

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.

9.30	Dept. Richibucto, Arr.	14.00
9.45	Dept. Rexton, Arr.	13.45
10.00	Dept. Mill Creek, Arr.	13.30
10.15	Dept. Grumble Road, Arr.	13.15
10.20	Dept. Molus River, Arr.	13.10
10.40	Dept. McMinn's Mills, Arr.	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:

10.55	Arr. Moncton, Dep.	11.35
7.55	Dep. Buctouche, Arr.	11.00

(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.

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.

In the Clutch Of Consumption.



Don't neglect that persistent hacking cough till you find yourself in the clutch of Consumption. It's an easy matter to stop it now by taking

DR. WOOD'S NORWAY PINE SYRUP.

This pleasant remedy heals and soothes the lungs and bronchial tubes, and cures lingering and chronic coughs when other remedies fail.

Mr. W. P. Cann, writing from Morpeth, Ont., says: "I honestly believe I would have died of consumption only for Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup. I have used it for years and consider it has no equal for severe colds and throat troubles."

KIPLING'S RIDE.

(W. D. Nesbit in Baltimore American.)

Up from the south at break of day,
Bringing to England some new dismay,
The tremulous air with hilarity bore
A sort of rambling, ranting roar
Which told that Rad. Kipling was writing more,
For a snifter chuckle smote the shore—
And Kip. was a thousand miles away!

It thundered against those cliffs of chalk,
This jibing assortment of wireless talk,
And told them: I'm lolling at ease on deck,
And thinking of how you're a mental wreck,
And measure your troubles by more than a peck,
Because, forsooth, I have smitten your neck!

And Kip. was a thousand miles away!

"You flanneled fools!" came the chuckle hoarse,
"You oafs! You are muddled still more,
Of course.
For the best part is, do you understand?
That I understand, like my Vampire-grand,
That you don't, and you never, and won't understand,
Although I may scribble to beat the band!"

And Kip. was a thousand miles away.

"Ho! Ho!" it roared. "There are me and the crew,
And the mate and the cook and the captain, too,
And we're reading the poem the whole way through,
And counting the dollar-per-word that's due,
And saying that none of the points are new,
But you needed a jolt—it was coming to you!"

And Kip. was a thousand miles away.

"You're flanneled fools, and you're silly jouns,
You're muddled oafs, and you're filled with prunes,
I'm taking a sail on the mighty wet,
But I'm not through listing your bad traits yet,
So you'd better heed me, and not forget,
Or I'll make the next one worse, you bet!"

And Kip. was a thousand miles away!

WHAT MAKES YOU COUGH.

Did you ever wonder just what it is that makes you cough? In a general way it is understood to be an involuntary effort of nature to eject something from the breathing pipe. As a matter of fact, merely a slight throat inflammation caused by a cold will cause a cough to start, and the more you cough, the more you want to cough. If you allay the inflammation in the throat your cough will stop.

Don't dull the sensitiveness of the throat with medicine containing a narcotic, but give it soothing and healing treatment. This is difficult because the inflamed parts are in the way of the passage of food and drink. The true cough remedy is something that will protect the throat from the ill effect of catarrhal discharges and also from the irritation of swallowing food. Such a remedy is Adamson's Botanic Cough Balsam, which for many years has been conquering the most obstinate coughs. It is a soothing compound prepared from barks and gums. Its beneficial effect is quickly felt and the work of healing promptly begun. If you once take Adamson's Balsam for cough, you will never be satisfied without some of it at hand for any new cough. A trial size of the Balsam can be secured of any drug list for 10 cents. The regular size is 25c. In asking for the Balsam, be sure you get the genuine, which has "F. W. Kinsman & Co." blown in the bottle.

Couldn't Find the Corkscrew.

They live pretty well out in a handsome home, but not near enough to a fire station to be "handy in case of accident." As the house is their own and their all the husband had been somewhat in terror of a blaze for some time. So he laid in a stock of hand grenades, those little glass bottles which are supposed to put out any fire that may start.

