

**KERR & ROBERTSON,**  
WHOLESALE

Hardware Merchants,

No. 47 Dock Steert,

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, CORNMEAL, 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.

blacksmith's Coal

**SHINGLES, DEALS, BOARDS AND SCANTLING,**

**PITCH-PINE, HARDWOOD, LATHS, etc.**

Kingston, Kent County, N. B

**CROWN SCOTCH WHISKEY is a very**

Old blend of Whiskey that is largely used Medicinally.

**THOMSON'S IRISH WHISKEY Made in**

Newry Ireland recommends itself on trial.

**J. S. HAMILTON'S PURE GRAPE BRANDY**

in case or wood, is made on PELEE ISLAND from Pelee Island Wines, and guaranteed brandy.

**E. G. SCOVIL,**

TEA and WINE MERCHANT, Wholesale.

62 Union Street, St. John, N. B.

**HE IS GONE**

to Levis, to buy a "UNIC" ENGINE and BOILER be sides other Butten and Cheese Factory Supplies from

**CARRIER, LAINE & CO.,**

263 St. Joseph S.

LEVIS, P. O.

145 St. James S. MONTRÉAL

Mention this Paper.

**TRAGEDIES OF THE MINES.**

Curious Accidents That Have Happened to Diggers After Hidden Treasure.

"In this line of work we come across some curious accidents and narrow escapes," said Deputy Mine Inspector Frank Hunter the other night. "One thing struck me long ago, and that is how much it takes to kill a man sometimes and how easily the thread of life is often snapped.

"Down in Colorado I knew a fellow who plunged down 800 feet in a single compartment shaft. He went to the bottom, but did not break a bone. Of course he was pretty badly jarred up and a good deal frightened, but he was all right again in a day or two. When he fell, he went down feet first, and a big oilskin that he wore opened out at the bottom and acted as a parachute. He said the last part of his descent was so much slower than the first that he hardly thought he was dropping at all and half expected to remain suspended in the shaft, like Mohammed's coffin.

"Nearly always when a man falls any distance he turns over, if he starts feet downward, and finishes his plunge head first. I have seen a number of cases where the man fell with his boots on and was found barefooted when he was picked up. I suppose this is because the blood goes to the head, making the feet small, and besides the pressure of the air upon the heel and counter acts as a bootjack.

"I had to go over to Sand Coulee to investigate an accident in which one man was killed and another had three ribs broken. Speaking of Sand Coulee, it struck me while I was there that if I would to commit suicide I would go there to do it. I don't mean that life becomes such a burden in the coal country that the ties that bind are more easily severed than elsewhere, but that it affords unsurpassed facilities for a cheap and happy dispatch. It's a wonder to me that some of the many people who annually launch themselves into eternity from Butte do not take the Sand Coulee route.

"Down in the coal mines there is one passage that is three miles long, and in some of the chambers air does not seem to circulate. Upon the walls there is a gathering of moisture, and if you puff a cigar in one of these chambers the smoke will seek the walls, where it clings with an undulating movement like a spray of weeds under running water. That dew on the walls is white damp, and the dead air of the chamber where it is found is poisonous. In a few minutes a feeling of drowsiness steals over a man who breathes it, and before long he is asleep and dreaming deliciously, so those say who have been resuscitated. But the sleep is akin to that of the lost traveler over whose numbed limbs the arctic snow eddies and drifts, for unless help comes soon there is no awakening. If, however, the venturesome explorer of these underground deathtraps realizes his danger in time and manages to stagger out into the fresh air, he has an experience to undergo which may cause him to regret that he did not remain inside. Every bone and muscle aches with the intolerable poignancy that is known to convalescents from yellow fever. The treatment is simple, but effective. Being nearly dead, the sufferer is nearly buried. A hole is dug in the soft earth, and the victim is made to stand up in it while the dirt is thrown in around him until only his head is seen above ground. This seems to draw out the soreness, and in a short time the patient has fully recovered."—Butte (Mon.) Miner.

