

Rub Works office

Please return to L.P.W.

GET YOUR JOB PRINTING DONE AT THE REVIEW OFFICE.

THE REVIEW

SUBSCRIPTION: \$1.00 A YEAR, STRICTLY IN ADVANCE.

VOL. 2. RICHIBUCTO, NEW BRUNSWICK, THURSDAY, APRIL 9, 1891. NO. 34

Pansies.

Velvety royal-robed pansies, Glimmering told on fold Of lilac and pearl and crimson, Azure and purple and gold. How can I tell your beauties? How shall my soul indite The thoughts that awake within me Of passion's pure delight? Lilies and beautiful roses, Columbines stately and tall, Fuchsias with gorgeous blossoms, Geraniums brighter than all. Hollyhocks proud of their splendor, Sunflowers crested with gold, Lovely sweet peas that are reaching, For something to cling to and hold. Fragrant and faithful verbena, Forget-me-not tender and small, Sweet pea, the flower of the mountain— Sweet are the dreams they recall. But the pure and gold eyed pansies I love with a love so deep, I would have them to blossom above me While I lie in the grave asleep!

Tramped Down From Alaska.

Isaac Beels, formerly of South Dakota, has arrived in Laramie direct from Alaska. He told a reporter that he left a mining region away to the north of Sitka last October, travelling some 1,600 miles, he says, on horseback and on foot. This was a long and wonderfully hazardous journey alone, and occupied a long time. His horse gave out during the trip and he was obliged to continue on foot and take refuge among the Indians. He induced some of the natives to pilot him to the nearest white settlement. Reaching this point he was still 160 miles north of Sitka, but worked his way into Sitka alone. From Sitka he came down to Vancouver, British Columbia, from thence to the United States, continuing his journey on foot, covering most of the distance to Laramie that way. He expects to remain in this city for some time, if not permanently.

Beels is a young man not more than 25 years of age, and he relates a wonderfully interesting story of his trip from the Callia mines away to the north of Sitka. He left Sitka last spring with some German friends. They succeeded in catching one of the boats that makes an occasional trip up the river, and in that way they reached the northern mines. When Beels finally decided to leave Alaska it was no season for the boats, so he set out on horseback. He says that 1,600 miles was a terrible trip. Food became scarce for his horse, and finally he had to feed it some of the bread he was carrying. In fear, however, of starving to death he ultimately had to abandon his horse, and leave the poor animal to die surrounded by wild beasts.

Many times during the long trip Beels was harassed by wild animals, the mountain wolves and bear being particularly bold. The mountain bison, the moose and other animals were quite plentiful. He is enthusiastic over the mining resources of Alaska. His 1,600 mile journey was over the great mountain ranges and through the desolate valleys of that region. The Indians treated him very kindly. He could not exchange a word with them, but they realized he was in distress and aided him.—Laramie Boomerang.

Slovenly Reading.

Slovenly reading is ruinous both to mind and morals. It is apt even to injure a man's business-habits and prevent him from winning success in practical affairs. In time it will confound all his faculties; it will destroy his capacity for clear perception, for precise thought, and for proper reasoning. It will throw into confusion his judgment and his memory. If he does not get rid of it, he can never become a good writer, or do any literary work of any kind worth looking at. How many slovenly readers are to be found in these times! They will, in their slovenly fashion, read a newspaper-article, perhaps a very excellent one, and, when they have got to the end of it, or, as they say, when they have "looked through it" or "glanced over it," you will find that they are unable to give any accurate account of its argument, or that they do not apprehend its fundamental points, or that they have lost one of its links, or that they have overlooked an important illustration, or that they have failed to seize a word which is the very hinge of the writer's thought, or that they have wholly misunderstood the drift and purpose of the article which they have wasted their time in "glancing over." Slovenly reading is largely due to the slovenly way in which children are taught to read at school. Teachers must be very careful about this thing; they must teach their scholars to read with precision and understanding, thinking of every word, getting the sense of each sentence, and grasping the full meaning of any piece that may be before them.

Be wise in time. You have too many gray hairs for one so young looking. Use Hall's Hair Renewer, the best preparation out to cure them. Try it.

Some Large Men.

The Emperor Maximin was eight feet in height; so also was a giant exhibited at Rouen in 1735. Dr. Goropins of the French Academy of Science once made a professional examination of a girl 13 years of age who was ten feet four inches high. The body of Orestes, according to the Greek historians, measured eleven feet when prepared for burial. Galbara, the giant exhibited in Rome during the reign of Claudius Caesar, was over ten feet high. Furman, the Scotch giant of the time of Eugene II measured but two lines less than 11 feet 6 inches.

