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THE TURF.

The World Growing More Crazy—The Limit of Speed Not Yet Reached.

It is not the easiest thing in the world to keep pace with the trotting horse of to-day, either on the turf or in the stall, and the man who attempts it is very apt to get the flag in the first heat. That the world has gone crazy must be apparent to all who are sane enough to give the matter any consideration, and that the world is gradually growing worse in this particular cannot be questioned. It cannot be denied that the horse interest is the greatest interest in America to-day and receives more consideration than any other. There are men in this city who are more familiar with the ancestry of the trotting horse than with that of the families to which they themselves belong and can trace the various strains of blood back through generations with great certainty. These men talk horse by the hour wherever they can get an audience and are always on the lookout for the earliest intelligence of the latest achievement. The year which is now nearly closed has been the greatest horse year the world ever saw, and while trotting and pacing records have only lowered a fraction of a second this is looked upon as a wonderful achievement, especially by those who believe that the limit of speed has been about reached. There seems no good reason, however, to believe that the limit has been reached by any means, and there are many people living to-day who expect to see the 2 minute record made. Although the present records have been reached very slowly and the last quarter second is a very tough one to wipe out, it must be remembered that horse breeding has made rapid strides during the last few years, and in fact it has only been in the last few years that breeding for speed has been intelligently and successfully applied, and the trotting world is fast beginning to reap the benefits from this intelligent breeding. The great advance which the yearlings and two year olds have made in the past season, points exclusively to what may be expected in future, and though Sunol is now queen of the turf with a record of 2.08½ she will surely be required to quicken her pace by at least half a second or be dethroned. In order to do this, and have lots to spare, Sunol has not to make her mile in anything like the proportion of her half mile, one minute 2½ seconds, the balance of her her powers can be reserved for some future achievement should her sceptre be threatened. It is also worthy of note that while Maud S stood alone in her queenhood for years with no one inconveniently near her, the queen of to-day enjoys no such immunity, but has a string of distinguished performers so close to the crown that the hot breath from their nostrils almost scorch her queenly brow, and when next season opens there is no telling what a day may bring forth.

At the close of the season last year the great stallion, Nelson, was king and his owner was a hero. His horse is now pronounced a failure by many because he is no longer king, even though he has taken ¼ of a second from his record of last year. Nelson is yet only in his prime, has a better record than he had last year, has great possibilities still before him, but is not half so much thought of by many as he was a year ago, simply because he was their king. Poor humanity is as frail in horse circles as anywhere else.

Who that glances at the following records of the world, can with any degree of accuracy pressage what may be expected within the next few years from the descendants of Electioneer, Nutwood and George Wilkes combined.

The yearling record, 2.26, made at Stockton, California, Nov. 24th, 1891, by Frow Frow a bay filly by Sydney. The two-year-old record, 2.10½ was made at the same place, Nov. 10th, 1891, by Senator Stanford's bay stallion, Arion, by Electioneer, dam Manette, by Nutwood. It is worthy of note that Manette, the dam of Arion, could not be made to trot a little bit and was used as a running pace-maker for trotters.

The three and four year old records, each 2.10½, and the world's record of 1.08½, are held by the bay mare Sunol, by Electioneer, dam Waxana, by General Benton, foaled April 14th, 1886.

The world's stallion record, 2.08½, was made at Stockton, Nov. 18th, 1891, by Senator Stanford's bay stallion, Palo Alto, by Electioneer. He was foaled in February, 1882. Palo Alto has been a cripple ever since he was four years old but has always been able to stand up and trot, and it is said that his great achievements of this year are largely due to the great care bestowed upon him by Marvin, who has full authority to do as he pleases with the horse.

Then there is Nancy Hanks by Happy Medium, dam Nancy Lee by Dictator, Nancy has a record of 2.09, and Budd Doble says she would have trotted in 2.07

if she had not taken sick in October. Right along in the same quarter of a second stands Allerton, record 2.09½ by Jay Bird, and then we have Nelson with his 2.10.

