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Don't Crowd.

Don't crowd, the world is large enough For you as well as me; The doors of all are open wide— The realm of thought is free. In all earth's places you are right To chase the best you can— Provided that you do not try To crowd some other man. Don't crowd the good from out your heart By fostering all that's bad; But give to every virtue room— The best that may be had; To each day's record such a one That you may well be proud; Give each his right—give each his room, And never try to crowd. —Charles Dickens.

The Girl Who is Bashful.

This is what one of my girls has written to me: "I wish and pray you could tell me how to cure bashfulness. People say not to think of yourself, but of others. I have tried that but cannot succeed. I cannot take my mind off myself. I am always asking myself if my hair is out of curl, if my clothes look pretty, and a thousand other such questions. I cannot help it. I have tried, and tried, but I am continually thinking whether I am acting right, or looking right." First, to this girl must be said, that when one is eighteen years old one should not say "I cannot" do anything. She can if she will. Suppose she thinks this. She says she is considered pretty. What is mere prettiness? She is not beautiful; for a beautiful woman, an absolutely beautiful woman is seldom vain. Very few people care whether a girl's bangs are out of curl or not, if her manners are pleasing and she shows a desire to make others enjoy themselves. Very few people care if a girl's clothes are pretty or not, if the girl is self-conscious and stupid. I like a girl to want to look pretty. That is a part of her duty in life. But I want her just to remember this: That beauty is the easiest thing lost in the world; vanity will make it offensive; illness will cause it to vanish, and it goes with old age, unless the mind and heart have been so cultivated that the woman herself is a joy forever. When this is so the good God lets her keep her beauty. Try, my inquiring little girl, and obliterate self. When you are among people look out for the one who is shy and bashful like yourself; go to her, and after a few times you will find that it will become very easy. Stop thinking that people are looking at you. There are millions of beautiful things in the world, and it is not in the least likely that you are the selected one by everybody to be stared at and admired. Just learn to think a little less of your own appearance. The women who have been famous in the world have not always been beautiful. A woman who to-day is very popular among a large circle, is never spoken of as a beauty; but whenever anything is gotten up, whenever any pleasure is to be fore, whenever anybody is in sorrow, whenever anybody wants a confidant, it is Kate who is called for. I had sufficient curiosity to ask a man why this was, and he thought for a moment and then said: "It is because she always has a pleasant word for everybody; it is because she is always courteous and considerate; it is because she always looks ladylike and refined, as she is lady; and, really, I think it is because she is what a woman would call a 'thoroughly nice girl.'"

You know how in the fairy book the prince always comes and finds the princess. Well, just after I had written this, a letter was handed me in which I read that Kate—"the really nice girl,"—had married one of the richest men in this country, a man who it was supposed would choose a great beauty, but who, instead, selected his wife like one does a coat—to wear well. There's a moral, and a real one. It is given as an encouragement to the bashful girl who says she cannot, but who I am sure can; and to whom I say "be of good cheer.—Ladies' Home Journal."

No Law to Prevent It.

"I'd give twenty-five cents for permission to kiss that girl," remarked an insipid-looking youth on an Albany bound train the other night, indicating with a motion of his hand an unusually handsome young woman asleep in a seat nearby. The young man was one of a group standing in the rear of the crowded car. Another young man said: "You have my permission, sir, gratis." "Fraid she wouldn't regard it as sufficient," laughed the first. "I don't know," replied the other; "I have great influence with good looking girls—I'll tell you what I'll do; I'll bet you a good cigar I can kiss her without waking her." "Done!" cried the insipid youth. "I'll give you a cigar if you dare do it any way, and two more if she doesn't wake up." "It's a go!"

The daring young man stepped up to the seat where the pretty girl slept, leaned over softly and kissed her squarely and audibly on the mouth. She stirred a little, smiled, but did not wake. The group of men had watched the proceeding in breathless suspense, and a long and simultaneous sigh broke from them as the young impudence straightened up after the operation and rejoined the group, several of the passengers who had seen the audacious performance staring at him with astonishment. "By jove! that was elegant!" the fellow of insipid aspect exclaimed, as he handed the successful kisser his three cigars.

But there was another reckoning to be made. The conductor came hurrying down the aisle, and "went for" the daring passenger, metaphorically speaking, "hammer and tongs," crying: "See here, young man, don't you ever try that again! Are you a gentleman, sir? Don't you know that I can arrest you for such a performance as that?" The young man colored, but laughed nervously, as he answered: "No. I don't much believe you can. I guess there isn't any American law against a fellow kissing his own sister—is there?"

The Hunters' Joke.

Two local sportsmen put up a good job on a companion. When the three went gunning the two took along an old stuffed owl, keeping it hidden under the wagon seat, and during the afternoon they managed to get separated from their victim. They wired the owl securely to the limb of a tree, then regained their companion, and all three started homeward. Near the edge of the woods, close by the bogus owl, the two discharged their guns at pretended game, so as not to be expected to fire at the owl. They remarked that they wouldn't load again, they were so near out. The innocent gunner espied the owl the moment they arrived in the vicinity, and began blazing away at once at a hundred yards' distance.

After the fourth shot, fired in feverish haste, he called to the others to "fire also." "Don't you see the blamed buzzard's asleep, and he won't wake up till he's hit in a vital spot! He might get away while I was loading! An owl as big as that is worth a dozen partridges!" But the friends assured him of their confidence that he would bring him down at last, that it was his bird, and they would get no glory in simply assisting at the death. This seemed to inspire him with new energy, and the shots increased in frequency, and a terrible bombardment was carried on against the body of that owl. Finally the bird staggered a moment and then dropped over, but still clung to the limb with his feet and hung head down. "He's got the toughest hold on life of any bird I ever shot!" puffed the almost exhausted hunter. "I'll soon put him out of his misery," and advancing to him in fifty or sixty feet of the owl he fired the final shot, which had the effect to blow the stuffed creature's head off and to scatter several quarts of sawdust in all directions. It was then that there flashed upon the senses of the deluded gunner that a cruel hoax had been played upon him. And this feeling was confirmed when he saw his two companions rolling in the grass and screaming and yelling with laughter.—Springfield Homestead.

The Hole Shuts Up.

The Danish government, which is active in perfecting its small but powerful fleet, has given practical demonstration of the value of cellulose as a defence against the entrance of water, following the piercing of a ship-of-war by a projectile. The vessel upon which the experiment was tried was the *Hecla*, the latest addition to the fleet. While at anchor another cruiser, the *Abalon*, took position about forty-five yards from the *Hecla*, which is protected with an inside lining of cellulose three feet thick. The *Abalon* discharged a projectile from a five-inch gun, which pierced the *Hecla* at a point near the bow and at the water line. The latter immediately got under way and cruised about for three hours, the water in the meantime flowing freely above the hole caused by the shot. The cellulose, which dilated upon the contact with the water, gave results apparently efficient, inasmuch as the compartment which had been pierced at the conclusion of the three hours' cruise contained but a trifling quantity of water.—New Orleans Picayune.

The Microbe and the Farmer.

The grand discovery of those minute and invisible forms of life that are termed in common parlance microbes or germs is of the greatest value to farmers. These are the most active and persistent competitors of the farmer. They will live. The world owes them a living, for they

have a use and a purpose to fulfil. This is to remove the waste matter from the face of the earth and render it innocuous. In every heap of waste matter there are to be found in countless numbers. They take possession of every weak or diseased animal, and consume it if not prevented. In this work they are no respecters of persons: they work alike on all forms of life the highest as well as the lowest, if any such distinction is justified by facts. And perhaps there is no such distinction, for the existence of these minute creatures is as much a source of wonder to the student as that of a man. The principle of life is as mysterious as regards these small things as to any other living thing. Only man is endowed with reason, and this for the sole purpose that he may subject all other creatures to his use. It is a timely subject for thought at this time when vegetation is maturing and is fast approaching a state of decay. All this decaying matter finds its use in the soil, and it is there only that it can be safe. If any of it is permitted to invade the farm animals they become diseased, and just now there is imminent danger from this source. Impure water is the most prevalent source of disease, when this invades the herd no one knows where else it will do mischief.

The Oyster Season.

A fancy way to fry oysters is in a mask of chicken forcemeat. To make the forcemeat, remove the breast from an uncooked chicken, pound it in a mortar and measure the paste. Add the same quantity of bread crumbs, which have been soaked in just enough milk to make them moist. Add a half teaspoonful of fresh butter and two egg yolks. Mix the whole together, seasoning with a half teaspoonful of salt and a saltspoonful of pepper. Add two tablespoonfuls of cream; or a little less if the paste is very moist. It should be just thick enough to spread nicely. Put 24 oysters to boil in their own juice; when they are boiled take them up and spread each oyster on both sides with the forcemeat. Do not spread it thicker than is needed to make a thorough coating. Dip each one in egg-yolk and then in fine sifted bread crumbs. Put them in a croquet basket and fry them in boiling hot lard for three minutes.

