

INTERCOLONIAL RAILWAY

Until further notice the trains of this Railway will run daily (Sunday excepted) as follows—

Will leave Kent Junction. Accommodation for Moncton, St. John and Halifax.....12.30 Accommodation for Campbellton.....12.30 Will leave Horecourt.

Through Express for St. John and Halifax [Monday excepted].....2.40 Through Express for Campbellton, Quebec and Montreal [Monday excepted].....3.10 Accommodation for Campbellton.....12.10 Accommodation for Moncton, St. John and Halifax.....13.10 All trains run by Eastern Standard Time.

D. POTTINGER, General Manager.

Railway Office, Moncton, N. B. 26th August, 1897.

MONCTON AND BUCTOUCE RAILWAY.

1897. SUMMER TIME TABLE. 1897.

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

Table with 2 columns: Leave, Arrive. Rows for Buctouche, Moncton, Buctouche.

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

Train for 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.

E. G. EVANS, Superintendent

KENT NORTHERN RAILWAY.

TIME TABLE.

Table with 3 columns: Time, Dept., Arr. Rows for Richibucto, Kingston, Mill Creek, Grumble Road, Molus River, McMinn's Mills, Keat Junction.

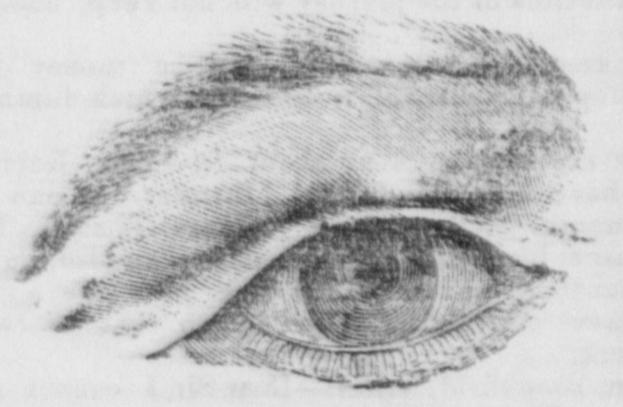
Trains are run by Eastern Standard Time.

Trains run daily, Sunday excepted.

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

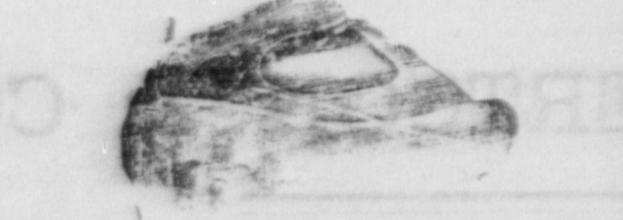
WILMOT BROWN, General Manager and Lessee.

Merchants with an



to Business Advertise in THE REVIEW.

DRS SOMERS & DOHERTY



DENTISTS.

Office—Y. M. C. A. building, Moncton. Reference—New York College of Dental Surgery, and University of Pennsylvania.

INTERIOR DECORATING AND PAINTING.

Paper Hanging, Tinting, etc. Estimates Furnished for work in Kingston and Richibucto.

GEORGE W. JARDINE.

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 Headache, Toothache, Neuralgia, Rheumatism, Gout, Gravel, Catarrh, Stomachic, Cholera, and all kinds of Complaints.

PAIN-KILLER is THE BEST remedy known for Headache, Stomachic, Pain in the Back or Side, Rheumatism and Neuralgia.

PAIN-KILLER is UNQUESTIONABLY THE BEST REMEDY in all cases of Bruises, Cuts, Sprains, Severe Burns, etc.

PAIN-KILLER is the "old" tried and trusted friend of the Mechanic, Farmer, Planter, Sailor, and in fact all classes requiring a medicine always at hand, and SAFE TO USE internally or externally with certainty of relief.

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MUNYON'S REMEDIES

WITH MUNYON'S IMPROVED HOMEOPATHIC REMEDIES YOU CAN CURE YOURSELF

NO GUESS WORK—NO EXPERIMENTING—NO BIG DOCTOR BILLS—EACH REMEDY HAS PLAIN DIRECTIONS, SO THERE CAN BE NO MISTAKE.

A SEPARATE CURE FOR EACH DISEASE—AT ALL DRUGGISTS—25 CENTS A BOTTLE

Miss Emily Seawell Montreal, Quebec, Canada, says: "I was a sufferer for two years with female trouble which was accompanied with nervousness, pains across the back, tired, dragged-out feeling, restlessness, loss of appetite and severe headaches. I tried eminent Montreal physicians and was operated on in one of the hospitals, but was not cured. I have used Munyon's Remedies for two weeks and feel entirely well. In fact I never felt better. I am able now to walk a long distance without fatigue."

Munyon's Rheumatic Cure seldom fails to relieve in one to three hours, and cures in a few days. Price 25c.

