.00
Yorkton.....	
Prince Albert.....	\$35.00
Red Deer.....	
Edmonton.....	\$40.00

**TICKETS** Will be good to leave only 15, and for return until AUGUST 25, SEPTEMBER 1 and 18, 1897.

**TICKETS WILL BE GOOD** Via St. John, N. B., and for only Second-class passage in each direction, **COUPONS FOR SLEEPING CARS** are run on all through trains.

**THE WINNIPEG INDUSTRIAL AIR** Will be held at Winnipeg from JULY 15th to 24th inclusive, and should prove a great attraction to Agriculturalists.

For further information inquire of your nearest Railway Ticket Agent.

D. MCNICOLL, A. H. NORMAN,  
Per. Traffic Mgr. District Per. Agt.  
MONTREAL ST. JOHN N. B.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills cure indigestion, rheumatism, neuralgia, locomotor ataxia, St. Vitus' dance, nervous headache and prostration, diseases of the blood, such as scrofula, chronic erysipelas, and restore pale and sallow complexions to the glow of health. They are a specific for all the troubles peculiar to the female sex, and in men cure all cases arising from worry, overwork, or excesses. Sold by all chemists and by Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont., at 50c per box or six boxes for \$2.50. There are imitation pills colored pink against which the public are warned. The genuine pills are put up in boxes, the wrapper around which bears the full trade mark, "Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People." Take nothing else.

# MISS GRACE ORR.

(Educational Review)

For nearly nine years Miss Grace Orr has conducted with great success a kindergarten and primary department in the Victoria School, St. John. Under many difficulties and with discouragements that would have baffled less resolute minds, Miss Orr has been able to bring the principles of the kindergarten, with the gift lessons, occupations, plays and songs into a public, primary school. The experiment has been watched with great interest not only in St. John, but elsewhere in the province, and many teachers who have visited the school and watched the work have been stimulated to study the principles of the kindergarten and apply them in their own schools.

With excellent judgment and tact in the management of children, and a ready sympathy with their nature, Miss Orr combines a charm and dignity of manner, with an earnestness of purpose, that has caused her to see many of her ideals accomplished. She deserves and holds a high place in the esteem of parents and the school board of St. John for the excellent work she has accomplished in her school, special mention of which has recently been made by the Chief Superintendent of Education.

Miss Orr received special kindergarten instruction from Miss Woodcock in Truro before beginning kindergarten work in St. John. This she has supplemented by diligent private study and by a further course of instruction in New York. A part of her early education was obtained at a high school in New York city, and she holds a first-class license from the Board of education of New Brunswick with high marks.

Miss Orr will retire from her school at the end of the present term to assume other duties. The Review extends its warmest congratulations to her on the event soon to take place and wishes her the happiness and prosperity she so well deserves. It cannot, however, refrain from a feeling of regret that the teaching

# SHE COULD NOT EAT.

THE STATEMENT OF A LADY WHO WAS DYSPETIC.

Afflicted with Pains in the Stomach, Nausea and Vomiting—Constipation Headaches and Other Distressing Symptoms Followed.

From Le Sorelois, Sorel, Que.

Dyspepsia and kindred disorders of the digestive organs are becoming alarmingly prevalent among the people of all classes, and it is safe to say that there are few ill-afflicting mankind productive of more real misery than indigestion. It is said that happiness and a good digestion go hand in hand, and the statement contains more truth than has been generally admitted. It may be safely said, therefore, that the medicine that will cure dyspepsia is a blessing to mankind, a promoter of human happiness, whose good work cannot be too widely known. Such is the opinion of Mrs. P. Lussier of Sorel, Que., and it is because of this that she gave the following statement to a representative of Le Sorelois.