Chevalier Scovey, in his account of the voyage to the peaks of Teneriffe, says that in opening one of the sepulchral caverns they found a human skull measuring four feet in circumference and which was supplied with eighty teeth. The giant Ferragus, who was slain by Orlando, the nephew of Charlemagne, was 18 feet high. He always accompanied the army on foot, there being no horse tall and strong enough to carry him. Paterus, in his published writings, tells of a giant whom he examined at Lucerne, whose body measured 19 feet 4 inches and three lines. In Rouen, in 1509, while workmen were engaged in digging in ditches near the Dominican monastery, they found a stone tomb containing a skeleton whose skull held a bushel of wheat; the shin bone reached to the waist of the tallest man on the ground. Over the tomb there was a stone slab containing the following words in raised copper letters: "In this tomb lies the noble and puissant lord the Chevalier Ricon de Valamot and his bones."—St. Louis Republic.

The Misery of Happiness.

What is a pessimist, my son? Well, if the spring opened unusually early, and there was an increase of 25 per cent in the average of cereals sown, and the weather was so near perfection all summer that nobody cared to go to California, and the harvest showed a yield that fairly lifted the roof off the barn, and made the sides of the elevator bulge, and prices have gone down 10 and wages increased 15 per cent., the national debt paid, taxes reduced, Saturday made a legal holiday and ten hours' pay for eight hours' work established by constitutional amendment, all the almshouses closed for lack of patronage and the prisons sold to the hotel trust—if in the midst of all this dawning millennium you come across a man sitting on a fire plug on a windy corner, pouring dust on his head and weeping because all this prosperity is apt to develop luxurious and wasteful habits among the masses—he's a pessimist. "And what is your duty as a Christian man to such a sorrowful brother?" Kill him, my son, kill him. Don't use violence; just tie him to a man who is having a good time, and he won't last two hours.—Robert J. Burdette in Brooklyn Eagle.

Distinguished Blind.

Instances of blind persons who have achieved distinction are by no means infrequent. The brilliant case of Professor Fawcett is well known; Dr. Campbell, himself one of the Royal Commissioners and principal of the Royal Normal college, is a conspicuous instance of well directed energy, while several blind gentlemen have passed through Worcester college and the university with credit and taken holy orders; another, who gave evidence before the commissioners, is a solicitor in good practice. Another remarkable case is that of a successful wool merchant, whose loss of sight has been no hindrance to him in the conduct of a large and important business, and who has undertaken a special voyage to Australia and made large and successful purchases of wool, with no guidance than that of his own unaided judgment.

The experience of this gentleman is so remarkable that I give his own words: "I and my friends thought that when I became blind I should no longer be able to follow my trade, but after the first shock I determined to carry on my business as usual. My business being to judge the value of colonial wool, it was thought that, as this was very difficult for seeing persons, I should not succeed, and by close attention I soon became as good, and, indeed, in some respects a better judge than before my loss of sight. In 1881 I visited Australia, and in Melbourne, during ten weeks I purchased more than £150,000 worth of wool, doing all my own business, banking exchange and shipping, without the help of any broker. I only mention this as an encouragement to others not to be daunted when this calamity befalls them."—National Review.

The Power of Will.

The influence of a powerful will in arresting or retarding the progress of a disease apparently fatal, is one of the most

wonderful of all mental phenomena. A person of feeble frame, but of a determined and hopeful spirit, sometimes keeps death at bay far several weeks, months—even years, and finally, in defiance of the physicians who have sat in judgment on his case and pronounced it utterly hopeless, recovers and returns to his customary vocations. On the other hand, a man of strong physique not unfrequently wilts and dies under a comparatively controllable ailment simply from lack of mental energy which enables the strong-willed weakling to repel the destroyer.

Andrew Jackson, when physically a wreck, and carrying lead enough in him to kill a weak man, was able by his force of will, to triumph over disease and at the same time hold a regiment of mutineers in check.—New York Ledger.

A Famous Anniversary.

