

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, Dept., Richibucto, Arr., and Time. Rows include 9.30, 9.45, 10.00, 10.15, 10.20, 10.40, 11.00.

Trains are run by Eastern Standard time.

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

WILMOT BROWN, General Manager and Lessee.

Richibucto, Oct. 21st, 1901.

MONCTON AND BUCTOUCHE RAILWAY.

On and after Monday, OCT. 21st, 1901, trains on this railway will run as follows:

Table with 4 columns: Time, Arr., Moncton, Dep., 15.33, Dep., Buctouche, Arr., 17.00

(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 10.25.

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 15.15.

E. G. EVANS, Superintendent

Moncton, N. B., Oct. 21st, 1901.

STRONG AND VIGOROUS.

Every Organ of the Body Toned up and invigorated by



Mr. F. W. Meyers, King St. E., Berlin, Ont., says: "I suffered for five years with palpitation, shortness of breath, sleeplessness and pain in the heart, but one box of Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills completely removed all these distressing symptoms. I have not suffered since taking them, and now sleep well and feel strong and vigorous."

Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills cure all diseases arising from weak heart, worn out nerve tissues, or watery blood.

CANADIAN MANUFACTURERS TO MEET IN HALIFAX.

TORONTO, March 20.—The executive committee of the Canadian Manufacturing Association decided this evening that the annual meeting shall this year be held at Halifax, N. S., some time during the month of August. The exact date will be fixed at a later meeting.

AVOID DECEPTION AND LOSS.

See That The Name DIAMOND DYES Is on Every Package You Purchase.

Some profit loving merchants buy package dyes to supply their customers with that are so poor and weak that it requires fully three packages to give the same depth and richness of color that is obtained from one package of the Diamond Dyes. These weak dyes—dear at any price—are sold to consumers at ten cents per packet, same price as the full strength Diamond Dyes.

Any woman who is urged by a merchant to buy the weak and adulterated dyes referred to, should stoutly refuse to be swindled. Loss, trouble and irritation of temper can be avoided by always using the Diamond Dyes. Examine each package; when you see the name "Diamond Dyes," you are fully protected.

Diamond Dye Mat and Rug Patterns richly colored on the best quality of Scotch Hessian, can be ordered by mail. Send for free sheets of designs to select from. Send your address to The Wells & Richardson Co., Limited, 200 Mountain St., Montreal, P. Q.

STEWART CAMPBELL, OF MONTREAL SUICIDES.

MONTREAL, March 20.—Mr. Stewart Campbell, a well-known marine insurance man, living with his sister on Crescent street, was found dead in his room this morning with a bullet wound in his head and a revolver clutched in his right hand. An inquest will be held to-morrow.

GOOD HEALTH IS IMPOSSIBLE

Without regular action of the bowels, Laxa-Liver Pills regulate the bowels, cure constipation, dyspepsia, biliousness, sick headache, and all affections of the organs of digestion. Price 25 cents. All druggists.

Mrs. Fitz-George, the Duke of Cambridge's daughter-in-law, who recently opened a beauty parlor for the treatment of the face and neck in London, is doing very well, her aristocratic customers increasing in number every week.

The Paris police have discovered a plot by the Young Turks to release ex-Sultan Murad V. from the palace in which he is confined, and place him upon the throne.

Spain had decreed that a working day on any of the State domains will be eight hours, and that each hour overtime will be considered as an eighth of the daily wage.

Lumbago

is Rheumatism of the back. The cause is Uric Acid in the blood. If the kidneys did their work there would be no Uric Acid and no Lumbago. Make the kidneys do their work. The sure, positive and only cure for Lumbago is

Dodd's Kidney Pills

A PLAYFUL BADGER.

HE WAS FULL OF LIFE, BUT REFUSED TO BE TRAINED.

Brief History of an Attempt to Make a Pet of Him in a Colorado Camp. Conclusion of the Crank Who Tried to Do the Training.

"I have often wondered," said a man who is fond of animals, "why people don't give more attention to the badger. He has lots of character.

"Once when I was younger I was a bookkeeper for a few months at a grading camp a few miles south of Pueblo, Colo. One day the contractor appeared in camp, bringing a badger which he had caught on his farm.

