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THE REVIEW

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Sometime. Sometime in the future, when God thinks best, We shall lay down all sorrow and care; We'll forget all these rankling pains in our breast, And lay ourselves calmly down to our rest, Losing this cross that we bear.

TO CHANGE FARM LIFE. Millionaire Bookwalter Seeks to Introduce a Charming Feature of the European Farmer's Existence into the United States.

"It is not alone the hard work that is driving our young men from the farms to the cities," said John W. Bookwalter, the millionaire manufacturer of Springfield, O., to a correspondent. "It is the intense loneliness, the complete isolation of life on the average farm. It drove me from the country just as it is driving thousands of others. Do you know that the percentage of population found in the cities has gradually increased from the foundation of this republic to the present day? Young men are glad to escape from present plenty and even prospective wealth on the farm to earn a mere pittance in a city. I was born in Indiana on a farm along the Wabash, and never shall I forget the awful loneliness and desolation of life in a small farm house on a big farm. Why, up to the age of eighteen I had never seen a locomotive. I left the farm at the age of twenty-three and never felt like returning to it."

Mr. Bookwalter's early experience of the loneliness of farm life resulted in his taking a deep interest throughout his life in any project by which this loneliness could be obviated. After he left his home on the Indiana farm he came to Springfield, Ohio. Here he met James Leffel, a man of marvelous mechanical ingenuity. Mr. Leffel had a large factory, where he was manufacturing a turbine water wheel, which he had invented. He also had a charming daughter. Mr. Bookwalter took a great interest in the turbine water wheel and took a still deeper interest in the charming daughter. The upshot of the meeting was that he married Miss Leffel and at her father's death succeeded to the business, which by this time had reached immense proportions. Mr. Bookwalter, by shrewd management, added largely to his fortune. He was one of the first to see the ultimate value of the cheap wild lands of the West. In 1875 the Union Pacific Railroad Company had large tracts of the finest agricultural land in Nebraska on the market at nominal prices, to sell to any one who had the cash to put into it. Bookwalter started in to buy at 75 cents and \$1 an acre. He kept on buying at 75 cents and \$1 an acre until he had 60,000 acres. Then he was content and waited for the returns. The returns have not been long coming in. Now all his land is worth from \$15 to \$20 an acre.

Mr. Bookwalter has always been a great traveler, an omnivorous reader and a keen observer. Coupled to these he has a memory for statistics like a phonograph. He got his taste for travel by a complete tour of the world for the purpose of studying the economic conditions of the various nations. Since taking the grand tour he has lived during a portion of each year in Europe. One day, while gazing at the picturesque scenery from the window of a first-class compartment of a train in Switzerland he became interested in watching the numerous villages which were to be seen at close intervals as the train sped along. He noted that the farmers in Germany, France, Switzerland and other continental countries seem to gather close together in villages instead of living a life of isolated loneliness in solitary farm houses on their farms. He thought as he sped by one pretty village after another what a contrast these pretty little towns with their town hall, their parish church, their gay stores and comfortable residences formed to the lonely farm house in which he had passed the dull days of his youth on the Wabash bottoms in Indiana. These little agricultural villages or communities which are so charming a feature in farm life on the continent interested him, and he resolved to make a close study of them. One end of the matter was that he gave deep study to European farm life and was delighted with the sociability and opportunities for society and amusement which exists among the continental farmers. Instead of living miles apart and

getting to town once every week or two, as the American farmers do, the European farmers live in villages—agricultural communities they are called. They go to their farm work in the morning and return in the evening. When they return home they find mirth, music and society. There is a village band, a village debating society, a public library, a parish church, a singing society and many other social organizations which make life worth living. The evening in one of these continental villages is gay with the sounds of fiddle and guitar and the lively feet of the dancers.

