

**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.**

Time	Dept.	Richibucto, Arr.	Time
9.30			14.00
9.45			13.45
10.00			13.30
10.15			13.15
10.20			13.10
10.40			12.40
11.00	Arr.	Kent Junction, Dept.	12.25

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:

10.50	Arr. Moncton, Dep.	15.35
7.50	Dep. Buctouche, Arr.	17.50

(Eastern Standard Time)  
Train from Buctouche connects at Hamphrey'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 Hamphrey'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.  
M. G. EVANS, Superintendent.  
Moncton, N. B., Oct. 21st, 1901.

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

**Carefully Avoid Substitutes and Imitations.**

At the present time the Diamond Dyes are the only package dyes absolutely guaranteed by the manufacturers. The great popularity of the Diamond Dyes has brought forth many imitations and vile deceptions in the shape of home produced dyes. These imitations, cheaply produced, are sold by some dealers for the sake of the extra profit they bring, and many are urged to buy them. If you would avoid trouble and disaster, refuse these adulterated dyes when they are offered to you, and insist upon getting the Diamond Dyes.

The manufacturers of Diamond Dyes will be pleased to send post free to any address their Diamond Dye Mat and Rug Designs. If you are a lover of pretty room ornaments, write to The Wells & Richardson Co., Limited, 200 Mountain St., Montreal, P. Q.

"What puzzling questions some of our readers ask!" growled the able editor of an agricultural paper. "Here is a city man, lately removed to the country, who wants to know how long cows should be milked?" "Aw, that is easy!" returned the office boy. "Tell him just the same as hort cows."

British Troop Oil Liniment is unsurpassed by any liniment on the market today. It is composed of healing, soothing and cleansing vegetable oils and extracts. It is put up in large bottles for the small price of 25 cents.

A story is told of a captain, now dead, who, some years ago, while in command of the Island of Assension, had to decide a very difficult point of etiquette.

Some of the ladies complained to him that the best seats in church—the front seats—were taken by the wives of the junior officers. The captain looked very thoughtful for a few minutes, and then he gave his decision, which was:

"In future the elder ladies are to have the front seats."

Mr. O'Toole (entering doctor's office)—Share, dother, Oi think Oi have appendicitis. Dr. Smith—Nonsense, man! You haven't enough money for that.

WANTED.—A case of Headache that KUMFORT Headache Powders will not cure within twenty minutes.

Mrs. Blank—I only married you because I pitied you—when nobody else thought anything about you!

Mr. Blank—Ay, well, my dear, everybody pities me now.

Faith vs. Works—One day last week a Berkeley student in one of Prof. L. Dupont Syle's classes came into the recitation room so late that the English teacher made a mild remonstrance at the extreme tardiness of the young man.

"Professor," replied the young fellow in excusing himself, "my watch was slow. I shall have no faith in it after this."

"My dear fellow," said Syle, "what you need is not faith, but works."

It will always be a question, probably, whether the dyspeptic suffers more himself than he makes other people suffer.

Bentley's Liniment relieves Neuralgia. "The male sex," she exclaimed, in strident tones, "is all alike, wherever you find it. Look at the rooster. When the hen lays an egg he crows louder than the hen does!" "Perhaps, my dear," timidly spoke Mr. Meeker, "he does it to show how proud he is of the hen."

"Your late master" said the man with the notebook "was a Positivist, was he not?" "I—I think so, sir," hesitatingly replied the old housekeeper, not fully understanding the meaning of the question, "exceptin' when his wife was around. She was generally a good deal positiver than he was."

To cure Headache in ten minutes use KUMFORT Headache Powders.

A man will promise a woman anything if she will promise not to interrupt him when he is reading.

"They say Henry Pekke talks in his sleep." "Well, poor fellow, it's the only chance he gets!"

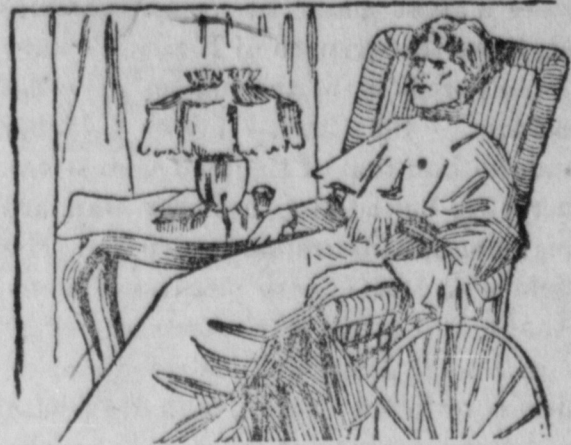
"But is he fashionable?" "Well, I guess! He has an automobile and the pneumonia."

