

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 from 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 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.

MORE HOME KNITTERS WANTED.



We want a few more workers in this locality, at once, and in order to secure your co-operation without the delay of correspondence, we herewith explain our full plan in this advertisement. The work is simple and the Machine is easily operated, and with the Guide requires no teacher. If you wish to join our staff of Workers let us hear from you promptly with the Application Form for Stock and Machine filled out and remittance, and we will allot you Stock and send you machine and outfit to begin work at once.

THE PEOPLE'S KNITTING SYNDICATE

Incorporated by Provincial Charter under the Ontario Companies Act. **LIMITED.**

Authorized Capital Stock, \$180,000

HEAD OFFICE, - TORONTO, CANADA

The Syndicate is offering a limited amount of Stock at \$1.00 per share in lots of twenty shares. (Each subscriber of the twenty shares to be furnished a twenty-dollar knitting machine free to work for the Syndicate and to share in the net profits of all goods made.)

The Syndicate has been formed for the purpose of manufacturing knitted goods cheaper than any existing company, to keep down prices, and to oppose the large knitting combines and companies which have joined hands to raise prices. To do this successfully it is necessary to get yarn at first cost and to manufacture goods with the least possible expense. Therefore—

1. The Syndicate supplies its own yarn and machines.
2. The Syndicate has all goods made by shareholders knitting at their own homes.
3. The Syndicate pays for all properly made goods at once upon receipt of same, and besides paying for the work when sent in will semi-annually divide with its working shareholders the net profits from the sale of all goods made by its shareholders.
4. The Syndicate sells all goods made by its working shareholders.
5. To each subscriber of twenty \$1.00 shares the Syndicate gives free a twenty dollar Knitting Machine to keep, and also supplies each working shareholder, free of charge, full directions, samples and yarn to make the goods.

To become a shareholder, a worker, the owner of one of the machines, to be paid for the work you do, and also to participate in the equal division of the net profits, you have only to become a member of the Syndicate and take twenty \$1.00 shares which will cost you twenty dollars. The Syndicate will guarantee the machine for ten years. It will knit from the finest of imported yarns to the coarsest of Canadian wool yarn the same as hand work, but eighty times faster, in fact a pair of socks or bicycle hose in twenty minutes. With each machine a full outfit is sent together with a supply of yarn to commence at once. The guide accompanying the machines is so plain and the operation so simple that anyone of ordinary intelligence can make any of the knitted goods required by the Syndicate, such as Gents' Socks, Ladies' Stockings, Golf and Bicycle Hose, Knickers, Leggings, and Toggles for Children.

The Syndicate pays for knitting these goods are:—Socks, \$5.00 per 100 pairs; Ladies' Stockings, \$10.00 per 100 pairs; Gents' Socks, \$5.00 per 100 pairs; Golf and Bicycle Hose, \$5.00 per 100 pairs; Knickers, \$10.00 per 100 pairs; Leggings, \$10.00 per 100 pairs; Toggles, \$10.00 per 100 pairs. All these goods are quickly made on the machine and at these prices anyone willing to work can make good pay, much more than clerking in store, working in shop or laboring on farm. Shareholders can devote all or part of their time knitting, but at all times they are expected to work for the interests of the Syndicate.

WHO CAN JOIN. All persons willing to accept and honestly knit the yarn entrusted to them, and to return made goods promptly to the Syndicate.

WHAT YOU MUST DO TO JOIN. Each person desiring to become a shareholder of stock, participating in the semi-annual dividends, and to do work for the Syndicate, receiving pay as fast as the work is sent in—must out but the following APPLICATION FORM, sign their name to it, fill in address and reference, and enclose it with Express or Post Office Money Order to the Syndicate.

Application Form for Stock and Machine.

THE PEOPLE'S KNITTING SYNDICATE, LIMITED,
130 YONGE ST., TORONTO, ONT.

I enclose you herewith \$20.00 in FULL PAYMENT for 20 shares of stock (subject to no other call) in The People's Knitting Syndicate, Limited, which I wish allotted to me, and one of your \$20.00 machines free, same as you furnish your shareholders, together with free samples, instructions and yarn, which I wish sent to me as soon as possible to enable me to begin work for the Syndicate at once upon receipt of same. The said stock to entitle me to participate in the semi-annual dividends of the Syndicate in addition to being paid cash on delivery for all the Knitting I do for the Syndicate on my machine.

