

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 3 columns: Time, Location, and Arrival/Departure. Rows include Richibucto, Rexton, Mill Creek, Gramble Road, Molus River, McMinu's Mills, and Kent Junction.

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:

Small table showing train times between Moncton and Buctouche.

(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 from 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.

E. 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,

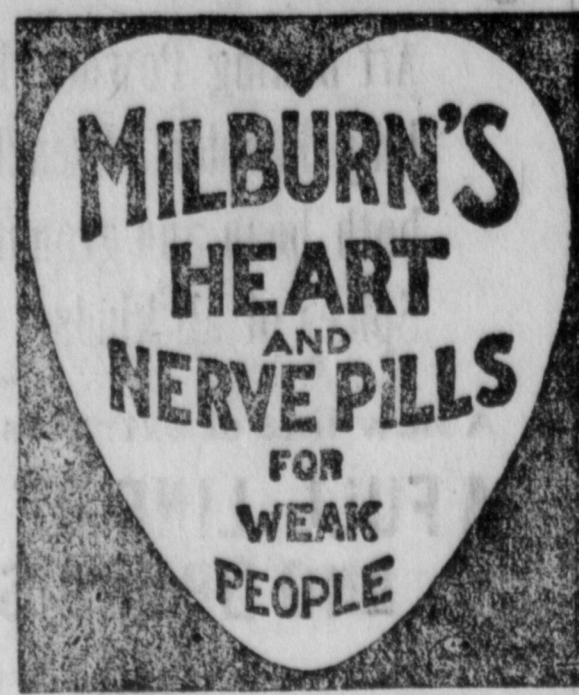
MAGISTRATE'S FORMS.

MORTGAGES,

DEEDS,

and other forms, for sale at

THE REVIEW Office



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, Anaemia, Nervousness, Sleeplessness, Brain Fog, General Debility and Lack of Vitality.

Didn't Recognize It.

A distinguished member of the United States judiciary has discovered that he still has something to learn in the direction of agriculture.

He bought a farm as a summer home for his family and finds especial delight in walking about the place, commenting on the condition of the crops and in many ways showing his interest in his new possessions.

One evening during the summer he was strolling over the farm. The hired man had cut the grass during the day, a very thin crop, and had left it lying on the ground to dry. The judge saw it, and, calling his man, he said:

"It seems to me you are very careless. Why haven't you been more particular in raking up this hay? Don't you see that you have left little dribblings all around?"

For a minute the hired man stared, wondering if the judge was quizzing him. Then he replied:

"Little dribblings! Why, man, that's the crop!"

The Prayer That Hurt.

A member of a certain Massachusetts parish, prominent for his thrift and personal consequence, was also notorious for his overbearing assumptions and pompous airs. Under the distress and fright of a dangerous illness he "put up notes" on several successive Sundays, and after his recovery, according to usage, he offered a note to be read by the minister expressive of his thanks.

The minister was somewhat "large" in this part of his prayer, recalling the danger and the previous petitions of the "squire," and returning his grateful acknowledgments with the prayer that the experience might be blessed to the spiritual welfare of the restored man. He closed with these words:

"And we pray, O Lord, that thy servant may be cured of that ungodly strut, so offensive in the sanctuary."

Middle Ages Burials.

In the middle ages founders and patrons of ecclesiastical buildings began to be buried nearer and nearer to the fabric of the church or cathedral. First the porch, then the cloister, then the chapter house or chantry, came under demand; the chancel was next encroached upon, and lastly burials were allowed under the altar itself. At the other extreme of custom was the burial of malefactors and stillborn children on the north or "devil's side" of the yard, a practice concerning which chapters might be written.

Located.

Mrs. Winks—Why in the world didn't you write to me while you were away?

Mrs. Minks—I did write.

Mrs. Winks—Then I presume you gave the letter to your husband to mail and he is still carrying it around in his pocket.

Mrs. Minks—No; I posted the letter myself.

Mrs. Winks—Ah! Then, it is in my husband's pocket.

Chinese Typesetting.

When a Chinese compositor sets type, he places them in a wooden frame 22 by 15 inches. This frame has twenty-nine grooves, each for a line of type, and the type rests in clay to the depth of a quarter of an inch. The types are of wood, perfectly square, and the compositor handles them with pinchers.

