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His Mother's Song.

Beneath the hot midsummer sun, The men had marched all day, And now beside a rippling stream Upon the grass they lay. Tiring of games and idle jests, As swept the hours along, They called to one who mused apart, 'Come, friend, give us a song.' He answered, 'Nay, I cannot, please, The only songs I know Are those my mother used to sing At home, long years ago.' 'Sing one of those,' a rough voice cried, 'We are all true men here, And each mother's son of us A mother's songs are dear.' Then sweetly sang the strong, clear voice, Amid unwonted calm: 'Am I a soldier of the cross, A follower of the Lamb?' The trees hushed all their whispering leaves The very stream was stilled, And hearts that never throbb'd with fear With tender memories thrilled. Ended the song, the singer said, As to his feet he rose, 'I'll sing to you all; good night, my friends, Grant you sweet repose.' Out spoke the captain: 'Sing one more.' The soldier bent his head; Then, smiling as he glanced around, 'You'll join with me,' he said. In singing this familiar air, Sweet as a bugle call, 'All hail the power of Jesus' name, Let Angels prostrate fall.' Won't dross the spell the old tune wrought; As on and on he sang, Man after man fell into line, And loud their voices rang. The night winds bore the glad refrain Above the tree tops tall; The 'everlasting hills' called back, In answer, 'Lord of all.' The songs are done, the camp is still, Naught but the stream is heard; But, ah! the depth of every soul By those old hymns was stirred. And up from many a bearded lip Rises in murmurs low, The prayer the mother taught her boy At home, long years ago. —Cottage Hearth.

The Cranberry Swamp, And what Grew There.

There is only one alternative left for me, that I can see," said Dr. Garland sternly, "and that is to send her away." Miss Keziah, her maiden sister, wiped her eyes mournfully. "It'll be taking away the light of the house," said she. "Well, but what is a man to do, when she will persist in falling in love with a ne'er-do-weel like Perry Vaughan? Am I to stand quietly by, and see her sacrifice herself?" "But we are by no means certain that she is in love with him." "It looks amazingly like it," groaned Dr. Garland. "Yes, yes, she must go out West to Cousin Caleb's." "To Cousin Caleb's!" echoed Keziah, holding up both her white, skinny little hands. "Why, you might as well send her to the Rocky Mountains at once and be done with it!" "Not quite so bad as that my dear," said Dr. Garland, disposing of a red silk pocket handkerchief around his head, preparatory to his usual post prandial nap. "There are neither silver mines or red Indians in the immediate vicinity of Cousin Caleb's farm house in Iowa. I know, for I've been there myself." And when her brother set his lips together after that decided fashion, Miss Keziah knew that there was no appeal. Poor little Edith's fate was sealed. But Edith Garland, who was perhaps not so desperately in love as her over-dramatizing relatives imagined, thought of Cousin Caleb's farm house "great fun," and Cousin Caleb and his wife "darling old antediluvians." It was so nice to live out in the woods on the very verge of a huge old river, with owls hooting round them at night, and even a stray wolf or so in the thickets up the hill-side. And Edith kept a journal and sketched and enjoyed herself to the very top of her eighteen year old bent. As for Mr. and Mrs. Carstoke, Edith was like a glimmer of sunshine in the gray, solitary monotony of their everyday existence. She was such a cherry-cheeked, bright-eyed, graceful little creature, and took so naturally to her new life. It gave the old man a new sensation when first Edith put her arms round his neck, and gave him just such a hug and kiss as she had been wont to bestow upon her hard hearted papa; and as for Mrs. Carstoke, she could hardly bear to have the pretty little city damsel out of her sight for a moment. But the fate which Edith had fled, in the shape of Perry Vaughan, was destined to follow her even into the wilderness of the West. Dr. Garland could hedge his pretty daughter round with a cordon of

