

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 Newswetie 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. 10.00 7.50 8.00 6.00

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 14.00, and I. C. R. train for Campbellton leaving at 10.20.

No. 2 train connects at Humphrey's with I. C. R. day express from Halifax, and with O. P. R. train leaving St. John at 11.50, and I. C. R. through express from Montreal and Campbellton arriving at Moncton 13.50.

No. 3 connects with I. C. R. accommodation train for St. John, leaving Moncton at 9.00.

No. 4 connects at Moncton with I. C. R. through express from Montreal, arriving at 15.40.

Nos. 3 and 4 will be run until September 11th, after which date 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, good for return on following Monday.

E. G. EVANS, SUPERINTENDENT. Moncton, N. B. June 29th, 1899.

Tues., Wed., Thurs., Fri. and Saturday. Monday only. Mon., Tues., Wed., Thurs. and Friday. Saturdays only.

KENT NORTHERN RAILWAY.

TIME TABLE.

Table with 3 columns: Time, Station, and Arrival/Departure. Rows include 9.30 Dept. Richibucto, 9.45 Kingston, 10.15 Mill Creek, 10.31 Grumble Road, 10.51 Moltus River, 10.45 McMinn's Mills, 11.00 Arr. Kent Junction.

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

CURE ALL YOUR PAINS WITH Pain-Killer. A Medicine Chest in Itself. Simple, Safe and Quick Cure for CRAMPS, DIARRHOEA, COUGHS, COLDS, RHEUMATISM, NEURALGIA. 25 and 50 cent Bottles. BEWARE OF IMITATIONS. BUY ONLY THE GENUINE PERRY DAVIS'

W. C. T. U. COLUMN.

"And let us not be weary in well-doing for in due season we shall reap if we faint not."—Galatians 6: 9.

THE DEVIL'S BUSINESS.

Invite the boys to take a drink, Mix poison with their brains, Ensnare their princely power to think In rum's debauching chains. What though a mother's heart shall break And earth be filled with gloom, Since these are things that help to make The devil's business boom.

Oh, who shall heed a sister's tears Or hear the moan of wife, Or count the bleared and blasted years That blot the drunkard's life? What though a childish heart must ache And shame a soul consume, Since these are things which help to make The devil's business boom!

Yes, ask the boys to drink, for when They learn to drain the cup, Though they attain the strength of men, They shall not give it up. And drug them so they may not wake To see their final doom, For hell itself was planned to make The devil's business boom.

"Thirty millions mostly fools" wrote Carlyle. The Canadian people toil and spin, they plough and sow and reap, and take the millions produced and fling it into the Atlantic. No not exactly into the Atlantic. It would be an immense saving to do so as compared with the use they make of it. They fling it where it has a harvest. They fling it into "the foulest, bloodiest tide that ever flowed from earth to eternity." A foul tide that flows day and night bearing Hellward on its bosom the flower of Canadian manhood and womanhood. A foul tide whose exhalations breathe the moral and physical death.

"The wicked have digged a pit and have fallen into it." Sir Wm. Gull advised a teetotaler, although he was not one himself, to get a Return from some member of Parliament of the history of the Monarch Life Assurance Society established many years ago by the licensed victuallers to insure their lives." It was an awful record of death. It—died. The result of the seed sowing of the unholy compact, beggars description, no man can write the story of horrors, it surpasses conception. Consult records of gold cure institutes, of poor houses, hospitals, insane asylums, count the graves of alcohol's slain, study the records of crime and woe. See the victims amongst us day by day, shrivelled, blighted, bagged—the fire of genius extinguished, the light of happiness eclipsed. Who can calculate the havoc! Pile up the stiffened corpses that lie bleached on a hundred battle fields. Compute the mass of disease that festers in a hundred hospitals amid the rage of an appalling epidemic. Look at the hardened occupants of a hundred prisons, or the skeleton woe-begone spectres that pace the corridors or pine in the wards of a hundred asylums or poor houses. A demon husband's murderous blow to the one he has sworn to love and cherish, a husband's anguish o'er a dishonored wife, a sister's cheek wet because a brother beloved is dead while he liveth, a brother's face crimsoned because of a sister's shame, now it is the scene in the vineyard of Noah repeated, children cover a fallen father's nakedness—screen his besetting sin, again gray hairs are brought down with sorrow to the grave—a mother weeps and refuses to be comforted, a father's tears water the sepulchre of the pride of his heart and the expected proof of his home as he re-echoes the plaintive elegy—Oh! my son! would to God I had died for thee!