Electricity, 2.17½, and Jay-Eye-See, 2.10, both out of Midnight, but by different sires, represent the two extremes of size in the American trotter. The former is so big that his record is a nine days wonder, while Jay-Eye-See is one of the smallest trotters ever on the turf. In the above list of records it will be seen that the greatest of great horses, Electioneer, enjoys a distinction never before held by any other horse living or dead, that of being the sire of both the king and queen of the turf, as well as the sire of the holder of the two, three, and four year old champion records. And now the cool, calculating, matter of fact Englishman has taken hold of the trotting horse. The trotting service of Great Britain has instituted a stud book for trotters to stimulate breeders, and interest in trotting is gaining ground, the Alexandria stakes last year being £1,625 against £890 the year before. The champion two year old trotter of Europe is Aspasia by the American bred horse Hambleton out of a Russian bred mare. With Europe and America breeding trotting horses intelligently, from the stock at their command there is no good reason to suppose that the speed limit has been nearly or quite reached. Oh, no! many of us now living will see the 2 minute trotting record and still be expecting something more.—Ex.

History Repeating.

The study of coincidence and accidental resemblance is always curious and interesting, but it seems to be entirely useless. A little reflection will show the person who so considers it that he is mistaken. These coincidents are one of the most fruitful causes of human error since the mind naturally seeks to find some connection between two things strikingly alike. When such a connection cannot be found it is invented. It is worth while, then to study the facts which impress on the mind the possibility of the closest coincidences where there is no connection whatever.

A series of historical parallels, beginning with ancient Rome, will furnish food for a good deal of thought in this line.

The story of Horatius at the bridge is one of the best-known in all history. Lara Porsena, the Etruscan prince was marching to Rome with an army such as the Romans could not hope to resist. He might be stopped by the Tiber if the bridge could be broken down before he reached it. Horatius, alone, according to account, or with two companions, according to another, stood at the entrance to the bridge and stopped the whole Etruscan army, of whom only two or three at a time could reach him in the narrow passage, till the Romans had destroyed the bridge behind him. Then he swam across and joined his friends on the other bank.

Fifteen hundred years later, more or less, the English were fighting for their lives against the Danes. Two armies met at Maldon, parted again by a river and a bridge. Wulfstan, an English man, stood in the bridge with two companions and blocked the way till the ebbing tide made the ford passable. Then the Danes crossed the ford and the English were crushed.

It was not so very long after that the Danes came again, and found no such easy conquest. Harold, the last Saxon king of England, took them by surprise at Stamfordbridge.

The Danes were scattered on both sides of the river, and those who first met the disciplined English troops were rapidly driven back. The English might have destroyed the whole Danish army before it had time to form in order of battle but for one Dane, who stood on the bridge and stopped them. He killed forty of the Englishmen while he held his post. At length an Englishman crept under the bridge and stabbed him from below. When the English crossed they found the Danes ready for them, and it took the hardest kind of fighting to rout the invaders.

Haarlem, in the days when the Dutch nation was rousing itself to throw off the Spanish yoke, the fate of the city hung on one great dyke. The Spanish supplies came along this. If it could be cut, the Spaniards must raise the siege or starve. In a desperate effort to break the dyke the Dutch were repulsed, but the Spanish pursuit was checked by John Haring of Horn. With sword and shield on the narrow dyke, he stopped the way against a thousand of the most famed soldiery in Europe, armed with firearms. When his regiment made good their retreat he leaped into the water and swam safe away.

The same story is found among the negro colonists of Liberia. While the colony was weak and struggling for life it was attacked by one of the most powerful native tribes under their war chief Goterah. The Liberians were surprised

by the natives in the early morning. Zion Harris had just come out to his house door when a man crawled past him crying: "Look, daddy, me shot." The man's gun loaded with slugs was left at Harris's feet. After him came the whole body of savages, led by Goterah himself.

Harris snatched up the gun and sent its contents through Goterah at short range. The natives drew back in astonishment, long enough for Harris to load the musket with another chief's death warrant. In this way he kept up his defence with the old flint lock till the colonists could rally.

Less widespread than the story of Horatius, but more remarkable in the close agreement of details is the following:

A young man is sitting alone in a darkened room. He has lately left his home to go for the first time into the great world. He has found the world hard and cruel; he is tired of it. He takes a pistol from the table, puts the muzzle to his head and draws the trigger without effect. Not loaded, he thinks; he throws it aside and falls to musing again.

Enter a friend, a reckless, jolly, noisy fellow. He shows his character by picking up the pistol to fire a salute through the window. Crash goes the bullet through the pane, and then the moody young man springs to his feet crying, "I must be reserved for something great!"