Rheumatism..

is Uric Acid in the blood. Unhealthy kidneys are the cause of the acid being there. If the kidneys acted as they should they would strain the Uric Acid out of the system and rheumatism wouldn't occur. Rheumatism is a Kidney Disease. Dodd's Kidney Pills have made a great part of their reputation curing Rheumatism. So get at the cause of those fearful shooting pains and stiff, aching joints. There is but one sure way—

Dodd's Kidney Pills

Wind and Temper.

There is a closer connection between wind and temper than at first sight appears. A coldish wind has a bracing effect and on the whole is beneficial. In countries where hot winds occur periodically, on the other hand, these are regarded as a nuisance, if not a curse. Every one almost gets cross, weary and done up and has a headache daily.

In Egypt the season when crimes are commonest is when the hot khamseen blows. Nearly always during a severe sirocco the Arabs in Algeria were restless, if they did not attempt an actual rising. The solano, which now and then rushes across the Mediterranean in fiery blasts from Africa, upsets every one in Spain and is the worst wind in that country.

And even in the "Pearl of the Antilles" the fierce hot wind is such a pest that it is recorded of a family living in Havana that they made it a rule in the household to preserve absolute silence until the wind disappeared. It was the only plan they could think of to avoid family quarrels.

Webster's Income.

The legal profession of the present day will be surprised to learn that Mr. Webster, the greatest American lawyer of his time, made but \$15,000 a year by his practice. But the fees of counsel between 1840 and 1850 were not what they have been since.

In 1848 I accompanied a client to Mr. Webster's office in Boston and asked him to name a retaining fee in an important patent case. He said he thought a couple of hundred dollars would do. When the case was tried, his fee was only \$1,000. On another occasion I paid him a retaining fee of \$2,000 for the proprietors of the Good-Year India rubber patent.

His fee for arguing the great equity cause of Goodyear versus Day in the circuit court of the United States for the district of New Jersey, by which he established the validity of the Goodyear patent, was \$5,000. This was in the spring of 1852, and was the last case he ever argued.

Footlardy.

The question was once put to General Wheeler:

"General, what was the most foolhardy thing you ever saw on the field of battle?"

"I didn't see it on the field of battle," replied General Wheeler. "I saw it one day when a young woman tried to enter a revolving door leading a dog by a very long string. She passed through in safety, but not so the dog. The rushing public came along, and the dog was ground both ways and chopped up as though he were in a sausage machine. Each time he escaped his mistress tugged madly on the string and pulled him into it again. She got him through at last, being a very determined girl. The janitor of the building wrapped him up in a newspaper for her, so that she could carry him home. The way she clung to that string was the most foolhardy thing I ever saw."

The Baby's Name.

"Name this child," said the clergyman.

"Superfluous," replied young Mrs. Verdigris, the mother of the cherub.

"What?"

"Superfluous," said the preacher in a whisper, "that will never do. I can't give the baby such a name as that. What suggested it to you?"

"My husband's brother."

"Is he a married man?"

"No, sir. He's an old bachelor."

"As I suspected. Madam, we will call this baby 'Blessing.'"

"I've no objection, sir, but I like the sound of the other better."

Caste in India.

The barbers of India rank with the washerwomen. The son of a barber must be a barber all his life, and his wife must be a barber's daughter. The Hindoo shaver travels about in search of customers, and the barbering is done in the street. There are no stools, both barber and customer squatting on their heels while the operation is performed. The Hindoo barber is a manicure and a chiropodist as well, and his pay is wretchedly small. They often act as surgeons, and they make a specialty of piercing the ears of young girls for earrings, while barbers' wives are almost always hairdressers.

Like Shooting Ghosts.

The impression when hunting paddymelons, a species of kangaroo found in Australia, is of shooting at ghosts, what with the dim, mysterious light of the "bush" and the strange appearance and swift movement of the game. Paddymelons, like all the kangaroo tribe, are useless for food, except so far as their tails are concerned, which, being largely of glutinous texture, furnish material for capitol soup, very like ox-tail, but with a peculiar and agreeable gamy flavor.

Useful.

"Our church fair was a splendid success," said young Mrs. Torkins.

"Did you sell lots of things?"

"Yes."

"Anything useful?"

"Yes, indeed! Everything was ever so useful. I can't think of a single article that couldn't be saved up and donated to be sold at the next fair."

His Opinion.

The Dear Girl—I am really astonished to hear you advance the proposition that a child should not be corrected in the presence of strangers.

The Savage Bachelor—He should not be, because he should never be in the presence of strangers; that's why.

