

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.....12.20
Accommodation for Campbellton.....13.13

Will leave Horcourt.
Through Express for St. John and Halifax (Monday excepted), 5.21.
Through Express for Campbellton, Quebec and Montreal (Monday excepted), 5.29.
Accommodation for Campbellton.....12.45
Accommodation for Moncton, St. John and Halifax.....13.05

All trains run by Eastern Standard Time.
D. POTTINGER,
General Manager.
Railway Office, Moncton, N. B. 4th November, 1897.

MONCTON AND BUCTOUCE RAILWAY.

1897. WINTER TIME TABLE 1897.

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

Leave	Arrive
Buctouche, 8.00	Moncton 10.10
Moncton, 15.00	Buctouche 17.00

Train from Buctouche connects with I. C. R. train for Halifax at Humphrey's and at Moncton with train for St. John and Campbellton leaving Moncton at 10.30 and 13.05 respectively.

Train from Buctouche connects with I. C. R. train from Halifax at Humphrey's and with trains leaving St. John at 7.00 and Campbellton at 5.45.

E. G. EVANS,
Moncton, N. B. Superintendent
Oct. 4th, 1897.

KENT NORTHERN RAILWAY.

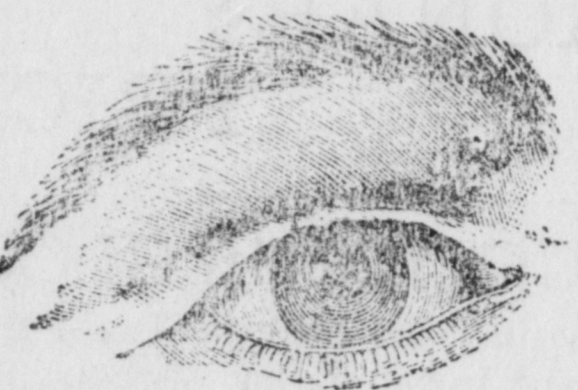
TIME TABLE.

Dep't.	Richibucto, Arr.	15.00
30.00	Kingston,	14.46
30.15	Mill Creek,	14.33
30.28	Grumble Road,	14.16
30.45	Molus River,	14.09
31.51	McMinn's Mills,	13.45
31.14	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.

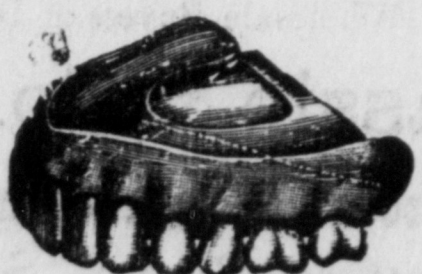
WILMOT BROWN,
General Manager and Lessee,
Richibucto, June 22nd 1897

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.

INTERIOR DECORATING AND PAINTING.

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

THE SONG OF A SOUL.

A LEGEND OF THE STRING INSTRUMENT FOUNDED ON ERROR.

Mr. Thomas Catgut's Touching Account of His Passion For Miss Pussy Carmine and the Tragedy That Resulted Therefrom. Under the Musician's Touch.

It is known to only a few people that the devil once had a daughter—that was many years ago. The Lord be praised, she lived only a short time. She was cut off in her youth. She came to this world in the guise of a graceful kitten, and I, Mr. Thomas Katgut, was destined to have my fate intermingled with hers.

While strolling along the banks of a pleasant little stream I first met Miss Pussy Carmine, and well was she named. When I gazed into her eyes, they seemed to glow with fire, and when I drew my eyes away they were so dazzled that all around and about me seemed for a moment to be red, and the soft gray fur with which she was covered seemed to be tipped with scarlet.

Despite the fact that my entire heart went out to her in adoration at first sight, I could not but be conscious of a strange and unusual feeling which I could not localize. It seemed to draw and strain until it fairly ached, but I could not place it. It was not my heart, nor yet my liver, and it seemed to be far from my head. This meeting was but the first of many. Night after night we met, but in the midst of transports of joy and ecstasies of bliss which these meetings brought to me I always continued to experience the indescribable feeling, vague, unapproachable, yet always there when in her presence.