precautions and restrictions, but he could not evade the little winged god with the bows and arrows. For Edith, out one orange-tinted October twilight to sketch the lightning-blasted old tree with the hawk's nest in its topmost branches, which stood in the middle of a cranberry swamp, somehow missed the right path in returning home, and fairly lost herself, like a grown-up babe, in the wood. Not being one of the preternaturally courageous females that we read of, and seeing no immediate way out of the dilemma, Edith very naturally and ignominiously sat down on a fallen tree to cry. Suppose a wolf should come down from the leafless hill-sides and eat her up? Suppose a rattlesnake should wreath itself hissing round the twisted roots of the gnarled old forest favorites? Suppose—and just then Harry Sepley came into the clearing with a gun on his shoulder and a game bag slung picturesquely at his belt. A very handsome young man is certainly an improvement on a wolf or a rattlesnake. Edith Garland stopped crying at once, and answered radiantly to Mr. Sepley's concerned questions. "Oh, I thought I was lost! But I'm not afraid any more." They went cranberrying together afterward, in that same old swamp, and came home to the Carstoke farm-house with baskets brimming with rubbed fruit, and bones sore and wearied out, but happy as crowned potentates. "Why don't you cut down that old dead tree, Cousin Caleb?" said Edith, "the one with the hawk's nest on the top." "Because, child," said Cousin Caleb, "I've a sort of fancy for that old dead tree. It's old, and so am I; and 'tan't likely we'll either of us hold our own very long." "Aha!" said Edith archly; so you are a little bit romantic after all, Cousin Caleb. The dismay of Dr. Garland may be imagined, when his pretty daughter came home engaged to be married to a young Westerner, who was even more penniless and good-looking, if possible, than the doomed Perry Vaughan. "There!" cried Miss Keziah. "I told you so. One's fate will follow one, even into the cranberry swamps of the West!" "If she marries that fellow," cried Dr. Garland, slinging his spectacles across the floor, "I'll disinherit her." "You'd never be such an unnatural brute," exclaimed Miss Keziah, with more partisanship than prudence. "Wouldn't I though!" ground out the testy old gentleman between his clenched teeth. "I'll let you see whether I will or not!" Edith remained stanch to her lover, and Dr. Garland stuck like a limpet to his word; so that Harry Sepley, though he got a fortune in his wife, got nothing with her except the tarnished pearls Aunt Keziah contrived to smuggle when she went away. "Never mind," wrote Cousin Caleb Carstoke from the far West, when he heard of the turn matters had taken. "I'll see that little Edith is provided for." Here was a gleam of hope for the impetuous young people, in the future at least; and so they struggled happily and bravely along, living on Sepley's slender salary as a bookkeeper, as best they might, until one day came the news that Caleb Carstoke was dead. And in his will he had left to his dearly beloved cousin, Edith Sepley, the cranberry swamp, with all its appurtenances and belongings. And that was all. The old farm-house, it appeared, was mortgaged to its full value; the lots of tillable land had been sold off, one by one; all had vanished away, save the old swamp. "What shall we do?" Edith asked, looking a little blank. "We have come into our fortune at last, but our fortune don't seem to be a very brilliant one. And the children—and—" "I'll tell you what we will do," said hopeful Harry. "We'll go out West and raise cranberries for the market." "But where shall we live? In the hawk's nest, on the hollow tree?" asked Edith, somewhat bitterly. Harry came and sat down by her side. "My little wife is not going to be discouraged as easily as all this!" he said, caressingly stroking down her bright black tresses. "We will drain a bit of the land and cut down the old dead tree and build a little cottage just on the site of the spot where I stood when first I saw you crying in the twilight, with a red shawl wrapped round you, little Red Riding Hood, afraid of the possible wolf! And our babies will grow up all the stronger and better for free air and country breezes, and we will prosper on Cousin Caleb's bequest after all."

