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Mention this Paper.

CASAN, THE TARTAR DWARF.

A Fierce Little Mongolian Who Lived Centuries Ago.

In the series of papers on "Historic Dwarfs," in St. Nicholas, Mary Shears Roberts describes the famous Casan. Mrs. Roberts says:

Casan was the name of a little Mongol Tartar who flourished in the early part of the thirteenth century.

He was born in the eastern part of Asia, not far from the ancient city of Karakorum. His parents belonged to one of the barbarian hordes that owed allegiance to Genghis Khan, and Casan became a fierce though small warrior and fought bravely under the banner of the great and mighty Mongol conqueror.

The exact height of this little dwarf is unknown. He was certainly not over three feet tall, but he was active and muscular and, like all his race, could endure hunger, thirst, fatigue and cold.

The Tartars were unexcelled in the management of their beautiful horses. The fleetest animals were trained to stop short in full career, and to face without flinching wild beast or formidable foe. Casan was a born soldier, and at an early age became expert in all the exercises that belonged to a Tartar education. He could manage a fiery courser with great skill and could shoot an arrow or throw a lance with unerring aim, in full career, advancing or retreating.

Like many of those small in stature, he was anything but puny in spirit, and while yet a lad he gathered about him a troop of wild young Tartar boys as reckless and daring as himself, of whom by common consent he became leader. He commanded his lawless young comrades with a strange mixture of dignity and energy, and they obeyed his orders with zeal and willingness. Sometimes they would go on long hunting expeditions, seldom failing to lay waste any lonely habitation they happened on.

LOOKS LIKE A BEAR.

A Diminutive Animal That You Can Find In Water.

He really looks very much like a bear, though you must put him under a powerful microscope to see the resemblance. The extraordinary thing, however, about this tiny creature is that he is found in the gutters of houses, where he is at one time dry as dust and scorched by the blazing sun, at another active and full of life under a refreshing shower of rain.

The water bear is one of the Rotifer animalcules, and is of all of them the most capable of standing any extremes of temperature without giving up the ghost. He may be left dried up for months, even years, and yet on being put into water will expand and begin moving about and feeding vigorously. Although he cannot stand boiling water, he will live in dry heat at a far higher temperature, even up to 260 degrees F. One has actually been kept in vacuum for 30 days with sulphuric acid and chloride of calcium without losing his capability of revivification.

As for the reason why, it seems the little beasts' bodies are chiefly composed of albumen, which, it is well known, will stand a very high temperature without losing its solubility. Then, too, they are provided with two skins, one over the other, and these skins are wonderfully tough and elastic.

The water bear has the scientific name of tardigrada, because he takes life so easy. He is always fat and plump and spends his waking periods in constantly grubbing with his four pairs of legs among whatever rubbish comes in his way. Having eyes, brain and a nervous system, he is much ahead of his tribe, and is altogether one of the most interesting and amusing little animals known to science.—London Tit-Bits.

A Failure.

A certain professor in one of the leading schools of this city was not long since desirous of incorporating some negro dialect in a story he was preparing. Not being very well versed in their manner of speech, he bestowed him that it would be a good idea to study the language in its purity undefiled. With this end in view he betook himself to the vicinity of the Union depot, near which representatives of the ebon race are always to be found.

One effort was enough. Meeting a coal black negro driving a wagon rather well loaded and accosting him as "Uncle John," the following brief dialogue ensued:

"Pretty heavy load, uncle. Can you get up the hill with it?"

"I do not know, sir, but I presume so."

Such an example of pure and undefiled English coming from such an unexpected source almost paralyzed the professor, who muttered something about the "degeneracy of the modern negro," and, mentally deciding to consult the works of "Uncle Remus," he retraced his steps to his apartments.—Nashville American.

Photographing the Arteries.

After much study and painstaking an artery in the arm of an adult has been photographed. The patient had been suffering from some trouble in the arm which the physicians were unable to correctly diagnose. By means of the X rays deposits of lime salts in the blood were clearly shown, and the case was treated in accordance with the facts elicited by the photographing as described.—New York Ledger.

Clothes and Credit.

When a man realizes that he can't pay his debts and has got to ask for an extension of time, the first thing for him to do is to go to a fashionable tailor and get him a new suit of clothes. Creditors are seldom lenient with a seedy man.—Somerville Journal.

