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NO. 3

The Naughty Little Girl. She is cunning, she is tricky. I am greatly grieved to tell, And her hands are always sticky With chocolate caramel; Her dolly's battered features Tell of many a frantic hurl, She's the terror of her teachers— That naughty little girl!

They say. The blackest scandal brain e'er wrought— The vilest tale with falsehood fraught, That filled the hearer with dismay, Was prefaced by the words—"They say."

Our Wood Pulp Industry. The vastness of our wood pulp industry which is but comparatively a few years old, is probably not realized by people not directly interested in it.

Beating the Game. The tale is told of an old and foxy farmer who is worth a goodly amount of money, and who dwells in one of the towns in the neighborhood of Boston, that upon one occasion the crafty old gentleman went to attend a country fair.

Ginseng in Commerce. As already stated, the trade in ginseng is a revival of one that formerly existed. In the autumn of 1716, Pere Joseph Francis Lafitan, a Jesuit father, who had

arrived in the country in 1712, and was stationed at the Sault, above Montreal, discovered the plant. He had been in Quebec in 1715, and there saw a letter of Pere Jartoux, who had seen ginseng in Tartary in 1706, and who gave a description of it. Lafitan inquired about it from the Indians, and examined the country to find it. At this time it was worth its weight in gold at Pekin. A company was formed to export it to China, Japan, and Tartary. The price at Quebec was from thirty to forty sous or cents per pound. At first anyone was allowed to sell it, but as its value increased the company exercised its monopoly rights, and in 1751 undertook to exclude all others from the trade. As the demand increased, the care with which it was obtained and prepared was relaxed. It was gathered out of season, and imperfectly dried in stove ovens. Even in this state it brought twenty-five livres per pound. In 1752 ginseng of this character to the value of five hundred thousand livres was exported. In 1754 the value of the export had fallen to thirty-three thousand livres. A quantity sent to La Rochelle remained unsold, but finally found its way to China, where its inferior quality gave the Canadian article a bad reputation; the demand fell off, and the export ceased. When the trade was at its height it was considered more profitable to gather ginseng than to cultivate the farm, and agriculture was almost entirely neglected. The result was, that the plant almost entirely disappeared. It came to be a proverb among the people, when speaking of some matter that had failed, "C'est tombe comme le ginseng." (It has gone down like ginseng.)—Exchange.

He Had a Scheme to Stop the Cars at His Door. "Tickets, please," said the conductor of a train on a line running east out of Detroit as he entered the car.

Self-Reliance. Rely upon yourself; take it for granted that you can accomplish all you undertake, and never be afraid to undertake anything within reason. Declare that you can do what other men, what other women have done, and never, never, say "I can't!"

A Dog's Sagacity. "One summer an ordinance was passed by the village trustees requiring all dogs to be muzzled. Pedro was, instead, fastened with a peculiarly made chain which had once done service in a suction pump. It was not heavy, but one would never forget the odd shape of its links. A hole was cut through the side of a workshop, and the chain was fastened with a strong staple to a joint which was exposed when the hole was cut. Pedro was a very unwilling prisoner for a week, when one morning he was discovered lying on the doorstep—collar, chain, and staple gone. He had gnawed the staple out, and had pulled the collar off over his head. None of the fastenings could be found, high or low. Two years afterwards the chain and collar were dug out of a pile of ashes in the far back end of the lot. The diggers knew that Pedro had buried them. They whistled, and he soon came bounding to the spot, expecting fun of some kind. The diggers pointed to the chain. Pedro looked down at it, smelled of it, dropped his tail between his legs, cowered, and whined piteously for mercy, knowing his guilt was found out at last."—Buffalo Express.

Same Old Candidate. A hard-working woman was asked: "Madam, are you a woman suffragist?" "No, sir," was the answer, "I haven't time to be."

Beating the Game. The tale is told of an old and foxy farmer who is worth a goodly amount of money, and who dwells in one of the towns in the neighborhood of Boston, that upon one occasion the crafty old gentleman went to attend a country fair.

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his hand lacked cunning or the luck was against him. He steadily lost money. Being of a miserly disposition, the more he lost the more excited he became, and at last he made a rash bet of \$10, apparently desperately set upon winning back what he had lost. But the fickle goddess still frowned upon him and once more he lost.

The disappointment was too much for him, and down he tumbled in a fit. Instantly confusion reigned, and the old man was picked up, taken into the house and put upon a lounge. The hotel was crowded, however, it was full of noise and confusion, and it was decided that there was nothing for it but to carry the farmer home.

