

INTERCOLONIAL RAILWAY.

On and after MONDAY the 3rd Oct., 1898, trains will run daily (Sunday excepted) as follows:-- Will leave Kent Junction. Express for Moncton, St. John and Halifax.....14 22

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MONCTON AND BUCTOUCHE RAILWAY.

1898. SUMMER TIME TABLE. 1898. In Effect Monday, June 20th, 1898

Table with columns: STATIONS, Distance Miles, NO. 1, NO. 2. Rows include Moncton, Lewisville, Humphrey's, Cape Breton, Scotch Settlement, McDougall's, Notre Dame, Cocaignes, St. Anthony, Little River, BUCTOUCHE.

EASTERN STANDARD TIME. No. 1 Train connects at Humphrey's with I. C. R. train for Halifax, and at Moncton with C. P. R. train for St. John, Montreal and United States points leaving at 11:05, and I. C. R. train for Campbellton leaving at 10:20

KENT NORTHERN RAILWAY.

TIME TABLE.

Table with columns: Time, Station, Time. Rows include 10.00 Dept. Richibucto, Arr. 14.20; 10.15 Kingston, 14.05; 10.28 Mill Creek, 13.53; 10.45 Grumble Road, 12.24; 10.51 Molus River, 13.19; 11.15 McMinn's Mills, 13.05; 11.30 Arr. Kent Junction, Dept. 12.50

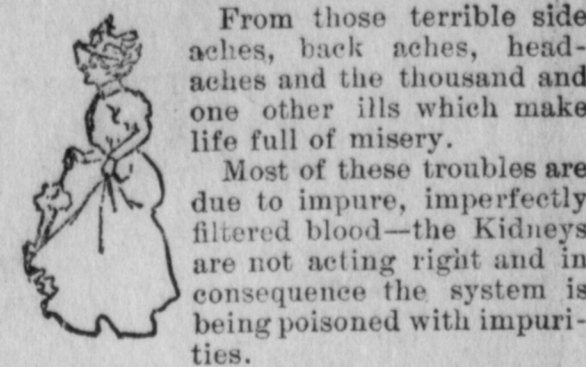
Trains are run by Eastern Standard time. Trains run daily, Sunday excepted. Connect with I. C. R. accommodation trains north and south. WILMOT BROWN. General Manager and Lessee. Richibucto, June 20th, 1898.

DRS. SOMERS & DOHERTY.

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. Harcourt on 16th, 17th and 18th. Kingston on 19th, 20th, 21st and 22nd

Advertise in The Review

Women Need Not Suffer



From those terrible side aches, back aches, headaches and the thousand and one other ills which make life full of misery. Most of these troubles are due to impure, imperfectly filtered blood--the Kidneys are not acting right and in consequence the system is being poisoned with impurities.

DOAN'S KIDNEY PILLS

are daily proving themselves woman's greatest friend and benefactor. Here is an instance: Mrs. Harry Fleming, St. Mary's, N.B., says: "The use of Doan's Kidney Pills restored me to complete health. The first symptoms I noticed in my case were severe pains in the small of my back and around the loins, together with general weakness and loss of appetite."

IMPRISONED IN A WELL.

A MAN SANG THE HYMN "ROCK OF AGES" FOR SEVEN HOURS. LONDON, May 5.--A morning paper has the report of the remarkable rescue of a man at Brightling sea from the bottom of a well. Samuel Webb was at work in a well 40 feet deep, when the sides caved. The earth did not bury him, but so closed the well above him that he was in dire peril.

WEARY OF EXPERIMENTING

With salves, suppositories and ointments and dreading a surgical operation, scores and hundreds have turned to Dr. A. W. Chase's Ointment and found in it an absolute cure for piles. The first application brings relief from the terrible itching and it is very seldom that more than one box is required to effect a permanent cure.

JUST LIKE A MAN.

The country writhed in the throes of a terrible war, and the red lightning of battle played incessantly athwart the skies. It was with an anxious heart that Mrs. Smith moved about the house making ready for dinner, for her husband was a soldier, and even now was battling a mile or so away.

As she went to the door and looked down the road, Mrs. Smith saw a cloud of dust. Shading her eyes, she looked more intently and soon forms evolved out of the rapidly moving chaos. It was her husband, hotly pursued by a squad of the enemy. He was running for the house like the wind, his pursuers close on his heels.

With a sob Mrs. Smith sank to the floor. "That's just like John!" she cried; "bringing a lot of men home to dinner that I never saw before, and not a thing in the house to eat."

A Corn Photographed By X Rays

Shows a small hard kernel, covered by layers of hard skin. This tiny corn causes keen pain. The only sure means of extracting it, without pain, in a day, is Putnam's Painless Corn Extractor. Sure? Yes. Painless? Yes. Cheap? Yes, indeed! Try it.