"So we will," said Edith, brightening up. "Oh, Harry, I never ought to lose heart and hope, so long as I have you and the little ones." The stout-hearted young couple went West accordingly, with the three chubby-cheeked little rogues whom God had given them. "They'll get sick of it, and be glad to come back and eat humble pie," said Dr. Garland, vindictively. "I'm willing to take Edith and her children, if she will confess she has made a fool of herself; but I won't have Sepley." "Then you may make up your mind never to have Edith," said Aunt Keziah, who knew the labyrinths of a woman's heart better than did her brother. "Edith loves her husband, and she'll stick by him to the last." "Then let her starve it out!" said the old gentleman, with a very unprofessional expletive, by way of finish to the sentence. "She'll be glad to come to me yet, on her bended knees!" Harry Sepley went bravely to work in the dreary fastnesses of the old cranberry swamp, and Edith and the children watched afar off, and clapped their hands gleefully, when, with a crashing, splintering sound, like the main-mast of a three-decker, the old lightning-blasted tree went down. And then commenced the task, by no means a light one, of draining the slope of land and digging the foundations of the new house. The cellar was nearly completed; the workmen had bundled together their tools for it to be Saturday night, and gone home. Hal and Edie were busy with their trowels, digging where the men had been. Harry Sepley had just come in, wearied out, and his wife was welcoming him with a bright smile, when Arty, the youngest of the flock, toddled breathlessly up to the door. "Mamma! mamma!" he cried, with his big blue eyes as round as marbles. "Hal has found a pot of money!" "Nonsense, child," said Edith; "run away, and don't tell such improbable stories." "But, mamma," persisted the little fellow, "he has! Come and see! A yellow pot, full of yellow money!" "What can he mean?" said Harry Sepley to his wife. "Let us go and see," said Edith; and although neither spoke more, yet both remembered how fond Caleb Carstoke had been of the old dead tree, erected by the hawk's nest, and both began to fancy that a new meaning might be attached to the old man's strange bequest of the apparently worthless cranberry swamp. The children were right. Little Hal, digging vigorously away with his trowel, had hit against an old yellow earthenware crock, which had proved to be full of old-fashioned gold coins, the hoarded wealth of Caleb Carstoke's life! And in a discolored paper, wedged against the lid, they read what convinced them that he meant to have acquainted them with this hidden store, had not death anticipated the revelation, and silenced him forever. And thus, by the merest chance, they had "come into their fortune," when the old man had lain for years in his grave. "Harry," said Edith, "we are rich now. What shall we do?" "Stay here," said Harry, bravely, "and live the most independent life in all the world. We'll buy back the old farm-house, and rear our children by the river side, and keep the cranberry swamp just as it is. But thank God, we are freed from the curse of poverty at last!" And they never journeyed eastward again.

How to Use Onions.

This excellent and valuable, but often times despised, vegetable may frequently be used as a household remedy in cases of sickness. For coughs, colds and hoarseness, peel and cut in very thin slices sufficient onions to fill a glass tumbler, scatter a little fine sugar on each slice, cover the top of the tumbler, and set on the stove hearth, or in any warm place. There will soon be a thick syrup formed, of which a tablespoonful should be taken every half hour. The syrup is also good for children who are croupy. If you have a cold on the chest or lungs, and feel a pressure or tightness there, apply an onion poultice. Either roast or boil the onions soft in a small quantity of water, mash fine, add hen's or goose oil, or lard in small quantity, put in a bag, apply to the effected place and keep warm. Onions are said to be excellent as a soporific. One way to use them is to eat one or two just before retiring; or, to a good handful of dried lettuce leaves add two sliced onions and a pint of boiling water, boil over a brisk fire until there is about a half pint of liquid, of which take an ounce, repeating the dose if necessary. It is said that onions given to children

two or three times a week will prevent worms, and their use is certainly conducive to a good complexion. As a remedy for several internal disorders the taking of onion juice and the free use of the raw vegetable is recommended. As a medicine onions are certainly frequently efficacious and always harmless; as a flavor for soups, dressing, etc., they are much liked by most people, consequently I should advise all housekeepers to lay in a good stock of them. The Uses of the Lemon. Lemonade from the juice of the lemon is one of the best and safest drinks for any person. It is suitable for all stomach diseases, gravel, liver complaint, inflammation of the bowels and fevers. It is a specific against worms and skin complaint. Lemon juice is the best antiscorbutic remedy known. It not only cures the disease but prevents it. Sailors make daily use of it for this purpose. I advise everyone to rub their gums with lemon juice to keep them in good condition. The hands and face are kept clean, white, soft and supple by the daily use of lemon instead of soap. It also prevents chilblains. Lemon is used in intermittent fevers, mixed with strong, hot, black coffee, without sugar; neuralgia may also be cured by rubbing the part effected with cut lemon. It is valuable also to cure warts, and dandruff on the head, by rubbing the roots of the hair. It will alleviate and finally cure coughs and colds, and heal diseased lungs, if taken hot on going to bed at night. Its uses are manifold, and the more we employ it internally and externally, the better we find ourselves. Lemon juice is useful in removing tartar from the teeth, and is anti febrile. A doctor in Rome is trying it experimentally in malarial fever with great success, and thinks it will in time supersede quinine. Easily Swindled People A curious instance of the credulity of some people has just come under the notice of the officials of the Post-office Department. A week or ten days ago the Montreal Star published the following advertisement: For Sale—I will guarantee to ship, carriage prepaid, a drawing room suite of furniture in plush, consisting of lounge, two large and four small chairs on receipt of \$1. The unwary were invited to remit their money to a certain house on Gloucester street, Ottawa. It is not known how many availed themselves of this seductive offer, but a disgusted Montrealer lost no time in presenting his "suite" to the post-office department. It was embraced in a small cardboard box, 6 inches by 3, and consisted of roughly made toy articles as enumerated with a little plush stuck on the seats. The value of the whole did not reach 10 cents, the postage costing two cents, and it is little to be wondered at that persons who had been duped should seek to get even. The deception is not punishable under the provisions of the Post-office Act, but it seems clear that the party is indictable under the law. An Astonishing Mistake. One of the strangest mistakes on record occurred in a Connecticut court room on Thursday. A man was on trial for his life. The jury came in with a verdict, and when the clerk asked the foreman to render it he responded "Guilty." The prisoner, who was expecting a different result, dropped from his standing position as if shot. Another juror pulled the foreman's coat, ejaculating: "Good God, no!" Upon which the foreman, suddenly realizing his mistake, shouted: "Hold on! I mean not guilty!" Then the case was set right, but we doubt if human records furnish a parallel to a mistake so strange made under circumstances so solemn.—Boston Herald. Various Mourning Colors. Black, which expresses, "privation of light," represents American and English Mourning, while in direct contrast, is white the mourning color of China, expressive of hope. Other hues symbolising grief for the departed are:— Scarlet—Formerly worn occasionally by French kings. Yellow—The serene and yellow leaf. Egypt and Burmah. In Brittany, widow's caps are yellow. Purple and Violet—To express royalty. Mourning for cardinals and kings of France. Violet color mourning for Turkey. Deep Blue—Bokhara mourning. The exact significance of this section is not known. Pale Brown—The withered leaves. Persia. Greyish Brown—Earth. Ethiopia and Abyssinia.

