

Pub. Works Office

GET YOUR JOB PRINTING DONE AT THE REVIEW OFFICE.

# THE REVIEW

SUBSCRIPTION: \$1.00 A YEAR, STRICTLY IN ADVANCE.

VOL. 3.

RICHIBUCTO, NEW BRUNSWICK, THURSDAY, DECEMBER 10 1891.

NO 17.

**A Categorical Answer.**  
The poet, in the dark of night,  
Disturbed in his repose,  
Gets up and armed with boots and things  
He to the window goes.  
He lays his weapons on the sill,  
Then lifts the sash with care,  
And with a supernatural yell  
He fires them through the air.  
His wife starts up in wild alarm,  
And with a dreadful shriek,  
She grabs him and she cries: "Oh, George!  
What is the matter? Speak!"  
The poet thus appealed to could  
Not possibly refuse,  
And so he said, "I'm making, dear,  
My offerings to the mews."  
—Detroit Free Press.

**A Cure For The Heartache.**  
Little girl! I don't fink 'oo looks happy;  
what's matter! I s'oudent suppose  
That a dirl big as 'oo would be naughty;  
perhaps you has tored your new e'oes.  
Slapped your kitty, or waked up the baby,  
before he had finished his nap,  
Or spilled the milk that you carry, or  
stepped on your nurse's best cap.  
Such fings, I don't 'member and do them,  
sometimes when I've been real bad;  
Oo must have done somefin' kite awful,  
'oo'r face is a looking so sad—  
Now I'll tell 'oo, Jane Hannah Maria, for I  
s'pect, my dear child, that's your name,  
Then when people looks sorry like 'oo do,  
it's just cause yourself is to blame.  
Now perhaps you ain't got no dear mother,  
nor sister Serena like me,  
Nobody to go to and 'fess to, when she  
takes you right up on her knee—  
So 'oo'd better tell me all about it, and  
hear me say how I am grieved  
And to fink that my daughters'ould 'have  
so, I couldn't at all have believed.  
Then we'll cry, and I'll kiss 'oo and say  
never mind my own pechus delight.  
And 'oo'll try not to wander again from  
the ways what is duties and right.  
An' 'oo'll promise me, soldierman, that never,  
you'll do so again, and I'm sure  
You'll feel better direct'ly, for this is my  
mother's infallible cure.

### Stopped on the Threshold.

[A SCENE FROM ENGLISH HISTORY.]

It was a fine summer afternoon in 1637, when two men came slowly through the streets of Southwark towards the dock in which the outward-bound vessels to the American colonies (then few and far between) were wont to lie. The sun was shining brilliantly, and the tall houses of that quaint old city, with their peaked roofs and projecting gable ends in bold relief against the deep blue sky, formed a picture that any artist would have loved to copy; but over the faces of the two emigrants—for such they were—brooded a settled sadness which all the brightness and beauty of that fair summer landscape seemed powerless to chase away. Both men were of striking appearance though in a widely different way. The one was a tall, handsome man, in the prime of life, who, although dressed with the utmost simplicity, had in his look and bearing a quiet dignity which no one could mistake. His companion (who wore the plain garb of a substantial tradesman) was of stout, thick-set build, with broad and somewhat heavy features distinguished by a large wart over the right eyebrow. Altogether a coarse, common-looking face enough; but there was in it a nameless something which would have told any experienced observer that, wherever he might be placed, that man would always make his mark. "Friend John," said the shorter of the two. "Verily my heart is heavy this day. Doth it not seem as if we two Englishmen did ill to quit our own land when it is in such evil case, and sorely needeth help?" "Not so, Cousin Oliver. God's work can be done beyond the seas as well as here in England; and who knows but that hereafter, when the few settlers of America shall have grown into a mighty nation, men may look back to the names of those who began the work?" "True," said the man addressed as Oliver; "howbeit, the Lord is my witness that, had I any hope of amending the mischiefs and trouble of this land, I would never leave it. But better are the forests of America, with the wild beasts and heathen savages that dwell therein, than a land where wickedness sitteth in high places, and where justice and truth are rewarded thus!" And he pointed to a high scaffolding in the middle of the square through which they were passing, whereon, with his neck and wrists held fast in the notches of the pillory, stood a thin, delicate-looking man upon whose defenceless face the yelling rabble were showering filth of every kind. Over the sufferer's head was nailed a placard, bearing the words:—"This is the punishment of a traitor, who dared to speak against his Majesty the king!"

