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VOL. 2. RICHIBUCTO, NEW BRUNSWICK, THURSDAY, AUGUST 6, 1891. NO. 51.

### A Friendly Hand.

When a man aint got a cent, and he's feelin' kind o' blue,  
An' the clouds hang dark an' heavy, an' won't let the sunshine through,  
It's a great thing, oh, my brethren, for a feller just to lay  
His hand upon your shoulder in a friendly sort o' way!

It makes a man feel curious; it makes the tear-drops start,  
And you sort o' feel a flutter in the region of the heart  
You can't look up an' meet his eyes; you don't know what to say,  
When his hand is on your shoulder in a friendly sort o' way!

It's the world's a curious compound, with its honey and its gall,  
With its cares and bitter crosses; but a good world after all,  
And a good God must have made it—leastways, that what I say  
When a hand rests on my shoulder in a friendly sort o' way!

—Atlanta Constitution.

### Locust Visitation.

During the past three or four years the French government has been making strenuous exertions to beat down the armies of locusts coming from the south on to the fertile lands of Algeria, and during the present year they are also having a similar fight with these pests on the southern borders of Tunis. The cheap Arab labor obtainable for this purpose has made it possible to employ in the work a veritable army of men, the government ordering the tribes to form encampments along the line on which it is proposed to fight the oncoming army of locusts, and, in this way, the crops have been in a great measure protected from the ravages of this plague, although no permanent relief has been obtained.

The manner of fighting the locusts adopted in Algiers and Tunis has been to construct a ditch, or a ditch with a fence at one side, across the line of march of the insects, which come in such vast numbers that the ditch quickly becomes filled up, when the natives jump in and trample them to death at the same time thrashing the living mass with a heavy stick or log of wood. The fence at the side of the trench consists of long bands of cotton cloth or calico supported on sticks, such fences extending in some places across a mile or more of country, the material at the top having a slippery waxed border about four inches wide, kept moist by daily oiling. The insects cannot keep their hold on this waxed border, and inevitably drop back into the trench beneath, which is from three to four feet deep. When the insects have attained an age where all or a portion of them have wings, they are fought by a line of natives with long palm switches, a method of stopping their progress which, to be effective, presupposes the simultaneous exertions of great numbers of the Arab palm wielders.

Prof. C. V. Riley, the entomologist of the Department of Agriculture, at Washington, has made a most thorough study of the locust as it occurs in several different varieties in the United States, with the best means of destroying them, and his widely published researches on the subject have undoubtedly been of great advantage to our farmers.

The locust, as is generally known, is of the family of grasshoppers and crickets, but differs from them in having shorter horns and feelers and a more robust body and limbs. The Rocky Mountain locust, which has been the most destructive pest that has appeared in this country, breeds every year in a large section, embracing most of Montana and Wyoming, western Dakota, and a part of Colorado, Utah, Idaho and Oregon, together with a large region in the British possessions. In a country directly to the east of this section is a considerable region where the locust is liable to breed for some years, multiplying in excessive numbers, but from which it in time disappears. Though a very much larger section, extending almost to the Mississippi and the Gulf on the east and south, and to the Pacific on the west, the locusts migrate in years of excessive abundance, and it is in such migrations that they are most destructive, although in these regions they seldom breed, and generally disappear within a year. The most disastrous invasion of this kind was in 1884, when Colorado, Nebraska and Kansas were overrun, and parts of Wyoming, Dakota, Minnesota, Iowa, Missouri, New Mexico and Texas were ravaged, vast swarms of locusts from Montana and British America sweeping over these sections in that year. In 1875-76-77, considerable damage was done by the locusts, but the boundaries of its depredations were narrowed each year, and they have not since visited any considerable area beyond the limits of their known permanent habitat.

Although the eggs of the locust may be laid in almost any kind of soil, they are by preference laid in large sandy places,

especially on high, dry ground, which is tolerably compact and not loose. The female forces a hole about an inch below the surface by means of two pair of horny valves which open and shut at the tip of her abdomen, until, usually in a few minutes, nearly the whole abdomen is buried, when she commences ovipositing, there exuding from the tip of the body a frothy, mucous matter, which fill up the bottom of the hole, the mucous matter also being exuded to bind all the eggs in a mass, and when the last is laid, to fill up the neck of the burrow with a compact and cellulose mass, more or less impervious to water. When the locusts are abundant, they settle so thickly in favorable spots for depositing their eggs that the ground has been frequently seen darkened with them, the eggs deposited by a well developed specimen ranging from 100 to 150 each, while the holes are generally so well covered as to afford no evidence of the deposit.