One night I felt that I could no longer contain my feelings, so, on the banks of the river, on the very spot where first we met, I told her of my love. And, oh, the effect! Fire seemed to flash from her eyes and mouth and each undivided hair on her body was aflame. All the devil in her seemed to be let loose. Before my astonishment gave me a chance to act she leaped upon me and began to scratch and tear and gnaw and bite. And in the midst of all the horror and pain of it came that same indescribable feeling in the undiscovered place.

I was perfectly powerless to resist her murderous attacks, and any efforts on my part would have been useless, for I felt that my hour had come. Without pausing, she continued to scratch and tear at me until finally, feeling that I was in the act of taking my last breath, I opened my eyes to cast a last look upon this sad but beautiful woman. Just then Miss Pussy seemed to have exhausted her vitality, for she fell back dying even as my last fluttering breath issued from my lips. And then my soul left its earthly dwelling place, and, hovering above, looked down on the scene of the late tragedy.

"Horrible dictum!" My own body lay there lacerated and torn, but the body of the devil's daughter had vanished into space.

Eager as I was to soar away to a better land, I could not tear myself from the spot, but lingered around my poor body in the hope that some kind mortal would find it and give it decent burial. But alas for all my hopes! At early dawn a strange looking man, tall and thin, with long hair and bony, slender fingers, came wandering toward our late trysting place. Suddenly he saw my body, and a trembling took possession of him, which he soon controlled, and lifting me gently by the tail, carried me for some distance until we came to a little house in the woods which seemed to be his own. My soul followed through space, eager to see what was to become of my body. This awful man, who, it seemed, was the commander in chief of an army organized for the advancement of music, took up a murderous looking knife and deliberately cut my poor body into bits. He cut in deep until he reached my very vitals, and as the knife touched these my soul gave a long, quivering cry, and I saw the knife touching the spot which had always responded to Miss Pussy's presence, and which, while I had lived, had always eluded my detection. He took up my vitals and cut them into narrow strips and strung them across the window to dry. Though my body and soul were really separated, so sensitive was my soul to any touch to these parts that each time a breeze swept across them my soul could not resist a cry.

These cries seemed to please the musician so much that he nearly went wild with excess of feeling. He manipulated the strings—which were my vitals—in all sorts of ways, and finally drew them taut over a peculiar piece of glazed wood and over this drew a rod in measured time. My soul moaned and sighed at each touch, but the musician seemed to know how to modulate and moderate my cries and at the same time to mingle with my tones others of such sweetness and pathos that the combined effect was heavenly and grand.

And thus it is that my soul has never found a final resting place, for mingled with my sad tones are ever those sweet and glorious ones, harmoniously intermingled, making music which binds me to earth, holding me back even from heavenly joys.

Explanation.—This is not a true story. Cats have always been known to be sly and deceitful, and Mr. Thomas Katgut, whose soul tells this story, is no exception to the rule. In proof of this statement I call your attention to the definition of the word catgut in most dictionaries, which will be found about as follows:

"Catgut—The name given to material of which the strings of musical instruments are formed. It is made from the intestines of the sheep and sometimes from those of the horse, but never from those of a cat."—Anna Lewis in New York Times.

THE RETIRED BURGLAR.

A BRIEF AND QUIET CHAPTER FROM THE STORY OF HIS VARIED LIFE.

"I don't think I was ever very much scared," said the retired burglar, "but I have been as much scared by slight, little things, that were of no real account as by anything else. For instance by the scratching of a rat, starting up and running around in the wall. I was never more disturbed than I was once by the absolute stillness of a room that I was in. It was dead and oppressive; and I couldn't account for it.

"I swung my lamp around, and saw the usual things that you might expect to see in such a room—it was a dining room—including a clock on the mantel. It was a pendulum clock, one of the kind that has a little clear space in the lower part of the glass front, through which you can see the pendulum as it swings back and forth. The lamp simply swept across the face of the clock, as I swung it around, but an instant later I realized that I had seen no pendulum swinging back and forth behind that clear space. It wasn't swinging. The clock had stopped.

