RAILROADS

INTERCOLONIAL RAILWAY

On and after Sunday, June 15th, 1902 trains will run daily (Sunday excepted) as follows :—

TRAINS LEAVE KENT JUNCTION.

No. 35 Express for Campbellton		13.13
" 39 Mixed " "		2.09
" 36 " " Moncton		12.38
" 40 " " "		4.15

TRAINS LEAVE HARCOURT.

No. 33 for Quebec and Montreal		23.54
" 34 " Moncton, Halifax, St. John and Sydney		8.37

Stage from Richibucto connects with trains at Harcourt.

All trains run on Atlantic Standard time East of Campbellton. Twenty-four o'clock is midnight.

Vestibule, dining and sleeping cars on through express trains between Montreal and the Maritime Provinces.

Railway Office, Moncton, N. B., June 10th, 1902.

KENT NORTHERN RAILWAY.

TIME TABLE.

10.30	Dept. Richibucto, Arr.	3.00
10.40	Rexton,	2.40
10.55	Mill Creek,	2.25
11.12	Grumble Road	2.10
11.17	Molus River,	2.05
11.45	McMinn's Mills,	1.38
12.00	Arr. Kent Junction, Dept.	1.23

Trains are run by Atlantic Standard time.

Trains run daily, Sunday excepted.

Connect with I. C. R. Day Express ains north and south.

WILMOT BROWN.
General Manager and Lessee

Richibucto, June 16th, 1902.

MONCTON AND BUCTOUCHE RAILWAY.

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

10.00	Arr...Moncton...Dep.	15.33
7.50	Dep..Buctouche.Arr.	17.00

(Eastern Standard Time)

Train from Buctouche connects at Humprey's with I. C. R. train for Halifax, and at Moncton with the C. P. R. train for St. ohn, 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 eastand north arriving not later than 15.15.

E. G. EVANS,
Superintendent

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

BILLS OF SALE (with affidavit),

LEASES,

COUNTY COURT SUBPŒNAES,

COUNTY COURT WRITS,
COUNTY COURT EXECUTIONS,
SUPREME COURT SUBPŒNAES,
BILLS OF LADING,
MAGISTRATE'S FORMS,

MORTGAGES,
DEEDS,

and other forms, for sale at

THE REVIEW Office.

Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills

Mr. Ellis Gallant, Paquetville, Gloucester Co., N.B., writes: "I feel it my duty to write you, as I have received much benefit from the use of Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills. I was taken three years ago with a pain just below the ribs of the left side, and right over the kidney. At first it did not cause me much suffering, but a year ago the pain, at times, was very severe.

"After bearing repeatedly of the value of Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills, I decided to make a trial, and after using two boxes the pain had completely disappeared and I am well, thanks to this remedy. I have also used Dr. Chase's Ointment, and found it worth its weight in gold. You may publish this letter if you like, as it may induce some other sufferer to profit by my experience."

You cannot possibly make a mistake in using Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills for derangements of the kidneys, liver and bowels. It has proven itself worthy of the most hearty endorsement of thousands of people. One pill a dose, 25 cents a box, at all dealers, or Edmanson, Bates & Co., Toronto.

Severe Pains in Left Kidney

GATHERING OPIUM.

How the Petals and Juice of the Poppy Plant Are Procured.

It is a sort of garden cultivation, the poppy plants being grown in little squares or beds intersected by tiny water channels for irrigation wherever this is possible. The growth of the plants is carefully tended, and at length the time comes when they burst out into flower, and the fields look like a sheet of silver as the white petals of the flowers glisten in the morning dew.

These beautiful petals are the first produce of the crop, for the women and children of the cultivators' families come forth and pick them off one by one and carefully dry them, so that they may serve afterward as the covering of the manufactured cakes of opium. Then the poppies, with their bare capsule heads, remain standing in the open field until it is considered that they are ripe for lancing. The cultivators then come forth in the evening, and, with an implement not unlike the knives of a cupping instrument, they scarify the capsule on its sides with deep incisions, so that the juice may exude.

In the early morning the cultivators reappear with a scraping knife and their earthenware pots, and they scrape off the exuded juice and collect it in their pots. And this is crude opium.

A Historian's Reward.

On April 5, 1603, John Stow, tailor and historian, died. His minute and painstaking survey can never be overlooked by any one who wishes to know London of the sixteenth century. It contains a wealth of fact and detail and has, moreover, been described as the most picturesque of narratives. At the age of eighty years he was given by James I. as a reward for his many and useful books and chronicles—a license to beg!

