

RAILROADS.

INTERCOLONIAL RAILWAY

On and after Monday, Nov. 26th, 1900 trains will run daily (Sunday excepted) as follows:—

LEAVE KENT JUNCTION.

Accommodation for Moncton and St. John.....13.07
Accommodation for Newcastle and Campbellton.....13.07

Vestibule Sleeping and Dining Cars on Through Express trains 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. 26th November, 1900.

KENT NORTHERN RAILWAY.

TIME TABLE.

| | | |
|-------|---------------------------|-------|
| 10.20 | Dept. Richibucto, Arr. | 15.00 |
| 10.35 | Kingston, | 14.45 |
| 10.55 | Mill Creek, | 14.25 |
| 11.10 | Grumble Road, | 14.10 |
| 11.20 | Molus River, | 14.00 |
| 11.40 | McMinn's Mills, | 13.40 |
| 12.00 | Arr. Kent Junction, Dept. | 13.20 |

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, Nov. 26th, 1900.

MONCTON AND BUCTOUCHE RAILWAY.

1900 SUMMER TIME TABLE. 1900

On and after Monday, November 26th, 1900, trains on this railway will run as follows:

10.10 Arr. Moncton, Dep. 15.35
8.00 Dep. Buctouche, Arr. 17.35

(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 13.10 and I. C. R. train for Campbellton leaving at 10.35.

Train for Buctouche connects at Humphrey's with I. C. R. day express from Halifax, and at Moncton with I. C. R. trains from east and north arriving not later than 15.25.

E. G. EVANS,
Superintendent

BILLS OF SALE (with affidavit),

LEASES,

COUNTY COURT SUBPENAES,

COUNTY COURT WRITS,

COUNTY COURT EXECUTIONS,

SUPREME COURT SUBPENAES,

ILLS OF LADING,

MAGISTRATE'S FORMS,

MORTGAGES,

DEEDS,

and other forms, for sale at

THE REVIEW Office.

GOOD THING THEY'RE SMALL.

Ants Were Much Larger. They Would Own the Earth.

If ants were large enough, they would rule the earth. As it is, they predominate the politics of their own sphere and have many human characteristics.

The longest time for which an ant sleeps is three and a half hours. On awakening they stretch their legs, yawn and then carefully clean themselves by applying their legs to their mouths and rubbing them over their bodies, very much in the style of a cat washing her face, after which they comb and brush their heads and bodies with the natural comb which nature gives them.

The most remarkable thing about this is that almost every necessity for which we are obliged in our case to employ more or less complicated mechanical contrivances is provided for by the physical structure of the ants.

Ants clean themselves both before and after sleep, and also after eating. Frequently one ant will lick and brush another all over, limb by limb, the ant operated on sprawling on her back, relaxing her muscles and abandoning herself to the enjoyment of the operation.

They are great hunters, attacking snakes, lizards, rats, mice, centipedes and beetles.

They even kill the great African python. It is said that if a python has killed an animal he dare not gorge himself with it till he has made a wide circuit and satisfied himself that there are no driver ants in the neighborhood. If, however, he meets with any he abandons his prey to them and discreetly retires. A certain species actually keep cows—in other words, plant lice. When the ants are hungry, they actually milk the aphides by tapping them briskly on the sides of the abdomen with their antennae till the fluid exudes, when it is at once sucked up by the ants. They shut them up in cow-houses and use them for days.

Ants act as soldiers in a very real way, and it is no stretch of language to call them pitched battles between ants of the same species and raids of one species upon the nests of another, sometimes to carry off the larvae and pupae as food (a modified form of cannibalism) and sometimes to supply their own nests with slaves.

Certain ants are agriculturists and allow ant rice to grow up in a circle round their nests, while every other plant is carefully cut down as fast as it appears. They sow the crop regularly, tend it and harvest it. When the seeds fall, they are carried into the nest, and the stubble is cleared away. When the grain in the nest gets damped by rain, these ants carry it out into the open to dry.

Snakes Do Swallow Their Young.

I met with a curious incident some years ago while hunting snakes in the swamps at Melrose. I came across a male and female striped, with numerous young ones. The parents were near each other, the family crawling over and around them. I was going for them, when on second thought I concluded to watch them. They did not appear frightened, but went on gambolling about for some time. I went a little nearer, when both snakes turned toward me, making a faint noise, and placed their heads flat on the ground. It was a curious sight to see these young snakes, not long born, some of them a foot or two away, turn at the noise and instantly seek refuge in their parents' wide open mouths. I am certain it was a note of warning of danger. I caught both snakes and put them in separate bags. The female had ten young, and the male had swallowed five. This is the first instance of any notice of a snake performing this affectionate duty for its young. I placed the whole family in a box, where they lived peacefully a long time.—Forest and Stream.