Snakes in South Africa fear the secretary bird and will even crawl away from its shadow. This bird can easily thrash a bird twice its size.

A DWARF IN BATTLE.

Casan Won Praise and Honor From the Great Genghis Khan.

From time to time Mrs. Mary Shears Roberts has contributed to St. Nicholas papers on "Historic Dwarfs." In one number she tells of Casan, a Tartar dwarf who took service under the great Mongolian khan. Mrs. Roberts thus describes his first appearance in battle:

Now, it so happened that Genghis, in order to subdue the deserters from his father's tribes, had dethroned several princes or khans. These petty chiefs had been in the habit of paying tribute to the great sovereign of the Kin empire in North China. This high and mighty potentate now demanded money from Genghis Khan, thereby rousing the ire of our Mongolian warrior, who announced that, rather than pay one cent for tribute he would fight the whole Chinese kingdom. Preparations for war were at once begun, and Casan was delighted when he received orders to join the army. At last his dream was realized. He was going to fight real battles, and he was in command of a body of troops. He bade adieu to his family and with a proud heart set out to meet his sovereign.

As a first step, Genghis Khan invaded western Hea, captured several strongholds and retired in the summer to a place called Lung Ting, in order to escape the great heat of the plains or steppes. While these news reached him that several other khans were preparing for war. He thereupon descended from the heights, marched against his foes and in a pitched battle on the river Irtysh he overthrew them completely. Casan attracted a great deal of notice on this occasion. He was here, there and everywhere. On his mettlesome charger he bounded into the thickest of the fight, hurling his lance with unerring aim and displaying great courage.

After the fray he was summoned to appear before the conqueror, who complimented the dwarf, saying: "Thy valor and thy courage have completely justified thy promises. From this day forth thou shalt be a khan. Thou shalt have command of a large body of troops and shalt hereafter be my companion in arms."

COLLEGE FASHIONS.

When Judge Robert Grant Was a Freshman at Harvard.

With the beginning of the second term the freshmen were privileged to wear tall hats and carry canes. They always celebrated their emancipation on the first Saturday of the new term by going in force to the theater in all the splendor of their new possessions, and they were apt to show themselves on Beacon street, Boston, on the following Sunday. In regard to dress on weekdays I recall that among all the students a little round gray soft hat was very popular. The times were rather hard from 1870 to 1880, and many men went in for old clothes. Short pea jackets were in common use. Some of the arbiters of college fashion chose to wear silk hats with them when they wished to appear swell, thereby producing a somewhat mongrel effect. English clothes, or indeed a suit of new clothes, was so much an event that I recollect on the occasion when a member of the class of 1874 imported a suit of lively checks, his friends hung it outside the window of one of the buildings on exhibition.

The yard at that time, as very likely now, was often a lively center for amiable indolence. Besides tossing cents at a mark in front of Holworthy and dropping hot coppers out of the windows for the Cambridge urchins to pick up, I recall the slogan of "Heads out!" which brought every one to his window and from his books many times a week. No woman could cross the yard without hearing it, and events of much less import evoked it. Frequently we had the pleasure of listening to the Glee club, which was then a flourishing body whose repertoire included "Seeing Nellie Home" and "Dearest maiden, dance ever with me; can'st thou refuse me; can'st thou but choose me?" yet pandered to less noble emotions in "Shoo Fly" and the then popular

Ha-ha-ha, you and me, Little brown jug, how I love thee! —"Harvard College in the Seventies," by Judge Robert Grant, in Scribner's.

A Trumpeter's Courage.

During a French campaign in Africa many brave deeds were done, but none braver perhaps than Trumpeter Escoffier's rescue of his captain.

The Arabs were pressing the cavalry of Captain De Cott, and everything was in confusion, when De Cott's horse was killed under him and the capture of the officer and the whole company seemed inevitable.

At that moment the trumpeter of the company leaped from his horse and gave it to De Cott, saying: "Take him. Your life is necessary; mine is useless. You can rally the men. It does not matter about my neck."

De Cott mounted the horse, rallied the company and continued the fight. Trumpeter Escoffier was taken prisoner, but the Arabs, who adore courage, had witnessed the scene and, appreciating the nobility of the man, treated him with generosity. His trumpet was a source of great entertainment to his captors, who used often to make him give the signals of the various military movements. One day Escoffier gave the whole repertory with great gusto, finishing up by blowing the summons for a charge with an extended flourish.