"We have been pleased to grant," runs the license, "our Letters Patent under our great Seal of England thereby authorizing him to collect among our loving subjects their voluntary contributions and kind gratuities." When the license had been extended so as to avail for two years, it yielded from a single London parish the magnificent sum of seven and sixpence.

John Stow's monument is a pleasing work in terra cotta on the wall of St. Andrew's undershaft. The fire of London that destroyed so much spared the effigy of Loudon's chronicler, so that the posterity for which he labored might photograph it.—London News.

Olden Time "Raiment."

In early Bible days richly embroidered raiment was enumerated with the gold, silver and other valuable property of a rich man. In that primitive age Dame Fashion was not the fickle goddess she is at present, and the "raiment" so frequently mentioned in the Holy Scriptures descended from father to son as a valuable part of the inheritance. Raiment was often sent, with gold and gems, as a present to dignitaries.

It took not months, but years, to ornament some of these garments, and the gold thread so lavishly used in embroidering them was real gold. Moses describes the process of making the gold thread that was used in ornamenting the tabernacle. The habit of making presents of rare needlework is still common among eastern nations who changed their customs so slowly.

BRIGHT'S DISEASE

is the deadliest and most painful malady to which mankind is subject. Dodd's Kidney Pills will cure any case of Bright's Disease. They have never failed in one single case. They are the only remedy that ever has cured it, and they are the only remedy that can. There are imitations of Dodd's Kidney Pills—pill box and name—but imitations are dangerous. The original and only genuine cure for Bright's Disease is

DODD'S KIDNEY PILLS

Dodd's Kidney Pills are fifty cents a box at all druggists.

JOE HARPER'S WILL

By . . . John Hamblin

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Joe Harper was an old bachelor. He owned and worked a little farm and kept house for himself, and he had little desire for the company of others. It was said of him that he never was known to laugh, and anything in the way of a joke flung at him as he plodded his way to town or back home again was utterly thrown away. Of course everybody held him up to contempt or ridicule.

He had been living thus for ten years when one day in a hollow tree on his own farm he found a great heap of money. There was such weight that he had to borrow a neighbor's horse and wagon to convey it to the bank in the town. He tried to be very secret about it, but the matter became the gossip of the county. Neither Joe nor the banker would tell what the sum was, but people who took a look at the hollow tree estimated it at $30,000. Those who didn't take a look placed the figures at $75,000 and also added a lot of jewelry to the find.

LUCY WENT AHEAD WITH THE PERFORMANCE.

It was passing strange what a change took place in public opinion. The old bachelor had callers by the score, and each caller warmly congratulated him. Instead of being guyed by the passersby as he worked in his fields men climbed the fences to shake hands with him and invite him to make investments.

In the years past even the homeliest old maids had declared that they would drown themselves sooner than marry such a "poke" of a man. Things were different now. At least half a dozen old maids and three or four widows began sending in custard pies and jellies and currant wine and giving their opinion that Mr. Joseph Harper would show off with the best of them if he only had a wife to give him hints and suggestions. Joe did not come out of his shell very far, but it was afterward remembered by a good many that he had something like a twinkle in his eye as he shook hands with his numerous wellwishers.

Unknown to any one but his doctor Joseph Harper had a weak heart, and one day he overexerted himself and died at his own door. So far as was known he had not spent a dollar of his find, and as he had no relatives there was much curiosity as to whether he had made a will or not and who would come in for his money. A village lawyer soon gratified curiosity as to a will. One had been made only six months before the old bachelor's death. More than that, it concerned a score of people, each one of whom was notified to appear on the day of the funeral and hear the document read.

The excitement was intense, and more people turned out to pay a last tribute of respect to Joseph Harper than had ever followed another citizen of the county. While the house was crowded full after the burial at least 200 people who could not get in stood about the yard to learn the contents of the will. The first person mentioned in the document was an old maid. Before the find of treasure she had been in the habit of mimicking the walk of the old bachelor and had made a great hit.

"Miss Lucy Arnold," read the document, "is to walk twice across the floor and imitate my gait as closely as possible. She is then to be allowed to take a double handful of coins out of the box as a token of my esteem."

It took Lucy five minutes to work up her nerve for the performance, but she figured that double handful of coins would be at least $500, and she went ahead.