**Life of the Sultan.**

Richard Davey, in his book, "The Sultan and His Subjects," says: "As to the sultan himself, his life is of the simplest and most arduous. He rises at 6 and works with his secretaries until noon, when he breakfasts. After that he takes a drive or a row on the lake, within his vast park. When he returns, he gives audience to the grand vizier, the sheik-ul-islam, and other officials. At 8 o'clock he dines, sometimes alone, not infrequently in company with one of the ambassadors. Occasionally his majesty entertains the wives and daughters of the ambassadors and other Pera notabilities at dinner. The meal, usually a very silent one, is served in gorgeous style, a la Francaise, on the finest of plate and the most exquisite of porcelain. The treasures of silver and the Sevres at Yildiz are hors de ligne, both in quantity and quality. Very often in the evening Abdul Hamid plays duets on the piano with his younger children. He is very fond of light music, and his favorite score is that of 'La Fille de Mme. Angot.' He dresses like an ordinary European gentleman, always wearing a frock coat, the breast of which, on great occasions, is richly embroidered and blazoned with decorations."

**High Priced Bumblebees.**

Many years ago the farmers of Australia imported bumblebees from England and set them free in their clover fields. Before the arrival of the bees clover did not flourish in Australia, but after their coming the farmers had no more difficulty on that score. Mr. Darwin had shown that bumblebees were the only insects fond of clover nectar which possessed a proboscis sufficiently long to reach the bottom of the long, tubelike flowers and at the same time a body heavy enough to bend down the clover head so that the pollen would fall on the insect's back and thus be carried off to fertilize other flowers of the same species. According to a writer in Popular Science News, the bumblebees sent to Australia cost the farmers here about half a dollar apiece, but they proved to be worth the price.

**Their Boatman.**

Mrs. Eastlake—You visited Venice while you were in Europe, I hear, Mrs. Trotter?  
Mrs. Trotter—Yes, indeed, and we were rowed about by one of the chandelers for which that city is noted.—Clarke's Bazar.

**STUART, THE PAINTER.**

Curious Hits Born of His Faculty For Reading Faces.

"I don't want people to look at my pictures and say how beautiful the drapery is. The face is what I care about," said Stuart, the great American painter. He was once asked what he considered the most characteristic feature of the face. He replied by pressing the end of his pencil against the tip of his nose, distorting it oddly.

His faculty at reading physiognomy sometimes made curious hits. There was a person in Newport celebrated for his powers of calculation, but in other respects almost an idiot. One day Stuart, being in the British museum, came upon a bust whose likeness was apparently unmistakable. Calling the curator, he said, 'I see you have a head of 'Calculating Jemmy.'"

"Calculating Jemmy" repeated the curator in amazement. "That is the head of Sir Isaac Newton."

On another occasion, while dining with the Duke of Northumberland, his host privily called his attention to a gentleman and asked the painter if he knew him. Stuart had never seen him before.

"Tell me what sort of a man he is."

"I may speak frankly?"

"By all means."

"Well, if the Almighty ever wrote a legible hand he is the greatest rascal that ever disgraced society."

It appeared that the man was an attorney who had been detected in sundry dishonorable acts.

Stuart's daughter tells a pretty story of her father's garret, where many of his unfinished pictures were stored:

"The garret was my playground, and a beautiful sketch of Mme. Bonaparte was the idol that I worshipped. At last I got possession of colors and an old panel and fell to work copying the picture. Suddenly I heard a frightful roaring sound. The kitchen chimney was on fire. Presently my father appeared, to see if the fire was likely to do any damage. He saw that I looked very foolish at being caught at such presumptuous employment and pretended not to see me. But presently he could not resist looking over my shoulder.

"Why, boy, said he—so he used to address me—you must not mix your colors with turpentine. You must have some oil."

It is pleasant to add that the little girl who thus found her inspiration eventually became a portrait painter of merit.—Youth's Companion.