"Behold!" said Oliver grimly, "how men bow down to the devil, thinking him to be God. Men speak terrible things of the Spanish Inquisition; but wherein differeth it from a tribunal which cuts off the ears of free Englishmen and brands their cheeks and sets them on high (like yonder good man and true), for a scoff and byword unto fools? All this hath the Star Chamber done; yet they who fought for liberty against the tyrant of Spain bear it all and murmur not. How long, O Lord, how long?" "Cheer up, my friend," said his cousin looking compassionately at the spasm of emotion that shook the strong man's iron features. "Bethink thee, we go to freedom."

"And leave our brethren behind in bondage!" rejoined Oliver, with stern emphasis; "in bondage to things like these!" As he spoke a group of young cavaliers came reeling past, whooping, singing, flourishing their swords, and making the air ring with foul language and blasphemy, their gay dresses all torn and soiled with wine, their faces inflamed with excess. Oliver clenched his strong hand as if he would have beaten them to the earth; but his more prudent companion hastily dragged him aside. "It is born in upon me," muttered Oliver, looking after the noisy group with a threatening glow in his dark grey eyes, "that I shall one day meet these sons of Belial with the weapons of the flesh, even as I have wrestled with the Lord against them, this many a year, with the arm of the Spirit. Would to God that day were come, that I might feel myself not utterly useless unto the great cause unto which we are called!" By this time they had reached the bank of the Thames, and could see in the dock below them no fewer than eight outward bound vessels, the crowded decks of which showed how many beside themselves had begun to despair of a future in England. But they had barely time to board their own ship and exchange greetings with the captain (a sturdy old fellow in a battered sea cap, which he doffed very respectfully to the man called John), when there came a sudden clatter of horse's hoofs, and a man in the livery of a royal messenger, hastily dismounting, strode across the gangway on to the deck as if the whole ship belonged to him. "Is this craft bound for America?" he asked, imperiously. "She sails thither to-day," answered the captain gruffly, for he liked neither the man nor his manner. "That she will not!" rejoined the new comer, with a malicious smile, "for I am the bearer of an order forbidding any outward-bound vessel to leave this dock."

"And why is this?" asked the taller of the two passengers anxiously. "Because such is the sovereign will and pleasure of his Majesty the King," answered the messenger, haughtily, as he turned away. Over the handsome face of the tall passenger fell a shade of deep trouble; but his companion's broad heavy features lighted up with a gleam of stern gladness, terrible to see—such a look as Samson may have worn when he went forth against the Philistines, or Deborah when he saw the hosts of Canaan giving way before the charge of Barak's spearmen. "So be it," said he, grimly; "it is the will and pleasure of a greater King than he. Courage my friend! There is hope for this land of England even yet. Not by the word of the man Charles Stewart are we thus stayed from departing, but by the will of the Lord God of hosts, who hath work for us still to do in this His vineyard. To His name be the praise! Amen!" No one heeded then the words which were one day so terribly accomplished; and King Charles slept peacefully that night in his palace, without a warning dream of what that day's work was yet to do. But he would have been little pleased with it could he have foreseen what the future had in store for these two men, who, but for him, would have left England for ever. For their names were John Hampden and Oliver Cromwell!