O Lord, how long shall insensate partisanship and insatiate greed protect and nourish this monster: "His throat is an open sepulchre; the poison of asps is under his lips; his mouth is full of cursing and bitterness; his feet are swift to shed blood; destruction and misery are in his ways."

CURED OF ECZEMA.

I was troubled for several years with Eczema and tried several doctors but to no purpose. Then I was advised to use Burdock Blood Bitters, and did so with the greatest success, as six bottles entirely cured me. Wm. G. Uglow, Port Hope, Ont.

Schooner Warrior arrived at Annapolis last Thursday morning from Sydney with a cargo of coal consigned to Mr. A. M. King. While going up to her wharf in a heavy gale the vessel grounded, sprung leak, filled and sank. The Warrior built from Halifax, 103 tons burthen and is owned and commanded by a Mr. Jackson. A steam pump has been ordered from St. John and when it arrives an attempt will be made to raise the vessel.

How to Quiet a Child.

A little girl frequently fancied she saw bears and tigers whenever she happened to awake in the night. Presumably she dreamed of some danger. May be on account of having eaten too much for supper or having eaten the wrong kind of food. At any rate, she frequently awoke crying in the night, and in her fear interpreted the dim outlines of a dress or a curtain as a fearful beast that was about to attack her. The best thing to do is to deal tenderly with such fancies and remove the child as far as possible from the object that has caused her excitement.

Then, if you can do so without disturbing the other children, light the lamp and let the light fall full on the thing that has given rise to her fear. Be slow and express your opinion first as a kind of preliminary assumption that the bear may after all be mamma's skirt or the curtain moving in the draft, and when this comforting probability is understood follow up your advantage and declare it to be a good joke that a harmless piece of cloth should look like a fearful animal. Make the child smile at the incongruity of her fancy, and her laugh will cure the horror of the dream and dispel the nightmare as sunshine dispels the mist.—Arena

Luxury, Right or Wrong.

Discussing the right or wrong of luxury in The North American Review Professor F. Spencer Baldwin, a Boston university authority on economics, comes to these conclusions: "There are justifiable and there are unjustifiable luxuries.

"In general it may be laid down that a luxury which contributes to the efficiency of the individual in the widest sense and which does not impose on society for the satisfaction of its demands an unwholesome and degrading form of labor is perfectly justifiable.

"This sanction of luxury is not to be stretched to cover unlimited self-indulgence. The part played by rational self-sacrifice in the development of character is not to be overlooked. Constant self-indulgence is demoralizing.

"But in general a man has a right to spend money for anything that enriches and diversifies his life, and thus aids in the developing and rounding out of his personality provided the labor that is required for the production of the articles in question be agreeable and innocuous.

"On the other hand, a luxury that demoralizes the individual or calls for a noxious form of labor is unjustifiable.

Elephant Hunting in Siam.

When the elephant is pursued on foot it is invariably sought in the depths of the forest, where it has retired for shelter from the noonday sun and also for the short repose it takes during the 24 hours. The hunter, having tracked his quarry to its retreat, is obliged to use the utmost stealth in approaching it, the elephant being a very light sleeper and awakened by the slightest unusual sound.

The difficulty of moving through a dense, thorny jungle without making any sound dissimilar to those which might be produced by nature, such as the stirring of the branches by a light breeze or the occasional falling of a dead leaf, is greater than can be realized by any one who has not tried it.

On getting within arm's length of his game the swordsman slowly raises himself to an erect position and deals a slashing cut on the back sinews of the nearest foot about ten inches from the ground, at the same time leaping nimbly back to avoid a blow from the animal's trunk. The cut, if properly delivered, bites sheer to the bone, severing the large arteries, and in a short time death ensues from hemorrhage.—Harper's Weekly

A Sister Lost.

