

RAILROADS.

INTERCOLONIAL RAILWAY

On and after Monday, June 10th, 1901 trains will run daily (Sunday excepted) as follows:—

Table with columns for destination (Moncton and St. John, Newcastle and Campbellton) and arrival times.

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. 6th June, 1901

KENT NORTHERN RAILWAY.

TIME TABLE.

Table with columns for departure/arrival times and locations (Richibucto, Rexton, Mill Creek, Grumble Road, Molus River, McMinn's Mills, Kent Junction).

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 10th, 1901.

MONCTON AND BUCTOUCHE RAILWAY.

1901 SUMMER TIME TABLE. 1901

On and after Monday, June 10th, 1901, trains on this railway will run as follows:

Table with columns for departure/arrival times and locations (Moncton, Buctouche).

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 10.25.

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 15.00.

E. G. EVANS, Superintendent

£ Mondays only. † Tues., Wed., Thu., Fri. and Sat. § Mon., Tue., Wed., Thu. and Fri. ¶ Saturdays only.

- BILLS OF SALE (with affidavit), LEASES, COUNTY COURT SUBPENAES, COUNTY COURT WRITS, COUNTY COURT EXECUTIONS, SUPREME COURT SUBPENAES, BILLS OF LADING, MAGISTRATE'S FORMS, MORTGAGES, DEEDS,

and other forms, for sale at

THE REVIEW Office

Sunlight Soap

+ Adds

Comfort in the Work to Cleanliness in the Linen.

- Deducts

the Cares of Washing Day from the Housewife's busy life.

x Multiplies

by two the Life of the articles washed.

÷ Divides

by two the Hours of labour.

Manufactured by Lever Brothers Limited, TORONTO.

HOUSEHOLD HINTS.

Cover sandwiches that are not to be served at once with a damp napkin and bowl.

To clean a kitchen table rub the greasy stains with lemon juice, and they will speedily disappear.

Whiting mixed with alcohol is excellent for cleaning silver and will give a much more brilliant polish than if water is used.

A small flat paint brush has a value in cleaning the corners of the window sash. Hot, sharp vinegar will clean off paint splatters, and turpentine will remove putty.

Small, stiff vegetable brushes that are so convenient in cleaning potatoes, etc. are useful in housecleaning time for scrubbing the moulding and corners of the woodwork.

Loosely twisted knitting silk is better for darning wollen underwear than wool, which is apt to shrink. If the threads of the darn are left loose, after washing it will have about the same appearance as the original texture.

If articles of decidedly strong flavor have been chopped in a wooden bowl, some washing will not be sufficient to entirely remove taste and odor. In that case fill the bowl with warm borax water and let stand half an hour; then rinse in cold water and put in the sun.

WOMAN IS AS OLD AS SHE LOOKS.

It is not age but disease, weakness and ill-health that makes women look old care-worn and wrinkled. You cannot look your best unless you feel well, strong and vigorous, with pure, rich blood and steady nerves. Dr. Chase's Nerve Food makes good looks because it makes good health, restores the healthful glow to the complexion, round out the form and gives elasticity to every motion of the body.

St. John Telegraph: Wm. Terris, night watchman at Maritime nail works, fell over the wharf into 20 feet of water at the foot of the thoroughfare at the works about 9 o'clock Friday evening. He had been engrossed in watching a dance on a nearby schooner and in so doing did not readily observe how near he had come to the edge of the wharf. Those on the schooner, hearing his cry for help, at once rescued him. Mr. Terris then went to his home, Main street. Dr. Wm. Christie was called but found his patient not seriously harmed. Mr. Terris is a middle-aged man.

DROPSY

for which Dodd's Kidney Pills are the only certain cure. In Dropsy the Kidneys are actually damaged up, and the water, which should be expelled in the form of urine, flows back and lodges in the cells of the flesh and puffs out the skin. Remove the filth which plugs up the drain. Restore the Kidneys to health. There is only one Kidney Medicine

DODD'S KIDNEY PILLS

GOD'S SMILE.

When God upon our little world looks down, In its own strenuous eyes so passing great, So rapt with toys, the pen, the sword, the crown, Playing its game of fortune, fame or state, Does he not smile, the patient One who knows, Keeping us gently in the onward way, Waiting, with kindly thought, the evening's close When we shall tire of play?

