

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. 10.30 A.M. Moncton, Dep. 15.20 19.45
3.00 P.M. Buctouche, Ar. 17.30 20.45

Eastern Standard Time.

No. 2 train connects at Humphrey's with I. C. R. train for St. John, and at Moncton with C. P. R. train for St. John, Montreal and United States points leaving at 14.05, and I. C. R. train for Campbellton leaving at 10.20.

No. 3 connects at Humphrey's with I. C. R. train for St. John, and at Moncton with C. P. R. train for St. John, Montreal and United States points leaving at 14.05, and I. C. R. train for Campbellton leaving at 10.20.

No. 4 connects at Moncton with I. C. R. train for St. John, and at Moncton with C. P. R. train for St. John, Montreal and United States points leaving at 14.05, and I. C. R. train for Campbellton leaving at 10.20.

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No. 8 connects at Moncton with I. C. R. train for St. John, and at Moncton with C. P. R. train for St. John, Montreal and United States points leaving at 14.05, and I. C. R. train for Campbellton leaving at 10.20.

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IS TEMPTED TO KILL.

SHARPENED HIS RAZOR TO TAKE HIS LIFE.

POUGHKEEPSIE, Sept. 21.—From a teacher who was insane and knew it, who fought against the impulse to fling himself with fury upon his pupils, who sharpened a razor for the lust of blood letting, yet still had strength of will not to use it—from such a lonely, struggling, tormented man the children of Moore's Mills, Duchess County, have escaped narrowly with their lives.

He told about it to-day, when he appeared in this city, baggared, disordered, trembling, and begged to be sent to an asylum rather than be left to battle any longer with the temptation to slaughter innocents. His name is Harrison Norton.

It is no new thing for him to be a madman. One year ago, while professor in a college at Stanfordsville, he became possessed of the delusion that he owned all the banks in that place. With a large satchel in his hand he went from one to another, demanding his imaginary fortune.

Arrested and taken before a court, he was committed to the Hudson River State Hospital in this city. Under scientific treatment his condition mended, and six weeks ago he was released, to all appearances perfectly sane.

There was a vacancy in the school at Moore's Mills, and his credentials were so good that he obtained the place without difficulty. Whether those who engaged him knew that he had been insane does not appear.

Then followed the ordeal under which the moral part of him triumphed over his disordered intellect. It was noticed that he was distraught, that he paced his room at night, that his eyes were bloodshot and his hands forever shaking; but no one suspected that he was using all his strength to resist an impulse, even more imperious, to massacre the little ones in his care.

In fleeing to the city he was fleeing from his besetting Other Self.

"Lock me up!" he cried. "Send me back to the asylum at once if you have any regard for child life. I cannot tell from one minute to another what I may do. Last night I sharpened my razor. If I stayed at the school another day I should use it. I have restrained myself as long as I could and now my strength is gone. Lock me up!"

Papers of commitment were made out and he was sent back to the asylum. When he found himself in confinement a great peace fell upon him.

"The children are safe now!" he said. "I am so tired! I could sleep for a week! Promise that you will not set me free again."

And yet the doctor says that he may recover his reason.

Hagyard's Yellow Oil is a useful remedy to have in any house. It is good for man or beast. Relieves pain, reduces swelling, allays inflammation, cures cuts, burns, bruises, sprains, stiff joints, quinsy, sore throat, kidney complaint, etc., Price 25c.

GENERAL NEWS.

The jury that inquired into the death of Mrs. Jennings in a Hamilton, Ont. dentist's office found that she died through the shock of having her teeth extracted, no blame being attached to anyone.

The dominion government decided some time ago to appoint an assistant gold commissioner in the Yukon. It is understood that J. L. Bell, advocate of Quebec, has been offered and accepted the position. The salary will be \$4,000.

Hon. James A. Smart, Deputy Minister of the Interior, who is at present in Scotland, has cabled to Commissioner McCreey at Winnipeg, to send samples of the wheat, oats and barley crop of Western Canada to an exhibition at Glasgow next month.