"I see my lamp on the shelf, and opened the door of the clock and started up the pendulum, and then I heard the regular ticking of the clock. And that was all that was wanted. But what a relief it was to hear it. I could sort out the spoons now with a cheerful spirit."

"Only the Best"

Should be your motto when you need a medicine. Do not be induced to take any substitute when you call for Hood's Sarsaparilla. Experience has proved it to be the best. It is an honest medicine, possessing actual and unequalled merit. Be wise and profit by the experience of other people.

Hood's Pills are the favorite family cathartic, easy to take, easy to operate.

PATENT REPORT.

Below will be found the only complete report of Patents granted this week by the United States Government to Canadian Inventors: this report is prepared specially for this paper by Messrs. Marion & Marion, Solicitors of Patents and Experts Head office: 185 St. James St., Montreal.

592,816—John McKechnie et al, Winnipeg, Canada, Street sweeper.
593,935—Edgar D. Misner, et al, Brantford, Canada, Ball bearing vehicle axle.
592,810—Richard R. Mitchell, Montreal, Canada, Flushing valve.
593,023—William G. Kelly, Niagara Falls Centre, Canada, Snap hook.
593,170—Munroe White, Vancouver, Canada, Wind Wheel.
592,896—Munroe White et al, Vancouver, Canada, Nut lock.

SPEECH RESTORED BY FRIGHT.

PHILADELPHIA, N. J., Nov. 10.—There is joy in the family of David Johnson, a poor track walker for the Lehigh Valley Railroad. Three years ago his son, Samuel, then eight years old, was operated on by a surgeon. The child was so terribly frightened that after screaming himself into exhaustion it was found he could neither speak nor hear. His hearing returned in a few weeks, but he was dumb until this morning.

He went into the yard before it was light, saw what he thought was a ghost and ran towards the house. He began screaming. After being quiet he talked. The fright had restored his speech. Mrs. Johnston had put a white cloth over a large rose bush. It was this which frightened the child.

A Mother's Story—Her Little Girl Cured of Croup.

Having tried your medicine, my faith is very high in its powers of curing Cough and Croup. My little girl has been subject to the Croup for a long time, and I found nothing to cure it until I gave Dr. Chase's Linseed and Turpentine, which I cannot speak too highly of.

Mrs. F. W. BOND,
20 Macdonald Street, Barrie, Ont.

PLENTY OF NORTH POLE GAME.

"Did you get anything?" asked Farmer Courtassel's wife as he returned from his hunting trip.

"Nothin' worth speakin' of."

"You surely didn't come home empty handed?"

"No. But it's next thing to it. I haven't anything but a couple more carrier pigeons with messengers from the North Pole tied to 'em."—Washington Star.

MAIL FORWARDED BY DOG TEAMS.

PORTLAND, Oreg., Nov. 13.—F. W. Vail, assistant superintendent of the railway mail service has received a letter from Dyea stating that a party started October 22 with 300 pounds of late mail for Dawson. The Canadian Pacific were in charge of the mail and drawn by dog teams.

The steamer Elder arrived here last night from Skagway with thirty passengers and eight sacks of letter mail.

The firm of Herr Krupp, the great German gun maker, has been commissioned to modernize five Turkish men-of-war.

MUNYON'S STAND AGAINST OLD FOGYISM

BIGOTRY AND PREJUDICE MUST BE BURIED WITH THEIR COUNTLESS VICTIMS

AN AGE OF ENLIGHTENMENT

POISONOUS DRUGS AND DANGEROUS NOSTRUMS MUST GIVE WAY TO ADVANCED SCIENCE.

HUNDREDS ARE BEING CURED

If You Are Ailing, No Matter What the Disease Is, or How Many Doctors Have Failed to Cure You, Stop Into the Nearest Drug Store. Ask for a Guide to Health, Buy a 25 Cent Remedy and Cure Yourself.