**Blood Disorders**

are simply kidney disorders. The kidneys filter the blood of all that shouldn't be there. The blood passes through the kidneys every three minutes. If the kidneys do their work no impurity or cause of disorder can remain in the circulation longer than that time. Therefore if your blood is out of order your kidneys have failed in their work. They are in need of stimulation, strengthening or doctoring. One medicine will do all three, the finest and most imitated blood medicine there is.

**Dodd's Kidney Pills**

**A Terrible Cough.**



If people would only treat coughs and colds in time with Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup, there would be fewer homes desolate.

The severest coughs and colds, bronchitis and croup, and the first stages of consumption yield readily to this powerful, lung-healing remedy.

Read what Mrs. Thos. Carter, Northport, Ont., says: "I caught a severe cold, which settled on my throat and lungs, so that I could scarcely speak above a whisper. I also had a terrible cough which my friends thought would send me to my grave. I tried different remedies but all failed to do me any good until I took Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup, and the contents of one bottle completely cured me."

The Young Wife Responded.—"We are wedded now, my darling," said the husband to his bride, and henceforth we'll go together on life's journey side by side. We must bear each other's burdens, help each other when we can, and to make life happier, brighter, each must for the other plan. Let's begin this morning—to start right is my desire—just you get up my precious, and construct the kitchen fire."

Sad, ah, sad his disappointment, courage oozed from every pore, when his sweet young wife responded, "Pray, what do you take me for?"

**The Pain of Sore Feet.**

Just about the most tantalizing of all pains comes from sore feet. To get relief bathe the feet in warm water and then rub them with Polson's Nerviline. It penetrates through the pores of the skin, takes out the soreness, reduces swellings, invigorates the tired muscles, tones up the circulation, and prevents the feet from becoming sore again. Nerviline is a protection and safe-guard against the pains and aches of the entire family and cures rheumatism, neuralgia, toothache, etc. 25 cents. For sale at R. O'Leary's General Store, Richibucto.

"Well, suh," said the old time colored voter, "de ways er de candidate is past findin out. All de year I been lakc one cryin in de wilderness, en no man 'sponter my cry. I holler fer bread, en dey give me a Belgian block en 30 days. En now look at 'em 'Leckshun time come on, en bless God ef dey ain't pay my house rent, took de morgage off my mule, settle my street tax and gimme enough ole cloze ter go ter preachin. En all I got ter my name is one vote er rheumatism!"

Atlanta Constitution.

If a child eats ravenously, grinds the teeth at night and picks its nose, you may almost be certain it has worms and should administer without delay Dr. Low's Pleasant Worm Syrup, this remedy contains its own cathartic.

Teacher—Anonymous means without a name. Write a sentence showing you understand the word.

Small Girl (writes)—Our new baby is anonymous.

BENTLEY'S Liniment is a strong White Liniment. Penetrating, powerful, yet clean to use. It is a reliable remedy for Sprains or Strains, Pains in the back or chest. For bruises, cuts and burns it will be found the best thing to use. Put up in two sizes, 10 and 25c.

Bride—Darling, what caused you to pick out Milwaukee as the end of our bridal tour?

Groom—It was the farthest place I could get a pass to.—Louisville Evening Post.

The large 25c. size of BENTLEY'S Liniment is the largest bottle of Liniment sold at this price. It is the best at any price.

A Connector—Teacher: "Now, I told you yesterday that a 'conjunction' is something that connects. Johnnie, you may give me an example of a conjunction."

Johnnie—"A couplin' pin, ma'am."

You cannot dye a dark color light, but should dye light ones dark—for home use Magnetic Dyes give excellent results.

Friend—"What, Pat, not learned to ride that bicycle yet?"

Pat (who has been practising for a week)—"Sorra a bit, sorr. Shure Oi can't aven balance meself standin' still, let alone roidin'!"

His Man Was Appointed. As an instance of the acuteness of Al Daggett, the former Republican leader of Kings county, N. Y., the story is told that when Seth Low was elected mayor of Brooklyn some years ago he wrote to Mr. Daggett, offering to appoint as commissioner of elections one of any three men he might name. Al wrote three lines to the mayor, as follows: "Charles Henry Cotton, C. H. Cotton, C. Henry Cotton." Needless to say Mr. Cotton was appointed.

Her Pet Fad. Mrs. Jones—Mrs. Robinson is the greatest woman to stick to a fad I ever saw.