"For some time past," she said, "I had been suffering from a malady that at first I could not define, but which proved to be a severe attack of dyspepsia. After each meal I felt a sensation of over fullness, even when I had eaten most sparingly. This feeling was accompanied by severe pains in the region of the stomach, and frequently by nausea, and sometimes vomiting. Constipation followed, which added to my misery. In the interval I suffered from fever and slight headaches and became generally indisposed. At times the pain in the stomach was less severe. My appetite was leaving me, I had no taste for anything and at this stage my son, Alfred, assistant manager of 'Le Sorelois' urged me to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, at the same time urging me to read an article in that paper which related to the cure of a person similarly afflicted. I was skeptical and did not believe the pills would help me, but a few days later I re-read the article and decided that I would try this medicine and I have much reason to be glad that I did so. I took a couple of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills after each meal and little by little perceived that my digestion was becoming more easy. I continued the use of the pills for a little more than a month, and have pleasure in stating that my cure is complete. At my age (66 years) one greatly appreciates being able to enjoy one's meals, and I bless the day I began to use Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and I heartily recommend them to other sufferers.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills cure indigestion, rheumatism, neuralgia, locomotor ataxia, St. Vitus' dance, nervous headache and prostration, diseases of the blood, such as scrofula, chronic erysipelas, and restore pale and sallow complexions to the glow of health. They are a specific for all the troubles peculiar to the female sex, and in men cure all cases arising from worry, overwork, or excesses. Sold by all chemists and by Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont., at 50c per box or six boxes for \$2.50. There are imitation pills colored pink against which the public are warned. The genuine pills are put up in boxes, the wrapper around which bears the full trade mark, "Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People." Take nothing else.

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profession in New Brunswick is to lose one whose high character and special gifts for primary work have won for her such warm regard in the school and in the home.

[Miss Orr is a daughter of the late John Orr, of Jardineville. Her many friends in this locality will be pleased to read the above favorable report. We wish her bon voyage in the new sphere in which she is about to enter.]

# The Suffering and Crushed in Spirit NEED WORDS OF CHEER.

THEIR ONLY AVENUE OF ESCAPE IS THROUGH PAINE'S CELERY COMPOUND.

True words of encouragement, hope and cheer are generally welcomed by suffering humanity—at least by that part of it with crushed spirits and despondent hearts.

To those who are martyrs from rheumatism and neuralgia we have a few words of honest advice, which, if followed, will certainly lead to that coveted goal—perfect health—that many are so earnestly praying to reach.

Up to the present you have failed to banish your rheumatism. The medicines you are using have not removed the floating acid poison from your joints and muscles. You are as bad to-day—perhaps worse—than when you commenced to doctor, and some of you are pronounced incurable.

Cheer up, sad souls! There is hope, yes, more than hope; there is a new life for you and freedom from all pain and agony if you give that heaven-sent remedy, Paine's Celery Compound, a fair and honest trial. It has completely cured the worst forms of rheumatism in the past, and its great and precious virtues will do the same good work for you to-day.

To those who suffer from that merciless tormenter, neuralgia, we say, with all candor, use Paine's Celery Compound, and your future will soon be happy and bright. This disease always indicates a low or depressed vitality, and is the most agonizing and exhausting that can afflict the nervous system. The ablest physicians now freely prescribe Paine's Celery Compound for neuralgia, and affirm that no other medicine can so completely eradicate the cause of this terrible disease.

One bottle of the great health-giving medicine will produce cheering results and will prove that our advice is golden. May heaven give you sufficient faith to make a trial.

# Sir Walter Scott's First Brief.

Sir Walter Scott had his share of curious experiences shortly after being called to the bar. His first appearance as counsel in a criminal court was at Jedburgh assizes in 1793, when he successfully defended a veteran poacher. "You're a lucky scoundrel," Scott whispered to his client when the verdict was given.

"I'm just of your mind," returned the latter, "and I'll send you a mankin"—namely, a hare—"the morn, man." Lockhart, who narrates the incident, omits to add whether the "mankin" duly reached Scott, but no doubt it did.

On another occasion Scott was less successful in his defense of a house-breaker, but the culprit, grateful for his counsel's exertions, gave him, in lieu of the orthodox fee, which he was unable to pay, this piece of advice, to the value of which he (the housebreaker) could professionally attest: First, never to have a large watchdog out of doors, but to keep a little yelping terrier within, and, secondly, to put no trust in nice, clever, gimcrack locks, but to pin his faith to a huge old heavy one with a rusty key. Scott long remembered this incident, and 30 years later, at a judges' dinner at Jedburgh, he recalled it in this impromptu rhyme:

Yelping terrier, rusty key,  
Was Walter Scott's best Jeddard fee.  
—Westminster Gazette.

# A Serious Outlook.

"What I want," said the manager, "is a joyous burlesque."  
"Well," replied the scribe, "I'll do what I can. But I give you fair warning you're killing the goose that lays the golden egg. If everybody keeps on writing burlesques, in a short time there won't be anything serious for people to make fun of."—Washington Star.

# Social Discontent.

"Doesn't it make you sad when you think of the poor?"  
"Why, no, not particularly. It makes me mad, though, when I think of the rich."—Indianapolis Journal.

