

MONCTON AND BUCTOUCHE RAILWAY.

1897. SUMMER TIME TABLE 1897.

On and after Wednesday, June 23rd, 1897, trains on this railway will run as follows:

Leave Arrive
Buctouche, 7.40 Moncton 9.45
Moncton, 15.35 Buctouche 17.35

Train from Buctouche connects with I. C. R. train from Halifax at Humphrey's and at Moncton with train for St. John and Campbellton at 10.15 and 13.10 respectively.

Train from Buctouche connects with I. C. R. train from Halifax at Humphrey's and with trains leaving St. John at 12.25 and Campbellton at 6.10.

Until further notice, train from Buctouche will be held at Moncton Every Saturday till 18.15 o'clock, returning will arrive at Moncton on Monday morning at 7.45 instead of regular time.

Commencing Saturday, June 26 and every Saturday during the months of July and August, excursion return tickets one single first-class fare will be issued from all stations good for return on following Monday.

E. G. EVANS,
Moncton, N. B. Superintendent
June 22nd, 1897.

KENT NORTHERN RAILWAY.

TIME TABLE.

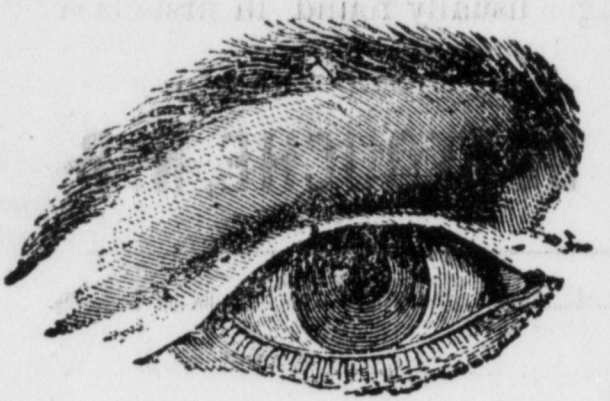
10.00	Dept. Richibucto, Arr.	15.00
10.15	Kingston,	14.46
10.28	Mill Creek,	14.33
10.45	Grumble Road,	14.16
10.51	Molus River,	14.09
11.15	McMinn's Mills,	13.45
11.30	Arr. Kent Junction, Dept.	13.30

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, June 22nd 1897

Merchants with an

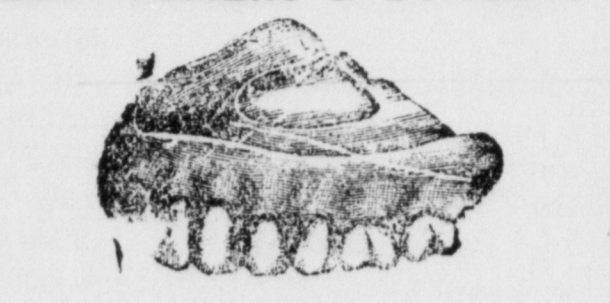


to Business Advertise

in

THE REVIEW.

DRS SOMERS & BOWERY



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 September, as follows:
Kingston on 16th, 17th and 18th.
Harcourt 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.

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 price 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.

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Privations Endured in the Klondike Country.

GRAND FALLS, Mo., July 23.—Frank Moss, an old time miner in this section, who four years ago was one of a party of Americans to first visit the Klondike country, returned to-day and tells a story of horrors and starvation seldom equalled even in modern novels. He describes Klondike as a placer camp seven miles long and thirteen miles wide, located in a sink, walled in by boulders of rock 3,000 feet high. Gold, he says, abounds, but no ordinary man can stand the hardships of the uncivilized region. When Moss left here, four years ago, he was a sturdy fellow, over six feet tall. From hardships and privation he is to-day a cripple for life and badly broken in health. In three years he saw over 2,000 graves made in the Klondike basin, a large majority dying from starvation. The steamship companies bring in all food and allow no private exportation. Consequently it is not uncommon to go for weeks with but a scant supply and for days entirely without food. The gold brought in last week to Seattle, Moss says, does not represent the findings of individual shippers, but a large proportion was confiscated from the effects of these two thousand miners who fell a prey to the hardships. At the death of a man possessed of dust, his body was buried without a coffin and the dust divided among those who cared for him. With proper relief established by the government, Moss says, gold can be taken out at the rate of \$2,000,000 a month. The richest strike has been made by a 21-year-old boy named George Hornblower, of Indianapolis. In the heart of a barren waste known as Boulder Field, he found a nugget for which the transportation company gave him \$5,700. He located his claim at the find, and in four months had taken out over \$100,000.