Miss Jennie Foster, daughter of Mr. T. A. Foster, of this place, was a successful competitor in a jumbled letter contest recently promoted by the Woman's Home Journal, and has been notified that she has won a premium of \$250. The task of correctly arranging the letters in floral names was completed in a few hours and she is to be congratulated on her good fortune.--Bridgetown Monitor.

Advertisement for ENTHOL D&L LASTER. Text: We guarantee that these Plasters will relieve pain quicker than any other. Put up only in 25c. tin boxes and \$1.00 yard rolls. The latter allows you to cut the Plaster any size. Every family should have one ready for an emergency. DAVIS & LAWRENCE CO., LIMITED, MONTREAL. Beware of imitations.

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 SALOONIST'S PLEA.

BY MRS G. T. COOKE. "Leave us alone," is the "tapster's" plea. With startled stare and muffled moan, "Our trade is legal, don't you see? Leave us alone!"

So cried the demons to the Christ, Holding their writhing victim prone, "Torment us not, before the time; Leave us alone!"

So Macedonia's shameless sons, With sordid soul and heart of stone, Argued with good St. Paul of old, "Leave us alone!"

"Our gain is from a woman's loss. The shame is hers, the pelf's our own; Save her, and all our gains are gone, Leave us alone!"

So cried the slavers of the South, "The slaves are ours, flesh, blood and bone, Body and spirit, life and soul. Leave us alone!"

So cries the canker to the flesh, So pleads the traitor at the throne, So prays the plague with fetid breath, "Leave us alone!"

And so to day the tapsters plead, With puny voice and whining tone, "Don't spoil our profit, stop our trade; Leave us alone!"

Leave you alone, while women weep, In homes from which all hope has flown, While children starve and squallor reigns, Leave you alone!

Alone, to fill our gaols with crime? What, could our silence e'er atone, Should Christian men, with human hearts, Leave you alone!

No! learn you this, and can it well, Though seeds of ill be widely sown, The Church of God shall nevermore Leave you alone! Stratford, Ont.

WHY?

Why should every prohibitionist be alive and earnest in urging upon parliament the immediate exercise of its primary function in protecting the people against what it, in 1884, branded as a national menace vast in magnitude, wide in extent, and destructive in effect? Because to-day "this traffic holds a vaster empire than has been," and in malign, destructive power, is a veritable Colossus. The power of its product upon man is described by Sir Benjamin Richardson: "It begins by destroying, it ends by destruction, and it implants organic changes which progress independently of its presence even in those who are not born." John Bright said; "Among the evil institutions that threaten the integrity and safety of a state the liquor traffic stands pre-eminent." Legislators, philanthropists and scientists in every civilized country upon the globe are sounding the note of alarm, and re-echo the words of the Dominion Parliament in 1884 "That despite all preceding legislation the evils of intemperance remain,"--and he who looks beneath the surface can see that with a subtlety like unto that with which alcohol works in the human system, the traffic is working its mission of destruction in the fabric of society and politics, and that this evil genius seems destined to write Ichabod upon the institutions of nineteenth century civilization. Because the virus of the wicked policy of license is permeating society, and breeding a contempt for law that outstrips in its rate of progress the growth of temperance sentiment, and creates the anomaly of the governing power, public opinion, nullified helpless by virtue of law designed for public protection, but perverted into bulwarks of lawlessness. Because the common sale of intoxicating drinks is a crime against the Nation; license is treason against the State; nay, it is worse, it is the typical crime of the universe, which consists in seeking one's own pleasure, or one's own profit, with absolute indifference as to the cost of the pleasure or the profit to other people." Because every hour the liquor interest is entrenched in law, arms it with increasing political power and influence for evil--renders it more defiant of law and difficult to suppress. Because license everywhere has increased the consumption of liquor. Wherever it has been otherwise, the restraint has been in increasing ratio as the law approximated to prohibition.

A stringent license law, a high price for the privilege of making all the drunkards, a monopoly in dealing in rum to bring about the temperance millennium. "God pronounces a curse upon the hand which holds a bottle to the neighbor's lips. But we may let others do so in the teeth of the Almighty, if we only demand a heavy indulgence of the dealer! A temperance man picking up drunkards with one hand and with the other putting "high license rum to his lips to tempt and ruin him." And we are asked to wait for prohibition until this iniquity-breeding system allows reverence for law to develop amid its deadly nightshade. Dare we do it? Can the voters of Canada afford to tolerate the vending of that which poisons the blood and ruins the soul? Will they send their children to school to learn that alcohol is a life-destroyer, and then stand before them convicted as the aider and abettor of criminals, shielding the guilty agent from justice? Human govern-

Advertisement for GOLD PLATED watch. Text: Cut this out to us with your name and address, and we will forward this watch to you by express for examination. It is a snap-back and bezel dust-proof open face, stem wind and set, gold plated, fantastically engraved. It looks like a solid gold watch, is fitted with a Jeweled American Model movement that we warrant to give good satisfaction, and is just the watch for traveling purposes. If after careful examination you find this watch to be exactly as represented, pay the express agent \$2.50 and charges, and it is yours. Terry Watch Co., Toronto, Ont.