His horse and wagon were accordingly brought to the door. He was bundled, still, to all appearances, insensible, into it, and a man was deputed to drive him to his home, some miles away. The team started off, the driver anxiously solicitous for the safety of the invalid, but when they were well out of sight of the hotel, the sick man suddenly straightened himself up and winked at his astonished companion.

"Well," he said, "I got out of that pretty well."

And the other for the first time recollected that there had been no settlement, and the men to whom the old farmer had lost money had not received a cent of their winnings.

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CANADA'S POPULATION.

How the Cities in the Dominion Now Stand. Census returns by counties were presented to Parliament on Wednesday. For the Maritime Provinces they are as follows:

Table with columns for Province, County, and Population. Includes sections for Prince Edward Island, Nova Scotia, and New Brunswick.

POPULATION OF TOWNS

Table listing populations of towns from 3,000 to 5,000 in the maritime provinces.

THE CITIES.

Table listing populations of major cities in 1891 and 1881.

Alcoholic Poisoning.

The death of Stanton, whose sudden taking off is now the subject of a coroner's inquest, was probably due to alcoholic poisoning. It may not be amiss to subject the remains of Stanton to a post mortem examination, for the purpose of ascertaining the precise effect of the alcohol upon the brain and stomach of the deceased, but as to the main fact, the cause of his death, it hardly needs further elucidation. Alcohol is a narcotic poison, belonging to the same class as opium, chloroform and chlorhydrate and acts, primarily upon the nervous system and secondarily upon the heart and other organs. The result of many experiments made on animals shows that alcohol, as a poison, is as certain in its effects as any other poison, provided the dose given is large enough. Taken in excessive quantities it paralyzes the nerve centres and arrests the action of the heart. There cannot be a doubt that far more people die of alcoholic poisoning than is generally supposed and that numerous deaths which are attributed to heart disease, heart failing, congestion and other causes are really the result of alcoholism.—St. John Gazette.

The Wondrous St. Lawrence.

The St. Lawrence is a phenomenon among rivers. No other river is fed by such gigantic lakes. No other river is so independent of the elements. It despises alike rain, snow and sunshine. Ice and wind may be said to be the only things that effect its mighty flow. Something almost as phenomenal as the St. Lawrence itself is the fact that there is so little generally known about it. It might safely be affirmed that not one per cent. of the American public are aware of the fact that among all the great rivers of the world the St. Lawrence is the only absolutely floodless one. Such, however, is the case. The St. Lawrence despises rain and sunshine. Its great variation caused by drought or rain hardly ever exceeds a foot or fourteen inches.

The cause of this almost everlasting sameness is easily understood. The St. Lawrence is fed by the mightiest bodies of fresh water on earth. Immense as is the volume of water it pours into the ocean, any one who has traversed all the immense lakes that feed it, and for the surplus waters of which it is the only channel to the sea, wonders that it is not more gigantic than it is. Not one drop of the waters of the five great lakes finds its way to the ocean save through this gigantic, extraordinary and wonderfully beautiful river. No wonder, then, that it should despise the rain and defy the sunshine.—Nature's Realm.

The Right Arm and Left Foot.

The right arm is nearly always a little larger than the left, but the left foot is almost always larger than the right, presumably because, while nearly every man uses his right arm to lift a weight or strike a blow, he almost invariably kicks with his left foot, while the lounger stands on his left leg and lets his right fall easily, because he has learned by experience that this is the best attitude that he can assume to prevent lassitude and fatigue. This constant bearing of the weight on the left foot makes it wider than the right, and it often happens that a man who tries on a shoe on his right foot and gets a close fit has to discard the shoes altogether because he cannot endure the pain caused by the tightness of the left. If when riding on a street car you will take the trouble to notice you will see that in laced shoes the gap is much smaller on the right foot than on the left, while with buttoned shoes the buttons have to be set back ten times on the left shoe to once on the right. The moral of course, is, never wear shoes not made to order, and always have both feet measured. But if this too sweeping, try on the left shoe and trust to luck for the right.—St. Louis Globe Democrat.

Early Traces of Man.

When was man first placed on earth? No one can answer that question. Hugh Miller says that man's habit of burying his dead out of sight makes it very easy to be mistaken on that point; for, because of burial, men's bones may be found among the animals that have laid in the earth for ages. There is one thing, however, that gives us an inkling of when he came. Certain tools, that only man could have made, have been buried in caves, in peat beds, and in the bottom of lakes. Often these are covered by layers of rock; and by calculating how long it took to form these layers, a guess can be made as to when the tools were put there. Still it is only a guess, and no one pretends to regard the question as settled, because, under some conditions the layers would be made faster than under others. But the bones of certain animals, the mammoth, and other great creatures of that time, which have long since died, have been found with these tools, writes Thersa Crofton in St. Nicholas. By calculating in what ages these animals lived, and how long it takes a race of animals to die out, a surer result can be arrived at. In a cave in England, buried under a limestone layer from one to 15 inches thick, tools have been found, mingled with the bones of elephants, tigers, rhinoceroses and hyenas, which roamed over that country thousands and thousands of years ago. The peat bogs of what is now Denmark and Scandinavia, are filled with stone tools. Some have been found in gravel beds, underlying peat which is certainly 7,000 years old.—Ex.