The insects are hatched from the middle of March to the 1st of June, and when they are about half grown, and vigorous enough to bare the ground of vegetation, the habit of migrating in large bodies is developed, those which acquire wings traveling long distances, according to the wind, while those which do not seldom go more than a few miles from where they hatch. The remedies and devices proposed, and to some extent adopted, for the destruction of locusts have been very numerous. The protection and encouragement of birds, particularly by the paying of a reward for hawks, as is done in Colorado, is a natural agency not to be overlooked, but the destruction of the eggs has long been looked upon as the most efficient means of averting locust injury. This is effected by harrowing, plowing or spading, irrigation, tramping, or collecting. In 1874 and 1876 there were many locations where for hundreds of square miles it said that scarcely an inch of the soil could be stirred without exposing these eggs, so that, although the task of getting rid of them would vary with the location and means at hand, it was manifestly one of great magnitude. For the performance of this work in various ways a great number of novel machines have been introduced and numerous patents therefor have been issued, as also for the destruction of the young or unfledged and the mature or winged insects.

Some of these machines consist of a scraper with converging wings and with a removable canvas bag at the rear end. As the machine is moved over the ground by horses or other power, the locusts are scraped together and collected in the canvas bag, which may be readily removed and another put in its place. There is very little delay or loss of time by this method, and it is possible to clear large tracts of land without great effort. It would appear that this method is much cheaper and more certain and efficient than the oriental methods employed in the destruction of these pests in the northern coast of Africa.

### He Saw His Father.

"Father," he began, after taking the old man out back of the barn, "your years are many."

"Yes my son."

"You have toiled early and late, and by the sweat of your brow have amassed this big farm."

"That's so William."

"It has pained me more than I can tell to see you, at your age, troubling yourself with the cares of life. Father, your declining years should be spent in the old arm-chair in the chimney corner."

"Yes William they should."

"Now father, being you're old, and feeble, and helpless, give me a deed of the farm, and you and mother live out your few remaining days with me and Sally."

"William," said the old man pushing back his sleeves, "I think I see the drift of these remarks. When I am ready to start for the poorhouse, I'll play fool and hand over the deed, William."

"Yes, sir."

"In order to dispel any illusion on your part that I'm old, and feeble, and helpless, I am going to knock down half an acre of corn with your heels!"

And when the convention finally adjourned, William crawled to the haystack and cautiously whispered to himself:

"And Sally was to broach the same thing to me, at the same time. I wonder if she is mortally injured or crippled for life!"—New York Telegraph.

St. Petersburg police recently arrested twenty-eight officers, twenty-six of whom were nihilists connected with a conspiracy to kill the czar and force the czar to establish a constitutional monarchy. The nihilists, it is said, were arrested after offering a desperate resistance for two hours with their revolvers. The police were assisted by soldiers. Seven nihilists were killed in the struggle and seven escaped.

### FROM THE DARK AGES. Horrible Instruments of Torture Now on Exhibition in London.

The Earl of Shrewsbury recently purchased the torture implements of the castle of Nuremberg, and they are now on exhibition in London. The most valuable, as it is the rarest, of the whole collection is the iron maiden (*Eiserne Jungfrau*). This terror-inspiring torture instrument is made of strong wood, bound together with iron bands. It opens with two doors to allow the prisoner to be placed inside. The interior is fitted with long sharp iron spikes, so that when the doors are pressed to, these sharp prongs force their way into various portions of the victim's body. Two entered his eyes, others pierced his back, his chest, and, in fact, impaled him alive in such a manner that he lingered in most agonizing torture. When death relieved the poor wretch from his agonies—perhaps after days—a trap-door in the base was pulled open and the body was allowed to fall in the moat or river below. Persons were condemned to death by the embraces of the Iron Maiden for plots against the governing powers, parricide, and religious unbelief. The date of this rare specimen is the fifteenth century. A great number of torture machines were apparently constructed with such devilish ingenuity that they would twist and rack the delicate human body to the point of madness, and yet not actually endanger life.

The torture bench, about ten feet long, was used for stretching prisoners, the feet being fastened to one end, the hands to the other, across a roller studded with wooden spikes, called a "spiked bear."

The torture chair, the seat being completely covered with sharp wooden spikes, body, arms, and legs being strapped to the chair, and in some cases two heavy stone weights attached to the feet.