One day the blaze came. The cook started it in the kitchen. Then she fled howling to her room and began to pack her trunk. The wife prides herself on her ability to keep her head, so first she stepped to the telephone and turned in the alarm, and then she went for the hand grenades.

When the fire department did arrive, the men found her standing over the sidewalk rummaging through the drawers. Copious streams of water soon drowned the blaze and ruined the lower floor, and the department left. Still she rummaged. Her husband came, called by the phone girl. He saw her there.

"Why, my dear girl," he said, "why didn't you use the hand grenades and stop the fire as soon as it started? Then the whole lower part of the house wouldn't have been soaked."

"John," she responded icily, "if you would just keep the corkscrew where it belongs, I could use the horrid old grenades. But it is gone and how was I to open them?"

THE "OLL" Emulsion

OF COD LIVER OIL

(Trade Mark.)

Will GIVE YOU AN APPETITE! TONE YOUR NERVES! MAKE YOU STRONG! MAKE YOU WELL!

Dr. Burgess, Med. Supt. of the Prot. Hospital for Insane, Montreal, prescribes it constantly and gives us permission to use his name.

Miss Clark, Supt. Grace Hospital, Toronto, writes they have also used it with the best results.

50c. and \$1.00 Bottles.

DAVIS & LAWRENCE CO., Limited.

LOVE IS NOT BLIND.

Love is not blind, but sees through all disguise. And that is why we hear from day to day of odd engagements, causing much surprise, and wedding passing strange in every way.

"What can she see in him?" the critics say. Love is not blind, but sees through all disguise. It is those who cannot use his Roentgen ray. At whom love laughs and leaves them to surmise.

I find in you what all true lovers prize; You find in me all I was meant to be. Love is not blind, but sees through all disguise. And finds the charm—compatibility.

And so when comes the day that we are wed We'll smile at those who think themselves more wise And live to prove the truth of what we've said— Love is not blind, but sees through all disguise.

SOME WHITTLING STUNTS

From the Ball in Prison to the Anchor, Chain and Buoy.

"I suppose," said Uncle Higgins, "that very small boy when he gets his first sharp knife does just what our young friend here has been doing. He gets a nice stick of soft white pine and cuts out imprisoned within four corner bars I know I did that, and I have made lots of them."

"You take a squared stick of soft white pine of any dimensions, but say an inch square and four inches long, and mark off a block an inch long in the middle of its length. Then you mark off on either side of that another space of an inch, and then you proceed to dig out the wood from those spaces through from side to side and from all sides, but carefully saving the corners of the block untouched. For these will each become a part of a bar of that corner extending from end to end, when the middle block of which the ball is to be made, is cut free."

"When you have cut out those spaces clearly, leaving the square block in the middle, you cut the block down rounding the corners, cutting it into the shape of a ball as much as possible before cutting it away at the corners, because it is much easier to shape when it is loose than it will be after it is loosely cut. You want to be careful not to slip down through the corner pieces and spoil the whole thing, and you want to work out, too, not to do what our young friend here has done, and what I have seen done myself, for that matter, and get it to slide down through an end of a block, cutting one of the square pieces out there, before you come to the rounding of the block at all."

"The rounded block cut free, you smooth it off nicely, and smooth the side edges and ends, and there you are, a ball that couldn't have been cut into this shape from the outside at all, but that is in it, all right, and that rolls freely within it from end to end."

"Sometimes a boy would make one of these with two balls in it, and I have occasionally known a boy to make a ball in it. It is like this out of hard wood, which is a triumph, for to make a good imprisoned ball of any wood is a task requiring the exercise of some skill and of very great patience, but it is really nothing to some of the whittling stunts that occasionally men do aboard ship on long voyages or on long waits in port."

"A man who was fond of whittling in such circumstances, take for a stick a stick as long as a broomstick of suitable dimensions and carve out one end of this an anchor on a swivel. It is pretty difficult work, and it calls for the greatest patience, too, to cut a swivel out of a solid block."

"Having cut the anchor and the swivel, the whittler proceeds to cut that long stick, step by step, into the links of a wooden chain. A link at a time he adds to the wooden cable, this growing and the solid remaining part of the stick steadily decreasing till he comes to the other end, and there he cuts another swivel, and for the very end a buoy."

"Now, there is something in the whittling line that does take patience. I am afraid our young friend here has not yet acquired a sufficient stock of patience to enable him to do that. I am not certain that I could do that myself."

When Mayor Meets Mayor.

Civic characters of local fame imbued with a sense of their own importance are not wholly unknown in this country, a fact which may account for the familiar ring of the following story found in "Highways and Byways in East Anglia."

Mayor Wakefield one day set out for the next town with a load of hay. On the way a truss fell from the load, and he applied to a passerby for assistance in replacing it. The man addressed, instead of rendering willing aid, drew himself up to rather more than his normal height and said:

"Are you aware that you are addressing the mayor of Lynn?"

"Man," replied Wakefield, "that don't make no odds. I'm the mayor of Catte-Rising. Now will you lend a hand?"

"With pleasure," replied the mayor of Lynn.

Antique Clocks.

A common trick of clock makers and repairers of years ago, when the craze for antique "grandfather" clocks first showed itself, was to alter the names and dates of the original makers on such of these clocks as came to them. This trick has made it difficult to prove the exact age of an old clock now, even by experts, and still more difficult to learn the name of the real maker. Reputable repairers do not follow the practice in these days, having realized that it results in the end in injury to the business.

Lions and Tigers.

There is nothing odd or peculiar about the sleep of the lions and tigers. In captivity they show the same indifference to danger that they manifest in the jungles and by day or night will slumber through an unusual tumult, unmindful or unconscious of the noise. Their sleep is commonly heavy and peaceful.

She Believed.

Hester—I hope you don't believe what Fred Saunders says. He has been in love with every girl in town, first and last.

Bertha—That's why I value his judgment, you know. A man of his experience may be trusted to know a good thing when he sees it.

Not Needed.

He was obviously anxious, and she seemed almost willing.

"I shall refer you to papa," said she, with a becoming blush, "before giving you a final answer."

"But I am perfectly willing to take you without any reference," said he magnanimously.

No Possibility.

"Are you never afraid, Uncle Rastus," asked one of the scoffers, "of falling from grace?"

"Cunnel," replied Uncle Rastus, "how kin a pusson fall 'im de bedrock?"—Chicago Tribune.

Always Careful.

Mamma—I hope you gave that young Custer a piece of your mind when he kissed you!

Ethel—Ah, mamma, I wanted to hear your opinion about it first.

Some Laughs.

An American traveler in Europe remarks the Italian laugh as languid, but musical, the German as deliberate, the French as spasmodic and uncertain, the upper class English as guarded and not always genuine, the lower class English as explosive, the Scotch of all classes as hearty and the Irish as rollicking.

Daughter (coaxing)—Papa, do have a little mercy and let Charles and me be happy together.

Papa (mathematical professor)—What? You want to think of marriage when you don't even know where to find the hypotenuse of a right angled triangle?

Bulgaria is a great country for the distillation of attar of roses, which is used in so many ways by perfumers and soap-makers.

Silk dresses were worn in China 4,500 years ago.

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POLA LOVED HIM.

Samoa Boy Who Wanted to Own a Portrait of Stevenson.

After Mr. Stevenson's death so many of his Samoan friends begged for his photograph that we sent to Sydney for a supply, which was soon exhausted. One afternoon Pola came in and remarked in a very hurt and an aggrieved manner that he had been neglected in the way of photographs.

"But your father, the chief, has a large, fine one."

"True," said Pola. "But that is not mine. I have the box presented to me by your high chief goodness. It has a little cover, and there I wish to put the sun shadow of Tutitila, the beloved chief whom we all revere, but I more than the others, because he was the head of my clan."

"To be sure," I said, and looked about for a photograph. I found a picture cut from a weekly paper, one I remembered that Mr. Stevenson himself had particularly disliked. He would have been pleased had he seen the scornful way Pola threw the picture on the floor.

"I will not have that!" he cried. "It is pig faced. It is not the shadow of our chief." He leaned against the door and wept.

"I have nothing else, Pola," I protested. "Truly, if I had another picture of Tutitila I would give it to you."

He brightened up at once. "There is the one in the smoking room," he said. "where he walks back and forth. That pleases me, for it looks like him." He referred to an oil painting of Mr. Stevenson by Sargent. I explained that I could not give him that. "Then I will take the round one," he said, "of tin." This last was the bronze bas-relief by St. Gandens. I must have laughed involuntarily, for he went out deeply hurt. Hearing a strange noise in the hall an hour or so later, I opened the door and discovered Pola lying on his face, weeping bitterly.

"What are you crying about?" I asked. "The shadow, the shadow," he sobbed. "I want the sun shadow of Tutitila."

I knocked at my mother's door across the hall, and at the sight of that tear stained face her heart melted, and he was given the last photograph we had, which he wrapped in a banana leaf, tying it carefully with a ribbon of grass.

TOO GOOD TO BE WELL.

A Hospital Doctor's Experience With an Out Patient.

There is an interval of silence; then a sudden peal as the accident bell is heard, and the next moment an agitated parent is seen running down the passage with a child tucked under the arm, its bare legs streaming behind it in the wind of its mother's rapidity.

"What's the matter, missis? Has she swallowed some poison?"

"No, sir; it ain't that," she pants; "but I'm that scared I don't know 'ardly which way to turn."

"Well, but what's happened? Has she hurt herself?"

"No, sir; and 'er father 'e's that upset 'e couldn't do nothink, else I ain't used to runnin' like that, and 'e'd 'ave brought 'er up, but 'e says as 'ow 'e daren't touch 'er, and I've ran all the way, and me 'eart!"

"Come now, missis, just tell me quietly what's the matter with the child."

The patient, a pretty little thing of 4, looks inquiringly at her alarmed parent; there seems to be little the matter with her.

"It's all very well yer a-sittin' there and a-tellin' me to be quiet," cries the mother. "If yer 'ad children of yer own yer wouldn't like ter see 'em die afore yer eyes. Oh, dear, oh, dear, and there ain't only two more and the baby!"

The doctor in despair examines the little girl, but fails to discover anything wrong. "Now look here," says he firmly, "I can't find anything the matter with your child, so you'll have to go away unless you tell me why you brought her up to the hospital."

"Well, doctor, we was all a-havin' our tea a minute ago as it might be, and 'er father was eatin' a nice bit of tripe as was over from dinner, when Susy, that's 'er, says as 'ow she loved God and was goin' to 'eavin' when she doied. What?" in tones of horror. "Ain't yer goin' to give 'er no medicine?"

Dwarf Trees.

To dwarf trees as the Chinese do you must follow their methods. They take a young plant, say a seedling or a cutting of cedar when its taproot or three inches high, cut off its taproot as soon as it has enough other rootlets to live upon and replant it in a shallow pot or pan, allowing the end of the taproot to rest upon the bottom of the pan. Alluvial clay molded to the size of beans and just sufficient in quantity to furnish a scanty nourishment is then put into the pot. Water, heat and light are permitted on the same basis.

The Chinese also use various mechanical contrivances to promote symmetry of growth. As, owing to the shallow pots, both top and roots are easily accessible, the gardener uses the pruning knife and the searing iron freely. So that the little tree hemmed on every side eventually gives up the unequal struggle and, contenting itself with the little life left, grows just enough to live and look well.

How Symbols Look to the English.

There are many quaint old restaurants and inns around London, and some of their signs are very curious, writes a London correspondent to the New York Times. Among these is one known popularly as the Goose and Gridiron. In reality it is the Swan and Harp, which are the well known symbols of the Company of Musicians. The Angel and Steelyards, as another one is known, really represents Justice holding her scales. The Bull and Bedpost shows a bull fastened to a stake ready to be baited, and the Ship and Shovel is a memento of Sir Cloudesley Shovel's naval exploits.