From the hour when Mr. Bookwalter saw these happy scenes in the villages of these jolly Swiss farmers he resolved to do what he could to introduce so delightful a system to brighten up the dull lives of the American farmers and give the young people some inducements to remain on the farm. Instead of doing like most reformers and innovators, writing two-column cards to the newspapers encouraging others to try the scheme and see how it would work, Mr. Bookwalter concluded to have the honor of introducing the farming community system into the United States and resolved that he would build the first community village himself. He thought that his little patch of 60,000 acres in Nebraska would answer very well as a starter. The land lies somewhat scattered, but there is one tract of about 12,000 acres in Pawnee county which lies in a body. A railroad bisects the tract and there is a station about the center of it. The first thing Mr. Bookwalter will do is to divide this tract into farms of eighty acres each. Of the splendid rich prairie land of which the tract consists he believes that eighty acres will be large enough for any one farm. This will make 150 farms of eighty acres each. The town, which will be called "Bookwalter," will be built in the center of this tract; there will be a house and lot in the town corresponding to each farm in the tract. The lots in the village will be half an acre or more in extent and will thus be large enough to accommodate a house, commodious stables and to leave space for a flower garden in front and a vegetable garden in the rear. The houses will be similar in size and construction and will be built according to the latest models for convenience and health. The streets will be broad and lined with handsome shade trees, and great attention will be paid to laying out the town with a view to beauty. The village will be literally a community of farmers, but of course there will be a sprinkling of business men and professional people. There will be a number of stores and room for a doctor or two, a lawyer, a music teacher, several school teachers, etc.

Mr. Bookwalter will see that amusement and instruction are well provided. He will erect at his own expense a handsome town hall, where public meetings of all kinds, concerts, theatrical and operatic entertainments will be held throughout the winter, thus enlivening the dullness of village life. He will also provide a public library, stocked with popular and standard works, of which works on farming will form a large part. This will keep the farmers on the tract thoroughly conversant with the latest developments of the science of agriculture, and will be of double advantage, since by the farmers living close neighbors to each other they will be able to discuss these works and the agricultural theories they contain.

Another great advantage of living close to each other will be that the farmers will have a good chance to observe each other's methods in vegetable gardening, bee keeping, dairying, fruit cultivation, etc. If one farmer has particular success with his vegetables or bees or with his butter or cheese making, the whole community will know it and get instruction from the lucky farmer as to the methods he used in obtaining the result, where he got the seed, what varieties of plants he bought and what manure he used.

The agricultural village becomes a big agricultural school. One man experiments and finds that the soil of the tract is peculiarly adapted for raising hops or peanuts or alfalfa. He communicates his success to his neighbor and soon every one is planting hops or peanuts or alfalfa, to the great advantage of the whole village. With farmers living isolated and at a distance from each other each on his respective farm thus profiting by the knowledge of others is almost impossible, because it is next to impossible for the 150 farmers to see much of each other.

One of the advantages of the farming community system, in the opinion of Mr. Bookwalter, is the power of combination it would give to farmers. Now they live at such distances from each other and are so unused to town life and being part of an organized social system that they are the mercy of the cities. There have been

many attempts by the farmers to combine for purposes of mutual advantage both in a political and business way, but they have been almost universal failures. Now, if the farmers were gathered into agricultural villages they would be in touch with the world, they would get the daily papers, the railroad station would be at their very door. They would consequently travel more and have their intelligence brushed up by seeing something of the world. They would take part in the government of the little town, hold meetings, attend debating societies, read library books, see amusement occasionally—in short, enjoy many of the advantages of the city. When the time came to organize for their special advantage, instead of being helpless they would know how to go about it, and the legislatures of the states would find it a very different problem to deal with a few hundred of these agricultural communities than with so many isolated farmers who only had time to come to town once a week or month and then had no time to attend meetings or talk over plans for their mutual benefit. One hundred and fifty or two hundred farmers collected together in a village and with constant intercourse would soon figure out many schemes for their political advantage which none of them singly would ever have dreamed of. Two heads are better than one and two hundred than twenty. A united village would also find ways of making its political power felt that the individual members composing it could never have done.

Mr. Bookwalter is so much pleased with the already assured success of the plan that he has built a beautiful country seat at the town of Bookwalter and will remain there a portion of each year. He has just returned from Nebraska and reports the crops in a wonderfully fine condition. He says that if the houses in the agricultural village were already built he could put a tenant in every one by fall, so great is the interest in the scheme and the desire on the part of the people to live in the first agricultural community village in America.

He calculates that the population of the village when the scheme is fairly under way will be from 1,200 to 1,500 people. In time such a village can build a water-works system and have electric light and power, thus giving the farmers the advantages of city life and taking much hardship from the women. The roads by Mr. Bookwalter's tract will be built with a view to easy access to the village from all parts of the tract. He calculates that the most distant farm will not be more than three miles from the town. This, he thinks, will not be too far for the farmers to go to and from their work night and morning.