Broiled oysters are dipped in melted butter, seasoned lightly with salt and pepper, and broiled on an oyster broiler over a clear fire for two minutes on each side. They are especially delicious with maitre d'hotel sauce; or, if you prefer a simple dish, serve them with fresh, sweet butter and slices of lemon.

A Peculiar Lung Ailment.

In a volume on Japan by Dr. Vincent, a medical officer in the French Navy, a disease of the lung is described which is believed to be peculiar to that country. It is caused by a parasite, and is characterized by hemoptysis occurring several times a day for ten or fifteen years, or longer, and ending in a dangerous hemorrhage. This parasite—*distoma pulmonale*—is cylindrical in form, and measures from eight to ten millimetres in length and five to six in breadth. It has a very muscular buccal sucker; and its ova are 0.13 of a millimetre in length and 0.04 in breadth, oval in shape, brown in color and covered with quite a thin membrane. The parasite makes its abode in little cavities at the periphery of the lungs, which communicate with the bronchi by narrow openings; and these cavities are found to contain quantities of epithelial debris, red blood corpuscles, leucocytes and innumerable ova of the *distoma*—all these various elements being blended together in a sort of pulp, which is expectorated from time to time. It is further stated in reference to this disease by M. Remy, who has made a special study of it at Tokio, that he has met with it in a majority of Japanese servants in the employment of Europeans.

A Beautiful Sentiment.

The following beautiful sentiment, which we find in an exchange, will touch a tender chord in many a heart, and receive a responsive echo from breasts that are yearning for the "touch of a vanished hand, and the sound of a voice that is still."

Honor the dear old mother. Time has scattered the snowflakes on her brow, piled deep furrows on her cheeks, but is she not sweet and beautiful now! The lips are thin and sunken, and those are the lips that have kissed many a hot tear from childish cheeks, and they are the sweetest lips in all the world. The eye is dim, yet it ever glows with soft radiance of holy love which can never fade. Ah, yes, she is a dear old mother.

The sands of life are nearly run out, but feeble as she is she will go further, and reach down lower for you than any other upon earth. You cannot walk into midnight where she cannot see you; you

cannot enter a prison whose bars will keep her out; you cannot mount a scaffold too high for her to reach, that she may kiss and bless you in evidence of her undying love.

When the world shall despoil and forsake, when it leaves you by the wayside to die unnoticed, the dear old mother will gather you in her feeble arms and carry you home and tell you all your virtues until you almost forget your soul is disfigured by vices. Love her tenderly and cheer her declining years with holy devotion.

Salmon At a Cent Apiece.

The following from the Port Townsend Leader shows that salmon went as low as a cent apiece in that place the other day:

The present wonderful run of salmon has so glutted the market that for some time these silver-sided beauties have been selling at five cents apiece, but the price took a tumble yesterday and several fishermen sold a boatload of fine salmon weighing twenty pounds each, at the pitiful sum of one cent apiece. One cent for a twenty-pound silver salmon, the finest quality of that excellent fish, is the lowest price, perhaps, that fish food ever sold for in this or any other country, but salmon are so thick that people don't know what to do with them. It is estimated that enough fish could be taken in one day to fill 1000 barrels. Fishermen say they can make big money by selling salmon at a cent apiece to the canneries if they will only buy all they can catch. One man caught fourteen with a gill-hook attached to a hoe handle yesterday, and another man claims to have found them in such numbers in shallow water in the Dungeness that he threw them out with a pitchfork, and soon got fish enough to last his family for a month. Old residents say they never saw such quantities of salmon before.

A Petrified Horse Found.

There was recently taken from a small creek near Stringtown, I. T., a genuine curiosity in the shape of a petrified horse, which had, beyond doubt, been lying in the bed of the stream for many years. The creek, which is known as Mason's Ford, has been dwindling away for some time, owing to the failure of the springs by which it is fed, and is now but a shallow rivulet, and a number of Indian relics, human bones, etc., have been taken from its bed.

The horse was nearly covered by a deposit of sand and loose limestone, and was discovered only by chance, some boys wading in the stream caught sight of a portion of the leg. Examining this, it was found to have turned entirely into stone, which led to the whole being dug out and carried to shore. The horse a large white one, seems to be the work of a cunning sculptor, so complete has the petrification been, even the hairs of the mane and tail being converted into stone.

