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A Martyr to Style

I despise this way of wearing Gowns that trail into the dust; But the other women do it, And so I suppose I must.

It is neither neat nor nobby To be wiping up the street. And the only ones who like it Are the women with big feet.

If I only had the courage To endure the scornful smiles Of my fellow female creatures, I would cling to olden styles.

I would always have my dresses Short enough to miss the dirt, And I wouldn't wear mud ruffs On the bottom of the skirt.

But I am too great a coward A decided stand to take; So with all the rest I follow In a foolish fashion's wake.

And my newest gowns I'm making With a hateful horrid dip; Over which some luckless mortal Will some day be sure to trip.

But I hold I am a martyr, Almost worthy of a crown, For my meek and mild adoption Of the now prevailing gown.

—The Epoch.

Scotchmen have Possession.

Brockton, Mass., was transformed recently for Scottish Clans who had gone into that town on sporting interest bent. It was an imitation of the great days and annual games at which are held with such zest by the Caledonia lads at Bramar, and there was an effort made to re-establish for a time the music, the dress, the sports, and the very atmosphere of old Scotia. The Brockton Caledonia Club were the instigators of the affair. The day's sport was a great success, and with so many highlanders in full array must have given the place a very Scottish air. McLean, the famous piper who was with the Highlanders during the campaign in Egypt was on hand. He has played all over the world. The Brockton Daily Enterprise during an extended description of the day says the bagpipes make the greatest marching music imaginable. There's nothing like it to keep the feet moving. When in the early evening the pipes came down Belmont street, playing "My Love She's But a Lassie Yet," half the people who were trooping along the sidewalk fell into step almost unconsciously, and only resumed their regular gait when the pipes ceased their droning.

The Scots carried only the golden banner of Scotland when they marched down from the grounds after the games.

A selection at the grounds by Harlow's band that caught the crowd and received an encore was a selection of Scottish airs—"Coming Thro' the Rye," "Blue Bells of Scotland," "Annie Laurie" and "Within a Mile of Edinboro' Town."

The best things of the day, in the opinion of the non-experts in the grand stand who came simply to be entertained, were the exhibitions of broadsword dancing and the Highland flings, performed on a platform on the track in front of the judge's stand. The participants included Tom Murry of Watertown, young Tom Sutcliffe, W. C. Purdie, and in the juvenile contests, Johnnie, Jennie and Mary Sutcliffe and Ida and Lillie McDonald. The clever and highly skillful work of the little people won especial praise from the on-lookers.

The exciting feature of the day was the tug-of-war tournament. In this the Caledonians beat the Hibernians, the bulky and powerful Ex-Chiefstain Farquharson of the Boston club acting as anchor for the Caledonians with distinguished success. Then the Maritime Provinces team pulled the Hibernians over the line, and finally carried away the honors by outhauling the Caledonians. This last contest was fiercely contested, the teams hugging to the rope with such intense good will that it was several minutes before the advantage of an inch was gained by either side. Then the team from the Provinces, who had been allowing the other team to haul and exhaust their strength, heaved on the line and hauled the tired Caledonians over in triumph. All this time hundreds of men and boys had been pressing on to the contestants, giving the police guard more than a handful of work; the coaches of the teams had been excitedly shouting encouragement and advice to the men, and pandemonium reigned.

The broadsword contest on horseback was the only real disappointment of the day. Sergt. Walsh rode a miserable beast that was afraid of his own shadow, and shield and backed and made the thing a farce. When Walsh and his opponent did come together they showed a solicitude for one another's welfare that was touching, and there was no excitement or skill in the whole affair.

Tommy—"Can we play at keeping a store in here, mamma?" Mamma (who has a headache)—"Certainly, but you must be very quiet." Tommy—"Well, we'll pretend we don't advertise."

In a Panther's Jaws.

Mike Donovan, a track walker employed by the Southern Pacific Railroad and in charge of the section at Stella, Fort Bend county, Texas, was recently attacked by a large panther, and only with much difficulty succeeded in killing the beast. Donovan armed only with a hatchet and wrench, was engaged in his daily inspection of the track, and had reached a part bordered on one side by a dense thicket of post oaks when his attention was attracted by a rustling in the undergrowth.