There are many persons in this city who probably do not know that a certain Easter Sunday two hundred and forty-six years ago was the date of what was perhaps the most famous event in the history of St. John. It was on Easter Sunday, 1645, that Fort Latour, which stood on the site of Old Fort Carleton opposite Navy Island, was captured by Charnisay after the famous defence which has rendered Lady Latour among the great heroines of the world. Easter Sunday 1645, fell on the 6th of April, according to the system of computation which prevailed in Great Britain at that date and up to the year 1752 when the new style, a Gregorian system which was adopted in France, Italy, Spain, Denmark and Portugal in 1582. Those who care for anniversaries therefore, should understand that the 16th of April is the proper anniversary of the heroic defence and capture of Fort Latour, which is one of the few romantic incidents in the history of this city. Fort Latour was captured by treachery, according to Nicholas Denys, who was a contemporary of Latour, the gate being opened by an unfaithful Swiss soldier when the garrison were at prayers on Easter Sunday morning. Charnisay, although he had promised the garrison quarter, hanged them all immediately after the surrender of the fort, compelling Lady Latour to be present and to witness the execution of her brave men. Lady Latour herself only survived a few days and her grave is somewhere on the west side of the harbor, probably on the plot of ground near the Carleton city hall, which was then used by the French as a garden.—St. John Gazette.

Early Rising.

The proper time to rise is when sleep, properly so called, ends. Dozing, says the Lancet, is not admissible from any reasonable or health point of view. The brain falls into the state we call sleep, and the other organs of the body follow it. True sleep is the aggregate of sleeps. In other words, sleep, which must be a natural function—i. e., physiological, instead of pathological, or induced by disease or drugs—is a state which consists in the sleeping or rest of all the several parts of the organism. Sometimes one and at other times another part of the body, as a whole, may be the least fatigued, and so the first to awake, or the most exhausted, and therefore the most difficult to arouse. The secret of good sleep is—the physiological conditions of rest being established—to so work and weary the several parts of the organism as to give them a proportionally equal need of rest at the same moment. The cerebrum or mind-organ, the sense-organs, the muscular system, and the viscera should be all ready to sleep together and, so far as may be possible, they should be equally tired. To wake early and feel ready to rise, this fair and equal start of the sleepers should be secured; and the wise self-manager should not allow a drowsy feeling of the consciousness, or weary senses, or an exhausted muscular system, to beguile him into the folly of going to sleep again when once consciousness has been aroused. After a very few days of self-discipline, the man who resolves not to doze—that is, to allow some still sleepy part of his body to keep him in bed after his brain has once awakened—will find himself, without knowing how an "early riser."

Trees Barked by Mice.

When a tree is denuded of bark all around, its recovery is hopeless. Had the trees been protected by wrapping them with old newspapers, as has often been advised, they would have been saved. The only thing that can be done now is to cut them off where the bark is still sound and graft them. An excellent way to deal with mice in an orchard is to procure small blocks of wood and bore 1 1/2 inch holes in them, placing some meal mixed with tallow and rat poison in the bottom of each hole and leave these about the orchard. No other animal can reach the

Speaking of the Canadians, Major Edmond Malet remarked that they made the best soldiers physically that he ever saw. In his company of the 81st New York volunteers infantry, in the late war, he said he had 45 of them, and no hardships could dampen their gay spirits nor toil exhaust their hardy frames. In those terrible forced marches of the Army of Potomac in the Peninsula, with the thermometer far up in the nineties and the dust a foot deep, when thousands of men fell out by the roadside, many of them never to march again, these Canadians trudged along cheerily, bugling the weary way with joke and song. They could not understand the wastefulness of their American comrades, who would hurl aside overcoats, blankets; and other implements on a hard march without a thought, so they would carefully gather them up, add them to their own load and bring them into camp. "One evening I remember," said the major, "a Canadian soldier came into bivouac, after a fearful march from early dawn, with twelve overcoats piled on his knapsack, which he had carried nearly all day. He sold them back to their original owners for \$1 each."—N. Y. Sun.

Your Mother.

Honor the dear aged mother. Time has scattered the snowflakes on her brow, pillowed deep furrows on her cheeks, but she is sweet and beautiful now! The lips are thin and sunken, but those are lips that have kissed many a hot tear from childish cheeks, and those are the sweetest lips in all the world. The eye is dim, yet it ever glows with radiance of holy love which can never fade. Ah, yes; she is a dear old mother. The sands of life are nearly run out, but feeble as she is, she will go further and reach down lower for you than all the others on earth. You cannot walk into a midnight where she cannot see you; you cannot walk into a prison whose bars will keep her out; you cannot mount a scaffold too high for her to reach, that she may kiss you and bless you in evidence of her deathless love. When the world despises and forsakes you, when it leaves you by the wayside to die unnoticed—the dear good mother will gather you into her feeble arms and carry you home, and tell you all your virtues until you almost forget your soul is disgraced by vice. Love her tenderly and cheer her declining years with holy devotion.