Some Laughs.

An American traveler in Europe remarks the Italian laugh as languid, but musical, the German as deliberate, the French as spasmodic and uncertain, the upper class English as guarded and not always genuine, the lower class English as explosive, the Scotch of all classes as hearty and the Irish as rollicking.

Said an Irishman, "If a Yankee was cast away on a desolate island, he'd get up early the next morning and sell every inhabitant a map of the place."

Many a man spends half his time anticipating tomorrow and the other half in regretting yesterday.

Thousands of our Canadian Women have found the true Fountain of Health.

PAIN'S CELERY COMPOUND

A Sure Banisher of Ills Peculiar to Women.

Dr. Phelps' famous prescription, Paine's Celery Compound, has been and is now freely prescribed by many of our ablest physicians for the ills peculiar to women. They have found the wonderful remedy to be exactly what is claimed for it. It has been proved again and again that Paine's Celery Compound is the one great cure for that form of nervousness peculiar to women, and gives to weak, rundown and suffering females a perfect and robust manhood. All women who suffer from irregularities, hysteria, nervous prostration, anaemia, liver and kidney troubles or blood diseases, should at once give Paine's Celery Compound a trial. Its cures are happy and permanent. Miss Jessie M. Ross, Quyon, Que., says: "It affords me much pleasure to testify to the great good that Paine's Celery Compound has done for me. I was completely run down in health and a victim of female weakness, and after using three bottles of Paine's Celery Compound I was completely cured. It is the best blood purifier I know of."

St. John's, Nfld., Jan. 24.—Rev. Dr. Milligan, one of the oldest and most respected ministers of the Methodist church in Newfoundland, died suddenly this morning from heart disease. Dr. Milligan was for many years president of the conference here, and later was inspector of schools of the denomination. He was seventy-three years of age and much respected by all denominations.

A True Brain Food

must replace the feeling of lassitude and mental tiredness by clearness and strength of mind. Not that it goes directly to the brain, that were foolish. The true brain food must be carried by rich, red blood. If mental fatigue worries and alarms you, look not to the brain, but the stomach and assimilative organs. No remedy yet discovered, possesses the marvellous brain strengthening power that Ferrozone has demonstrated in thousands of cases. Ferrozone does not stimulate the brain into a fitful glow, but by improving digestion, strengthening the nervous system, stimulating assimilation, giving new strength to the heart, it sends a stream of red vitalizing blood to the brain. Thus it is a true brain food. Ferrozone is sold by R. O. Leary, General Merchant, Richibucto.

OTTAWA, Jan. 24.—Bulletin No. 2 was issued to-day by Special Census Commissioner Blue, giving the population of the province of Manitoba and Ontario by census districts, classed as rural and urban, and compared with the 1891 census. It contains also the population of the several incorporated cities, towns and villages of the two provinces on last of the years grouped by census districts. For instance the total population of Manitoba is placed at 254,947, of which 184,714 is rural and 70,233 is urban. In 1891 the population was 152,506, of which 111,498 was rural and 41,008 urban. In Ontario the total population is given at 2,182,942, of which 1,247,190 is rural and 935,752 urban. In 1891 the population was 2,114,321, of which 1,295,323 was rural and 818,998 urban.

British Troop Oil Liniment is without exception the most effective remedy for Cuts, Wounds, Ulcers, Open Sores, Rheumatism, Bites, Stings of Insects, etc. A large bottle 25 cents.

The premier and some of his colleagues have been invited by Provincial Secretary Stratton, of Ontario, to attend a dinner to be given to the Hon. James Sutherland at the Parliament Buildings, Toronto, on Thursday, the 30th inst.

BACKACHE?

If you have Backache you have Kidney Disease. If you neglect Backache it will develop into something worse—Bright's Disease or Diabetes. There is no use rubbing and doctoring your back. Cure the kidneys. There is only one kidney medicine but it cures Backache every time—

Dodd's Kidney Pills