Munyon's Dyspepsia Cure positively cures all forms of indigestion and stomach trouble. Price 25c.

Munyon's Cold Cure prevents pneumonia and breaks up a cold in a few hours. Price 25c.

Munyon's Cough Cure stops coughs, night sweats, allays soreness, and speedily heals the lungs. Price 25c.

Munyon's Kidney Cure speedily cures pains in the back, loins or groin, and all forms of kidney disease. Price 25c.

Munyon's Nerve Cure stops nervousness and builds up the system. Price 25c.

Munyon's Headache Cure stops headache in three minutes. Price 25c.

Munyon's Pile Ointment positively cures all forms of piles. Price 25c.

Munyon's Blood Cure eradicates all impurities of the blood. Price 25c.

Munyon's Female Remedies are a boon to all women.

Munyon's Catarrh Remedies never fail. The Catarrh Cure—Price 25c.—eradicates the disease from the system, and the Catarrh Tablets—Price 35c.—cleanse and heal the parts.

Munyon's Asthma Remedies relieve in three minutes and cure permanently. Price \$1.

Munyon's Vitalizer, a great tonic and restorer of vital strength to weak people. \$1.

A separate cure for each disease. At all druggists, mostly 25 cents a vial.

Personal letters to Professor Munyon, 11 & 13 Albert street, Toronto, answered with free medical advice for any disease.

No Wonder He Objected

A certain learned professor in New York has a wife and family, but professor-like, his thoughts are always with his books.

One evening his wife who had been out for some hours, returned to find the house remarkably quiet. She had left the children playing about, but now they were nowhere to be seen.

She demanded to be told what had become of them, and the professor explained that, as they had made a good deal of noise, he had put them to bed without waiting for her or calling a maid.

"I hope they gave you no trouble," she said.

"No," replied the professor, "with the exception of the one in the cot here. He objected a good deal to my undressing him and putting him to bed.

The wife went to inspect the cot.

"Why," she exclaimed, "that's little Johnny Green from next door."—Pittsburg dispatch.

"Neither of your typewriter girls has taken a vacation this summer."

"No; there's a good-looking young man in the office, and neither of the girls is willing to go away and leave the field to the other one."

"That machine, Judge," said the victim of the bicycle thief, "was the finest on the market."

"Stop!" cried the Judge. "I'll fine you \$5 for contempt. This court rides the finest wheel on the market."

LAND IN ST. LOUIS FOR SALE.

A meadow lot of 20 acres more or less on the west bank of the northern lagoon of Kichibouguac River, also one-sixth part of a Marsh on the north side of Kouchibouguac river. The said lot being portion of lot being lately owned by Sylvester Maillet, also, the lot in Saint Louis conveyed to Sylvester Maillet by Lawrence Maillet and wife, containing 50 acres more or less. Apply to

J. D. PRIENY.

CASTORIA

Is the best medicine for all ailments.

For 18 hours he was not out of the saddle.—Chicago Times-Herald.

PARSONS' TWO FEATS.

A HARD STROKE AND A REMARKABLE RIDE DURING THE CIVIL WAR.

Out a Man's Head Off With a Saber—Rode Two Hundred Miles in Eighteen Hours. Other Instances of Decapitation in Battle.

It is claimed by authorities on the art of war that the greatest blow of the campaign between Greece and Turkey was struck by Colonel Mahmood Bey, who with one swift stroke of his sword completely severed a Greek officer's head from his body. These same authorities generously admit that this trick may have been quite common in ancient times, when stalwart men swung heavy battleaxes, but they agree that it is practically unknown in modern warfare.

History is silent on the subject. There is not a plethora of literature bearing on its accomplishment. The original of all such stories is, of course, "The Adventures of Jack the Giant Killer," which, for obvious reasons, does not help the subject. Scott describes a similar episode in "The Talisman," but the best decapitation story, from an artistic point of view, is found in the memoirs of Captain John Smith. The doughty captain vouches for the veracity of the details, though that is no good reason why we should not use the customary pinch of salt. According to his truthful chronicle, he overcame in tournament the three champions of the Turkish army, decapitating each one with a single blow of his heavy sword.

A writer who is evidently informed on the subject claims that Mahmood Bey could not have accomplished the feat of decapitation with an ordinary saber and asserts that the Turk's yataghan was "loaded" with quicksilver. The yataghan, he explains, is a short sword, shaped something like a butcher's cleaver, with an apparently hollow tube running along the back from hilt to point. This tube carries a charge of quicksilver. When the sword is laid upright, this quicksilver rests at the hilt. As a blow is struck the liquid metal is hurled down the grooved channel, lending deadly additional weight to the blow.