The Busiest Railway on Earth.

If you want to see what the traffic of London, England, is like, go to Clabham Junction. The rails lie together like the wires of a grand piano. System and organization have done their best, and sixteen hundred trains a day run over them. It is a bewilderingment. In and out, coming, going, slow trains and fast trains, one side of you halts a train, and while you watch its slowing, an express rushes past on the other side like a tornado of iron—a rush, a blast of wind that almost takes your breath or draws you into its eddy, a torrent of carriage windows, and you see the rear of the last carriage before your eyes as it leaves you, and the fast express has come and gone in a space of time which you hardly find on the disk of your watch. Up and down the lines you see signal posts, arms working by day, by night, lamps green, red, white, the language of the railway, but no confusion; every man knows his place, or forgets it at his bodily peril. You ask the official when your train is due, "In two minutes," and as the clock hands point the train comes. He knows to the second when it left the last station, whether it be up to time or behind it; every moment is recorded, and every train has its place and moment. A tunnel way for passengers connects the numerous platforms, so that no one is allowed to cross the rail except the officials, who grow foolhardy.

The Lover's Lament.

Your face is like a drooping flower, Sweetheart! I see you fading, hour by hour, Sweetheart! Your rounded outlines waste away, In vain I weep, in vain I pray, What power Death's cruel hand can stay Sweetheart, sweetheart!

Why nothing but Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. It imparts strength to the failing system, cures organic troubles, and for debilitated and feeble women generally is unequalled. It dispels melancholy and nervousness, and builds up both flesh and strength. Guaranteed to give satisfaction in every case, or money paid for it refunded.

"Can you keep a secret?" said Mr. Middelir, impressively, looking at his wife. "Indeed, I can," she exclaimed, eagerly, running across the room, that she might cling to the lapels of his coat while she listened. "Well," said the brutal man, "you can do a great deal more than I can, then. I never could remember one long enough to tell it."

THE WORLD OVER.

Through Sir Charles Tupper, Dr. A. W. Thompson, of Shediac, has been appointed government doctor for the English at Turk's Island, at \$5,000 a year.

A young woman at Hammon, N. J., was married last week to a man from California whom she had never seen till the day of the wedding. The courtship, based on an advertisement, was carried on by letter.

What a debt of gratitude the world owes to such men as Drs. Ayer and Jenner—the latter for the great discovery of vaccination, and the former for his Extract of Sarsaparilla—the best of blood-purifiers? Who can estimate how much these discoveries have benefited the race!

The spire of St. Helen's church, in the Isle of Wight, which was built at the beginning of last century and shortly afterwards struck with lightning, had, as was supposed, the large bell of its chime cracked, as the tone was very much muffled. The other day a church warden named Callway happened to be in the belfry, and through curiosity examined the bell. He found that there was no crack in it but a piece of wood was broken from the wheel and pressing against the edge and stopping the vibration. This being removed, the bell after being muffled for 170 years, rang out merrily, to the astonishment of the inhabitants of the town.

"Ayer's Hair Vigor is a most excellent preparation for the hair. I speak of it from experience. Its use promotes the growth of new hair, and makes it glossy and soft. The Vigor is a sure cure for dandruff."—J. W. Bowen, Editor Enquirer, McArthur, Ohio.—Adv.

Muscular politics appear to be in favor in Manitoba. At a recent meeting in the contest lately in progress at Portage la Prairie a fight between one of the speakers and one of the candidates was prevented only by the latter falling off the platform in his eagerness to get at his enemy. At another meeting an ardent politician's face was slapped, and there was for a time some danger of a general row. The feelings which these violent proceedings indicate cannot, however, be always characterized as "heated." At a meeting at Elm River it was cooling in its results at least, one of the speakers having a pail of water thrown in his face.

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."

Exporters of Irish cattle to England have been granted further relief from the restrictions under which they have laboured owing to the extensive pleuro-pneumonia. Some time ago the English Board of Agriculture, at the instance of the Irish government, modified their original, restrictive order so far as to enable cattle from Ireland, landed at a port within a scheduled district in Great Britain, to be moved direct by rail out of that district to any place of destination not within the limits of a scheduled district. Further representations were then made to the Board of Agriculture to extend this concession, and as a result the order referred to has been passed. Under this new order Irish cattle landed in a scheduled district can now be moved from it by rail direct to any place of destination in Great Britain, whether within the limits of another scheduled district or not.