In the York County Court at Toronto on Tuesday, Miss Stella Lemon, of Laing Township, recovered \$200 and costs from John Beattie, a neighbour, and a faithless lover, who after everything had been prepared for the wedding, failed to appear at the time appointed.

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

JACKSON'S END.

"I tell you, fellows, 'tain't no fun to swim a bunch of steers when the water is as cold as it is now."

The speaker was a short, thickset cowboy, whose fiery red hair had gained for him the sobriquet of "Colorado," the Mexican name for red, which was frequently shortened to "Colly" among the "punchers."

"Jever have any 'perience at it, Colly?"

Colorado by this time had finished rolling his cigarette and was waiting for the cook's pithook, which he had thrust into the campfire, to get redhot to light it. Having done this and taken a few preliminary puffs, he answered: "Yes, I hev an mighty tough one it was too."

"Tell us about it, Colorado," said the cook. "What was it, an how did it happen?"

"Yes, Colly, let's hear the story," chimed in the Kid.

"I was workin for the 'Diamond' outfit up in Utah, 'bout three years ago, an the old man he come off down here into Arizona an bought a bunch of steers to take up thar. He had written his wagon boss to come down with an outfit big enough to handle 3,000 head, an we struck the Little Colorado river 'bout the mouth of the Canyon Diablo wash, where we was to receive the herd 'long in June. We didn't hev no particular hap'nin's comin down, an we got the herd turned over all right an built a 'squeeze shoot' an branded 'em all before we started back, so as if any got lost the outfit could claim 'em on the brand. An 'bout the last of June we pushed 'em off the bed ground one mornin, 'bout daylight, an pulled our freighter the home ranch."

"The cattle were all good to handle an didn't give us no trouble to hold nights 'barrin one or two little stampedes, an we drifted on down toward Lee's Ferry with an outfit like all possessed. An I waked up a feller named Peck to go on guard. Peck got up an put on his slicker, walked over to where his pony was tied an mounted. We was camped on the banks of a wash called Cotton Wood creek, an along there the wash had cut down into the 'dobe flat' some 10 or 15 feet deep. Peck he's 'bout half asleep an got off wrong for the herd an rides straight up to the edge of the creek, thinkin all the time he's a-goin out on the prairie to the herd. His pony sort of balked on him an give a snort, but Peck, bein a cross-grained sort of cuss an only half awake, just outthied him with his quirt an jabbed his spurs into him. The pony give a jump an landed in the middle of the creek, with six or eight feet of muddy water runnin in it. Lord, didn't he waka up sudden like an squall for help! We all turned out in a hurry, but he swam across an, the opposite side bein sort of slopeline, the pony scrambled out. Then Peck was afeared to cross back in the dark an stayed over thar all night, a-shiverin an a-shakin an a-cursin like a crazy man. When we got up for breakfast that mornin at 4 o'clock, it was clear an cold an dark. The cook he goes down to the creek an hollers to Peck sort of sarcastic like. Come to breakfast, the cookin' pretty plenty an said of he didn't go back he'd turn cook, bein pretty rollicky himself, he goes back to the wagon an pulls his Winchester an starts for the creek ag'in, when Jackson stops him an turns him back. When it come daylight, Peck went down the creek a mile an finds a place to cross whar it wadn't so deep an so gets back to camp just as we was pullin out."

"The Big Colorado was a powerful stream when we reached it, bein all swollen by the meltin snows up in the moun'tains, an we all kinder hated to tackle it. The old man told the wagon boss afore he left to ferry the outfit an horses over in the boat, but to swim the steers."