The next moment he was startled by a panther hurling himself on him. The attack was so unexpected that the man staggered and fell under the creature's weight, but managed to steal a blow with his hatchet, which, without wounding it severely, caused it to spring from his body with a hoarse cry. Donovan had only time to scramble to his feet, however, before the panther returned to the attack, screaming fearfully. He met it with uplifted hatchet, and cut it deeply about the head and shoulders, but the infuriated animal, though bathed in blood, appeared only more determined in its animosity, and sprung upon his foe with such force as again to knock him off his feet, when he endeavored to fix upon his throat. Unfortunately for the man, the panther's assault had knocked his hatchet from his grasp as he fell, leaving him with his bare hands to grapple with the snarling, maddened animal tearing at him with distended claws, and suffocating him with its fetid breath as its gaping mouth strained at his throat.

It was only by the exertion of his utmost strength that he was able to retain his grasp on the panther's throat, so as to prevent it from getting at his own, but a new horror confronted him, as they struggled madly over the pebble-strewn roadbed. The panther had thrown him across the track, and, in spite of his frantic efforts to throw it off, held him across the rails.

The shrill whistle of the afternoon train here warned him of the approach of a horrible death, and literally sick with terror, he exerted himself with strength born of desperation, and succeeded for a moment in so crushing the panther's throat that the beast, gasping for breath, relinquished his hold sufficiently to enable him to roll to one side, and off the track. Before he he could rise, however, the panther fell on him again, and as they closed in their deadly embrace the long train swept by. Donovan says that so close were they to the track, that the heat of the engine scorched them as it passed. He screamed lustily for help, but supposed that the noise of the train prevented his cries from being heard.

The panther appeared frightened off of its senses by the thunder of the locomotive, and springing up from Donovan's body, made for the woods, screaming at every jump. The Irishman here was enabled to recover his footing, and seized his wrench that lay near, then, running to an adjacent tree, braced himself against it, awaiting the return of the panther, which on seeing the train disappear, advanced as undaunted as at first. Donovan raised the heavy wrench as it reached him, and brought it down with full force on its head. The blow sent the creature reeling to one side.

The man with another blow, succeeded in knocking it over and stunning it, when, running for his hatchet, he despatched the animal by nearly severing the head from the body. Donovan was badly scratched about the limbs and breast, and very much exhausted by his fearful struggle, but otherwise uninjured. The panther was a large one, of a species known as 'grey cats,' and bore the marks of a still inflamed gunshot wound, given probably by some hunter, which had evidently run the animal mad.—Globe Democrat.

When is it Justifiable to Kill a Burglar?

The question is often asked, When is it justifiable to kill a burglar? A forcible or felonious attempt to violate a man's rights to his house or goods may be resisted with any necessary amount of violence, even to the extent of killing, but not where the felony is without violence. But you cannot anticipate killing—you cannot kill him in cold blood because you think he will kill you. If after ordering a man to leave your house he remains there, and so terrifies you that, for fear of your life, you shoot him, the law will not be very particular in deciding whether you were or were not within your right in shooting him, for "omnia praesumptur contra spoliatorem." It is possible to justify the killing of a burglar who has forcibly broken into, or is breaking into, our house on the ground that thereby our life was endangered, and if he has already retreated and has escaped from us, we are not, in the quaint language of an old writer, justified in shooting him as he fleeth down the avenue.—The Gentleman's Magazine.

LOCATING THE QUEEN.

A Man From Away Back Falls in With a Three Card Sharp.

The performance in Forepaugh's circus tent had just ended. Within the side-show tents the hand organs set up their loudest and liveliest strain and the loud-voiced fakir outside redoubled his oratorical exertions as the great crowd surged past his grand aggregation of wonders. At the southern end of the lake front, away from the noise and hurly burly of the big show, sat two tired looking individuals, whose every appearance indicated that they had left their work upon the farm to enjoy a day with Forepaugh, and had done it so thoroughly that they were half dead with fatigue. A three card monte sharp's eagle eye caught the rustics and he swooped down upon his prey like a young rooster after a potato bug.

"Pretty hot, isn't it?" he began. "You haven't seen a man around here, have you, with a long white linen duster on, tall white hat and plaid suit? No? Well, I'm looking for him. Friend of mine. Left me about an hour ago. He's going to have some fellows arrested down there in one of the little tents. Darned fool I tell him. You see, he was swindled by a couple of men—three card men—what is it? Oh, yes, three card Monte Carlo, taken into camp just as slick as grease. Lost a couple of hundred on it in less than a minute. Robbery, nothing else; but a man's a blamed fool to bet his money on another fellow's game. Served him right I say."

"Cleaned him out, eh?" drawled the rustics. "Well, that game is as old as the hills, and a feller that hasn't more sense than to try to beat it ought to be turned out to pasture for a while."