Too Cultured.

A writer in The Critic speaks somewhat scoldingly of the requirements of "Boston culture" as applied to all walks of life. Of course her tone is satirical, and she gives humorous illustrations, the best of which is this:

Learning, like religion, has in all ages its martyrs, its Galileis, its Giordano Brunos. Visiting in Nebraska a few years ago, I was told the following story: A brakeman from Boston was employed on the line of railroad running from Nebraska City to Beatrice. When it became his duty to call out the name of this last station, he pronounced it in the most approved Tuscan, "Bay-ah-tree-chay!"

The passengers, simple souls, were at a loss what to do. They rose from their seats and hesitated. Some sat down again, and so were carried past their destination. This sort of thing continued, the brakeman was complained of, and he lost his place.

Not Hiding Her Light.

Rosalie, kneeling beside her little bed, saying her prayers at evening, always murmured, after a devout little "amen," some soft word, whose meaning her aunt could not catch. One evening she questioned the child.

"Rosalie, what is it that you say every night after you have finished your prayer?"

"Aunt," said Rosalie solemnly, "I just say, 'Dear Lord, this is Rosalie Pittman praying now.' You see, so many little girls pray at just this same time, and I thought I'd best say which was me."

The Way of the World.

"So you went into the stock market yesterday and made several thousand dollars!" said the young man's uncle.

"Yes, sir."

"That shows how one may, with proper pluck and promptness, succeed if he will only take advantage of his opportunities."

"But I lost that and several thousand more today."

"Young man, how often have I told you that such transactions are merely gambling, and that you are bound to come to grief sooner or later if you dabble in them?"

The Forghanded Man.

"There is no feeling of satisfaction so solid," said Mr. Staybolt, "as that which arises from having a little something laid by. Life isn't full of ice shores by any means. As a rule it's pleasant sailing, but you may find yourself on a lee shore once in awhile, and, though you may be able to work off all right without it, it's a great satisfaction to have an anchor that you can put overboard in case you need it and one that you know will hold."—New York Sun.

Both Failed.

"This makes the tenth morning, ma'am, that I have tried to collect this milk bill." "I've tried more mornings than that, sir, to collect a little cream from your milk, and I have never had any better success than you're going to have this time. Don't step on the cat when you go out, please."

WAITING FOR THE MAIL.

Oh, the waiting! Oh, the longing! for an answer.

For the answer, that we hoped for and expected long.

For the counsel we have sought for, for the help we have so often needed.

From the distant friend we wrote to; Oh, why does he treat us so!

He must surely have the wisdom and the willingness to serve us.

And his heart is true and tender, so why should he let us wait!

It may be he is absent, and our letter has not reached him.

Or perhaps it has been our fault, and we've posted it too late.

We are always hoping, longing, we are always writing letters.

But the answers long delayed are, and sometimes they never come.

There are letters to the children, there are letters to a lover.

There are letters to the old folks in our childhood's happy home.

But the children grow and scatter, and replies are long in coming.

And a lover on the ocean seldom gets a chance to send,

And the old folks—ah, the old folks! soon they pass beyond our greeting.

And the answer we have hoped for by a stranger's hand is penned.

But we still send out our letters, knowing that the wise old Father

In His wisdom will not leave us with our longings unsupported.

But will answer our petitions, and our yearnings o'er the future.

And will give us of His Spirit till our hearts are satisfied.

So, we daily lay before Him all our wants, however simple.

For we know His mercy hears us, tho' the answer be delayed.

And we trust Him, never shrinking from the waiting He imposes.

For we hear Him softly whisper "It is I; be not afraid."

And tho' years are intervening and in golden links across them

Lie the prayers our hearts have uttered, unfulfilled so far as we,

With the dimness of our vision here may know, in fields elysian

We shall greet them all completed and their full fruition see.

For the waiting has a harvest far more blessed than we dream of.

Far more glorious than the granting of our fondest hopes can be.

For we learn the truest patience in dependence on God's goodness.

As we trust His love to guide us, where our eyes no pathway see.

A. O.

Sir Jasper's Generosity.

The band was playing 'A Summer Night in Munich.' Out on the terrace colored lights hung like globes of fire, and seats, cunningly placed in secluded corners, invited repose to the dancers. There in the quivering moonlight stood Rosemary Maitland. Her companion looked at the sweet face half turned away from him. Presently he spoke.

