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Words of Cheer.

They came like a whisper of fresh, green boughs. Fanned softly by a southern breeze, and fragrant with tropic sweetness from afar—

Blood Tells in a Horse.

Recently a writer mentioned this instance of the intelligence of a Clyde horse: A few days ago a horse was wanted to pull brick by means of a pulley, to the top of an elevated reservoir.

An Era of Reactions.

The close of the year 1890 seems destined to remain memorable for the number and strength of its reactions. There are reactions all along the line which surpass by force and intensity the fevers of extravagant enthusiasm which preceded and originated them.

Throwing an old Shoe.

The ancient custom of "throwing an old shoe" after a person is still believed by many to propitiate success. But it may be questioned whether the old shoe has been thrown for luck only.

A Draft on the Imagination.

In order to appreciate the drama in Pekin, one must have a powerful imagination. The actors are not devoid of talent, but the absence of scenery and properties necessitate having recourse to some singular manoeuvres.

ALL SORTS.

The man who minds his own business has a good steady employment. The science of life may be thus epitomized: To know well the price of time, the value of things, and the worth of people.

Big Game.

Reports from all parts of the country go to show that deer are getting very numerous. All over the vast section of the province, devastated by the Saxby gale, and the forest fires which followed, fine groves of the various trees have started up affording food and shelter.

Novel Reading.

Fortunately for the youth of the present generation the old prejudice against novels has disappeared, having been done away with not more by a change of opinion as to the propriety of reading fiction at all, than by the great change in the character of the novel, which has become, on the whole, not only pure and moral itself, but a power in behalf of purity and morality.

The Two-headed Eagle.

The origin of the device of the eagle on national and royal banners may be traced to very early times. It was the ensign of the ancient kings of Persia and Babylon. The Romans adopted various other figures on their camp standards; but Marius, b. c. 102, made the eagle alone the ensign of the legions, and confined the other figures to the cohorts.

Receipts.

A VERY GOOD PUDDING.—Beat lightly the yolks of two eggs and the whites of six, with 1/2 lb of sugar, and the rind of an orange or two lemons grated, 6 1/2 oz flour; add one pint of boiling milk.

SNOWDON PUDDING.—1/2 lb bread crumbs, 1/2 lb of beef suet, 1/2 lb of moist sugar, the rind and juice of two lemons, three eggs. Boil two hours, serve with sauce.

STEWED APPLES.—Make a clear syrup of 1/2 lb sugar to one pint of water. Skim it; peel and core the apples without injuring. Let them boil in cold water till the syrup is ready, to which add the juice of a lemon, and the peel cut very fine. Stew the apples in the syrup till quite done.

CALVES' FEET FRICASSEE.—Soak them three hours, simmer them in equal proportion of milk and water until they are sufficiently tender to remove the meat from the bones; cut in good sized pieces. Dip them in yolk of egg, cover with fine bread-crumbs; fry a beautiful brown, and serve in white sauce.

MEAT PIE.—Season mutton-chops (those from the neck are best) season pretty highly with pepper and salt, and place them in the dish in layers, with plenty of sliced apples, sweetened, and chopped onions: Cover with a good suet crust and bake. When done, pour out all the gravy at the side, take off the fat, and add a spoonful of mushroom ketchup, then return it to the pie. The apples may be omitted or not according to taste.

MUTTON BROTH.—Take the scrag end of a neck of mutton, with any bones there may be in the larder; put into the pot with it turnips, carrots, onions and parsley and flour, or suet dumplings the size of forecalf balls; rice or pearl barley; let it simmer all day; pepper and salt to taste.

For not even the most cynical member of the administration would venture to present any office in the gift of the crown to a man in the peculiar position of Captain O'Shea at the present moment. And yet the captain must be sorely in need of some lucrative position.

