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A Homily.

Be to every man just and to woman
Be gentle and tender and true:
For thine own do thy best, but for no man
Do less than a brother should do.
So living thy days to full number;
In peace thou shalt pass to thy grave,
Thou shalt lie down and rest thee and
slumber,—
Beloved, loving hearted and brave.

I Shall be Satisfied.

After the toil and turmoil,
And the anguish of trust belied:
After the burden of weary cares,
Baffled longings, ungranted prayers;
After the passion and fever and fret,
After the aching of vain regret,
After the hurry and heat of strife,
The yearning and tossing that men call
"life."
Faith that mocks and fair hopes denied,
I shall be satisfied.

When the golden bowl is broken
At the sunny fountain side;
When the turf lies green and cold above
The great dumb wall of silence stand
At the doors of the undiscovered land;
When all we have left in our olden place
Is an empty chair and a pictured face;
When the prayer is prayed and the sigh is
sighed
I shall be satisfied.

Bombarding the Sky.

The midsummer diversion of the agricultural department of the United States government promises to surpass all the sensational events of the year. Our "Uncle Jerry's" crops of chain lightning manipulators and especially engaged aerial artists are already on their way to some secluded spot of sufficient aridity in the Southwest to engage in a fiercely contested battle with nature's elements. They propose to make it rain, the accent being strong on "make." While considerable has been written of late in a detached way concerning this remarkable socialistic experiment with atmospheric forces, no connected story of the government's new role as rain-maker has as yet been laid before our readers.

An Illinois civil engineer, named Edward Powers, some years ago collected statistics showing that nearly all the great battles of history were followed by rain storms. Of peculiar interest, said Mr. Powers in his subsequent lectures on this theme, were the engagements fought in Mexico by Gens. Scott and Taylor since they took place in arid regions at a season when rain was unaccustomed to fall. According to Gen. R. G. Dyrenforth of Washington, who will conduct the coming bombardment of the sky, the theories of Mr. Powers laid deep hold upon the intellect of Chas. B. Farwell, a princely dry-goods merchant of Chicago, who afterwards became a senator of the United States. Mr. Farwell, when he was not looking after the offices, seems to have been occupied very considerably with the idea of knocking the tar out of the heavens. Almost his last service in the senate was to secure a government appropriation for \$9000 for testing the theory that had so strongly impressed his statesmanlike mind.

To Gen. Dyrenforth, who was induced with much difficulty by Secretary Rusk to accept the leadership of the forces of the agricultural department in this aerial battle is due a fairly comprehensible explanation of the atmospheric action and reaction which is expected to work wonders. He says that the idea of explosions above the earth's surface, as by means of balloons charged with oxygen and hydrogen, has some justification in that moisture will naturally be above the earth's surface, first, because the oxyhydrogen mixture, which forms water, is specifically lighter than the mixture of oxygen and nitrogen which forms air; and secondly, because moisture in a finely divided condition is specifically lighter than air. When particles of moisture are concentrated and agglomerated to such an extent that they are no longer lighter than air then precipitation ensues and rain falls. The object of the conceptions is to form a vortex in the air, causing particles to rush together. Speaking in general terms it is thought that precipitation over a large atmospheric area can be produced provided the atmosphere there can be sufficiently agitated and given sufficient motion.

The plan of campaign and the apparatus to be used form an interesting chapter. Gen. Dyrenforth will make the conditions as much like those of a battle, as possible, and he will exercise great care to make necessary meteorological observations before the greatest pyrotechnic display and war-splitting fandango of the country begins. Concerning the range of his operations he has kindly told a Utica Herald reporter.

Going to some accessible point where there is plenty of room, I will endeavor to have a front of from two to three miles in extent and having several lines of fire at a depth of from half a mile to a mile. At intervals corresponding with what

would be the positions of artillery, massed or of entrenched troops, I will have the balloons, the most expensive element of the outfit. At proper distances from these, front and rear, I propose to send up the kites, carrying in suitable receptacles, such as rubber, oiled silk, or balloon-fabric bags, various explosives, and again in front and rear and laterally I propose to have vessels in the nature of mortars, for firing other explosives. The vessels may be well shaped and buried in the ground with their mouths out where the earth will supply requisite lateral resistance and obviate the necessity of hooping. I propose to keep up the row for several days.

These balloons are nearly 100 in number and have diameters ranging from 10 to 20 feet. Filled with a mixture of oxygen and hydrogen, the force of their concussion will be terrific. With the balloons turning the heavens into a celestial pandemonium, and the kites with dynamite-bearing tails, shooting off into space, and the lines of bombs, arranged like artillery on the earth's surface, pouring up their fiery contents the sky will receive such a walloping as human beings have never yet presumed to inflict upon it. During the bombardment the manufacture of the gasses for the balloons will go on down below in the great stoves built for the occasion. These are the invention of Prof. E. Myers, the aeronaut. Each will produce 600 cubic feet of oxygen per hour.

When the racket ends Gen. Dyrenforth and his aerial warriors expect to open their umbrellas, which will be taken along in abundance. It may rain any patriot hopes that it will; but suppose that it does. How will Gen. Dyrenforth, or ex-senator Farwell, or "Uncle Jerry" Rusk know that the moisture would not have concentrated and fallen to sweeten the parched earth, had the bombardment never taken place?—Springfield Republican.

The Marseillaise.

Let me tell you the origin of "The Marseillaise," though some of you may already have heard the story. France was in danger; her people were called to arms, and they responded nobly. In the house of the Mayor of Strasburg a friendly dinner was going on, at which men swore to die for liberty against the allied kings of Europe. Some one spoke of those heroic songs that stimulate the ardor of the soldier, and lamented because France had not one such. Rouget de Lisle, an officer of engineers, was at the table; it was known that he dabbled at poetry and music, and the mayor asked him to compose a new march for his fellows. He set about his work immediately. The night was superb; he took down his violin, and sung. Air and words came both at the same time; the subject transported him. It was as if the soul of *La Patrie* were passing into his own, as if through his mouth liberty was uttering her enthusiasm her generous anger. He wrote, he sang, he improvised, but it was the soul of France that dictated. In the morning six verses were completed, and, vibrating with patriotic excitement, he read the "War Song of the Army of the Rhine"—its first title—to his friends, who became electrified by the manly accents. The new hymn was sent to Luckner, commander of the army of the Rhine, who distributed manuscripts of it throughout Alsace, and it was executed on the public square of Strasburg. Thence it travelled over France, and south to Marseilles, which town told it to her volunteers, and they sang it when they entered Paris on August 10, 1792, and took the Tuilleries. That was how it got the name that will cling to it forever. It was played in the army, and generals said it was worth 10,000 men. Copies of "The Marseillaise" were ordered when requisitions were made out for weapons. The aristocratic captain was desolate at having contributed the part which "The Marseillaise" had taken in overthrowing the monarchy, for he never intended his hymn should be a republican anthem. Later on, when proscribed as a royalist, he was fleeing over the Alps, and heard its strains. "What is that hymn called?" he asked the guide. The peasant replied: "The Marseillaise," and it was thus he first learned the name of his own great composition.—Chicago Herald.

She Squelched Him and Then Wept.

It was a boiling, blistering, sweltering hot day. Every man in the car wore a wilted collar and had a cinder in his eye. There seemed to be nothing on earth to do but to wipe your streaming face and swear. At Twenty-third street there came into the car a girl as fresh and cool as a nosegay of sweet peas in a shower bath of dew. Not a man but stared at her in respectful delight and felt cooler and better natured. But one fellow in the corner,

a poor, misshapen, withered up chap, with one foot in a brace, stared too long. You knew she didn't like it by the way the pink shupen in her cheeks and the white teeth shut into the full red lower lip.

Finally she looked up at him, with that grave, steady light in her eyes, as only a good woman can look when she doesn't want any nonsense. This kind of rebuke usually makes a man so ashamed of himself he can't look himself in the face for a week. But the individual returned the look with a bold insulting glance, before which the steady eyes faltered and fell and the red flamed up in her cheeks. Feeling his eyes still upon her, suddenly she looked up again, not into the man's face, which was fairly good to see, but coolly over his extremities, as much as to say: "You poor wretch, who are you, with your miserable semblance of manhood, to think a woman would flirt with you? What a mistake you are, anyway!" Well, the fellow was pretty lame, but old Mercury, with his winged sandals, couldn't have hustled out of that car any quicker than he did, and at the first station sneaked off the platform.

And the girl—well, in a minute she was sitting up very straight, with lips that looked as if they wanted to quiver, and bright, shining eyes, and on the cinders in her lap were two round, wet spots. Girls are the queerest creatures in the world anyway. It was a wicked thing, of course, but she had to do it. And the idea of feeling sorry afterwards!—New York Letter.

Divorce Statistics from France.

