

THE REVIEW.

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Best Advertising Medium in North-east New Brunswick.

RICHIBUCTO, N. B., AUGUST 27, 1891.

PROMISING RESULTS.

Much good is likely to result from the scandal searches still going on at Ottawa. Violators of the law and perpetrators of unpleasant irregularities in the civil service are being brought to book, and dealt with according to their deserts. The prospect is, too, that the working of the civil service will be greatly improved, and that hereafter efficient checks and guards against wrong doing will be stringently maintained in all departments of the Dominion public service. The proposal of the Federal Government to issue a Commission to report on the best method of improving the working of the civil service, and its expressed intention to bring that service under rigid inspection by an officer independent of the Government, seem to promise good results. The uncovering of the corruption connected with the contract system cannot but have desirable effects profitable to the country.

McGREEVY'S REFUSAL, RESIGNATION, AND EVASION.

Thomas McGreevy drew to himself last week much attention at Ottawa. First, his refusal to tell the Committee of Privileges what he did with a certain sum of money admitted to have been received by him, excited a small sensation. Next, his sending to the speaker the resignation of his seat in the House of Commons, caused a little excitement. Finally his evasion of the arrest ordered by the House of Commons capped the climax. At the moment of writing, it seems probable that acceptance of the resignation will be refused in order to his expulsion. His determined refusal to answer has drawn all the rest after it. It does not appear to what precisely the refusal is due. It may be to his reluctance either to criminate himself or to bring somebody else into trouble.

THE HUNDRED THOUSAND DOLLAR STEAL.

Mr. Pacaud, who received the hundred thousand dollars extorted from the contractor Armstrong, as the price of his contract from the Mercier government, is we suppose now perambulating the streets of Paris, and cannot, for the moment be pressed for explanations, but it seems that his journal, L'Electeur, says that the misappropriated money was needed for election petition deposits. Very likely, and portions of it may have been thus expended. But possibly Mr. Pacaud is using a portion of it now for his comfort in the French metropolis.

Mr. Cochrane, an Ontario M. P., is being put on the enquiry rack, charged with having sold certain Dominion appointments placed at his disposal. Some trafficking appears to have gone on among appointees. It remains to be seen whether or no Mr. Cochrane took part in it.

Intelligent Farming.

Five years ago, Israel R. Golding of this city purchased a farm about two miles above the town in Kingsclear, on what is known as the "old road." It is on high land and the soil was said to be of inferior quality, before Mr. Golding became the owner. The first year the farm yielded about 25 or 30 tons of hay, most of which was of poor quality. This year, besides a large crop of oats, barley and potatoes, Mr. G. has cut 110 tons of hay, which, with the exception of a few loads, is all of first-class quality, and in three years more he says the hay yield will not be less than a hundred and fifty tons. Besides the hay, Mr. Golding has a fine crop of oats and barley; one four-acre field of yet quite green, averages a height of six feet. This is an example of what ordinary land of the country is capable of producing when properly cultivated. Many of our farmers who are disposed to grumble at the poor land they own, should visit Mr. Golding's place and see for themselves how to till the land, and what land properly cultivated is capable of producing.—Fredericton Farmer.

A small boy in one of our colored schools came to his teacher to apologize for a continued fraternal absence. "My mudder says, Miss, won't yo' please akuse my brudder for stayin' home; my brudder can't come to school, kase my brudder he's dead."—Baltimore American.

It was announced at the socialist congress in Berlin that "in the United States \$70,000,000 were annually stolen from the hands that produced them, and amid all that wealth misery increases so fast that the land is a hell."

FRIGHTFUL ACCIDENT. A Building Collapses and Many Lives are Lost.

NEW YORK, August 22.—This afternoon at 12.31 four five story stores, Nos. 68, 70, 72 and 74 Park place, suddenly collapsed. The fall was instantly followed by fire.