"Looks simple enough," continued the fakir. "I saw the whole thing. Of course I would not bet—not a cent—but blamed if I wouldn't have put my money just where my friend did. Darned sharp these show fellows. Sleight-of-hand trick, I guess. They mix up the cards some way when they throw them down. That is the only explanation of it I can give."

The farmers laughed. "Well you've guessed it," said one of them after a hearty burst of merriment.

"Oh, laugh away—seems funny enough now; but it isn't so darned funny to the poor fool who loses his money. It isn't an easy thing to do, let me tell you. I can't throw the cards just as those fellows did, but they took three cards, just like this, and threw them down like that, and then bet that my friend couldn't pick out the queen."

"Straight three card monte, as sure as you are born," said one of the rustic visitors. "I've read all about it a hundred times. Never saw the thing done though."

"Well, this is all there is to it—the showman did nothing more than this. See? Simple enough, ain't it?"

"Why, I should say so! I don't see how your friend lost his money."

"He picked out the wrong card that's all."

"Couldn't have been watching very sharp, I guess."

"Well, don't fool yourself. It ain't such an easy trick to pick out the right card. Do you think you can do it?"

"I could if the other fellow didn't do better work than you do."

"Bet you a quarter you can't pick out the queen, just as the cards lie there now."

For answer the farmer turned over one of the cards, showing the smiling face of the queen.

"Well, by jingo, you did it the first time. There's your money. Now, then watch the cards closely. There! Pick out the queen. I'll bet you a dollar you can't do it, or \$5 or \$10 or \$25 or \$100."

"Well, put up your money if you want to walk home with your fool friend. I've just \$100 left and it's going to win \$100 more for me right here and now."

A moment later one of the grangers held in his hand \$200, while the other bent over the cards preparatory to picking out the royal winner.

"Hurry up! Locate the queen and the money's yours; if not it's mine." And the professional hungrily eyed the staker. But his victim was inclined to move rather leisurely.

"Let's see," he said meditatively, "you stood here just like this, and you held the three cards in your hand like this, with the queen on top. Then you gave your arm a swing like this and—"

"Well!"

"Palmed the queen, dropped the nine spot in its place, and shoved the queen up your right coat sleeve, where 't is now. A very bad job, too, partner, because it's dead crooked and so easy that any school-boy might catch you dead to rights and shoot you full of holes before you could square yourself."

"I shall always remember the last time I worked that lay myself," he continued, as he stowed away the roll of bills.

"It was in the summer of 1886. I was doing outside work with Barnum's show that season, and when we struck Louisville, I caught a sleepy young fellow with more money than brains and tried to work the 'switch' on him—just as you do it, precisely. I had not finished the experiment before I made a rather startling discovery."

"I found that my left lung was inhaling air through a large hole near the fifth rib. For the next two years I did not take an active interest in circus business. But I eventually took the road again, and I've been with the Sells Brothers ever since up to a week ago, when Joe and I came here to wait for Forepaugh. How are they coming, partner?"—Chicago Mail.

Nine Rules for Bathers.

Avoid bathing within two hours after a meal.

Avoid bathing when exhausted by fatigue or from any other cause.

Avoid bathing when the body is cooling after perspiration.

Avoid bathing altogether in the open air if after being a short time in the water it causes a sense of chilliness and numbness of the hands and feet.

Bathe when the body is warm, provided no time is lost in getting into the water.

Avoid chilling the body by sitting or standing undressed on the banks or in boats after having been in the water.

Don't remain too long in the water; leave the water immediately if there is the slightest feeling of chilliness.

The vigorous and strong may bathe early in the morning on an empty stomach. The young and those who are weak would better bathe two or three hours after a meal—the best time for such is two or three hours after breakfast.

Those who are subject to attacks of giddiness or faintness, and those who suffer from palpitation and other sense of discomfort at the heart should not bathe.—Ladies Home Journal.

Rubber Hips.

Although the bustle has been doomed and has sunk into obscurity, yet woman-kind is not satisfied, and a makeshift is in sight, or, rather, it is in use and not in sight. It has taken the form this time of artificially-deformed hips.

It is the same old bustle that has reappeared, but it is cut in two, and the two halves moved around one on each side.

A lady who knows about such things told me. She had one on herself, and when I commented on her increased robustness she laughed, blushed, and patted her hips and said:

"It's not me it's rubber. False hips are the latest craze, and one that is becoming popular with wonderful rapidity. The pads are made of inflated rubber bags, they are not so inconvenient as the old-time bustle, and not much more of a nuisance to wear. Go down to 5th av. any day and you will be surprised at the number of remarkably broad-bipped women you will meet. They have grown wonderfully stout in the past month."