The metal boots, which, being placed on a prisoner's feet, molten lead or boiling oil was poured into them.

A ghastly relic in a black box of coffin-like appearance is the dried head of a child-murderer, still transfixed on a rusty spear-head.

There are tongue-tearers, thumbscrews, mouth gags, Spanish gaiters for squeezing the legs to the pulp, branding irons, foot-screws, iron chain gloves to be used when red hot, iron nippers, iron wire whips, heavy stones to be worn round the neck, heavy catches, and a large number of two-handed executioner's swords. Of the humorous articles—if, indeed, humor can enter into such grim companionship—we may instance the shad-masks or branks, worn as signs of degradation for slight offences by men or women, those for the nobility having visors to them like helmets, so that the features were concealed till the penance was over; wooden collars, with bells and tassels for scolds; ducking stools and churn-shaped boxes, known as drunkards' cloaks—an uncomfortable garment fitting too tightly round the neck to allow the head to be withdrawn, and, while too heavy to walk about in for any great length of time, yet not quite short enough to permit the wearer to kneel down in them.

Among the pictures is one of Damien, of whom it may be remembered that, after horses had failed to pull him asunder, he was afterwards tortured with boiling oil, and, that not killing him, was finally bound to a stake and burned to death. Appropriately enough, the instruments are placed in a series of dungeons, corridors and cells selected for illustration are copied from the Museum of Antiquities, formerly the Prison of the Inquisition, in Antwerp, and have all the semblance of reality.

### A Philosophical Family.

Amelia has pimples, and sores in the head, From humors internal her nose has grown red;  
She's a boil on her neck that is as big as a bell,  
But in other respects she is doing quite well.

And pa has dyspepsia, malaria and gout,  
His hands with salt-rheum are all broken out;  
He is prone to rheumatics that make his legs swell,  
But in other respects he is doing quite well.

And ma has night-sweats and a troublesome cough,  
That all of our doctors can't seem to drive off;  
She wakes every night and coughs quite a spell,  
But in other respects she is doing quite well.

There is nothing like philosophy to help one bear the ills of life, but in the case of this family what is most needed is a good supply of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. It would cleanse Amelia's bad blood, cure pa's ailments, and check ma's cough. The "Golden Medical Discovery," by its action on the liver, cleanses the system of impurities. It cures humors, ulcers, boils, scrofula, salt-rheum, erysipelas, and all kinds of sores and swellings. The only guaranteed blood-purifier.

### He was Surprised.

When it comes to lying the Southern negro has few equals and no superiors.

"What do you mean by using such violence towards your wife?" asked the Austin recorder of Sam Johnson.

"I didn't use no violence, boss."

"But you did; her face is all swollen up from the blow. Didn't you strike her?"

"Yes, boss; but hit was an accerdant. Ise neah-sighted."

"What's that got to do with it?"

"Heaps, boss, heaps. Yer see I was at de gate, and was gwinter go down town, and I just kissed my han' ter Matildy."

"Kissed your hand to her?"

"Yes, boss, kissed my han' to her; but owing ter de defec in my eyes, I sposed she was mor'n twenty feet off, but she wasn't. She was so clus ter me dat de back ob my han' hit her smack in de mouf. I nebbber was so sprised in my life."

"Well, there is another surprise in store for you. You pay twenty dollars and costs or you go to the county jail."

### Points of Interest.

A pair of horses were seen recently in a driving wagon in New York city with blind bridles on, to be sure, but with windows in the blinders, so that the horses could see all about them. This was altogether considerate and merciful, of course, but why did not the owner of the horses leave off the blinders altogether? That apparently had not occurred to him. Blinders are slowly going out of use. Some of the most magnificent specimens of Clydes and Percherons driven to the great trucks in the cities are now harnessed with bridles that have none of the wretched blinders. If a horse is allowed to see everything and examine it for himself, so as to know that it will not hurt him, he is not going to get scared and run away from it. The horse has far more intelligence and reasoning power than he gets credit for. The terror of the unknown is greatest both with men and horses.

### A Maine Man in St. John.

Some members of the National Division S. of T. who visited St. John a few weeks ago, are beginning to be heard from, and it appears while there their thoughts were not wholly occupied with the conflict which they are waging against "the demon of the still." One writes in the Gardner (Maine) Home Journal:

"Licensed to keep and sell wines and liquors," is a sign of frequent occurrence. It looks curious to a Maine eye, and one would expect to see a crowd of drunken sets round each door so ornamented. But I never saw a drunken man while I was in St. John nor heard any bawling, boisterous or profane talk. Indeed, I think there are more Sons of Temperance in St. John, than in any three cities in Maine, and there are a good many other temperance societies. Indeed, Nova Scotia and New Brunswick are away ahead of us in membership in the order of Sons of Temperance—and Gov. Tilley and others bore strong testimony to the good temperance work they have done, and are doing."