It is only of late years that France has had a divorce law. Statistics of what has been done under the new statute are therefore of interest. During the twelve months ended May 1, 1891, the divorces granted after less than one year's connubial happiness amount to 2 per cent. Then comes a tremendous jump of 23 per cent. in the case of unions having lasted from one to five years. The heaviest proportion of all is that for the period extended from the fifth to the tenth year, the number reached being 40 per cent. After that the figures drop rapidly. Only 28 per cent. of couples seek divorce between their tenth and twentieth years of union; between twenty and thirty the proportion is only 6 per cent., and, finally, only one pair in a hundred seeks to cut the knot after sailing through life together for over thirty and under forty years. After more than forty summers of wedded happiness there is no instance of the French equivalent for "a decree nisi." Conjugal infidelity is only the cause of just one-fifth of the divorces granted.

What are the Dog Days?

The dog days are here. The dog days last from the beginning of July to August 11th. The popular theory is that they are so called because dogs then go mad; but the notion is etymologically false, besides being untrue in fact. Dogs, strange to say, are rather less liable to rabies than at other times. "Dog days" is really a translation of the Latin "dies caniculares"—the twenty days before and the twenty days after the heliac rising, that is, appearance in the morning just before the sun, of the star Sirius, which the Romans called "Canicula," or "little dog." The ancients attributed a most malevolent influence to this star—our "dog star"—and sacrificed a brown dog to it to appease its rage. If this were not done they thought that the sea would boil, the wine turn sour and dogs begin to grow mad, the bile increase and all animals become languid. It is unnecessary to say that in the course of some ages Sirius will rise at midwinter instead of at midsummer. Perhaps some wiseacres, like those who are ready to believe in dog days and new moons changing the weather and similar impossibilities, will then give him credit for the frost and snow.

The Influence of the Schools.

There is a general impression that the spread of education has had a tendency to make the young people who enjoyed its advantages discontented with life on the farm, and to cause them to crowd into the cities and apply themselves to professions and mercantile pursuits. The superintendent of education for the province of Ontario, where the public school system is probably as thorough, complete, and satisfactory as in any other part of the continent, shows that so far as that province is concerned, the system has not had the supposed result. Of the pupils who left the high schools last year, only 336 matriculated into the universities, and 1,161 went into mercantile life, while 9,506 returned to the farms. In the face of these figures there is not much room for the belief, that the high schools tend to push pupils into pursuits that are already overcrowded.—Halifax Daily Echo.

Justice in Japan.

H. B. Hubbell, a New York tourist who is at the Richelieu, says that Japanese justice as dealt out in some sections of the country has the effect of making business in the courts very dull. "We were at a little place called Akilas," said Mr. Hubbell, "where we called upon the chief magistrate and asked permission to see the administration of Japanese justice. He told us to call at a certain hour next day, and we came very gladly. The magistrate ordered a prisoner in with the prosecutor and witnesses. The culprit was charged with stealing 2 yens, about \$1.60.

"What have you to say?" asked the magistrate. "The prisoner stole my money," answered the prosecutor. "What do the witnesses say?" inquired the magistrate. "I saw him in the act," was the reply of each one. "Then the magistrate said to the prisoner: 'Four weeks' imprisonment for stealing; I will send the prosecutor to jail for one week for not being smart enough to keep his own money, and sentence the witnesses for the same time for not minding their own business.'—Exchange.

Rocking the Empty Cradle.

It was a woman's voice crooning sweetly the old lullaby: "Hush-my-dear-lie-still and slumber," And as she sung she rocked an empty cradle with her foot, keeping time with its melancholy refrain. From the nestling of the blankets it looked as if the baby had only just been lifted out.

A man passing heard the singing and retraced his steps so that he could look through the open door into the little plainly furnished room. "Excuse me, ma'am," he said respectfully, "But I noticed that you were rocking an empty cradle. I reckon you never heard of the superstition?" "I am not superstitious," said the woman: "Holy-angels-guard-thy-bed."

"Excuse me, ma'am, but folks told my wife that if she didn't stop rocking the cradle when the baby wasn't in it something would happen—an' it did. The baby died when he was a year old!" "My baby won't die," answered the mother, "he's been an angel these three months, an' when I feel so bad that I can't live another minute I come in here and make believe he's asleep. It does me good an' mebbe God lets him know, and it comforts him. Is that superstition?" "No, ma'am, I reckon not, an' I hope you'll excuse me."

The man walked on bearing his own burden of sorrow with him, and the desolate mother rocked the empty cradle and resumed her plaintive monody: "Heavenly-blessings-without-number Gently-fall-upon-thy-head."

The Aeroplane.

