

RAILROADS.

INTERCOLONIAL RAILWAY

On and after Sunday, Oct. 20th, 1901 trains will run daily (Sunday excepted) as follows:—

LEAVE KENT JUNCTION.

Express for Moncton and St. John... 11.32 Express for Newcastle and Campbellton... 13.05

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. 16th Oct., 1901

KENT NORTHERN RAILWAY.

TIME TABLE.

Table with 4 columns: Time, Location, Arrive, Depart. Rows include 9.30 Dept. Richibucto, 9.45 Rexton, 10.00 Mill Creek, 10.15 Grumble Road, 10.20 Molus River, 10.40 McMinn's Mills, 11.00 Arr. Kent Junction, Dept.

Trains are run by Eastern Standard Time.

Trains run daily, Sunday excepted. Connect with T. C. R. Day Express trains north and south.

WILMOT BROWN.

General Manager and Lessee. Richibucto, Oct. 21st, 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 4 columns: Time, Location, Arrive, Depart. Rows include 7.20 10.00 Arr. Moncton, Dep. Buctouche, 6.30 7.30 Dep. Buctouche, Arr. 15.15 19.00, 17.15 19.50

(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 10.25.

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

Monday 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.

A PATHETIC APPEAL.

The Moving Plea of a Divorced Man Who Wanted to Wed Again.

The following plea for judicial mercy sent to us by a correspondent, says Law Notes, will be found brimful of pathos: Ex parte Samuel Rice. To the Hon. H. A. Sharpe, Judge of the City Court of Birmingham, in Equity:

Your petitioner, Samuel Rice of Mobile, Ala., would deferentially represent that on Jan. 10, 1901, in the year of grace 1901, your honor dissolved the connubial ties theretofore existing between petitioner and his consort, Annie Rice, granting her a divorce a vinculo et matrimonii, with the beneficent privilege thereto annexed of marrying again, a privilege, it goes without saying, she availed herself of with an alacrity of spirit and a fastidious levity disdaining pursuit, but on this vital point your honor extended to petitioner only the charity of your silence.

Petitioner has found in his own experience a truthful exemplification of Holy Scripture, "that it is not well for man to be alone," and, seeing an inviting opportunity to superbly ameliorate his forlorn condition by a second nuptial venture, he finds himself circumsvalled by an Casa Felion obstacle, which your honor alone has power to remove.

His days rapidly verging on the sere and yellow leaf, the fruits and flowers of love all going, the worm, the canker and the grief in sight, with no one to love and none to love him, petitioner feels no describable yearning, longing and hewing to plunge his adventurous prow once more into the vexed waters of the sea of Connubiality. Wherefore other refuge having none and wholly trusting to the tender benignity and sovereign discretion of your honor, petitioner humbly prays that in view of the accompanying facts of a great cloud of reputable citizens, giving him a phenomenally good name and fair fame, you will have compassion on him and relieve him of the humiliated disability under which his existence has become a burden by awarding him the like privilege of marrying again, thus granting him a happy issue out of the Red sea of troubles into which a pitiless fate has whelmed him. For, comforting as the velvet touch of an angel's palm to the fevered brow, and soothing as the strains of an aolian harp when swept by the fingers of the night wind, and dear as those rosy drops that visit these sad hearts of ours, and sweet as sacramental wine to dying lips, it is when life's bitter fever is obdurate and some fond wife's bosom and breath his life out gently there.

And in duty bound to attain the possibility of compassing such a monstrous benediction, petitioner will pray without ceasing, in accents as loud and earnest as ever issued from celebratory lips.

SAMUEL RICE, Petitioner.

STRENGTH OF PAPER.

The Great Weight Borne by a Cushion of Rice Paper.

A party of bookers were talking in the bourse of the tensile strength of paper. A mutilated bottle had been overturned on a sheet of ordinary writing paper and a heavy paperweight had become fastened to the sheet. One of the men picked the paper up and dangled the weight from it. Then, in a spirit of curiosity, he piled other weights on the edge of the one fastened to the sheet to see how much the paper would hold. Forty-two pounds were hung on the slender sheet before it gave way.

The experiments attracted the attention of a half dozen or so of men. In the group was an importer of Japanese articles, and he said he had an article made of tissue paper that would bear the weight of any two men who could jump on it, and he wagered lunches for the crowd that they would not break it. The wager was taken up, and then he drew from his coat pocket what seemed to be a bundle of brown paper. It was easily concealed in the palm of his hand. But he placed his lips to a brass nipple and soon the bundle assumed the shape of a large doughnut. Fastening the stopper, Mr. Van Dusen threw the thing on the floor and told his companions to go ahead and jump.