"You boys can put in your time training him," said he. "We were pleased enough, but the badger gave us to understand from the first that he wanted none of us, emphasizing his decision by a snap at Gleason's hand. We managed to get a collar and chain attached to him, and tumbled him into a big box.

"There he was on his guard every moment and ready to charge any one of anything that crowded him in the least. He snarled and roared, and when he was tired of that he grunted like a pig. He was absolutely without fear of anything that walked or crawled. He tackled an immense St. Bernard owned by one of our subcontractors. Poor Rex had never seen a badger before, and he was greatly astonished. First he smelt of the badger's hind leg. Then he sat down and gently waved one paw over the creature's head. This the badger took as direct insult, and the next minute he was hanging on to the dog's nose. When freed, Rex was not seen for two days.

"Jim Gleason was the commissary man. He had followed camp life for 20 years, and had developed into the worst crank I ever ran up against. But for some reason he was quite tickled over the badger. Maybe he recognized a kindred spirit. He said:

"I'll have that badger tame in two days. He's only scared a little; that's all."

"He told us of a coon he once caught in Arizona and tamed so it followed him about like a dog. Just before I dropped off to sleep the first night he informed me in an offhand way that he'd teach the badger to shake hands before 10 o'clock the next day.

"But when morning came the badger was missing. The chain was in the box all right, but the badger and the collar were gone. Gleason felt bad.

"It's a confounded shame," he said. "I took a liking to that cuss, and was going to give him a nice, easy time. Let's look for him. Maybe he is around camp yet."

"He spent two or three hours hunting for the badger, and when he finally gave it up he said mournfully, 'It's a shame; the poor little thing may starve.' "When he turned in that night, he left a piece of fresh beef outside the commissary door 'in hopes,' he said, 'that the hungry little beast may find it.' The next morning I was awakened by Gleason's voice raised in loud and picturesque cuss words. He was an artist at the business when he set out to do a good job.

"Look at that," he said, and pointed at a hole in the ground just outside the tent. Then he dragged me into the tent, and showed me another hole just under his desk.

"The nerve of him," roared Jim, "after I put meat out for him and done everything for him I could! He's in that hole, and there's a five pound piece of bacon in there with him. I come in just in time, and see him get away with it."

"The cold ingratitude of the badger seemed to strike Gleason to the heart, and turn all his kindness to gall. I asked him when he was going to give the badger his first lesson in shaking hands, but he didn't seem to see the point. He hunted up two pails and spent most of the forenoon lugging water from the ditch and pouring it into the holes. Every time he emptied a pail he picked up a club and watched the hole, ready for the badger when he dashed out. But the badger didn't dash, and finally Gleason threw the pails at the holes in disgust and passed it up as a bad job.

"After dinner I started across the commissary tent to the sleeping tent, and my foot went through up to my knee. Gleason started toward me, and he went through too. Then we noticed little round holes in different parts of the dirt floor. The badger was at work undermining us.

"Next morning a big piece of beef had disappeared. We gravely asked Gleason to please put out a good lunch for the poor little beast that night. Jim said nothing all day. He appeared to be thinking. When night came, he opened his mouth long enough to tell me that he'd show me the badger's skin when I turned out next morning.

"Some time in the middle of the night I was awakened by an unearthly racket. My first thought was that the men were hanging the cook, a proceeding frequently threatened. I leaped out to save the cook, but instead of a hanging bee I found Jim and the badger enjoying a tete a tete in the commissary tent. The badger was in his hole, all except his head. Jim was on his knee, and between the two was a full side of salt pork which must have weighed 20 pounds. Both Jim and the badger had firm hold at opposite corners. They were putting forth their full strength and talking to each other. Their remarks were so loud that the whole camp was roused. How long the show would have continued I can't say if Jim hadn't forgotten that he was barefoot and aimed a tremendous kick straight at the badger's flat head. He remembered just too late, and tried to kick both ways at the same time. The badger snapped at that bare foot. Jim yelled and jerked. The pork came easy, and Jim turned a new kind of somersault.

"We were holding ourselves in all kinds of positions, too weak to say a single word. Jim saw us for the first time, but he said nothing; just hiked back to bed. The next morning he moved all the meat down to the cook shack.