What Chances.

There are 1,500,000,000 on the globe. Of these 33,033,033 die every year. There are 3,064 languages, and over 1,000 religions professed by the people. The number of males and females is about equal, and their average life is about 23 years; one-fourth of the inhabitants die before they reach the 15th year. To 1,000 persons only one reaches the age of 100 years; to every 100 only six reach the age of 35, and not more than one in 200 lives to see the 80th year; 33,033,033 dying every year makes a grand total of 91,824 per day, 3730 per hour, 60 a minute or one every five minutes.

Married persons live longer than single ones, and the tall have a better chance for long life than those of short stature. Women have more chances of life in their favor previous to 50 years of age than men have, but fewer afterwards.

The number of marriages is in proportion of 75 to every 1,000 individuals born, the time when the greatest number of marriages take place is in June and December—about the time of the summer and winter solstices. Dark-haired persons have a better chance in the great struggle for existence than those of the opposite complexion, except in contagious diseases where blondes are comparatively exempt. A person born in hot weather stands the heat a great deal better than one born in the cold months of winter; of course the rule works vice versa. Those born in the spring are usually of a more robust constitution than if born in any other time of the year. Births are more frequent by night than by day; also deaths.

Mrs. John Gray was burned to death at Montreal on Friday evening. When lighting the fire to prepare the supper she threw on some coal oil to hurry it up. The fire shot out, communicating to her dress; in an instant the woman was in a mass of flame. In attempting to smother the flames she rolled on the bed, but that caught fire too, burning every stitch of garment off her. Her hands and arms were almost burned to a crisp and her face was unrecognizable. She was taken to the General Hospital, where she died during the evening.

FROM BATHURST TO CARAQUET. A Holiday Trip—The Caraque Railway—A Cure for Dyspepsia—Pic-Nic—Hospitality—Caraque People—Its Business Establishments and Advantages as a Summer Resort.

Two weeks holidays! Where should I spend them? Two or three places suggested themselves invitingly; but it occurred to me that I had heard some one speak of Caraque as a very desirable spot in which to pass a vacation, and here was a chance to test the truth of the assertion. Accordingly I extended to a friend a hurried invitation to make one of a pleasure party of two, and the invitation being accepted, three o'clock in the afternoon of Wednesday, July 29th, found us with hastily packed portmanteaus, occupying all the available space in a small but comfortable carriage, and speeding rapidly towards the C.R.R. depot, where we quickly purchased our tickets, and scarcely heeding the directions to that end given our driver by the accommodating station agent started off to look for the platform at the "Y" where passengers are taken, on the return of the train from Gloucester Junction. For fully half an hour that platform baffled our united efforts to locate it; but at last we found it and seated ourselves to await the arrival of the train. Another carriage drove up, and a clergyman of grave and dignified mien, and a commercial man, evidently on good terms with himself and the rest of the world, joined us. Then another carriage brought two of our popular town "boys" on pleasure bent, and with Caraque in view, as a destination. A hoarse whistle in the distance! A simultaneous rush for bags and wraps and we boarded the train as she slowed up at the platform. A snort, a puff, another hoarse whistle! We were off for Caraque! The railway passes through a fertile farming country and all along the line one sees splendid crops of hay, oats, wheat, etc., and beautifully cultivated fields of potatoes. At every station passengers came on, until no element was wanted to complete the list one usually meets on a railway car. There were the loving couple, the irrepressible baby, the city masher, the extremely stylish young lady, the country belle with white gloves and flower decorated fan, and last but by no means least, the clever gentleman who kept up a series of running comments on every person and thing that came under his notice. The ride down was altogether enjoyable, excepting, perhaps, the occasional jolting which however served as an appetizer and made us feel as if we should rather enjoy our supper. I should recommend a trip over the Caraque Railway as a positive cure for dyspepsia. We arrived at Caraque about half past seven and drove to the Bellevue Hotel where supper was awaiting us. On Thursday we attended the annual picnic of the S. of T. held in the grove belonging and adjacent to the stores of Messrs. Charles Robin & Co. It is rather late to give a description of the affair, so I will only say it was a complete success and reflected great credit on its organizers. Among the strangers present I remarked Miss Nicholson of Newcastle, Miss Nellie and Annie Carmen and Miss Mary Bishop, Bathurst, and Messrs. B. Fairie, Newcastle, W. J. Draper, Bathurst. At the entertainment, given in the Division rooms, Thursday night, Miss Nicholson's recitations elicited the most flattering applause, and the duet by the Misses Carmen was a treat to lovers of good music, as was also Mr. Draper's song.