In the neck and piercing one of the largest veins is an arrow, in all probability the cause of its death, and which probably struck it as it stood on the bank of the creek, into which it rolled in its death agony. Its sides still show the marks of a saddle and its flanks are cut as by spurs used with desperation, but no brand or other mark gives a clue to its rider.

In removing it from the stream one hoof was unfortunately broken off, but with this exception it is perfect. It is now on exhibition at Stringtown, but is shortly to be presented to the Smithsonian Institute, though several agents for dime museums have tried to secure it for their enterprise.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Christmas 1891.

The publishers of the Dominion, Illustrated have in preparation the most magnificent Christmas number ever issued in Canada. Its Literary and Artistic features will stand unrivalled. It will be a purely Canadian work. Wait for it! Published by the Sabiston Litho. & Pub. Co., Montreal.

A Long-Felt Want.

Candidate—"You are a workingman, are you not?" Workingman—"I am, sir." Candidate—"Well, I am a candidate for a position of trust, and I wish to say to the sons of toil—" Workingman (who is tired of tally and disgusted with its results)—"I am very busy now, sir." Candidate—"I was merely going to say that if elected I shan't do any more for the workingman than for anybody else because I don't care a continental for one class more than another, and I don't think there should be classes in legislation anyhow." Workingman (grasping his hand)—"You'll get my vote."

It Was a Baby's Death.

Des Moines Register: It was a baby's death that during the past week showed the gentler side of Iowa journalism. There was not a paper in the state that did not, for a little while at least, drop the burdens of daily toil and contention to bend over the cradle coffin where slept in death the fond hope of an Iowa editor's home—William Pawcett Fenkes. The many words of kindness and sympathy that the bereaved father had written to brighten the hopes of other hearts when bowed in grief were returned to him and to his with a hundred fold. Words flowed tenderly as tears that come unbidden to the eye, because they who wrote them stood in the shadow of a fellow laborer's sorrow. It was the touch of a hand that was mightier than many armies and as mysterious as the great future into which it summons all, kings and peasants, men and babes. And that hand of death was laid upon the darling of the home, upon the best beloved of a mother's heart and the grandest hope of a father's life. But not in vain the little life that leaves a stronger love behind! Not in vain the life, that, going out leaves a sacred memory to moisten hearts that otherwise might grow hard and cold! And not in vain the life the loss of which makes men kinder and gentler—brothers indeed.

A Divorce Case.

What is, under the circumstances, a singular divorce case has been recently decided at Rome. A couple—the man a Protestant, the woman a Catholic—were married over four years ago at Bridgeport, Conn., by a Methodist minister. The man subsequently joined the Catholic Church, and applied for an ecclesiastical divorce, claiming that a Methodist marriage was not recognized by the church. The ecclesiastical board at Hartford declared the marriage valid; the man then appealed to the archiepiscopal tribunal at Boston, and there the Hartford decision was reversed; then the question was appealed finally to Rome, where the marriage has been declared binding and the divorce refused. The man had meanwhile been living with a second wife.

Proceeding Cautiously.

Average Female—"Is this car full?" Conductor—"Standing room only." "If I get in I'll have to stand I suppose?" "Yes, unless someone gives you seat." "Do you see any men there who look as if they'd jump up and give me a seat?" "Um—can't say that I do." "Do any of them look decent enough to feel mighty uncomfortable if a lady was standing?" "Oh yes, all of them." "Then I'll get in."

Coffee Supply of the World.

The annual coffee crop of the world is estimated at over 11,000,000,000 pounds, worth at first hands \$135,000,000. This enormous quantity is grown in islands between the parallels of 30 deg. north and 30 deg. south latitude, mainly in British India and neighboring islands, in Liberia and other parts of Africa, in the West Indies, Mexico, Central America and Brazil. The domestic consumption of the United States amounts to 361,332,100 pounds, which is valued there at \$72,134,000, and of which 90 per cent. comes from countries geographically belonging to this continent.

An Antiquo Hat.

A new variety of autumn hat is called the Brighton; that with a cleft in the crown being so styled. In place of the fancy open-work straw of which the model was first made, the Brighton is now produced in a soft hairy felt, like pressed camel's hair. The most popular are of fine wool color, with a nondescript pattern, shading to brown, and the hat is trimmed with a simple brown silk cord or brown velvet. A hat of this class, when the shape suits, is an excellent investment, as it defies both weather and wear.