The richest section of Alaska, Moss says, is yet undeveloped. It is 100 miles from Klondike and known as the Black Hole of Calcutta. It is inhabited by ex-convicts of Bohemia, and murders and riots take the place of law and order. A few months ago Klondike organized a justice committee and its law prevails there now. With the great crowds preparing to go to the scene now, the old miner says, hunger and suffering will be great when added to other hardships to be overcome by those who survive the terrible ordeal. Moss returned with \$6,000 in dust and leaves to-morrow for his old home at Dubuque, Iowa, where he will spend the balance of his years.

SAN FRANCISCO, July 23.—The Alaska Commercial Co.'s ship Bertha arrived from Unalakleet yesterday with 500 tons of concentrates from the Apollo mine at Unga and a bar of bullion from the same source, but brought no gold from the Klondike region. Capt. Hays, of that vessel, speaking of the Klondike boom, says: "The fact that the new gold fields are 2,000 miles from St. Michaels and the difficulties of transportation are innumerable and cannot be too forcibly impressed upon intending prospectors. The newspapers will be responsible for the loss of many lives and a great deal of suffering and hardship if they do not strongly advise the public that the River Yukon, now that the mountain torrents have ceased running, is very low and consequently much of the 5,000 tons of supplies now awaiting transportation cannot possibly be conveyed to their destination for some time."

SEATTLE, Wash., July 23rd.—The North American Transportation Company's steamer Portland sailed yesterday from Seattle to St. Michaels, Alaska, from which point her passengers will be transferred to Yukon river steamers and carried to the Klondike gold fields. There were 128 passengers, a few of whom were women.

NEW YORK, July 23.—W. J. Arkell of the Arkell Weekly Company, of this city, announced last night that he purposed to claim the gold fields in the Klondike (Alaska) district by right of discovery for the estate of E. J. Glave, Glave, who has since died in Africa, was the explorer who headed the expedition to Alaska in 1890-91, organized by W. J. Arkell.

The World says: "The Klondike fever has not yet abated a particle. The offices of the railroad companies and local agencies are visited by adventurous spirits eager to seek their fortune in the Alaskan gold fields. From information obtained by the World reporters, those seriously considering the trip will do well to postpone their departure for some time. Under the most favorable circumstances the working days in the Yukon gold fields cannot exceed 100 in the year. For the other 265 days the earth is covered with snow, the ground is frozen and the river closed by ice. Anybody starting from New York at this season would reach the Yukon river just about the beginning of the long Alaskan winter and it would be far more comfortable for him to remain at home and proceed to the Eldorado at a time which would make his arrival there simultaneous with the opening of the good weather."

Fredrick Hobart, editor of the Engineering and Mining Journal, says of the Klondike: "It would be extremely foolish for anyone to start from New York for Klondike at this season, because they cannot get there in time to do anything but starve. The Yukon river is navigable only about three months of the year."

would be well for those who do not know that country to learn more about it before starting for the gold fields."

Leicester Allen, associate editor of the Engineering Magazine, said: "Naturally I have given a good deal of attention to reports from the new gold fields. It would be folly for anyone to start for that region at this time, and it is too late to accomplish anything this year."

A man who has just returned from Alaska, where he has been for two years, said to a World reporter: "No one but a fool, in my opinion, will start just now from New York for Klondike. Any who do will reach the diggings to find the ground covered with snow and be unable to do anything at all until May or June of next year. The talk about the high wages reads well, but it should be remembered there is little work to be done in the cold weather in Alaska at any price. Alaska is a hard place to get experience and it will kill more men than it will make rich."

