

## 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, 10.35	Buctouche, 12.35

Train from Buctouche connects with I. C. R. train for Halifax at Humphrey's and at Moncton 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.

Until further notice, train for 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,  
Superintendent  
Moncton, N. B.  
June 22nd, 1897.

## KENT NORTHERN RAILWAY.

### TIME TABLE.

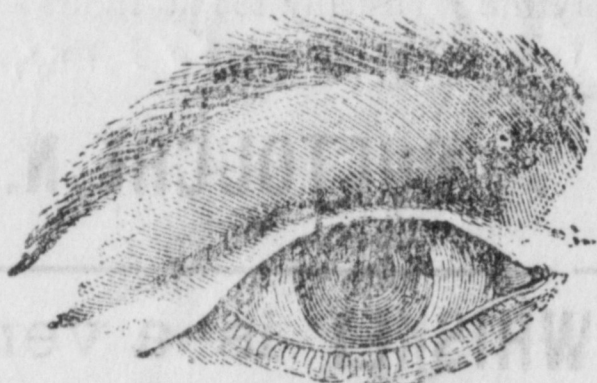
10.00	Dept. Richibucto, Arr.	15.00
10.15	Kingston,	14.46
10.28	Mill Creek,	14.33
10.45	Grunble Road,	14.16
10.51	Molus River,	14.09
11.15	McMinn's Mills,	13.45
11.30	Arr. Kent Junction, Dept.	13.30

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

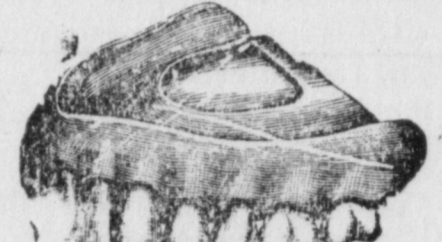


## to Business Advertise

in

## THE REVIEW.

DRS SOMERS & DOHERTY



### 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:  
Harcourt on 16th, 17th and 18th.  
Kingston 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.

MONCTON, N. B. (aug31st)

## 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.

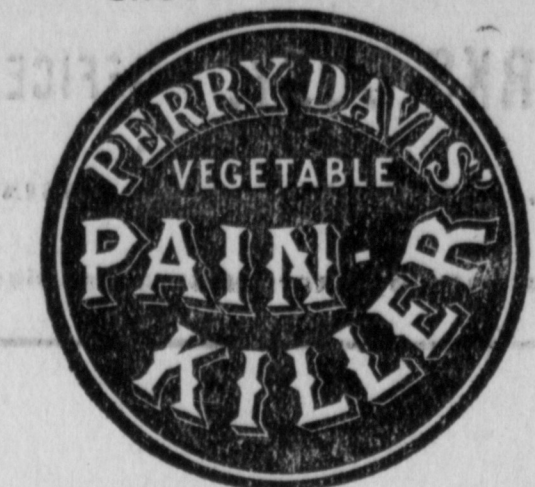
CONNORS' RESTAURANT  
Main Street, Moncton,

Next door to the K. Shoe Store.

Meals served at all hours.

Oysters, Roast Fowl, etc. Highest cash 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, Diarrhea, Dysentery, Cramps, Cholera, and all kinds of Complaints. **PAIN-KILLER** is THE BEST remedy known for Sore Throat, Coughs, Chills, Diarrhea, Dysentery, Cramps, Cholera, and all kinds of Complaints. **PAIN-KILLER** is UNQUESTIONABLY THE BEST LINIMENT MADE. It brings speedy and permanent relief in all cases of Bruises, Cuts, Sprains, Severe Burns, etc. **PAIN-KILLER** is the well-tried and trusted friend of the Mechanic, Farmer, Planter, Sailor, and in fact all classes wanting a medicine always at hand, and safe to use internally or externally with certainty of relief. Beware of imitations. Take none but the genuine "PAIN-KILLER." Sold everywhere, 25c. big bottle. Very large bottle, 50c.

## HOMILY ON NERVOUSNESS.

Some Practical Ideas That Are Drawn by a Thinking Layman.

The most casual glance at the columns of the newspapers betrays the fact that nervous complaints, as recently asserted by the medical profession, are greatly on the increase. Comparison will demonstrate that we Americans are becoming, if we are not already, the most highly strung and nervous people in the world.

But nervousness, as expressed by various well meaning citizens, seems to be a certain resentment against noise. I am considering the point from the vantage or disadvantage of a layman. Is mere noise the cause or simply the evidence of nervousness? That's what I want to know. To be clearer, is mere noise the creator of nervousness, or is the universal complaint of these noises merely the evidence of growing nervousness? Most of the errors of reasoning, I believe, are from the confusion of cause and effect.