There are scores of references in the Bible to the use of perfumes by the Hebrews both in their religious services and in private life.

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 ile (seal oil)?" the fisherman pursued.

"No," said the governor.

"Be you one o' 'Sam' Lewis' men from Red bay, sir, come about 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 Tenyson 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' 'eepleen, an' 'e used to poke at ye, loike 'i fun, w' 'is stick. 'E 'ad such a lot of 'air an' a long beard, an', 'e stinking her voice confidentially, 'e never looked very clean; no, 'e didn't."

"'E 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' taken '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 his 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, "hit 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 jackass it makes me think of it."

An Interesting Coin.

An interesting coin has just been found 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.

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.

Aseum—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.

BLUNDERS IN FICTION

ASTRONOMICAL BULLS THAT LIVE IN PROSE AND POETRY.

Hall Caine's Wonderful Night, Dickens' Stationary Star, Rider Haggard's Wonderful Eclipse and Coleridge's Impossible Crescent.

It is curious to note in how many instances strange astronomical errors appear in works of fiction quite unnecessary to the requirements of the story and resulting apparently from sheer lack of observation. As a modern example of such gratuitous blundering take a piece of description from Mr. Hall Caine's "Seapegont": "It was a wonderful night. The moon, which was in its first quarter, was still low in the east, but the stars were thick overhead." A wonderful night, indeed! And strange that such a lover of nature as Mr. Hall Caine should not have reflected that when the moon in its first quarter is low in the east it is broad daylight, with the sun high in the heavens!

Nevertheless on this point he erred in good company. The young moon has proved a stumbling block to many a writer who has attempted to introduce it as a picturesque adjunct to his description of evening.

In Dickens' "Our Mutual Friend" Eugene Wrayburn, in his walk along the river bank, finds it has just risen when "the stars were beginning to shine in the sky, from which the tones of red and yellow were flickering."

Dickens, in truth, was sublimely superior to astronomical niceties, especially when they in any way interfered with the artistic effect of his stories. In his "Child's Dream of a Star" the point turns upon one special star, "larger and more beautiful than the rest," which always came out every night in one particular place and at one particular time, thereby behaving as no star has ever conceivably been known to do. This is undoubtedly taking a liberty with the solar system, but it is small indeed compared with the license sometimes claimed by authors desirous of calling in the aid of astronomy to assist their plots, but who are either insufficiently acquainted with their subject or count it no sin to twist and convert facts to suit their requirements.

A very famous and noteworthy instance of this is afforded in Rider Haggard's "King Solomon's Mines," where the phenomenon of a total solar eclipse is employed with most happy and dramatic effect as far as the story is concerned, but with a perfect disregard of astronomical details which in its audacity is almost startling. Here, again, as in so many other cases, the difficulty of the young moon comes in, and the sun has scarcely set before the "fine crescent" rises in the east. Within a wonderfully short space of time after this curious event the moon is full, and only a day later the total eclipse of the sun takes place, despite the astronomical fact that it is at "no moon" (or, more accurately speaking, the last few seconds of the old moon and the first few seconds of the new) that a total solar eclipse alone is possible.

But perhaps the most interesting feature of this altogether remarkable eclipse is that the total darkness lasts for nearly an hour. Alas, under the rarest and most favorable conditions, seven minutes alone is the utmost limit of time during which the sun's face is totally obscured, and the observer under ordinary circumstances counts himself lucky if he is rewarded for a journey of some thousands of miles by an uninterrupted view of the corona for three minutes, two or even less.

Some years ago one of the magazines contained a story called "The Portent," the motif of which was a certain strange seeming in the heavens which, whenever it appeared, boded ill to a particular family. This prophetic sign was none other than the appearance of the crescent moon with a star between the two horns. Nor was this a particularly novel idea, for it will be remembered that in Coleridge's "Ancient Mariner" that voracious seaman relates how at one period of his adventures there rose

above the eastern bar The horned moon, with one bright star Within the nether tip.

In a purely miraculous and fanciful creation like this famous poem it would be ridiculous to cavil at such a detail, though in the case of the story it might well be questioned how the star could manage to appear in such a position. We may perhaps refer to the line in "The Burial of Sir John Moore" where the great soldier is represented as being interred "by the struggling moonbeam's misty light," whereas, as a matter of fact, the moon was but a day old at the time of the battle of Coruna and therefore invisible. This seems like hypercriticism, especially in a poem that lays no claim to astronomical accuracy.