At one time, when two Cheyennes got to gambling, one lost, and luck seemed to be against him. After he had lost every piece of property he had, in desperation he put up his sister and lost her. This aroused great indignation through the tribe, but no one intimidated that the unfortunate girl should not go and live as the wife of the man who had won her in a game of cards.

Over 20 years ago the writer was superintendent of the Arapahoe Indian school at Darlington during a period of five years. During this time not less than four young Indian women came to the school, asking admittance and protection from marriage that was about to be forced upon them. The protection was given, and the young women afterward married according to their own choice. Since then these tribes have been gradually breaking away from their original customs until now they are married with the lawful marriage rites.—Southern Workman and Hampton School Record

Wanted—A Playfellow.

The Two—Mrs Reagan, can you lit tle Jamsie come an play wid us? Mrs Reagan—Yis Yez are good byes ter let little Jamsie play wid yer. What are yez going to play? One of the Two—William Tell. We want Jamsie ter stand wid de apple on his head. Skinny is William Tell. He hain't a very good shot an I was afeard to stand myself.

Declining Love.

Lottie—I'm afraid Fred doesn't care for me as much as he did. Edith—Nonsense! What makes you think so? Lottie—I got a letter from him to-day, and there were at least three places where he might have put in a "dear" or a "darling" and didn't.—Boston Transcript

His Object.

Mr Bunsby—If that young man's coming here to see you every day in the week, you had better give him a hint to come after supper. Miss Bunsby—I don't think it's necessary, pa. That's what he comes after.—Tit-Bits

295 GOLD PLATED. Terry Watch Co., Toronto, Ont.

THE END DRAWS NEAR.

RENNES, Sept. 8.—Amid intense silence and the cynosure of every eye, Maitre Demange shortly after the opening of the proceedings of the Dreyfus case: martial to-day, rose to make the speech for the defence.

"However solemn," he declared, "the occasion may be, I must, at the outset protest with all my soul against the allegation which one of the witnesses did not shrink from uttering. This witness did not hesitate to declare that whoever advocated the revision of this case, whoever believed in the innocence of Dreyfus, was working against the army and against the country. I here declare that he does not know me, and that he does not know Maitre Labori. Neither Labori nor myself would be here if the statements were true.

After pointing out that the generals only studied the case at the very moment when public aberration had reduced the whole question to a conflict between Dreyfus and the army thus making it impossible that the generals should not be prejudiced and probabilities and presumptions to them to be proofs, M. Demange said: "I must acknowledge, however, the honesty and honorable conduct of the generals, who would not have acted otherwise than they had done."

Counsel paid an eloquent tribute to the honesty of purpose manifested by the generals. M. Demange was still speaking at one o'clock and he announced that he would need another two hours and a half to finish his plea, so the court adjourned until seven thirty to-morrow thus fixing the court on Saturday an hour later than usual.

SCHOOL GIRLS' NERVES.

Many a pale, weak school girl, suffering the evil effects of an exhausted nervous system, and thin watery blood, has been fully restored to the vigor and buoyancy of robust health, by using Dr. A. W. Chase's Nerve Food. The beautiful glow on the cheek and the brightness in the eye tell of the building process which is taking place in the body.

TERRIBLE ACCIDENT.

(Sackville Post, Saturday.)

Last Tuesday morning about 7.30 o'clock Mr. E. Fowler, section foreman at Amherst, made a horrifying discovery at Lakelands, as he was about to commence work. The mangled remains of a large man, were lying between the rails, crushed and mutilated beyond recognition. Upon searching the body, a letter was found, which identified the victim as William Booth, a member of Springhill. Mr. Fowler hailed a special that was passing and was taken into Parrsboro, where he notified the coroner, Dr. Rand, who immediately left for the scene of the fatality. Poor Booth had been attending the demonstration at Parrsboro, and it is supposed that in passing from one car to another, he fell through. His daughter was on the train at the time, but neither she nor anyone on board, was aware that anyone had fallen from the train. The deceased was an employee of the Cumberland Railway & Coal Company, at the mines, was a robust, vigorous man of about 50 years of age. A married daughter, Mrs. Robby, and three sons, the youngest of whom is 15 years of age, survive him. He was a widower.