**"Hookswinging" in India.**  
CALCUTTA, Nov. 26.—Much indignation is expressed among Europeans throughout India at the government of Madras for not interfering with the ceremony of "hookswinging," which recently took place. The excuse of the authorities, that it was a case of voluntary suffering, is not sustained, as the victim selected for torture was chosen by lot. The custom had been discontinued for about 24 years, but the unusual visitation

of famine, cattle disease and other misfortunes led to its revival. A curved knife was first thrust through the muscles of the victim's back on the side, and an iron hook pushed through. Then the same was done on the other side. The man was then hung by the hooks to the end of a pole 50 feet long, which was fastened to a car so that the victim was elevated in the air about 40 feet. The car was then drawn through the streets. All this was done to propitiate the Goddess of Evil Destinies. The man stood the torture stoically, and when released showed no sign of fatal injury. For some months to come he will be the recipient of liberal gifts at the hands of those for whose assumed benefit he endured the torture.

**Gems of Thought.**  
A wise man will desire no more than what he may get justly, use soberly, distribute cheerfully, and live upon contentedly. It is easy to tell when others are flattered, but not when we ourselves are; and every woman will lend firm belief to the soft nothings of the very men whom she believes to be an ardent flatterer when other women are in the case. Avarice has been termed "the vice of little minds." And so it is in the sense in which that is generally understood. But though the vice of a little mind, it is by no means a little vice, but one of the largest, as it is insatiable in the desires and unlimited in its cravings. How sacred, how beautiful is the feeling of affection in pure and guileless bosoms! The proud may sneer at it; but the holy passion is surely in heaven, and is made evil by the corruptions of those whom it was sent to bless and to preserve! When girls stop trying to make such Herculean efforts to please, that moment they will become pleasing. When they learn to cease their continuous flow of small talk to "keep up conversation," and learn instead to listen intelligently—then they will charm with one half the effort they now put forth, every day and hour. We all complain of the shortness of time, and yet have much more than we know what to do with. Our lives are spent either in doing nothing at all, or in doing nothing to the purpose, or in doing nothing that we ought to do. We are always complaining that our days are few, and acting as though there would be no end to them. The most fallacious ideas prevail respecting leisure. People are always saying to themselves "I would do this, and I would do that, if I had leisure." Now, there is no condition in which the chance of doing any good is less than in the condition of leisure. The man fully employed may be able to gratify his good dispositions by improving himself or his neighbors, or serving the public in some useful way; but the man who has all his time to dispose of as he pleases, has but a poor chance, indeed, of doing so.

**Claims Them Body and Soul.**  
BERLIN, Dec. 2.—The *Fresinnige Zeitung* asserts that Emperor William's speech made a week ago, on the occasion of the administration of the oath of allegiance to recruits of the guards, contained the following: "Recruits, you have before priest and altar sworn fealty to me. You are too young to understand the true meaning of the words in which you have sworn; but be diligent in following the instructions which may be given you. You have, my children, sworn allegiance. That means that you have given yourselves to me, body and soul. You have only one enemy. That is my enemy. In the present socialist agitation, I may order you, which God forbid, to shoot down your relatives—your brothers—even your parents—and you must obey without a murmur." The announced publication of Emperor William's book of sermons, delivered during his yachting excursion last summer, has given fresh impetus to the talk about the condition of the imperial brain. NEW YORK, Dec. 1.—A Paris correspondent sends a startling article to the *Herald*, in which he says that it is suspected that Emperor William of Germany is insane. The opinion is gaining strength among the diplomats of Europe, and is by the many eccentricities of the Kaiser. His mind seems unbalanced in regard to theatricals just now. He raves over the simplest and most worthless plays. His peculiar manner of dressing is another indication of his madness. Sometimes he wears a dozen different costumes in a day. His intelligent subjects are becoming alarmed at his condition.