"I know when I'm licked," he said. "I'll let the cook have part of the fun."

One Case and Exceptions. An Irish judge of the old school in a recent summing up at the Four Courts, Dublin, created a great effect. The plaintiff was even more beautiful than her beautiful daughter, who was a witness. "Gentlemen of the jury," his lordship began, "everything in this case seems plain—except Mrs. O'Toole and her charming daughter."

A TALE OF TWO CITIES.

The Perils of Living Near the Mexican Boundary Line.

"Some peculiar conditions prevail at the twin cities of Nogales, Mexico, and Nogales, Ariz.," said the Detroit, who recently returned from a visit to Mexico. "The international boundary line is formed by a street that divides the two towns, and the boundary stakes are set out with a very nice regard for technicalities. There is a saloon there which has more than a local reputation, and the proprietor is certainly an enterprising individual. His saloon is located on the street dividing the two counties and at a point where the dividing line is not clearly defined. The patron of this saloon buys his drink in America, and, stepping across the hall, he buys his cigar in Mexico. In this way the proprietor avoids the duty on imported cigars and can provide his customers with the best make at lower prices than most of his competitors.

"They tell an amusing story about an American who imbibed too much fighting whisky at this saloon. When he arrived at a certain stage, he allowed his prejudices to get the better of him, and, standing near the boundary line of his own country, he heaped anathemas and hurled defiance at the people across the border. A couple of Mexican officers stood across the street almost within reach of the pugnacious American, hoping that he would stroll across into Mexico. He did get over there after awhile, although the trip was wholly unpremeditated. During a harangue against Mexican institutions in general and the police in particular he happened to lurch too far over to starboard and fell into Mexico. The alert cops promptly grabbed him, and, though he didn't get a chance to take in the sights, he paid quite an extended visit to the country he had so eloquently maligned."

LONG RANGE BAPTISM.

Christening in Scotland Was Conducted Under Difficulties.

In wide and sparsely populated highland districts of Scotland it not infrequently happens that a parent is obliged to walk a distance of five or six miles with an infant for baptism.

It is related of a minister of the north that he agreed to accommodate a parishioner thus situated by meeting him at a stream midway between the parents' house and the manse and there baptizing the child at the running water.

It so happened that by the time the parties came to opposite sides of the burn heavy rains had swollen it into a rapid torrent, so that neither party could approach the other.

Unwilling to turn back with the "bairn" unbaptized, the farmer proposed that the minister should splash water across. Accordingly the minister stepped down to the stream and endeavored to throw handfuls of water on the farmer's baby.

"Ha'e ye got any o' that?" he cried at each successive splash.

"De'll a spairge," was the reply.

At last a few of the splashes were communicated to the infant's face, and the ceremony was then concluded in the usual form.

Before retiring to their respective homes the farmer produced a bottle of whisky, crying across, "As I canna offer ye a glass over theheid o' this, here's the bottle—kepp!" And he threw it across the stream.

The bottle was caught, it is related, with a precision that betokened on the part of his reverence, if not considerable practice, at least considerable dexterity.

Caught a Tartar.

Like so many of his learned brethren in the Church of England, the late Canon Carter was the terror of composers. His was perhaps, after Dean Stanley's, the very worst handwriting of the last century.

About 1880 the then bishop of Lichfield, Dr. Maclagan, surprised one of his secretaries by saying: "I have hardly ever received an anonymous letter, but I got one this morning. It is very badly written, and I can hardly make it out, but from the signature it is sure to be abusive. The man has signed himself 'A Tartar.' See if you can make it out."

The secretary, who knew the handwriting, rather startled his lordship by replying: "It's nothing alarming. It's note from Canon Carter of Clewer!"—London Tit-Bits.

Lies of the White Kind.

The whole fabric of social intercourse is interwoven with what would be lies according to a strict code. Some are pleasant fictions that deceive nobody. Most of them have their genesis in a kindly, cheerful desire to avoid giving pain. These polite untruths are the lubricant of society. They wear away the rough edges, take away the sting out of uncomfortable facts. They are the flower of courtesy, "the pineapple perfume of politeness."

The Best Lifter.

