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THE REVIEW

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Golden Thoughts.

Life must be lived on a higher plane; we must go up to a higher platform, to which we are always invited to ascend; there the whole scene changes. The good we need is forever close to us, though we attain it not. On the brink of the waters of life and truth we are miserably dying.—Emerson.

For life, with all it yields of joy and woe, And hope and fear, believe the aged friend, Is just our chance o' the prize of learning love, How love must be, hath been, indeed, and is, And that we hold henceforth to the uttermost.

Such prize despite the envy of the world, And having gained truth, keep truth; that is all.—Browning.

O river of To-morrow, I uplift Mine eyes and these I follow as the night Wanes into morning, and the dawning light Broadens, and all the shadows fade and shift.

I follow, follow; sure to meet the sun And confident that what the future yields Will be the right unless myself be wrong.

Regrets and recollections of things past, With hints and prophecies of things to be And inspirations which, could they be things

AN stay with us, we could hold them fast, Were our good angels—this I owe to thee.—Longfellow.

Do we believe, then, that God gave us in mockery this splendid faculty of sympathy with things that are a joy forever? For my part, I believe that the love of study of the works of imagination is of practical utility in a country so profoundly material (or, as we call it, practical) in its leading tendencies as ours.

Do all rich men know how to be rich? He does not know how to do anything who does that thing so that he brings it to its worst and not its best results.

I say of a man that he does not know how to swim when the water takes possession of him and drowns him in itself. So I say that a man does not know how to be rich, when his money makes him its slave and turns him into a coarseness like itself, instead of being elevated and refined by the commanding spirituality of the human soul.—Phillips Brooks.

We must "look forward and not backward"; we must learn the grace of self-forgiveness. If we sit and brood over our weaknesses, over the waywardness and the wanderings of heart and life that have made our paths so crooked—if we dwell on our mistakes, follies and sins—all strength will go out of us, and we shall sink into a bottomless abyss of despair.—Charles G. Adams.

Men may boast of their great actions; but they are oftener the effect of chance than design.—Rochefoucauld.

We may go and fancy that everybody is thinking of us. But he is not; he is like us,—he is thinking of himself.—Charles Reade.

Poverty: The wicked man's tempter, the good man's perdition, the proud man's curse, the melancholy man's halter.—Bulwer-Lytton.

As oaks sprout up where pine woods have been burned, so great resolves spring up when youthful passions have been burned out, or when the ceasing of overshadowing cares lets in the sunshine upon the buried seed.—Longfellow.

A cheerful temper joined with innocence will make beauty attractive, knowledge delightful and good natured. It will lighten sickness, poverty, affliction; convert ignorance into amiable simplicity, and render even deformity agreeable.

It is not the brilliant, but the simple, strong, restful men and women that make the best travelling companions for the road of life—the men and women who will only laugh as they put up the umbrella when the rain begins to fall, who will trudge along cheerfully through the mud and over stony places—the comrades who will lay their firm hand on ours and strengthen us when the way is dark and we are growing weak—the evergreen men and women who, like the holly, are at their brightest and best when the blast grows chilliest.

Home Without a Mother.

The room's in disorder, The cat's on the table, The flower stand upset and the mischief to pay; And Johnny's is screaming As loud as he's able, For nothing goes right when mamma's away.

What a scene of discomfort and confusion home would be if mamma did not return. If your wife is slowly breaking down, from a combination of domestic cares and female disorders, make it your first business to restore her health. Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription is without a peer as a remedy for feeble and debilitated women, and is the only medicine for the class of maladies known as female diseases which is sold under a positive guarantee from the manufacturers that it will give satisfaction, or the money will be refunded. It is a positive cure for the most complicated cases of womb troubles.

Brain Catches a Thief.

An organ grinder who was travelling through the country accompanied by a tame bear which he had trained to dance, stopped before a farmer's house late one afternoon, and after amusing the family with his performance obtained permission to stay all night. The bear was placed in the barn for safe keeping. During the night the family were alarmed by a terrible noise in the barn. Some one was screaming and shouting "Murder! Help!" and apparently engaged in a struggle for life.

The farmer hastened to the spot, followed by the organ grinder and other inmates of the house, and found the tame bear with a man in his embrace, hugging him tightly, while the poor fellow struggled frantically to escape.

