

INTERCOLONIAL RAILWAY.

Until further notice the trains of the 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 Horcourt.

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.....12.30
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. 25th 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:

Leave	Arrive
Buctouche, 7.40	Moncton, 9.45
Moncton, 15.35	Buctouche 17.35

Train from Buctouche connects with I. C. R. train from 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.

E. G. EVANS, Superintendent
Moncton, N. B.
June 22nd, 1897.

KENT NORTHERN RAILWAY.

TIME TABLE.

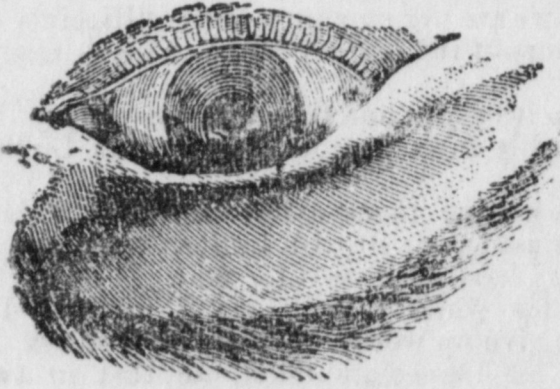
10.00	Dept. Richibucto, Arr.	15.00
10.15	Kingston,	14.46
10.28	Mill Creek,	14.33
10.45	Grumble Road,	14.16
10.51	Molus River,	14.09
11.15	McMinn's Mills,	13.45
11.30	Arr. Kent Junction, Dept.	13.30

Trains are run by Eastern Standard time.

Trains run daily, Sunday excepted.
Connect with I. C. R. accommodation trains north and south.

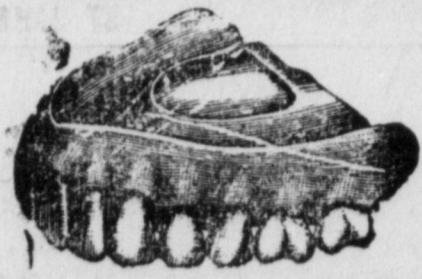
WILMOT BROWN,
General Manager and Lessee,
Richibucto, June 22nd 1897

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.
Moncton 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,
Moncton, N. B.



PAIN-KILLER

THE GREAT Family Medicine of the Age.

Taken Internally, It Cures
Diarrhoea, Cramp, and Pain in the Stomach, Sore Throat, Sudden Colds, Coughs, etc., etc.

Used Externally, It Cures
Cuts, Bruises, Burns, Scalds, Sprains, Toothache, Pain in the Face, Neuralgia, Rheumatism, Frosted Feet.

No article ever attained to such unbounded popularity. We can bear testimony to the efficacy of the Pain-Killer. We have seen its magic effects in soothing the severest pain, and know it to be a good article.—Chicago Dispatch.
Nothing has yet surpassed the Pain-Killer, which is the most valuable family medicine now in use.—Tennessee Oglethorpe.
It has real merit; as a means of removing pain, no medicine has acquired a reputation equal to Perry Davis' Pain-Killer.—New York Star.
Beware of imitations. Buy only the genuine "PAIN-KILLER." Sold everywhere, large bottles, etc.

THE PATENT MEDICINE MAN.

He Waited Long For Results, and They Came With a Rush.

"It was more than 30 years ago that I decided the thing was ready to be put on the market," said the inventor of a compound that has now passed out of the category of patent medicines and become well introduced. "The question that bothered me was how to get the stuff before the people and make them personally acquainted with its qualities, so that I might find out whether my own faith and confidence in the article were justified. But how was I to get it into people's hands? That was the question that I had to answer. I went to the wholesale druggists, and they said it would be useless to put it on their shelves, as nobody would buy it. I sent it to doctors, but that did very little toward getting the article into the hands of the people. I gave it away at fairs, and the result was that a small portion of the people there got nearly all of the stuff, while the others went without any. Plainly that would not do. But I didn't know yet what I would do.

"After awhile it occurred to me that I would start a man in a buggy driving in a certain direction. He was to distribute the stuff to everybody he met on the road, and in that way the stuff would finally get into the hands of the people. I was going to have relays enough to stretch a line across the country and start a man from the west to come east through the territory the other man could not reach. I was going to send the stuff on ahead, so that at different points on the road the man would be supplied with enough to give away.

"The fellow started on his long trip and distributed thousands of packages of the stuff. Other men started in different directions, and there were only a few thinly populated and remote corners of the country that could not have some personal experience of my invention. The men finished their trips and I waited. But no response came. The people whom I had expected to answer with a cry for what I had given them remained mute. A year passed, and every cent of available capital had gone into the scheme. Thousands of dollars had gone, and evidently no more had been done toward creating a demand than if the stuff had been locked in a closet and left there. I strained hard, but I never could hear the voice of the public calling for my invention. The months were miserable with suspense and despair until suddenly the public, to speak metaphorically, roared at me. The rush had started in a way I could never understand."—New York Sun.

The English Dislike of Commerce.

We believe that the English, who are in continental opinion a nation of shopkeepers, are not by instinct or by aspiration a trading people at all, or even an industrial one. They are a seafaring people by tendency, and as the sea produces nothing they are compelled to trade, and circumstances have driven them into the industrial life, but their proclivity is toward struggle of any kind, and not, except as an incident in that struggle, toward the making of money. It was quite late in their history that they recognized trading as their vocation, and much later still that they surrendered the notion that to be a trader, whether merchant or manufacturer or dealer in money, was to be comparatively a base person. Till within the last few years all historians thought economics rather unworthy subjects of their pens, and the social distinctions drawn against industry were of the most galling character. Indeed, they have not disappeared yet, the contempt which was once felt for the merchant and the banker being still entertained for the distributor, though he often combines both functions. The great industrial is still hardly reckoned on a par with the great agriculturist, and the shopkeeper of any kind is still placed far below any sort of professional. Money, it is true, is now almost the only source of irresponsible power, and those who possess it begin, like the powerful in all countries and ages, to be highly regarded, but the grandson of a Tottenham Court road peer would much rather his peerage had been acquired in battle or by chicanery than out of a shop, however large. Even the captains of industry, who are like the old barons in many respects, are not thought of as quite their equals, and the greatest of railway builders, say the late Mr. Brassey, is not placed on the level of a great agriculturist, say the late Mr. Coke of Norfolk. The state has honored both, but the popular sentiment, which, and not the state, settles what Greeks are like, condones, rather than delights in, the action of the state. The difference is disappearing, but it dies hard.—London Spectator.

It's a Dandy.

The Klondyke Morning Call is the name of a new publication printed in some part of the U. S. A copy has been sent us by a sympathetic friend. The paper is offered at the modest subscription price of three hundred and fifty dollars per year, or \$7.50 per copy. It is a four page paper of 9x6 in. From its introductory article we quote the following:—

Here we are. Now say it to our face. You wonder why a weekly paper is called the "Morning Call." We've been in the town for three weeks fiddling around getting our type in shape, and have never seen the sun two hours high yet. Many a day we have missed our dinner waiting for the sun to get overhead. We get the impression somehow that Dawson is the town of perpetual daybreak, and we can't resist the temptation to call this a morning paper.

We don't like to begin apologizing for the appearance of this sheet, but it is due to our readers to say that we hope to be able to print on better paper next spring. The Indian who tried to carry our paper over Chilkoot Pass had the misfortune to stub his toe which started him tobogganing down a declivity of seven miles into Death Canyon. He did not rejoin the party.

We are indebted to Soapine Sam, our genial grocer, for the loan of a ream of wrapping paper on which to print this issue. We request our subscribers to return this paper to Sam after reading it as he needs it for wrapping canned peaches, of which he has a very fine brand for sale at remarkably low prices.

Another interesting narrative of the breaking of a cast iron cuspidore is thus told.

There was a hot time in the old town last night, as the frequenters of the Dirty Dog Saloon will testify.

In the course of a quiet little poker game there was a clash between Bonanza Bill, formerly of Circle City, and a half-breed Indian known in the diggings as Chilkoot Charley.

The stakes were large. Over two million dollars in nuggets glittered on the table when all players dropped out excepting Bill and Charley.

Charley finally weakened and called his antagonist.

Bonanza Bill proudly displayed a pair of fangs.

"No good," said Charley, as he began to rake in the shining pot. "I've got seven."

"Stop!" roared Bonanza, and with a quick movement he seized the cards from Chilkoot Charley's hand.

Charley had a pair of deuces only.

Piqued at the idea of being played for a good thing by a 3 breed Indian. Bonanza Bill lost his temper, and, seizing a cast iron cuspidore, he brought it down upon Charley's head with great emphasis. Skull and spit box were both wrecked by the force of the collision.

The Indian was buried in a snow bank at the foot of Easy street at 2.30 a. m.

The affair is deeply regretted by our best citizens. Seldom has a similar tragedy cast such a gloom over the community. A cuspidore of the kind that was ruined last night is a rare article of bric-a-brac in this section and cannot be replaced except by a lavish outlay of money.

Mr. Yonson Olson, proprietor of the Dirty Dog establishment, is prostrated over the affair. He was not to be seen when the reporter called at the Olsen residence on Red Shirt Boulevard this morning. His son, Y. Olsen, jr., responded to the ring of the bell.

"The blow almost killed father," sighed young Mr. Olsen. "It was a fine cuspidore; lined with porcelain, and without a flaw in it. There is not another one like it this side of Seattle. Bonanza Bill has offered half the stakes won in the game to square the thing, but father is inconsolable and will not listen. He wants the entire pot."

THE REVIEW is pleased to welcome the "Call" on its list of exchanges. Since we haven't time to go to the Klondyke ourselves, we can get the important news of the gold fields from its well "stuffed" pages.

Catarrah Cured for 25 Cents.

Neglect cold in the head and you will surely have catarrah. Neglect nasal catarrah and you will surely induce pulmonary diseases or Catarrah of the stomach with its disgusting attendants, foul breath, hawking, spitting, blowing, etc. Stop it by using Dr. Chase's Catarrah Cure. 25 cents a box cures. A perfect blotter enclosed with each box.

"I understand that you have some intellectual canines here," said the learned professor with a pleasant smile to the proprietor of the show.

"Now, we haven't got nawthin' of the kind. This is a high moral exhortation given by nine educated dogs."

"I bought a box of Dr. Chase's Catarrah Cure at the Drug Store of Mr. Boye here. I am thankful to say it has proved most effective. I have also tried your Kidney-Liver Pills and found them excellent."—Henry R. Nicholls, Rectory, London.

Children Cry for
Pitcher's Castoria.

THE DECORATIVE JAPANESE.

Home Ways of Summer Life Among the Mikado's People.

Gardens excepted, there are no outward manifestations of the old poetry of Japanese life so remarkable as those summer houses occupying all the picturesque sites of the country. Wherever there is a view worth going to see you will almost certainly find a summer house built to command it, no matter how wild or poor the district.

You will find summer houses clinging to sea cliffs over the thunder of breakers, nestling in shadows of gorges over the roaring of rapids, strutted out over the precipice fronts like eagles' nests at the verge of dead craters, for in Japan there will always be summer guests wherever there is summer beauty, travelers happy to please their eyes and rest their feet and to leave some coppers in payment for the privilege of the vision and the repose.

The summer house at which I am now staying is typical of the class, a skeleton structure of two stories, simply and strongly built after the manner of peasants' dwellings and at a cost of perhaps \$60. Timber is cheap here. On the other side of Japan such a building could not be put up for \$300. It stands on the edge of a lofty cliff and overlooks a little bay near ancient Moinoseki. From ground floor to roof it is open on three sides, and on the seaward side shelter from the sun and wind is given by trees rooted in the cliff below, but towering far above the eaves—enormous pines, with branches many feet in girth. Between the zigzags of those mighty limbs there are glimpses of the sea and fishing sails (canvases or straw) flitting like white or yellow butterflies, and the far pale thread line of the Hoki coast, and Daisen's cone thrusting into the clear sky like some prodigious blue crystal, or, looking directly down over the needle foliage of younger pines, you see the wimpling of the bay and bathers laughing among the rocks, and children playing with seaweed and shells. You view the world as a fishhawk views it, though I presume with vastly different sensations. After a swim it is delightful to sleep here, the sharp, sweet sea wind in your hair. You are furnished with a bathing dress, sandals, a big straw hat of curious shape to keep off the sun, barley tea and cakes, a smoking box and a pillow, and the price per day of this entertainment is—3 cents!

The guest is expected to bring his own food with him and to provide himself with towels.—Lafcadio Hearn in Atlantic Monthly.

FREAKS BECOMING SCARCE.

So Say Dime Museum Men, but They Are Looking For a Starter.

"If freaks become any scarcer," said a dime museum proprietor a few days ago, "a good many of us will have to go out of the business. I never in my life saw such a slump. Eight or ten years ago we could get all the freaks and curiosities we wanted—real ones, too, and no fakes. We've got agents scouring the world for them, but they are as scarce as strawberries at Christmas time."

"I'll give you a pointer," said another man in the same line of business and who was one of the party of three. "If you can secure the freak I have in mind, you can quit the business as rich as Barney Barnato ever was."

"Why don't you grab it yourself?" asked the first speaker.

"Can't. If I could, you'd never have heard of it."

"What is it?"

"No, not 'what is it?' That's an old one. The freak I've been looking for can't be located. I've tried for him and know."

"Let's have it," said the other impatiently.

"The veteran printer that didn't stick type with Horace Greeley!"

"I didn't think you were going to spring a miracle on me," said the other as he ordered "three of a kind."—New York Commercial.

A Very United Family.

The value attached by the poor, and even by those who are not in the depths of poverty, to decent surroundings in family life is a very variable quantity. Decent lodging is not by any means universally regarded as one of the prime necessities of life. Occasionally it is relegated to quite a back seat.

An instance was given before the commission of a family of seven persons—father, mother two grown up sons and three grown up daughters—all living in one room. With them this arrangement was a matter of choice, not necessity, for they earned between them about \$7 a week, more than \$350 a year, and even from a slum landlord they could no doubt have afforded to rent another room or two. Having screwed down the item of rent to an unrecusable minimum, they determined to have a thoroughly good time, and this is how the witness describes their proceedings: "In the evening they would all go out to the music halls and to the theaters. On Saturday afternoon they would take five tickets each for some omnibus or conveyance that was going into the country, and on Sunday they would go to Brighton and to other places."

It is comforting to reflect that these Arcadian beings were a united family and always took their pleasure together as well as their naps. It is not stated whether they took in lodgers.—From "The Housing of the English Poor," by the Right Hon. Lord Monkswell, in North American Review.

Remedy For Excess In Eating.

A hint to those who may thoughtlessly at some time or other indulge in excess in eating. If this indiscretion is committed, especially in high seasoned things with rich sauces, a draught of cold water, acidulated with lemon juice, will take off the sense of weight at the stomach and assist the digestive process by moderating the alimentary fermentation.—New York Ledger.

A Slice of Labrador.

Among the passengers who arrived at Halifax on Monday from Newfoundland, by the steamer Portia, were Mr. Calder, of Tupperville, and Messrs. Whitman and Curry, of Bridgetown. These gentlemen have been in Newfoundland and Labrador all summer, having gone there in July, for the purpose of prospecting timber lands in Labrador. Mr. Calder was there in his own interests; Mr. Whitman a land surveyor, in the interests of Harry J. Crowe, of Bridgetown, and Mr. Curry as one of the firm of and in the interests of Curry Bros & Bent. All were engaged in a joint mission.

