

A TERRIBLE CATASTROPHÉ ON A PASSENGER STEAMER.

PHILADELPHIA, Aug. 29.—While the steambot, City of Trenton, of the Wilmington Steamboat Company was on her way from this city to Trenton, N. J., yesterday afternoon, her port boiler exploded, killing 11 persons, and injuring over a score of others. Four passengers are missing but, as many sustained slight injuries, it is thought the missing may be among those who did not find it necessary to go to the hospitals. After the explosion the boat took fire and ran aground. She now lies a wreck and blackened hulk in the marshes 16 miles above this city. Her hold is filled with water and it is feared more of her passengers and her crew may be found when the water is pumped out. A boat belonging to the police department is pumping the water from the vessel. At a point opposite what is known as the Harrison Mansion, fronting the Delaware River, a suburban resort, a steam pipe connecting with the port boiler burst with a loud report. The forward portion of the upper deck was well filled with passengers, while many others were in the cabin. Before any of the passengers or employees had an opportunity of seeking places of safety another explosion occurred, and this time the port boiler was rent in twain.

Scalding steam and water poured into the cabin, the sections of the woodwork of the boat were torn away by the force of the explosion. Those of the passengers who were not injured by the scalding steam, and boiling water were struck by the flying portions of the splintered cabin. Legs and arms were broken and faces and bodies were parboiled. The screams of the injured could be heard on shore and the cries of those who leaped and were blown into the river were heart-rending.

So great was the force of the explosion that a piano in the upper drawing room was hurled from the boat into the river. This proved a fortunate circumstance for many of the injured passengers thrown into the water scalded and otherwise injured, they clung to the piano till rescued. When the explosion occurred Miss Vandervort and Pilot Curry, who were in the pilot house, were thrown down and the wheel threw the bow of the boat towards shore, and she quickly ran aground.

THE LATEST PARTICULARS.

PHILADELPHIA, Aug. 29.—Eleven known dead, one missing and thirty-two injured is the record made by the explosion of a boiler on the City of Trenton on the Delaware River yesterday afternoon. All night long firemen, policemen, and employees of Wilmington Steamboat Company, worked in and around the burned and blackened hulk, searching for bodies of the victims. Hundreds of men are dragging the river bottom with grappling irons to-day, and will continue to do so until every person is accounted for. Of the bodies recovered ten have been identified. The identified dead are: John P. Chew, of Camden, assistant engineer of City of Trenton; Miss Elizabeth Green, Philadelphia, crushed to death; V. William Dunn, Philadelphia, passenger; Arthur Lausing, fourteen years old, Trenton; James Connell, fireman, Philadelphia; Mott Mable, fireman, Philadelphia; August Mable, deck hand, Philadelphia; James Graham, Trenton, engineer; Wm. Keen, Philadelphia, passenger; James McCormack, Wilmington, passenger.

An unidentified body, so badly burned that identification cannot be determined. The missing are Miss Thelstoke, of Trenton, and Miss Helen Briest, daughter of former mayor, John B. Briest, of Trenton.

According to the statement of the widow of the dead assistant engineer John P. Chew, the man had a presentiment of his death. Mrs. Chew says that before leaving home for work on Tuesday night her husband said:—"Lizzie, I may never see you again, I have a presentiment that there will be an explosion on board. If there is there will be no escape for me. They are running at too high steam pressure and if an accident should occur many others will be killed. Of the thirty-two injured persons taken to the hospital attached to the Philadelphia House of Correction, all are reported doing well to-day and it is not now believed that any of them will die.

Augustus Reinhart, an expert machinist, employed by the Neafie and Levy shipbuilding Co., builders of the City of Trenton, recently overhauled both boilers. He said to-day there was no doubt in his mind the explosion was due to the exhaustion of water in the boilers. He gave us his opinion that the boat was being run too fast and that this exhausted the water. The boat was fifteen minutes late when she left her wharf yesterday afternoon and it is stated much of this lost time had been made up when the explosion occurred.

To Break Up a Cold

all you require is a glass of hot water, a little sugar, and thirty drops of Poison's Nerviline. Take it real hot and in the morning you will wake up without a cold. When depressed or tired, try Nerviline; it will tone you up better than stimulants. Nerviline wards off all sickness and keeps people well. Large bottles 25c.