Glasgow Girls.

The Glasgow girl, taking her for all in all, is perhaps a more interesting type than that presented by her sister of Edinburgh. She may not be as pretty or as "stylish"—some times she is—but she is more alive, more vivid, more intelligent, more self-reliant, less narrowly exclusive, less morbidly ashamed if the necessity arises for putting her shoulder to the wheel. I imagine, for instance, that a Glasgow girl would have less difficulty in polishing off her angles, of acclimatizing herself to the broader, freer life that exists for women outside Scotland than her peer of the capital. I know of one case indeed where the daughter of one of the wealthiest manufacturing families in or around Glasgow determined, after she left school, to fight the battle of life for herself. She went to London and tried many things, finally establishing herself in a typewriting school. There she works from morning till night, steadfastly refusing an allowance from relatives, who would load her with diamonds if she would only return to them. "She was a girl who used to have three new sealskin coats every winter, too," one of her school friends comments in a tone of wonder.—Mainly About People.

A Peanut Party.

A progressive peanut party is conducted exactly after the manner of jack straws. For this purpose small tables are arranged at different points of the room, according to the number of guests invited, allowing each table to four players. In the center of each table is piled up a pint of peanuts, and by its side a pair of bonbon tongs, which can be purchased for a few cents each. At a given signal or by the sounding of a gong the game is begun and played on the same principle precisely as the old-fashioned jack straws, the peanuts taking the place of the straws, while the tongs take the place of the hook. The time is called and the scores kept similar to any progressive game, when the winner for each table moves up on the next, and another game is begun. At the conclusion of the allotted time scores are compared and prizes awarded to the lucky ones, the same regularity being preserved as in cards. After the game is finished the peanuts become a part of the feast that follows and are devoured by the guests. In this home amusement one rule should be strictly kept, that small prizes are made or trifles purchased not exceeding 25 cents each.

Queen Victoria's Protégés.

Queen Victoria looks after the children of her servants by educating and partially boarding and clothing them out of her private purse. There are about 120 boys and girls at the queen's schools at Windsor. The boys wear Scotch caps and suits of Scotch plaid, and learn farming and gardening in addition to ordinary school lessons, while the girls, who are dressed in plaid frocks, red cloaks and straw hats trimmed with blue ribbon, are taught sewing and various other domestic duties.

Substance Shadow DODD'S KIDNEY PILLS CURE FOR ALL KIDNEY DISEASES. RHEUMATISM BRIGHTS DISEASE DIABETES. If you want a horse worth \$500, you'd be silly to pay \$100 for his photo only. If you need DODD'S KIDNEY PILLS you'd be silly to buy an imitation. DODD'S ARE SOLD IN BOXES LIKE THIS. TAKE ONLY DODD'S

Keep Food's Stuffs Apart.

The average servant thinks that when she has separated milk and butter from cheese and fish she has done her whole duty, but in point of fact she has only begun the necessary keeping apart of food stuffs. Almost all kinds absorb flavors to a greater or less degree. Tea, cocoa, chocolate, flour, eggs and cereals are almost as susceptible to the influence of neighboring foods as are milk and butter. Bananas, for example, particularly the highly flavored Aspinwall variety, will spoil an open jar of tea or cocoa or a tin of Orlon Orzons, salted fish, smoked beef and scores of other foods are similarly pervasive in their flavor. This absorption of odors and aroma is so well understood that it is often taken advantage of to produce a certain condition. In English dairies freshly cut grass is shut in with fresh butter to impart the flavor of new mown fields. The French cooks, too, according to Miss Parlow, keep a vanilla bean in a box of sugar to secure a delicate flavor in an economical way. A thoughtless housewife, hearing that camphor was good to dispel ants, recently put lamps of this substance along her kitchen closet shelves with disastrous effect on the supplies that were shut in with them. When a domestic science course is part of every girl's education, some of this kitchen chemistry will be better understood.

Overheard at a Wedding.