Instantly, before the frightened people in the building could collect themselves to attempt to escape, there rolled the stifling clouds of smoke and the roaring flames. With one accord, the people rushed to the main entrance on Park place. Already it was impassable. Then, almost tumbling over each other, men, women, boys and girls climbed and fell down the fire escape on the Greenwich street side of the building. Those who were on the street say they heard the boom of an explosion. Hardly three seconds after the report a hundred feet of the outer wall pitched into the street. It buried, in a mound of bricks, men retiring from their work, children at their play, and people passing along the sidewalk. It caught a horse hitched to a truck, and before the poor beast could realize where the first brick pounded it to death. By one of those rare streaks of fortune, the driver escaped. The bricks of the fallen wall had not stopped rolling along the street when the space they had occupied was a red sheet of fire.

Then came the engines and the firemen. The wall was down for four stone fronts, Nos. 68, 70, 72 and 74 Park place. At the instant that the street wall fell the roof crashed down upon the floors below it. The girders gave way under the strain, and the whole interior of that part of the building dropped in a mass. The shell was left standing, like a blast furnace open in front.

Thirteen engines were soon spouting water on the fire, and down at the foot of Greenwich street, the big fire-boat "New Yorker" was doing her best. Rumors were chasing each other through the streets of the terrible loss of life. But no one could tell accurately anything about the number of people in the building. Those who had escaped were too much excited to think of anything else than their own good fortune. Men hugged each other and laughed hysterically; women sat down on the doorsteps and cried.

On the ground floor was a bronze powder factory, a drug store and a restaurant. Above them was a blank book manufactory, a printing shop and a lithographing establishment. No one could tell how many people were in the drug store. In the basement of the bronze powder factory there were five girls employed cutting gold leaf. All are thought to have been lost.

The restaurant employed about fifteen men, most of whom are missing. There is no reliable information as to the number of persons in the restaurant, but as it was noon hour the number was probably large. It was said there were thirty-three of the lithographers' employes in the part of the building which fell. Eight people were employed in the printing shop. One escaped by a miracle. In the blank-book manufactory there were about fifteen, three or four of whom were girls. It is difficult to see how any of them could have escaped.

It was almost 2 o'clock before the first efforts could be made toward the recovery of the bodies.

The firemen had worked with tireless energy. When the word was given to begin to dig away the wreck, they turned to with as good a will as they had fought the fire.

At 2 20 o'clock a fireman, who was tossing the bricks from a little heap in the middle of the street, called out: "Here's one." In an instant a dozen firemen were on the spot, and bricks began to fly on all sides. Soon a large hole was dug in the heap, and then the back of a man's garments were exposed. Rapidly still, though more tenderly, each brick that covered the body was removed until it lay comparatively free. Presently a young lad, poorly dressed, came along and asked to see the body. His sleeves were rolled up, and his left arm bore a livid bruise. They uncovered the face for him, and he glanced at it a moment and then said: "That's him."

"What's his name?" asked a policeman. "Michael Slattery," replied the boy. "My name is John Elliott. We both worked for the Empire City Subway Company and the men were going to fix the pipes in this street. The watchman went off to get his lunch and I took his place. I was sitting on the tool box near the curb, and Slattery came over and sat beside me. Suddenly there was an awful noise, and I jumped up and looked behind me."

"The front of the house was sliding down into the cellar and the bricks were tumbling into the street. I scooted for my life, and just as I was getting on the other side of the street a brick hit me on the arm. When I looked around the whole house was caving and I couldn't see Slattery anywhere. There he is now."

The lad pointed to the cloth-covered heap that lay motionless in the front of the house.

Edward S. Mulligan, of hook and ladder 8, stooped and gathered up a lot of bricks in his hands when he heard a faint cry. Soon the firemen had cleared away a considerable pile, and a small, black hole was

exposed, leading into what appeared to be the cellar. In a few minutes, however, the firemen saw that a heavy iron shutter had fallen on the sidewalk upon two beams, and when the bricks showered upon it a cave-like inclosure had been formed.

Through the half darkness they saw the agonized eyes of a little girl, across whose mouth and nose one end of a beam rested. She was able to moan faintly, but the heavy pressure against her mouth would not allow her to talk.

Presently strong hands lifted the beam from the girl's mouth and she spoke. Her first words were: "My little sister is in here." Then she cried from her own pain. Soon they were able to seize her and lift her up, and when the crowd, that stretched blocks on either side, saw her wave her hands, a loud cheer went up and there was a clapping of hands. Fireman Mulligan took her in his arms and carried her to an ambulance that was backed to the curb near-by. She curled one arm around his neck and waved the other. Her face was bloody, and there was an ugly cut beside one eye and on the chin.