A Big Salmon Crop.

This is a great year for big crops. Now it is the salmon crop that exceeds anything in the history of the country. Puget Sound is reported to be so filled with salmon, making their annual run to the sound shores and the fresh water streams for feeding and spawning, that the steamboats seem to be floating on a solid mass of fish. The paddles kill hundreds of them and are choked with their bodies. The sound steamer captains describe the run as an unbroken string of salmon thirty miles long, the water for that distance being fairly alive with them. Neither the oldest inhabitants nor the aged Indians remember such a big salmon run. The result of the enormous run is a big reduction in prices. Usually good salmon sell for ten to twenty-five cents apiece, but now at one cent each the market is glutted with the finest quality of fish. At Port Williams a few days ago two casts of a seine netted over 3,000 fine salmon. Everybody is fishing.—Chicago Herald. Biggest Cyclopaedia. The biggest cyclopaedia in the world, is as generally known, the ancient Chinese one in several thousands of volumes. A specimen of another very large one, in 225 volumes, has just been acquired by the Asiatic Society of Bengal. It is of Tibetan origin, and is called the Tangyur. Each volume is two feet high and six inches thick, and the price paid for the set was equal to about £300. There is another set of the work in the library at the India Office. A far larger sum is said to have been paid for that; but copies of the Tangyur are not really worth, in the market, as much even as £300. Not long ago the Russian Government acquired a complete set for only £88. A Romantic Origin. The word "chapel" has a highly romantic origin. It is associated with the story of St. Martin's sharing his cloak with a beggar. "Cloak," in late Latin, is *cappella*, a little cloak, or cape, from *cappa*, cloak, cape, cope. The Frankish kings preserved St. Martin's cloak as a sacred relic. They had it carried before them into battle, and used it to give sanctity to oaths. It was preserved in a sanctuary, under the care of special ministers called *cappellani*, or chaplains, and from the ministers the name came to be attached to the building, in old Norse French *capelle*, Provencal *capella*, Italian *cappella*, and thence to any sanctuary containing relics, and so to any private sanctuary or holy place. A Back Number. This is the slighting remark that is often applied to women who try to seem young though they no longer look so. Sometimes appearances are deceitful. Female weakness, functional troubles, displacements and irregularities will add fifteen years to a woman's looks. These troubles are removed by the use of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. Try this remedy, all you whose beauty and freshness is fading from such causes, and no longer figure in society as a "back number." It's guaranteed to give satisfaction in every case, or money paid for it returned. See guarantee on bottle-wrapper. Biting the Nails. Biting the nails is not only a most disagreeable practice, but an exchange affirms that it is also exceedingly dangerous, as the biter never knows when to stop and at any moment is liable to bite into "the quick" and cause blood poisoning. Even when the utmost care is taken of the teeth a poisonous secretion is apt to collect on them, and the entrance of a minute portion of this into the circulation may prove as certainly fatal as the pus on a surgeon's scalpel. Iron as a Manure. A French agricultural society draws attention to the valuable properties of iron as a manure, especially in fruit trees. The best way of applying the tonic is to water the ground with a highly diluted solution of sulphate of iron, which not only does good to the health of the tree, but also destroys fly. One watering may be given in March, and a second, if needed, in July. New York is to have a Buddhist Society. One of the most active promoters is Dr. Ottolengui, and one of its friends is an intimate friend of Edwin Arnold, who will soon visit New York. The schoolboys of Malden, Mass., will hereafter be taught to sew during school hours. The new Masonic Temple in Chicago, sixteen stories high, is approaching completion. The capstone of the magnificent structure will be laid on the 6th of November with Masonic ceremonies.