Dropsy Cured with One Bottle.

A great cure and a great testimony. "For ten years I suffered greatly from Heart Disease, Fluttering of the Heart and Smothering Spells, made my life a torment. I was confined to my bed. Dropsy set in. My physician told me to prepare for the worst. I tried Dr. Agnew's Cure for the Heart—One dose gave me great relief, one bottle cured the Dropsy and my heart."—Mrs. James Adams, Syracuse, N. Y.

Mrs. S. James, Seaford, suffered for years with what is called old people's rash. She was treated by many physicians without any result. Mr. Fear, the local druggist, recommended Dr. Chase's Ointment, which relieved the irritation at once and speedily effected a permanent cure of the skin eruption. Mrs. James also says Dr. Chase's Ointment cured her of Itching Piles which she had been troubled with for years.

Mad Rush For Gold.

SAN FRANCISCO, July 22.—The excitement over the recent discoveries of gold in Alaska still continues here, and when the steamer Excelsior leaves for St. Michael's next Sunday she will carry all the miners' supplies she can hold. The Excelsior will be the last steamer to sail this year from San Francisco to connect with the Yukon steamers, but there is already talk of chartering another steamer to take up a crowd of miners.

No more news from the Klondike region will be received until the steamers leaving here and Seattle have returned.

Eternal Vigilance.

Is the price of perfect health. Watch carefully the first symptoms of impure blood. Cure boils, pimples, humors and scrofula by taking Hood's Sarsaparilla. Drive away the pains and aches of rheumatism, malaria and stomach troubles, steady your nerves and overcome that tired feeling by taking the same great medicine.

Hood's Pills are the best family cathartic and liver tonic. Gentle, reliable, sure.

Shot His Wife for a Burglar.

CHICAGO, July 23.—A corner jury has acquitted Alfred Schuffenhauer of wife-murder, accepting his story that he killed her in mistake for a burglar. Schuffenhauer and his wife occupied three rear rooms, the doors of which are in a row and open into a small court. A noise in the front part of the building awakened them, and they thought it was a burglar. "You remain where you are and keep still," the husband said to his wife, "and I will slip out with my revolver and see what's up." Taking his revolver, he went to the rear door opening into the court. Peering into the darkness ahead, he saw a moving form in the third floor forward and fired. "I heard a body fall," said Schuffenhauer, "and at the same instant I heard my wife ask me if I had been shot. I then realized that I had shot her. She had supposed a burglar had shot me at the same time." The testimony showed that Schuffenhauer assisted his wife to her bed and went for a surgeon. The woman said before her death that the shooting was accidental.

ENAMEL STARCH



The Edwardsburg Starch Co. Mfrs.
WORKS: CARLTON, ONT. OFFICES: MONTREAL, P. Q.

PRAYERS THE LITTLE CHILDREN SAY.

The prayers the little children say—
They are not fine of speech,
But they hold deeper mystery
Than any tongue could teach,
And they reach farther up to heaven
Than wisest prayers can reach.
The angels laugh to hear each day
The prayers the little children say.

The prayers the little children say
No toiling angel brings.
They pass right through the shining ray
That searches selfish things.
(They are so little that they slip
Between the guarding wings.)
And God says, "Hush and give them way!"
The prayers the little children say.

The prayers the little children say—
Ah, if we knew the same!
For ours, so wise and gaunt and gray,
Walk wearily and lame,
And by the time they come to God
They have forgot his name.
Would we may some time learn to pray
The prayers the little children say!
—Post Wheeler in New York Press.

TROUBLE FOR HIS HONESTY.

The Negative Reward of Virtue in the Windy City by the Lake.

"A queer thing happened to me," said Bailey, lighting a fresh cigar. "It was only one of those incidents of street travel that might happen to any one, but annoying from the misconception put upon it."