"It may be a long, long time," he said softly. And the music died away into a distant echo—it seemed of pain. "Will you spare a thought for me sometimes?"

"I shall often think of you," she answered simply.

"Will you give me a flower?" he said and turned to the flower border, filled with quaint, old-fashioned plants—lavender, 'boy's love,' 'balm' and a host of others.

"What would you like?" she asked.

And then with a sudden impulse she picked off a piece of an old fashioned plant and offered it to him.

"There's rosemary for remembrance," she said a little unsteadily.

And as Jim Duncan took the little pungent smelling sprig he kept the hand in his. Surely the hour was come.

"Rosemary," he said, "Rosemary, will you remember me? I love you, Darling, won't you speak to me?"

"What do you want me to say?" she whispered, and the light in her sweet blue eyes was quite enough for Jim Duncan.

For he took her in his strong arms and murmured all those sweet things which come with all the force of first love.

"It may be only a year," he said, "or it may be longer. Can you wait so long, Rosemary?"

Her answer, spoken softly enough, was distinctly, "Yes."

"I shall keep this," he said, putting the little green sprig carefully away in his pocket, "and when I am far away, darling, that will tell me of 'Rosemary, for remembrance.'"

"Rosemary, Rosemary! Where are you child?"

A tall, dark eyed woman stood beside

him, her hand on his shoulder, and she said, "What we have we'll hold."

As every man who has purchased Page Fence knows he has the best Fence on the market.

"What we have we're after."

and if you are in the market for fencing we would like to have you consider the merits of the "Page" Fence. Coiled Wire, made in our own Wire Mill, woven by ourselves. Shipped already to put up.

The PAGE WIRE FENCE CO. (LTD.)

WALKERVILLE, ONT.

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The PAGE WIRE FENCE CO. (LTD.)

WALKERVILLE, ONT.



Here's people free from pain and ache Dyspepsia's direful ills.

It is because they always take

Laxa-Liver Pills.

These little pills work while you sleep, without a gripe or pain, curing biliousness, constipation, dyspepsia and sick headache, and making you feel better in the morning.

DR. WOOD'S NORWAY PINE SYRUP.

Heals and soothes the lungs and cures the worst kinds of coughs and colds.

them, her sheeny satin train sweeping over the grass. Diamonds glittered in her hair.

"We are going now, dear," she said, looking keenly at Rosemary.

"Ah, is that you, Mr. Duncan? So you are really going abroad?"

"Yes, for a year. I hope not more. I shall hope to come and see you before we sail, Mrs. Maitland."

"We should have been delighted to see you," she said, "but I am afraid we leave town to-morrow for the country. Come, Rosemary."

She swept away, followed by her daughter. And as they stood in the brilliantly lighted hall Jim found time to whisper a last good-bye in Rosemary's ear.

"Good-bye, darling," he whispered, as he put her soft, furry cloak over her shoulders.

"I shall write to the colonel and 'You know I do, Jim.'"

Mrs. Maitland glanced curiously at her daughter as she sat still and silent in the corner of the brougham.

"Silly child!" she reflected. "Thank heaven I was in time to nip the thing in the bud."

She said nothing, however, to Rosemary on the subject, and they parted in silence.

It was a week later.

Rosemary watched feverishly for the postman, happily unconscious of the fact that Mrs. Maitland had had also a deep interest in the post box and its contents, for one morning she had, on carefully examining the post box, selected two letters, one addressed to Colonel Maitland and the other to Rosemary. These she put in her pocket for further examination, after which they found a last resting place in the fire.

"H'm! Troops sailed yesterday for the Cape," observed the colonel one morning at breakfast. "Hello! Young Duncan went out, I see. Did you know he was going, Grace?"

Mrs. Maitland opened the Morning Post indifferently.

"Young Duncan? Yes, I knew he was off very soon. Rosemary, you are pouring the cream into the sugar basin."

Rosemary murmured something vaguely about the heat and escaped into the garden, while Mrs. Maitland proceeded to enlighten her worthy husband on the subject, wisely omitting, however, the episode of the burned letters.

"Well, my dear, Jim Duncan is a very nice young fellow," he ventured to say, and if the child likes him."

"Really, George, you are quite absurd! Why, the boy has scarcely enough to keep himself. Besides, you know Sir Jasper Carew is only waiting for a little encouragement to come to the point."