Strangely enough, the most unpleasant blow received by the captain since the trial has been delivered by his counsel during the divorce case, Sir Edward Clarke, the solicitor-general of the realm, and one of the great law officers of the crown. Young Gerard O'Shea, the eighteen-year-old son of the captain, who had distinguished himself by testifying against his mother, wrote a few days after the conclusion of the trial to Sir Edward asking him to exonerate in writing, his father from the charges of connivance and collusion which have all along been current in London.

The Times, in alluding to the request of the young man, stated in one of its recent issues that the solicitor-general has sent George O'Shea the following message through Louis Coward, Captain O'Shea's junior counsel in the recent divorce case: "In the enormous mass of correspondence and documents examined by counsel in the case your father's life for many years has been laid bare to us. Few men would have emerged with such honor from so searching an ordeal."

A Remarkable Case.—Mr. Walter Wheeler, of the Washington Mills, Lawrence, Mass., for two years afflicted with varicose veins, accompanied by a troublesome eruption, was completely cured after taking only eight bottles of Ayer's Sarsaparilla.—Adv't.

OCCUPATION—What a glorious thing it is for the human heart! Those who work hard seldom yield to real or fancied sorrow. When grief sits down, folds its hands and mournfully feeds upon its own tears, weaving into a funeral pall the dim shadows that a little exertion might sweep away, the strong spirit is shorn of its might, and sorrow becomes our master.

LOVE'S SACRIFICES—Love is never indolent; it is always ready for toil and self-sacrifice. Look within your heart and see if this is not true. If you love anyone truly and deeply, the cry of your heart is to spend and be spent in the loved one's service. Love would die if it could not benefit. Its keenest suffering is met when it finds itself unable to assist. What man could see the woman he loved lack anything and be unable to give it to her and not suffer? Why love makes one a slave! It toils night and day, refusing all wages and all reward save the smile of the one unto whom it is bound, in whose service it finds delight, at whose feet it alone discovers its heaven.

A Forced March. The veterans had been discussing the late unpleasantness, when Wings broke in with: "Speaking of forced marches, I have taken part in several that left an indelible impression on me." "But surely you were too young to have fought in the war." "Oh, your war, yes. But—" "Well, what war was it? An Indian uprising? Under whose command were you?" "I was under the command of Miss De Mascus' father and the family bulldog when I took my forced march. The impression of that forced march is with me still, though I rarely speak of it. Please ask the bulldog about it."—St. Joseph News.

No Fear of Hoopskirts.

"Never fear," said a bright woman, "that hoopskirts will come in. They can't. They're an impossibility under the present social regime. Hoopskirts go with formalism, conventionalism; limp skirts are necessary with aestheticism and occasional chairs. There are three things which act and react on one another—furniture, manners and clothes. Hoopskirts were all very well for a generation that bowed and courtesied and set its sofas, tables and pianos primly back against the walls. There was a fine, clear space in the middle, where social evolutions could be fitly and with dignity performed. Greek draperies are the only ones really compatible with the present method of arranging drawing rooms. No, hoopskirts in a horse car civilization are impracticable."—New York Mail and Express.

Racing With Wolves.

Many a thrilling tale has been told by travellers of a race with wolves across the frozen steppes of Russia. Sometimes only the picked bones of the hapless traveller are found to tell the tale. In our own country thousands are engaged in a life-and-death race against the wolf Consumption. The best weapons with which to fight the foe, is Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. The renowned remedy has cured myriads of cases when all other medicines and doctors had failed. It is the greatest blood-purifier and restorer of strength known to the world. For all forms of scrofulous affections (and consumption is one of them), it is unequalled as a remedy.

Curious Statistics of Marriage.