"Let's hear it," said the other fellows, making themselves comfortable. "I was riding on the electric," said Bailey, "and in the seat opposite was a pretty girl."

"Oh, you consider yourself a judge?" remarked one of the crowd. "I certainly do, and I let her see that I appreciated her good looks. But my admiration made no impression. The young woman busied herself in getting her fare ready, and I watched her as she deftly extracted a dime from her pocketbook and held it on the palm of a pretty hand, ready for the conductor."

"You were hit hard, Bailey."

"Then I thought me of my own fare, and as I was holding a newspaper in my hand I rose and dived down into my pocket for a nickel. The conductor came along and I handed it to him just as my vis-a-vis said:

"What has become of my 10 cents?" "There she sat staring at her hand, which was no longer occupied by the piece of silver. We all looked for it, but it had disappeared, and she found a nickel with which she paid her fare. At that moment I slipped my hand into my overcoat pocket and found there the 10 cent piece."

"How could you identify it?" asked one of the boys. "I never carry money in an outside pocket. Besides it had not been there a moment before. No, I knew how it happened. My paper had whisked it from her hand, and it had dropped from it to my pocket, as I explained to her."

"Was she surprised? What did she say?"

"Boys, I can't tell you all she said. Please don't ask me. She remarked that no one could judge by appearances, and she hoped it was my first beginning in a life of crime; that if I had been hardened I would not have returned it to her, but that probably I saw that she suspected me, and a lot more, while the fellows in the other seats were gazing me. But you can bet your bottom dollar I never find any woman's money and return it to her again. Not much, Mary Ann."—Chicago Times-Herald.

A Press Built by Franklin.

"I once worked a printing press that was built and operated for a long while by Ben Franklin," said Colonel Charles Gontier. "The machine was quite a primitive affair, but it answered the purpose. I was then a boy in Lancaster, Pa., and was learning the printer's trade in the office of the Lancaster Union. John W. Forney, who made such success of the Philadelphia Press, was a 'prentice with me, and we took turns working the old Franklin press. It was made entirely of wood except for a marble slab that answered the purpose of a bed. On this slab the forms of type were placed, and they would have to be inked with a long, clumsy roller before each impression."

"One day Forney would wield the roller, and the next day it fell my turn to smear on the ink. We could print about 50 or 75 sheets an hour. The work was laborious, but we performed it cheerfully because of the knowledge that Ben Franklin had done the very same work on the press many a day before we were born. James Buchanan used to come in occasionally and encourage us at our task and predict a brilliant career for both of us if we stuck to the trade we were then learning."

"This was way back in 1841, and I'm a young man yet. Events that are crowded into the years since then contain the history of the building of one of the most powerful nations the world has ever known, and the processions of men that have passed in review since then call for the pen of another Plutarch to portray, and that cramped, rickety little Franklin press that John W. Forney and I used to work played a big part in the making of the nation and the making of the processions of men. Still I am not old."—St. Louis Republic.

Might Be Worse.

"These stripes," sighed the convict, "make a man feel small." The kind woman who had come into the darksome place to cheer him smiled radiantly.

"Only think," she urged, "how much worse they would be if they ran the other way."—Detroit Journal.

In one country district of Germany "pay weddings" were in vogue until recently, each guest paying for his entertainment as much as he would at an inn and the receipts being placed aside to set up the happy pair in their new home.

Quotation, sir, is a good thing. There is a community of mind in it. Classical quotation is the parole of literary men all over the world.—Johnson.

SEEK FREE DOCTORS.

Some Queer Experiences in the Public Dispensaries of New York.