### Three Things.

Three things to admire—intellectual power, dignity and gracefulness.

Three things to love—courage, gentleness and affection.

Three things to hate—cruelty, arrogance and ingratitude.

Three things to delight in—frankness, freedom and beauty.

Three things to wish for—health, friends and a cheerful spirit.

Three things to avoid—idleness, loquacity and flippant jesting.

Three things to pray for—faith, peace and purity of heart.

Three things to contend for—honor, country and friends.

Three things to govern—temper, conduct and tongue.

A man named Downes, belonging to Bonny River, Charlotte county, was killed by the fast express on the Shore Line, Thursday. The engine driver saw him walking along the track just as they rounded a curve. It was impossible to stop the train, but all the signals were sounded and everything possible done. The man is supposed to have been deaf, for he paid no heed to the signals and was struck by the cowcatcher and thrown from the track. He was picked up and taken to St. George, where he died soon after the arrival of the train. Mr. Downes was about 65 years of age. Both arms and legs were broken and he was otherwise injured.

### THE WORLD OVER.

The Prince of Wales' life is insured for \$800,000.

Italy produced 631,562,200 gallons of wine last year.

Pennsylvania coal sells in Italy cheaper than Welsh coal.

The anthracite coal output is now averaging 100,000 tons per day.

Lucifer matches when first invented in 1827 were sold 50 for 25 cents.

It will cost the Canadian Pacific \$2,500,000 to build its grand bridge across the Niagara river.

Philadelphia water works pump 200,000,000 gallons every 24 hours, or 200 gallons per head per day.

There are deposited in the saving banks of Great Britain \$535,000,000, but it is all loaned out excepting \$2,500,000.

An express train in Pennsylvania last week struck a tramp and tossed him several feet into the air. When the trainmen found him he was relighting his pipe, and was very much put out because he had to waste a match.

Miss Carrie J. Bartlett threw up a good position in a newspaper office to become a preacher and in her new walk in life has already obtained the renown of being one of the best and most eloquent pulpit orators that North Dakota can boast of.

A Butte (Montana) merchant who advertised a bankrupt stock of shoes was totally unprepared for the enormous crowd which filled his store. Twelve clerks were utterly inadequate to wait upon the rush of customers. Several women fainted in the crush, and finally the doors had to be locked. The merchant now believes in advertising.

A New York steamship agent says that so far 8,000 people have sailed for Europe every week since the first of May. The total number would reach 100,000, and 30,000 more will go before the season ends. A great many more people are staying in England this year than ever before, and less are going over the old lines of travel on the Continent. Scotland, Ireland and Wales are the favourite tourist grounds this season, and the hotels in these countries are reaping the harvest that those in France and Switzerland used to gather.

The uses made of the refuse of Paris streets are numerous. Little wisps of women's hair are carefully unravelled, and do duty for false hair by-and-by. Men's hair collected outside the barbers' serves for filters through which sirups are strained; bits of sponge are cut up and used for spirit lamps; bits of bread if dirty are toasted and grated, and sold to the restaurants for spreading on hams or cutlets; sometimes they are carbonized and made into tooth powder. Sardine boxes are cut up into tin soldiers or into sockets for candlesticks. A silk hat has a whole chapter of adventures in store for it. All this work employs a regiment of rag-pickers numbering close on to 20,000, and each earning from twenty pence to half a crown a day.

The Colorado desert, that great tract of trofic sand covering nearly the whole of San Diego county the southernmost county in California, is covered over with a mysterious flood. No one knows where the water came from and it is as if some subterranean rivers had emptied themselves into this small Sahara. The water seemed to rise up through the sand and until some better theory can be invented the presumption is made that it soaked through by underground passages from the swollen Colorado river which forms the western boundary of the State on its way down to empty into the Gulf of California. Instead of a dry parched stretch of dust and sand there is now an immense lake which gets deeper as the days go by. It is one of the strangest phenomena we have been treated to for a long time and later developments will be awaited with absorbing interest.