A Motorman's Victory.

Toronto, May 8--In a large city like Toronto, there is always much sickness, kidney disease largely predominating. The street railway employes, exposed as they are to all the inclemencies of the weather are particularly liable to kidney disease. But they all know how to conquer their enemy. For instance: Mr. T. H. O'Reilly, 27 Niagara Street, motorman, No. 624, was for three years a great sufferer from Diabetes. Every remedy failed to help him, till he began to use Dodd's Kidney Pills. Three boxes cured him. It is cases like this, where the patient and the cure are equally well known, that are the test of a remedy, and Dodd's Kidney Pills have always stood it successfully. They cure all kidney complaints.

A PECULIAR SUIT.

DAMAGES SOUGHT FOR NON DELIVERY OF A TELEGRAM. NEW YORK, May 4.--A Portland, Me., despatch says that preliminary steps have been taken in a suit against the Western Union Telegraph Company for \$25,000 damages for the alleged non delivery of a message to Miss Mamie Small, of Gardiner. The plaintiff alleges that by the non delivery of a message Miss Small lost her life at the hands of Bradford Knights, now in Augusta jail awaiting trial on the charge of murder.

Miss Small was killed on the evening of Feb. 13, of the present year, at about 7 o'clock. On the afternoon of that day, so the papers filed in the case aver, Miss Small's sister Lizzie sent a telegram to her apprising her of the expected arrival in Gardiner of Knights, and to be watchful of him.

It is held by the plaintiffs that there was plenty and reasonable time for the delivery of the message, and by the negligence of the company and its agents, Miss Small lost her life.

The New Woman

Now enters upon pursuits formerly monopolized by men. But the feminine nerves are still hers and she suffers from toothache. To her we recommend Nerviline--nerve-pain cure--cures toothache in a moment. Nerviline, the most marvelous pain remedy known to science. Nerviline may be used efficaciously for all nerve pain.

PRESCRIBED.

When you seem to want to worry-- Take a laugh. Do not fret and foam and hurry-- Take a laugh. There is nothing made by sadness, Lots of profit, though, in gladness, And there's method e'en in madness-- Take a laugh.

\$1000.00

We don't guarantee \$1000.00 to every user of our great Cough specific

Dr. HARVEY'S SOUTHERN RED PINE

But we do guarantee immediate relief. Cures promptly. Is equally good for children and adults. Honest 25c. bottles. HARVEY MEDICINE CO. 424 ST. PAUL STREET, MONTREAL.

PITY THE WOMAN.

Who's a Ne vous Weech--But Glory in a Remedy that Will Cure Her, as South American Nervine Did, This One. Mrs. James A. Publicover, Lunenburg, N. S., was a wreck from stomach troubles and nervous prostration. After she had tried many remedies, and was treated by best physicians, only to be disappointed in a cure, she was recommended to use South American Nervine. She did so, with the result that to-day, after years of suffering she is a cured and happy woman and proclaims this great remedy saved her life. Sold at Short's Drug Store.

About two o'clock Saturday morning, the dwelling house of Mr. John Noonan, of the same place, was found to be on fire and it, together with all the contents, as well as his tailor shop and barn, and a small shop and dwelling adjoining, owned by Mr. John Burke, were burned to the ground.--Summerside Journal.

COOK'S SORE COUGH CURE

Dr. Von Stan's Pineapple Tablets, at All Druggists, 35c. a box--60 Tablets.

CHAPTER VI.

1. O, ye of little faith in remedies and doctors! 2. How shall ye be filled with the knowledge that the tortures of dyspepsia may be relieved in an instant? 3. Try Dr. Von Stan's Pineapple Tablets because they are prompt in correcting all derangements of the stomach and absolutely cure the worst form of dyspepsia. 4. These tablets are wonders and all druggists sell them--60 in a box, at 35 cents a box. Sold at Short's Drug Store.

Dr. Von Stan's Pineapple Tablets are free from all chemicals that ruin the stomach to give temporary relief. The action of these tablets is soothing and healing and the fruit pepsin of the pineapple vitalizes the natural digestive juice to assist in a natural cure.

THE MAYOR'S NEST.

By R. S. "Very well," said the mayor, "I'll tell you about it." The guests around the table became silent, and the Englishman adjusted his single eye-glass with great nicety and peered earnestly at his host.