Hiram—That boy of yours what went to college could do some powerful lifting with the clubs and dumbbells.

Silas—Yes, but I always thought more of the other one's lifting powers.

Hiram—Did he lift dumbbells and the like?

Silas—No; he lifted the mortgage.

With every exertion the best of men can do but a moderate amount of good, but it seems in the power of the most contemptible individual to do incalculable mischief.

The man who gets up to make the fire does not always get his share of the heat.

CUPOLA OF ST. PETER'S.

Its Outline Remains an Unparalleled Idea in Architecture.

The greatest of the architectural enterprises Michael Angelo was called upon to take up was the completing of St. Peter's, and he devoted himself through pure obedience to this task, refusing all compensation, offering his unpaid services in that way both to his master and to the service of religion.

He had to struggle against the opposing ideas of the architects in charge of the monument, who held by later plans than those of the first deviser, and their enmity and misapprehension of what was best aimed at a continual thwarting of all his intentions. He managed, however, to bring back the building to its original plan, that of his greatest enemy, Bramante, upon whom he has left this noble judgment. "It cannot be denied," said he, "that Bramante laid the first plan of St. Peter's clear and simple, and all who have departed from his scheme have departed from the truth."

We have not the great cathedral as Michael wished it, nor can we see in it the creation of his genius. But the one thing that Michael Angelo left to his successors in the work is the cupola, whose outline remains as an unparalleled idea, as important a landmark in architecture as his other records of achievement in painting and sculpture. It is the mark of Rome and the expression of Rome's grandeur.

The Pelican Smiled.

There is a sly old pelican in Central park which has an almost human way of noticing what goes on about him without seeming to do so. The other day two herons in the same cage with him fought over a fish. One had made the catch, but the other had undertaken to wrest the morsel from its rightful possessor.

They squabbled over it like two boys who have hold of the same baseball bat. The scuffle brought them into the neighborhood of the old pelican, who stood, apparently asleep, with his big bill tucked away under a wing. Then the heron dropped its fish, and the battle went on.

No sooner had it been dropped than the great bill came out from underneath the wing and the fish went into the pelican's pouch. Then the head disappeared again. The pelican was plainly asleep.

When one heron gave up the fight and flew away, the other looked about for the prize. It was nowhere to be seen. The keeper of the bird cages solemnly asserts that he saw a twinkle in the eye which the pelican opened to give a glance at the retreating heron.

Peculiar Roses.

One of the wars of the roses, the fiercest and deadliest of them all, was fought on a field where, curiously enough, a rose peculiar to the spot grows or used to grow. It is a rare plant now, and the reason is explained by Mr. Leadman in his account of Yorkshire battles. After describing the terrible battle at Towton on Palm Sunday, 1461, he says: "I cannot conclude this story of Towton field without an allusion to the little dwarf bushes peculiar to the Field of the White Rose and the Red."

"They are said to have been plentiful at the commencement of this century, but the visitors have taken them away in such numbers that they have become rare. Such vandalism is simply shameful, for the plants are said to be unique and unable to exist in any other soil. The little roses are white, with a red spot on the center of each of their petals, and as they grow old the under surface becomes a dull red color."—London News.

Cave Animals.

No animals whatever are found in the dry parts of caves. Dampness or a certain degree of moisture seems to be essential to their existence. Under the stones one finds white, eyeless worms, and in the damp soil all around about are to be discovered blind beetles in little holes which they excavate and bugs of the thousand leg sort. These thousand leg bugs, which in the upper world devour fragments of dead leaves and other vegetable debris, sustain life in the caverns by feeding upon decayed wood, fungous growths and bats' dung. Kneeling in a beaten path one can see numbers of them gathered about hardened drips of tallow from tourists' candles. There are plenty of crickets also.

A Varnishing Tip.

When varnishing wood, the work must be done in a warm room at a temperature of at least 75 degrees F. At a lower temperature the moisture in the air will give a milky and cloudy appearance to the varnish. On the other hand, at the higher temperature the moisture is not precipitated until the alcohol of the varnish has sufficiently evaporated to leave a thin smooth film of shellac. The durability and gloss are dependent on this.

Mystery Both Ways.

Pauline—Just think of the awful things we know about people whom we don't know!