The assertion made that this is the sole instance of its kind in the history of 100 years is not borne out by facts. The same feat was performed during the civil war, not with a "loaded" yataghan, but with an ordinary United States army saber. The man who wielded the sword in this episode, Colonel E. Ross Parsons, died recently in Rochester. Colonel Parsons was one of the wealthiest and best known men in New York state, and though he had never declared the story the details were found among his private papers after his death. The incident was illustrated and described in Harper's Weekly at the time.

It was in 1864. Colonel Parsons, who was noted as a horseman, was attached to General Sheridan's staff. While reconnoitering one day with a squad of troopers under General Davis they were surprised by a detachment of Confederate cavalry. A pitched battle ensued, and Parsons, who was in the rear, saw a rebel officer level a revolver at General Davis' head. Jabbing the spurs into his horse, he swung his saber above his head, and, dashing by just as the rebel fired, he made a terrific full-arm sweep. The Confederate's head snapped from the shoulders as swiftly as if it had been severed by a guillotine. The feat is more remarkable when it is considered that Parsons was a slim, scrawny fellow of 21. In comparison Mahmood Bey's single slash with his yataghan loses much of its importance.

Colonel Parsons was brevetted general for distinguished services during the war, but characteristic modesty forbade acceptance of that title when he returned to civilian life. Not only did he perform the only authentic feat of decapitation during the civil war, but he was also hero of a remarkable ride. A few days before the battle of Gettysburg he fought General Meade had an important message to send to General Harding, 100 miles distant. As the route was through a country swarming with rebels, the message was written on a tissue paper, that it might be swallowed in case the carrier was captured. The commander was in doubt regarding a suitable messenger. He summoned General Davis to headquarters.

"General, who is the hardest rider, as well as the most trustworthy man, in the service?" asked Meade.

"Colonel Parsons, sir," was the prompt reply.

"Send him to me at once."

It was 6 o'clock on a Monday night when General Meade gave the young officer his instructions. He was to ride with all haste to General Harding's headquarters and return at once with an answer.

The messenger retired. Two hundred miles were to be covered. The roads were heavy, and they led through the enemy's country.

Exactly at noon on the following day Colonel Parsons entered General Meade's tent. The latter's face grew purple with rage, and he ripped out a string of oaths.

"Is this the way you obey orders?" he thundered. "What are you hanging around camp for? You ought to be with General Harding by this time."

"I have just returned from General Harding, sir."

"You lie!" exclaimed the exasperated general.

Parson's face paled, and he dug the nails in his hands to restrain himself.

"General Meade," he said in a voice that ill concealed his anger, "if you were not my commanding officer, I would knock you down for that insult."

Without the formality of a salute he turned on his heel and left the tent. Meade afterward made an ample apology.

Colonel Parsons killed two horses and went himself without a particle of food. For 18 hours he was not out of the saddle.—Chicago Times-Herald.

A Whiteley of the West.

The West of England is a place of strange rivals and astonishing sights. Among these the signboard which the Rev. S. Baring Gould found at the Cornish village of Morwenstow must surely stand pre-eminent. The writer of it must have been a sort of uneducated Whiteley.

"Roger Giles, Surgin, Parish Clark, and Shulemaster, Groser, and Hundetaken, Respectably informs ladys and gentlemen that he dros teef without waiting a minit applies laches every hour, bisters on the lowest terms, and vizicks for a penny a peace.

"He sells Godfathers korales, kuta korns, bunyons, dokters osses, clips donkies wance a month, and undrakes to luke arter every bodie nays by the 'ar. Joe-sharps, penny wissels, brass kanestits, feying pans, and other mozzal histro-mints hat grately revoiced figers; young ladys and gentlemen larnes their gramer and language in the purtiest manner, also grate care taken off their morrels and spellin.

"Also zarm zinging, tayebing the base vial, and all other zorts of van-y-ork squadrils, pokers, weazels, and all other country dances tort at home and abroad at jerekskun. Perfumery and snuff in all its branches. As times is cruel lad I bogs to tell ee that I had just beguned to sell all zorts off stashionary-ware, cox, hens vouls, pigs and all other kinds of poultry.

"Blackin-brishes herrins, coles scrubbin bi-bishes, traykel, and godley bukes and bible, misse traps, brick-dist, whisker seed morrelpokerkanchers, and all zorts off swate-maits, including taters, sassage, and other gardin stuff, bakky, zigars lamp-oyle, tay-kittles, and other intozixatin likkers, a dab of fruit, hats, zongs hare-oyle, pattins, bakkiits, grindin-stons and other aitables, korn and bunyon-zalve, and all hardware; I as laid in a large azortment of trype, dog's mate, lollopis, ginger-beer, and matches and other pikkels, such as hepsos salts, hoyster Winzer sope, aneztrar.