The case is different when an author deliberately makes a statement which he intends shall be believed. In "Innocents Abroad" Mark Twain draws special notice to the point that on the voyage across the Atlantic they observed the full moon located just in the same spot in the heavens at the same hour every night. He accounts for this by the motion of the ship, which gained enough every day to keep up with the moon, but he seemingly forgot that, though for this reason the position of the moon might not greatly alter, her phase certainly would, so that it could not have been the full moon which was visible night after night.—London Standard.

In No Luck. He—So your married life is not happy? Well, you have my regrets. She—Oh, I don't need them; I have enough of my own.—Judge.

A MARVELLOUS SPRING HEALTH GIVER AND INVIGORATOR.

Paine's Celery Compound Purifies the Blood as Nothing Else Can Do.

It Nourishes the Tired Brain and Erases the Weak Nerves.

Paine's Celery Compound purifies the blood as nothing else can do; it is nature's brain food; it builds up weak and shattered nerves; it is the world's best and surest health-giver.

Paine's Celery Compound during the opening of spring, has a remarkable efficacy in making sick people well and strong. It makes short work of debility and nervous exhaustion. It quickly drives out neuralgia, rheumatism, sleeplessness and dyspepsia from the system. Its virtues promptly banish kidney disease and liver troubles. It enables all weak and rundown men and women to cast off their besetting troubles and gives them a happy and vigorous life. Mr. Charles E. Beck, Goderich, Ont., whose life was directly saved by use of Paine's Celery Compound after other medicines had failed to do any good work, writes as follows:

"I am a Tanner by trade, and about thirteen years ago had an attack of rheumatic fever. While recovering I took a cold and had a relapse which ended in inflammatory rheumatism, and I was laid up for years. I was also afflicted with sleeplessness, and my doctor said I would not live to see my thirtieth year. While almost giving up in despair your Paine's Celery Compound was recommended to me. I bought a bottle and used it, and to my surprise it gave me natural sleep and rest. After using six bottles I was entirely cured. My wife also used your medicine for insomnia, and before she used one whole bottle was entirely cured."

Mr. Jas. Wilson, a prominent Goderich druggist says: "I know Mr. Beck intimately, and can vouch for what he says about Paine's Celery Compound."

DOMINION NEWS.

The prohibition bill has passed the second reading in the Manitoba legislature. Hundreds of letters have been received by Lord Strathcona from persons desirous to emigrate to Canada, but the great majority ask assistance.

The Pope has decided to divide the archdiocese of Athabaska and give Dawson city a bishopric. The new bishop of Dawson will be Rev. Mr. Breyntomi, a missionary now working in the Mackenzie River district.

Weary Brain Workers.

Fagged out ideas come as slowly as masses. You think of things just a minute or two too late. Snap! gone! The cogency that made life a pleasure—that's gone too. The doctor would tell you that you are run down, not eating enough, nor digesting enough. Your stomach needs aid, your digestion needs a racer too. Your blood requires Phosphorus and Iron that it may be formed readily. Now Ferro-China is a wonderful nerve bracer and blood maker. It's food for the blood and nerves, it will make you strong quickly and permanently.

Sold by R. O'Leary, General Merchant, Richibucto.

The viceroy of India, Lord Curzon of Kedleston, telegraphs that the rainfall has been light and scattered, and of no benefit to the affected districts. About 359,000 persons are now receiving relief.

PALATABLE AS CREAM.—"The D. & L." Emulsion of Cod Liver Oil, for those suffering from severe coughs and hemorrhages, is used with the greatest benefit. Manufactured by the Davis & Lawrence Co., Ltd.

An engagement of federal troops and the warlike Mayas, near Merida, Yucatan, reported, in which the rebels lost 80 killed and 150 wounded.

Chronic Bronchitis

Mr. Wm. Davidson, St. Andrews, Que., states:—"Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine has cured me of bronchitis. I have, without success, tried many remedies for the past six years. Last winter when I had a severe attack and was unable to work I procured a bottle of Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine, and am happy to state that the third bottle made me a well man."

Mr. W. R. Alger, insurance agent, Halifax, N.S., says:—"I used Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine for a severe attack of bronchitis. Permit me to testify to its splendid curative properties. I got better from the time of taking the first dose. Having a family of young children, my doctors' bills have annually come to a considerable sum. I believe a bottle of Dr. Chase's Syrup occasionally will aid me in reducing them very materially." 25 cents a bottle, all dealers.

Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine.