

RAILROADS.

INTERCOLONIAL RAILWAY.

On and after Monday, June 19th, 1899, trains will run daily (Sunday excepted) as follows:—

LEAVE KENT JUNCTION.

Accommodation for Montreal and St. John.....11.33
Accommodation for Newcastle and Campbellton.....13.15

Vestibule Sleeping and Dining Cars on the Maritime Express between Montreal and Halifax.

All trains are run by Eastern Standard Time. Twenty-four Hour Notation.

D. POTTINGER,
General Manager.

Railway Office, Moncton, N. B. 14th June 1899.

MONCTON AND BUCTOUCHE RAILWAY.

1899. SUMMER TIME TABLE. 1899.

On and after Saturday, July 1st, 1899, trains on this railway will run as follows:

No. 1. No. 3. No. 2. No. 4.
No. 1. 7.30 A.M. Moncton, Dep. 15.20 19.45
8.00 5.00 Buctouche, Ar. 17.30 20.45

EASTERN STANDARD TIME.

No. 1 Train connects at Humphrey's with I. C. R. train for St. John, Montreal and United States points leaving at 14.30, and I. C. R. train for Campbellton leaving at 10.20.

No. 2 Train connects at Humphrey's with I. C. R. train from St. John, Montreal and United States points arriving at 15.40.

No. 3 and 4 will run until September 1st, after which time Nos. 1 and 2 will run daily (Sunday excepted).

During the months of JULY and AUGUST, Excursion Return Tickets at one single first class fare will be issued from all stations on Saturdays, valid for return on following Monday.

E. G. EVANS, SUPERINTENDENT.

Moncton, N. B., June 28th, 1899.
*Tue., Wed., Thurs., Fri. and Saturday.
*Monday's only.
*Sat., Tues., Wed., Thurs. and Friday.
*Saturdays only.

KENT NORTHERN RAILWAY.

TIME TABLE.

9.30	Dept. Richibucto, Arr.	15.00
9.45	Kingston,	14.45
10.15	Mill Creek,	14.33
10.21	Grumble Road,	14.04
10.51	Molus River,	13.59
10.45	McMinn's Mills,	13.45
11.00	Arr. Kent Junction, Dept.	13.25

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 19th, 1899.

MORTGAGES,

DEEDS,

BILLS OF SALE (with affidavit),

LEASES,

COUNTY COURT SUBPENAES,

COUNTY COURT WRITS,

COUNTY COURT EXECUTIONS,

SUPREME COURT SUBPENAES,

BILLS OF LADING,

MAGISTRATE'S FORMS,

and other forms, for sale at

THE REVIEW Office

Two Stratford Ladies

Tell How Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills Make Weak People Strong.

Mrs. ELIZABETH BARTON, Britton, St., says: "I speak a good word for Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills with pleasure. They proved to me a most excellent remedy for nervousness, nervous debility and exhaustion, and I can heartily recommend them."

Mrs. POLAND, Brunswick Street, says: "My husband suffered greatly with nervousness, complicated by heart troubles. Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills have cured him, and he now is well and strong."

LAXA-LIVER PILLS. Take one at night before retiring. "I will work while you sleep without a grip or gripe, curing Biliousness, Sick Headache, Constipation and Dyspepsia, and make you feel better in the morning."

A NEW RECORD.

Records have been broken for quick betrothal and marriage in Jersey City.

George N. Bowditch, a widower, lived at No. 213 Congress street. He gave a little dinner in his apartments recently, to which he invited several of his fellow lodgers, their wives and friends. He arranged his guests about the table and then took his seat at the head.

One of the guests said: "There is something lacking at this table. We need a hostess, and how well Miss Helwig would look in that position."

This was received with exclamations of approval from all the guests with the exception of Miss E. Lydian Helwig, a pretty young lady, who sat half way down one side of the table.

Mr. Bowditch begged Miss Helwig to honor him by presiding as hostess, and the young lady, entering into the spirit of the occasion, laughingly assented.

So charmingly did she discharge the duties of the position that after the meal had proceeded some little time one of the guests remarked that it was a pity that Miss Helwig was not really the hostess.

"I wish she were," said Mr. Bowditch, with much fervor. This was greeted with much merriment when Mr. Bowditch, rising in his seat, solemnly said, "Friends, why should it not be so?"

"Miss Helwig," continued Mr. Bowditch, advancing toward the young lady and holding out his hand, "will you be permanent hostess of this establishment—Mrs. Bowditch?" For a while the young lady hesitated, and then, rising, she took Mr. Bowditch's hand and said, "I will."

When dinner was finished Mr. Bowditch and Miss Helwig were married by the Rev. Dr. Wright, of the Trinity Baptist church, Bowers street.

A DOCTOR'S HUMAGE.

Prescribed for his Patient South American Rheumatic Cure, and the Man's Own Words for it: "It Saved my Life."

Wm. Erskine, Manager for Dr. R. B. Hopkins, Grand Valley, writes: "I have a patient who has been cured by South American Rheumatic Cure. He had been trying everything on earth without the slightest relief, and had taken to his bed. Three doses relieved him, and when he had taken two bottles he was able to drive out. He immediately came to me and said this great remedy had saved his life. This remedy relieves in a few hours and is curing the world. Sold by Estate W. W. Short."

"I think it would be well," said the decorator, "to have your dining room bordered by a frieze."

"No, no," remonstrated the man who had only recently made money. "I want that room, above all others, to have a warm, cosy appearance."

Success

In business comes when thorough satisfaction is given the public. That's why Nerviline sells so rapidly. Toothache is cured as if by magic. Pain, internal or external, finds a prompt antidote in Nerviline. Try it.

Demetri Friedlander, treasurer of the United Russian Church of Chicago, private banker, and agent for the Wacker & Berk Brewing Company, is missing, and at the same time an amount estimated at from \$40,000 to \$100,000 has disappeared.

"The best way to tickle a man's vanity," says the Manayunk Philosopher, "is to tell him he hasn't any."—Philadelphia Record.

ALWAYS KEEP ON HAND

Pain-Killer

THERE IS NO KIND OF PAIN OR ACHES, INTERNAL OR EXTERNAL, THAT PAIN-KILLER WILL NOT RELIEVE.

LOOK OUT FOR IMITATIONS AND SUBSTITUTES. THE GENUINE BOTTLE BEARS THE NAME,

PERRY DAVIS & SON.

LOOKING FOR FLAWS.

Don't look for flaws as you go through life. And even when you find them it is wise and kind to be somewhat blind. And look for the virtues behind them. For the cloudiest night has a hint of light. Somewhere in the shadows hiding. It is better by far to look for a star than the spots on the sun abiding.

The current of life runs ever away. To the bosom of God's great ocean. Don't butt your force 'gainst the river's course. And think to alter its motion. Don't waste a curse on the universe—Don't shrink at the trials before you. Don't butt at the storm with your puny form. But bend and let it go over you.

The world will never adjust itself. To suit your whims to the letter; Some things must go wrong your whole life long.

And the sooner you know it the better. It is folly to fight with the infinite. And go under at last in the wrestle. The wisest man shapes into God's plan. As the water shapes into a vessel.

—Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

THE CLOCK.

There was an Epinal in 1609 or 1700 and something—it is so long ago that I do not remember the exact date—a clock with chimes, music and moving figures that excited the admiration of all the neighboring towns.

From Vesoul, Chaumont, Nancy and even Strassburg, from the four cardinal points, in fact, flocked inquisitive men and women, who at the approach of midday crowded into the back shop of old Master Tiphaine, the ingenious constructor of this complicated machine. Master Tiphaine had never consented to part with his masterpiece. To the offers of honors and money, a hundred times repeated, he gave formal refusals, saying:

"My native town will inherit it after my death. If you took away my clock now, you would kill me, you see, for it is a part of my life."

Master Tiphaine did not exaggerate. For long years, absorbed in the most impossible calculations, he had conceived and thought out his plan of mechanism. In fact, it took ten years before his project was realized. He made all the pieces himself and fitted them together patiently after a thousand fruitless trials. Oh, how many sleepless nights, how many hidden discouragements! He attained finally the certainty of triumph. Indeed Master Tiphaine did not exaggerate in claiming that this clock was a part of his life.

One day, then, the inhabitants of Epinal learned that the old clockmaker had solved his problem and that they were summoned to secure themselves of the perfect working of the apparatus.

They took care not to miss the appointment. They admired very much the construction of the machine, but when at the stroke of 12 the mechanism set in motion the figures, men at arms, heralds, apostles, etc., when the chimes rang, mysterious bells played a popular air, the clock crowded, the ox bellowed, the ass began to bray and the fat goose to utter his hoarse cry—due, as every one knows, to a cold contracted by an ancestor on Christmas night—there was a wild admiration, an irresistible enthusiasm, among the spectators.

"Once more!" they called out. "I cannot oblige you," replied Master Tiphaine. "The machinery is arranged to work only every 24 hours. If I disturb the least thing, the whole is deranged, and I am too old to recommence such labors. Come back tomorrow."

On the next day the sightseers came in still greater numbers. Then the news spread and reached the country and the neighboring towns. Every day the back shop was filled with admirers who were untiring in applauding the masterpiece of Severin Tiphaine.

But for some years Master Tiphaine had remained indifferent to the sincerest and the loudest praises. In the confused din of exclamations he listened only to the laugh of a child, a clear laugh, joyous and fresh as the chant of a mountain cascade, purer and more melodious than the mysterious bells that sang in the clock. Among all the faces that bent toward him gaping with surprise Tiphaine observed only the pink and white cheeks of Guillemine, a pretty little child of 5 years of age, his granddaughter.

Guillemine did not miss one of the midday representations. Master Tiphaine installed her in the first row; then he raised the curtain that protected his clock. From this moment all his attention was directed to his granddaughter. With as much impatience as the child he counted the tickings, he awaited the preliminary clicks. Immovable, in a state of ecstasy, Guillemine fixed her wide opened blue eyes on the clock.

Click, click, f-r-r-r-out Gears, springs, cogwheels, began to move with a noise like the flapping of wings.

Master Tiphaine read on Guillemine's face the emotions that pervaded it, and he felt a childish joy.

Coo-coo-ricool! The cock arose on the top of the belfry.

Guillemine clasped her hands. The bells tingled, and the infant Saviour, lying in the manger, appeared. There were the ox, the ass and the fat goose. Higher up angels hovered in the clouds, while the dove, carrying the olive branch, flew across. The magi, the shepherds, followed by their bleating flocks, filed in procession. Guillemine began to fidget on her stool. She bit her lips; pulled her fingers. Master Tiphaine himself is restless. Like the little girl, he is awaiting the surprise.

There it is—the temptation of St. Anthony! The imps which dance about and the friend that gambols cavort unceasingly. That was the surprise that Guillemine was waiting for. Wild with joy, she jumped about, clapped her hands and laughed. Ah, this laugh! That was the surprise that Master Tiphaine waited for.

The old grandfather laughed in his turn. He laughed until he was ready to weep, and the procession ended as the cock, rising again, closed the entertainment with a crowing coo-coo-ricool! Master Tiphaine seized the little girl, shaking with laughter, clasped her in his arms and mingled his snoring locks with the blond ringlets of Guillemine.

One cold day in December the sightseers of Epinal, who in spite of the cold came to the shop of the master clockmaker as punctually as certain citizens of Paris not long ago used to go to the Palais Royal to regulate their watches by the report of the cannon, found the door obstructed by old Severin Tiphaine.

"No one can come in today," said he sadly.

"Why?" they asked. "Is the clock broken?"

"The clock is not broken," replied Tiphaine in a still sadder tone. "But Guillemine is sick, poor little one, and we are expecting the doctor, who ought to be here soon. So then, I ask you, please to go away without noise."

They acceded to his request, made their excuses and withdrew. Master Tiphaine

then entered a room with closed shutters, lit up by a few burning tapers. At the end of this room in an alcove, where the fantastic shadows danced about, there was a white bed, and in that white bed, quite pale and delicate, Guillemine was lying. At the foot of the bed a young man—a young woman were standing, looking sadly at the little girl. Master Tiphaine advanced with soft steps, trying to prevent the floor from creaking under his weight, and when he was quite near the bed he said, addressing the young man:

"Well, my son, has she spoken?"

"No; she has not. She does not seem to hear when she is spoken to, and yet she looks at us with her beautiful blue eyes."

"Father," said the young woman, "I am frightened, for our Guillemine is like a dead person, lying with the eyes wide open."

Master Tiphaine bent over the child and tried to smile.

"Guillemine," said he, "Little Guillemine—"

The prostrate child fixed on him a look that seemed to see no longer. She did not stir.

"God have pity on us!" sighed Master Tiphaine, drawing aside.

Poor, gentle Guillemine! On the previous day, a little after the midday representation, a high fever had seized her.

During a part of the night she had been delirious, crying out and struggling against invisible beings and, when morning came, she had remained in this state of alarming torpor, her limbs stiffened, her eyes staring. Master Tiphaine looked at the lips of Guillemine, those poor lips, lips from which only yesterday the melody of laughter escaped.

There was a knock at the door. Tiphaine went to lift the latch. An old man entered.

"Guillemine," said Master Tiphaine, "here is the doctor, who has come to try you a visit."

The doctor examined the child and meditated a long time.

"Well!" said Master Tiphaine.

The doctor shook his head with an anxious air.

"It is serious—very serious," he said.

The young man, hearing these words, made a sign to the young woman and went out.

"What is to be done?" asked Tiphaine.

"Above all, she must be roused from this fatal torpor. It is this prostration that makes me uneasy. Now, then, try to divert her, rouse her up; otherwise I can answer for nothing."

Thereupon the doctor went away. Then the young woman sat down near Guillemine and, representing her sobbing an old roundelay that used to please the child. But Guillemine's eyes showed that she did not hear.

"What is to be done? What is to be done?" sobbed the young woman, and she began her song again. Hours passed. Guillemine became more and more pale on the white pillows. Afflicted, hopeless, Tiphaine, the young man and the young woman became silent now, and all were still in the room. Suddenly a rhythmic noise was heard.

Click, tick, tick, tick.

Master Tiphaine knitted his eyebrows and relaxed into a profound meditation.

Abruptly he arose and went toward his son.

"Help me to roll Guillemine's bed up in front of the clock," said he.

"What do you want to do?" asked the young man.

"You will see."

They rolled the bed into the back shop, and placed it before the clock. Master Tiphaine raised the curtain that covered his masterpiece. The clock appeared. Guillemine's eyes seemed to move.

"Look closely now, Guillemine. You are going to see the manger and the wise kings and St. Anthony. How you are going to laugh!"

"But, father," said the young man, "it is 11 o'clock at night and the figures will not appear until noon tomorrow. Can Guillemine wait until then?"

"She shall not wait," replied Master Tiphaine in a low tone, "and the figures are going to appear."

"But," said the young man, turning pale, "you can only bring about such a result by breaking up the mechanism."

"Yes, that is true."

"Father, this is your life work!"

Master Tiphaine motioned to his son to be silent.

"Bring me a light," he said.

He then drew out nails, screws, plates, laying bare the systems of wheels, etc.

Tiphaine worked slowly, for his hands trembled a little.

"Give me the hammer," he said suddenly.

Armed with the hammer, he was about to strike a blow, then stopped. Was he hesitating? He looked at Guillemine, who was staring fixedly at the clock.

"Pay attention, my Guillemine! Now you are going to laugh. You will laugh won't you?"

He struck a sharp blow. The machine seemed to groan. The spring unbent with a formidable humming, the gears rolled around. Master Tiphaine threw the hammer far from him and staggering, had to lean against the wall.