The deepest mine in the world is at St. Andre de Poirier, France, and yearly produces 300,000 tons of coal. The mine is worked with two shafts, one 2,955 feet deep and the other 3,083 feet. The latter shaft is now being deepened and will soon reach the 4,000 foot level. A remarkable feature is the comparatively low temperature, which seldom rises above 75 degrees Fahrenheit.

ALL SORTS.

A self-operating envelope has appeared, which operates by drawing two projecting ends of a string so as to cut its edges.

Man may want little here below, but he usually keeps up a fearful kicking until he gets it.

Boating and office seeking are about alike; the men who have the strongest pull win.

A horrible tragedy was enacted Tuesday at the residence of Mr. Omer Frechette in Montreal, where his little son was literally eaten to death by a ferocious dog. When the frantic mother of the child endeavored to drive the dog from its ghastly meal, he attacked her and only desisted when he was cut to pieces by a neighbor who had come to her assistance.

A nice young man got into a tram car a few evenings ago and saw to his delight the only vacant seat was by the side of a young lady acquaintance. He made for that seat with joyous strides and her eyes answered him with joyous looks. But just as he got there an elderly party walked up and dropped into the coveted seat. The young man approached more slowly and accosted the young lady.

"How is your brother?" he asked. "Is he able to get out?"

"Oh, yes!" she answered.

"Will he be very badly marked?" he continued, and the old gentleman grew suddenly interested.

"Oh, no!" she said, "with the exception of a few marks on his forehead."

"Were you not afraid of taking it?" the young man continued, while the old gentleman broke out in a cold perspiration.

"Not at all," she replied. "I have been vaccinated, you know."

The seat was vacated instantly, the two innocent young hearts beat as half a dozen, and the prattle of "nice talk" strewed that part of the car, while an old gentleman scowled upon them from the distant corner.

Some fancy the charms of the lily-white maid,

Of ethereal form and languishing eye. Who faints in the sunshine and droops in the shade,

And is always "just ready to die."

But give me the girl of the sunny face, The blood in whose veins courses healthy and free,

With the vigor of youth in her movements of grace,

Oh, that is the maiden for me!

She is the girl to "tie to" for life. The sickly, complaining woman may be an object of love and pity, but she ceases to be a "thing of beauty" worn down by female weakness and disorders, subject to hysteria and a martyr to bearing-down pains. Dr. Pierce's Favourite Prescription is a sure cure for these distressing complaints, and will transform the feeble, drooping sufferer into a healthy, happy, blooming woman. Guaranteed to give satisfaction in every case, or money paid for it refunded.

Thirty-seven years ago a Yankee fishing skipper of Vinalhaven, named Solomon Marshall, was courting Deborah Sholes, of Upper Port La Tour, N. S. While at home he had begged a lock of her beautiful golden brown hair. During the succeeding winter, which he spent at his home, he received the news that the young lady of his heart had turned fickle and was allowing another the honor of her company to village merry-makings. In his despair he and a friend, named Colby, who was afterwards killed in the War of the Rebellion, bored a three-quarter inch hole into a white birch tree then about five inches through, put the hair in and drove home after it a pine plug. The next summer he went back to Nova Scotia and married the fair Deborah, in triumph over his rival, and brought her to the States, where he afterwards died. He never thought it necessary to reclaim the hair, and there it remained year after year, the tree waxing large and strong, and covering over with its white wood and paper bark its precious token hid in its bosom. This last winter, Mr. Edwin Smith, who now owns the Marshall farm, cut the tree for firewood. In splitting the wood the axe happened to lay the tree open exactly on a pine plug, with a lock of beautiful hair behind it. The outside end of the plug was covered by three inches of solid wood, which consisted of thirty-seven annual rings. The hair and plug are now in possession of Mrs. Margaret Turner, of Isle au Haut, Me., the sister of the heroine of this romance, who is now Mrs. Saunders, of Lockport, N. S.

Twenty-two years ago John R. McDonald was the teacher of an inferior school in the county of Inverness, N. S. He turns up now as the owner of the celebrated Naomii gold mine in Australia, which is estimated to be worth \$100,000,000. Mr. McDonald studied law, but failing to succeed in that profession devoted himself to speculation and the study of minerals.