He finds himself in a country where the sovereign authority has dwindled almost to a nonentity. Every petty nobleman makes war and peace on his own account and reckless adventurers are constantly setting up and throwing down these little monarchies.

Such an adventurer, without money or authority sufficient to command more than a regiment, raised an army by sheer force of talent and impudence, and almost overthrows the party of the sovereign to whom the would-be suicide owes allegiance. He under no better auspices than the other, enters this fight, meets the enemy with his own devices and beats him at his own game.

The case which was almost lost is triumphant, and no honor is too great for the man to whom this is due. But success makes enemies. He is summoned before his Prince to answer a slanderous charge and falls into disgrace for a time.

The authority which he had established begins to crumble. No one can save it but the man who created it. He is restored to power and success is with him once more. But his enemies are not idle, his master no longer trusts him and constant persecution hurries him to a violent and premature death. He was one of the greatest generals in his country's history, and practical and permanent results of his work were of the highest importance. But his death was a blessing to the world, for if he had lived a few years longer his genius would have been used probably with success, to maintain a tyrant's authority over a free people.

Ask your friend who it is the man. Perhaps he will tell you that it is Clive, the conqueror of India for the English. Or perhaps he will say Wallenstein, the commander of the German Emperor's forces in The Thirty Year's War.—New York Sun.

Life-shortening Occupations.

The Medical Age contains the following abstract from the Journal of the American Medical Association:

One of the curious features of modern life is the extent to which the most hazardous trades are overrun by applicants for work. The electric light companies never find any difficulty in obtaining all the linemen they need, notwithstanding the fact that the dangers of that kind of business have been demonstrated times without number. The men who work in factories where wall paper is made frequently joke one another over the tradition that a man's life, in this trade, is shortened ten years. A similar belief is prevalent in factories where leather papers are made, and among men who have to handle them, and whose lungs are said to become impeded by inhaling the dust arising from such papers. In certain other factories, where brass ornaments and fittings are made, the air is laden with very fine brazen particles, which are, when inhaled, especially irritating to the lungs. But one of the most singular advertised calls for employes that was ever printed appeared recently in a Connecticut newspaper, signed by a firm engaged in the business of building towers. It calls for applicants only among those who are young, strong, and courageous, and closed by saying: "We warn all seekers for this job that it is of the most dangerous nature, and that few men continue in it more than a few years. In fact, it is almost certain death to the workman who follows this occupation."

Timely Invocation.

A maiden lady, who lives alone, except for her servants, owns a fine parrot which her nephew brought back from a visit to South America. The bird was sent to a professional trainer to be taught to speak, but when it returned it obstinately refused to utter a word, and its mistress decided that its teaching had been a failure. Polly's cage hung in a dressing-room which adjoined its mistress's chamber, and at night the door between the two rooms was left open.

One night a burglar got into the house, and after pecking up the silver below stairs, crept stealthily up to the chamber of the lady, where he proceeded to gather together her jewellery. He had got most of her valuables into a handbag without awakening her, when suddenly an unearthly voice from the next room called out loud enough to arouse the seven sleepers:

"God bless our home! God bless our home!"

The burglar was so startled that he dropped his dark lantern, and then, in trying to recover it, stumbled over a chair and pitched headlong to the floor. The lady suddenly awakened, screamed at the top of her voice, and the thief, now thoroughly demoralized, took a flying leap for the doorway outside the door of the chamber. He slipped and fell, breaking his leg, so that he was easily captured by the butler and coachman, who had come to the rescue of their mistress.

All this time the parrot had continued to cry at the top of its lungs;

"God bless our home! God bless our home!"

Polly evidently felt that the time for talking had arrived, and under the circumstances her mistress could not well get out of patience with her, although she screamed this one sentence for the rest of the night. Having begun to talk, indeed, she continued to chatter for the rest of her life, and was looked upon as a remarkably accomplished parrot.

Shoot so Long as It Was.

A Chicago correspondent sends the following:

At a recent trial before Justice Dougherty it was thought important by counsel to determine the length of time certain "2 quarters of beef, 2 hogs and 1 sheep" remained in an express wagon in front of plaintiff's store before they were taken away by defendant. The witness under examination was a German whose knowledge of the English language was very limited; but he testified in a very straightforward way to having carried it out and put it in the wagon.

