RAILROADS.

INTERCOLONAIL RAILWAY.

On and afrer Monday, Oct. 16th, 1899 trains will run daily (Sunday excepted as follows :—

LEAVE KENT JUNCTION.

Accommodation for Moncton and St. John.....11.35
Accommodation for Newcastle and Campbellton.....13.05

Vestibule Sleeping and Dining Cars on Through Express rains between Montreal and the Maritime Provinces.

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

D. POTTINGER,
General Manager.

Railway Office, Moncton, N. B. 15th June 1900.

KENT NORTHERN RAILWAY.

TIME TABLE.

9.30	Dept.	Richibucto, Arr.	15.00
9.45		Kingston,	14.45
9.58		Mill Creek,	14.33
10.15		Grumble Road,	14.04
10 21		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 18th, 1900.

MONCTON AND BUCTOUCHE RAILWAY.

1900 SUMMER TIME TABLE. 1900

On and after Wednesday, June 20th, 1900, trains on this railway will run as follows:

*	‡		†	ı
7.50	9.45	Arr.....Moncton.....Dept.	15.00	18 15
6.00	7.45	Dep....Buctouche...Arr.	17.00	20.05

(Eastern Standard Time)

Train from Buctouche connects at Humphrey's with I. C. R. train for Halifax, and at Moncton with the 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 10.40.

Train for Buctouche connects at Humphrey's with I. C. R. day express from Halifax, and at Moncton with all I. C. R. trains from east and north arriving not later than 14 40.

Until Sept. 17th, excursion return tickets at one single first class fare will be issued from all stations on Saturday good to return on following Monday.

Trains run daily (Sunday excepted.)

* Mondays only.
‡ Tues., Wed., Thur., Friday and Saturday.
† Mon., Wed., Thur., and Friday.
ı Saturdays only.

E. G. EVANS,
Superintendent

WHEELER'S BOTANIC BITTERS

A reliable and effective medicine for cleansing the blood, stomach and liver. Keeps the eye bright and skin clear. Cures headache, dizziness, constipation, etc.
Purely Vegetable, large bottles, only 25 CENTS.

EFFECTIVE REPROOFS.

PAYSON TUCKER HAD A QUICK EYE AND POINTED METHODS.

Two incidents in the railroad life of Payson Tucker are told that well illustrate what a worker he was and his attention to the details of business.

Several years ago he was up on the mountain division of the Maine Central road and looked over the grounds of one of the stations. Nothing more than the usual conversation passed, and he returned to his car and went back to Portland. Nearly a year passed before he had occasion to call at the station again, and then he stepped off the car and asked pleasantly:

"Do you have all the help you want here?"

"Yes, sir; all that we need."

"Quite sure you have enough?"

"Yes, sir. There is not much to be done at so small a station."

"Well, I feared you were rushed to death and could not find time to remove that pile of old bricks I saw the last time I was here."

With that the general manager of the road stooped over the pile of bricks and without removing his kid gloves, continued the work until the last one was neatly piled up.

At another time a break had been committed at one of the stations on the back road, and the next day after the notice of the break had been wired to Portland Mr. Tucker chanced to pass that way. After looking things over, Mr. Tucker asked what had been lost, and the agent quickly ran over the amount of money and tickets stolen.

"That all?" asked Mr. Tucker, when the agent had concluded.

"Yes, sir, nothing else."

"That so?" said Mr. Tucker, taking in the untidy appearance of the room and station at a glance. "I feared some one had stolen your broom. Perhaps you have not missed it. I will send you one."

Toothache 2 Days.

"Fred. Nedden, Eel River Crossing, N. B., says: "I had toothache for two days, and could get nothing to stop it until I got Low's Toothache Gum, which quickly cued me." Price 10c.

The bondholders of the Jamaica railway have abandoned the line and Thursday the governor of the island took possession.

A New York boarding house keeper named Peter Wood has been arrested on suspicion of killing Mrs. Kate Reilly, one of his boarders.

Children Cry for
CASTORIA.

COMBINATION OFFER.