The bear was muzzled and could do the man no serious injury, though he was far from being comfortably situated. From examination it proved to be a dishonest butcher, who had come to the barn to steal a fine calf. In the darkness he had stumbled over bruin, who had seized him and held him fast.

The organ grinder learning how matters stood called out, "Hug him, Jack," and the bear enjoying the sport continued to squeeze him unmercifully, until the farmer thought he had been sufficiently punished, when he was released. The story soon spread abroad and the butcher left the town to escape the ridicule to which it subjected him.—London Ex.

Big Problem, Isn't It?

Canon Zinche says that in the year 1990 there will be 800,000,000 people living in the United States. The Canon is said to be a great authority on this subject, but his estimate seems very high. Taking the whole continent and estimating upon a twenty per cent. increase every decade, and this is not excessive, we find that a century from now there will be living in the United States and Canada 430,000,000 people. This vast multitude, if they live as we do now, will require 85,000,000 horses, 16,000,000 mules, 258,000,000 cattle, 360,000,000 sheep, and 400,000,000 swine, and to feed themselves, their flocks and herds, will lay under tribute over 2,000,000,000 (two thousand million) acres of land. Now there is not that much arable and pastoral land in the whole of North America, or anything like as much and if there were it could not be utilized, because unless a large area is left in forest our rivers will dry up, and we must have wood for a thousand purposes. The available arable and pastoral area on the continent is about 800,000,000 acres or two-fifths of what will be wanted in 1990.

Big problem isn't it, to puzzle out how our great grand-children are going to get along, and lucky for us we don't have to solve the puzzle.

Seventy Lives Lost.

LONDON, March 12.—A foreign steamship, the name of which is unknown, was wrecked off Start Point, near Dartmouth, Devonshire, Eng., during the recent blizzard. All the crew and passengers were drowned.

The British ship Dyrad, Capt. Thomas, bound from Shields for Valparaiso, was also wrecked off Start Point. Her crew consisting of 24 men and officers were drowned. The Dyrad was an iron vessel of 1035 tons burden, built at Liverpool and owned by J. B. Walmesley of that city. Among schooners lost off Start Point were the Lunedale, four of her crew drowned, and the Lizzie Ellen, together with two of her crew. It is already known that at least 70 lives were lost off the coast during the blizzard, and at least 10 men perished from the cold and exposure after reaching the shore.

It is feared the list of wrecks and the record of lives lost is far from complete, as several vessels are known to be missing.

Many points inland where the storm was most severely felt are still isolated from the surrounding country. On some of the railroads the snow is twelve feet deep and frozen into an almost solid mass. The loss to farm stock is enormous, and will entail much suffering among the farmers. The water mains at Plymouth are snowed up, and a water famine is feared.

Not so Bad.

Those Aroostook fellows can extract something bright from what most people would consider gloomy situations. Here is the Pioneer, for instance, actually congratulating itself on the fact that the snow is but eight and ten feet deep up there. It says: But when we compare the inconveniences and hardships of our winters with other parts of the country where six to ten inches of "stickey mud" is not unusual at this season of the year, or to localities suffering from floods, we should feel content to remain in Aroostook.

Clifton Election Notes.

Election day is now counted among the things of the past. The morning was gloomy but the storm kept off till evening giving the electors a good opportunity to present themselves at the polls. By nine o'clock crowds were gathering from all directions. In the early part of the day the "opposition party" were quite sanguine but as the day closed their spirits waned notwithstanding the canvassing and able address of the few which did not influence the electors in the upper parish of New Brandon.

About 11 all were agreeably surprised by the appearance at the polls of Mr. J. Sivewright, of Bathurst, a supporter of the elected candidate. However his stay was limited as he had to return to vote—a distance of 16 miles.

Now that the battle has been fought and won, it is amusing that some of the opponents would like to step over and appear on the winning side. But the greater number of the electors are not easily swayed but hold firmly to the side they adopt. Mr. Burns has reason to be proud of the friends who so strongly supported him all over the county.

The election was conducted quietly, few having indulged in intoxicating liquors. The young men all being sober. Thus showing the good that is being done by the Sons of Temperance in this community.

When the polls were closed the electors patiently waited the report of the returning officer—Mr. K. F. Burns 120, Mr. Landry 22. They then went to the nearest telegraph office to hear the report of the other parishes. Satisfied that Mr. Burns was returned with a majority of almost 400, each returned to his respective home feeling glad that he had done his duty.

THE REVIEW's course was much admired throughout the campaign.