Mr. H. Manning, 450 Dorchester street, Montreal, Quebec, Canada, says: "I was troubled with a severe cough, accompanied by pains in the chest, shortness of breath, night sweats, expectoration and loss of flesh. This continued for some time. I had lost my appetite and was greatly debilitated. After using Munyon's Remedies for three weeks my cough is better, I have no more night sweats, no pain, my appetite has returned and I sleep well. I am feeling very much stronger after being confined in doors most of the winter."

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. Price \$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.

PRICES PAID TO MODERN AUTHORS.

Rudyard Kipling commands the highest price of any living author, according to the Pall Mall Gazette, which says that it paid \$750 for each of his "Barrack Room Ballads," and that "The Seven Seas" brought him \$11,000. He has received 50 cents a word for a 10,000 word story. Anthony Zope charges \$450 for a magazine story, reserving the copyright. Mr. Gladstone's price for a review is \$1000. Conan Doyle received \$25,000 for "Rodney Stone Mrs. Humphrey Ward \$40,000 for "Robert Elsmere," \$80,000 each for "David Grieve" and "Marcella," \$75,000 for "Sir George Tressady," and \$15,000 for "Bessie Costrell." Ian Maclaren has made \$35,000 out of "The Bonnie Briar Bush," and "Auld Lang Syne." Rider Haggard still asks from \$75 to \$100 a column of 1500 words and will not write for less than \$10,000.

The highest price ever paid for a novel is \$200,000, which, the Pall Mall Gazette says, was handed over to Alphonse Daudet for his "Sapho." Zola's first fourteen books netted him \$220,000, and in twenty years he has made at least \$275,000. Ruskin's sixty-four books bring him \$20,000 a year. Swinburn, who writes very little makes \$5000 a year by his poems. Browning, in his later years, drew \$10,000 a year from the sale of his works, and Tennyson is said to have received \$60,000 a year from the Macmillans during the last year of his life. Mr. Moody is believed to have beaten all others, as more than \$1,250,000 has been paid in royalties for his hymns.

Snap And Vigor Wanted.

MODERN LIFE demands snap and vigor from all. The race for existence is hotter than ever. Keep your blood pure by using BURDOCK BLOOD BITTERS, and you will be healthy, vigorous and strong. Miss Jennie A. Gleason, Centreton, Ont., says: "For two years I suffered from poor, thin blood. I grew weaker every day until I tried B. B. B. It completely cured me by enriching my blood, making me strong and vigorous again."

KLONDYKE or ALASKA

.....CANNOT BE COMPARED WITH.....

THE NEW BRUNSWICK CHEAP STORE.

TO THE PEOPLE OF NEW BRUNSWICK:

I am prepared to favor every one with **GOOD QUALITY and LOW PRICES**, and especially for the cold weather I have **ULSTERS, OVERCOATS and REEFERS** for Men, Boys and Youths, and a full assortment of Men's, Boys' and Youth's **SUITS**—Cutaway and Double-Breasted—made of the very best Irish Freeze, and Blue and Black English Worsteds; and a big lot of **MEN'S UNDERWEAR and TOP SHIRTS**. Our prices cannot be beaten. If so, a dollar saved by chance is better than two earned. Take notice of these prices and you will know that I mean business:—

Men's Suits \$2.75 and up.
Men's Good Working Pants 92c. and up.
Grey Cotton 25 yds. for \$1.00
Good Shaker Flannel 5c. and up.

And 99 more articles will be almost given away. So call and secure bargains.

J. HARRIS,

ROBERTSON BUILDING,
KINGSTON, KENT COUNTY.

COMMON HEREDITARY TRAIT.

"Doctor, what do you regard as the surest hereditary trait—that is, what peculiarity is most likely to be inherited?"

"My observations lead me to believe that the desire to escape work is about the most common thing that people inherit."

"What is an average?" asked the teacher. The class seemed to be posed, but a little girl held up her hand eagerly.

"Please, it's what a hen lays her eggs on."

Bewilderment followed, but the mite was justified by the lesson book, in which was written:

"The hen lays two hundred eggs a year on an average."

Major Belle Reynolds, who was elected president of the recent woman's parliament at Los Angeles, Cal., went through the civil war with her husband, and by her bravery and devotion to the wounded soldiers gained fame and the rank of major conferred on her by Governor Yates of Illinois.

