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THE REVIEW

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Mummies. Five, four or three thousand years hence what will remain to show what sort of men and women walked the earth in this year of grace? Nothing, not so much as even a little dust—all will have resolved into the elements from which we came and to which we will return.

Yet, anyone paying a visit to the Boulon Museum at Cairo may look upon the faces of Sethi I, Thothmes II, Ramesses II, and a host of others of various dynasties that succeeded each other in Egypt. A number of these rulers, with their queens, after sleeping so many years in the cave pit of Dayr-el-Baharee, were discovered in 1881 and removed from what was supposed to be a safe resting place, to be placed under glass cases and serve as a show to the inhabitants of a land the very existence of which was undreamed of when they were laid to rest.

Interesting indeed is it to compare the different individualities of the various mummies as presented by their preserved features. The head of Sethi I is undoubtedly a fine one, the contour being almost perfect, and it is easy to understand the veneration in which this "Son of the Sun" was held by his subjects during his life, nor is it wonderful that he received divine honors and worship after his death, for Sethi was no ordinary man, but of a mental and spiritual type far above his predecessors and successors. It was he who had the "House of Eternal Rest" cut out of the solid mountain of rock in the valley of the Tombs of the Kings, at the extreme end of the Western Thebes, which was discovered by Belzoni in 1815, and the magnificence of which has been often described.

But he was not allowed to remain quietly in the splendid sepulchre he had prepared for himself. Only some two hundred years after his death he was first removed and the inscriptions on the body show that it was shifted around several times before its discovery in 1881. Who can say what other vicissitudes this royal mummy may yet undergo? Nothing is certain in this world, and three thousand years hence—where will Sethi be then?

His son, Ramesses II, is by no means so agreeable an object to look at, though in quite as good a state of preservation, perhaps even better, as in his case the skull is still covered with hair. Many conjectures have been put forward as to this monarch—who lived to be nearly a hundred years old—some declaring him to be the Pharaoh whose "heart God hardened" and who was swept away in the Red Sea with all his host; others declare him to have been Solomon; anyway, he was a man who impressed the page of history, and must have been possessed of extraordinary powers, witness the temples that he built and his statues scattered all over Egypt.

Turning to the mummies in the British Museum, Mykerinus is the oldest. He was a king of the fourth dynasty and lived nearly 4,000 years B. C. He is supposed to have built the third pyramid at Ghizeh, at all events, that is where the mummy was discovered in 1836. There is nothing to tell what sort of a man he was, as nothing remains but bones, and the skull is missing. But romance followed this mummy after its death, for on the voyage to England it was wrecked and the stone coffin was lost, and it was not until some two years afterward that the bones were recovered.

Amen-Aru, that dignitary of Queen Amenartus, in his lifetime could hardly have imagined that he would appear at a show some 3,000 years after his decease, yet so it is; and those ladies of the college of Amen-Ra—who are also in the British Museum—were they like the college girls of to-day; did they think more of study than of the art of love? How curious it is to see them, and imagine what may have been their likes and dislikes, their thoughts and fancies, when they trod the earth as living, sentient beings. If only one of these silent dead could awake and converse with us what would he or she have to tell us? Would they be as much astonished as we in our vanity imagine, if they could see the modern wonders by which we are surrounded? Would they not rather look down upon us, and sigh for the ancient glories of Thebes lost in the mists of antiquity?

How strange it all seems. There men and women, endowed with the breath of life for but a few short years, the children perhaps, for only a few short months, yet their mummified images, the mere case which had contained their souls for so infinitesimal a period, by the embalmer's art, seem able to defy the ravages of time—and to what good? Simply, it appears, to form a spectacle for the curious of this and succeeding ages.

The irony of fate. The ancient Egyptians fondly imagined that by thus sedulously preserving the body from corruption

the reunion of the soul, the intelligence and the "Ka," after a period of from three to ten thousand years, would be perfected once more in their original home. The art of embalming seems to have been known even before 4000 B. C., for Cheops, Mykerinus and others of the fourth dynasty were embalmed. The process has been described by Herodotus and Diodorus, but their accounts are only partially confirmed by an examination of the mummies.