Name your nearest Express Office: _____ Your name _____
Post Office _____
Name Reference, Mr. _____

REVIEW, Richibucto. _____
(Please state how much time you can devote to the work and how you wish to be paid—weekly, monthly or as you send in the work.)

THE KING PROCLAIMED.

LONDON, Jan. 24.—King Edward VII has been proclaimed in many cities and towns of the United Kingdom, the usual procedure being that the mayor attended by other members of the corporation, has read the proclamation in the town hall or market place. In Dublin a uniformed parade proclaimed Edward VII. At one castle gate in the presence of the lord lieutenant and Earl of Cadogan and the Irish privy council an immense assemblage attended the proclamation.

LONDON, Jan. 24.—London was given to-day a glimpse of mediaeval times. The quaint ceremonies with which King Edward VII was proclaimed at various points of the metropolis exactly followed ancient precedents. The officials purposely arranged the function an hour ahead of the published announcement and the inhabitants when they awoke were surprised to find the entire way between St. James Palace and the city lined with troops. About 10,000 soldiers, Life Guards, Horse Guards and other cavalry and infantry regiments had been brought from Aldershot and London barracks after midnight. All the officers had crapes on their arms, and the drums and brass instruments were shrouded with crepe. The troops made an imposing spectacle, but they were entirely eclipsed by the strange spectacle presented by the officials of the College of Arms.

The ceremony began at St. James Palace where at 9 o'clock Edward VII was proclaimed King of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland and Emperor of India. The proclamation, which was read by William Henry Weldon, King at Arms since 1894, and formerly Windsor Herald, was as follows:

"Whereas it has pleased Almighty God to call to His mercy our late Sovereign

Lady, Queen Victoria, of blessed and glorious memory, by whose decease the Imperial Crown of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland is solely and rightfully come to the High and Mighty Prince, Albert Edward; we, therefore, the Lords spiritual and temporal of this realm, being here assisted with those of Her Late Majesty's Privy Council, with numbers of other principal gentlemen of quality, with the Lord Mayor, the Aldermen and the citizens of London, do now hereby with one voice, consent of tongue and heart, publish and proclaim that the high and mighty Prince Albert is now by the death of our late Sovereign of happy memory become our only lawful and rightful liege Lord, Edward VII, by the grace of God, King of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland, Defender of the Faith, Emperor of India, to whom we do acknowledge all faith and constant obedience with all hearty and humble affection, beseeching God, by whom all kings and Queens do reign, to bless Royal Prince Edward VII, with long and happy years to reign over us."

The contingent from the College of Arms was composed of three Kings-at-Arms, four Heralds and eight Pursuivants. The costumes of the Heralds and the Pursuivants were gorgeous beyond compare. They wore tabards, which resemble the costume of kings as depicted on playing cards. These tabards were beautifully and heavily embroidered with gold silk lions, the royal coat of arms and flowers in bewildering confusion. There was the rouge dragon, the blue mantle and the maltravers with all the armorial bearings of that quaint old body and College of Arms in full and solemn array.

A blare of trumpets announced the progress of the cavalcade through Trafalgar Square and the Strand.

The chief interest of the morning centred in the entrance of the Herald's procession into the city at Temple Bar. At 9.15 o'clock out of the gray mist with in the city boundary appeared a procession of carriages, forming the Lord Mayor's entourage. It was there that the two processions were to merge in kaleidoscopic grandeur. The Lord Mayor, the Sheriff, the Aldermen and the Mace Bearers, in scarlet fur trimmed robes cocked hats, ruffled shirts, silk knee breeches and low buckled shoes, peered out from cinderella-like coaches that would have been the envy of Alice in Wonderland. In their gold liveries the white-wigged coachmen

of the Lord Mayor looked down contemptuously upon soldier, herald and peer. In the olden days a veritable bar or gate separated the city from without. To-day ten strong policemen stretched a red silk rope across the thoroughfare in honor of the city's ancient privileges.

After the usual formalities, the civic functionaries pledged obedience, and the King's cavalcade was allowed to pass Temple Bar.