In order to extend the circulation of THE REVIEW and to introduce one of the brightest Canadian dailies into this section of the Province, we will make the following combination offer :—

THE MONTREAL DAILY HERALD

--AND--

THE RICHIBUCTO REVIEW

will be sent to subscribers for one year for **$1.50**

The Montreal Daily Herald is an 8-page daily with 16 pages on Saturday and is without doubt one of the best papers in Canada. Considerable of its space is devoted to agriculture, while its editorials are unsurpassed. We can recommend it as one of the newsiest and brightest papers in the Dominion.

The HERALD and REVIEW combined will keep any family posted on the doings of the world, local and foreign, and at the price quoted are within reach of every family in the County.

Cut the blank out and return it to us with your subscription and we will have the two papers forwarded to your address.

Enclosed find $1.50 for which send me for one year THE REVIEW and The Montreal Daily Herald.

NAME.....

POST OFFICE ADDRESS.....

.....

ADDRESS:

THE REVIEW,
Richibucto, N. B.

A Scrap of Paper.

(St. Louis Republic.)

I was winding my way up the narrow stairway to my domain, a five-minute taper in my hand to guide me through the darkness. I stopped suddenly half way down the corridor. In the dim, flickering light of my taper I see fastened to the door of my landlady's room a white sheet of paper. It was pinned above the doorknob and contained a brief message.

"Dear children," it read, "God bless your home coming. I love you both, dear daughter and beloved son. I couldn't wait for you, because I had to go to the theatre. Your mother."

"Ah," I said to myself, "the young couple are coming home." As the latch of my own door clicked I heard two persons coming up the stairway.

"My mother is not at home," said a cheery, manly voice, "but here is her greeting, as kind and loving as ever."

I don't know what else the man or the woman said—sweet love words, no doubt, such as a young husband and wife are apt to indulge in on their wedding night.

Mrs. Alberta Damman had been my landlady now for two years. She was a little, rotund woman, with a vivacious temperament, which betrayed every minute the presence of actor blood in her veins. For many years, she told me, she had been wardrobe woman in the only stock company house in the city. She had saved up a little money, which she loaned at reasonable interest to actors and actresses in hard luck, and she was able beside to do a profitable business in purchasing and selling cast-off party dresses and stage gowns. The glib-tongued wardrobe woman was as passionately fond of the theatre as she was picturesquely disorderly about the three rooms which she herself occupied. My own rooms, in happy contrast, were neatly and simply furnished, and always kept scrupulously clean. The disorder in hers was appalling and stifling to me. Furniture from all kinds of periods hobnobbed with chandeliers and cheval glasses of long forgotten periods.

Mrs. Damman's son was very different in character and disposition from his mother. While she was shrewd and full of temperament, he was taciturn and slow of comprehension. Despite his thirty years he was as helpless as a child almost In his habits he was absolutely correct and faithful to his employer, who had given him the position of head bookkeeper at a moderate salary. His mother and he always ate their meals together. On Sunday he went to the theatre, and during the week he waited patiently for the old lady's return from the playhouse, that he might partake of supper with her. Then she would tell him with delightful accuracy all that had happened during the performance, while he listened musingly and sometimes with eyes almost closed in sleep.

Now, this idyllic existence was about to be interrupted or rather extended. Young Damman grew courageous one day and confessed to his mother that he loved a girl and had promised to marry her. Mrs. Damman's verbosity would not permit her to conceal this fact from me. As she was serving my coffee one morning she acquainted me with the new state of affairs.

"Do you know your son's financee?" I asked, just a little uneasy as to how she would take this sudden surprise.

No, she had never seen her, but inquiry among friends elicited the information that she came of a respectable family and was a good-looking young miss.

"I'll receive her as my daughter," she said, "and they can both live here. My son's salary is not large enough to support a separate household, and I cannot give him anything out of my own means, so they will have to make their home here, and my daughter-in-law will have to learn how to please me."