First one man stood on the cushion, for that is what it was, then two men. Next the two men tumbled on it, and then three men. The men tried to break the bag with their heels. The importer watched the endeavor to make his cushion collapse for awhile, then said he guessed he had won the bet.

This was agreed to, and a new test of the strength of the inflated bag was made. A board was procured and placed over the cushion on a bench. Five men sat on the board, and the bag collapsed with a report that sounded through the building like an explosion. An examination of the broken bag showed it to be made of rice paper coated with a paint that resembled roofing fluid. The paper tears easily, and the bookers marvelled at its strength. The weight of the cushion was less than an ounce, and when deflated could be tucked away in a vest pocket.

The Owl in History.

The owl was in former times generally regarded as an omen of misfortune or death; but as the Egyptians represented Minerva under the form of an owl the Athenians, who were under the care of the goddess, looked upon the appearance of the owl as a favorable omen. It therefore formed upon the ancient coins related to the symbol of Athens and her foreign possessions. The Chinese and the Tartars have also held the owl in high esteem. The first named used to wear owl's feathers in their caps, and some Tartar tribes still worship idols made like owls.

Quill Pens.

Quill pens are said by some authorities to have been used in the year 555 and by others not until 625. Quills had a long reign for the steel pen does not seem to have been introduced until 1893. Improvements on the steel pen were made by Mr. Gillott of Birmingham, England, in 1822. The gold pen came next.

Force of Habit.

"Why do Mr. Painbrush and his wife promise me in single file?" "They used to ride a tandem, and they can't get over the tandem habit."

The oldest public building in New York is St. Paul's chapel, at the corner of Broadway and Fulton street. It was built in 1766, ten years before the Declaration of Independence.

A scientist says a sigh is due to worry, but that a deeper cause is a lack of oxygen.

A Case of Kidney Disease that Could not be Cured by Ordinary Drugs and Medicines.

THE DREAD DISEASE WAS BANISHED AFTER USE OF TWO BOTTLES OF Paine's Celery Compound

A Statement Carrying Warning and Encouragement to Every Sufferer

While the blood is the life of the system, carrying to every part its share of force and energy, it is also the means by which the waste matter, the result of decomposition of the tissues, is removed from the body. If disease has touched the kidneys, there is grave danger, and deadly oppression will settle upon the body and mind. If you have any of the symptoms of Bright's disease or diabetes, Paine's Celery Compound is the only medicine on earth that can stay the ravages of the disease and cure permanently. Mr. C. Kevill, of Dunstons, Ont., testifies as follows:

"For the past fifteen years I have been troubled with diseased kidneys. Often while working in a stooping position I would find it difficult to straighten up at once, and could only do so after repeated efforts. While under very severe attacks of my trouble, I became very nervous, and continually had tired, worn-out feelings. My rest at night seemed to do me no good, as I always felt tired in the morning. I had been taking medicines and was getting worse all the time. At last I decided to give Paine's Celery Compound a trial. I procured a bottle, and took it as directed, and found its effect wonderful. Before I had finished the first bottle I began to improve; after I had used the second bottle I felt as well as ever I did in my life. It banished all my aches and pains, and my nervousness disappeared. I can go to bed now and sleep well and rise in the morning rested and refreshed."

HYDE PARK, MASS., Nov. 8.—Announcement was made here to-day of the death of Adolph F. Kraus, the famous sculptor, which took place at the Danvers insane hospital last night. Mr. Kraus has been receiving treatment at the institution since last July. He was 51 years of age. A widow, four sons and two daughters survive.

A pensioner of the Russian government and winner of the grand Prize of Rome, the name of the sculptor, was established in Europe before he came to America in 1881.

In this country he continued to win fame and it was the disappointment of his ambition to produce a masterpiece which is said to have caused his mind to give way. He had partly completed a model in clay of a heroic figure of Belshazzar at the moment of seeing the hand writing on the wall when it began to crumble and Kraus was compelled to abandon the work. His mind became unbalanced soon afterwards.

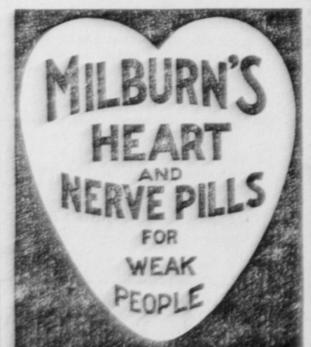
Among his noted pieces in America are the Theodore Parker and the Orisous Attucks monument. He was the sculptor of the winged figures of victory that crowned the towers of machinery hall at the world's fair at Chicago and which received great admiration.