When a letter carrier suddenly and unexpectedly pipes his thin, shrill whistle up a vibrant hallway and causes me to start, it is easy and natural to say he makes me nervous. And when an elevated train, brakes down, approaches a station, causing every wheel to scream and shriek, it "sets my teeth on edge," and the charge is instantly filed against the railroad company of creating nervous disorders. Whereas, the facts are I was nervous already, and the letter carrier's shrill whistle only demonstrated it, and if I had not been a sufferer from nervousness the elevated noises would simply have had no effect upon my mind whatever. And if I sat down and wrote to the newspapers complaining against all these manifold noises I should only advertise my nervous condition to the whole community.

I am aware that I shall run counter to the popular theory when I assert that noises have nothing whatever to do with nervousness. The nervous person will jump higher and quicker when suddenly approached from the rear, being unexpectedly confronted silently in the dark, being suddenly touched by some one till that moment unseen or unheard, or even prove more nervous under conditions of absolute silence. It can be easily demonstrated that a man who can sleep like a babe on the line of the elevated road will be awakened at the crow of chickens in the country, and yet be unable to sleep at no sounds at all. The man who is disturbed by the noises of the city is a nervous man who would toss all night on a sleepless couch in the dead quiet of the country. The only reason there is more nervousness is because our mode of life creates nervousness. We drink more, smoke more, eat more and go the pace generally—and then lay it on to noises.—New York Herald.

## IN SEARCH OF A WIFE.

Cautious Suitor States His Requirements in a Letter of Inquiry.

A prominent attorney preserves the following document as one of the chief curios of his office. It bears a recent date and was written from one of the Missouri river towns. The young woman referred to is the presiding genius of the kitchen in the lawyer's home:

"DEAR SIR—I got acquainted with Miss ——— through our corresponding with each other. She wants to marry me. Should she suit I will not marry her for three or four months yet. Please find out through your wife and let me know by return mail if she is worthy of a good husband.

"Is her character good? How about her honesty and integrity? Does she seem to like children? Is she neat and clean? Is she tasty about her dress? Is she gay or frivolous, or what you call sullen? Is she wasteful in her cooking? Is she strong and healthy? Can she hear and talk good? Is she homely or pretty? Is she smart? To make it short, would she make a good man a good wife?"

"I am a cooper by trade, a widower with five children, and I need a woman that's a good cook and to look after my children. She has been working for your wife three weeks. You ought to know her pretty good by this time. Anything you may say she won't know if it isn't good, unless you tell her yourself.

"Is she stylish? Has she begun to break or show edge? Is she steady and does she know how to please? You can do me a great favor if you take five minutes of your valuable time to answer these few questions. Please write at once. I want to know quick. Your obedient servant."—St. Louis Republic.

## MUNYON'S WORK

Has Won the Gratitude and Confidence Of all Canada.

## NO MORE DOUBTING

The Positive Evidence of Cure Too Conclusive to Permit of it.

## YOUR NEIGHBORS TESTIFY

If You Are Sick Ask Your Nearest Druggist for a 25-Cent Vial of Munyon's Remedies and—

## DOCTOR YOURSELF

Alphonse Desmarchais, No. 831 A. Sanguinet St. Montreal, Quebec, Canada, says: "I could eat nothing that would be retained on the stomach for a whole day. In fact, I believe that I had dyspepsia just as bad as any one could have it. I took all kinds of medicines; enough to kill a horse. I took Munyon's remedies eight days and now feel well. Other remedies relieved for a short, but Munyon cured. There has been no return of the trouble.

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 groins, 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.

The record for royal travel is held by Queen Victoria. Since 1842, the year the Queen first entered a railway carriage, she has travelled something like 2,000,000 miles. This beats the prince of Wales by about 500,000 miles, and the next greatest royal traveller, the Duke of Cambridge, by nearly 1,000,000 miles.

## Others Fall—It Cures!

DEAR SIR.—From my own experience I can confidently say that Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry possesses true merit. It was the means of saving my little girl's life last summer. She was teething and took violent diarrhoea. Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry cured her, and I feel that I cannot say enough in its favor.

MRS. WILLIAM ARTHUR,

Teeterville, Ont.

## The Training of Children.

The training of children has become a scientific question. A famous man gives the following things that children should be taught:

That teasing is a positive crime.

That they must eat bread before pastry.

That bedtime is not a "moveable" hour.