Satisfactory.

She—"You are very kind to invite me to go sleighing, but—did your horse ever run away?" He—"Often. You see I am careless about horses, and often let the reins fall to the bottom of the sleigh and drive with my feet." She—"I'll go."

Quebec despatch: It seems to be becoming a custom for whole families to get married at once. Joseph de Villers, of Lothburiere, and Miss Antoinette Garneau and Mr. M. Garneau and Miss de Villers were joined in the holy bonds of matrimony at St. Louis Chapel this morning. As another instance, three brothers, sons of Farmer Pomerleau, of the Parish of St. Victor de Tremblay, have just married three sisters, daughters of Farmer Fortin, of the same locality.

ALL SORTS.

"Milking the clouds," is the latest Western phrase for the production of rain by artificial means.

A young lady in Gainesville, Tex., has the longest hair in the world. It trails on the ground over four feet, and is a beautiful red-gold color.

A marvelous illustration of the patience of Chinese is found in the salt mines of Central China. Holes about six inches in diameter are bored into the rock by means of a primitive iron drill, and sometimes a period of 40 years elapses before the brine is reached, so that the work is carried on from one generation to another.

The population of Alsace-Lorraine has decreased by 38,000 during the last five years, although the births during that period largely exceeded the deaths. The emigration, however, has continued to be extensive, the total number who have left the province since 1871 being over 304,000. It is said, indeed, that of the Alsace-Lorrainers who were there before the Franco-German war of 1870 not more than 25,000 now remain in their homes.

For several years a pair of storks built their nests annually in the park of the Castle Raheleben in Berlin. A few years ago one of the servants placed a ring, with the name of the place and date, on the leg of the male bird, in order to ascertain that the same bird returned each year. Last spring the stork came back to its customary place, the bearer of two rings. The second one bore the inscription, "India sends greetings to Germany."

Man, in his greed for gain, not infrequently "kills" the goose that lays the golden egg. This is illustrated in the conduct of the French peasants who, when the price of land increased enormously, cut down the hedges, substituting thin fences. The result has been to deprive the birds of nesting places and consequently to drive them away. Consequently, insects, in the absence of their natural enemy, have rapidly increased and are destroying the crops which formerly were protected by the birds.

A big Russo-Chinese war is only a question of time, and France is watching for a chance of making some important frontier "rectifications" at the expense of China without paying too great a price for them in either blood or money. Lord Salisbury has a keen sense of humor, but he fails to see any fun in a course of action which would help the designs in Asia of only probable enemies of England. In Europe it is pretty certain, therefore, that any naval demonstration by the European powers will be of a harmless spectacular character, which will not seriously alarm the young Chinese Emperor and his astute advisers.

The Lewiston (Me.) Journal tells a curious after-the-fair story. A man from Oxford county had lost a railway coupon ticket to the fair and had inquired at the ticket office if one had been found. One had been found, but how were they to know that it was his. He asked to look at it and it was shown to him. He said, "It is mine. I can prove it. See, the face of it is torn off. Look here," and he opened his vest pocket and showed a heavy cut of gum and the face of a railroad coupon sticking to it. The two matched and the ticket was passed over to him.

The woman knitters of the island of Shetland produce marvelously beautiful work. A very fine long shawl weighing only 2½ ounces, was sold at Lerwick last year for \$75. A choice collection of knit goods, the finest ever produced in the islands, was presented to the Princess of Wales on the occasion of her marriage. One's enjoyment of the exquisitely fine work is considerably marred, however, by knowledge of the fact that the cruel custom of pulling out the fleece from the sheep by the roots is still practiced in Shetland. The finest wool is obtained in this way, and the secretary of the long named society should seek out the man who practices this savage custom, which is called "ruing."

Bishop Newman, during his missionary trip around the world, visited India, and it is told, addressed a gathering of native pastors on the best methods of carrying on evangelical work. Native pastors, according to the missionaries, are apt to think they know just what to do and are perfectly qualified to get along without advice. Bishop Newman began his talk, but was constantly interrupted by the native brethren, who jumped up one after another to remark that they thought this or that would be preferable. "Now, look here," finally exclaimed the bishop, losing his patience a little, "if any of you think you can conduct this meeting better than I can, will you please rise?" There was silence for a moment as the bishop glanced around the room. Then four of the brethren bravely arose and waited to be counted.—Philadelphia Ledger.