Mrs. Brown—Why, I never heard anybody mention that before.

Mrs. Jones—Can't help that. It's so, all the same. Just see how she has gone on admiring that husband of hers these twenty years and more.

Taken Seriously Now. Bunker—I used to get considerable amusement out of golf.

Ascum—Ah, then you don't play any more?  
Bunker—Yes, indeed. I was referring to the time before I began to play.

Mild Case. Wife (anxiously)—Is my husband very ill, doctor?  
Dr. Stickum—Oh, no. Only about \$100 worth.—Exchange.

**She Read the Signal.**

There is a romantic story about Lord Kelvin's second marriage. In the early seventies he, then Sir William Thomson, was in West Indian waters, on board his schooner yacht, the Lalla Rookh. As a recreation he took up the question of simplifying the method of signals at sea. He had been talking of it at the dinner table of a friend in Madeira, and the only apprehension that seemed able to grasp it was that of his host's daughter, a lady he greatly but silently admired.

"I quite understand it, Sir William," she said.

"Are you sure?" he questioned, half doubtfully. "If I sent you a signal from my yacht, do you think you could read it and could answer me?"

"Well, I would try," she responded. "I believe I should succeed in making it out."

The signal was sent, and she did succeed in making it out and in transmitting the reply. The question was, "Will you marry me?" and the answer was, "Yes."

**A Homely Greeting.**

According to Ainslee's Magazine, when the governor of Newfoundland, Sir Henry McCallum, K. C. M. G., went ashore at a small harbor of the east coast he was met at the landing place by a grizzled old fisherman, who sought to make the stranger welcome, whoever he might be.

"Be you comin' ashore, sir?" he asked.

"Yes," said the governor.

"Be you here about the file (seal oil)?" the fisherman pursued.

"No," said the governor.

"Be you one o' 'Sam' Lewis' men from Red bay, 'sir, come aboott the timber?"

"I am the governor of Newfoundland," Sir Henry announced, with some show of dignity.

"Be you, now?" said the fisherman, with a friendly offer of his hand.

"Well, 'tis a mighty good job—if you can hold it. An' I hopes you will. Would you like a cup o' tea, sir?"

**A Lot of "air."**

The inhabitants of the little town of Somersby, in England, where Tennyson was born, are frank in giving their opinion of their distinguished fellow townsman. One old woman thus related her impressions of the poet to a visitor:

"'E was a very quiet man. 'E seemed as if 'e was 'alf asleep, with 'is eyes 'alf shut an' 'peepin', an' 'e used to poke at ye, loike 'i fun, wi' 'is stick. 'E 'ad such a lot of 'air an' a long beard, an', 'e sinkin' her voice confidentially, "'e never looked very clean; no, 'e didn't."

And this somewhat startling testimony was promptly confirmed by her husband, who added:

"If you'd met 'im gooin' along this dusty road, you'd 'a' takken 'im for a tramp gooin' to Brigg for a night's lodgin'."

**It Reminded Him.**

One sharp November day, says the Philadelphia Record, a boy entered a car, leaving the door open, much to the discomfort of an old gentleman who sat next. As the wind chilled his marrow his temper rose. Leaning across his seat and taking the kid by the ear, he said: "Were you brought up in a barn? Why don't you shut the door?"

The boy said nothing, but closed the door, coming back to his seat in tears. This sight moved the old man to repenting pity. "There, there," he said, "it's the man; I didn't really mean you were brought up in a barn."

"That's just it," retorted the kid. "I was brought up in a barn, and every time I see a sackass it makes me think of it."

**An Interesting Coin.**

An interesting coin has just been sold in Germany. It is one of the few coins in the history of the world which can be accused of having a humorous side to it. In 1679 the Danes descended on the port of Hamburg, but their attack on the famous Hanse town proved unsuccessful. The inhabitants of the town struck a medal to commemorate the occasion. The legend on the coin was as follows: "The king of Denmark has been to Hamburg. If thou wouldst know what he achieved, look on the other side." It is needless to add that "the other side" is a blank.

**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.

**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 Detroitian, 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 a while, 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 bourn 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' ye got ony o' that?" he cried at each successive splash.

"De'il 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 owre the heid 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.

**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—This 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.**

**OSHAWA MIRACLE INVESTIGATED.**

**A Sworn Statement of Facts Almost Beyond Belief.**

The Toronto Mail and Empire sends a Reporter to Oshawa—His Inquiries Result in Complete Verification of Original Story.

Very many startling stories of wonderful cures by Dodd's Kidney Pills have been published in these columns, and in other newspapers all over the country from time to time.