And life's vast tragedies, its sins and wrongs, Are they not but as wounds that children feel, A tale that of the nursery belongs Of hurts left for his tender touch to heal? Does he not smile, the good God of us all, Knowing how sure his love for every one, Making things right when evening's shadows fall And the rough play is done? —Ripley D. Saunders in St. Louis Republic.

The HONEYMOON

It was the day after the wedding and wet enough to damp the ardor of the most devoted of bridegrooms. And John Hampton was not the most devoted. He had married, as most cautious and selfish young men do, because he wanted a home and some one to look after his home comforts. He had tried housekeepers, but they had proved failures one and all. They wanted too many evenings out, and their appearance was not calculated to decorate any smart little suburban villa.

And so John meditated deeply about the matter. Should he hamper himself with a wife or should he engage another lady housekeeper and see how that worked?

"Why not combine the two and get a wife as well as a lady housekeeper?" thought John, and so he kept a sharp eye round him for a bright, pretty domesticated girl whom he could honor with his intentions with a view to matrimony.

And at last his diligent search was rewarded. Madeline Gray possessed every attraction and virtue that John had determined his pretty wife should have. She was pretty, brilliantly pretty. Her hair was like spun gold, and her eyes were as blue as the bluest of china; but, as John Hampton remarked, beauty was not everything, and Madeline's hands, though small and white, were the simplest in the world. She could knit, and she could sew, she could wash, and, yes, she could even scrub, and do it all in the daintiest and most becoming manner too. Truly Madeline Gray was a jewel which only required the setting of that little Norwood villa to perfect.

And John Hampton thought himself extremely lucky when this model of virtues accepted his attentions and later his dignified proposal of marriage, and that was how he happened to be looking out of the window of his modest little apartments at Brighton one very wet day in May. The scene was depressing enough. The sea looked dark and gloomy, the beach was deserted, and now and then a dejected looking individual enveloped in a mackintosh hurried along the parade with the seeming object of getting home as quickly as possible. "Honeymoons are a mistake," said John to himself. "If I hadn't wanted a change of air, I shouldn't have come. It's an ideal morning for the seaside, I must say."

At that moment Mrs. Hampton entered the room, and he turned to greet her. "Not a very charming morning, my dear, is it?" said he amiably. "Well, what can you expect from a place like Brighton?" said his wife coolly. "It's all the same here whether it rains or shines."

John raised his eyebrows in surprise. "Why, my dear?"—he began anxiously. "You thought I liked Brighton, I suppose," interrupted Mrs. Hampton calmly. "Well, it's a pity you didn't trouble to inquire before. As you arranged this holiday yourself, you mustn't grumble, and now come and have your breakfast."

To say that Mr. Hampton was surprised is stating the case too mildly. He was simply astounded. He looked at his wife as at some Chinese puzzle. Was this self possessed and commanding woman really the meek and subdued little maiden he had married the day before?

And yet there she sat, her golden head as golden as ever, her eyes as blue, pouring out the coffee with as much sang froid as if she had been Mrs. Hampton for years. "I presume you ordered this breakfast," she said as she finished her task. "Yes, dear," said John. "Is there?"

"No, there isn't anything I like," she replied, without troubling him to finish his remark, and looking at the viands on the table. "Will you please ring the bell?"

John obeyed, and when the maid appeared she gave an order for a new laid egg and a piece of hot toast, passing the cold meat to her husband with the dignity of a queen.

And a very good breakfast she made too. John was rather taken aback. In his idea delicate and refined women should eat very little and of the daintiest viands, and this morning meal of his wife's surprised him as much as her manner had done. She had acted so differently during their engagement. Evidently he had misunderstood her, and he determined to assert his authority as her lord and master at once. There was no time to lose. "Let a woman get the upper hand," thought John, "and your influence is gone forever."

And so, after the breakfast things were cleared away, he told her to put on her bonnet and accompany him for a long walk.

"Good gracious, John, are you mad?" said his wife. "In weather like this?" "Certainly. It will do you far more good than stopping at home. Come, do as I tell you."

Mrs. Hampton looked at him scornfully.

"John Hampton," she said firmly, "if you like to go out and contract a chill, I've no objection, except that I shall have the trouble of nursing you, but don't take me quite for a fool. I shall stay indoors and write a long letter to mamma."

And so, very much crestfallen at his first attempt to assert his authority, John put on his hat and went down on the beach and amused himself by making ducks and drakes on the waves. But in time this sport became tame, and, after buying some cigarettes and a newspaper, he retraced his steps once more to the house.