Among those in attendance were Earl Roberts and members of the headquarters staff of the army officers, and there was present a great concourse of people from the commencement to the close. At the conclusion of the ceremony the band belonging to the Foot Guards in the Friary Court played "God Save the King."

MOTHERS DO NOT FAIL TO SEE that you obtain the original and genuine McLean's Vegetable Worm Syrup—safe, pleasant and effectual at all times.

Use the Granger Condition Powder for a genuine tonic and blood cleanser for Horses and Cattle.

Kendrick's Liniment is always satisfactory, never disappointing.

Use KENDRICK'S LINIMENT.

BUT NOT ORNAMENTAL.

The nervous young man backed into the nearest chair. The fair girl glared at him. "You're a bird!" she cried sarcastically.

"Why—er—what?" he gasped.
"You're on my hat!" she fairly screamed.—Philadelphia Press.



"Stuck on his Fence"
If you use Page Fence you will like it, but will not be stuck like the gentleman in the picture. The Page Fence is woven in our own factory, from coiled wire made by ourselves, and twice as strong as that used in other fences. Get this year's prices, they are lower than last year.
THE PAGE WIRE FENCE CO. (LTD.)
WALKERVILLE, ONT.

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 SALOON HOPPER.

BY ANNA E. RUSSELL.

It is said that the mills of the gods grind slowly. This cannot be said of the mills of the demons. They grind fast and exceeding small. It is a perpetual and insatiable grind. There are two streams that turn the machinery of the saloon—the stream of greed for money and the stream of depraved appetite. When the hand of debauched public sentiment lifts the flood gates of these two confluent streams, the tide pours in upon the great wheel that turns all the machinery of this terrible mill of the demons. Day and night, week day and rest day, at all seasons and at all times, the dismal groan of the creaking machinery may be heard on every street and within sound of almost every American home. One would think these old Plutonian mills would break down or wear out under the ceaseless moil of their infamous grind. But they do not; or if one tumbles, a dozen more rise in its stead, and still they grind. "What do they grind?" Well, look into the hopper and see for yourself. That merciless receptacle is not hidden from the public. It might be a wholesome tonic for the public conscience to make an inventory of some of the things that go into the hopper.

Men count money as of some worth in the ordinary transaction of business, but in the grind of the saloon money seems to have lost all its intrinsic worth. It is poured into the saloon hopper as so much refuse, while politicians are marching and countermarching, debating, filling the air with arguments in favor of tariff or no tariff, hanging the destiny of the nation on the question of finance. The saloon hopper is taking in the revenues that would make the government rich in a single year. One billion and two hundred million dollars a year go into this remorseless hopper. The New York Tribune says the liquor traffic costs every year more than our whole civil service, our army, our navy, our congress, including the river and harbor and pension bills, our wasteful local governments, and all national, state, county and local debts, besides all the schools in the country. "In fact," says the Tribune, "this country pays more for liquor than for every function for every kind of government." Is it possible that statesmen can look calmly down that vortex that is swallowing up the wealth of our land at such an amazing rate, and not cry out against the sacrifice? One would suppose that all political parties, all Christians, all patriots, men, women and children, would march in solid column to the demolition of these destroyers of our nation's wealth. The explanation of this appalling apathy is not far away, for something more valuable than our nation's money has gone into the saloon hopper.

The conscience, the will power of the drinker have followed his money. Sixty thousand drinkers go down into the saloon hopper every year, and many of the people are rather gratified to have them moved from sight. They had become burdens to themselves, a disgrace to their families, a terror to their neighbors and an expense to the municipal courts, loathsome sores on the body politic, so that the easiest way to be rid of them was to dump them into the saloon hopper and let the mills grind.

But this process involved another. With these sinking thousands the public conscience goes down. It is not in the nature of things, in God's moral government, to stand by and witness the ruin of souls without pushing to their rescue, and remain guiltless ourselves. To tamely and without remonstrance submit to this eternal grind is to drop, ourselves, into that same hopper. It is, at least, to have our moral vision darkened, our moral sensibilities blunted. It is to bring ourselves into a condition in which the ringing of the alarm bells bring us no warning. While the guilty drunkard is ground to powder, soul and body, our moral senses are blunted, and we are less able and less inclined to resist the infamous grind of the saloon.