**Minard's Liniment Cures Garget in Cows.**  
London cabmen have many temptations to impose upon their fares and it is hardly to be wondered at that they sometimes catch a tartar in the attempt. The author of "The Philosopher in Slippers" says that a large part of their undue gains is derived from timid women, who find it difficult to withstand their bluster. Still, even a woman may rebel, upon occasion. A lady who once gave a cabman an extra sixpence, after paying his proper fare,

**Receipts.**  
**VELVET PUDDING.**—Take three cups of sweet milk, bring to a boil, sweeten, and thicken with cornstarch. Remove from the stove and add the yolks of two eggs well beaten, with a cup of desiccated coconut. Beat the whites stiff and place on top. Brown slightly in a hot oven.  
**APPLE SHORTCAKE.**—Take one cup of sour cream, a small teaspoon soda, a pinch of salt and flour to roll soft. Bake quickly, split and spread with butter and two inches of nice apple sauce. Eat with sweetened cream.  
**BERRY PUDDING.**—Take one cup of sugar, two spoons butter, two eggs, one-half cup sweet milk, one teaspoon of baking powder and two cups flour. Mix smooth and then quickly stir in three cups of any kind of berries. Pour into a round deep dish, and steam one hour. Eat with sauce or cream.

**TO TAKE GREASE FROM FLOORS.**—Grease can be extracted from floors by applying a paste of wood ashes and quicklime, to be kept on several days and then wash off. Stains on wall paper can be cut out with a sharp knife, and a piece of paper so nicely inserted that none can see the patch.  
**TO CLEAN COPPER KETTLES AND BOILERS.**—Take a flannel cloth, dip it in a little lukewarm buttermilk in which a teaspoonful of salt has been dissolved; rub a little spot on the kettle; then proceed to scour that spot with very fine ashes; after doing the whole thoroughly, wash all over in clear warm water; then rub it over again with fresh buttermilk and salt, after which wash again and wipe dry.  
**QUICK DESSERT.**—If there is any dry cake on hand a dessert may be quickly prepared by placing slices in deep saucers, covering with dabs of jelly. Make a sauce of one pint water, one cup sugar, a spoonful of butter, juice and rind of one lemon, or a spoonful of vinegar. Thicken with cornstarch and pour over the cake while boiling hot. Serve hot.

**A BAR HARBOR BREAKFAST DISH.**—Take half a pound of salt pork, cut into small pieces, fry them till brown; take them out, and in the fat thus obtained put a pound of haddock or of fresh codfish, half a dozen potatoes cut in thin slices, some crackers or pieces of hard bread broken in small bits, half a teacup of sweet milk, a lump of butter the size of a small egg, and pepper and salt to taste; thicken with a little flour rubbed smooth with the butter. When the potatoes are done, serve.  
**FRUIT PUDDING.**—Fill a cake tin half full of apple sauce, and cover with one cup sugar and some dots of butter; one-half cup raisins may be added if desired, and vanilla flavoring. Cover with a batter made of one cup sweet cream, one egg, one teaspoon baking powder, and flour to stir thick. Steam one hour. The same receipt may be used, and the pudding baked one-half hour. Any fruit may be used in place of apples.  
**DRIED APPLE CAKE.**—The following receipt for dried apple cake, says a writer in the *Illustrated Christian Weekly*, sent by a valued contributor to this column was accompanied by a sample of the cake. Put up in most approved confectioner's style and resembling wedding fruit-cake the first impression was that it was some generous wedding announcement. "Taste and try," was the sender's injunction, in a postscript to the recipe, and all who wish to follow directions are assured that the cake was delicious, pleasing to the eye, and while more healthful, resembles a much richer cake than the ingredients would lead one to expect: One and one-half pints of dried apples, one and one-half pints of molasses, half pound of butter, half pound of raisins after they are stoned, one teaspoonful of mace, one teaspoonful of cloves, one teaspoonful of cinnamon, two teaspoonfuls ginger, two teaspoonfuls soda, two eggs, four cups flour. Soak the apples over night in water enough to cover them. In the morning pour off any water that may remain on them; chop and stir them into the molasses. Let boil twenty minutes in it with the spices. When cold add the other ingredients. Dissolve the soda in a little hot water. We think this very nice.

