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Mention this Paper.

MANAGING HORSES.

NOW YOU SHOULD AND HOW YOU SHOULD NOT TREAT THEM.

Horses Err From Ignorance, Pain or Fright. They Must Be Convinced That Resistance Is Useless—Use the Whip Sparingly and Never Kick the Animal.

Horses are essentially creatures of habit; of gentle, confiding dispositions, but excessively nervous; timid, at times irritable, and prone to resist strenuously anything that frightens them. If, for example, you put a rope halter on an unbroken colt and tie him to a post, the more the rope cuts into his tender skin the greater will be his struggles, while he will soon yield to a halter that inflicts no pain.

Through nervous fright horses sometimes become panic stricken and absolutely uncontrollable. They suffer also occasionally from what, for want of a better name, may be called "nervous paralysis," when they seem to be physically incapable of motion. This condition is almost invariably the result of brutal treatment, and the only reasonable explanation of it is that the first emotion aroused in the horse by punishment is fear; that when he finds that he cannot escape anger and a spirit of resistance are mingled with his fright, and that these combined emotions produce this morbid state.

The horse is quick to take advantage of the ignorance or the fear of those who control him. As compared with the dog, he is somewhat slow of comprehension, but he differs from the dog in this also—that he seldom becomes "too old to learn new tricks," and his memory is so retentive that he never forgets what he has once thoroughly learned.

It may also be set down as a rule, with few exceptions, that he intends to do just right. If he errs, it is from ignorance, pain or fright, rarely from stubbornness or vice. This seems to be generally unknown or at least disregarded, for of all animals the horse is the least understood, the most harshly judged and unjustly treated, and for the least infraction of discipline he is too often brutally punished. If men who train horses would control their tempers and endeavor to ascertain the cause of the animal's misbehavior, they would find that there is often a good excuse for his actions.

The eye is the best index to the animal's feelings. The ears are very expressive, but they do not reveal so plainly the emotions that are dominating him as the eye does. Therefore study the eye with its varying expressions, and when you can read its meaning you hold the key to one of the chief secrets of successful horse training.

The horse should be convinced that resistance is useless, but do not be impatient or harsh. Remember that success is the reward of unwearied patience. If you fail at first, keep trying until you succeed. Do not be discouraged if you do not seem to make much progress. Your task may take weeks or even months, but if you persevere you will triumph.

While it is true that with some horses the whip must be occasionally used, it should be the very last resort, and remember always that one, or at most two, cuts and a few sternly spoken words are more efficacious than an hour's punishment. There is no more vicious or false idea than that a horse is benefited by a "sound thrashing." On the contrary, it is the very worst thing you can do, because the horse's recollection of the pain and the fright occasioned by it is more vivid and enduring than his remembrance of why it was administered, and at your next lesson he is nervous and afraid and at the least note of anger in your voice (for horses judge the mood of the trainer by his manner and his tone of voice) he may become almost uncontrollable in his efforts to escape the expected flagellation.

It is a safe rule for any one having a hasty temper not to have a whip at hand. The temptation to use it may be too great. And it is also wise not to attempt to teach him when you are in a bad humor, for if he does not do just right you will probably vent some of it on him.

When whipping is used only as a last resort, the necessity for it seldom arises. As the horse makes progress in his education he understands better what is required of him and transgresses less frequently, and nearly always a sound railing when he knows that he is misbehaving is sufficient. Sometimes when this is disregarded a slap with the open hand will cause instant obedience.

There are two forms of punishment, or rather brutality, that are inexcusable under any circumstances—these are striking a horse over the head, no matter how light the blow, and kicking him—aside from their inhumanity there is great danger of permanently injuring him. Whenever during a lesson a colt or young horse becomes heated and angry, cease at once, and if you have been impatient and abused him keep away from him and do not approach him until he has forgotten the occurrence.

Be soothing and gentle in your manner and your tone of voice. Win his confidence, and you will never regret it, for then in the hour of danger your voice and the touch of your hand reassure him, and he will face imminent peril if only you are near.

In conclusion never forget that the triumph of the trainer's art is in willing and cheerful obedience from a desire to please, and because long custom has made it a habit, not because the horse fears to disobey through dread of punishment—Our Animal Friends.