"Fifty years ago, when I first came here," began the old gentleman, "the country was a bleak and barren wilderness, trackless and desolate, but not so dreary as my youthful feelings. A blow of fate had deprived me at once of my parents and my fortune, and a lover's quarrel had parted me, as I thought, forever, from my sweetheart in the East. I was a jejune misanthrope, a very Timon, living alone, subsisting on the spoils of my traps.

"Once as I was roaming moodily through a long path that my feet had made to the farthest of my traps, thinking of my gloomy life, the waste of my splendid youth and education and the hopelessness of the future, my ears caught a faint rattling in the bushes. Stooping to examine the cause I found that a young rattlesnake had become imprisoned by a fallen branch, and was exhausting itself in its struggles for release.

"My first impulse was to kill the little reptile, but on reflecting that it had done me no harm and was a fellow in distress, I was moved to compassion. So I lifted the limb, allowing it to escape.

The eye-glass was gleaming with intense interest. "It's quite strange," said the Englishman, "but--"

"Pardon me," interrupted the mayor, "there is more to come.

"Some twenty years after this episode chance guided my footsteps along that same forsaken path. But what a change in my fortunes! Around my log hut and half-cleared homestead had grown a populous and opulent city. My nut was turned to a mansion, my clearing to valuable real estate. The maiden in the East had relented, her lovely children were growing up around me. I had become not only the richest man of the community, but the mayor of the city. My horses, my carriages, my house, my massive plate, were the pride and admiration of my bucolic neighbors. I was musing of all this as I trod that old, deserted path, when I stopped, petrified with fear, my blood congealed, my hair rising from its roots. Directly under my lifted foot was an enormous rattlesnake."

"I will tax your patience but a moment longer," continued the mayor. "As I stood there like a statue the brute uncoiled its monstrous length, wound about my body and climbed slowly to my shoulder, when it began to lick my face with a gentle sibilant expressive of its affection. I then perceived that this must be the serpent which I had rescued from disaster so long ago and that I had nothing to fear, beyond an excess of gratitude. I smoothed its shiny coils and talked to it caressingly for some moments, until it descended to the ground and hastened away with a backward look or two, as if to bid me await its return. In but a short time she reappeared, followed by twenty-seven young ones, which she had evidently brought to gaze upon the face of her former benefactor. It was a quaint and touching spectacle, but the hour waxed late and, after kindly patting the head of each of the young ones, I directed my steps toward the city. They would not be forsaken, however, and, with little detours in the bushes, always returning to gambol at my feet, they accompanied me to the very door of my mansion, which they insisted upon entering. Not wishing to alarm my family, I put them into the dining-room with a large pan of warm milk, and retired for the night. At two in the morning I was aroused by a vociferous clamor from below. Rushing into the dining-room, I found that three burglars had entered the window to rob me of my silver, but the mother snake had seized them and was beating their heads upon the floor, while the twenty-seven little ones had their tails out of the window rattling for the police."

"The eye-glass glared triumphantly. "Quite phenomenal," remarked the Englishman; "but improbable. As I was about to say, I once knew a snake hunter who assured me that there were no rattlesnakes in this State."

Thomas Donnelly was sentenced to two years' imprisonment last Wednesday for assaulting Chief of Police Tingley, of Moncton, two weeks ago.

DR. A. W. CHASE'S CATARRH CURE... 25c.

is sent direct to the diseased parts by the Improved Blower. Heals the ulcers, clears the air passages, stops droppings in the throat and permanently cures Catarrh and Hay Fever. Blower free. All dealers, or Dr. A. W. Chase Medicine Co., Toronto and Buffalo.

Every colored gentleman in the church rushed in to help or hold the fighters. The sacred edifice rang with war cries. Razors swung in glittering arcs. "Order! Order! Please to all sit down!" cried the Rev (and deeply distressed) Mr. Gumbs; but the joy of battle was too strong for any one man's controlling. The five babies squawled, and so added their share to the row.

Three burly brethren hurled Thomsa Le Fevre, a colored coachman, through the window. He carried sash and all with him. Nobody knows how the fight stopped. There were only thirty or forty contusions. No one was carved.

Colored society folk from Matteawan, Newburg and Poughkeepsie flocked to the church last night to attend the quintuple christening. Five proud mothers stood before the altar, each with the loveliest baby in Fiskhill Landing in her arms. From the body of the church came hush of admiration. Emma Hunt, a light girl, was exchanging frowns with Addie Henry, a darker person. Then Miss Addie whispered something disparaging about Mr. Gumbs.

"Doan! you say that tuh me!" screamed Miss Emma, as she leaned up and swung her right fist in a hook blow that blacked Miss Addie's eyes. Miss Addie cried "Shame!" but Miss Emma punched her with both fists and soon dropped her under the seat.

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