Every case has been so well authenticated as to leave little room for doubt, and yet the statements made and the cures reported, have, in many cases, been so nearly miraculous as to be almost beyond belief.

Recently, *The Mail and Empire* of Toronto, and other papers, published a despatch from Oshawa, in which it was said that a mechanic in the Oshawa Malleable Iron Works, had been cured of paralysis by Dodd's Kidney Pills, and that, after he had been absolutely helpless for four months, and had been given up by the physicians at the Hospital in Toronto.

This was too much for many people to believe, and numerous demands were made on the paper in question for a verification or correction.

One correspondent signing himself "Medicus" in a letter to the *Mail and Empire* openly disputed the possibility of such a cure.

To get at the real facts a reporter was sent to Oshawa, and the result was a complete, and very satisfactory confirmation of the original despatch. To put the matter absolutely beyond question the following sworn statement was secured:

**The Statement of Mr. Brown.**

In the fall of 1897 I was taken ill with what most of the doctors called paralysis, and others nervous prostration. It commenced with a stiffness and soreness in the calves of my legs and gradually increased till I could not move either of my arms or legs, having lost all power in them. I could not have raised my arms to my head to save my life. For over four months I could not stand or walk alone a single step. I doctored with all the local doctors, and then with a Bowmanville doctor. Each one gave me some different medicine, but the more I took the worse I got.

At last the Bowmanville doctor told me that nothing could be done for me unless I went to the hospital in Toronto where they might perhaps have some later treatment for paralysis which would fit my case. I went there toward the end of January, 1898, and remained under treatment in that institution for a little over four weeks. All was in vain. I got worse. Twelve doctors told me I could not recover, and that nothing could be done for me, so as I was getting worse every day, and there was no hope of their being able to help me in the least, I was removed to my home here. I was like a baby, unable to move.

At this extremity someone advised me to use Dodd's Kidney Pills, and my wife bought a box. We had not the slightest idea that they would help me, but like a growling man I grasped at every straw. After I had used the first box, the numbness began to leave my finger tips, and I felt a little better, and kept on using the pills. By two months' time I could walk a little, and shortly afterward was able to go short distances without assistance.

The first time I went down town, one of the doctors who had given me up saw me across the street, and not being able to believe his eyes, went to my brother, Robert, and asked: "Is that your brother Joe?" Robert told him that it was I, and he said in astonishment: "Well, I never expected to see him around again."

I used, altogether, twelve boxes of Dodd's Kidney Pills, and by the first of May I was able to start to work again in the shop here, and I have never been sick or off work a day since and that is over three and a half years ago.

I am glad of the opportunity to make this statement, for I am sure I owe my life, health and strength to work to that great remedy, Dodd's Kidney Pills.  
(Signed), JOSEPH BROWN.

**Sworn Confirmation**

CANADA: Province of Ontario, } I, Joseph Brown, of the Town of Oshawa, in the County of Ontario, do hereby confirm and Sworn to and Subscribed to before me this 15th day of January, 1902.

To Wit: Do Solemnly Declare, That the above statement, signed by me, is absolutely true, and I make this solemn declaration, believing it to be true, and knowing that it is of the same force and effect as if made under oath and by virtue of the Canada Evidence Act, 1893.

(Signed), JOSEPH BROWN.  
Declared before me at the Town of Oshawa, in the County of Ontario, this 15th day of January, A. D. 1902.

J. F. GRIERSON, Notary Public.

This, therefore, is the true story in detail of this most remarkable case. No room is left for doubt or dispute and the original Oshawa despatch is confirmed in all its particulars.

If this is possible—and no one can now doubt—then one can easily understand how any of the wonderful cures reported have been accomplished by the same means, Dodd's Kidney Pills.

Two hundred thousands pounds have been placed at King Edward's disposal for charitable or utilitarian purposes, according to the Daily Mail, by Sir Ernest Cassel, a merchant and financier, who was prominent in Egyptian finance and who was made a knight commander of St. Michael and St. George for his services in that field. King Edward has decided to devote this gift to a sanitarium which will accommodate 100 patients.

**If You Could Look** into the future and see the condition to which your cough, if neglected, will bring you, you would seek relief at once—and that naturally would be through **Shiloh's Consumption Cure**.

Guaranteed to cure Consumption, Bronchitis, Asthma, and all Lung Troubles. Cures Coughs and Colds in a day. 25 cents. Write to S. C. WELLS & CO., Toronto, Can., for free trial bottle.

**Karl's Clover Root Tea purifies the Blood**