Then the following ensued:

Counsel—"State to the jury how long it was after you took the meat from the store, and put it into the wagon before it was taken away."

Witness—"Now I shoost cand dell dat. I dinks 'bout dwelve feet. I not say nearer as dat."

Counsel—"You don't understand me. How long was it from the time the meat left the store, and put into the wagon, before it was taken away by the defendant?"

Witness—"Now I know not vat you ask dat for. Der waggon was back up mit der sidevalk, and dat's shoost so long as it was. You tell me how long der sidevalk was. Den foot? Dwelve feet? Den I tells you how long it was."

Counsel—"I don't want to know how long the sidewalk was, but I want to know," (speaking very slowly) "how long—this meat—was—in—the—waggon—before—it—was—taken—away?"

Witness—"Oh, dat! Well now I no sold meat so. I all time weigh him; never measured any meat not yet. But I dinks 'bout dree feet. (Here the spectators and his honor and the jury smiled audibly) I know not shentlemen how is dis. I dell you all I can so good as I know."

Counsel—"Look here, I want to know how long it was before the meat was taken away after it was put into the wagon?"

Witness—"(Looking very knowing at counsel) "Now you try and get me in scrape. Dat meat was shoost so long in der waggon as it was in der shop. Dat's all I told you. Dat meat was dead meat. He don't got mooch longer in den dousand year, not mooch he don't."

Counsel—"That will do."

Ontario and Quebec.

It is easy to talk in a severe or patronizing way about Quebec and the French. Anybody can say that the province is deeply in debt, and there is a deficit in revenue every year, that the credit of the province is low and that the French people are too excited and too easily led. Loud talk about Quebec politicians being "rotten to

the core" neither mends matters nor shows that the talker has any political virtue himself. Violent harangues against the Catholic religion and jingo threats to "drive the French into the sea" make matters worse. The plain, hard facts of the case are that Quebec is in the same national ship with the other provinces and if the French province scuttles the ship all must go down together. A crisis in Quebec will force a crisis on the rest of the Dominion. Should the contending parties in Quebec unite against the other provinces—and there is some evidence that a union of the Bleus and Nationalists is being considered—the inevitable result would be a rupture of the Confederation. A chain is no stronger than its weakest link. The Dominion is no stronger than Quebec. Were the matter not so serious it would be amusing to hear Ontario people speaking of Quebec as if that province were a foreign power that we may probably take up arms against some day. For better or worse we are in the same boat, and if Quebec makes shipwreck Ontario may have an anxious time pulling for the shore. And the question arises—what shore?—Canada Presbyterian.

Canadian Eggs in England.

The McKinley tariff, although it has had many bad, has at least had one good, effect in this country. It has opened up a new source of supply for eggs. Canadian eggs are now reaching England in large quantities, and, it appears, with satisfactory results to the exporters, one shipper having made a thousand pounds on a recent consignment. Most of the eggs which now come here would have gone into the States, but the McKinley tax of 2½d. per dozen effectually excludes them from the American market. To those interested in the question of transit charges, it will be surprising to hear that eggs can be brought from Canada to Great Britain at one penny less freight per dozen than from France—a difference which, no doubt, has contributed largely to the demand by the dealers for Canadian supply. Possibly the success of the egg trade may induce some of the Dominion farmers to try their hands at butter. Some experimental shipments were formerly made, but the quality was so abominably bad that the butter was almost unmarketable. What is wanted in Canada is an extension of the creamery system, by co-operation or otherwise. Without it there is not much hope of farmers obtaining a large market for dairy produce in this country.—Edinburgh Scotsman.

A Failure in Boston.

A failure in Boston is reported in which New Brunswick people have an interest. The Herald of Tuesday says: "Hatheway & Co., dealers in canned goods, etc., 31 Central wharf and 244 Atlantic avenue, have failed, with reported liabilities of about \$40,000. The firm has lately been shipping large quantities of canned lobsters and mackerel to the South and West, and is understood to have met with heavy losses in so doing, \$8,000 having been lost in goods shipped to New Orleans. Beside the firm's business in canned goods, it has done a brokerage business in chartering and finding cargoes for vessels, and has also dealt somewhat in flour. No detailed statement of the firm's financial condition has yet been prepared, and no decision has yet been reached as to what measure of adjustment shall be adopted. As soon as a detailed statement can be prepared, it will be laid before the creditors, and their wishes in the matter will have an important influence in determining what turn matters shall take."