A person in an upright position faints sooner from loss of blood than one who is lying down; when faintness comes on, a little cold water and a perfectly flat position are the best restoratives.

The decline in farm value in the United States has put a serious face on the question of mortgagee's rights. More than half the farms of the country east and west are mortgaged anywhere from half up to their full value, and from this it will readily be understood what the tide of foreclosures now sweeping over the majority of the states means. A Supreme Court judge in Nebraska has decided that no more foreclosure mortgages of mortgaged farms would be confirmed by him where the mortgagees establish that failure of crops was the cause of their inability to meet their liability to the mortgagees. This decision tells a bad story of the United States farmers' condition. Contracts entered into 50 years ago cannot be met today, and the mortgagees are not to blame. If the action of the Nebraska judge should be followed in other states of the union, a complication of such magnitude would arise as would involve not only the mortgagees themselves, but the entire business community.

ALL SORTS.

Bred winners.—Greyhounds. Magnificent training-ship.—A scholar-ship.

The key-note, pitched rather low.—"Wife, let me in!"

A drunken man arrested at Seattle, Wash., recently, had \$14,000 in his coat.

A Maryland woman has recovered \$3,500 for being carried too far by a railway train.

This notice is conspicuously hung up in a Texas saw-mill: "Notis—Doant munky with the buz saw when in moshum."

At Tecumseh, Kan., boys or girls under 16 years of age found on the streets after 9 o'clock are arrested, unless accompanied by a parent or guardian.

A little boy who has been used to receiving his elder brother's old toys and old clothes recently remarked, "Ma, will I have to marry his widow when he dies?"

No matter what the season of the year, we always have flies with us. In the warm weather they are house flies; in the cold days, snow flies; and perpetually times flies.

For neuralgia make a small muslin bag, fill it with salt, heat it very hot and lay it against the aching place. It will prove a great relief, as salt retains the heat a long time.

Josh Billings remarks in his philosophising, "A reputation once broken may possibly be repaired, but the world will always keep their eyes on the spot where the crack wuss."

There is a place in New Hampshire where they never have any old maids. When a girl reaches twenty-nine, and is still on the ladder of expectation, the young fellows club together and draw lots for her. Those who escape pay a bonus to the one who gets her.

"It's human nature, I suppose," remarked the dentist, as he looked after a departing visitor, "but it's mighty hard on business. That is the seventh man who has come here with his hand on his jaw and then said he merely dropped in to ask the time of day."—Washington Post.

The Chinese are said to have a curious way of determining the future occupations of a male infant. On the first birthday he is seated in a large sieve, with money-scales, a pair of shears, a brass mirror, a pencil, ink, and books, an abacus, and similar articles ranged in a circle around him. The article which he handles first is a sure indicator of the direction in which his future activities will lie.

Although the birds begin to sing, For winter in the lap of spring, With all his old persistence lingers.

If spring's as charming as is claimed By birds who, with sweet songs, receive her, Old winter cannot well be blamed For being mighty loath to leave her.

They were standing at the front gate, "Won't you come into the parlor and sit a little while, Georgie, dear?" "No, I think not," replied Georgie, hesitatingly.

"I wish you would," the girl went on; "it's awfully lonesome. Mother has gone out, and father is upstairs groaning with rheumatism in the feet."

"Both feet?" asked Georgie. "Yes, both feet."

"Then, I'll come in." An Italian organ-grinder recently escaped a fine by a very ingenious excuse. He had been playing before the house of a very irascible old gentleman, who furiously and "with wild gesticulations ordered him to 'move on.'" The organ-grinder stolidly ground on, and was arrested for his disturbance. At the police-court the magistrate asked him why he did not leave when requested. "Me no understand mooch Inglese," was the reply. "Well," said the magistrate, "but you must have understood his gestures—his motions." "I tin-kee he come to dance," was the rejoinder.

Short Life of the Dog.

A lover of dogs writes: The dog is short lived. He is aged at 15 years, as old in point of decrepitude as a horse at 30, more so than a man at 80. It is sad to think for how short a time we have this prime favourite with us, and what lamentations are poured over his early grave. He doubtless lives a fast life. He has fine faculties, scent, sight, and hearing, and he uses them without stint. His digestion must be pretty good too, judging by the way he bolts his food. Perhaps nature intended him to wear himself out quickly, so that he shall not live long enough to know too much—to learn to speak and to write—in short to rival her proud piece of work, man, as he might if he had fifty instead of fifteen to do it in.—Montreal Star.