"You know how Lee's Ferry is. The river comes out of a box canyon above, an the sides break away a little, an then a mile below it goes into the box ag'in, where the walls is 3,000 feet high an the current runs like a mill race. It was shore a nasty place to swim a bunch of steers, an Jackson, the wagon boss, he knowed we had a big job on hand when we got there. Jackson was the best wagon boss I ever see or worked under. He was a tall, slim chap could outwork any two men in the outfit, wa'n't afeard of nothin, an though he couldn't read nor write, I tell you, boys, he saved cows a heap. What he didn't know 'bout cows wa'n't worth knowin. He didn't let the steers water the day before, so's they'd be powerful dry an take to the river easier."

"We first got the chuck wagon over on the ferryboat, which was a big concern, long enough to drive a four horse team on to, an which was rowed by six men. The cook he was mighty skeery 'bout goin on to this here boat, 'cause he said 'bout a year afore that he'd been a-punchin cows in southern Arizona, an a feller there shipped a lot of cattle up inter Californy to put on an island near Los Angeles. They loaded 'em on to flat soows with a high railin round 'em, an put 'bout 50 head on each soow an a puncher on it to look fer 'em. Goin over to the island the tug what was a-towin 'em by the horn of the saddle, so to speak, busted the string, an thar bein quite a wind a-blowin an big ole waves a-floppin around, the four soows began to butt an bump up ag'in one another like a lot of muley bulls a-fightin, an the cattle got to runnin back an forth an a-bellerin an a-bawlin, an them punchers, they shore thought their very last day had come. The cook he never expected to see dry land ag'in, an he jest wived if ever he got back to the prairie that he'd punch no more cows on boats."

"Well, bimby the tug got a new lariet on to 'em ag'in an corralled 'em all safe enuff at the wharf, but the cook 'lowed he wa'n't dry land termpin an safe enuff over ag'in g't into no such scrape, not of he knowed himself. Howsuever, he did get up 'nuff spunk to tackle the ferry an went over safely. After we got the wagon across we went back an started the cattle down the side canyon what leads into the crossin."

"Jackson's fice was to get the horses ahead of the steers an let 'em follow the horses. You know horses swim anywheres, an the cattle will allers foller 'em. So he puts three men in a little boat, two to row an one to lead a boss, knowin the balance would foller him right across. "The boss wrangler led the horses all ready, an just as the leaders of the herd come down to the water's edge the boys in the boat pulled out, a-leadin a boss, an the other horses follered right in an was soon a-swimmin. Then, when they was all strung out an doin fine we crowded the steers into the water afore 'em. They was all powerful dry an took to the water easy 'nuff, an afore the leaders knowed it they was a-swimmin in fine shape. Jackson wouldn't let us holler or shoot till we got 'em all inter the water, an then we jerked our six shooters an began to fog 'em an yell like a bunch of Comanches."

"You all know thar's only one thing to be afeard of in swimmin a lot of cattle, an that's when they gets to millin. Jackson had swum cattle across the Pecos in Texas an the Yellowstone in Montana an sayed 'xactly what to do. But this here Colorado at Lee's Ferry is a bad place to tackle, fer you're bound to get out on the other side afore you get into the box canyon, or your name's Dennis, 'cause once a feller gets into the canyon he's got to go on clean down 'bout 100 miles, an he can strike a level place big enuff to crawl out on."

"Soon as the cattle got well strung out, Jackson began to undress hisself. He took off all his clothes but his shirt, an then he buckled his six shooter belt around him an pulled the saddle off'n his horse."

"I says, 'Bill, you ain't a-goin to try to swim it, are you?' an he says, 'No, not less I have to, but if they gets to millin out thar we'll break the whole herd, an the only way to break it up is to rate out an shoot among 'em an skeer 'em. He knowed it was risky fer if anythin went wrong he was shore to be carried into the canyon an drowned. But Bill Jackson wa'n't the sort of a wagon boss to stop at anythin to save the herd, an sure 'nuff, 'bout the time the leaders got fairly into the middle of the river, long comes a big cottonwood tree a-driftin an whirlin down stream right into 'em. That skeer 'em an turned 'em, an afore we knowed it they was doubled back on the balance an swimmin round an round, for all the world like driftwood in a big eddy in a creek. This was what Jackson was afeard of, an he pushed his boss into the river an takes his six shooter in his hand. He was ridin a little Pinto pony they called 'Le Jay, one of the best all round cow ponies I ever see."