That they must speak respectfully to the servants.

That weeping over bruises is unworthy sturdy things.

That they should not appeal to one parent from the decision of another.

That punishment follows in the wake of prevarication and of deceit more swiftly than it follows active mischief.

That it is bad taste for them to tell all that they learn of their neighbors' domestic arrangements through playing with the neighbors' children.

"Where shall we go?" She (on her second ride): "That I think I shall have to leave entirely to my wheel."

FROM THE GOLD REGIONS.  
SEATTLE, Wash., Aug. 19.—The steamship Al-Ki, which arrived in port yesterday from Skagway and Dyea, brought the following letter to the Associated Press:

Skagway, Alaska,  
near Dyea, Aug. 4.

Twelve Canadian customs officers have arrived here and will establish a custom house at the portage between Lake Bennett and Tagish Lake, a point by which all Yukon or Klondyke travellers must pass if they start from Dyea and Skagway. The rates of duty will average about \$30 on the average outfit of a Yukoner. The officers are well armed, and will have the assistance of the mounted police to enforce the duty. Further down the river will be stationed guards to intercept anyone who might attempt to elude the vigilance of the officers. Miners and prospectors are very much exercised over the situation and this may lead to complications. The Canadian officers declare they will enforce the law impartially and will not discriminate against Americans. It is idle to urge that there is no serious feeling between Americans and Canadians. The newly appointed collector for Alaska, Mr. Ivy, of Oregon, has been here. He said he had been in telegraphic communication with Secretary Gage prior to sailing from Seattle on June 25 and that he was ordered to install a sub-port of entry at Dyea as soon as possible. Unless both the Canadian and United States governments are very careful, a systematic retaliation will be in vogue before either are aware of the fact and much ill-feeling will follow and the miners will be the greatest sufferers.

## Sir Wilfrid Laurier.

LONDON, Derry, Aug. 17.—Sir Wilfrid Laurier the Canadian Premier sailed for Canada to-day. He visited Galway, today, in order to learn the views of the people there with reference to the Canadian mail ship line and to judge of its suitability as a port of call.

"It's dreadfully queer," said the housewife, "that the potatoes you bring should be so much bigger on the top than they are at the bottom."

"Miss," said the honest farmer, "it comes about this way. P'taters is growin' so awful fast right now that by the time I get a basketful dug the last ones is ever so much bigger than the first ones."

## Dizziness and Weak Eyesight—How to Cure Them.

Mrs. J. Dell, Chatham, Ont., says: "For two years I could never go to sleep before two or three o'clock in the morning. I suffered much from vertigo and dim eyesight. Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills have removed the dizziness, restored my heart to healthy action, strengthened my eyesight, and I can truly say they are a blessing to any one suffering as I did."

## A Puzzled Inquirer.

Why is it all of the married men are desirous of going to Alaska? What unmarried men has not been approached by a married friend in this fashion: "If I were not a married man I'd start for Alaska to-morrow?"—Chicago Journal.

## Burdock Blood Bitters.

Burdock Blood Bitters regulates the stomach, liver, bowels and blood; curing dyspepsia, biliousness, sick headache, rheumatism, scrofula, and removing all impurities of the blood, from a common pimples to the worst scrofulous sore. As an invigorator and tonic B. B. B. is an unequalled medicine.

## Mrs. Hashcroft Was Suspicious.

"A dinner such as we had to-day," said the elderly boarder, "makes me feel like a young man."

"Indeed," was all Mrs. Hashcroft deigned to reply.

"Indeed; when I think of that lamb we had for dinner I feel that if that was lamb I must still be a boy."—Answers.

## Milk for Salt Fish.

It is well to know that if salt fish is wanted quickly the fish is freshened much sooner if soaked in milk, milk that is turned being as good for the purpose as the fresh milk.

An Expedient. He: "Let's go to the roof garden to-night." She: "I don't dare leave the baby, dear." He: "Well, I'll tell you what we'll do. I'll go."

She: "So you don't like the hat just in front of you? How would you like it trimmed?" He (savagely): "With a lawn mower."

The bigger the woman and the smaller the husband the more she leans confidently against the poor little thing when they walk up the street.

The point in training children is to get them off to a neighbor's house first in the evening, in order to keep that neighbor's children at home.

Glover C. Connelly, of Richmond Corners, N. B., says of Dr. Chase's Catarrh Cure: "I am pleased I used Dr. Chase's Catarrh Cure. I had it in a very severe form for nearly five years. I used several so-called cures, but got no relief. None of them did me any good. One box of Dr. Chase's Catarrh Cure completely cured me."