So the airship is at last to be an accomplished fact, and the World's Columbian Exposition is to launch into the sea of commercial activity. That at all events is what Dr. Arthur de Basset, a French scientist, says, who is designer of the long-wished-for craft. He calls it an aeroplane. He has gone out to the United States to secure his patents and superintend the building of the ship. Here is his own description of it: "The main part of the aeroplane is a cylinder of rolled steel 1 to 1.44 of an inch thick. This cylinder is 728 feet long, 26 feet wide and 26 feet deep. In the car will be exhaust pumps for maintaining a vacuum in the cylinder, electric motors for working the propellers, and state rooms and accommodations for 200 passengers and 50 tons of mail matter." It is to be a ship and nothing but a ship with no balloon improvements about it. It is to sail through the air as the steamship sails through the water and it is intended to fly over the Atlantic passage in twenty-four hours.

Patent medicines differ—One has reasonableness, another has not. One has reputation—another has not. One has confidence, born of success—another has only "hopes."

Don't take it for granted that all patent medicines are alike. They are not. Let the years of uninterrupted success and the tens of thousands of cured and happy men and women place Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery and Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription on the side of comparison to which they belong. And there isn't a state or territory, no—nor hardly a country in the world, whether its people realize it or not, but have men and women in them that're happier because of their discovery and their effects.

Think of this in health. Think of it in sickness. And then think whether you can afford to make the trial if the makers can afford to take the risk to give your money back, as they do, if they do not benefit or cure you.

ALL SORTS.

A man wedded to his own ideas is a pretty difficult chap to divorce.

An amateur gardener at Belfast, Me., planted his bean poles all right, but forgot to plant his beans.

About 4,500 species of wild bees are known, and of wasps 1,100, of which 170 and 16 respectively live in Britain.

Snails have teeth on their tongues, hundreds of them, but, as if these were not enough, some have them also in their stomachs.

Fish frozen alive have remarkable vitality. Carp frozen thirty-six hours have been known to hop about lively after being thawed out.

The cuttlefish, which, among other strange things, always walks with its head downward, does not chew its food at all, but masticates with its gizzard.

In the great animal market at Hamburg, in Germany, giraffes sell at \$7,000 a pair, chimpanzees go at \$800 apiece, and select lots of Sumatra monkeys at \$1,000.

"That's what I call relief from an unexpected quarter," said the tramp, who asked for a nickle and got twenty-five cents.

There is a great deal that is suggestive of heaven in a child asleep and sometimes a suggestion of another place when the same child is awake.

"Let me see," said the minister, who was filling up a marriage-certificate and had forgotten the date, "this is the fifth, is it not?" "No, sir," replied the bride with some indignation; "this is only my second!"

"What is the matter with the baby?" asked a lady of a little girl whose baby-brother she understood to beailing. "Oh, nothin' much!" was the answer. "He's only hatchin' teeth."

"Do you think that this action will lie?" said the judge to the lawyer for the plaintiff in a case. "Yes, your honour," responded the lawyer; "the action will lie, if the witnesses do not."

A scientific writer tells how water can be boiled in a sheet of writing paper. Very likely. A man has been known to write a few lines on a sheet of writing-paper that kept him in hot water for many years.

For heroic but vain endeavors to look pleased nothing can equal the facial expression of two girls compelled to dance with each other on account of the scarcity of the men.

If the eyes are tired and inflamed from loss of sleep, by sitting up late or long travel, apply in the morning soft white linen, dripping with hot water—as hot as you can bear it—laying the cloth upon the lids. You will feel the eyes strong and free in half an hour.

A German who was lately married says: "It was easier for a needle to walk out of a camel's eye than for a man to get der last vord mit a voman."

A man at a hotel fell the whole length of a flight of stairs. Servants rushed to pick him up. They asked if he was hurt. "No," he replied, not at all. I'm used to coming down that way. I'm a life insurance agent."

A learned professor at Bowdoin asked a member of his class, a young man from Portland, what animal magnetism was. "I—did know—but I have forgotten," was the answer. Slowly and calmly came the rejoinder from the solemn teacher: "Gentlemen, this is very unfortunate. Mr. Williams, the only man in the world who ever knew, has forgotten what animal magnetism is!"

Women in Our Hours of Ease.