Franklin's Practicality.

In his new discovery, Franklin immediately saw the means for producing something "of use to mankind," which, as he had written to Collinson in April, 1749, he was "chagrined a little" that he had hitherto been unable to do. His speedy invention of the lightning-rod gave to the world the only apparatus directly applicable to the service of man that has ever yet been devised for utilizing or controlling any one of the forms of electricity known to Franklin and his contemporaries. In the haste of the philosopher to make his discovery serve a practical end, we recognize the man, Franklin—the man who exhibited in so many ways the characteristics of a later time,—the nineteenth century American. Scientist and engineer, literary man and journalist, philosopher and man of affairs, Franklin was by nature what society and the growth of the great newspapers, and the stimulating rewards of the patent system made so many of his successors. Franklin's discussions of the single fluid theory of electricity and his whole writing upon the subject of his electrical labors show that he possessed in a large degree the scientific mind. But he also had the inventive faculty and the will to exercise it. The natural union of these attributes is not so common as might seem to one of our generation. The modern way of life tempts every scientific searcher to turn his laboratory into a workshop, just as the allurements of journalism tempt the majority of the poets and historians away from their natural callings.—New England Magazine for March.

The Springhill Explosion.

The verdict of the jury that has been investigating the Springhill explosion is as follows:—

The jury do say, upon their oath, that the late John Connor, and others came to their death by an explosion which originated in No. 3 bord of No. 7 balance, in the west side of the east slope, on the 21st February, 1891; they further believe said explosion was caused by the flame from a shot fired in said bord igniting the coal dust and a certain amount of gas that might have been present at the time; they also believe there was an unusual flame from said shot, owing to a slip in the stone; they believe the explosion was accidental, that no blame is attached to the management, and that they have taken every precaution for the safety of their workmen.

The jurors make the following recommendations: First, that in future where safety lamps are used and in very dusty places powder should not be allowed; second, they recommend that in gaseous portions of the mine before the men resume work after dinner, the places should be examined by competent officials; third, they recommend the procurement for the deputy inspector of the mines a Shaw machine for testing gas.

How long does a widower mourn for his wife? For a second.

Stanley's Greater Achievement.

Livingstone did more, perhaps, than any other single man to fill up the blank which he found on the map of Africa at the beginning of his 20 years wanderings; but he died and left unsolved the mystery of that mile wide river that swept away northward past Nyangwe. The next white man that found himself standing on the banks of the mysterious river at Nyangwe and wondering where it went to after it disappeared among the primeval forests, was Commander Cameron. Not long after Cameron, in October, 1876 Henry Stanley and his mongrel band of dusky and faithful followers found themselves face to face with the great problem at this same Nyangwe. Stanley was not the man to turn aside from such a magnificent problem, the one great mystery that now remained for solution in the Dark Continent. Readers of his book remember the dramatic scene in the hut with his one white companion, poor Frank Pocock. Six times they tossed the rope, heads for the north and tails for the south, and six times it turned up tails for the south; with short and long straws they were equally unfortunate. "It is of no use Frank, we will face our destiny in spite of the coin and straws. With your help, my dear fellow, I will follow the river. We all know the result." In eight months after leaving Nyangwe, Stanley had been able to trace down to the Atlantic the course of the greatest rivers of the world, to place upon the map of Africa its most striking feature; a river which is certainly destined to play a great part in the development of whatever resources central Africa is able to produce.—Scribner's Magazine.

The Canadian Live Stock and Farm Journal.

The March issue of The Canadian Live Stock and Farm Journal, published by the J. E. Bryant Co., No. 58 Bay St., Toronto, should be read by all persons connected with agriculture. It contains timely papers on horse raising, selection of boars, Clydesdales in 1870, Holsteins as a dairy cow, and others of equal interest at this season of the year. Prof. Shaw, in his "Pure Breeds of Cattle," commences the history of the Hereford Breed. Prof. Craig, of Wisconsin University, contributes a valuable paper on the benefits of milk testing. The counsel table is devoted to a discussion as to the best method of hog raising to suit the present market; and the number is embellished by an engraving of a handsome group of Shorthorn cattle, the property of Mr. W. C. Edwards, of Rockland, Ont.; and also by an engraving of Kelvin Grove, the Sweepstakes Medal Farm, Ontario.

Foretelling Storms.