There were three methods of embalming: the first, accessible only to the rich, consisted in passing peculiar drugs through the nostrils into the cavities of the skull, rinsing the stomach with palm wine, filling it with myrrh, cassia and other substances, and stitching up the incision in the left side. The body was then soaked in natron for seventy days, afterwards washed and elaborately bandaged up in rolls of fine linen, cemented by gums and set upright in a wooden coffin against the walls of the house or tomb. This process cost a talent of silver, about \$3,600 of our money. A cheaper process, by means of an injection of cedar oil, cost a mina, about \$1,200. The poorer classes simply washed the corpse in myrrh, salted it for seventy days, wrapped it in sheets and laid it in a mummy pit.

The rich mummy, when bandaged, was covered with a pictorial representation of the deceased, and inclosed in two costly coffins of sycamore or cedar wood, painted with hieroglyphic legends, ready for sepulture, but was frequently kept at home some time before being buried, and produced at festive entertainments.

These were the best forms of embalming, but from the year 900 B. C. downward, bitumen was more or less used internally, or the body was soaked with bitumen entirely.

All classes were embalmed, even malefactors, but various methods were employed by the nations of antiquity. Some mummies were merely dried in the sand. The Persians employed wax, the Assyrians honey, the Jews aloes and spices. Alexander the Great was preserved in wax and honey, and some Roman bodies have been found thus embalmed.

It has been computed that since the practice begun 4000 B. C. down to 700 A. D. when it practically ceased, probably as many as 730,000,000 bodies were embalmed in Egypt, of which many millions are yet concealed, though important finds are made from time to time.

Like Mother, Like Daughter.

A home is what a mother makes it; a daughter is, in nine cases out of every ten, the reflection of her mother. The training of the girl of fifteen is shown in the woman of fifty. A son may, by contact with the rough world, sometimes outlive his early home influences—a daughter rarely does. She may make a misstep. Indiscretion may be to her a necessary teacher; but her early domestic training will manifest itself sooner or later. A mother's word, a domestic proverb, told at eve in the quiet fireside, has been recalled by many a woman years after it was uttered. "I thank God that my mother told me what other women have been taught by the world," said a gentlewoman to me not long ago. This my friend, is the tribute which your daughter and mine should be able to pay to our memories long after we are gone. The world has a sharp way of teaching its truths to a girl. Is it not far better, then, that her mother should tell her with that sweet and sympathetic grace and gentleness which only a mother knows? The flowers most beautiful to the eye and the sweetest to the smell, grow in good soil. The world's noblest women have sprung from good homes.

Let every enfeebled woman know it! There's a medicine that'll cure her, and the proof's positive!

Here's the proof—if it doesn't do you good within a reasonable time, report the fact to its makers and get your money back without a word—but you won't do it!

The remedy is Dr. Pierce's Favourite Prescription—and it has proved itself the right remedy in nearly every case of female weakness. It is not a miracle. It won't cure everything—but it has done more to build-up tired, enfeebled and broken-down women than any other medicine known.

Where's the woman that's not ready for it? All that we've to do is to get the news to her. The medicine will do the rest.

Wanted—Women first to know it. Second to use it. Third to be cured by it. The one comes of the other.

The seat of sick headache is not in the brain. Regulate the stomach and you cure it. Dr. Pierce's Pellets are the Little Regulators. Only 25 cents a vial.

Steadily Advancing to a Higher Plane.

While the humorist, satirist and caricaturist are waxing funny over woman's follies and foibles, she is steadily advancing along the higher planes of thought, and is becoming less a slave and less an angel, but more and more the happy medium, better fitted for the work-a-day world in which she is placed. The world is no longer an oligarchy of men; it is a democracy of men and women. If woman's advent into the business and professional world gives her a clearer knowledge of the duties, the trials and the temptations that must be met and overcome by the husbands and sons of the land, her sympathies will be more tender and her love more sincere. While the home and the nursery must and will ever be her first thought and mission, she will claim it her privilege to labor in whatsoever field of honest endeavor she may choose.

They talk about a woman's sphere. As though it had a limit. There's not a whispered yes or no, There's not a blessing or a woe, There's not a life, or death, or birth, There's not a thing in heaven and earth, That has a penny's weight of worth, Without a woman in it. —Chicago Herald.

Food of the Ancients.

The citizens of ancient Rome regarded beef as the most nourishing food, and it constituted the chief nutriment of their athletes. The flesh of camels and dromedaries was much esteemed, the heels of these animals being held in high repute. According to Pliny, Macenas delighted in donkey-flesh in general, and especially in that of the wild ass brought from Africa. The flesh of the hog and the wild boar commanded the respect of epicures, and pigs were sometimes slaughtered with red-hot spits, so that none of the blood of the animal might be lost. Young bears and dogs afforded favourite dishes, and a more singular food was the flesh of the young fox which had been fed upon grapes. This latter was considered a singularly rare delicacy. Fowls were steeped in wine to render them more luscious and tender, and pheasants and peacocks were regarded as great luxuries, and commanded very fabulous prices.