On his way he passed a couple who were walking under a large umbrella. The man had his right arm round the girl's waist, and the girl held up a radiant face to his and was chatting charmingly. They appeared to be perfectly oblivious to the rain and everything but just themselves.

For some reason or other John sighed heavily and then to excise himself of the weakness looked after them contemptuously and denounced them as deluded fools.

When he reached home, Mrs. Hampton met him at the door and asked him to kindly post her letters. There were two—one to mamma, certainly, but the other was addressed to a young man who had been a frequent caller at the maternal home until their engagement was announced.

"Excuse me," he said in a dignified manner. "May I be informed of the contents of this letter?" "No, you may not," said Mrs. Hampton stiffly. "And your request is an insult. Pray make haste back, as luncheon is on the table."

And again John obeyed, though with very ill grace. The next day Mrs. Hampton declared that honeymoons were very dull. "You had better give notice here and pay the week's bills and take rooms at one of the best hotels. It will be a treat to see a few people at mealtimes even if one does not speak to them."

At this John made a strenuous protest. He hated a large gathering, he said, and much preferred a quiet life. Besides, he was hurt and mortified that she should so soon tire of his company. In a honeymoon a wife and husband should be all and all to one another. It should be a brief time sacred to themselves, a time when there should be no intrusions from the outside world.

But Mrs. Hampton only curled her pretty lips. "That's all nonsense," she said, with a derisive laugh. "You only read about that sort of thing in books. In real life a marriage is a very prosaic matter. When we return to town and you go to business, it will be different. I shall entertain my friends then and shall have plenty to amuse me."

And so to the hotel they went, and after that Mrs. Hampton couldn't complain that she saw too much of John. She became a great favorite with the visitors there and was always joining in some expedition or the other, and it was with a great sigh of relief from the happy bridegroom that the holiday came to an end.

How pleasant the little villa at Norwood looked after those desolate rooms at the hotel. Even Mrs. Hampton admired John's taste at the manner in which they were furnished, and they sat down to tea in the little dining room for the first time together.

John took up his evening paper as was his wont and scanned it through, but raised his head suddenly at what sounded like a muffled sob. "Madeline," he said anxiously, "what is the matter, dear?" And he jumped up and went to her side, whereupon the distressed one lifted a face rippling with laughter.

"Oh, John, dear John," she said. "Tell me, did you enjoy your honeymoon very much, dear?" John hadn't, but he didn't say so. He caught the white hands held out to him and drew the owner to him. "Madeline," he said, "did you?"

"Yes; I did," said Madeline, interrupting him in her usual way. "I wanted to give you a lesson, sir. You wanted to have things all your own way. I divined it from the first. You married me because you wanted a companionable housekeeper. Come, confess, sir. You didn't marry me because you loved me."

"But now, dearest," he said, still holding her close. "Well, I think, thanks to my lesson, you do a little bit now." And John confessed he did just a little bit, and his thoughts traveled back to that happy young couple under the umbrella at Brighton.

"We'll have another honeymoon later on, Madeline," he said; "a real one this time."—Penny Pictorial Magazine.

A Kipling Picture of Buffalo. After Rudyard Kipling had spent a day or two in Buffalo in the eighties he thus described it: "Buffalo is a large village of a quarter of a million inhabitants situated on the seashore, which is falsely called Lake Erie. Once clear of the main business streets you launch upon miles and miles of asphalted roads running between cottages and cut stone residences of those who have money and peace. When you have seen the outside of a few hundred thousand of these homes and the inside of a few score, you begin to understand why the American does not take a deep interest in what they call 'politics' and why he is so vaguely and generally proud of the country that enables him to be so comfortable. How can the owner of a dainty chalet, with smoked oak furniture, imitation Venetian tapestry curtains, hot and cold water laid on, a bed of geraniums and hollyhocks, a baby crawling down the veranda and a self acting, twirly whirly hose gently hissing over the grass in the balmy dusk of an August evening—how can such a man despair of the republic?"

AMBITIOUS ACTORS SEEK SURGEON'S AID.

UNDERGO OPERATIONS TO ENABLE THEM TO GET INTO THE MATINEE IDOL CLASS.

NEW YORK, Aug. 9.—Two actors, prevented thus far by physical deformities from becoming matinee idols are in St. Luke's Hospital awaiting the efforts of nature to follow out the work begun by two operations. When they leave the institution, three weeks from now, Arthur Charlesworth will have a new pair of ears and Walter Burke will have a new nose. Both of the actors are twenty-six years old and have followed the dramatic profession for several years. They discovered that their features were not fair to look upon under the calcium glow, so they decided to have changes made, and three weeks ago they went to St. Luke's for that purpose.

