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Don't Stop My Paper.

Don't stop my paper, printer, Don't strike my name off yet; You know the times are stringent, And dollars hard to get; But tug a little harder

I can't afford to drop it; I find it doesn't pay To do without a paper, However others may. I hate to ask my neighbors, To give me theirs on loan; They don't just say, but mean it, "Why don't you have your own?"

You can't tell how we miss it, If by any fate, Should happen not to reach us, Or come a little late; Then all is in a hubbub, And things go all awry, And, printer, if your married, You know the reason why.

I cannot do without it, It is no use to try, For other people take it, And, printer, so must I, I, too, must keep me posted, And know what's going on, Or feel and be accounted A foggy simpleton.

Then, take it kindly, printer, If pay be somewhat slow, For cash is not so plenty, And wants not few, you know. But I must have my paper, Cost what it may to me, I'd rather dock my sugar, And do without my tea.

So, printer, don't you stop it, Unless you want my frown, For here's the year's subscription, And credit it right down, And send the paper promptly And regularly on, And let it bring us weekly Its welcomed benison.

A COOL HAND.

I.

I am an Irish Adventurer. I am proud of my country, and I am proud of my calling. I should be proud of my country were I a Kalmuck or Esquimaux—how much more reason for pride have I not in being a native of Dublin, which is admittedly the finest city in the finest country in the world?

And as to my calling, it gives me brotherhood with every man who ever had a name worth naming in any country—strike the Adventurers out of your histories, and what's left won't be more than a day's reading. And as to being an Irish Adventurer—I've heard that name sneered at in my time, but never by anybody whose head wasn't too contemptible to be worth cracking.

My adventures have had a considerable range, and I could write my life in twenty volumes as well as any man. For the present, however, and simply by way of preface to a short account of the strangest of them all, I'll content myself, and pique the curiosity of the reader, by boiling them down into twenty lines.

My name is Thomas Connor—an original O having been somehow lost in company with the rest of the family property, which had been regal in ancient times, but had been reduced to sevenpence-halfpenny on the day I came of age. It is true there were a few debts besides, but they could hardly be called possessions, seeing that I never knew precisely what they were. When my poor father died, nobody—not even himself—knew how much he owed; and it wasn't worth my while to go through the court for anybody's benefit, seeing that sevenpence-halfpenny would not have paid for the mere whitewash, not to speak of a dividend.

But, though I found myself on my twenty-first birthday better cleaned out than a hundred tubs of whitewash would have made me, I found no reason to complain of my friends. It's rubbish, and I know it, to talk of the badness of the world to a man when he's down. When a man complains of having been cut, or kicked, take my word for it, that somebody has for once got what he deserved.

Why, I hadn't been one and twenty for four and twenty hours when I got a note from old Miles Cregan, whom my only sister, Kate, had lowered the Connors by marrying (for he was only an attorney), offering me a free passage to New York, and five pounds over, without a word about being repaid, and with no conditions except that I wouldn't come back to Dublin until I'd made three hundred a year of my own—which of course it wasn't likely I'd want to do.

I took it all the kinder of Miles, because he was so fond of money that he wouldn't even let poor Kate help me when I'd now and then wanted a pound or two to get out of a scrape, such as young men will tumble into without any particular fault of anybody's; and once when I'd asked him myself for a loan, to be repaid punctually as soon as I'd be able, he said that

he didn't invest in wild oats on principle—and when a man talks of his principle, you may be sure he means his pocket and nothing less nor more.

But as soon as I literally hadn't eightpence in the world, and nothing left but to enlist or else to live on my wits, this very man disproved forever all the cant about the world's cold shoulder, and did for his wife's brother what I don't believe he'd have done for his own son.

So I thanked him, as warmly as he'd let me—for he was one of those men who under a cold outside hide their hearts very much indeed—and then spent an hour with Kate, saying good-bye. I had no sweetheart just then, by some queer accident or other, so my sister was the last Irish girl I saw in Ireland. Poor girl! She cried when I told her how kind Miles had been, and tried to make me take all she'd got in her own purse, which was nine-and-fourpence—I remember it now; but I didn't like to take advantage, for I thought that, being as real a Connor as myself, it was likely enough that she too might have a debt or two that she wouldn't like to tell Miles.

The next day, with three pounds in my pocket—for two of the five had gone off somewhere in the night—I sailed for New York in the steamer of the Hudson, with no ties at home except Kate, and my word of honor not to see Dublin again without three hundred a year of my own.