Was not Born to be Killed.

John N. Hutchinson, of Covington, Ky., seems to be death proof. He has met with no less than 25 accidents in the last few years. At Sullivan gas pit in Indiana in 1874 there were 13 men killed. He was a green hand and escaped. He fell from the roof of St. Mary's school house while it was being erected. He dropped a distance of 75 feet and was badly injured. He was also hurt at the fruit house, and fell from a church at West Covington. While walking on a railroad with two men a train came along and killed his companions. He was stealing a ride with two tramps in Indiana, the train jumped the track and the two tramps were killed. He was hurt at the Duerber works and a dozen other places. Both of his arms have been broken, several ribs fractured, his head crushed, his leg broken, and yet to-day he is a pretty good man.

A Child Comes to Life in Its Coffin.

ELMIRA, May 7.—There is an open grave in the cemetery at Big Flats which will not be occupied, at least, not right away, for the dead has come to life. On Saturday the infant child of F. N. Brown of that village apparently died. Arrangements for the funeral at 3 o'clock yesterday afternoon were all completed. The lot in the cemetery was purchased and the grave dug. When the friends assembled for the funeral yesterday some one noticed signs of life in the supposed corpse reposing in the casket. The child began quickly to revive and was soon removed to a more comfortable cradle, while the mourners slowly dispersed and a messenger hastened to the cemetery to notify the sexton awaiting by the side of the open grave.

A Hint to Housekeepers.

"If housekeepers would take a hint from hotels," says an hotel man, "they would have less trouble with their servants. Hotel men have no trouble in getting all the help they want, though they offer only moderate wages. The difference is not so much in the work as it is in the hours. In a private house a girl's labors are from the rising of the sun even unto the going down of the same and more too. And who if she does happen to get through her work and venture to sit down, her mistress is apt to object. In a hotel a girl has certain well defined duties to perform, and after they are performed, as a rule, her time is her own. If some such arrangement could be recognized in private houses the servant problem would be much simplified."

Plenty of Time Yet.

There yet remain two months in which subscribers may enter the great Dominion Illustrated prize competition and try for one of our 100 prizes, aggregating over \$3,000 in value, which the publishers of that journal offer. The competition closes June 30th, but new competitors may enter at any time provided their answers to the 36 questions are received at the office of the journal prior to the above mentioned date. The questions are in monthly instalment of six each, and the answers are to be found in the pages of the Dominion Illustrated for the six months ending June 30th. For sample copy and full particulars send 12 cents in stamps to the publishers, the Sabiston Litho. & Pub. Co., Montreal.

Hint for Canadian Soldiers.

Recent trials made in the Russian army to test the adaptability of snow breast-works against the enemy's fire have resulted in the following conclusions, reported in the Official Military Gazette:—Snow thrown up six feet thick is a perfect protection against bullets fired at 300 paces. If packed up solidly with a spade and tramped down somewhat firmly, a thickness of five feet is enough. If the face of this snow be frozen four feet will suffice, while an outer crust of ice formed by pouring water over it will render the snow impervious to bullets beyond three and one-half feet.

The best and surest dye to color the beard brown or black, as may be desired, is Buckingham's Dye for the Whiskers. It never fails.

The only man tried, found guilty and executed for treason during the existence of the United States was William B. Mumford in 1862. The execution took place in New Orleans under an order of General Benjamin F. Butler.

Mamma (to her little boy). "Now, Bennie, if you'll be good and go to sleep, mamma'll give you one of Dr. Ayer's nice sugar-coated Cathartic Pills, next time you need medicine." Bennie, smiling sweetly, dropped off to sleep at once.—Advt.

The lowness of the water level of the Great Lakes of the West is again a subject of grave apprehension to mariners. At present the general height of the water is some inches below that of last year. For ten years or more the level of the great lakes has been gradually lowering, until many harbors, which were accessible to deep draught vessels formerly, are now so shallow that vessels drawing ten feet are unable to navigate them without serious difficulty and danger.