Rheumatism

No other disease makes one feel so old. It stiffens the joints, produces lameness, and makes every motion painful. It is sometimes so bad as wholly to disable, and it should never be neglected. M. J. McDonald, Trenton, Ont., had it after a severe attack of the grip; Mrs. Mattie Turner, Bolivar, Mo., had it so severely she could not lift anything and could scarcely get up or down stairs; W. H. Shepard, Sandy Hook, Conn., was laid up with it, was cold even in July, and could not dress himself.

According to testimonials voluntarily given, these sufferers were permanently relieved, as others have been, by

**Hood's Sarsaparilla** which corrects the acidity of the blood on which rheumatism depends and builds up the whole system.

Hood's PILLS cure constipation. Price 25 cents.

MARITIME PROVINCE NOTES.

TRURO, Aug. 29.—Shubenacadie was all agog last evening over the marriage of Miss Jessie Gordon McKay to J. Andrew Kirkpatrick, of Nelson, B. C., son of Andrew Kirkpatrick, Shubenacadie. The ceremony was performed at the residence of James McKay, father of the bride, by Rev. W. H. Sedgewick, assisted by Rev. M. G. Henry, St. Croix, N. S. The bride wore an exceedingly pretty white cashmere and satin and was attended by Miss Flame, of Gays River. Robert Sedgewick was groomsmen. The wedding took place at 5:30 o'clock and the happy couple left by the maritime express for their home at Nelson. The bride is one of the most popular young ladies at Shubenacadie, in testimony of which is a large array of beautiful presents. The groom's present was a costly gold watch set with diamonds. Among the other gifts were a nice remembrance from her Sabbath school class and engraved spoons from her class mates while attending the Provincial Normal School some years ago.

SHUBENACADIE, N. S., Aug. 29.—The town was greatly shocked this forenoon to learn that Andrew Kirkpatrick received a telegram from the Northwest stating that his son, J. Arthur Kirkpatrick, who had been there some time, was dead. The telegram gives no particulars but states that the remains have been sent home for interment. Deceased was a brother of J. Andrew Kirkpatrick, who was married yesterday afternoon and with his bride left for Nelson, B. C.

At Anahst on Thursday morning shortly before eight o'clock after the rise Parkwood, owned by John McPhee, P. E. 1, took second place in the 2:30 race on Tuesday afternoon and another horse had been put in a car at the railroad station for shipment home, it was discovered that the hay bedding put in the car ignited. The fire was happily discovered in time and put out before any injury was inflicted to the horses. It is supposed that one of the horses while standing had set fire to a match which had accidentally got on the bedding.

Oil was struck in well No. 2 at St. Joseph's College Thursday morning at the same depth as the first well. Mr. Lodge, who was notified of the strike, went to St. Joseph's, and was very much pleased with the way the boring is panning out. The second well is more promising than the first. More machinery is on the road, and it is expected to have three or four wells started within a week. The second well is situated about 450 feet from well No. 1, and as oil and gas were struck at about the same depth as in the old well, the promoters of the enterprise are satisfied that the oil sands are continuous.

PICKING THE NOSE is a common symptom of worms in children. Mothers who suspect their child is troubled with worms should administer Dr. Low's Pleasant Worm Syrup. It is simple, safe and effective. Price 25 cents.

Mrs. Mosquito—They accuse us now of giving people yellow fever and malaria. Mr. Mosquito—Yes; but I don't mind that so much as the rumor going round that we invented ragtime.—Chicago Record-Herald.

DOAN'S KIDNEY PILLS CURE BACKACHE LAME BACK RHEUMATISM DIABETES BRIGHT'S DISEASE DIZZINESS AND ALL KIDNEY & URINARY DISEASES ARE CURED BY DOAN'S KIDNEY PILLS

MRS. I. STEEVES, Edgett's Landing, N. B., writes on Jan. 18, 1901: "In the fall of 1899 I was troubled with a severe pain in the back. I could scarcely get up out of a chair and it gave me great pain to move about. I took one box of Doan's Kidney Pills and was completely cured. I have not been troubled with it since."

Four Bears at a Shot.