It was lucky enough that I spent those two pounds before starting; for the Hudson, as you may remember, went down not far from Newfoundland, and I lost the three that were left me. It was a bad start in life, but it might have been worse—and for that matter I've always noticed that nothing is ever quite so bad as it might be. I might have lost all the five pounds, and Kate's nine-and-fourpence into the bargain; or I might have been drowned; or I might have been five feet instead of six feet high, and twenty inches round the chest instead of forty, and so less fitted to take a porter's place in New York than I turned out to be.

But I gave myself twenty lines for my self-introduction—and I have taken nearly two hundred. I must omit therefore ten long years of adventurous ups and downs—my perils among the miners and Indians of the Far West, my narrow escape from an Indian tiger, my second and third shipwreck (so that I began to stand in some fear of a rope for my end)—and come, at one bound, to where the arch adventure of my life began—namely, in South Africa.

By the time I was thirty-one, I had not made three hundred a year; but I had got more than three-quarters round the world. And when I speak of the arch adventure of my life, I mean the most remarkable adventure that ever happened to any man.

* * * * *

I had been ostrich-farming up the country with a young Englishman named Paul Andrews—a fine fellow of about five and thirty. We got on famously together, though we were about as unlike as two men could be, and though we lived all alone. It's my experience that it's always easy enough to get on well with any man.

He was a gentleman all round (by which, however, I don't mean to say that he was as unlike a Connor as my words might be taken to imply), and I always used to think there was a sort of mystery about him; even out there, and in his rough dress, and in the middle of our rough ways, he always used to look as if he were a major in the Guards just dropped out of his club in a mistake, and yet, for all his cool and easy ways, he'd be liable to fits of silence that lasted for days, followed by the sort of spirits that make a man seem as if he wanted to forget something.

But though we lived like brothers, he never told me much of his past life—nor, for that matter, did I tell him much of mine, except may be about the tiger. No doubt I told him that, for I'll defy a man with a tiger story to keep it to himself altogether.

I'd sometimes sort of fancy that though his name might be Paul, it might not turn out to be Andrews—and when one suspects an alias, it's bad manners to ask questions. I had myself not always called myself Connor; and when one's proud of one's name, one doesn't like it to be carried by everybody one may happen to be in the course of a voyage round the globe.

He was handsome, but in a different way from myself—that is to say, while he was also a fine figure of a man, he was dark, almost like an Italian, with brown eyes that seemed to dream right into the very middle of you, and hair to match—he'd have stood, for all he was an English gentleman, for a portrait of one of Byron's blackguards. He didn't drink much, and he talked less—except when he was in one of his fever fits, as I used to call them,

and then he'd show, without making a show, that if he wasn't an earl himself, he'd been hand and glove with them that were.

Somehow, however, although ostriches are undeniably cheap beasts to feed, ours didn't do very well. Whether feathers went out of demand, or whether there was a glut of them, or whether it was the new fancy for cheap funerals, or whatever it was, we didn't find them pay, and we did find them die off in the most spiteful manner you can conceive. So one day, said Paul:—

"Tom, let's go for diamonds."

"We will," said I.

During six months we went for diamonds. I had my regular luck; that is to say, it was never quite the worst possible. I wasn't robbed or murdered, either of which would very likely have happened to me if I'd found anything worth robbing me of or murdering me for. Paul's luck was worse than mine, for example. I did find a few trifling stones, which we shared, being partners, and thus kept body and soul together; but I don't remember his finding any at all.

I began to think he was a downright unlucky man; and, though a Connor can't desert a man of his accord, I wasn't altogether displeased when he said to me one night, when we were drinking whisky and water, that is to say, I the—whisky, and he the water:—

"Tom, old man, this won't do. We don't get on as partners. We tried feathers, and we've tried stones; and I don't know which is the worst speculation. Let's dissolve. You stay where we are, and I'll go a mile or two higher. There's a vacant bit there; and if that turns out no better than this has done I'll—I'll turn missionary, and see if that will pay."