# TRICKY BABY PETE.

HE COMMITTED THE THEFTS FOR WHICH A MAN WAS DISCHARGED.

A Midnight Adventure In the Winter Quarters of an Elephant Herd—How Sly Pete Got Away From His Stake and Stole a Bag of Oats.

Pete is the baby elephant of one of the big circus herds. During his confinement in winter quarters he played a trick on his keeper, which the man relates as follows:

"Pete is a tiny little fellow and does not weigh more than 600 or 800 pounds, but I actually believe he would eat as many pounds of oats if he had access to them. The elephant house was dark one night, and I supposed every one of the animals was sound asleep, when my attention was attracted by a subdued, rasping noise, apparently coming from the farther end of the big herd. Instead of walking down in front of them all, I went around and came in at the other end. Hiding behind some bales of straw, I peered cautiously over to where the little rascal was chained, and there he was, carefully lifting his stake out of the ground. I saw in an instant that he had had the stake out before that time, for all he had to do was to lift it up and it came out. He slipped his foot chain down over the tapering end of the stake and was free.

"Across the room, distant perhaps 20 feet or more from his place, were piled some sacks of grain, containing about 100 pounds each. Picking up the foot chain very carefully with his trunk, so that it would not rattle or jangle upon the floor, he began the most delicate, sinuous, gliding motion across the space that separated him from the grain I ever saw, and I never imagined an elephant could go so quietly. I crouched behind the bales of straw, afraid to move for fear he would hear me and stop.

"On he went, cautiously, slowly, but steadily, until he was within reaching distance of the sacked grain. Then he laid the chain down and picked up a bag of oats with his trunk. His journey back to the herd, 20 feet away, was performed even more cautiously than had been his advance, for he had to drag the chain without making a noise. All the time he held the sack of grain tightly in his trunk, and his mouth must have watered when he thought of the feast he was going to have. He reached the herd at last and went up to great big Babylon, who stood like a bronze statue, her massive sides looming up like the sides of a house in the gloom. Pete stopped, and Babylon, whom I had imagined fast asleep, took the oats. They got into the bag in a jiffy and then began a feast. Pete filled his mouth and munched away like a man eating dry crackers on a wager. He knew that his big companion in crime would get the most of the oats if he lost any time. Babylon put away almost half the oats at the first jump out of the box, and poor little Pete, with his mouth full, looked at her with his watery little eyes, as much as to say, 'Oh, what a hog!' and gulped the oats down his little throat at the risk of choking to death.

"I thought it was about time to make a noise, just to disconcert them. I had seen enough to assure me that a hostler who had been discharged hadn't been instrumental in the disappearance of divers and sundry bags of oats, and, as I walked around toward the other end of the elephant house, I wondered what I should do to punish the thieves. The big one had had a painful operation performed a few months before, and I thought that any sight of the instruments that had been used at that time would give her a good fright. When I had reached my own sleeping room, I purposely made a noise and heard the shuffling sounds of sly little Pete as he shambled back to his place. He picked his stake up, put it down in the ground, and would have put it through the ring in the chain if he had had time. When I came along, he was leaning against the wall asleep. I gave him a gentle prod, and he awakened suddenly, with that sleepy stare that a person has when awakened from slumber. But he soon knew that I was on to him, for, when I ordered him to open his mouth, he didn't want to do it. He finally obeyed, and there were the oats. His mouth was jammed full of them. I didn't do anything to him, but walked over to big Babylon. She was his partner in crime, but she was playing possum too.

"I had a good deal of trouble to wake her up and more to make her open her mouth. Much to her chagrin, I imagine, she was full of oats, and she had the empty sack closely rolled up and packed in with them. She was sheepish and ashamed, I assure you, if ever an elephant put on that expression. To punish her I ordered her to sit down and open her mouth and made a motion as if to pass a great pair of forceps into it, which had been used during the operation I referred to. She shut her mouth and cried like a baby, and was so thoroughly frightened that she never trespassed again. But that sly little Pete—why, he is more trouble than the entire herd, and he just gets loose whenever he wants to."—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

# Women as Soldiers.

"I do not see," said a clever woman, "why the newspapers should feel called upon to poke fun at the new law in Colorado which permits women to serve in the state militia. In time of battle woman is just as necessary as man. Just wearing a uniform and shooting a gun are not all that constitute a soldier. What about woman's place in the hospitals during time of war? Does it not require a brave heart and a strong nerve to wait on the wounded or dying? Is not a woman a soldier who can assist the surgeon as he amputates a limb or binds a fractured bone? Are not the Red Cross nurses soldiers? It seems to me that a woman will make just as good a soldier as a man and always find her place in time of war."