**Cabbies' Ways.**  
London cabmen have many temptations to impose upon their fares and it is hardly to be wondered at that they sometimes catch a tartar in the attempt. The author of "The Philosopher in Slippers" says that a large part of their undue gains is derived from timid women, who find it difficult to withstand their bluster. Still, even a woman may rebel, upon occasion. A lady who once gave a cabman an extra sixpence, after paying his proper fare,

found that he was not disposed to be grateful. "Well, mum," said he ungraciously, "I'll take the money, but I don't thank you for it." "You haven't it, yet," said she, alertly withdrawing the sixpence, and he never did have it. A clergyman in London was one night driven home, and paid the cabman what he supposed to be two shillings. He had taken the coins from his waistcoat pocket but as soon as they had passed from his hands, he noticed their peculiar glitter, and said: "Stop, cabman! I have given you two sovereigns by mistake." "Then your honor's seen the last of them," said the cabman whipping his horse and driving briskly away. Then the gentleman felt again in his pocket, and found that he had given the man two bright new farthings, which he had that day received, and was keeping for his children. There is something irresistible about a cabman's cajolery, and the man who indulges in it is far more likely to fill his purse than is the bully. "What's your fare?" asked a gentleman of one such believer in blarney. "Anything your honor pleases," was the answer. "You rascal! That means I suppose, your legal fare and anything you can get over that." "No, your honor. I just leave it to you."

"Well, then, here's a sixpence for you." "Ah, but your honor's a gentleman!" pleaded the man, with such an accent that he carried off double his proper fare.  
**A "Pan Handle" School-Girl.**  
Going to school in the "Pan Handle" of Texas—that little known but fruitful region, almost as large as Maine, to the west of the Indian Territory—is not so simple a matter as it is in the older parts of the Union, if we are to accept an account, which seems to be given in good faith by a Texas journal, of a school-girl's recent adventures near the new town of Childress. About ten miles from Childress, it is stated, there lives a settler named Collier, who has a daughter sixteen years old named Pauline. The daughter wished to go to school, and as there is no school nearer than Childress, she was allowed to journey between her home and her school on horseback. Not long ago, as she was galloping easily along over the plain on her pony, she suddenly saw, crouching on the ground before her, ready for a spring, a panther, or "American lion," an animal which is not uncommon in that region. No doubt a good many sixteen-year-old girls, confronted by such an animal under such circumstances, would have turned their horse's head and taken to flight. Pauline was wiser than this. She knew that an attempt at escape meant death. She had no firearms, but she had, hanging upon the pommel of her saddle, an instrument which is very commonly used thereabouts—a lariat or lasso. Pauline coolly took up the lariat, and, with a quick and skilful hand, threw it over the neck of the now advancing wild animal. Then, with a wrap of the coil about the pommel of her saddle, she started swiftly along the trail, dragging the resisting panther behind her. Before she reached Childress, Pauline encountered a group of cowboys, who were naturally greatly astonished to see the game she had in tow. The animal, between his choking and his dragging, was quite dead. The cowboys removed the panther's skin, and had it made into a sacque, which they presented to the young girl. The animal, however, was first weighed, and was found to weigh two hundred and ten pounds.

**Sovereign, But a Lady.**  
The person of fine, large nature thinks of being courteous first and his own claims to deference afterward. He can even afford to sacrifice his dignity of manner for the sake of being gentle and gracious, knowing that true dignity is a quality of spirit rather than of manner. On a certain occasion the Queen visited Cambridge University, and the well-known and highly popular Master of Trinity kept his hat on during the proceedings. Just as her Majesty was about to depart, he deferentially approached and said: "Your Majesty has perhaps wondered that I should appear so far wanting in respect as to keep my hat on all day, but—er—it perhaps has escaped your Majesty's memory that Lord Kingsale in Ireland, Lord Forrester in England, and also the Master of Trinity, have a right to keep their hats on in the presence of their sovereign." "Quite so—ahem—but not in the presence of a lady," was the Queen's freezing rejoinder.