Now the wedding had been celebrated and henceforth the young people would be my neighbors, for their room was next to mine. If my misgivings had continued about the new member of the household, that friendly welcome, pinned to the door of my landlady's quarters on the eve of her arrival, would have dispelled them. In the morning Mrs. Damman, as usual, brought my coffee and rolls.

"They are here," she said, with a broad motherly smile. "Didn't you hear the noise we made when I came home last night? My daughter is a perfect little witch- pretty as a—peach, too. I know you'll like her.

An hour later I sauntered down the hall. A fresh voice, fresh as a bird's sang a gay little ditty.

"The bride," I mused, and presently she hove in sight, wielding a broom with a pair of round, dimpled arms bared to the shoulders. The moment she saw me she blushed and disappeared, dropping the broom on a little heap of dust she had swept together. On top of the heap, staring at me in uncomfortable fashion, lay a scrap of white paper.

"The welcome," I murmured, and stooped and lifted the motherly greeting to save it from destruction with the rest of the debris.

"She can't be very sentimental," was my silent comment, "or she would have treasured those pencilled lines all her life." Naturally I soon made the acquaintance of the youthful bride and found her to be all that her mother-in-law had said of her She was as handy and alert about the house as she was fresh and pretty. Mrs. Damman was relieved of a good deal of work, although she superintended the household as of old. Fred Damman, the young husband, was head over heels in love with his wife, and she seemed fond of him in her ingenuous, girlish fashion. There were little bickerings between the two women now and then, but they were forgotten in an hour, and all was as calm and peaceful as of old.

An unusual stress of business kept me away from the house longer than had been my custom, and when summer came I was ready to indulge in an extended journey that was likely to keep me away from Mrs. Damman's house for at least three months.

Upon my return the family received me with open arms. All three had a friendly word for me and for each other, and I was more than delighted at the continued harmony that pervaded my landlady's home. That much of this harmony was sham I learned before many days. Mrs. Damman was the first to pour out her heart to me. She complained bitterly of the younger woman's wilfulness, that her daughter-in-law usurped rights which did not belong to her and threatened dissolution of the household. It came sooner than ever I anticipated, but in an entirely unexpected manner. After a bitterer quarrel than ever young Miss Damman left the house without telling her mother-in-law whither she was going. She failed to return, and soon everything was as quiet as the grave once more. Fred, the young husband, was even more taciturn than before. He avoided his mother whom he seemed to regard as the natural enemy of his wife.

One day I met him in the street. "Where is your wife?" I asked. "Don't you hear from her at all?"

He laid his finger on his lips, forgetting this his mother was miles away and could not possibly hear what he had to say.

"I hear from her very often," he whispered, and a light broke from his timid eyes.

"Is Mrs. Damman going to remain away from you forever?"

He came quite close to me now. "She is right here in town," he answered, "with her aunt, and I see her every day."

"I am glad of that," I said. "Perhaps your mother will come around and ask her to come back again."

He shook his head hopelessly. "She doesn't even want to hear her name spoken," he answered sadly, "and I haven't enough money to set up housekeeping. My wife is sorry now for what has happened, but she is miserably afraid of my mother."

"What are you going to do about it?" He seemed so boyish and fearful of consequences that I could not help getting out of patience with him. If he had had a little more energy, I felt sure the two women would not have become separated. He shrugged his shoulders. "I can't help myself," he murmured, "and, as things are now, I am glad to be able to be with my wife without being molested."

"You must bring them together," I admonished. "It is your duty. Try to make an end of this unsatisfactory state of affairs."

I raised my hat and walked on. Two weeks later I met the young couple promenading in the park. "Ah!" I said, "on your way home at last?"

"Fred's going there, but not I," answered the young wife, shyly, holding out her hand to me.

"That's more than I can understand," I said, somewhat dryly; "the wife belongs in her husband's home."

"You know how things are with us," she insisted, with a sob.

"Yes; I know. You are afraid of your mother-in-law, who has a good heart, but is unusually obstinate. And you," turning to her husband, "have not the energy to bring these two women together. You, my dear Mrs. Damman, went out of your own free will, and of your own free will you must go back."