"Old rag-bart and zold here and nowhere else, newwayde hoggs by me Roger Giles; zinging burdes keeped, such as howles, donkies, paykok, lobsters, cricket also the stock of a celebrated brayder, Agent for selling gutty-porker souls.

Canadian Child Saving Work.

During the eight months of the present year some 53 children have been rescued and sent out to good homes in various parts of Canada. This work is entirely in the interest of Canadian children and is carried on by Christian ladies in Brighton and Toronto under the superintendency of Rev. C. W. Watch of Brighton. It is sustained by voluntary offerings. Funds are urgently needed and gratefully accepted.

There are some 20 children now in the temporary shelter awaiting homes. These are mostly young and suitable for adoption, many of them are beautiful children whose only need is that of a friend and a home. The ages of these little ones run from 2 months up to 8 or 9 years. Information is cheerfully given concerning the work. Correspondence should be addressed to Rev. C. W. Watch, Brighton, Ontario.

The October number of the Delineator

is received. It is called the autumn number and its representation of the new Russian blouse-waists, fan-back skirts and all the other Autumn novelties in dress modes millinery is made complete by a series of artistic color-plates. The literary features include a bright and crisp novelette, "A Triumph of Mind," by Anna Elmsberg King, author of the captivating Kitwyk Stories. Martin Orde continues "Clive Rayer's Adventures," his hero invading the apartments of a certain Russian Grand Duke. The series of articles on Social Life in America has a brilliant addition in the paper on Society in the Lesser Cities, by Edith M. Thomas. Jeanie Drake's New York Types is this month devoted to The Landlady. Dr. Grace Peckham Murray discusses the use of Cosmetics from a medical standpoint. The page devoted to the answering of questions on etiquette has already proved a great success in the hands of Mrs. Cadwalader Jones. J. Bell Landier contributes a novel and pretty "Harvest Drill" for seventeen boys and girls. Frances Stevenson tells how the sweeping reforms introduced in Japan have affected the position of women. W. S. Edward continues his instructions on Home Table Etiquette; Mrs. Witherspoon's Tea-Table Chat includes a discussion of the new dispensation in shoes; Mrs. Vick's answers to correspondents on Flower Raising and Gardening are as helpful as usual; the "Seasonable Cookery" is devoted to some characteristic English dishes; the new books are carefully noticed and the needlework features, headed by Emma Haywood's Fancy Stitches and Embroideries, include the usual illustrations of Appliqued Crocheting, Lace-Making, Knitting, etc.

Order from the Local Agent: The Butterick Patterns, or address The Butterick Publishing Co., Limited, 33 J. Leonard St., West Toronto.

Subscription price of The Delineator, \$1.00 per year, or 15c per single copy.

WHAT SHE NEGLECTED.

He Was a Student of Human Nature, and He Caught Her.

Albert Bloodgood gazed long and earnestly into his young wife's eyes. It was evident that serious doubts had taken possession of him. He had been married to Sylvia Bloodgood for three days and had thought that he was happy, but now, as she sat beside him in the saloon of the plunging steamer, a horrible thought suddenly forced itself upon him.

The sweet girl who had given her life into his keeping noticed that something was out of whack with him, and, looking up, more as an innocent child would look at a parent than as a wife contemplating the features of her husband, she asked:

"Doesn't 'oom love 'oor 'ittle darlie any more? Tell me, darling, what it is that troubles you. Don't try to conceal it from 'oor 'ittle lovey dovey. You know I'm so wise I can see everything. You told me so yesterday, when I guessed what you had in that pretty jewel box for me."

He sighed and said: "Ah, sweetness, I don't know whether I ought to impart my thoughts to you or not. Perhaps I am borrowing trouble. But I have, as you knew, always been of a studious disposition. I have studied men and women, and I have been woe to think that I knew human nature."

"Yes," she urged, becoming interested, "go on."

"Well, either my observations and deductions have been wrong or you don't love me as a wife should love her husband."

"Oh, Albert," the sweet girl cried, fidgeting her arms around his neck and sobbing pitifully, "what has caused you to form this cruel, cruel opinion? What has 'oor 'ittle darlie done to arouse such a suspicion?"

"It isn't what you have done," he replied, "but what you have not done, that worries me."

She drew back in wild fear and waited for him to proceed.

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"Yes," he went on, "it is what you have neglected that has caused these doubts to take possession of me. Here we've been married for three days, and you have not yet asked me to solemnly declare that I never really loved until I came to know you."

With a guilty look she slunk away to her stateroom, for she knew that she had forever forfeited the right to claim his confidence.—Cleveland Leader.

HERRING BOATS.

Their Peculiar Rig—One of Them Sails From Cornwall to Australia.

The fleets of herring fishing boats sailing out of the ports of Great Britain are grand sea-going craft, strong and swift, and able to stand the stormiest weather. They are usually rigged with two stumpy masts and carry enormous square l