"Why do they do it?"

"Oh, the great advantage to be gained in appearance is the smaller look it gives to the waist. I don't think there is any other reason. That's quite enough for any woman."

"The fashion has its serious drawbacks, too. Sometimes the pads slip round, and the effect is unpleasant. Again too I am always in fear that a pin will puncture one of the things, and that one side will go off with a loud report. You can't imagine how lop-sided one would look after such an accident. It's horrible to think of."—N. Y. Herald.

The poets sing, in dainty rhymes, Of summer days and sunny climes, Of beauteous maidens, passing fair, With witching eyes and waving hair, Till, near the end you're apt to see— 'Tis but an "ad" for P. F. P.; that is Pierce's Favourite Prescription, the infallible and guaranteed remedy for all kinds of female weakness, which cures the ailments of feeble "run-down" and debilitated women, and restores them to youthfulness and beauty once more. The price of this royal remedy, Dr. Pierce's Favourite Prescription, is but \$1.00 a bottle, and money refunded in every case if it doesn't give satisfaction. See guarantee on bottle-wrapper.

Prof. Herman Kollinger, violinist, writer and freethought miser, died in squalor in San Jose, Cal., recently, having left hundreds of thousands of dollars behind him.

The New York girl who lost her engagement ring in a wash basin only to find it two years later in the gutter, where it had been washed from an open sewer, had meantime been married and widowed.

ALL SORTS.

Of Uncle Sam's 14,500,000 cotton spindlers 4,500,000 are in Massachusetts.

In proportion to its population, Australia is the largest tea consuming country. England comes next.

Several mountain peaks in Idaho have settled from sixteen to twenty-three feet within a few years.

The recent revolution in Hayti turned out to be nothing more than the annual shooting fete.

An officer of the French army sold the secret of a new explosive to an English manufacturer of army equipments.

After a time sheep may be useful only for mutton. Wool, the chemists say, can be made more cheaply from wood fiber than it can be grown on sheep.

Heligoland is not to be made another Gibraltar, but will be fortified on a small scale, so as to be of some use to Germany in case of war.

France has provided for the storage of grain in every fortified town sufficient to feed the entire city for two months. This is providing for war.

Mme. Taylor, a bearded lady, is said to bear a striking resemblance to the late Hon. Edwin M. Stanton, secretary of war under President Lincoln.

Montana is larger than the empire of Turkey. Texas is larger than the whole Austrian empire by 30,000 square miles, and New Mexico is larger than Great Britain and Ireland together.

It is estimated that at least \$50,000,000 of the government's paper money supposed to be in circulation has been lost or destroyed. By the sinking of one vessel off the Atlantic coast some years ago \$1,000,000 in greenbacks was lost.

Snooks went home the other night afflicted with double vision. He sat for some time with his sleepy gaze riveted on Mrs. Snooks, and then complacently remarked: Well, I declare, if you don't look 'nough alike to be twins!

A small instrument has been devised for use in mines to indicate the presence of firedamp, or in gas mains to indicate the escape of gas. The invention is based upon the property certain metals have of evolving heat in the presence of hydrogen gas.

The milk of sheep is quite largely used in some of the old countries for cheesemaking. Sardinia makes over 1,000,000 pounds of this cheese annually. In some of the Italian factories the milk of cows, sheep and goats is mixed in making cheese.

The deepest measurement ever taken in the Atlantic were made by the Challenger expedition eighty miles north of the Virgin islands, the depth at that point being 23,250 feet, or about four and a half miles.

If a gentleman takes a gold band from his finger and places it on the third finger of a lady's hand while repeating the marriage ceremony before three or more witnesses, the ceremony in New York state makes her his wife.

The bridal veil originated in the custom of performing the nuptial ceremony under a square piece of cloth, held over the bride and groom to conceal the blushes of the former. At the marriage of a widow it was dispensed with.

In Oldbury, Worcestershire, England, a life insurance club has been uncovered where the offices of president and treasurer were held by an undertaker, and that of secretary by his daughter. It is charged it was so managed as to put a premium on murder.

Hustle up.—A well known St. John stevedore is said to have got off the following while peering into the hold of a vessel: "How many of yez are in the hold?" "Seven of us." "Come up here, half of ye. Yer lazy scoundrels."