Mrs. De Weary—"And so you have been married five years, and are as much in love with your husband as ever?"

Mrs. Cheery—"Yes, indeed."

"Hum! What business is your husband in?"

"He's captain of a whaler."

"Did mamma's little boy hurt his darling head? Come here and let mamma kiss it and make it well."

"That's got so it don't cure any more, mamma. Put on some arniky."

"You and your sister are about the same size, and you look exactly alike. Twins, aren't you?" asked the visitor.

"Course not!" exclaimed Tommy, highly indignant. "She's a girl!"

Mother—"What have you done with the money you saved up last week?"

Johnny—"Papa told me to save it for a rainy day. Yesterday was the first we had so I spent it."

Ned—"I believe there is a skelton in Miss Antique's family." Ted—"I know it. Saw her in bathing costume yesterday."

BETWEEN LIFE AND DEATH.

For 25 Years, Says Mrs. J. B. Stoddard of Albany Park, N. Y., and Two Bottles of Dr. Agnew's Cure For the Heart Restored the Lost Treasure.

For twenty-five years I have been a great sufferer from heart disease palpitation, dizziness and severe headaches. I saw Dr. Agnew's Cure for the Heart, advertised, and determined to try it. Two bottles have done wonders for me. The dizziness and palpitation are gone, the heart disease has disappeared. I never cease telling my friends the wonderful benefit this great cure has been to me, and I cheerfully recommend it any and every where. Sold by W. W. Short.

WEYLER'S RETURN TO SPAIN.

MADRID, November 11.—According to a despatch from Corunna, the port at which the steamer Montserrat, with Lieutenant General Weyler, will dock, a flotilla of steamers will meet General Weyler off the port; and he will be received with music and other incidents of an elaborate ovation. He will be tendered a luncheon immediately on landing, and in the evening there will be fireworks. The Socialists are said to be planning a counter-demonstration.

CASTORIA.

Read what people say. Here it is. Miss S. Lawson, Moncton, N. B., says: "They cured me of constipation and sick headache."

MRS. NACK'S CONFESSION

NEW YORK, Nov. 12.—The Rev. Robert Miles, pastor of the Ravenswood Presbyterian church, Long Island City, who has been visiting Mrs. Nack since she has been in jail there, said today: "Mrs. Nack did not confess because she had been promised anything. She confessed to ease her conscience and because religion has finally touched her heart. Mrs. Nack's words on the witness stand yesterday, 'for conscience, for God, for the people and to be at peace,' gave the real reason for her divulgence of her part in the awful crime."

Rev. Mr. Miles declared that it was evident on Sunday last that Mrs. Nack was anxious to ease her mind, and that he said to her: "I do not want you to confess to me. That would be humiliating you. You can confess to your counsel or to whatever official you wish."

The election in centre Toronto to fill the vacancy in the Commons caused by the resignation of Wm. Lount, M. P., has been fixed for November 30th. George Bertram will be the Liberal candidate.

Fred Elliot shot his brother, Harvey, dead at Bayfield, Ont., Monday night. Both were under the influence of liquor, and the shooting was the result of a quarrel.

Murray & Lanman's FLORIDA WATER

THE SWEETEST
MOST FRAGRANT, MOST REFRESHING
AND ENDURING OF ALL
PERFUMES FOR THE
HANDKERCHIEF, TOILET OR BATH.

ALL DRUGGISTS, PERFUMERS AND
GENERAL DEALERS.

FROM PERSONAL EXPERIENCE.

Many have tried for years to discover a remedy suitable for their own case for the Constipation, Bilioussness, Indigestion, Headache, Kidney and Liver Complaints arising from Poor Digestion, Weak Stomach, and sick headache.

To those we say: Try the new medicine—

Laxa-Liver PILLS

Read what people say. Here it is. Mrs. M. E. Hicks, South Bay, Ont.: "Laxa-Liver Pills are excellent for sick-headache, causing no pain or griping." Mrs. John Tomlinson, Hamilton, Ont.: "They are a perfect cure for even the severest headache."