"Old Blue Jay he jest seemed to save what was wanted of him an swim long without any fuss. When Jackson gits out close to the millin steers, he begins to holler an shoot, an he called to the fellers in the boat to come back an try to stop 'em. Now, you all know what a risky thing it is to go near a steer a-swimmin in the water, fer he's shore to try to climb up on you. Jackson knowed this, but he swum Blue Jay right slapdash inter the bunch an tried to scatter 'em an stop 'em from millin."

"Just how it happened we couldn't tell, but first thing we seen Jackson was right in the middle of the millin critters, an in a minute they had crowded pore old Blue Jay under, an all we seen of Jackson was his hands went up, an then he was lost in the whirlin mass of horns that was goin round an round. A man had no chance at all to swim, 'cause their hoofs kep' him under all the time, an they was packed so close a feller couldn't come up between 'em, anyway."

"The boys in the boat tried to do something, but 'twan't no use, fer he never come up, an when they got too close one big steer throwed his head over the side of the boat an putty nigh up 'em, so they had to keep away to save themselves. They kep' up a-shootin an a-hollerin till the leaders finally struck out for the shore, an in a few minutes the whole herd was strung out for the opposite side, an sooner than I kin tell it they was all standin on dry land an not a single one missin."

"Meantime the boys in the boat had watched everywhere fer pore Jackson's body, but they never got sight of it, though they went clean into the mouth of the box canyon. They was lots of big trees an drift a-runnin, an we guessed his body had been caught in the branches of a floatin tree an carried down with it. Pore old Blue Jay come floatin past 'em, an they tried to catch him, but the current was so swift they couldn't do it. All they wanted was to get Jackson's silver mounted bridle off'n him, 'cause 'twas easy 'nuff to see that the pony was quite dead."

"Well, the rest of us crossed in the big ferryboat an rounded up the steers, which was grazin up the canyon on the other side, an moved 'em out a couple of miles to camp. 'Shorly, bein the oldest hand in the outfit, took charge an sent two of us back to the ferry to try an see if Jackson's body could be found, but the feller what run the ferry said 'twan't no use lookin fer him, 'cause the swift current would carry him miles an miles down the canyon without ever lodgin anywhere. So we went back, an 'Shorly gave it up an decided to push the herd on next day. We was a blue ole crowd that night around the campfire, I tell you. All the boys liked Jackson, an besides they was a-thinkin of his wife an two kids what was a-waitin fer him at the headquaters ranch up in Utah."

"'Shorly sent a letter from the next settlement to the ole man, a-tellin him what had happened, an we come along up with the cattle, arrivin safely at the ranch without any more misfortune."

"An didn't they never find Jackson's body, Colly?" queried the Kid.

"Wan't said Colly, 'thar's a singular thing too. When we gets back to the ranch the ole man he was orful cut up about it, an hated to think that the body wa'n't found. He'd been down in the Grand canyon the summer afore with a lot of fellers, an he said he believed he could find it 'bout 100 miles below the ferry, 'cause thar were a place thar down in the canyon whar the walls widened out fer some 20 miles, an thar was quite a wide valley with grassy meadows an trees. So he takes one of the boys an pack outfit an goes off down thar. They had to leave everything on top of the canyon an climb down a-foot an pack their stuff on their backs. The walls was 6,000 feet high thar, an they had a hard time gettin down. Course it was just a scratch, but I'm blest if after four or five days' hunt they didn't find it lodged in a pile of drift along the river. 'Twaz easy 'nuff to tell Jackson's body, fer he'd had two fingers of his left hand shot off in a fight once. So they takes it to a place in the valley whar it was safe from flood, an buries it as well as they could, an the next fall, when 'twaz cold, he went back an packed the remains out of the canyon an took them clean to the ranch an buried 'em just as if it was his own brother. I tell you, the boys was ready to swear by the ole man after that."