In an adventurous life we get used to sudden and eternal partings from our closest friends, and take them easy. It's odd how little one minds other good-byes when there's one big "good-bye" sticking like a knife into one's heart; for ten years had made me want to see Dublin and poor Kate again, and I wasn't a bit nearer to them than when I left them. So I only said:—

"May be you are right, Paul. Anyhow, there's no harm trying a change. But it isn't fair that I should have the chance of staying where we know there's some stones, and you should go where we know pretty well beforehand there's none at all. No, no. I've better luck than you, anyhow; I'll go and you'll stay. You're too generous by half, my boy."

"Nonsense," said he. "Perhaps I'm going because I don't want to stay. I sometimes think I'm the Wandering Jew. No, no. You make the best you can of the old ground, and let a wilful man go his own way. Whether you move or not, I shan't stay here."

Yes, there was clearly a mystery about this man, young, handsome, with an iron will, with no vices, who would have been an ornament to a crack regiment or a duchess's drawing room, and yet hiding himself in poverty and in Africa. I couldn't make it out at all. I didn't like to be outdone in generosity by an Englishman; but I felt it was a kind of destiny that was driving him, and that, as he said, his boots were beginning to boil. So the next morning we just shook hands, and said, "Good luck to you, old fellow!" and then he went his way, and I mine, without more ado than as if we expected to meet again at supper time.

Will I ever forget that day? I hadn't been at work three hours before I knew myself to be master of a more splendid diamond than I had ever dreamed of in my wildest dreams. Yes, in our wretched little patch I had lighted upon an African Koh-i-noor! Don't turn up your nose at Cape diamonds if you have never seen that one. It was a queen; and a tug at my heart told me what our patch was going to be.

Our patch? It was mine; it was the sole property of Thomas Connor. With a vengeance indeed had luck turned at the departure of Paul Andrews—poor devil! It was a sin and a shame. He had lost his share by three hours; and all because he had been generous, and had given up the old ground to me.

My first thought had been: Now for Kate and Dublin? My second was to get hold of a horse, and gallop like mad after Paul Andrews, to bring him back into the firm; for I could no more have kept that luck to myself than I could have picked a pocket. I knew which way he had gone; and one doesn't get far in that country in three or four hours. But though I rode as much like mad as the nature of the beast, and of the ground, would let me, I couldn't come up with him. He wasn't in the new place, nor could I hear of him. And though I tried for days, and was more or less on the lookout for months after, no news of Paul Andrews could I hear.

I felt almost like a thief; but there was no help for it. I could do nothing but put my back into things, and work away.

II.

It was the height of the season when the South-Western Railway brought me from Southampton to London. It was with a sore heart that I made my first visit to the English instead of the Irish capital; but it couldn't be helped, seeing that I had not yet three hundred a year of my own; and Connor rhymes with honor, as all the world knows. But I had what was worth it, if people were half as fond of diamonds as they are said to be. For that matter, I had, in the rough material, three hundred a year without counting the big stone, my first and finest find, which I had christened Kate Cregan, and meant to give to sister in return for the nine-and-fourpence that she didn't give me, poor girl! And it would be a delicate way of repaying Miles; for of course one couldn't pay back a kindness in common dirty coin. I'd had it cut and set at Capetown; and kept it about me till I could put it on Kate with my own hands.

But though I couldn't see her in Dublin just yet, I wrote to her—may be Miles would let her run over to London, to have a bit of fun with a brother who hadn't turned up quite so much like a bad penny as had been expected of him.

I hadn't written home since I'd been away, because, for one thing, I'm a bad correspondent, and, for another, I never knew from day to day where I'd tell her to send an answer. And I didn't write much of a letter, even now, only a line or two, just to say how glad I was to be back, and that I'd be free to come to Dublin in a week or two, and that I had turned up trumps in diamonds and was her loving brother Tom. I didn't mention African Kate; that was to be for a surprise.

Then I went to work, and settled my affairs as best I could for the hurry I was in to be back to Dublin again; and, for all my hurry, I did pretty well. Meanwhile, I had been to a real tailor, and got him to make me look a little less like a ruffian than I'm afraid I did when I landed at Southampton, not forgetting a suit of dress clothes; for though I didn't know a soul in London in those days, an adventurer soon finds out the need of being ready for anything that may turn up at any time.

I was beginning to wonder, as the days went by, why I didn't get a line from Kate; but I thought nothing wrong, why should I? I'd never been in London before; and I had plenty to do in the way of eight-seeing. Even staring about the street and the Park was enough just then for a man raw from Africa.