Look deeper into this saloon hopper, and you will see thousands and thousands of homes, with all their priceless treasures and cherished hopes going down. These homes were once built in love, with promise of blessed perpetuity, and purposes of fidelity were laid in their very foundation. Children came as God's welcome gifts; were loved and cherished until the home came within the swirl of the saloon grind. But now all the holy vows, the tender love, the radiant promises of early wedded life, the jewels of other days, are ground to powder.

Two million of our own boys, the boys of this nation, must be selected out of every generation to pour their hopes, their lives, and every cherished anticipation we have concerning them into the saloon hopper. More than sixty thousand boys must be surrendered every year to the infamous greed of the saloon business. One can not read without tears that surprisingly eloquent and pathetic plea of Judah for his brother Benjamin,

LIFE-GIVING POWER AND VIRTUE IN EVERY DROP.

Paine's Celery Compound
Has Never Disappointed
the Sick.

It Ever Retains The Confidence of the People.

Wherever once used, the sick and suffering of all classes of our Canadian people are made to realize that Paine's Celery Compound does not belong to the ordinary patent medicine ranks, such as nervines, bitters and sarsaparillas. Paine's Celery Compound is as far beyond these ordinary preparations as the diamond is superior to cheap glass.

Paine's Celery Compound possesses extraordinary virtues and powers peculiar to itself, for health-giving and lengthening life. It has saved men and women—youth and old—after all other medicines failed. It has so much astonished physicians by its curative powers that they now prescribe and recommend it.

Professor Edward E. Phelps, M. D., gave Paine's Celery Compound to the nervousness, liver and kidney troubles, neuralgia and rheumatism.

Thousands of thankful letters from people of every rank, give proof of the fact that Paine's Celery Compound "makes sick people well."

If you sigh and long for a new health, a better life is your sure reward if you use the medicine that has cured others. The use of one bottle will convince you that there is power and virtue in each drop. Beware of substitutes; see that your druggist gives you "PAINE'S" the kind that cures.

when it became apparent that Jacob was to be bereft of the child of his old age. And can we witness unmoved the spectacle of that company of two million boys moving in procession to a doom infinitely worse than Egyptian slavery? This generation of parents has furnished the number, and the next must increase it unless the Christian parents of our land interpose by prevailing prayer and by united effort to stay the horrible grind.

Father, mother, is their any equivalent that can be paid into the city treasury by the saloon men that can compensate you for the surrender of your boy to make up the vast army of drunkards? Nay, you spurn the suggestion with just and righteous indignation; still the sixty thousand boys are drafted this very year into the army of drunkards to take the place at the saloon bar of the sixty thousand bloated drunkards that have been drawn forth from the city and buried with the burial of a beast. The saloon business would perish in a generation, were it not for the recruits that our homes are furnishing every year.

Judah's plea may well become ours, "How shall I go up to my father, and the lad be not with me?" How can we Christian parents go up to our Father and these lads be not with us? How shall we answer Him in that day when we give account of our stewardship?

We have seen what goes into the hopper of the saloon; let us see what comes out of it. It empties its grist into the bottomless pit—ruins of homes, ruins of bodies, and ruins of hearts and souls. It grinds our pauperism, and turns it over to the county and state to be provided for; it grinds out idiocy and insanity for the state to take care of; it grinds out criminals and crime for the courts to investigate, and for the industrious and Christian people to pay for; it grinds out lawlessness, rioting, anarchy and non-industrial armies, it pulverizes the ballot box, cheats the will of honest, patriotic citizens, and will crush the life out of our nation if it proceeds unchecked as it has during the last forty years. No nation can long survive a system of iniquity that wastes its resources at the rate of a billion and two hundred million dollars a year, that corrupts its homes, immolates its youth and injects its poison into the very vitals of its national life.

In the Clutch Of Consumption.



Don't neglect that persistent hacking cough till you find yourself in the clutch of Consumption. It's an easy matter to stop it now by taking

DR. WOOD'S NORWAY PINE SYRUP.

This pleasant remedy heals and soothes the lungs and bronchial tubes, and cures lingering and chronic coughs when other remedies fail.

Mr. W. F. Cann, writing from Morpeth, Ont., says: "I honestly believe I would have died of consumption only for Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup. I have used it for years and consider it has no equal for severe colds and throat troubles."