**FOR AN OCEAN VOYAGE.**

Take Only Half the Clothes You Think You Will Need.

"Take only half the clothing that you think you will need for an ocean voyage and do not attempt to have a small trunk in your stateroom," writes Emma M. Hooper in The Ladies' Home Journal. "Have in your largest shawl strap a traveling rug, heavy wrap—a golf cape is excellent—sun umbrella, rubbers, small cushion to tie on the back of your deck chair, a warm dress of plain design, and a flannel wrapper to use as a nightgown. Wear a chamiso pocket well secured with a tape about the waist for your letter of credit, jewelry, money, etc.

"In a large traveling bag place a change of underwear, hose, bedroom slippers and needed toilet articles, with which include a small hot water bag, bottle of salts, vaseline, box of cathartic pills and bottle of camphor. Do not forget a comfortable cloth steamer cap and a gauze veil if you are afraid of a little sunburn. Wear a jacket suit of mixed cheviot or serge and a silk waist on board. After starting put on the older gown and lounge in it until you land, when it can be given to a stewardess. Some travelers try to dress for dinner and carry a steamer trunk filled with silk waists and fancy neckwear, but for an eight day journey this is poor taste and a lot of trouble. Others have the small trunk in the cabin, and before landing pack the things in it that are to be used only on the return voyage, and send it to the ship company's office until their return. It must be remembered that 30 pounds of baggage is the average weight allowed free on the continent. Warm wraps and woolen underwear are necessary at all seasons going across the Atlantic."

**Friendship in Kentucky.**

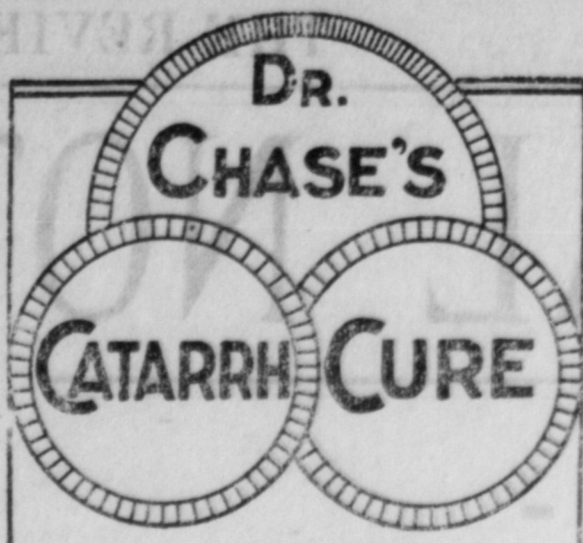
When Judge Pendleton grows reminiscent, he is always interesting, and when Mr. Henry Tompkins walked in he said: "Mr. Tompkins, your cousin, Louis Garth, was the only bully I ever saw who was a brave man. He was the most overbearing man I ever saw. He was in a poker game in camp with Lieutenant Forrest, a brother of General N. B. Forrest, and he called Forrest a liar. Forrest pulled his pistol, a double barreled weapon, and placing it to Garth's breast, he pulled the trigger. The cartridge failed to fire, and Garth spat out a chew of tobacco and without moving a muscle said, 'Lieutenant, you had better try the other barrel.' Forrest put his weapon up and said, 'Garth, you are a brave man, and I will not shoot a brave man.' They were inseparable friends forever afterward.—Owensboro Inquirer.

**The Spear.**

In old days, when the spear was used as a weapon of war, men had to be very careful how they carried it. If in a strange country they bore their spears point forward, it was taken as a declaration of war, while if they carried them on their shoulders with the point backward they were treated as friends.

It is my creed that a man has no claim upon his fellow creatures beyond bread and water and a grave, unless he can win it by his own strength or skill.—Hawthorne.

Let him who neglects to raise the fallen fear lest when he falls no one will stretch out his hand to lift him up.—Suadi.