Many of the streets of Paris are lined with trees. If a tree dies, another of the same kind, age and size is brought from the state forests and put in its place. The cost is something tremendous, but Paris is the most beautiful of modern cities.

STUART, THE PAINTER.

Curious Hints 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 privately 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 kamoois 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 game 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 woollen 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.—Saadi.

ITCHING PILES.

Some time ago I was completely incapacitated for business by Itching Piles. I bought a box of Chase's Ointment at Reper Drug Store, and on applying it was relieved at once. I have given it to others and all have been relieved. It has cured some that had undergone a surgical operation. WM. LEITH, Caledonia, Ont.

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SALT RHEUM AND ECZEMA.		
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EDMUND KEAN.

To See Him Act Was Like Reading Shakespeare by Lightning.

Before the third century after the birth of Shakespeare had reached its first quarter there was born in England to a stage carpenter and a strolling actress a child destined to grapple with the poet's highest thought and interpret it with a vividness that to this day stands unrivaled. Coleridge's terse comment, that to see him act was reading Shakespeare by lightning, reveals him with the fullness of a volume. Edmund Kean, along with most people early trained to an art, had little, if any, education of the schools. He was when a boy provided with instruction by some benevolent people whom his smartness and beauty attracted, but he rebelled against the tasks of study and went to sea. But life there was too rough for his fine nature. He returned to England, and at the age of 7 began the study of Shakespeare's characters with his uncle Moses. This he continued with an actress named Tidswell, who taught him besides, as well as she knew, the principles of her art.

At that early age he had the credit of originality so surprising as even then to challenge the supremacy of Philip Kemble. At 14 he played Hamlet. King George had him recite at Windsor castle, and it is said this incident led some gentlemen to send him to Eton, but there is no record of it. At 20 he was in a provincial troop, a member of which he married, and for six years thereafter, until his glorious night at Drury Lane, his life was one of hardship, struggle, obscurity, but, thanks to the faith in himself, not hopeless. His London debut was made at 28. He had fought for it hard and long and would then have missed it but for the falling reputation of the theater. London debuts in first roles are not easy for provincial actors, and none knows better how hard they are to get than Henry Irving. Kean seems to have been at his full splendor, and made a hit. After that his habits were altogether prejudicial to the refinement of taste or the acquisition of knowledge.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

IS IT A MATTER OF TIME?

What Was Considered Modest and Proper a Hundred Years Ago.

Modesty, as has often been said, may almost be considered a matter of time and place. In the time of George III of England, though the drapery was of the scantiest, it was not considered delicate or refined to uncover the forehead. Some young ladies who had been abroad were considered bold looking because they wore their hair Madona fashion. Ladies not in la premiere jeunesse very generally wore wigs. The princesses had their heads shaved and wore wigs ready dressed and decorated for the evening to save time for the toilet. Widows almost always shaved their heads. Lady Murray says her mother's beautiful hair was cut off for her deep mourning, and she never wore anything but a wig in after years.

At Windsor castle in those days luncheon was not, as it is now, a general meal. Each lady had a chicken, a plate of fruit and a bottle of king's cup (the peel of a lemon put to soak for some hours in cold water and then sweetened with sugar) brought to her room every day. Those were the days for servants' perquisites. On all the highest saints' days a tinsel cross of divers colors was placed on the tables of the ladies or sent to their residences, and a guinea was understood to be due in return. A bottle of wine every two days and unnecessary wax candles were the perquisites of the ladies' maids.

Candles were extinguished as soon as lit, to be carried off by servants. Pages were seen marching out before the royal family with a bottle of wine sticking out of each pocket, and the state page called regularly upon each person who attended the drawing rooms, with his book, to receive the accustomed gratuity. The ladies in waiting then wore the Windsor uniform, which is at present confined to the gentlemen attendants. It was a blue cloth habit, not long, as worn for riding, but the length of a gown, with buttons having a star surrounded with the motto, "Honi soit qui mal y pense" and a scarlet collar.—New York Herald.

In former times chapels were commonly built on bridges at the entrance of towns and villages, but the custom has long since fallen into disuse, and very few of these structures remain today. One of the best existing specimens may be seen at Rotherham. It stands on the bridge crossing the Don and was built in 1488. Leland mentions it in 1590.

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