The telephone is about to have a new application—that of foretelling storms. A new discovery has been made as to one of the properties of this means of transmitting sound. By placing two iron bars at seven or eight meters, distance from each other, and then putting them in communication at one side by a copper wire covered with rubber, and on the other side with a telephone, a storm can be predicted at least 12 hours ahead by a dead sound heard in the receiver. According as the storm advances the sound resembles the beating of large hailstones against the windows. Every flash of lightning and, of course, every clap of thunder that accompanies the storm produce a shock similar to that of the stroke of a stone cast between the diaphragm and the instrument.

Hardwick Joyful.

Good news! Good news! is the order of the day. The loyal sons of Canada have triumphed. New Brunswick has done nobly. New Brunswick has done nobly, including old Northumberland. Even in little Hardwick was found 70 good men and true who went in for the glorious old flag that has braved a thousand years the battle and the breeze.

Hardwick, too, has men who said by their votes on the 6th March we want the old flag no longer, even if our fathers were fools enough to march to Fredericton on snow shoes in the winter of '37 to offer their services in defence of flag and country. This is sad to write. Unworthy sons of noble sires.

We are to have the breakwater and railway. Every one is delighted (even the grits). You may rely on your correspondent keeping the readers of THE REVIEW posted on this railway and breakwater question, in the meantime I hope the people of Kent have not neglected to get promises and pledges to have their railway extended to meet our road. This would be GOOD NEWS.

Hymen is represented with a torch on account of the tortuous ways of matrimony.

ALL SORTS.

What reason did a widow give for marrying a second time? The Bible said the widow's mite.

One of the problems which puzzle a musician is how to strike a bee flat without getting stung by its demisemiquaver.

There be men who would willingly search the Scriptures if they thought they could find anything to steal in them.

Mrs. Homespun, who has had a terrible time every morning to get her young brood out of their beds, says she cannot understand why children are called the rising generation.

"When I have a cold in my head," said a gentleman apologetically, "I am always stupid." "I have never seen him when he hadn't just such a cold," whispered a third party in an aside.

A man is always a fool. If he be young, the world says, when he is older, he will know more; if he be older, it says, he is old enough to know better; and when he is old, it says, there is no kind of a fool like an old fool.

A modern philosopher thinks it is a mistake to suppose that women have stronger attachments than men. A man is often attached to an old hat; but he asks, "Who ever heard of a woman being attached to an old bonnet?"

A young lady, just home from boarding-school, on being told by a servant that they had no gooseberries, exclaimed: "Why, what has happened to the goose?"

"Ma, are you going to give me another piece of pie?" Ma: "What do you want to know for?" Jeanette: "Because, if you ain't, I want to eat this piece slowly."

"What are 'sealed proposals,' Tom?" Archly asked a bright-eyed miss, Whose mouth, upturned, like a rosebud sweet, Seemed asking for a kiss.

"Why, Fanny dear, I'll illustrate. 'Tis plain as a,b,c. Give me your hand—you have my heart— And now * * * 'tis sealed. You see?"

Why, my dear asked a governess of her little charge, "do we pray for our 'daily bread?' Why don't we ask for four or five days' or a week's?" "Because we want it fresh replied the ingenious child.

A country paper says that one minister in the locality recently said to another, "I came near selling my boots to-day." The other marvelled, and made the brief but sage remark, "Ah!" Then, seeing that further comment was expected, asked, "How was that?" "Oh, I had them half soled!" replied his friend.

A lady, about to marry a man who was very low in stature, was told that he was a very bad fellow. "Well" said she, "if he is bad there is one comfort—there is very little of him!"

A., in astonishment: "I say, your top-coat is covered with dirt!" B., calmly: "It fell into the gutter as I was coming home from the club last night." A., in surprise: "Why didn't you keep better hold of it?" B., still calmly: Because I had it on at the time."

At a Parisian restaurant the waiter was adding up the items of consumption of one of the guests as follows—"Bread twenty five centimes; wine, three francs; radishes, thirty centimes; butter—Did monsieur have any butter? "No, no butter," and the waiter serenely continued, "No butter; fifty centimes."

The flowing reporter who wrote, with reference to a well-known belle: "Her dainty feet are incased in shoes that might be taken for fairy boots," tied up his wardrobe in a hankerchief and left for parts unknown when it appeared the next morning: Her dirty feet were incased in shoes that might be taken for ferry-boats."