"Light up the clock now!" said he to his son, "and look, my Guillemine!"

The hands turned wildly. There came the cock, the men at arms, there were the ox and the horse, fat goose, and the bleating and the chimes rang out.

Guillemine had raised her head, her lips partly opened as if in hesitating prelude to laughter. Ah, there is St. Anthony who, quicker than ever, runs along, dragged by his friend with extraordinary gambolings, and the imps, and St. Anthony and the wise men and the shepherd-dancers a frantic round to the hurrying sounds of the chimes and the bells.

At last the hesitating laugh of Guillemine rose by degrees, ascending like a song of reviving life, and finally breaking forth clear and radiant.

But while she, the gentle little girl, was thus reviving to new life, the poor clock was in its last agony. Sinister cracking, like a death rattle, from which Master Tiphaine suffered horribly shook its frame.

In order not to hear these final moans Tiphaine listened to the laughter of the child. Once more a prolonged cracking, a last effort of the machinery, and then all was over. The clock lived no longer, but Guillemine was laughing still. And so when this famous clock was shown some years ago at Epinal, it was said—on the authority of competent persons who had studied the marvellous mechanism—that the masterpiece of Severin Tiphaine was a failure and had never worked.—From the French For Short Stories

Tact.

Harry—What in thunder did you ask that fellow what time it was for when you carry a watch that is always right on the notch?

Dick—I merely wanted to give him an excuse to exhibit his watch.—Boston Transcript



PEACE MAY PREVAIL.

KRUGER ACCEPTS BRITISH PROPOSALS.

New York, Sept. 15.—A despatch to the Tribune from London says: "A solid fit has followed the not fit over war with the Transvaal. The acceptance by President Kruger of the proposals of peace, made with dignity and tact in the Chamberlain despatch, is regarded as highly probable. The Boers are simply requested to carry out their own offer of August 19 with the suzerainty question left out and permission to use English in the Volksraad added. Both the commission of enquiry and the Cape Town conference ought easily to be arranged, since the Boers have already accepted one and apparently want the other. An interval of pacific diplomacy may be confidently expected unless there is a sudden change of temper in Pretoria. The kindest and best informed observers assert that the real crisis will come when guarantees for permanent peace are discussed in the conference. The natural inference is that the British representatives will demand the reduction of the defensive works at Johannesburg or at Pretoria, since these menace Englishmen only, and are not needed for external defence from any foreign power. Reduction or abandonment of these fortifications will probably be proposed as a reasonable guarantee for peace, which will be satisfactory to the Imperial government. The Boers will not be likely to take the same view of the matter. They will consider it an unreasonable demand, remembering Jameson's raid, and the real crisis in the relations between the Transvaal and England will follow."

"The safest judgment which can now be formed, is that barring accidents or an impetuous Boer rush upon Laing's Neck, a conference will be arranged and that there will be no war until the end of October, if at all. Everything indicates that the British government intends to operate on a large scale if it is compelled to declare war, and that it will not take any chance. The appointment of Sir George White is a clear indication that the government will be prepared for an emergency, which may require a force of forty thousand men. The selection of the former commander in chief in India cannot be explained on any other ground, and he will be at the base of operations. Certainly there are not British troops enough in South Africa at the present moment for operations on the large scale which the government has in mind if it is forced to settle the Transvaal question by war. There is another ground for the opinion that there will be no war until the end of October, accidents being excluded. President Kruger's prompt acceptance of the Chamberlain proposals, based on his own offers, would be followed by an earnest conciliatory effort to settle the questions at issue peaceably, but military preparations will not be relaxed."