Sir Walter Scott, a countryman of mine, thus wrote: "O, women, in our hours of ease, uncertain, coy and hard to please." Some time ago I rested in the opinion that my countryman, in so saying, had thrown a big insult at the heads of the whole of the gentle sex. I have, however, after more experience, been reluctantly constrained to think that my countryman was right and that I was wrong. In proof: Robert Bruce was a resident of Innerwick, and one morning his wife, Juden, opened out the flood-gates of her wrath upon him. She assailed him in such outrageous terms that would have even made the blood of St. Andrew, the patron saint of Scotland, curdle in his veins. She threw in his teeth a whole catalogue of his transgressions, and the transgressions of his forefathers for several generations back. Robert listened to her with patience, as he had discovered that patience is a plaster for all sores. At last he thought he would prove her wildly, and he thus said: "Juden, ye ought to have been born in heaven among the angels instead of being born in Innerwick among an accursed race of blood-thirsty savages."

THE WORLD OVER.

The sum of \$300,000 has been voted by the British House of Commons for the relief of the poor in Ireland.

K. D. C. positively cures the worst cases, send for a free sample to K. D. C. Company, New Glasgow, N. S.

It is stated that during the year between June 1890 and 1891, upwards of a million bushels of potatoes were shipped from P. E. Island to the United States.

K. D. C. A positive cure for dyspepsia, send for a free sample to K. D. C. Company N. S.

Robert Anderson of Kingsclear, had fifty pails of gooseberries stolen from his garden one night last week.

A house in which wedding festivities were going on at Reitenham, Moravia, was struck by lightning last Wednesday, and destroyed. Two of the party were killed, and about eighty more or less injured.

The crop in the North West this year is so great as to require fifty new locomotives and fifteen hundred new box cars to dispose of it. It is said that it will take ten trains a day for seven months to convey the Manitoba and North West crop to market.

McLean's Vegetable Worm Syrup is the original, safe, pleasant and effectual remedy.—Adv't.

Wonderful stories are in circulation as to the finding of an enormous amount of treasure in Rio Janerio. It seems that some contractors in pulling down the old castle of San Antonio came suddenly upon an unknown underground passage, which upon being explored revealed a large quantity of hidden treasure. 112 oak chests bound with iron, 4 iron boxes and 16 sacks were filled with gold coins from the Spanish mint, and estimated to be worth about 70,000,000 francs. It is said there is now a row as to the ownership of the treasure. If there be any truth in the find it will certainly cause a great stir among the searchers all over the world for hidden treasures. The story reads like the pages of "Monte Christo."

The assessment of St. John for the present year reaches the respectable figure of \$365,893, an increase of \$11,773 over the figures of last year. The value of the property and income of the city of St. John is put down at \$24,543,000 which is \$485,000 more than last year. The number of rate payers has increased from 10,182 in 1890 to 10,571 this year. The percentage of taxation levied on each \$100 worth of property is \$1.47 an increase of two cents over last year.

Minard's Liniment relieves Neuralgia.

It cannot be pleasant for New Yorkers to read the reports in the papers of that city which relate the facts connected with the leprosy case in a Chinese laundry. The victim of the loathsome disease has pursued his linen-glossing avocation for seven months, well patronized by the unsuspecting customers of his locality and shunned by his countrymen. There can be no doubt about the authenticity of the disease, and it is simply miraculous if he has not spread it to some extent. The board of health have not yet taken the matter up. We are told that "while the doctors were in the place examining Hop Sing he kept very busy at work ironing shirts. Instead of dampening the linen with the hands, as orthodox laundry people do, Hop Sing proceeded in the true Mongolian way. Taking a drink of water from a bowl, he sprinkled the shirt ly shooting a fine stream of water from his mouth. It made the medical men shudder when they saw this." It can scarcely be possible that in seven months this reckless Chinaman has avoided personal contact with all his customers.

The following is from the New York Commercial Advertiser: "Seven men stood around a baby carriage and watched a ten-foot rattlesnake try to squeeze a baby to death. The men had pitchforks and harvest hooks, but did not dare to use them for fear of killing the child. All was going on according to the rattlesnake's own taste until Mrs. Conroth, the mother of the child, appeared upon the scene, and then everything changed. With a yell she rushed upon the snake, grabbed it around the neck, choked it till it let go of the child and then threw it far away, where the men fell upon it and killed it. She then took the as yet unharmed baby from the carriage, made up her mind that it was O. K., and as soon as that was done fainted away, and has been in hysterics ever since."

Paris is laughing over a joke about an American inventor who is said to have patented an electric corset that is to bring about the reign of morality at once. If one of these articles is pressed by a lover's arm it at once emits a shriek like the whistle of a railway engine; and the inventor claims that he has already married three of his daughters, owing to the publicity thus thrust upon a backward lover.