It is found that young men from 15 to 20 years of age marry young women averaging two or three years older than themselves; but if they delay marriage until they are 20 or 25 years old, their spouses average a year younger than themselves, and henceforth this difference steadily increases, till in extreme old age on the bridegroom's part, is apt to be enormous. The inclination of octogenarians to wed misses in their teens is an everyday occurrence, but it is amusing to find in the love matches of boys that the statistics bear out the satires of Thackeray and Balzac. Again the husbands of young women aged 20 and under average a little above twenty-five years, and the inequality of age diminishes henceforth, till, for women who have reached 30, the respective ages are equal. After 35 years, women like men, marry those younger than themselves, the disproportion increasing with age, till at 55 it averages nine years.

In a sketch of the schools and teachers of Vancouver, B. C., the World says: "Alex. Robinson, B. A., Principal of the City public schools, is a graduate of Dalhousie University, where he won the Munroe scholarship. His career as an educationist in Nova Scotia and New Brunswick is a brilliant one and here is highly regarded among his fellow teachers. F. M. Coperthwaite, B. A., first assistant in the Central school, is a graduate of the University of New Brunswick, and a scholar of much eminence. T. A. McGarrigle, principal of the West school, is a graduate of the University of New Brunswick, and a successful teacher."

Advices from Paris and London indicate much distress and suffering prevalent because of the bitterly cold weather. The body of a man frozen to death was found in the street at Preston, England.

The oil of roses that is manufactured in the country south of the Balkans is worth half its weight in gold. A short crop is an advantage to the rose growers, for the price rises in exact ratio to the scarcity of the roses.

Noise in shells.—There are few who do not remember the childish wonder we once felt at hearing the resonance produced by placing a sea-shell to the ear—an effect which fancy likened to "the roar of the sea." This is caused by the hollow form of the shell, and its polished surface enabling it to receive and return the beatings of all sounds that chance to be trembling in the air.

Prof. Hahn has opened the side of a consumptive patient who has been under treatment by the Koch method, and removed from a deep cavity in one of his lungs some necrotic tissue. The case was one of long standing, but, notwithstanding the operation was a success. This is the fourth instance on record of such operation being performed with favorable results.

Take care of your health. Keep this wonderful machine which we call the body—this mechanism which is at once the domicile and the servant, the transporter and feeder, of the soul and mind—in the highest state of efficiency. Study the laws of health, and obey them as conscientiously as the laws of moral or of civil and social duty. A mind diseased is often but the exponent of a body diseased. Restore the body to health and the mind will often be restored to its activity and to its intellectual and even moral strength.

Impure water in a well.—To keep the water in a well in the best condition it should be pumped out frequently. Stagnant water, even in a well, soon becomes impure, and to prevent this a well should be pumped out at least once a week when the water is high. It is not a good thing to have a well always full of water; a moderate supply, about equal to the needs, is the best, for then the water will be always flowing and as pure as it can be, according to the source of it.

The intense cold of the Christmas holidays in England is recalling to the British public many of the famous cold periods of the past. One of these periods was from December 26, 1812, to March 21, 1813—almost three months—during which the Thames was frozen over thickly and a fair was held on the ice. In this recent cold snap the mercury in London fell to only 10° above zero, but it was much colder in some parts of England. How low the mercury is capable of going once in a long while, when all the meteorological conditions are favorable, may be judged by a record of 20° below zero in the Isle of Wight, and about 1753 a record in Glasgow of 15° below zero one day and 3° below another. Still 10° above is a temperature sufficiently uncommon in the ocean-girt island to attract general comment.

A Western railroad engineer says that when the Kansas Pacific railroad was opened the Indians were very hostile to it and endeavored to wreck the trains. On one occasion, as a train approached a large patch of sunflowers which grew on both sides of the track, over 100 Indians rose up, stretched a strong rope across the track, braced themselves and prepared to receive the shock of the locomotive. As was afterwards learned, they had taken raw hide strips, braided them together, and with a force of fifty at each end of the rope, thought they would be able to stop the train. The instant the locomotive struck the rope the air was full of Indians. They were thrown in all directions. Some were jerked clear across the train, and more than a dozen were killed or seriously injured. This was the last attempt made for years to stop the trains.