A brutal outrage on French residents of Topsham, Me., is reported. The series of persecutions culminated in an attack on the residents of a French family by a gang of masked men who wrecked the windows with stones and did other damage. One of the inmates was a woman in the delicate condition preceding motherhood, who was struck on the breast with a stone, the result being most lamentable. An investigation shows that the ruffians were young men belonging to the best families.

The endowment orders in Philadelphia are toppling over like rows of bricks. The Guarantee Beneficial Association, the Active Beneficial Society, the Knights of Normandie, the Busy Workers' Beneficial Association, the Girard Beneficial Association and the National Endowment Association have collapsed within three days, making we believe eleven concerns that have gone to pieces within a short time. These associations are as brilliant as a bubble and about as durable.

A Berlin journal is anxious to know what the French themselves understand by "Cognac." The district of Charente, which is the place of origin of real Cognac, has, during the last seven years produced an annual average of twenty thousand hectolitres only, while the annual export by France of liquor known as Cognac has seven times exceeded this quantity. In trade "Cognac" is usually understood to be a brandy obtained by the distillation of wine, and this was formerly known as French brandy, but it has latterly been shown that there is no reliable method of distinguishing real brandy distilled from wine from the spurious.

An Ohio man has had the presumable misfortune to lose three wives, each of whom bequeathed him a child and a mother-in-law. For a long time the bereaved grandmothers met at his house to visit the little ones and were on excellent terms. But on one unhappy occasion they quarreled on religious matters and the parlor was strewn with fragments of silk and lace and ribbons, with a wig and a set of false teeth intermingled with them. The result is three lawsuits, in each of which the son-in-law is subpoenaed as a witness. He has forsworn matrimony, but too late to get him out of his present predicament.

ALL SORTS.

The Sprinkler.

Sprinkle, sprinkle, water-cart— How I wonder what thou art; Never can I find you nigh When the dust is deep and dry.

When the clouded sun is set, And the streets with rain are wet, Then you wing your little flight, Sprinkle, sprinkle left and right.

And when bright my boots are "shined," And my hands in kids confined, Rattling down the thirsty street, How you soak my hands and feet!

Some day, when this deed is done, I will draw my trusty gun; Then we'll wonder where thou art, Buckshot-sprinkled water-cart!

Bachelor logic: "Marriage is a lottery; lotteries are illegal; therefore I simply obey the law by keeping single."

"Talking about striking a tender chord," soliloquized the tramp, at the woodpile; "this is one of the toughest cords I ever struck."

It is easy for a girl to fall in love with a worthless man, but when she has to support him by taking in washing—ah, there's the rub.

A Brooklyn debating society is discussing the question as to which is the milder—the husband who goes home and finds that dinner isn't ready, or the wife who has dinner ready and whose husband doesn't go home? It is believed that the debate will end in a draw.

Master Tommy went into the room where his sister was entertaining her beau.

"Oh, you've found it again, haven't you, Mr. Smith," he said.

"Found what, Tommy," asked Mr. Smith, blandly.

"Your head; sister said you lost your head last night when you popped to her."

Awful silence, followed by Master Tommy's retreat from the room.

"Say, pa, Solomon was the wisest man that ever lived, wasn't he?"

"Yes, my son, he is so considered."

"And he had three hundred wives, didn't he?"

"I believe that is the number."

"Say, pa, if Solomon was the wisest man that ever lived, how did he ever come to get in such a fix—you can't live peacefully with one?"

"Hem! haw! hem! he got wise after he married them. You go to bed."

Not many physicians made great therapeutic discoveries. For the most part they content themselves with administering judiciously what is prescribed in the books. To Dr. J. C. Ayer, however, is due the credit of discovering that greatest of blood-purifiers—Ayer's Sarsaparilla.—Advt.

"I wish I was a star," he said, smiling at his own poetic fancy. "I would rather you were a comet," she said dreamily. His heart beat tumultuously. "And why?" he asked tenderly, at the same time taking her unresisting little hands in his own. "And why?" he repeated imperiously. "Oh," she said, with a brooding earnestness that fell upon his soul like bare feet on a cold oilcloth, "because then you would come round only once every fifteen hundred years!"

'Tis said that thirty inches span The average woman's waist, And just so long the arm of man, So, when 'tis snugly placed Around the damsel whom one treasures, There is conformity of measures.

How admirable are thy works, O Nature, kind and dear! For, spite of all the kinks and quirks And various doings queer, Thou mold'st waists of proper bias, While arms to fit thou dost supply us.