Might Save Some Profanity.

A sure method of withdrawing an obstinate glass-stopper from a bottle is to lock a bureau drawer, tie a cord to the handle or key, holding the other end firmly, and over this taut cord run rapidly the neck of the bottle. In less than two minutes the glass will be too hot to touch and will have expanded all around the refractory stopper, which will fairly fall out.

A Charming Souvenir.

The announcement by the publishers of the Dominion Illustrated that they would this year issue a Christmas Number more beautiful than even their own last year's issue has been followed by a rush of orders from every portion of the Dominion. This number is a purely Canadian work in the fullest sense, and as a souvenir to send to absent friends will not be surpassed; while its literary merit and artistic beauty combined with magnificent special supplements render it a welcome and a charming visitor in every home from the Atlantic to the Pacific.

Minard's Liniment Lumberman's Friend.

ALL SORTS.

An idle man's favorite reflection is loaf-cake.

The song of the humble-bee is "Hum, sweet hum."

The sharp-shooters that are most dreaded are aching teeth.

The true maid of honor is the girl who does not gild her suitor.

The drawing-room which the ladies most dread is the office of a dentist.

When may a chair be said to dislike a person? When it can't bear him.

Book-keepers are said to be like chickens because they have to scratch for a living.

Next to "the little busy bee" the boot-black furnishes the brightest example of improving the "shining hour."

The reason why an old man is easier to rob than a young one, is because his gait is broken and his locks are few.

A deacon in Indiana had four boys, the youngest of which he named Doxology, because he's the last of the hims.

Can a young lady who has refused an offer be justly accused of sleight of hand? Was the last question up for debate in the Keokok Lyceum.

"Are you not afraid that whiskey'll get into your head?" asked a stranger of a man he saw drinking at the bar. "No," said the toper, "this liquor is too weak to climb."

They call the opening of dead letters at Washington post mortem examinations, and the officer at the head of the department is known as the coroner.

"Your party is going to be beaten at the next election, and you'll be turned out of office," said a Democrat to a Whig, in the olden times. "I'd like to see the administration that can change sooner than I can change my politics!" was the triumphant reply.

"Willie," said a doting parent at the breakfast table, to an abridged addition of himself, who had just entered the grammar class at the high school "Willie, my dear, will you pass the butter?" "Thirtainly, thir—takthes me to path anything. Butter thir a common thubthative, neuter gender, agreeeth with hot buckwheat caketh, and ith governed by thugar—molatheth understood.

Rains of fishes, frogs, insects and other animals are frequently recorded. They are always caused, apparently, by whirlwind storms, which gather them up in a vortex and carry them to a distance.

The smallest tree in Great Britain grows on the summit of Ben Lomond in Scotland. It is the dwarf willow, the extreme height of which is only two inches.

The great quantities of clover raised in the island of Malta cause the honey in that section to be of the greatest purity and of most delicious flavor.

Two of Katie's uncles were married lately. One of them married a very dark young lady, and the other a red-haired one. They live in the same house, and and Katie went visiting them one day. When she came home she rushed to grandma's room. "O gran'ma, I've got a red aunt and a black one," she said. "Then, seeing the queer smile on grandma's face she added quickly, "I don't mean the bug kind, gran'ma!"

A Good Verdict.

SIRS,—I have great reason to speak well of your B.B. Bitters. I have taken 6 bottles for myself and family and find that for loss of appetite and weakness it has no equal. It cures sick headache purifies the blood and will not fail when used. I heartily recommend it to all wanting a pure medicine.

Mrs. HUGH McNURT, TRURO, N. S.

Judge Waxam's Proverbs.

It's a mighty dirty baby that a candidate won't kiss.

A man that kin vote and won't vote ought to be made to vote.

Thair aint no better stump speech than a fat hog and a full corncrib.

Some politishans don't care which road they take to get something they want.

A woman with a family of children aint got much time to be thinking about her rights.—Detroit Free Press.

The Best Yet.

DEAR SIRS,—My mother was attacked with inflammation of the lungs which left her very weak and never free from cold, till at last she got a very severe cold and cough. She resolved to try Hagyard's Pectoral Balsam, and, on so doing, found it did her more good than any other medicine she ever tried.

MRS. KENNEDY,
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