Concerning the results of their trip Mr. Curry was interviewed at the Carleton house by a Halifax Echo reporter. The whole affair, the reporter was told, was but the preliminary of a large enterprise, which the people represented are in hope of establishing in Labrador sometime next year.

As the result of their trip the gentlemen named above have made application to the government of Newfoundland for the right to cut timber on three hundred and seventy square miles of territory on the Kennacott, Kennamic and Hamilton rivers which flow into Hamilton Inlet, one of the coast waters of Labrador about two hundred and fifty miles from Newfoundland.

The valley of the rivers mentioned have very wealthy forests of spruce bordering them, as well as smaller forests of pine and hackmatack. The trees are very fine, being of good size, which they carry well up to the height of about seventy feet. It is this timber that Mr. Curry and his colleagues were making efforts to secure. It will be some time probably after the elections take place in Newfoundland this fall before it will be known how successful their mission has been.

The conditions of obtaining this excellent timber are the payment of \$2 a year rental for each square mile and a bonus, or what in Nova Scotia we call a royalty, of a sum not yet settled.

If success attends the efforts of these gentlemen a company will be formed as soon as possible to operate in Labrador on a large scale. The mills will be portable and will be moved from place to place as the profitable lumber of each district has been exhausted. Steam power will be used and the mills kept busy the year round.

Already some companies are actively engaged in the lumber business there. As lumber is one of the chief, in fact, one of the few resources of Labrador, it will be at once seen how great a boon the presence of a company's works there would be, like the works proposed by the company to be formed and a New York company which now operates very near the spot selected by Mr. Curry and his colleagues.

June is the season for stream driving. During March and April the snow falls to a depth of several feet, which, melting, swells the streams nicely for logging purposes in June. All winter long, cutting goes on, and all the year sawing, provided the cutters can keep a sufficient quantity of logs supplied.

A Clinching Statement

A CURE THAT WAS PERMANENT.

The Medicine used was Paine's Celery Compound.

Day after day home and foreign cures are heralded as the result of using this or that medicine. It is safe to assert that many of the published letters are bogus, and others will hardly bear the light of investigation.

The cures effected by Paine's Celery Compound, and noted in the press of the country, have all the ring of genuineness and honesty about them, and the original letters can be seen at any time by an interested public.

It has also been proven in numberless instances that the cures made by Paine's Celery Compound are permanent. Another letter has just been received, this time from Mr. P. J. Kilbride, Postmaster Inverness, P. E. I., testifying to the permanency of his cure. His case was one of the most serious and critical ever given to the public, and his complete cure astonished his many friends and the residents of his town.

Mr. Kilbride says: "Over three years ago I gave you a testimonial for Paine's Celery Compound after it had cured me."

"To-day I am in splendid condition, and have not been sick a single day since I used the famous Paine's Celery Compound."

"I certainly owe my present health and strength to your medicine, and I am fully convinced it saved me from a condition bordering on insanity. I can now sleep and eat well, and I thank God for Paine's Celery Compound and the great change."

"I have received and answered 250 letters since my testimonial was published. These letters came from all parts of Canada and the United States. It has been a pleasure answering these letters from sufferers, and I trust my recommendation of Paine's Celery Compound will help suffering humanity."

DOGS IN WAR.

How the St. Bernard Ministers to the Wounded Russian Soldier.