**Arrested Under a Queer Dakota Law.**  
Isaac Milliner, a rancher from the vicinity of Fort Mead, has been arrested in Deadwood, S. D., on a charge of offering beef for sale without exhibiting the hide, an act prohibited by a law, passed at the instance of cattlemen, by the last legislature, and intended to prevent the sale of stolen cattle. Mr. Milliner states that the beef offered for sale was his property, and that he has the hide at his ranch, and will produce it to prove that he has not committed a criminal act. This is the first arrest made under the law, and it occasioned considerable surprise, as the peculiar provisions of the law were not generally known. There is no doubt of Milliner's innocence, but the arrest will serve to spread a knowledge of the strange law. Milliner was released under \$100 bonds. —Cor. Omaha World-Herald.  
**Polly's Education was Dangerous.**  
A well-known bird fancier was boasting that his parrot would repeat anything he told him. For example, he told him several times to say "Uncle," but the parrot would not repeat it. In his anger he seized the bird, and half twisting his neck said, "Say uncle, you beggar," and threw him into the fowl house, in which he had 10 prize Dorkings. Shortly afterward, thinking he had killed the parrot, he went to the pen. To his surprise he saw nine of the fowls dead on the floor with their necks wrung and the parrot standing on the tenth twisting his neck and screaming "say uncle, you beggar, say uncle!"  
**Kept Money in the Parlor Stove.**  
One of our well known school teachers and her mother met with quite a loss recently, and a novel though costly one it was. They had saved some money during the summer, and had placed it for safe keeping in the parlor stove, this stove being unused, of course, during the summer. With the coming of the cold snap a fire was lighted, the money for the time being forgotten. When the purse was thought of, it had been entirely consumed. The ladies lost fifty dollars. They had used the stove before for a saving place, but everything had turned out well. —Lawrence American.  
**His Great Mistake.**  
He thought he'd marry her because she made her gown herself. But the little trimming bills she had soon laid him on the shelf. —Cloak Review.  
A few days ago Hon. Senator Botsford received a request from the Bank of Montreal to send a cheque for two cents, which has been standing in the Bank's book to his credit since March, 1872, nearly twenty years, and which had figured in every monthly balance statement since that date. A somewhat similar case occurred to the millionaire contractor, the late Patrick Purcell. When in Chatham, not long ago, the agent of the Branch Bank there, meeting him, asked if he had forgotten he had a balance standing to his credit there. Mr. Purcell acknowledged he had forgotten but promised to call and was surprised to find a balance of some \$16,000 to his credit being principal and interest of a \$10,000 deposit made many years ago when he was a contractor on the Miramichi section of the I. C. R.  
The Earl of Sterling, a young Scottish nobleman, has gone on the stage. Although but 26 he has already made a mark in his chosen profession. He is now a member of the "Only a Farmer's Daughter" company which is playing this week in Hamilton and London, Ont. The Earl is said to be a handsome young fellow with an aristocratic manner.  
The recent discovery at Alma, Albert county, of copper-bearing quartz in a fissure vein of great width and length, the ore from which is of a superior quality, will probably be followed by early efforts to determine the quantity of ore which may be found available for shipment.  
It sometimes pays for railways to meet the people half way. In Hungary, where the railway fares were reduced by the "Zone system" from 40 to 80 per cent, the receipts have increased 18 per cent, and the number of passengers rose from 2,000,000 to 7,000,000.  
A class in natural history was called up for recitation. The teacher talked to them about the relations of friendship between man and animals, and then asked a girl, "Do animals really possess the sentiment of affection?" "Yes, almost always," answered the little girl.  
"And now," said the teacher turning to a little boy, "tell me what animal has the greatest natural fondness for man?" "Woman!" said the boy.