There is a story that the Duke of Argyll and the Duke of Sutherland were once traveling together by railway, when a commercial traveler entered the carriage. The new-comer took his share in general conversation, till one of the peers got out at an intermediate station. The commercial traveler then asked his companion if he knew who the "party" was, and, on being enlightened, exclaimed: "Dear me! Was that really the Duke of—? Just think of his talking in that affable way to a couple of little cads like you and me!"

An ingenious Iowa youth tied a thread to a nickel, dropped the nickel in a slot machine, got what he wanted, then withdrawing the nickel by the thread, repeated the operation until he had made a clean sweep of the receptacle's contents. He was arrested on a charge of theft, but the judge who tried him held that he had committed neither burglary, larceny nor robbery, nor even obtained property under false pretenses. He had merely done what the inscription on the machine told him to do—drop a nickel in the slot—and kept on doing it. Nothing was said about leaving the coin where it dropped.

THE WORLD OVER.

It is stated that Cleopatra's Needle in London is decaying and will soon be nothing but a shapeless mass of stone.

A little boy of seven years was burned to death and a little girl seriously injured by a fire in a house on St. Felix st. Montreal Friday.

Lord Tennyson's poetry is said to bring him £6,000 a year. The worst of this item is that it will encourage poets who are not Tennysons.

The News correspondent at Moscow says that the expulsion of the Jews continues. Harsher measures are expected with the Easter holidays.

On April 30 an attempt was made in San Jose, Costa Rica, to overthrow the President Rodriguez. The revolutionists attacked the barracks but were repulsed, five being killed.

A large number of families who have left the province during the past few years are returning this spring satisfied that New Brunswick is a better place to live than in the United States.

Yarmouth, N. S., claims to be 130 years old on the seventh of June next, and the people of that place will have a celebration on that day to honor the anniversary of the settlement.

John Wright, of Spring Valley, Minn., bet \$1 that he could run across the Milwaukee bridge in advance of an approaching train, but the train overtook him and he lost the bet and his life at the same time.

The fact has just come out that Tennyson adds a pretty penny to his income by selling milk from the cows on his Isle of Wight estate. More than this he actually has the name of Alfred, Lord Tennyson painted on the side of his milk carts.

Following upon the death of the Archbishop of York from influenza comes the announcement that three members of the family of the Archbishop of Canterbury, the Most Rev. Edward White Benson, D. D., are prostrated with the same disease.

The British sailors belonging to H. M.S. Immortalite, who perished in trying to save some of the victims of the Utopia will not be forgotten by the grateful Italians. A bronze wreath being subscribed for at Rome, to be sent to the brave tars' tomb.

Rev. Mr. Payson, of Fredericton, was kept busy tying marriage knots on Wednesday night. He made three couples man and wife during the evening. There was a double wedding up Government lane, where a brother and sister each took partners.

Three burglars, supposed to be from St. John, are in jail at Woodstock for robbing a hotel at upper Woodstock. One of them was accidentally shot while the arrest was being made, but will likely recover. There were four in the gang one of whom escaped.

A beautiful piece of sculpture from ancient Ephesus has been brought over for the British Museum. The relic forms part of a marble ball, the head being exquisitely carved, while the figure of a goddess appears on the body. It is supposed to be 2,000 years old.

C. C. Chipman, formerly of Amherst, has received intimation of his appointment to the position of commissioner of the Hudson Bay Co., and the position gives him charge of all the company's operations throughout the whole region of the Northwest. His salary is said to be six thousand dollars.

Andrew McQuire, of Cobourg, Ont., was found guilty of the attempted murder of Margaret Tucker by throwing her under a moving train. The promptness of the engineer in stopping the train saved her life. McQuire was a rejected suitor. He spent five years in Kingston for attempting to murder Miss Tucker's father after his rejection. Sentence was reserved.

A Missouri lady who was a candidate for the office of school commissioner received just six votes, and was so struck by the disinterestedness of these six unknowns that she advertised that she would present each of them with \$50 if they would reveal their identity. The offer brought out just 789 claimants, and now that lady is beginning to think that she has not thoroughly mastered all the mysteries of the ballot.

MRS. ROBINSON, Hopewell Corner, writes: Dear Sir, I have used your British Liniment for one year, and must say it surpasses all the Liniments I have ever used for Sore Throat, Lame Back, Pains in the Side, and all complaints for which a Liniment is needed. I had a pain in my side so bad that I had to give up work. I gave my side a good bathing with your Liniment and it gave me immediate relief so that in twenty minutes I was able to go about my work. \*