A number of years ago Mr. Withee was presented with two fine hounds, and, wishing to try their training and their grit, he took them out to do a little bear hunting.

The first morning Withee let the dogs out for a run while he was getting the breakfast, expecting them to be back in a short time. When breakfast was over, the dogs had not returned, so, taking his gun, Mr. Withee started out in the direction they had taken. After traveling about a mile the faint barking of dogs could be heard, and it was then plain why the dogs had not returned. They had scented game and were in pursuit. The sound of the barking led him far up the side of a mountain, and soon he came in sight of the dogs standing around the upturned roots of a tree.

Mr. Withee crept up cautiously until within about 15 feet of a cave that was near by, and then a black, shaggy head could be seen just above the roots. Taking good aim, he fired his .44 caliber and awaited results. After several minutes he went up to the cave, and what he saw there gave him a shock from which he has never recovered. Two bears lay dead, and two more were so stunned that a few quick passes with a knife settled them.

For the four bears Mr. Withee received \$20 bounty, \$27.50 for their hides and \$42 for the bear oil, making \$89.50 for one day's hunt.

All For Love.

It was a runaway match. The young couple had nothing to live on but love, and they grew thin on it, for the butcher, baker, etc., heartlessly refused to barter any of the necessaries of life for a bit of love, and the husband wouldn't accept even a large slice of it for rent.

At last they were reduced to such extremities that starvation stared them in the face. When starvation does this, it is so to say, "puts you out of countenance."

"Oh, George," wailed the young wife, "what shall we do? I am so hungry!" "Alas, I know not, darling!" he sighed fondly but sadly, toying with her luxuriant tresses.

"But I know, George!" she suddenly exclaimed after a pause. "Sell my hair!"

"What?" he almost shouted, with a horror-stricken face. "Sacrifice your lovely golden locks! Ruthlessly cut off the greatest ornament a woman can possess? Never! Never! I will starve first!"

"But, George," she assured him, "it does not require cutting off. See?"

And she detached the glistening 3 guinea switch from her head and laid it in his hand.

That night the young couple supped luxuriously, but still he was not happy.

Lighting Up the Coliseum.

The Romans had the hideous habit of periodically lighting the Coliseum during the tourist season with Bengal lights and what is more amazing still, usually succeed in making a financial success of it, although no one was ever known to go twice.

There is the additional abomination in these days of a big brass band and a chorus of 100 voices in an invocation to the Flavian amphitheater. The effect is tremendous, but somewhat stunning to those who are accustomed to their Coliseum empty and flooded with peaceful moonlight, where pictures from the past rise with the clearness of second sight, and no sound is heard but one's own breathing or the song of the nightingale. Contrast with such a scene the red, blue and yellow Bengal lights, the smoke, the confusion, the hundred shrieking throats and the clang of the brazen instruments! Imagination shrinks and curses the Roman of to-day with whom such a thing is possible. But is it his fault? As I said before, it is a great financial success, and the Italians certainly do not patronize it. Query, Who does?—Rome Letter in Pall Mall Gazette.

How They Broke Up.

An amusing story is related in "Canadian Savage Folk" of the manner in which an adjournment was taken by a mass meeting. A missionary who had started a school among the Indians met with opposition, and the meeting had been called in support of the rival scheme.

There were several speakers who denounced the school in existence. He replied vigorously, showing the efficiency of the school and denouncing in turn the methods adopted by the opposition. An Indian chief produced some specimens of work done at the school, and several speakers supported the work as it was being done. The climax was reached when a gentleman rose and said:

"I move the whole thing bust!" The chairman put the motion.

"It is moved and seconded that the whole thing bust!" The audience sprang to their feet and, waving hats, yelled "Busted!" and made for the door. Thus ended the first and last opposition in that matter.

Pride of the Riding Academy.

Rowell—There goes Withers on horse back. He is a living illustration of the saying, "A merciful man is merciful to his beast."

Snaffle—In what way? Rowell—Don't you see? He lets his weight rest on the horse only once in a while. The most of the time he is in the air, going on or coming down.

Some men never amount to much because they get into the habit of frequently beginning life anew.

The world owes every man a living but doesn't furnish a collector.—Denver Times.

Athletic Appetites.