Divers in the harbor of ancient Syracuse have discovered a magnificent marble building whose highest point is only three meters under the water. The building contains great stairways and columned halls. It is believed that the edifice was once used as a bath or a temple.

The Lascars always eat their food in the open air, with their faces toward the west, and the greatest insult a white man or "Gaiour" can offer them is to walk between them and the sun while they are eating causing his shadow to fall on their food, which immediately becomes unclean.

The "angry tree," a woody plant, which grows from ten to twenty-five feet high and was formerly supposed to exist only in Nevada, has recently been found both in eastern California and in Arizona. If disturbed, this peculiar tree shows every sign of vexation, even to ruffling up its leaves like the hair on an angry cat and giving forth an unpleasant, sickening odor.

THE WORLD OVER.

At a county election in Arizona a well-known worthless fellow was put up in fun for election as Judge. He was made gloriously drunk early in the day, and his opponent anticipated an easy victory, but when the votes were counted it was found that the drunken candidate had swept the field. Every one had been voting for him for fun, and the fun turned out to be good fortune of the drunkard. When he heard of his election he got drunker than ever, and stayed so all the time he was Judge.

A singular discovery is reported to have been made in Edwards county, Texas. It is known as the "Devil's Sink Hole." Recently it was partially explored. One man was let down by a rope 150 feet. Here he found a ledge and a passageway leading from it seven feet high, wide enough for three men abreast, and running at a steep decline downward. He followed it three hundred feet and came to an immense lake of water, ice cold. He had no means of determining its extent, but a stone hurled with all his force splashed in the water fully seventy yards away. The bank of the lake was covered with pieces of rock, looking as though they had been blasted. Some were brought to the surface and assayed about thirty ounces of silver to the ton. All that region is rich in silver indications, and it is supposed that the mysterious cavern is an abandoned Spanish mine, and has other exits and entrances.

The distinction is now said to belong to Bombay of possessing the greatest piece of solid masonry construction that the world has seen in modern times. It appears that for years past the water supply of Bombay depended upon works known to be defective, involving the possibility of a water famine in that great Eastern seaport, and in view of this a consultation of eminent engineers was held, under the direction of the government, with the result that a large dam was determined on to enclose the watershed of the valley which drains into the sea south of Bombay. This gigantic structure, designed and accomplished by the superior engineering skill of T. C. Glover, is two miles long, 118 feet in height, and 103 feet wide at the base, with a roadway on the top twenty-four feet wide, the stonework alone costing \$2,000,000. The lake of water which this dam imprisons is some 8 square miles in area, and sixty miles of pipe perform the service. Twelve thousand Hindus were specially trained by Engineer Glover for employment on this dam.

France, Italy, Germany, Austria, and other nations, have for some time kept and trained war-dogs. There exists no longer a question as to the great usefulness of the dogs whether with outposts or patrol. No hearing foe can escape the knowledge of the watchful brutes. The German military authorities have, however, formed a more humane post, and one of greater importance for the intelligent animals. Sheep-dogs and Pomeranian Spitzhunde are taught to seek the wounded on the field of battle. The Jager battalions are already supplied with a number of these dogs. To teach the animals, a number of men are frequently dispatched to hide in the woods or under dykes. Here they lie on their faces, their orders being not to stir until their comrades arrive. The dogs are then dispatched, quickly find the soldiers, place their forepaws on the body and bark loudly for assistance. The bearers then come and carry off the prostrate body, when the dog starts afresh. About twelve dogs are attached to each company, and in case of actual war they would be of the greatest use in pointing out the wounded.

Senator Snowball, in a recent speech in the senate, referred to the practice of throwing sawdust into the rivers as follows: It is a disgrace that right under the Parliament building, right in the face of the Government, this evil has been allowed to exist to the present day. Steps should be taken to put an end to the nuisance, and I am delighted to hear the Prime Minister say that some action in that direction is to be taken at once. My hon. friend from New Brunswick says—and I am sorry to disagree with a colleague from my own province—that there are some rivers in New Brunswick where the throwing of sawdust into the water is not an evil, as there are no fish there. Now, there is not a river in New Brunswick where fish have not resorted to, and if there are none to be found there now, it is simply because of the sawdust. That the proper regulations should exist and be enforced, and that the rivers should be stocked with fish, is a matter of vital importance to the Dominion.

That it is a great mistake to destroy our fishing streams in such a way must be patent to all, as the fish are frequently very much more valuable than the lumber ever will be. But by taking a little trouble we might have both.