When I saw that my words had made a deep impression on the two young people, I continued: "You had better go home right now and become reconciled to your mother-in-law."

"Mother is away from home this evening," said Fred.

"All the better," I suggested. "Let your wife prepare the tea, and when she comes back from the theatre everything will be lovely."

I told them to follow me, and, to my joy, saw that they had agreed to do as I bade them. I entered the house about five minutes before they could possibly reach it, for they had perceptibly fallen behind. Once within, I discovered that Fred was in error about his mother's absence. The sewing machine was rattling away at a lively pace. Suddenly an idea crossed my mind. I fingered around in my vest pocket, and from its depths pulled a scrap of paper. It was Mrs. Damman's welcome to her daughter-in-law on the night of her arrival as a bride. Quick as a flash I pinned it to the door, and then withdrew to my own apartment to await the appearance of husband and wife.

The young wife's joyous cry started me. "From mother!" she gasped, as her eyes fell on the piece of paper on the door. And then she read aloud sentence after sentence, alternately sobbing and laughing: "Dear children: God bless your home coming. I love you both, dear daughter and beloved son. I could not wait for you, because I had to go to the theatre. Your mother."

"Fred, Fred," she sobbed, "your mother wants me to come back again. She has forgiven me—dear mother!"

The door flew open, and the girl wife rushed in. With a sob she threw herself into the elder woman's arms. "Forgive me, mother, forgive me! Oh, how glad I am to be at home again with you."

I stood motionless at my door. What next? Mrs. Damman had not opened her mouth. What if she were still obstinate and would drive again from home the penitent girl? But no, I heard her voice now.

"My dear child," she said softly, 'so you are sorry? If you had said so on that miserable day all would have been well. I love you; you are my child just as much as he is!"

"Oh, mother," she sobbed anew, "I never knew how good you are. Scold me, do what you will with me; you are my darling mother anyhow."

And they were reconciled. They called me to witness their joy, and I had hard work to make Fred understand that I had placed the scrap of paper on the door that had brought about peace and harmony in the little household. It was an innocent deception, and if he ever had the courage to confess it to his wife I never heard it.

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 permanantly cures Catarrh and Hay Fever. Blower free. All dealers, or Dr. A. W. Chase Medicine Co., Toronto and Buffalo.

SETTLED OUT OF COURT.

A lawyer riding his bicycle on a footpath was caught by a policeman. The cyclist at once came off the path, and tried to reason with the policeman.

You aren't really going to run me in for this? he asked.

Yes, sir; I can't help it.

Well, come in here, and we will talk about it over a glass of something.

The policeman followed the gentleman, who ordered two glasses of beer, one for himself, the other for the policeman, both of which were finished before he again remarked:

Surely, you are not really going to make a fuss about this?

I must, sir, it's my business.

Ah! then at the same time it will be my business to report you for drinking beer while on duty.

The policeman's expression changed.

You're a lawyer, I take it?

Yes.

And a sharp one, too, said the "cop" as he went out and slammed the door behind him.

MANY CHILDREN SUFFER from Worms through loss of appetite, fits, sleeplessness and pains. Give McLean's Vegetable Worm Syrup, the original and genuine.

For all Summer Complaints for children or adults, Fuller's Blackberry Cordial is unsurpassed.

Use Fuller's Blackberry Cordial.
Give Fuller's Blackberry Cordial.

By the capsizing of a yacht on the St. Lawrence, Thursday, near the Riviere du Loup three persons were drowned, including Captain Foster.

Pain-Killer
ALWAYS KEEP ON HAND
THERE IS NO KIND OF PAIN OR ACHE, INTERNAL OR EXTERNAL, THAT PAIN-KILLER WILL NOT RELIEVE.
LOOK OUT FOR IMITATIONS AND SUBSTITUTES. THE GENUINE BOTTLE BEARS THE NAME,
PERRY DAVIS & SON.

Dr FOWLER'S EXT-OF WILD STRAWBERRY

Is the oldest, simplest, safest and best remedy for the relief and cure of Diarrhœa, Dysentery, Cramps, Colic, Cholera, Cholera Morbus, Cholera Infantum, Summer Complaint, Canker of the Mouth or Stomach, and all fluxes of the bowels of infants or adults.