# BREAD AND CAKE.

During the reign of Louis XVI. somebody made bold to tell Marie Antoinette that the people of France were suffering from want of bread. "Why don't they eat cake, then?" said her gracious majesty.

Her mistake was not unnatural. Her own trouble had ever been to choose between luxuries. Why should not the peasantry once in a while find cake a desirable change from a monotonous diet of bread? Why not, indeed? Poor, proud woman. She was enlightened on that point a little later; but you can read the story in the books.

We were reminded of it, however, by an incident which Mr. William Edwards relates of himself. It's odd what links make up the chain of associated ideas, isn't it?

About three years ago, Mr. Edwards began to feel out of sorts, as we say. His meals were ready for him, as usual, but he wasn't ready for them. He wanted neither meat, bread, cake, nor any other manner of food. Yet he did eat a bit of something, of course. Still, he was presently sorry for it. For every mouthful punished him as though eating had suddenly become both a sin and a crime. It gave him pains and aches in the chest, sides and back, away around betwixt the shoulders too, where you wouldn't fancy a trifle of vicarious could have any influence.

For this reason Mr. Edwards did what any of us would have done; he ate just as little as possible. But this course soon proved unsatisfactory; for, without adequate nourishment, he was sure to lose strength. This happened.

In a letter written from his home in Queen Street, Bottesford, Notts, and dated October 6th, 1893, he says, "I got weaker and weaker; I was hardly able to get about my work. The doctor gave me medicines, but they didn't help me. Then I applied mustard plasters, in hope they would ease the pain, but they only reddened the skin; they failed to get down to the deep places where the disease seemed to be. This is the way it was with me, month after month. Finally I got so low that my wife and friends concluded that I would never get better at all."

[Now we call the reader's special attention to what Mr. Edwards says next. "The doctor," he says, "recommended a change of air." Possibly this may have been in itself not a bad suggestion. On the same principle Marie Antoinette's suggestion that the peasantry should eat cake when they had no bread, was also a good one. But, you see, the peasantry were a destitute of cake as they were of bread, which rendered her advice impracticable.]

Similarly there was an obstacle in the way of our friend's taking his doctor's advice. He puts it thus: "I am a tailor and draper, and could not leave my business."

Exactly. And lots of us who have been in the same situation know perfectly well what that means. If the good doctors could supply their patients with money and leisure to travel, many a sufferer would try a change of air. Alas! however.

"In March, 1891," continues the letter, "my daughter—who is in service at Barnston Manor—told me how she had suffered from severe indigestion and dyspepsia, and was completely cured by Mother Seigel's Curative Syrup. So I tried it myself and soon felt the good result. My appetite came back. I relished my food; it digested and built me up. The pains and distress abated, and in a few weeks I was well as ever. Since then my health has been good. But I keep the Syrup on hand for time of need. Yours truly, (Signed) William Edwards."

"Better is a stranger near by than a brother afar off," says the proverb. Yes. And better is a medicine that cures you at home than a recommendation which involves your doing an impossible thing. And it is one of the great elements of value in Seigel's Syrup that it cures people right on the spot where they become ill. It doesn't ask them to help it out by taking a trip to Italy or even to the seaside. By using it faithfully the poor dyspeptic (and that covers everything) can presently eat the bread of health, and cake too, if he wants it.

# WHAT AILS YOU?

A Cold in the Head? Some Sneezing? Pains Over the Eyes? Distressing Drooping in the Throat? Headache. —It May Mean that the Seeds of Catarrh Have Been Sown—Don't Neglect It! An Hour-Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder will Give Relief in 10 Minutes.

"I had chronic catarrh for a number of years. Water would run from my nose and eyes for days at a time. I tried many cures without any permanent relief. I was induced to try Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder. It cured me and I have had no return of the malady. I find that for a cold in the head it gives almost instant relief. I would not be without it and I recommend it most heartily." C. G. Archer, Brewer, Me. Sold by W. W. Short.

# CASTORIA.

The fact is that Castoria is on every drugstore.

**LAXA-LIVER PILLS.**  
CURE  
**BILIOUSNESS**  
**CONSTIPATION**  
**SICK HEADACHE**  
**LIVER TROUBLES**  
AND ALL