"What was that?" asked the Arab chief.

"Ah," said Escoffier, "you will hear that soon, I hope! That is the signal for a charge!"—Youth's Companion.

A Breezy Way.

Soxey—That fellow Primpas is one of the nicest men I ever met. He has such a breezy way with him.

Knosey—Yes, I have noted his bracing air, but it never touched me.—Pittsburg News.

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PRISONER OF HIS FEARS.

Sultan Has Fifty Beds and Lets No One Know Which Hell Occupies.

"The commander of the faithful" is of middling stature, rather under than over the average, and of weakly constitution. His countenance has no wicked expression. It is of the Circassian type from the mother's side, but bearing the marks of degeneration. The eyes are haggard, the forehead insignificant and narrow, the eyebrows very thick, forming two great arches, which coalesce. The large nose dominates the whole physiognomy and is slightly inclined to one side at the lower extremity. The mouth is large, the lips thick. The sultan wears his beard long, and care has been sprinkled his hair and beard with silver within the last few years. It is a family tradition among the heirs of Osman to speak in a loud voice. Abdul Hamid's utterance is strident and imperious. It is the voice of a master addressing those whom he regards as his slaves.

Ever since he has been on the throne Abdul Hamid has rarely gone to bed at night to rise in the morning like an ordinary mortal. He seldom retires until dawn, but rises again at 8 o'clock, having spent the night hard at work listening to reports and attending to the affairs of state. When he has nothing else to do, he reads French detective stories, for he has an all pervading idea that conspiracies are being hatched against him, and passes his time circumventing an imaginary conspirator. Nobody knows where he will spend any part of the day or evening. Often he enters a building, and while the sentries at the door believe that he is inside, he has gone by a back door and to some other building. Moreover, in whatever part of the palace he may be, there is a permanent service of surveillance day and night, and he is constantly accompanied by a score of persons, who organize a special service in the building or apartment where he happens to be for the moment.

Where the sultan will sleep is never known. He possesses more than 50 beds in the different parts of the palace, and these bedrooms are separated from the rest of the edifice by iron doors and furnished with most ingenious and complicated locks. Two superb St. Bernards also sleep outside the door of the apartment in which the sultan may be sleeping, for he knows that four footed guardians cannot be tampered with. Formerly the members of the imperial harem used to move about among the numerous palaces on the Bosphorus, but Abdul Hamid put a stop to it. The ladies of the harem never have the benefit of a change of air. Their palace is their prison, and nowhere does phthisis claim so many victims as in the harem of Yildiz.—Contemporary Review

FIELD DIVERSIONS.

A Federal Officer Who Read Novels Between Engagements.

General Horace Porter tells the following anecdote in his "Campaigning With Grant" in The Century: During the ten days of battle through which we had just passed very little relief, physical or mental, had been obtained, but there was one staff officer, a Colonel B—, who often came as bearer of messages to our headquarters, who always managed to console himself with novel reading, and his peculiarity in this respect became a standing joke among those who knew him. He went about with his saddle bags stuffed full of thrilling romances, and was seen several times sitting on his horse, under a brisk fire, poring over the last pages of an absorbing volume to reach the denouement of the plot and evincing a greater curiosity to find how the hero and the heroine were going to be extricated from the entangled dilemma into which they had been plunged by the unsympathetic author than to learn the result of the surrounding battle.

One of his peculiarities was that he took it for granted that all the people he met were perfectly familiar with his line of literature, and he talked about nothing but the merits of the latest novel. For the last week he had been devouring Victor Hugo's "Les Miserables." It was an English translation, for the officer had no knowledge of French. As he was passing a house in rear of the "angle" he saw a young lady seated on the porch, and stopping his horse, bowed to her with all the grace of a Chesterfield and endeavored to engage her in conversation. Before he had gone far he took occasion to remark, "By the way, have you seen 'Les Miserables?' " anglicizing the pronunciation. Her black eyes snapped with indignation as she tartly replied: "Don't you talk to me that way. They are a good deal better than Grant's 'miserables anyhow!' " This was retold so often by those who heard it that, for some time after, its repetition seriously en-

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