FOUND HER LOST FORTUNE

Of health through believing what she read—tested the claim—proved the truth. South American Kidney Cure cured a violent type of Kidney Disease.

Mr. Norman Cooke, of Delhi, Ont., doctor for Kidney disease until she was tried—tried plasters and a dozen remedies before she tried South American Kidney Cure. When she had used one bottle she had derived great benefit. After taking six bottles she was cured. She was so great a sufferer at times that she couldn't lie down—was totally unfit for household duties. South American Kidney Cure gives relief in six hours.

Enpsck—Did you ever notice that most every one you meet has a jet ejaculation? Now, my favorite word is "Gracious!" Singleton—Yes, and they tell me your wife's word is law.—Chicago News.



These pills cure all diseases and disorders arising from weak heart, worn out nerves or watery blood, such as Palpitation, Skip Beats, Throbbing, Smothering, Dizziness, Weak or Faint Spells, Anemia, Nervousness, Sleeplessness, Brain Fog, General Debility and Lack of Vitality. They are a true heart tonic, nerve food and blood enricher, building up and renewing all the worn out and wasted tissues of the body and restoring perfect health. Price 50c. a box, or 2 for \$1.25, at all druggists.

HUMORS OF BANKING.

FUNNY INCIDENTS RELATED BY MEN IN THE BUSINESS.

A Farmer Who Was Glad That He Didn't Want to Borrow For Ten Instead of Five Years—A Draft That Queerly Went Astray.

"One of the best bank stories I ever heard or read," said the assistant cashier of the Capital National bank, "was related by Governor J. Hoge Tyler of Virginia in an address of welcome made to the American Bankers' association in an annual convention at Richmond, Va., Oct. 2, 1900. As I remember it, the story went about like this: Soon after the war, when banking rates, or discount rates, were high, an old country friend in one of the southwest counties, a farmer, went to the bank to secure a loan of \$1,000 for five years. Of course this made the man behind the grating open his eyes and look at him with wonder and astonishment, and the farmer was told that they could not make provision for such a loan as that unless they had the most satisfactory collateral that could be obtained.

"The old fellow asked, 'Collat what?' "Collateral," the banker answered. "Well, what is that?" the farmer asked. "The banker went on to describe the stocks and bonds and securities that are used by the bank collateral. The old farmer said: 'Well, if I had those things I wouldn't want any money. They are better than money,' he said.

"Well," said the banker, "you can't get the money unless you succeed in getting some of those collaterals, and then we might discount your note."

"Well, the farmer succeeded in getting some collateral and in getting some personal endorsements, and also in getting his own name upon the paper and his wife's as well, and obtained mortgages on everything he had. He came and dumped his collateral down on the banker's desk. They were satisfactory, and the cashier made out his note for him for \$1,000 and told him to sign it, which the farmer did. After signing the note he passed it over. The cashier counted him out \$287.52. The old farmer ejaculated, 'Come on.'

"No, sir," said the cashier, "that is all you can get on a note of \$1,000 for five years at our present rate of discount."

"Dis what?" said the farmer.

"Discount," said the cashier. "That is all you can get."

"What do you mean?" said the farmer.

"Why," said the cashier, "we take off the discount for the first four months and the next four months, and so on, and then at the end of five years your note will only make \$287.52."

"I am glad I did not ask you to lend me that money for ten years," ejaculated the farmer, "or you would have had me in debt, and I would have to pay you something for asking you to lend it to me."

"When I was banking in Sullivan, Ind., some years ago," said the president of a national bank, "I had a singular experience. I always locate my stories on the banks of the Wabash so that people can't tell whether I am 'stretching it' or not. One day a rustic looking fellow came into the bank and handed me a draft on New York made out, we will say, to John Bell. I was not exactly certain that I knew the man, but his appearance was in his favor, and I cashed the draft. He could not write, so I had him make his mark. The draft was forwarded to New York for collection, and in about a week or ten days it came back to us with the statement that the indorsement on the back was a forgery. The letter from the New York bank that accompanied the draft said 'John Bell, the man for whom this draft was indorsed, is a traveling representative for a local patent medicine house, and while he admits that he was in the town of Sullivan on the day the draft was cashed, he declares that he did not get the money. Bell further says that he can read and write very well.'

"I sent for the farmer, whose name was John Bell also, to come to the bank," continued Mr. Wilson, "and when he came I showed him the draft and the letter from the New York bank and asked him how it came about that he cashed that draft, which was intended for another man of the same name. 'Well,' he said, 'I'll tell you how it was. There was a fellow in our neighborhood a couple of weeks ago selling tickets in a lottery for a dollar apiece, and I bought one of them tickets. When I came to town the other day, I went to the postoffice to get my mail and they handed me a letter with that there draft in it. I just supposed it was returns from my lottery ticket, and so I brought the draft to you and got the money on it.'