"The actual amount of good roast beef that a table of athletes will consume," writes Walter Camp in The Century, "is something appalling to the uninitiated. Three members of a Yale football team once went to Cambridge to watch a match between Harvard and some other team. These three men stopped at a hotel for their luncheon. Among other things the spokesman of the party ordered three portions of cold roast beef. 'But, sir,' said the waiter, 'two portions will be a great plenty for all three of you.' The giant of the party looked up blandly at the servant and said, 'You bring the three portions and then watch us eat it.'

"When the writer was captain of the team, long before the days of special method in management, the eleven were to play at Cambridge and, leaving New Haven the afternoon of the day preceding the match, went to a Boston hotel for dinner and the night. Most of the men were readily collected at one or two large tables, but a certain rasher, being late, had seated himself at a table in a distant part of the dining room, and he was told by the manager to order his own dinner. That boy's dinner, and it is needless to say that it was without wine, came to the extraordinary total of \$13.55! He was quite able to play the next day, however."

The Joke on the Snake Charmer.

Rear Admiral Rowley D. Evans when a young officer was on the Indian station in the man-of-war Delaware. With several others he set up a bungalow on shore. He tells in "A Sailor's Log," published by the Appletons, what happened to a snake charmer that came along:

"The unfortunate thought came to one of our men that it would be a good idea to get the Mohammedan drunk to see what he would do. So he prepared a dose for him that was very effective. He poured a good stiff drink of brandy into a beer glass and then filled it with gin instead of water. The charmer took kindly to the drink and in a short time rolled out of his chair on to the floor very drunk and was soon fast asleep.

"The bag of snakes had not been thought of up to this time, but it also fell, and the inhabitants quickly spread over the floor. In the meantime five American officers took to the table and, drawing their feet up, carefully remained there until the snake charmer slept off his dose. He snored quietly while the snakes crawled over and around him, but it was a long time before he finally came to himself, secured his pets and took them away. We did not repeat that experiment."

Clocks With "Wheels."

"Clocks are certainly queer things," said the man who was tinkering at the hall clock in a suburban house the other day. "They get cranky spells just like people. Sometimes they really act as though they were bewitched. A friend of mine had a little clock that had behaved itself and kept good time for years. One day it took a notion to lay off for awhile, and they couldn't get it started again. My friend's wife was cleaning the room several days afterward, and she took the clock and laid it down flat on its back on a chair. It started to go at once and ticked away at a great rate, but as soon as she placed it on end it stopped again. Well, they set it, and for a time it acted all right as long as it remained on its back. But it soon got cranky again and refused to go. The other day, just for fun, they turned it upside down, and, would you believe it, that crazy clock started off again. Now it only runs when it is standing on its head, and they are wondering what new foolishness it will develop next."

Sleeping Car Ethics.

It seems that there is an unwritten code of sleeping car ethics which has its fine distinctions. The International says: "The seasoned traveler enters the Pullman as if it were a room in a club with which he is familiar, but which he has not visited for some time. He stows away his belongings, according to his habit, puts on his traveling cap and a pair of light shoes or slippers and overgaiters, gets out his newspapers and book and, not forgetting his smoking outfit, is ready to be comfortable. Be it remembered that if slippers be donned they must always be accompanied by overgaiters, for without these latter the slippers foot is not permissible under the unwritten law of sleeping car travel."

When California Was Unknown.

In an old geography printed in 1815 appears the following: "California is a wild and almost unknown land. Throughout the year it is covered with dense fogs, as damp as unhealthy. In the interior are volcanoes and vast plains of shifting snows, which sometimes shoot columns to great heights. This would seem nearly incredible were it not for the well authenticated accounts of travelers."

Not Satisfactory.

"Mose," said Mr. Subbubs, "I want you to clean out my cellar tonight."

"Deed, sah," Mose protested, "I kaint do no wuck laik dat at night, sah, dat would be satisfactory to yo', sah."

"Why, not? You've often cleaned out my chicken coop at night."

"Yes, sah; but I reckon dat wuzn' satisfactory to yo', sah."

Chronic Condition.

Prospective Tenant—Of course the house needs repairs. Owner—Huh! Did you ever see a house that didn't?

The first European book that ever appeared in the Japanese language was a translation from the German of Heine's songs.

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