The least hope of any change in this charity to all policy is with those dispensaries that are bountifully endowed. The leading institution of this class in New York city is located on the west side, and in view of its defiant abuse of all kinds of medical charity, has earned for itself the unenviable sobriquet of the "diamond dispensary." It has such a high reputation for the number and pecuniary ability of its patients that it would appear to be rather a credit than a disgrace to receive its outrageously misdirected charity. Such at least is the inevitable conclusion that may be based upon the large average of well-to-do people who claim daily the benefits of free medical treatment so lavishly and indiscriminately furnished to all who apply. Many of these visitors are from out of town districts and will pay several dollars for car fare, will ask for a written diagnosis of their disease and an extra prescription, and will then complain if they are kept waiting beyond the time for their return train. The examining doctor is content to ride to the dispensary in a horse car; the patient comes and returns in a cab. It is no longer a joke to refer to the display of diamonds or the number of women clad in sealskins in the patients' waiting room, nor does it appear to be unlikely that, in the near future, conveniences will not be required for checking bicycles and distributing carriage numbers in the order of the different arrivals. In this connection, the following description by an eyewitness in the waiting room of this dispensary may be interesting:

The reception room held about 200 at a time. Nobody was turned away. Fully 50 per cent of the applicants were well dressed, and 10 per cent of them were finely dressed. Three women wore fur coats that had not been handed down from somebody else. There was an attractive display of fine millinery, and the men, more than half of them, bore no evidences of poverty. But all obtained free treatment supposed to be given to paupers—"poor persons."

Such instances as the following carry with them their own moral:

"During the examination of a dispensary patient a roll of bills dropped from her pocket. The doctor picked it up and remarked, 'Madam, this is a free dispensary, and as you are able to pay a fee for medical advice I must decline to treat you here.' 'Well,' replied the woman, 'that money is for something else. You are paid by the city and must prescribe for me.' On being assured that the doctor received no salary from any source, the patient became indignant and protested that she was entitled to attention equally with the 'lady' who had preceded her and from whom she had rented a house for week before."—Dr. George F. Shrady in Forum.

How They Wash.

The hardest worked washerwomen in the world are the Koreans. They have to wash about a dozen dresses for their husbands, and inasmuch as every man wears pantaloons or drawers so baggy that they come up to his neck like those of a clown they have plenty to do. The washing is usually done in cold water and often in running streams. The clothes are pounded with paddles until they shine like a shirt torn fresh from a Chinese laundry.

The Japanese rip their garments apart for every washing, and they iron their clothes by spreading them on a flat board and leaning this up against the house to dry. The sun takes the wrinkles out of the clothes, and some of them have quite a taste. The Japanese woman does her washing out of doors. Her washing is not more than six inches high and is about as big around as the average dishpan. She gets the dirt out of the clothes by rubbing them between her hands. She sometimes uses Japanese soap, which is full of grease, and works away with her bare feet. The Chinese girls do their washing in much the same way.

The washing in Egypt is usually done by the men. The Egyptian washerman stands naked on the banks of the Nile and slips the wet clothes, with a noise like the shot of a pistol, on the smooth stones at the edge of the running water, and such fellow women as wasa pound the dirt out of their clothes in the same way.

A Frenchwoman pounds the dirt out with paddles, often slamming the clothes upon stones, as the Egyptians do.—Exchange.

The Energy of a Cyclone.

The primary cause of the low barometric pressure which marks the storm center and establishes the cyclone is expansion of the air through excess of temperature. The heated air, rising into cold upper regions, has a portion of its vapor condensed into clouds, and now a new factor is added, for each particle of vapor, in condensing, gives up its medium of latent heat. Each pound of vapor thus liberates, according to Professor Tyndall's estimate, enough heat to melt five pounds of cast iron, so the amount given out where large masses of cloud are forming must enormously add to the convection currents of the air, and hence to the storm developing power of the forming cyclone. It is doubted whether a storm could attain much less continuous, the terrific force of the most dreaded of winds of temperate zones, the tornado, without the aid of these vast masses of condensing vapor which always accompany it in the form of storm clouds.—A. S. Williams, M. D., in Harper's Magazine.

Scent Was Strong.

Mrs. Van Dyke (as Van Dyke appears at 3 a. m.)—Where have you been?

Van Dyke—I—
Mrs. Van Dyke—Now, be careful what you say, William. Don't think you can throw me off the scent.—Boston Herald.