## PLEASURE IN LONDON.

EARL'S COURT IS THE SUCCESSOR OF VAUXHALL GARDENS.

Its Various Expositions, Credited to Different Countries, Are Only Pretences. The Great Thing, the Only Thing, Is the Place Itself.

Mrs. Elizabeth Robins Pennell contributes to The Century an article on "Play in London." After speaking of Vauxhall Gardens and Cremorne Mrs. Pennell says:

Everybody knows what the old garden was like—Thackeray has seen to that—with the hundred thousand lamps always lighted, the fiddlers who made ravishing melodies, the singers, the dancers, the Mme. Saquis on the slack rope ascending to the stars, the hermit in the illuminated hermitage, the dark walks so favorable to lovers, the pots of stout, the dinners and suppers—in a word, the sort of combination of cafe, music hall, restaurant and Fourth of July that nowhere else has been brought to such perfection; that to Sir Roger had seemed long before Thackeray's day "a kind of Mohammedan paradise." But what everybody does not know so well is that London still has its garden, called by another name, to be sure, ignored by Murray and Baedeker and offering another programme, Mme. Saquis and hermits gone from it apparently forevermore, but precisely the same in principle and practice.

Vauxhall has vanished; Cremorne sends up no more rockets skyward to fill the night with beauty; the Crystal palace is only for the suburb and the country cousin, but every summer Earl's court has its exhibition—an exhibition only, by courtesy, only out of deference to the present fashion of gathering our knowledge or pretending to while we play. One year it was called Italian, and there were macaroni and chianti in the restaurants, and a nice new pastebord forum. Another year it was German, and the air was heavy with the fragrance of schnitzel and wurst. Then it was American, for a change, and cowboys and red Indians swagged across the scene, and soda water and maple sugar figured on the menu. Now it happens to be Indian, with a fine oriental flavor, but by the time this is published it will be something else, and it really matters very little. The exhibition, attributed to any nation, would be as gay. Nobody cares save, perhaps, a few tradesmen and numismatists, who smell the commercial battle from afar. It is an open secret that the semblance of a show is there merely to court avoidance. The years in passing have turned it into a big bazaar, but not even in this guise can it prove the chief attraction.

No; the great thing, the only thing, that counts is the garden, where one may walk under pleasant trees; where one may ape the continental and drink tea or coffee at little tables—but mostly tea, in capacious pots—to the accompaniment of thick slabs of cake; where one may be still more un-English and eat one's dinner outdoors—not like a wild beast in a cage, as in the old "box" at Vauxhall, but in company, on a low, broad veranda, where there are side-shows more diverting than Pepsy ever dreamed of; where one may scout away the summer evening, listening to music which is at least as good as the honest Briton likes it. For the truth is the garden furnishes just that form of amusement which Mr. Henry James has lamented was not to be found in London, and so long as it is open one need not, as he thought, "give up the idea of going to sit somewhere in the open air, to eat and listen to a band of music." Only the amusement must be shared with so big a crowd that one will have to scramble for a chair, engage a dinner table full 12 hours beforehand, and struggle to get home by underground or bus as furiously as the mob fights to push into the pit of a popular theater.

To provide the Englishman with a crowd, to give him the chance to use his elbows, is to convince him that he is enjoying himself. And the old garden's questionable features, its revelers, its jockeys and courtesans and gamblers—where are they? Where are the snows of yesterday? All gone with other times and other morals. The world of Earl's court and Kensington has taken the exhibition under its protection, and there sits in stately splendor a magnificent example of respectability, within an inclosure humorously called the Welcome club, because admission is refused to all but the elect. Where the west end condescends to spend its afternoons and evenings there surely every one may venture in safety by night as by day. Indeed there is a strong domestic element about the exhibition. It is a place for the family, a playground for the decorous.

## Our Queer Language.

It is little wonder that foreigners are in despair in learning to speak the English language. One of the greatest difficulties is the way in which the same syllable sounds have often very different meanings.

"You'll get run in," said the pedestrian to the wheelman without a light. "You'll get run into," savagely responded the cyclist as he knocked the pedestrian down and ran up his spine. "You'll get run in, too," said the policeman as he stepped from behind a tree and grabbed the wheel.

And just then another scorching came along without a light, so the policeman ran in two.—Exchanges.

At the beginning of the present century the Bible could be studied by one-fifth of the earth's population. It is translated into languages which make it accessible to nine-tenths of the world's inhabitants.

Teapots are used in China only by the poor. Among the wealthy it is customary to put the tea leaves in each cup and pour water on them.