In the present day the British army seems the only one in which dogs are not trained either as spies, messengers or to help the wounded. The Germans, French, Austrians, Russians and Italians have all found them to be worth the trouble. The Germans have devoted themselves chiefly to the training of dogs for carrying messages to and from outposts and pickets and the main bodies of troops. For this purpose they find pointers are the best, but Scotch sheep dogs and short haired sporting dogs are much liked, as are also the clever little Pomeranians, which learn very quickly and are very strong and swift. In the German army the best trainers are the men of the Jager regiments, and a special officer and a special body of men are told off to look after the dogs. They are taught to march without frisking about, to avoid barking, but, with their wonderfully quick ear to warn if strangers are near, by pointing or by a low growl. They are trained to carry messages up to 2½ miles by known roads, and beyond that distance to find their own way across country. To men in the same uniform they are taught to be obedient.

In the Russian army a kind of big St. Bernard mastiff is used; also wolf and sheep dogs. These, equipped with a flask containing brandy or soup and a packet of bandages hung round their necks, are taught to find out the wounded lying among bushes or uneven ground and to offer them restoratives, standing meanwhile with their forefeet planted and barking to attract attention. They are even harnessed to little handcarts, such as we see them use in Belgian and German towns, and can drag two wounded men. The French, in their wars in Tunis and Algiers, have used dogs; also the Russians in their last Turkish war. In Austria they have been employed to discover ambuscades. The Dutch in Achen found them most useful in preventing solitary sentries in thick jungle outposts being surprised by stealthy natives. The Italian sentries in the Alps are always accompanied by dogs.—United Service Magazine.

FIREFLY FLASHES.

The Method by Which the Insect Emits Its Beautiful Light.

"By what process do fireflies produce the beautiful flashes of light?" That is a question frequently asked, and as entomological books fail to give a satisfactory reply the following explanation may be interesting:

I have made a special study of the light, and carefully examined the mechanism of the illuminating segments in both male and female specimens. The light emitted, when tested by the spectroscope, gives a brilliant spectrum, which is continuous through all the colors from the red to the violet rays. The illuminating organs consist of distinct spherical cells, each one of which is about 1.2000 of an inch in diameter, and the beetle has power to illuminate one or many of these cells at will, producing light of corresponding intensity. The cells contain a fluid saturated with phosphorus, and the covering of the cell is so thin that atmosphere coming in contact with it may affect the contents.

It has been suggested that the beetle produces the flashes of light or renders the phosphorus suddenly luminous by electricity—by the injection of warm fluids—or by friction. But it is certain that the flash of light is made in another way. We may clearly trace a connection between the spiracles and trachea (spiral air tubes) of the beetle and each of the illuminating cells, and find that the little creature renders the phosphorus contained in the cells luminous by forcing air upon them. The cells when thus excited emit light from their surface.

We may imitate the act of the beetle by dissecting one and placing the illuminating organ under a microscope, covered by a thin glass cover. When the cover is lifted so as to admit a little air, the cells become luminous.

A Millionaire's Extravagance.

An example of extravagance by a well known millionaire who built himself a castle in one of the English midland counties is reported by The English Illustrated Magazine. The water of the place was pure and sufficient, but a case of scarlet fever occurring in the village at a little distance from his residence he took a dislike to the local water supply and at a cost of over \$400,000 provided himself with a fresh supply from a distance of 18 miles. Without children or wife and a great traveler, he does not inhale his own country place for more than three months in the year. Although he drinks no wine, his water is an expensive beverage. Allowing only 8 per cent on the money, with 1 per cent sinking fund, his water costs him \$350 for every day he visits his castle. This supply, it should be added, is limited to the one house. There is really no reason why it should be shared with others, for the local supply is ample and of good quality.

The Business of Politics.

Watts—The business of politics is a deal of a fake. What can a business man know about politics?

Potts—At least you must admit that a good business man would not sell a \$1,000,000 franchise for a paltry little \$3,000 or so.—Indianapolis Journal.

The biggest price ever paid for a horse in America was \$125,000, given by J. Malcolm Forbes of Boston for Leonard Stanford's Arion, a trotter.

The enterprising highwayman relieves many a man the doctors cannot touch.—Harrisburg Patriot.