Mr. Charlesworth had been troubled from his birth by ears which had a stubborn way of standing out almost at right angles with his head. As the years wore on this peculiarity grew more marked. He decided that unless he wished to be an eccentric comedian or to play Nick Bottom in the legitimate it would be necessary to have the ears closer to his head. Dr. Robert Abbe removed certain muscles and bound the ears down by means of a bandage. When the bandages are removed, it is expected that the ears will be entirely normal in their appearance.

Owing to dilated nostrils Mr. Burke's nose had the appearance of being large and flat. Dr. Abbe removed cartilage and bone, and by means of a few stitches gave the feature another form. The nose is now enclosed in plaster. The removal of the supporting plaster of paris cast in three weeks will leave a nose of aristocratic outline, it is hoped. It is the ambition of the young actors to star, and they think that their success will be assured when they have overcome their deformities. They are able to walk about the hospital, and when the opportunity offers they entertain nurses and physicians with recitations.

NEGRO BURNED AT STAKE FOR CRIME.

CURSED HIS EXECUTIONERS WHEN AGONISED PLEAS FOR MERCY AVailed NOTHING.

BIRMINGHAM, Ala., Aug. 8.—John Wesley Pennington, a negro, was burned at the stake near Enterprise, Ala., before a crowd of 500 enraged and determined residents of Coffee county, yesterday morning. The mob was composed of both whites and blacks and, though the suffering man pleaded for mercy and frantically endeavored to break the chains that bound him, not a trace of sympathy was shown. Pennington had committed a brutal assault upon Mrs. J. C. Davis, wife of one of the most prominent farmers of Coffee county, and had confessed his guilt.

The crime was committed Tuesday afternoon. A large posse was organized, with bloodhounds, and captured the negro in a swamp. He was bound and taken to the Davis home for identification. When the posse arrived this morning with Pennington, at least 500 persons were gathered near the Davis residence. Mrs. Davis recognized her assailant and the negro admitted the assault and pleaded for mercy, but he was dragged to the woods nearby.

An iron pipe was driven in the ground. Around this brushwood was piled. When the negro saw his doom he screamed with terror and fell in a faint. He was revived and dragged to the stake, but had to be held up while the chains were fastened around his neck and body. A match was applied to the pile and with oil to feed upon the flame soon burst into a roar. The terrified negro again and again pleaded for mercy in agonizing tones and prayed to God that those around him might perish.

He then called upon his Maker for forgiveness and as the flames leaped up and encircled his neck soon nothing could be seen but the writhing motion in the circle of fire. Then the oil burnt out and the flames subsided sufficiently to show that Pennington's head had fallen forward and hung limp over the iron chain. His body was quickly consumed and the crowd dispersed.

Never Say Die. You may be weak, miserable, nervous, sleepless, your digestion may be poor, and you despair. Never say die, until you have used Ferrozone, the most wonderful blood maker, nerve strengthener and brain invigorator. It tones up the whole system. You can eat anything and digest it if you use Ferrozone. You sleep well. You make blood quickly, strength increases daily, in a short time you're well. Try Ferrozone, which you can obtain at R. O'Leary's.

NINE BOILS.

FOUR RUNNING SORES. The T. Milburn Co., Limited, Toronto, Ont. Some time ago my blood got out of order and nine large boils appeared on my neck, besides numerous small ones on my shoulders and arms. Four running sores appeared on my foot and leg and I was in a terrible state. A friend advised Burdock Blood Bitters, so I procured three bottles. After finishing the first bottle the boils started to disappear and the sores to heal up. After taking the third bottle there was not a boil or sore to be seen. Besides this, the headaches from which I suffered left me and I improved so much that I am now strong and robust again.

Yours truly, MISS MAGGIE WORTHINGTON. Feb. 3rd, 1901. Golspie, Ont.

NINE BOILS. FOUR RUNNING SORES.

NATURAL INFERENCE "Th' dog stuck his tongue out when he passed me, sor." "That is the sign he was either overheated or not feeling well." "Be dead, th' brute must hav thought Oi was a doctor."—Chicago News.

TO MAKE MONEY it is necessary to have a clear, bright brain, a cool head free from pain, and strong, vigorous nerves. Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills invigorate and brighten the brain, strengthen the nerves, and remove all heart, nerve and brain troubles.