The very day my dress-clothes came home, I had a fancy to put them on; for I'd never felt myself dressed like a gentleman before, in all my adventures. So, having nowhere else to go, I took a stall at the opera, and amused myself by thinking, "Well, Tom, when you went down under the sea off Newfoundland, it's little you ever expected to be turning up here."

And then, for the life of me I couldn't help giving a thought to poor Paul Andrews, who ought to be where I was, if I was any judge of faces at all; but who wasn't, just because he had dissolved partnership an hour too soon.

And I was beginning to feel lonesome too in London, where I didn't know the people nor the ways; and the foreign music didn't seem up to Kate's old piano before she married Miles; and the new clothes didn't seem to fit me somehow. I was wanting the old pipe and the old canvas jacket, and the grip of an old chum's hand.

With my eyes off the stage, I chanced to let them fall on the finger of a lady that sat beside me. I didn't think much of the finger, but I had diamonds in my head, and I noticed she wore one in a ring that wasn't to be named beside my own big one, only it was set in a way beyond anything they were up to in Capetown. It made me feel ashamed of the style of mine, or of Kate's rather; so I took a note of it in my mind, and settled to have it copied, or bettered if possible, by some first-rate jeweler.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

The Age of Majority.

The age of majority which gives all persons of both sexes the free disposal of themselves and their property, and the enjoyment of all civic rights belonging to their sex and condition is 21 years in the United States, Great Britain and modern European countries generally. But in ancient Rome majority was not reached until 25. We have no idea what nation first adopted 21 years as the age of majority. It was probably in the early history of the race, when there was considered to be something sacred about the number 7, as 21 is three times 7.

The Gold-Beater's Art.

It seems surprising, but true, said a gold-beater recently, that no one has yet invented machinery that will supplant manual labor which devolves upon the gold-beater. The same form of mallet, the same sheepskin "bats" and almost similar ways of handling the gold-foil are in vogue now as in the time of King Solomon. In those days the gold-beater was considered a first-class artisan. That the same opinion holds good to-day is evidenced by the fact that there are but three or four gold-beating establishments in the United States. The method of manufacture of to-day is almost a counterpart of that in vogue centuries ago. See, here are several employes who are busily engaged in striking what appears to be a square piece of marble. But that square substance which the workman turns at every blow is composed of numerous layers or sheets of sheepskin vellum. Between these sheets are the precious films of gold. Our gold comes to us in long ribbons wound about spools. These ribbons are an inch wide and about as thick as ordinary glazed writing paper. The ribbon is cut into inch pieces and then again into three parts, which, when beaten between the sheepskin vellum, will make 100 sheets of foil. To give a definite idea of the amount of surface a gold dollar will cover in foil, it has been estimated that the coin will make 100 sheets, each four inches square. So, you see, one dollar will, if converted into foil, cover 1,600 square inches, or a little over eleven square feet. A beater can hammer out 1,000 sheets in four hours. One would think that the beater's work was of the most arduous nature. That steady up-and-down motion with the mallet is deceitful. The wonderful elasticity of the vellum causes the mallet to rebound to the required height each time it falls.

Propeller Screws.

The forms of screw propellers to drive vessels are somewhat numerous. Screws of two blades are sometimes used in naval vessels, but those of three and four blades are the most general. The usual form of screw has blades secured to the hub by flanges, to which they are bolted. Each blade is shaped like the section of a pear, it being bent so as to have a curve like the thread of a screw, but now it has become common to have two, and some, times even three. Where there are two, one is placed on each side of the rudder. Where there are three, the third one is placed above the rudder, in the centre. The hub of each screw is on the end of a shaft, which passes through a stuffing-box in the stern of a vessel, at the other end carries the crank of the rod which drives it.

Family Quarrels.

The following is a receipt for avoiding family quarrels, which may fairly claim credit for good sense and originality. It was given by an old man as invented and practised by a couple he used to know. "You see," he said, "they agreed between themselves that whenever he came home a little 'contrary' and out of temper, he wore his hat on the back of his head, and then she never said a word; and if she came in a little cross and crooked, she threw her shawl over her left shoulder, and then he never said a word." If similar danger signals could be pretty largely used how many unnecessary collisions would be avoided, and how many a long train of evil consequences would be safely shunted till the line was clear again.

Bashful Men.