"I could tell by the old man's face and manner that he was telling the truth, and I took his note for the amount of the draft, which he had spent in the meantime, and fixed the matter up that way. He paid the note, too, eventually."

"When I used to work in the Meridian National bank, which was afterward absorbed by the Merchants," said another bank official, "I relieved Albert Kopp, the paying teller, one day during the noon hour while he went to lunch. An old farmer came up to the counter with a check for a hundred and some odd dollars that he had received in payment for some hogs he had brought to the city and sold. I looked at the name of the payee written on the face of the check and then at the man before me and said 'I don't know you, my friend; you will have to be identified. He gave me an innocent stare of surprise and, reaching into his pocket, said, 'How much will that cost, mister?'

"Way back in 1876, when the civil war revenue tax was still in force," said a bank official, "a country depositor came into our bank at Sullivan and asked me for some stamps, saying he expected to have use for them pretty soon. 'What denomination?' I asked. 'Waal,' he replied, 'I am a Methodist now, but my family's all Baptists.' He had evidently never heard the word denomination used in any connection other than religious."

The Sussex Farmer's Toast.

Here's to the three B's and the H: Bread when we're hungry, Beer when we're dry, Bed when we're weary (and) Heaven when we die.—Journal of the Folk Lore Society.

The Supreme Test.

Clarke—Mr. Shively is passionately fond of art. Miss Jameson—Yes, and yet not fond enough of it to stop painting.—Town and Country.

ANOTHER STARTLING OTTAWA CASE, A LETTER FROM MR. S. A. CASSIDY.

Following The Report of G. H. Kent's Cure of Bright's Disease By Dodd's Kidney Pills, An Ottawa Paper Calls Attention to Another Remarkable Cure.

From the Ottawa Citizen.

A representative of the Citizen recently learned of a remarkable cure of a well-known resident of Ottawa who has suffered for years with a terrible affliction. The well-known resident is Mr. S. A. Cassidy, and the affliction was stone in the kidneys. The Citizen representative called on Mr. Cassidy to verify the reports of his recovery and found them to be true. He is the proprietor of the Bijou Hotel, Metcalfe Street.

He is known by almost everybody and is liked as generally as he is known. His hostility is between the main entrance to Parliament Buildings and the principle thoroughfare of the city, and it is not to be wondered at that he has more than a nodding acquaintance with the gentlemen who hold the destiny of this country in their hands.

When old residents of Ottawa are in a reminiscent mood and talk of the good old sporting days, they always associate the name of Sam Cassidy, who took an active part in sport 20 years ago. He was a fast runner, and jumper of local renown, and took an active part in all lines of sport. To-day he is forty years old, and tips the scales at 250 pounds.

The intimate friends of this robust man have known that for the past ten years he has been a sufferer from a disease that baffled medical skill, and that he has lingered between life and death on many occasions since he was first attacked. At the initial stage of the disease he was taken with violent cramps in the left side of his stomach, and the best skilled physicians

TORONTO, Nov. 8.—Lt. Col. Dennison is much wrought up over the apparent indifference as to whether Canada should send another contingent to South Africa. "Can any Canadian seriously argue," he said to-day, "that we are justified in bringing home two or three thousand troops from their comrades and then sitting down to wait while others vanquish the foe?"

FOXT HILL, Ont. Nov. 8.—William Rice left home after breakfast to day, leaving a note that his body would be found in the bushes. It was, lifeless, with a revolver by his side.

TORONTO, Nov. 8.—The Evening Telegram's London cable says: At the 1901 rifle meeting at Bisley the Canadian team won £25 6s. 1d.

GRENfell, Man., Nov. 8.—Paul Bushe, son of the late S. Bushe, was killed this morning by the accidental discharge of a gun in a buggy in which he was driving with his younger brother.

WINNIPEG, Man., Nov. 8.—The C. P. R. broke its record for marketing grain last Wednesday, when 430,000 bushels were marketed.

TORONTO, Nov. 8.—The Ontario Lord's Day Alliance, in session here to-day, adopted among other resolutions one "noting with sorrow that persons in exalted political and social positions have not infrequently dishonored the Lord's day by Sunday travel, excursions, social functions and authorizing uncalled for military display," etc.

MONTREAL, Nov. 8.—The Montreal branch of the Soldiers' Wives' League raised a sufficient sum to buy the Canadian soldiers in service in South Africa nice Christmas presents. The presents will be shipped at once.