**DR. CHASE'S CATARRH CURE**  
NEVER FAILS TO CURE  
Cold in the Head, Hay Fever, Rose Cold, Catarrhal Deafness, Foul Breath, Loss of Taste and Smell, and Catarrh in all its forms. Contains no Opium.  
Price, 25 cents, complete with blower.  
Sold by all dealers, in Edinboro, Mass & Co., Toronto, Ont.

**Things to be Remembered.**

- Three things to govern—the tongue temper, actions.
- Three things to avoid—idleness, slang, falsehood.
- Three things to hate—profanity, tobacco, liquor.
- Three things to cultivate—sympathy, cheerfulness, contentment.
- Three things to despise—cruelty, meanness, ingratitude.
- Never make yourself the hero of your own story.
- Never question a servant or a child about family matters.
- Never present a gift, saying that it is of no use to yourself.
- Never fail, if a gentleman, of being civil and polite to ladies.
- Never read letters which you may find addressed to others.
- Never associate with bad company.
- Have good company or none.
- Never call attention to the features or form of any one present.

"Can you spell kitten, my little man?" I said to Jack, five years old; and behind his back Jack put both hands, and tossed his locks of gold.

"Too hard?" I asked. Then his face grew grave. And he said, "It isn't that—But I'm too old for 'kitten,' you know; Now just try me on 'cat'!"

A young man once called upon Travers the veteran Wall street operator, and said:

"Mr. Travers, I have \$30,000 in bank, which I obtained by mortgaging my house. As you know all about stocks, I have called to ask what I shall buy."

Travers eyed him with that well known quizzical look of his and stuttered, "B-l-buy th-th' mortgage."

**MORTGAGEE SALE NOTICE OF SALE**

To Alexander Falconer, of Dundas, Kent County, Yeoman, and Sarah his wife, Haizer & Webster, of Shediac, Westmorland County, and Frank A. McCully, of Moncton, Westmorland County and all others whom it shall or may concern:

Notice is hereby given that there will be sold at Public Auction in front of the Post Office in the City of Moncton, in the County of Westmorland, on WEDNESDAY THE FIRST DAY OF DECEMBER, A. D. 1897, at the hour of two o'clock in the afternoon, under the Provisions of the mortgage hereinafter mentioned, all the lands and premises conveyed to said Alexander Falconer by Richard C. Scovill by deed dated the 15th day of November, 1873, and registered in Kent County Records by the No. 10555 Libro U Page 738 and described in a mortgage from said Alexander Falconer and Sarah his wife to Joseph A. Killam, dated the 25th day of February, A. D. 1879 and registered in the Records of Kent County and duly assigned to the undersigned Oliver Jones and also in a certain other Indenture of mortgage made by the said Alexander Falconer and Sarah his wife to said Joseph A. Killam, bearing date the 19th day of December, 1879 and registered in the Records of Kent County, and duly assigned to the undersigned Oliver Jones, default having been made in the payment of the money secured by said mortgages.

Dated this 1st day of September A. D. 1897.

OLIVER JONES, Assignee of Mortgagee.  
DAVID I. WELCH, Solicitor,  
Moncton, N. B.

**COLLECTOR'S NOTICE.**

The undermentioned non resident rate payers of District No. 1 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 cost of advertising, 100 cents to the undersigned within two months from the date hereof otherwise legal proceedings will be taken to recover the same.

Names	1895	1896	1897
James McDermott	4.36	4.70	4.80
[Peter's son]			
John McNulty, Jr.	1.84	1.88	2.00
Andrew Dale,	2.18	2.35	2.40
James Crystal,		2.72	2.80

ALEXANDER MCMICHAEL, Collector.  
South Weldford, Kent County, N. B.  
September 16, 1897.

Geo. V. McInerney,  
arristo, Attorney, Notary,  
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. P. Kent County.

**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 Circuit Court.  
KINGSTON, KENT COUNTY, N. B.

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

**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.

**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. (aug/21)

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