Are there any bashful men now extant among us? Not among the rising generation of "Young America," most surely. Perhaps such may exist in the form of some antiquarian or library man, who, when dragged from his lair, may be covered with confusion, trying to bow or frame a compliment after the most approved mode. But let the etiquette lover meet one of these recluses on his own "hunting grounds" and it would be he who would be the bashful man. We are inclined to the opinion, which will no doubt be comforting to the diffident and blushing of both sexes, that bashfulness and brains are generally found in company. Your self-confident person is generally the one who has the least ballast.—N. Y. Ledger.

Enjoying a Blessing.

DEAR SIRS,—Last summer my younger sisters were taken very badly with croup, indeed we were almost in despair, having little hope of curing them. Finally we applied Haggard's Yellow Oil, and to our great joy it cured them perfectly, and they are now enjoying the blessing of perfect health.

ANNIE JOHNSTON, Dalhousie, N. B.

"A Soft Answer Turneth Away Wrath."

She had for hours been preparing vials of wrath for him when he should return. "So, you're home at last," she said as she let him in. "It's a wonder you've got home at all."

"No diff'erly gettin' home," he said; "moon's full."

"There's more than the moon full, I'm afraid," she said.

"Yes, we're all full."

"What!" she exclaimed, growing scarlet with indignation.

"Jus' as I say. We're all full. Moon's full, I'm full and you're beautiful."

"Well," she said, with a faint smile, "I suppose I'll have to forgive you as usual."

A New Building Wood.

Western Australia is producing a wood which is destined to be much in favor with church builders. This is the jarrah wood, which is as hard and durable as oak, but which possesses a rich deep color like mahogany or very old oak, and is well adapted for paneling and carving. Old Herne church in Kent—where the Te Deum was first sung in the English language—has just been re-roofed with jarrah and the effect is said to be startlingly fine. The church is now completely restored.

It is "Chile," Not "Chill."

There is a newly established bureau at Washington called the Bureau of Geographical Names, whose duty it is to fix the official spelling of all geographical names. In their first bulletin, issued last January, the spelling of that country was fixed as Chile, in place of Chili.

Popular Vote of 1888.

The popular vote for President of the United States in 1888 was as follows: Harrison.....5,440,551 Cleveland.....5,538,434 Fisk.....250,290 Streeter.....147,045 Scattering.....10,312

The warden of the San Quentin, (Cal.) prison recently suspected there was trouble brewing and ordered a thorough search of the prisoners and their cells. He was surprised, however, when five revolvers and 250 cartridges were found, one 60-foot tunnel and numerous suits of clothes for disguises.

A considerate, generous cobbler in Delaware gave his wife a certain sum of money each week for her personal use. He never inquired what she did with it; but after thirty-nine years of wedded life the wife died, and in the drawer of an antique table the husband found a bag containing gold and also a roll of greenbacks, amounting in all to \$10,000.

The Scott Act has been sustained in Charlotte Co., N. B., by a majority of over 1,000.

By the will of the late Hon. William Henry Smith, the English Conservative leader in the House of Commons, he leaves \$20,000,000, all of which was made out of the sale of books, magazines and newspapers.

Digby is to have a first-class hotel. The sum of \$9,000 has already been subscribed. They want about as much more. They expect to have it ready for next summer's travel.

After a lengthy discussion the special committee appointed by the Niagara synod to consider a scheme for consolidation of the Anglican church in British North America by the foundation of a Dominion diocese, decided by a vote of 9 to 6 to endorse the scheme.

Wrecked by a Mirage.

A mirage in the Caribbean sea was the cause of the total loss of the new American barkentine Steadfast, while bound from Port of Spain to Philadelphia. When the Steadfast sighted the lofty peaks of St. Croix the atmosphere assumed a peculiar light color resembling the cirrostratus clouds, hiding the entire lower portion of the island. The peaks and mountain appeared to be twenty miles away.

The tops of the mountains seemed to be inverted, the tall coccanuts appearing to grow from the sky to the earth. The sugar grinding mills were pouring their smoke downward, the workmen working upside down. The Steadfast was kept under easy sail and perfect control. Every thing went well until a grinding sound was heard, and a sudden tremor went through the ship. The vessel crashed over the reefs and was soon fast on the rocky shore, where her wreck still remains. The mirage made the island appear twenty miles away.—Boston Transcript.

Baird's Balsam of Horehound for Croup and Whooping Cough.

David Meriwether, successor to Henry Clay in the United States Senate, is still living in Louisville at the age of 92.