"Here she comes." "Pretty, isn't she?" "Who made her dress?" "Is it sarab silk or satin?" "Is her veil real lace?" "She's as white as the wall." "Wonder how much he is worth?" "Isn't she cool?" "That train's a horrible shape." "Aren't the bridesmaids plain?" "Hain't she a nice little hand?" "Wonder what number her gloves are?" "They say her shoes are fives." "If his hair isn't parted in the middle!" "Wonder what she married him for?" "For his money, of course!" "Isn't he handsome?" "He looks like a circus clown." "No, he's a dancing master." "Good enough for her anyway." "She always was so stuck up." "She'll be worse than ever now." "She jilted John Hall or somebody."

WHAT HER DAUGHTER NEEDED.

"I don't know what to do about my daughter Lucy," said a perplexed mother who had come to an outspoken but kindly old physician for advice. "She seems so listless and does not seem to have any interest in life, and she's so irritable at times. I don't think that she has exercise enough, and I want to know what you think about me sending her to a gymnasium or to dancing school. She's tired of her bicycle, and the lawn tennis season is past. What would you advise?"

The God of Love.

"Well," said the girl, "I have had the funniest time lately, and it took me the longest time to discover what was the trouble. It seemed to me that every man I knew almost acted as if he thought I was in love with him. I began to wonder whatever I could be doing to give people such an impression. I thought over everything I had said, I carefully balanced every smile and investigated my minutest actions, but as far as I could see they were all above reproach. I was entirely in the dark until one day, in a general conversation, talking about writing notes, a man I positively hate said to me rather tenderly: 'I always keep your notes, Miss Mabel, on account of the seal.'"

"Then I understood it all. I had been sending out all my notes, invitations and things of that kind and sealed them with an old intaglio ring with the word 'Eros' on it, and I suppose all the men who had happened to receive one of these notes had supposed it had a tender significance. 'I have another ring with a simple little head on it that I use for sealing my letters, a little man who looks after my affairs, and I haven't had any trouble since.'—New York Times.

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Perfect Tools Necessary for Perfect Work.

A Perfect Medicine is Required for the Building Up of Nerve, Tissue and Flesh and for Cleansing the Blood.

Paine's Celery Compound the true Disease Banisher and Best Health Giver.

As well made and perfect tools are necessary for the construction of the perfect working machine, so is a perfect medicine necessary for the establishment of a healthy appetite, complete digestion, regular action of the bowels and other excretory organs.

The fact is firmly established that Paine's Celery Compound is the only true and reliable medicine for the perfect rebuilding of worn out tissues, unbraced and weak nerves, wasting flesh and waning strength.

If the poison seeds of disease have made your blood foul and sluggish, Paine's Celery Compound will purify and cleanse it, causing the life stream to course healthily and joyfully to every part of the body. If the small ills of life, such as headaches, sleeplessness and stomach irregularities, make unhappy days for you, Paine's Celery Compound will speedily drive away the tormentors.

No other medicine ever given to intelligent humanity has bestowed such showers of blessings on individuals and families. One single trial will convince you of its wondrous powers and virtues. It makes people well, and best of all it keeps them well.

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IMMEDIATE RELIEF.

Mr. H. M. Kemp, 209 Brunswick Ave., Toronto, writes: "I have used Milburn's Rheumatic Pills for Rheumatism. I was so bad that I had to be assisted in getting out of bed. The pills gave immediate relief, as after using one box the pain left and has not returned since."

NEW INVENTIONS.

Below will be found the report of patents recently granted to Canadian inventors by the Canadian government. This report is prepared especially for this paper by Messrs. Marion & Marion, Solicitors of patents and Experts, New York Life Building, Montreal.

63047—E T Chapman, Wiarth, Ont., horse collars.

63060—G E M Lewis, Truro, N. S., Veneer cutting machine.

63063—Messrs. Lewis & Spates, Rosway, N. S., car couplers.

63070—Messrs. Marengo & Co., Montreal, cigar making machine.

63073—F H Badger, Montreal, electric safety appliances.

63073—J Kellington, Terra Nova, B. C., can capping machine.

63094—W S Fisher, Fredericton, N. B., shoe polishing machine.

To Ladies.

The face receives the record of daily experience. Constant suffering from corns will mar your beauty. Do not look anxious and discontented, but use Putnam's Painless Corn Extract, which will extract that sore corn in a day without pain.