But Colorado's story was finished, and as it was about 10:30 the second guard men began putting on overcoats and heavy gloves preparatory to two hours and a half of watching the herd."

The stars were shining clear and bright, the bells of the horse herd came softly over the prairie, making a tuneful chime on the frosty night air, and as I untied the rope that bound my roll of bedding and kicked it out on the ground I could not keep from thinking of poor Jackson's death and wondering if the morrow held a like fate in store for any of us.—Will C. Barnes in Argonaut

The Costliest Fur.

The most expensive fur is that of the black fox of Kamchatka, the skin of which when dressed becomes a very attractive blue. A single skin is worth as much as \$1,000. A pullover worn by the Emperor Nicholas lined with this fur cost \$10,000.

Hard-working Farmers.



Long hours of hard, never-ending work makes kidney trouble a common complaint on the farm. Painful, weak or lame backs and urinary disorders are too frequent.

DOAN'S KIDNEY PILLS

helps a farmer to work and keep his health—take the ache and pain out of his back and give him strength and vigor.

Mr. Isaiah Willmot, a retired farmer living at 138 Elizabeth St., Barrie, Ont., said:

"I have been a sufferer with kidney trouble and pain in the small of my back, and in both sides. I also had a great deal of neuralgia pain in my temples, and was subject to dizzy spells. I felt tired and worn out most of the time. Since taking Doan's Kidney Pills, I have had no pain either in my back or sides. They have removed the neuralgia pain from my head, also relieved feeling."

"I am at least ten years younger and can only say that Doan's Kidney Pills are the most remarkable kidney cure, and in addition are the best tonic I ever took."

Laxative Liver Pills cure Constipation.

EMBARASSING SITUATIONS.

Why does a sober and sedate city gentleman start hatless to his place of business? Why should one of the most dignified and serious-minded of women go down town with her dress shirt on 'wrong side out? It is hard to say, but one can readily imagine the dismay of the poor lady when a friend met her and called her attention to the spectacle she was making of herself.

A Cambridge professor, whose fits of mental aberration were as frequent as they were amusing, was one day out in a heavy rain, with his umbrella held high over his head, when he met a friend, who stopped him and exclaimed:

"Dear me, Professor M., why don't you put up your umbrella? You'll be drenched."

"Put up my umbrella?" said the professor. "It is up."

"Yes, it is, but it isn't open."

For half an hour, more or less, the professor had been walking the streets with a closed umbrella held above his head.

At another time the same scholar was riding down town in an electric car, and lost himself in a book he was reading. Suddenly he noticed symptoms of merriment among the other passengers. What could they be laughing at?

The mystery was explained when he discovered that, having been annoyed by something between the plate of his artificial teeth and the roof of his mouth, he had removed his teeth and was holding them up to view between the thumb and finger of his hand.

Still more embarrassing was the case of a lady who hurried into church one Sunday morning, with ut her bonnet, and when reminded of the omission by her husband, who had preceded her by several minutes, rose hastily and hurried up the broad centre aisle with a large red parasol raised and held close to her head!

LIVER COMPLAINT.

"For the past year I have suffered more or less with liver complaint, but by using three bottles of Burdock Blood Bitters I was completely cured." W. P. Wood, Revelstoke Station, B. C.

Suit has been entered by L. G. McKam, a Nova Scotia contractor, against Peter Ryan, of Toronto, over the sale of Richmond and Inverness Railway, of Nova Scotia, which was recently sold by Mr. Ryan to Mackenzie & Mann, the contractors. This read is supposed to touch some valuable coal lands in Cape Br ton.

Mr. McKam claims that he was a partner in securing the option and in making the sale of the railway last June.

Cook's Penetrating Plaster.