There are very few English families in Caraque, but more delightfully kind, sociable people than those are it has never been my lot to meet. Mr. and Mrs. Philip Rive give the most charming whist parties at their beautiful home, and any one who has once enjoyed their hospitality can have any but the most pleasant recollections of their courtesy and kindness. One of my pleasantest memories of Caraque, is the lawn tea given by Miss Louisa Blackhall. It was really one of the most enjoyable things I ever attended. Miss Blackhall has evidently profited by the example of her mother, for she is a truly delightful hostess.

The business establishments of Caraque are four in number, the leading and largest of which is that of Messrs. Charles Robin & Company (Ltd), which has its headquarters in Jersey. Next in order come the firm of Messrs. Alexander, Rive & Company, who do quite a large business. Messrs. Wm. Frewing & Company (with branch at Shippegan) and Hon. R. Young, who carries on an extensive trade. This latter business is under the management of Messrs. J. W. and Fred Young, and Mr. R. H. Lee Young takes charge of the lobster factory and store about two miles from the main store. Through the kindness of this latter gentleman we visited the factory and were very much interested in his details of the canning process. Among the points of interest, under the

head of places worth seeing, are the quaint old church in St. Anne's grove, (said to be over 150 years old, I believe) the R. C. church, the Convent conducted by the ladies of the congregation of Notre Dame, and the Presbyterian church recently erected.

To any one in quest of a quiet spot for a summer vacation I would heartily recommend Caraque. It has splendid boating, bathing, and fishing facilities, good driving roads and many points of interest. I cannot conclude this sketch without paying a just tribute to the proprietor of the Bellevue House, Mr. Richard Blackhall, and his amiable wife, who contributed so much to my own and my friend's enjoyment of Caraque. And (this is for the girls) the young gentlemen in Caraque are delightful, collectively and individually. Courteous, obliging, in a word, perfect gentlemen. M. H. M. Bathurst, Aug. 17, 1891.

Sir John Thompson.

The Toronto Empire of Thursday last publishes the following article: By the resignation of the minister of public works the important and arduous duty of leading the house of commons, of representing the government and interpreting its policy in that branch of parliament falls on Sir John Thompson. No man could be chosen for the office who would be more acceptable to the house generally, without discrimination of politics, or in particular possessing to a greater degree the respect and confidence of the conservative party. Sir John Thompson has won, even from his stiffest political antagonists, tributes to his personal rectitude, his high abilities and his loyal zeal in the public service. Conservatives feel for their leader in the commons an enthusiasm hitherto strongly by Ontario as by the provinces at the sea, from which he comes. His abilities have been displayed conspicuously on all questions where grasp of constitutional and parliamentary principles are required, and it is not mere party partiality or disparagement of other worthy men which leads to the conclusion that there does not sit on the opposition bench a man of the same mental calibre as himself. It speaks well, too, for the conservative party and the country at large that the appreciation of his unbending integrity and scrupulous honor should be so general. Sir John Thompson is still, speaking in a comparative sense, a young man, and his future promises to be one of able and devoted services to his country.

The Dominion Illustrated.

That charming summer resort, St. Andrews, N. B., is made the subject of illustration and description in the last issue of the Dominion Illustrated. Latour, a stirring Acadian ballad, by James Hannay, with splendid illustrations by Miss M. B. Ellis, of St. John, N. B., appears also in this number. Among general engravings are one of a British Columbia mining scene, the post office at Edinburgh, and one of London's most favorite drives. The number is full of bright and interesting features. The publishers of the Dominion Illustrated have already begun the preparation of their Christmas number, which will be the finest holiday souvenir ever issued in Canada.

Indians Who Play Baseball.

Newcastle Advocate: Last Thursday a number of Indians from Richibucto came into town on their way to visit Burnt Church and other places down river. They were fine, smart looking fellows, quite a contrast to the majority of our blueberry pickers. They were fitted out for playing baseball from the "sneakers" to Spalding's League Rules book, which one of them carried in his pocket to help them straighten any knotty problems in the game that came up for decision. They were only part of a crowd which started to visit their brethren here four or five of whom had gone down on the other side of the river the day before and the rest coming round by water. It is said that the Indians at Big Cove on the Richibucto have a club which plays a good game of ball.