The next legatee was William Johnson, a farmer's son, who was required to laugh in a hearty manner for the privilege of taking one handful of coins. He had always been asking old Joe why he didn't laugh. It was a pretty hard job for him to get up a haw! haw! on this occasion, but he finally accomplished it and made a mighty one handed grab.

Then the document mentioned Mrs. Scott, wife of Peter Scott, who was in the habit of puckering up her mouth in a curious way and saying it was the way Joe did when he tried to whistle "Auld Lang Syne." She was to stand up and pucker her mouth for two minutes by the clock and was then to be rewarded with a pint basin full of coins. She hung off about it for awhile, but her husband braced her up, and she earned her coins and got her mouth back to its usual shape again.

Then came the turn of Miss Hattie Davis, another old maid. The old bachelor was deaf in the left ear, and he had a rather curious way of jerking up his left hand when spoken to Miss Davis was in the habit of imitating this movement. The will read that she was to stand up and then go through the motion twenty times, and she was to be rewarded with all the coins she could grab with both hands. But for her mother being present to tell her that two big handfuls of money would doubtless bring a suitor for her hand Miss Hattie might have not reaped under the will.

A few months before discovering the treasure Joseph Harper had suffered for several weeks with rheumatism in the hip and had been compelled to drag his right leg as he walked. Young Aaron Greenwood, who was the smart Alec of the neighborhood, had given imitations of the limp for the delectation of the neighbors. The will read that he was to limp ten rods and back after "the Harper style" and would then be allowed to fill one trousers pocket with coins from the box. The young man went through the performance, but none of the spectators was convulsed with laughter.

There were twenty-two legatees under the will, and twenty-one of them had to go through some performance in order to inherit. In each and every case the bachelor got even and a little more, though lying in his grave.

The twenty-second and last person to be mentioned was the wife of a farmer living five miles away. It appeared that she had once called Joseph in as he was plodding by in a storm and had fed and warmed him. To her was left all his real estate and personal property, amounting to a matter of $6,000, and she was charged to congratulate all the others on what they had received.

This charge was never fulfilled. She had not yet risen to carry it out when the row began. Joseph Harper had found a box of coins in a hollow tree, but they were bogus quarters and halves and dollars and hidden away by some gang of counterfeiters years before. He had made use of the find to square up old scores.

Of course the "legatees" were boiling over with indignation, and of course the "outsiders" were tickled to death, and the row did not cease until doors were unhinged, windows smashed and fences leveled. There are some still living who speak of the dead man with a show of respect, but there are others who never hear his name mentioned without exclaiming:

"What! Joe Harper! Why, he was the meanest man who ever died in this whole state!"

Children and Crime.

With regard to capital crimes, by the ancient Saxon law the age of twelve years was established for the age of possible discretion, "when first the understanding might open;" and thence till the offender was fourteen it was "about the age of puberty," in which he might or might not be guilty of a crime, according to his natural capacity or incapacity. Under the age of twelve it was held that he could not be guilty in will, neither after fourteen could he be supposed to be innocent.

Since the time of Edward III. the law appears to have been more desirous to measure the capacity of doing ill or contracting guilt by the delinquent's understanding and judgment rather than by any specific age after the age of seven was reached. Under seven years of age an infant cannot be guilty of felony, for then, as Blackstone says, a felonious discretion is almost an impossibility in nature, but at eight years old he may be guilty of felony.

The same author says that under fourteen, though an infant shall be, prima facie, adjudged to be doli incapax, yet if it appear to the court and jury that he was doli capax and could discern between good and evil, he may be convicted and suffer death.—London Lancet.

Whose Money Was It?

Three women were passing through Flatbush avenue some distance apart. The last one, who was the poorest dressed of the three, saw a dollar bill on the sidewalk. She picked it up with a little gasp of joy, which was quickly chased away by a look of doubt. This was succeeded by a sigh of determination, and she quickened her steps until she overtook the woman in front of her. "Here, you dropped this," she said, putting the bill hurriedly into the woman's hand, as if she feared her purpose would weaken.

The second woman took it mechanically and started to put it in her pocketbook. By this time the woman just in advance turned and, hearing the finder murmuring her confession, said, "It's mine" and coolly took it from the woman who was putting it in her purse. The two were glaring at each other as the poorly dressed woman walked on. "I wonder if it really was not mine as much as any one's," she said.—New York Press.

The Human Heart.

