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The Sailor.

All night around her window The weary wind she hears, And ceaseless rain against the pane...

Jack's Flower Mission.

A Story for Young People.

Jack lived in a Western city, in a nice broad street, well shaded with elms and maples. There were gardens attached to the houses, many of them well cultivated and laid out in neat flower-beds.

Jack did not like to have it supposed that he was under the petticoat government, or had anything weak and girlish about him; but he was rather fond of the sweet odors and bright colors of the flowers.

The next day Jack was passing through a low quarter of the town, filled with tenement-houses and swarming with dirty, wild-eyed children. Near the corner of Clarke and Mott Streets stood an old, tumble-down frame building, which jutted a little over the sidewalk.

Jack turned away from the window and walked along rather thoughtfully for a block or two. Then he quickened his pace, and finally almost ran, as he approached the high clean portion of the city where his father's house stood.

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He finished without being caught by May, for which he was thankful. It was also lucky that none of those Beekman boys were at that moment playing "tag" and "hop-scotch" in the street.

The little girl was still sleeping, for she was very weak, and if she woke for a few minutes often, dozed off again before long. She turned over on her side, and her pale face had a faint tinge of color.

Jack walked away feeling guilty, as if he had done something to be ashamed of. His heart beat fast and his face was quite flushed. It was several minutes before he could muster courage to again steal round the corner; and then he cast only a hasty glance at the broken window.

Jack went away feeling older and more important than he had ever felt before in his life. This was the best secret he had ever had. If the Beekman boys knew, they would call him a spoozy. But the Beekman boys should never know.

During the afternoon Jack rode his velocipede only three times around the block, and then rather languidly. It did not give him the usual pleasure. At tea time his mother asked him if he was not feeling well.

When he got back there, a light was burning in her room and the curtain had been lowered; but a few inches of the lower pane remained uncovered. It gave him a view of a woman bending over the fire.

That night Jack had a bright thought. His father had given him a dollar to buy stamps for his album from a boy he knew, who had connections in Tasmania and other out-of-the-way parts of the globe.

The next morning Jack made a sacrifice of all the rosebuds and carnations in the garden; and when May came out to gather some for the parlor vases, she was surprised to find the beds quite bare.

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and the nosegay on the sill inside. After this was accomplished, he ran away down the street, not daring to look back for three blocks.

Every morning for a fortnight Jack contrived to leave his little gifts for the sick child, and to escape detection. But the last day the little girl was awake, and restless from coughing; and she caught sight of him just as he had displaced the hat, and gave a glad, surprised little cry.

For several days he did not go near the place. Many things were happening at home just at that time. His sister May was going to be married, and he himself was to be sent away to school.

The rain of the previous night had washed everything clean, and made even that poor, shabby quarter look almost cheerful. Before he reached the corner house he remarked that something unusual was taking place.

Jack felt something seize his heart, and he stopped and stared, and then tears rushed into his eyes. He knew what had happened, and he was so sorry, so penitent, his very heart felt sore and bruised with remorse and pity.

The woman he had seen at the fire sat by the coffin, weeping back and forth and holding an apology for a white handkerchief to her eyes. She was the only mourner and there was a scrap of black crape in her cap.

"She was all I had," Jack heard her croon to herself, "and me a widdy. And she not me own; but me sister's. And I promised me sister on her dying-bed how I'd do for her as if she was mine. Poor dear! Oh! I mind the day when I come home airy from me work, and found her laughin' and her eyes shinin'.

The poor woman broke down and sobbed violently, burying her face out of sight. Then Jack stole up to the little coffin, and reverently laid his branch of pure white lilies on the child's breast.

Engineers have now thoroughly investigated that part of the English channel which it is proposed to bridge. The water has been sounded near both shores and is found to be much shallower than was expected, so that there will be considerable saving in the estimated cost.

To My Old Pipe.

[Our own poet, who is an inveterate smoker, has the following eulogy to his "old pipe."]

My darling old pipe, you're a dear friend indeed! When filled to the brim with the sweet, soothing weed, You can ease all my sorrow, my grief and my pain, And bring sweet relief to poor tired brain.

When tired and worn by the toils of the day, And tortured by crosses I've met on the way, You bring me tranquility, solace and balm— Change turbulent thoughts to a sweet, restful calm.

If in anger I'm tempted a rash act to do, Or speak bitter words that I'd afterwards rue, Your soothing influence at once sets me right, And shows everything in a soberer light.

Some may deprecate you and scornfully say: "You're a useless encumbrance—a cent's worth of clay"; Leave such their opinions—they know not the prize— "Where ignorance is bliss, 'tis folly to be wise."

There are others who think that to smoke is a sin, And rank the tobacco with whiskey or gin; But point me an instance, or tell me a time When ever tobacco was "father of crime."

There are always some people quite ready to preach, And feel self-sufficient their neighbors to teach; But such "big feeling" folk seldom get much regard, And the sound of their voice is their only reward.

If we all should agree with this overwise crew, And admire their wisdom as they themselves do, They'd soon have us kneeling before their great shrine And worshipping them as if something divine.

But enough! To his pipe let the smoker return! While I have tobacco, tobacco I'll burn; Though I can't fill the pantry or credit's sheet wipe, I'll always endeavor to fill the old pipe.

Saturated with Nicotine.

In an iron cot in the overcrowded Gouverneur Hospital yesterday an eighteen-year-old lad lay dying of that simple yet hideous complaint, tobacco poisoning.

Outside of his violent and dreadful end there was nothing remarkable or uncommon about young Bird's case. He learned to smoke cigarettes before he was a dozen years of age, and the habit so grew upon him that he could scarcely live without a cigarette in his mouth.