Prof. J. L. Ray, of Ashland, Va., who has been studying the moon through a telescope, says there has recently been extraordinary volcanic action on the planet. He says that on the night of June 22 tremendous energy over the whole surface presented itself: "I saw that what of late have been considered great grey plains, are in reality great seas, or else a molten mass, as I saw immense sheets, seemingly of water, thrown through the lunar atmosphere and finding a resting place at least a thousand miles from where they formerly were. I saw several great mountains sink—the whole moon swayed to and fro and everything in the lunar heavens was in the wildest confusion. I gazed with intensest awe on this awful spectacle for hours, until the confusion finally subsided, and there seemed to be a dead calm as before. I feel fully confident that the moon was thrown several degrees out of her course, and she is also perceptibly nearer, perhaps 20,000 miles." No other astronomer appears to have noticed these disturbances.

### ALL SORTS.

Go down the ladder when thou marriest; go up when thou chooseth a friend.—Rabbi Ben Azai.

The Californian women are awfully touchy. An Oakland widow has brought a suit against a local paper which said that her husband had gone to a happier home.

"Big Gabe," the Indian giant, who lives on the Indian mission at Cross Point, P. Q., opposite Campbellton, boasts of a face 24 inches in length from his forehead to his chin.

A parrot in New York has had more than twenty owners, and has scared each one out of his wits by screaming "fire!" at an early hour in the morning, until the whole house was aroused.

"No, Augustus dear, I emphatically protest against bringing up the baby on a bottle. Only look at grandpa's nose. No one knows what it will come to when it once gets started.

A gentleman, just returned to America from a tour in Europe, was asked how he liked the ruins of Pompeii. "Not very well," was his reply, "they are so dreadfully out of repair."

A little boy in Camden, N. J., choked to death the other day while his mother was spanking him. Naughty little boys might cut this out and have it handy the next time they are called upon to mount the parental knee.

An Illinois Central conductor says that female tramps are on the increase. They are not as daring as the men in jumping on or off trains, but they are found hanging all over a freight car, on the trucks or clinging to the truss rods by hands and feet.

A smart bit of repartee was overheard the other day at Killarney. A guide with a tourist scowled at a peasant who stared well at him. "You'll know me again if you meet me," said the guide. "Not if you wash yer face," said the peasant.

Mail matter dropped in a box in Paris is delivered in Berlin within an hour and a half, and sometimes within thirty-five minutes. It is sent by means of pneumatic tubes. The excellent postal service of this country has considerable to learn from the service of Europe.

"I have diagnosed your husband's case carefully, my dear Mrs. Burtly," said the young physician, "and I find that he is suffering from rheumatism in the pedal extremities." "Oh, my grief!" exclaimed the old lady in distress. "It's wusser'n I thought. Poor John said the pain was all in his feet."

Boswell once ventured to praise one of Burke's speeches in Dr. Johnson's presence, and was very much surprised to hear his great master burst out, "Bah, Burke is a rank plagiarist." "So?" queried Boswell, all of a tremble. "Yes, sir; so!" retorted Johnson; "you'll find every word of his last oration in my dictionary."

In the twentieth (century) war will be dead, animosity will be dead, royalty will be dead, and dogmas will be dead, but man will live. For all there will be but one country—that country the whole earth; for all there will be but one hope that hope the whole heaven. All hail, then, that noble twentieth century which shall own our own children, and which her children shall inherit!—Victor Hugo's Prophecy.

He is a very discreet man who never says either too much or too little. At a business meeting, reports the Lowell Gazette, the chairman announced—"Brother Skinner submits his resignation as a member of this society. What action shall be taken upon it?" "I move, sir," said one of the parliamentarians present, "that the resignation be accepted, and that a vote of thanks be tendered to Brother Skinner."

A resident of Carson, Nevada, went to the court to put a man under bonds to keep the peace, and his honour asked: "What do you fear from this man?" "That he will take my life." "For what reason?" "Why, I sold him twenty-eight thousand dollars' worth of silver stock at par last year, and it's selling now at five cents on the dollar. He can't understand the fluctuations of the stock market, and is carrying a derringer in his overcoat pocket."

A Scotchman and his wife coming from Leith to London by boat. When off the Yorkshire coast a great storm arose, and the vessel had several narrow escapes from foundering. "Oh, Sandy," moaned his wife, "I'm na afraid o' deein', but I dinna care to dee at sea." "Dinna think o' deein' yet," answered Sandy; "but when ye do, ye'd better be drowned at sea than anywhere else." "An' why, Sandy?" asked his wife. "Why?" exclaimed Sandy. "Because you wouldna cost so muckle to bury."