ALL SORTS.

Raw onions will break up an engagement of no matter how long standing. To dye any kind of goods red, wash in the same tub with a red flannel undershirt. Besides taking out fruit stains, whiskey has been known to take out husbands at night. A young lady in Gainesville, Tex., has hair that trails on the ground over four feet. There are 40,000 women studying in the various colleges in America. And yet it is only twenty-five years since the first college in the land was opened to women. California has 2,675 of the giant trees still left, and the largest of these is thirty-three feet in diameter. They ought all to be preserved and kept in a public park. Countess von Walderssee, who is an American, is the only lady at the German court who refuses invitations to dances on Sundays, and who is allowed to do so without giving offence. Landlady:—"You say the chicken soup isn't good? Why, I told the cook how to make it. Perhaps she didn't catch the idea." Boarder:—"No; I think it was the chicken she didn't catch." It is rumored that the Princess of Monaco has persuaded her husband to suppress gambling altogether at Monte Carlo, and to convert the Casino into a hospital for consumptives among the poorer classes. Susannah Annesley, who married Samuel Wesley and became the mother of the famous John Wesley, was twenty-third child to her father, twenty-fourth, to her mother and she herself gave birth to nineteen children. A Minneapolis lawyer entered a demurrer to an indictment against a prisoner, charged with having shot several fine hogs belonging to a neighbor, on the ground that the shooting of the animals increased their value, as it saved the owner the expense of killing them. A London woman has organized a "House-cleaning Brigade," composed of young women. They clean a house of ten rooms, besides closets, etc., in two days, taking up, cleaning, and replacing the carpets, washing all the floors and woodwork polishing the grates, dusting the pictures, etc. Satisfaction is guaranteed. An English lady declares that a mustard plaster on the elbow will cure neuralgia in the face, and that one on the back of the neck will cure neuralgia in the head. The reason given for this is that the mustard is said to touch the nerves directly it begins to bite; while, if put on a part where no nerve exists, it is of no use. The following was overheard by the ears of a reporter during the cooling hours of a country picnic: "Darling, I'm going to get your hand for a minute, but you won't be mad will you, darling? I wouldn't let go till you did, only some sort of a bug is crawling down my back, and I can't keep my mind on you and the bugs at the same time." "You don't belong to the same scale as I," remarked the flute, scornfully, to the cornet. "Oh, you're both of you windy," observed the harp from his corner. "You're a lyre," yelled the cello, waking up suddenly. "Why, you bass viol thing," returned the insulted harp, "who said anything to you, you growling old infiddle." And a row would have been imminent if the rest of the band, with rare presence of mind, had not struck up, "Comrades, comrades, ever since we were boys." Until within a few years a singular custom has obtained in Switzerland. When husband and wife expressed a desire for a divorce they were required to enter a room and live therein together for a fortnight, during which time they were neither to see nor to converse with anybody else; their food was passed to them through a narrow opening in the wall, and all communication with the outside world was cut off. If, at the end of a fortnight of this confinement together, the couple still clamored for divorce, it was granted without further ado. Charles II., out hunting one day, got separated from the hunt and entered the cottage of a cobbler for refreshment. The man gave him bread and cheese and began to talk about the king, expressing much anxiety to see him. "Mount behind me," said the guest, "and I will show him to you." "But how shall I know him?" "Why, the king will be the only one covered." By this time they had come up with the nobles, and the cobbler looked about for the king. He found soon that he alone and the king had their hats on; so rising to the occasion, he tapped the king on the shoulder and said: "I think it must be you or I, sir."