The designs offered for iron towers for London and Chicago have either been servile imitations of the Eiffel (itself no miracle of beauty), or have varied for the worse. To this rule there is one exception, which for originality and majesty of design has no parallel.

To make a superb soup, use the proper soup herbs. Mrs. Sarah A. Morris, a respectable lady of Boon Bridge, Waught county Minn., has given birth to the most remarkable monstrosity ever heard of in that State.

Armed with Alarming Argument.

It was in the Far, Far West. The bar-keeper had been crossed in some way during the afternoon, and was in ill-humor. Up stepped a thirsty citizen, and rapped impatiently on the bar.

"What shall it be, judge?" asked the mixer of drinks. "Well," said the "judge," "make it a gin cocktail with a bit of mint in it."

"That ain't what you want," answered the bar-keeper; "you want whiskey straight, you do." "No, I don't," persisted the "judge;" "I tell you I want a gin cocktail with a bit—"

"No, you don't judge; no you don't. You're goin' to have whiskey straight; and mor'n that," he added, trying the keen edge of his bowie knife on his thumb nail, "you're goin' to drink it out of a tin dipper."

"Well, colonel, what'll you have?" "Beefsteak and mushrooms," answered the "colonel," as "peart" as possible.

"Guess not," said the waiter, who felt that he was being "guyed." "Guess not? Why not? Bring me a beefsteak, with mushrooms, right away." "Look here, stranger," said the waiter, "I don't want to make no trouble yer know, but I don't allow no man to quarrel with his vittles in this ranch."

A Mother's Influence.

It is hard for a young mother, who has not yet overcome the wayward tendencies of her own youthful nature, to realize the influence she exerts over her little ones. She is constantly surrounded by critical imitators who copy her morals and manners. As the mother is so are her sons and daughters.

An Ocean Paradise.

The island of Hogolen, in the Polynesia, is an immense coral atoll, 130 miles in circumference, having four entrance passages. On the reef and within it are 70 islands, four of which, near the middle, are high basaltic masses about 30 miles each in circumference, magnificently fertile, yielding spontaneously many valuable products.

A Baby With Horns.

Mrs. Sarah A. Morris, a respectable lady of Boon Bridge, Waught county Minn., has given birth to the most remarkable monstrosity ever heard of in that State. The people who have visited the house call it the devil. The mother, when she saw it, went into hysterics and had to be sent to the asylum at St. Peter a hopeless lunatic.

"Never put off till to-morrow what you can do to-day," said an advising mother to her little son. "Well, then, mamma, let us eat the raspberry pie that is in the cupboard," was the reply.

ALL SORTS.

A boy took it into his head That he would exercise his sled, He took the sled into the road, And fast and furious he glided.

Always in haste—the letter h. The road to matrimony is a bridal path. The span of life is from a nurse to an 'carse.

Verdict of a Texas jury in a horse-stealing case: mustang. When will the alphabet be shortened? When U and I are one.

There is something saddening about a pair of scissors. Alas! they meet but to sever. But few men can handle a hot lamp-chimney and say there is no place like home at the same time.

No man ought to complain if the world measures him as he measures others. To measure one with his own yardstick may be hard, but it is fair.

Don't despise a woman because she can't drive nails or hang pictures. If you want to discover your own weak points, just carry a 6x4 mattress down a narrow winding stairs.

An elderly resident of Newton was approached by an agent for a cyclopaedia. "I guess I won't get one," said the elderly resident; and frankly added: "I know I never could learn to ride one of the pesky things."

An old lady, visiting the Antiquarian Museum in Edinburgh, the other day, on inspecting the old weapons very earnestly, and failing to find what she was apparently looking for, asked a visitor if he could tell her whereabouts they kept the Axe of the Apostles.

No spectacle can be more sad or heart-sickening than that of a man or woman who is the slave of passion or appetite, who avoids every form of self-denial, who is devoted to pleasure and abhors duty. Whatever be the condition of such a person, whether he be rich or poor, learned or ignorant, coarse or refined, he is but a pitiable specimen of dwarfed humanity.

The S. P. C. A. apparently has no end to go to Georgia. A colored engineer on a train in that State saw a cow on the track the other day; whereupon he stopped the train, got out with a shovel in his hand, and striking the beast on the back, yelled, "Git off dar, d'ye heah? Git off, or I'll squirt steam all over yer!"

An old Scotch lady who had no relish for modern church music, was expressing her dislike for the singing of an anthem in her own church, one day, when a neighbor said: "Why, that is a very old anthem. David sang that anthem to Saul." To this the old lady replied: "Well, weel, I noo for the first time understand why Saul threw his javelin at David, when the lad sang before him."

The judge decided that certain evidence was inadmissible. The attorney took exception to the ruling. "I know, your honor," said he, warmly, "that it is proper evidence. Here I have been practising at the bar for forty years, and now I want to know if I am a fool?" "That," quietly replied the court, "is a question of fact, and not of law, and so I won't pass upon it, but will let the jury decide."

"Now, John, said a father to his gawky son, 'it is about time that you get married and settled down in a home of your own.' 'But I don't know any girls to get married to,' whined John. 'Look about and get acquainted with some; that is the way I did when I was young. How do you suppose that I ever got married?' inquired the old gentleman. 'Well,' said John, pitifully, 'you married mother and I've got to marry a strange girl.'"

An old darkey, who was asked if in his experience prayer had ever been answered, replied: "Well, sah, some prais is ansud and some isn't. Pends on what you axes fo. Just arter de wah, wen it was mighty hard scratchin fo de cullud breddren, I 'bsarved dat wenebber I pway de Lord to sen one o Marse Peyton's fat turkeys fo de ole man, dere was no notice took of de partition; wen I pway dat he would sen de ole man fo de turkey, de matter was tended to befo sun up nex mornin, de a sartin!"