Emeline—Yes. Isn't it wonderful! And just think what the people whom we don't know may know about us!

Stimulating Contributions.

Mrs. Von Blumer—The minister preached the most touching sermon I ever heard.

Von Blumer—How much did he also?—Judge.

Weight for weight, oriental rubies are valued ten to twenty fold the price of diamonds. The best come from China, Ceylon and India.

A BOY'S LIFE SAVED!

A Grateful Mother Writes About The Rescue of Her Child.

PAINE'S CELERY COMPOUND

Triumphed After A Physician's Failure.

Mrs. G. Stone, of Eganville, Ont., grateful for the rescue of her little boy from death, writes as follows:

"I think it my duty to inform you of what Paine's Celery Compound has done for my little boy. He became very ill, and had the attendance of our physician, but no good results were apparent. The dangerous turns to which my boy was subject became more frequent, and always worse in winter. He would become pale as death, feet and hands icy cold, and vomiting always followed. He seemed to be powerless, and for days could not lift his head from the pillow. After trying various kinds of medicine we decided to get Paine's Celery Compound for him. One bottle made him well, and since that time he has not been ill. I have every reason to believe he is permanently cured."

In face of such testimony, who can deny the fact that Paine's Celery Compound saves life? Hundreds of such letters as Mrs. Stone's are on file for the inspection of doubters.

When your children are nervous, fretful, despondent, sleepless, weak, rundown, have loss of appetite, slow circulation of blood and decreasing in weight, give them Paine's Celery Compound for a week or two, and note well the cheering results in returning health and vigor. We strongly urge the immediate use of the great medicine for all sickly and weak boys and girls.

GUYSBORO SAILOR KILLED ON A VOYAGE.

A letter from Captain Swaine, of the brig Aldine, was received by Captain Davis, of Yarmouth, last week. Capt. Swaine says that on the passage from Turks Island from Yarmouth, on the 2nd February, John Whalen, of Goldenville, Guysborough County, fell from aloft, struck the rail, was killed and fell overboard. He was 22 or 23 years of age and had been on the Aldine for several voyages. The Aldine was expected to sail for Yarmouth on Saturday last.

Lumbago Backs Straightened.

Don't lie around the house losing time and money because your back is stiff from lumbago. Do as thousands before you have done. Buy a large bottle of that unusually good liniment, Polson's Nervine, and rub it frequently over the sore part. It gets at the pain, drives it out, limbers you up in no time. Nervine is quick to relieve; never fails; never harms. Try it to-day. 25 cents. At R. O'Leary's General Store, Richibucto.

Stanislas Lacroix was hanged in Hull jail Friday morning at 8.05 o'clock. He was strangled to death, but did not struggle after the drop fell. The body was cut down at 8.23 and an inquest held.

Lord Strathcona has forwarded the secretary-treasurer of the Alberta School Board a check for \$1,500 towards the school named in his honor.

LOSS OF APPETITE AND GENERAL DEBILITY are quickly overcome by the use of a few bottles of "The D. & L." Emulsion of Cod Liver Oil. Manufactured by the Davis & Lawrence Co., Ltd.

William Apps, master car builder of the C. P. R., has resigned to go to Florida. His successor is Mr. Fowler of California.

A practical test of wireless telephony over a distance of a third of a mile was conducted on the Potomac River Thursday, with partial success.

Great Britain, Austria and Russia have addressed a note to Turkey admonishing the Porte to keep order in Macedonia and Albania. Germany declined to join in this note.

Every Mother A Doctor

It is an anxious time for mothers when the little ones get their feet cold and wet, and come home hoarse and coughing, or awaken in the night victims of deadly croup. Then it is that mothers turn gratefully to Dr. Chase, who, through his great Recipe Book and famous family remedies, has time and again saved the little ones and older ones, too, from suffering and death.

It is truly surprising how promptly Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine brings relief when the throat is sore and irritated, when the cold is tight in the chest, and the cough painful and distressing. It attacks the inflammation, heals the sore and torn membranes, soothes the nerves and clears the air passages.

People who know of the singular virtues of Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine do not think of accepting the cheap substitutes which many druggists offer in its place; 25 cents.

Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine.

THE REVIEW Office.