A boy from Honey Lake Valley, for the first time in his life saw a military company out for drill, in Virginia City, with the fife and drum, gave his mother the following account of the business: "A little man blowed on his squealin'-stick and a big man stood beside him and hampered on his thunder box; then the boss man pulled out a big long knife and shook it at the fellers what was standin' up in a long row, and they walked off on two legs."

Nothing so takes the conceit out of the average man as to order his paper discontinued, and then see the editor going along and getting rich without him.

George got his papa's fishpole For a sunny Sabbath day. His return will be the signal For a woodshed matinee.

No one knows who invented the fashion in society of turning down the corner of a visiting card; but the fashion of turning down the corner of a street was first thought of by the man who owed a small bill to the tradesman he saw coming.

THE WORLD OVER.

A vote of £136,000 for light railways in Ireland was adopted in the commons at London last night.

Monte Carlo has been startled by the sudden death at a gambling table of an English physician, Dr. Zegat, who has been winning enormous sums. The cause of death was apoplexy.

James Fenton, charged with wrecking an I. C. R. train in September last, by placing sleepers on the rail, was tried Wednesday at Moncton, and the jury returned a verdict that he is an imbecile and incapable of judging right from wrong.

Many explosions in flouring mills are said to have been caused by electricity generated by belts. Ordinary belts are found to generate a strong current of electricity.

The rose gardens around Paris have been ruined by the severe winter. They gave employment to 6,000 persons, and will no doubt be replanted.

A severe frost has set in all over England as a sequence to the recent terrible and destructive blizzard. The frost greatly hinders the clearing of the railroad lines.

There is comfort for the man with a prematurely gray beard in Buckingham's Dye, because it never fails to color an even brown or black as may be desired.

A Cincinnati bought a small house and engaged a laborer to tear part of it down so that alterations could be made. The man got his directions mixed and began operations on a building across the street. He had got the roof off before the blunder was discovered.

"Ayer's Medicines have been satisfactory to me throughout my practices especially Ayer's Cherry Pectoral, which has been used by many of my patients, one of whom says he knows it saved his life."—F. L. Morris, M. D., Brooklyn, N. Y.

Each season has its own peculiar malady; but with the blood maintained in a state of uniform vigor and purity by the use of Ayer's Sarsaparilla little danger need be feared from meteorological influences. No other blood medicine is so safe and effective.

A block of old wooden buildings in the Chinese quarter of Victoria, B. C., has been burned by order of the city council to make room for new buildings. The fire method of removal was adopted to prevent danger of sickness from filth.

Mrs. O. C. Hansen, of Pelican Rapids, Minn., hanged her infant on the hinge of a door, then drove a nail above the door and hanged herself to it with a stout cord. No cause is known for the crime.

Lots of household effects belonging to families moving back to St. John and the province from the United States continue to come in on the International Company's steamers nearly every trip.

One day last week, as a young son of Mr. Flockton of Campobello, was coasting at that place, by some mischance he caught the little finger of his right hand in a loop of iron well frozen on the ice, which tore the finger entirely from his hand.

The Panama Canal is now actually a thing of the past, and nature will soon obliterate all traces of the vast amount of time, energy and money expended on the attempt to construct it. Reports say that recent heavy rains have caused vast slides into the canal, from the hillsides near Obispo, and the canal excavation at Circaracha is entirely filled up.

William Ferguson, his son-in-law and grand-daughter were poisoned with arsenic placed in the coffee pot last Friday night, at Mount Sterling, Kentucky. The two former have died. The girl is in a critical condition. John Wigginton and his four sons were arrested last night charged with the crime. One of them has confessed. The trouble arose through a misunderstanding in a financial transaction, the Wiggintons claiming Watts owed them \$17. The latter denied owing them any money.

A Cumberland County man of rather slow wits engaged a lot of pine timber to a certain mill man during the winter. Sliding had nearly gone but the timber didn't show up. The mill man met the delinquent contractor and asked when he was going to get that pine. "Wall the truth is, Charles, I sold that timber to Berry." "Sold it to Berry," cried the mill man. "What did you do that for, did he give you more than I offered?" "No, he didn't give me quite so much, Charles, but I think his judgment is a leetle better'n your'n."

A druggist sent his Irish porter into a darkened cellar. Soon after, hearing a noise, he went to the opening, and called out: "Patrick keep your eyes skinned!" "Och! divil an eye," roared Pat; "but it's me nose that's skint entirely."