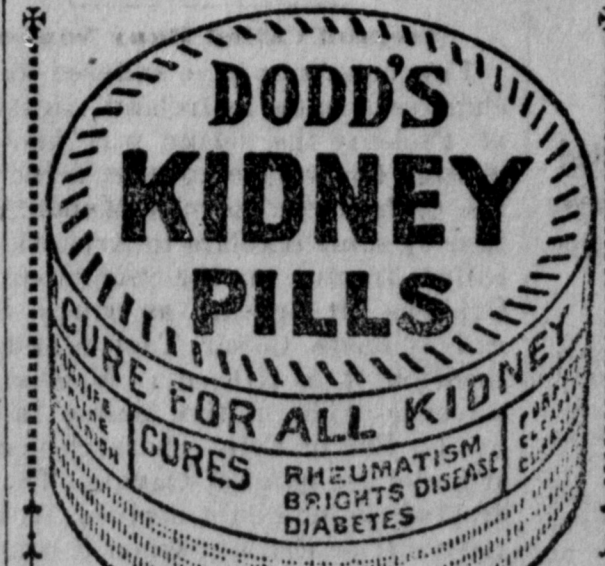
CASTORIA

For Infants and Children.

The famous sign of *Castor* is on every wrapper.

Isaac Richardson, a prominent drover of Millbrook, Ont., has disappeared and is reported to have taken the proceeds of several shipments, about \$8,000, with him. The arm-rs placed great confidence in Richardson, and he was reputed to be financially sound.

D-O-D-D'S



D-O-D-D'S

DODD'S KIDNEY PILLS, the only positive, never-failing cure, on earth, for all Kidney diseases.

Take No Other. Get the Genuine. Refuse Imitations. There's Only One Dodd's.

The Good Work is Quickly and Surely Begun.

Paine's Celery Compound is Always Victorious over the Most Stubborn Diseases.

Some medicines require weeks of use before sufferers can realize any promising results, and the great majority of patients are worthless, and in many cases positively dangerous to use.

When weak, broken down, sick and diseased men and women have used Paine's Celery Compound for a single day their doubts vanish, hope fills the heart, and they are added to the tens of thousands that gratefully sound the praises of a medicine that truly possesses life-giving virtues.

If your life is in peril from such stubborn and desperate diseases as rheumatism, neuralgia, liver complaint, Bright's disease, diabetes, nervous prostration, or ailments resulting from impure blood, and have not yet tried the medicine that has cured others, do not hesitate another hour. Paine's Celery Compound will assuredly do for you what it has done so well for your friends and neighbors. It will cleanse the blood, drive out lingering rheumatism and neuralgia, banish kidney trouble and liver complaint, build up the exhausted nervous system, clear the complexion, give good digestion, healthy sleep and perfect vitality. One bottle promptly begins the good work.

ANOTHER FISH STORY.

(Pittsburg News.)

Thirteen years ago Miss Bertie Harridan and a party of other Philadelphia young women spent the summer at Oquaga Lake. One day while bathing Miss Harridan placed her diamond engagement ring on a log to prevent the water from injuring the setting.

When the party had completed their diversion the ring was missing. There was consternation in the delegation, and Miss Harridan refused to be consoled. She offered a large reward for the return of the ring, but it was never found.

This week another party of Philadelphians and some young women from Chester visited Oquaga Lake and went fishing at the place where Miss Harridan lost the ring. In crossing a meadow the party found a big snapping turtle and carried it in triumph to the farmhouse where they stopped. Arriving there it was proposed that the turtle be served up in soup.

In dissecting the creature Miss Harridan's lost engagement ring was found in its stomach, according to the Philadelphia Inquirer. Miss Harridan is now married but it was forwarded by the proprietor of the farmhouse to her present Germantown address.

SMILELESS WOMEN.

Nervousness, Indigestion and General Debility have Driven Away the Sunshine, but South American Nerve Brings back the Heart Gladness.

Mrs. D. A. Gray, of Waterford, says: "For a number of years I was a great sufferer from indigestion and general debility, and many times was unable to attend to my household duties. I was treated by nearly all the doctors in the town and got no permanent relief. I read of a cure by South American Nerve which seemed to exactly fit my case. I procured one bottle and got great relief, and six bottles cured me absolutely. It certainly has not an equal." Sold by Estate W. W. Short.