## MACHINE LUNCHEONS.

THE GERMAN AUTOMATIC DISPENSER OF QUICK REPEATS.

The Slot Principle Applied to Restaurants. No Waiters to Fee or to Swear At—A Good Lunch Basket Scheme Used on German Railways.

Germany is showing the rest of the world how "quick lunches" may be served without employing waiters and how a hungry person may have just what he wants to eat and drink, at a fixed price without paying an extra tip and without feeling himself called upon, no matter how particular he may be, to find fault with the service unless he is satisfied to make his complaint to a mechanical contrivance, which differs from some waiters in so far that it makes no pretence of caring a rap or the turn of a handle how uncomfortable or how badly served the hungry one may be. The contrivance, which has been perfected by the Quisquina company of Berlin is so perfectly arranged that, even those people who object to this manner of washing the cups and plates in the ordinary quick lunch places are deprived of their cause for complaint because every customer may supervise the cleaning of the cup which he will use, and if he is so inclined may attend to the duty himself.

The quick lunch stands are provided with automata spraying nozzles for cleaning glass and china and insure perfect cleanliness. No rubber tubing is used to conduct liquids, silver tubes being employed for the purpose. The service is run by clockwork.

In place of the ordinary counter there are sets of ornamental cabinets ranged along one side of the room, which have a shelf projecting at a convenient height, upon which glasses and cups are placed. Above these there are faucets and a number of slots to receive the coin. When the customer has decided what sort of a drink he wants—coffee, tea, chocolate or beef tea—he drops the coin in the slot and receives the regulation quantity. The cold drinks—lemonade, soda water and all sorts of "soft drinks"—are kept in glass vessels and the hot drinks in nickel tanks surrounded by a hot water bath, which is heated by gas.

But the establishment is not limited to drinks, and the hungry man may also be served. Sandwiches and cakes are kept in a glass stand, circular in shape, which is covered with a glass bell. Each bell contains about a dozen sandwiches, and the purchaser indicates his choice by dropping his coin into the slot opposite the kind he wants, and the stand revolves sufficiently to bring his sandwich to an opening where he may take it out. Stands similarly arranged provide hot beef, chicken and other meats.

The quick lunch is nothing new in Germany, though, as any person will know who has made a railroad trip between Berlin and Copenhagen by way of Warnemünde. A man who made the trip several years ago said:

"We were coming back from Denmark and stopped at a little place on the German frontier at about noon. Everybody was hungry, and the American contingent was disappointed when the conductor shouted, 'Fünf Minuten unfehlhaft.' We knew that five minutes would not give us time for a meal, and we lost no time in leaving the coach as soon as it was unlocked. Everybody rushed pell-mell into the restaurant, where a lot of wire things that looked like old fashioned rattraps were piled up. Everybody grabbed a trap, paid about 25 cents for it and rushed back to the train.

"What looked like a trap was really an ingeniously contrived lunch basket having three compartments. In one was an ample portion of chicken; the next contained sandwiches, and the third a flimsy piece of pastry and a small bottle of wine, over which a little drinking glass was fastened. Little salt and pepper shakers and a knife and fork were fastened to the sides, and the whole was covered with a Japanese paper napkin. The fact that we were all hungry and that the whole arrangement was unexpected may have had something to do with our enjoyment of the uncheon, but it was agreed that it was the most perfect of the 'quick' kind we had ever seen. The bottom of the wire lunch basket was covered with a piece of glass, and a paper beneath it bore the request in German, French and English to leave the empty basket with the trainman."

Managers of quick lunch place say that the automatic restaurant would not be patronized sufficiently to make it pay in New York.

"The main object of the automatic arrangement," said one, "is to do away with waiters and save the outlay on that account. We have accomplished that end by giving every man his own waiter, and I believe that breakage in machines, still off in trade and counterpoise could make a change from our present system to the automatic an expensive experiment. As to the quick lunches for travelers on railway trains, such can be done, and no one knows that better than the traveler who is compelled to make a meal of what he can buy from a dealer in pies, apples and sandwiches who hawks his wares through the cars. The buffet and the dining cars have reduced his field of operation, but he is still in business, selling the same old sandwiches to the people who cannot afford to ride in a dining room car, and to them, the quick lunch on the plan of those which they have in some parts of Europe would be a blessing."—New York Tribune.

## His Ability.

Fuddy—You say that Biglin gets a salary of \$10,000. And there is positively nothing in Biglin—he is not an educated man and he has no natural abilities.

Duddy—Except the ability to get a salary of \$10,000 a year.—Boston Transcript.