When you're languid and dull in the spring of the year, When stomach and liver are all out of gear, When you're stupid at morn and feverish at night, When nothing gives relish and nothing goes right, Don't try any nostrum, elixir, or pill—"Golden Medical Discovery" just fills the bill.

The surest and best of all remedies for all disorders of the liver, stomach, and blood, is Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery.

There are some things we cannot account for by the simple rule of three. For instance a compass has four points; yet a pair of compasses only has two.

ALL SORTS.

A bridge of size.—A large nose. Texan marriage-notice: "No cards, no cake, no flowers, no thanks no regrets, nobody's business."

Why is a drawn tooth like a thing no longer remembered? Because it is out of the head.

Wool—That Hughson seems to be a pushing sort of fellow since he got married. Van Pelt—Hadn't noticed it. What does he do? Wool—Pushes the lawn mower half the time and the baby carriage the other half.

The Lancaster Argus is the name of a small four-page sheet which is printed on a hand press by one or more of the patients of the Provincial Lunatic Asylum. The sheet is well printed and contains a number of readable articles specially written by one of the inmates of the institution.

Hoegg's canning factory is running full blast. Steam was kept up all last night and peas and blueberries are coming in by the car load. The plains are alive with berry-pickers and barrels are being taken instead of pails. The factory takes in from thirty to forty barrels a day. The crop never was so large in this section.—Fredericton Gleaner.

The queen of Italy who is near, sighted, wears spectacles sometimes, but her husband does not like to see them on her nose and he says now and then, "Margaret, if you don't take those things off I shall sing." The unhappy woman, who heard him sing once, tears them off with cries of apprehension.

"Good morning, children," said a suburban doctor, as he met three or four little children on their way to school; "and how are you this morning?" "We durst tell you," replied the oldest, a boy of eight. "Dare not tell me!" exclaimed the doctor. "And why not?" "Cause papa said last year it cost him over ten pounds to have you come and ask how we were."

They were in the grocer's. Said the grocer seeing a blind man about to enter, "Are you aware how delicate the touch of a blind person is? When nature deprives us of one sense, she makes amends by bringing the other senses to extraordinary acuteness. Let us illustrate by this gentleman. I'll take a scoop of sugar and let him feel it, and you will see how quickly he'll tell what it is." The blind man having entered, he was put to the test. He put his thumb and finger into the scoop, and without hesitation, said, "That is said!" Everybody laughed but the grocer.

The execution of the Manipur princess has created a profound sensation throughout India. The newspapers printed in the native language strongly condemn the so-called hurried orders issued for the execution, which was hastened lest English opinion should undergo a change in favor of the condemned princes after the publication of their defence. The manner of the Tongal general's execution particularly, greatly shocked native feeling. It is said he was too ill to stand up, and that his executors were obliged to lift him upon a stool before the drop fell.

John Callahan, for six years night watchman of the Hamilton, Ont., street railway company, has been arrested on a charge of stealing from the company and has confessed that the aggregate of his pilfering will reach \$15,000. One of his duties was to collect money from outlying stations late at night and put it in a safe in the presence of another man. He had learned how to apparently lock the safe and when left alone took a portion of the money furnished by each station, locking the safe after the abstraction. He has turned over to the company money and property to almost the value of the amount stolen.

A few years before his death Alexander Dumas made his appearance one morning at Madame Porcher's apartments, wife of a celebrated, chef de clique Porcher, who was the humble friend and ever-ready banker of the always impecunious Alexander. "I want some money, Mme. Porcher; I came out without any, and have not a sou to pay the coachman." "Very well; how much do you want?" "Two louis will do." Dumas was on the point of leaving, when Mme. Porcher reminded him that she had prepared a bottle of gherkins for him, on the pickling of which she prided herself. "I'll let the girl put it in the cab." "Very well; good morning." On the stairs Dumas met the servant, who told him that she done as her mistress ordered her. "Thank you, my dear; here's something for your trouble;" and the louis just borrowed found their way into the palm of the astonished maid-servant, and a moment later found Dumas driving off profoundly unconscious that he was just as penniless as he was a moment before, when he came up Mme. Porcher's staircase.