Refuse imitations, many of which are highly dangerous.

HIS LIFE TRAGEDY.

PASTOR ANNOUNCES HIS SEPARATION FROM WIFE HE DOES NOT LOVE—ACTED A LIVING LIE.

PANA, Ill., Aug.—A tragedy in married life has been revealed from the pulpit dramatically by the Rev. Josiah Query, pastor of the Baptist Church at Honey Bend.

CHAPTER I.

"Love is everything," the clergyman thought, when he stood at the alter and put the wedding ring on the finger of the woman he loved.

He had met her in his pastoral rounds and had been charmed by her neatness and her pretty frocks. She had a face that lighted up with what he thought were gentleness and tenderness. She had told him that she loved, and he believed her.

The honeymoon was soon over. He loved deeply and believed his love was returned. He moved in a Paradise. His parishioners saw in him a new man. There was a happy look in his face and he came and went blithely, as though all were well with him.

His wife always wore a smile, too, but it was one behind which there was no feeling or soul. But that was not to be found out all at once.

CHAPTER II.

A year passed. The clergyman awoke one day to the fact that there was no love in his home—that there had never been any.

"Love?" His wife laughed when he spoke to her about it. "Women don't love in these days."

"There is no room in civilized life for romance or sentiment. They are going the way of all superstitions and delueions.

"This is a practical age. Love is all stuff and nonsense and unpractical. The sex distinction is dying out in America.

CHAPTER III.

The lack of love in his life was a bitter thing for him to realize, who preached and practiced love.

For eighteen years he bore the burden of a loveless home. At last it grew too heavy, too bitter. He told his wife that they must part.

It was all the same to her. Marriage meant only a home, clothes and board, even as it means only that to so many others.

"You can go," she said, "but you must give me a house and lot, the horse and buggy and the $150 you have in the bank. You can take the bed stead and shot gun."

CHAPTER IV.

The clergyman, with tears in his eyes, told the facts to his congregation, who sympathized with him when they heard of his loveless life.

"My marriage has been a living lie for eighteen years," he said from the pulpit. "One year after our wedding my wife and I ceased to love.

"The strain is too much for me. I can live no longer with a wife I do not love and who does not love me. We have resolved to separate." The tears came faster and faster, and sobs were heard in the body of the church.

"There are many homes where love does not exist," he continued. "Is love a faculty that is dying out? Is the race growing independent of it. Is the time coming when there will be no real love between men and women?"

"Love is the product of independence one upon another. Civilization is making us entirely too independent. It enables us to live wholly selfish lives.

"My wife and I are separating. I resign from the church to go I know not where, but wherever I go it cannot be to a worse place than a home in which dwell a husband and wife who do not love."

SWALLOWS HIS WINDPIPE.

Physicians in a St. Louis hospital are taking deep interest in the case of nine-year-old Charles Adams, who swallowed his windpipe. The windpipe he swallowed was not the one which he was originally provided by nature, but a substitute fashioned by the hand of man. It was made of silver and inserted four months ago at the city hospital to save the boy's life, after a long siege of diphtheria. Charles left the hospital apparently cured. Occasionally he would take the swallowing apparatus out and clean it. In doing this it was necessary to remove a cap from the end of the tube.

Last Thursday the boy gave the tube its usual scouring; but in replacing the cap he fastened it insecurely, because the next time he reached for the windpipe only the cap came to the surface. Charles gave a gulp and the tube slid down into his internal economy. Members of the boy's househould, at No. 1400 Pine street, became alarmed and sent him post haste to the city hospital, where he is now a patient in the surgical ward. Dr. Amyx, with assistance of Dr. Townsend, explored the boy and removed the missing tube. It was four and one-half inches long. The boy's voice is now husky, but he is going to have another silver windpipe, and he says that the next time he removes it he will be more careful —[Chicago Inter-Ocean.

COOK'S SURE COUGH CURE.