The heart of man is a book—nay, it is an encyclopedia of everything that has ever come within the range of its personal experience. It preserves an eternal record of all the stories in which it has played a part. It is strange what sad things may be hidden in its depth without giving any token of their existence. The heart may be gay and may send the smile mantling to the face, but all the while you see only the topmost statum. If the graves beneath were to give up their dead, the smiles would seem strangely out of place.

It is just like this green earth of ours that renews itself year after year and has not on its surface any token to tell what is the simple truth, that it has given graves to 200 generations of human beings.—Farrell.

No Such Place.

"Safety" expresses an idea. It isn't the name of any place on earth.—Boston Journal.

On Proper Vaccination.

It should be made clear that proper vaccination is the only known method of specific value in conferring immunity from smallpox. The comparatively short duration of this immunity should be insisted upon, and a simple, intelligible description of the ordinary course of a proper vaccination should be added. It would be extremely useful, in view of the wide diffusion of antivaccination literature, to make the frank admission that in the days of arm to arm vaccination accidental inoculation with other diseases, although extremely unlikely, was theoretically possible, but that the modern method of glycerinated calf lymph has now destroyed even the remote possibility of such intrinsic danger.

What Intermittency Means.

Intermittency is that form of irregularity in which the pulse appears to drop a beat occasionally. In some instances it occurs regularly and two or three times per minute for several hours. Sometimes, also, it is very irregular and is noted a number of times within a few seconds and not again for a minute or more. This peculiarity generally causes much uneasiness. Yet, while it may be a very serious symptom and associated with grave and incurable disease of the heart, it often signifies merely a functional disturbance which is in nowise dangerous.

Plenty of Work For the Club.

"What does the society which you have just joined find to do?" asked Mrs. Bizzie's husband.

"A great deal," was the answer. "After we get an organization established the question of other people's eligibility to membership gives us all the work we can possibly attend to."

An Energetic Retort.

"My tastes," said the extravagant son, "are inherited."

"Yes," retorted the angry father; "everything you have is inherited. You haven't gumption enough to acquire eve taste by individual effort."

"Respect for those that labor under burdens." So said Napoleon as he met a porter on the Paris highways and stepped aside to give the laborer the right of way.

PAINE'S CELERY COMPOUND

NATURE'S SUMMER HEALTH GIVER.

It Purifies The Blood and Multiplies the Number of Vital Red Corpuscles, Feeds the Nerves and Tissues and Gives True Physical Strength.

Weak nerves, exhausted tissue, poor, thin, blood, impaired digestion and sleepless nights, account for much of the present existing summer misery and suffering.

Dear reader, if you are unfortunately numbered amongst the sickly and weak mortals of to-day, it is now time to awake to a true realization of your danger. The weakening and depressing hot weather will only add to your miseries if you are careless and indifferent.

There is absolute relief and a positive cure for you in Paine's Celery Compound. This wonder-working medicine is successfully conquering such troubles as yours every day. It is a fact verified by able physicians and thousands of testimonials that Paine's Celery Compound makes new, pure blood, builds up the nervous system, regulates digestion, whets the appetite and gives vigor and strength to combat the discomforts of the heated term. Mrs. E. Wilcox, Creemore, Ont., says:

"For years I have suffered from constant sick headache and nervousness; at times I have been so bad that I have been unable to sleep two hours a night for weeks. I have tried many medicines and doctored a great deal, but never received a hundredth part of the value from them that I obtained from Paine's Celery Compound. After using three bottles I can sleep well, my headaches have ceased, and I feel healthier and fresher than I have done for years."

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HOW IS YOUR MOWER?

It does'nt pay to use an old worn out one. It does'nt pay to buy an inferior new one. It pays to buy the best. The best is the McCormick Vertical Lift. With it you can raise your cutterbar perpindicular in a moment without getting off your seat and in doing so you throw your mower out of gear automatically. No other mower possesses this feature, no other mower has so strong, simple and serviceable a foot-lift. No other mower has a draft-rod pulling so directly from the inside shoe. No other mower has so strong a frame. No other mower has such perfectgears. No other mower is so easily handled by man and team. No other mower runs in the same class. McCormick Harvesting Machines have been manufactured for seventy-one years, and to-day more than two millions of them are in use in every corner of the world. I have McCormick Mower Rakes, Reapers and Binders and the price is right Examine them closely and compare with others. Call and see my stock of repairs.

GEO. N. CLARK