Time passed—time which waits for no man—and as each day slipped by and not a word came from across the sea Rosemary grew more and more hopeless. She was forgotten, and the sprig of rosemary was doubtless lying unheeded in the fire or had floated away on the rolling waves.

The June sun beat down fiercely on the green meadows of Padstow Court as Rosemary walked slowly down the avenue to meet the old postman. He gave her one letter—a thin, foreign letter, with a blurred looking postmark. Had it come at last? With trembling fingers she tore it open. There lay, dry and discolored a sprig of rosemary, a mute reproach.

Dear Miss Maitland—My dear old chum Jim Duncan, asks me to write these few lines, which he cannot write himself. His hours are numbered, and, stricken with fever, he has not long to live. He begs me to enclose the sprig of rosemary to remind you—though without reproach—that it was given for remembrance. He has never forgotten you. I am, yours sincerely,

RUPERT MOORE.

A little gasping sob escaped her lips. He was ill—dying—dead!

What did he mean by reminding her of the rosemary for remembrance?

He had not remembered—and now! With vacant, aching eyes she looked again at the little withered sprig and took her way homeward.

In the hall Mrs. Maitland met her, and, in horror at the sight of the white, agonized face, she exclaimed:

"Rosemary! What is it?"

The girl held out the letter with shaking fingers.

"Don't speak to me!" she said hoarsely. "I can't bear it yet, Mother—with a wild cry—'mother, my heart is broken.'"

It was a year later.

Time, the great healer, had laid a gentle hand on Rosemary's wild sorrow, hushing it to rest, soothing the dull agony. Still, there lay in a little drawer of her bureau that envelope, with its sprig of faded rosemary, and the faint order never failed to bring back the old, sad memories.

Sir Jasper Carew was very tender in his honest devotion. One day he told her of his love. Very gently, very tenderly, all the devotion, silent and strong, of years' growth he laid at her feet.

"I have always loved you, dear," he said. "Is there no hope for me at all?"

Rosemary looked away into the sunshiny garden regretfully.

"Listen to me first before I answer your question," she said softly. "I know I can trust you, and I should like to tell you all. There was—some one else—and he went away. I never heard anything of him till last year, when one day I heard from a friend of his that he was dying—dead. I thought he had forgotten me, but he had not. I loved him, and I can never love in the same way again. But"

She paused, and Jasper took her hands in his.

"Rosemary," he said, and his voice trembled. "I will be content with very little love if you will only let me take care of you. Will you be my wife?"

Rosemary looked at him steadily.

"If you can be content," she said softly, "I will do my best to make you happy."

It was a strange, an almost pathetic wooing, but Jasper Carew felt amply rewarded for his years of faithful devotion and patient waiting.

It was September when they were all at Padstow Court again. The wedding was to take place in December, and Mrs. Maitland, quite in her element, was very busy arranging all those hundred and one details which must attend the marriage of an only daughter.

Jasper felt that his cup of happiness was full to the brim as he and Rosemary sauntered slowly homeward one glorious evening.

Passing along a green lane, they heard footsteps behind them, and a voice at their side said courteously:

"Could you kindly tell me the nearest way to Padstow Court?"

They turned and faced the speaker. At the sight of him Rosemary staggered back, pale to the very lips, while he started forward with a cry.

"Rosemary!"

"Jim!"

With all the deadly rapidity of a flash of lightning Jasper Carew realized what had happened, and he saw at once that all his dreams of future happiness were at an end. He turned away for a moment, for at first the sight of his (alas, his no longer) Rosemary lying sobbing in Jim's arms was too much for him to witness, till at last Rosemary remembered all, and she turned pleadingly to Jasper.

"Jasper," she pleaded, "Jasper, forgive me—forgive me!"

"Dear," he said hoarsely, "I see it all. And now?"—he turned to Jim and held out his hand—"welcome home, Duncan," he said. "You see I know who you are. Rosemary, you can do one thing for me—make him happy."

"God bless you!" said Jim as he wrung his hand. "I can never repay you for this act of more than generosity."

"Take her in," said Jasper abruptly, glancing at Rosemary. "We shall meet again presently."

He left them abruptly, and the lovers, left alone, found time for mutual explanations. Jim had almost miraculously recovered and, having been sent up country, had been detained abroad for some time longer.

"Rosemary," he said, "you never answered my letters."

"Letters?" she echoed. "I got none, and I thought—I thought you had forgotten me."

Matters thus arranged, by Sir Jasper's special wish the marriage was not delayed, and the only alteration was that he took the place of "best man" at his own request. Mrs. Maitland was sorely annoyed at this change, but at the special intervention of Providence, as the colonel