At first every one thought she was waving her hand to the crowd, but as she was carried on the sidewalk there was a loud scream that seemed to come from the air above, and then the little one began to cry. Everybody looked up, and through an open window, on the top floor of the building opposite the fire, beheld a sad scene. The mother had recognized her daughter, and the revulsion of feeling after the mental torment she had gone through had, for the moment, deprived her of reason, and she was struggling in the clasp of her husband, and trying to throw herself out of the window.

He held her tight and dragged her back into the room, but several times she freed herself and ran to the window's edge.

The girl's name was Mary Heagney, and she is 9 years old. Her father, Eugene Heagney, is a plumber, whose place was in the basement of No. 76, the corner house. He was also janitor of No 76, on the top floor of which he lived with his wife and three children.

The three children were playing on the sidewalk just before the house collapsed. Peter, the boy, was on the corner, and so escaped all harm. The two girls, however, were caught in the shower of ruin and were imprisoned. The firemen now began to dig for Annie, the little sister, who was still buried beneath the bricks. A woman rushed bareheaded among them and cried in an agonized voice:

"Where's Johnny? Have you found my Johnnie yet? Oh, God! my Johnnie! He's killed—killed!"

The police came and dragged her away. She said she was Mrs. Gibbs of Greenwich street. Her ten-year-old son, she said, had been playing with the Heagney children, and now she could not find him anywhere. The firemen found him, and ten minutes afterward they found poor little Annie Heagney close by. Both were dead, and were wedged in with loose bricks so tightly that it required considerable work to free their bodies.

The total loss is estimated at \$195,000. The building was condemned 13 years ago by the building department. There are all sorts of theories as to the cause, the most plausible being the shaky condition of the building and vibration of heavy presses in it. Practically there was no mortar between the bricks.

The total number of bodies taken from the ruins up to the time the men stopped work Sunday night was 17, of which 14 were identified.

LATER.

NEW YORK, Aug. 25.—From midnight to 8.30 this morning four bodies—all men—were taken from the ruins of the Park Place fire, making 39 in all. At nine o'clock four more bodies were found.

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J. Clarence Webster, of Shediac, has been awarded the doctorate degree by Edinburgh university for his original research work during the last three years, he also carried off the gold medal which is really the highest honor obtainable in the university and is more sought after than any other prizes.

\$5,000 GIVEN AWAY. Great Fourth Half-Yearly Midsummer Literary Competition

Of the CANADIAN AGRICULTURIST AND HOME MAGAZINE. Closes Oct. 20, 1891, when the following magnificent rewards will be given to persons sending in the greatest number of words made up out of the letters in the words "HOME MAGAZINE."

First reward, \$1,500 in gold; 2nd, \$1,000; 3rd, \$500; 4th, \$750 Grand Piano; 5th, \$500 Organ; 6th, \$300 Team of Ponies and Carriage; 7th, \$150 Gent's Gold Watch; 8th, \$100 Ladies' Gold Watch; 50 prizes \$25 each, China Tea Set, 50 Hunting Case Silver Watches, 100 Boy's Silver Watches (all fully warranted), 25 prizes \$10 each, 100 prizes \$2 each, and 200 at \$1 each, making a total of 569 splendid rewards, ranging from \$1 up to \$1,500. All prizes delivered free in U. S. and Canada.

The words must be constructed only from letters contained in the words "HOME MAGAZINE."

Foreign or obsolete words not allowed; neither will singular and plurals of same word be allowed.

The words must be numbered 1, 2, 3 and so on, to facilitate the awarding of prizes.

The list containing the largest number of words will get first prize, the next second, and so on.

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Men's and Boys' Tweed 27 cents a yard and upwards. Gibson Remnants in Grey Cottons, Check Shirtings Flannelettes, Bed Tickings, Galatea Stripes, Gingham and Print Remnants, etc. We have a few Colored Hamburg Suits at \$2, original prices \$3.50 and \$4.

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