NO DANGER.

There is no danger of heart burn or heart troubles from the use of Chewing Tobacco, if it has been properly manufactured. Great care is taken by the manufacture of "Old Fox" and "Bobs" Chewing Tobacco, to use only pure and wholesome ingredients, which will leave no bad after effects. If you are not already using these brands, try them. Even the tags are valuable. Save them; and ask your dealer for our new illustrated premium catalogue. Tags are good up to January 1st, 1903.

SUNDERLAND, Nov. 8.—J. H. Glendinning of the firm of J. H. Glendinning & Co., drowned in Lake Seugog to-day while duck shooting.

Advertisement for 'The Old' Emulsion of Cod Liver Oil, featuring a logo and text describing its benefits for various ailments like lung troubles, coughs, and colds.

could afford him very little relief. The attacks were of about two weeks' duration, and when he left his bed he was reduced in flesh and was almost a physical wreck. Some years ago an eminent physician diagnosed his disease as "Stone in the Kidney," but even after the diagnosis the physicians were unable to effect a permanent cure. To-day he is a well man. He has found a remedy that has banished the disease—a remedy that has cured where medical aid was ineffectual. The remedy is Dodd's Kidney Pills, and Mr. Cassidy feels so elated over his release from the excruciating suffering that he has given the following statement over his own signature to a well known Ottawa newspaper man.

Ottawa, Aug. 8, 1901.

Dear Sir,—I want you to publish for the benefit of others who are suffering as I have suffered for years about how I was cured of Stone in the Kidneys. My friends all know that I have been a martyr to this disease for years. They know that besides consulting the best physicians in the city and trying every kind of remedy I could think of, I was unable to get better. Some time ago a friend of mine told me that Dodd's Kidney Pills would cure me. As a last resort I tried them and they have cured me. This is the first year in a great many that I have not been confined to my bed with the disease. I could not imagine more severe suffering than one endures who is afflicted with Stone in the Kidney, and I feel the greatest gratitude to Dodd's Kidney Pills, for they have cured me. Anyone who has suffered need suffer no more.

S. A. CASSIDY, Ottawa, Canada.

NO BRIBERY THERE.

"You say," pursued the chairman of the investigating committee, "that he resorted to no bribery whatever during the election, so far as you know?"

"Yes, sir," replied the witness, "that's what I did."

"Did he not circulate several boxes of cigars?"

"Yes, sir, but them cigars wasn't bribes. Here's one of them. Try it."—Tit-Bits.

CROUPY COUGHS OF CHILDREN.

The tendency to croup is a foe that all parents have to fight. Croup comes in the night, when the help must be right at hand if it is to be helped at all. Adamson's Botanic Cough Balsam is a blessing to all families where there are children subject to attacks of croup or any mean cough. It has a wonderful reputation for its efficiency and fully deserves it. You cannot tell what night your child may wake up choking to death with croup. In such a case what do you do? Send for a doctor and wait an hour, or perhaps two hours, while the child is gasping for breath? How much simpler where the true specific for croupy coughs and all throat troubles is right at hand. Indeed, no other way is safe with young children in the house. Adamson's Cough Balsam is a most delicate medicine for children, relieving the little throats at once. Its action is soothing and certain. It clears out the phlegm, which produces the croupy condition, and is a safeguard which no mother who knows about it will dispense with. All coughs and inflammation of the throat or bronchial tubes are cured by the Balsam with promptness that surprises. All druggists sell it, 25 cents. The genuine has "F. W. Kinsman & Co." blown in the bottle.

ARCHITECTURAL.

Mrs. Rivers—My hat is ever so much nicer than Fan Billiwink's, don't you think? Mr. Rivers—Well, the cornice of it projects about six inches farther in front than hers. That ought to satisfy you, I suppose.—Chicago Tribune.

The True Tragedy of Life is ill-health, disappointed ambitions, usefulness destroyed. Pathetic! nay, tragic. Poor blood, weak nerves, a tired brain. Is there hope? Yes! Because there is a cure.

Ferrozone Tablets make blood; not blue blood, but the fluid that strengthens the whole body. Ferrozone does this quickly by improving digestion, stimulating assimilation and by imparting health and tone to the whole system. Mr. R. O'Leary will tell you a great deal more about Ferrozone. Ask him to tell you of the wonderful curative properties of Ferrozone Tablets.

AYLMER, Que., Nov. 9.—The green houses of R. H. Wright was destroyed by fire early this morning. Charles Henman, who had not been long in charge and who was the assistant gardener, was suffocated. The loss on the buildings is placed at \$25,000. No insurance.