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Things that Never Die. The pure, the bright, the beautiful, That stirred our hearts in youth; The impulse to a wordless prayer, The dreams of love and truth; The longing after something lost, The spirit's yearning cry, The striving after better hopes— These things can never die.

The timid hand stretched forth to aid A brother in his need; The kindly word in grief's dark hour, That proves a friend indeed— The plea for mercy softly breathed, When justice threatens high, The sorrow of a contrite heart— These things can never die.

The cruel and the bitter word That wounded as it fell, The willing wants of sympathy— We feel but never tell— The hard repulse that chills the heart, Whose hopes are bounding high, In an unflinching record kept— These things shall never die.

Let nothing pass, for every hand Must find some work to do; Lose not a chance to waken love— Be firm and just and true. So shall a light that cannot fade Beam on thee from on high, And angel's voices say to thee, These things shall never die.

Three Famous Old Maids

It is a curious fact that three of the most successful and eminent literary women in England, Miss Austen, Miss Edgeworth, and Miss Mitford—should have been typical old maids; not only unmarried through stress of intervening circumstances—ill health, early disappointment, or a self-sacrificing devotion to other causes—but women whose lives were rounded and completed without that element which we are taught to believe is the mainspring and prime motor of existence. To understand how thoroughly this was the case, we have but to turn to a later and very different writer, Charlotte Bronte, who married when she was thirty-eight, and died one year afterward, and whose whole life was accordingly passed in spinsterhood. Yet if that very grave and respected gentleman, Rev. Mr. Nicholls, had never appeared upon the scene at all, it would not have been impossible to call Miss Bronte a typical old maid. She had the outward signs of one, indeed the prim demeanor, the methodical habits, the sarcastic attitude towards the male sex; but burning in every fibre of her being, and evident in every page of her writings, is that fierce unrest that inarticulate distress—full longing of a woman who craves a mate. We can easily imagine Elizabeth Bennett and the very sensible Elinor Dashwood, and even Emma Woodhouse, dearest and brightest of girls, slipping from their lovers' grasp and growing into old maids as charming as Miss Austen herself; but poor plain Jane Eyre, and the insignificant little school mistress, Lucy Snowe, are shaken and consumed with the passion of their own desires. Such women cannot walk from the cradle to the grave, handling their lives with delicate satisfaction and content; they must find what they need or die.

It is amusing to note how the various critics and biographers of Miss Austen, Miss Edgeworth, and Miss Mitford have debated and fretted over the painful lack of romance in their careers. Feminine critics, especially find it difficult to believe that there is no hidden tale to tell, no secret and justifiable cause for this otherwise inexplicable behavior; and much time and patience have been exhausted in dragging shadowy memories to light.—Agnes Repplier in Lippincott's

A Monstrous Freak of Nature.

I saw, says Bartholinus, the traveller first at Hafna and afterwards at Basil, one Lazarus Colledo, a Genoese of about 28 years of age, who was the most oddly malformed creature I have ever had the good fortune to meet. This Lazarus had a little brother growing at his breast, who was in that position born with him. His left foot alone hung downward. He had two arms but only three fingers upon each hand. He could move his hands, ears, and lips, and had a little beating at the heart. This little creature is nourished by what the greater eats and drinks; has distinct vital parts, sleeps, sweats, and moves. Both of these creatures received names at baptism, the larger the name of Lazarus, the smaller that of Baptista. Baptista has his eyes shut the major part of the time: his breath is very faint, so that holding a downy feather at his mouth it scarcely moves. His mouth is usually open; his head is larger than that of his brother who is doomed to carry him on his bosom as long as both live; his face is in an upright posture; both have beards; that of the larger being well kept. Lazarus is a man of full stature, courteous deportment, and goes elegantly attired. The brother that nature has fastened to his breast is only 28 inches in length, the major portion of which is head. Lazarus covers the body of the creature with

his cloak; nor would you think that a monster was wrapped in its folds unless you knew their awful story. A fear that Baptista will die and also cause his death makes Lazarus sollicitous regarding his brother's welfare.

A Hidden Well in the Middle of a Street.

The Charlottetown Patriot says: This morning while a young man named Sullivan was leading a colt belonging to his father, Mr. Andrew Sullivan, down Pownal street, the hind legs of the animal suddenly disappeared and the young man had all he could do to keep the colt from following its limbs. Mr. Murray examined the place which is in the middle of the street, and found quite a hole, down which he pushed a broom handle, failing to reach the bottom. He then threw a stone down, and after some seconds heard it strike water. Thinking that the place must be a covered well, Mr. Murray with some assistance removed the earth for a space of about six or eight feet in diameter and the same distance deep, when they struck a number of thick planks. On removing some of these, a well nearly fifty feet in depth with about 15 feet of water in it, and some twelve feet in circumference was exposed to view. The walls are of stone excellently laid, otherwise the well resembles an ordinary one. To-day numbers of people visited it, but none could offer any information regarding its origin. Surveyor Thomas Lynch, one of the oldest inhabitants of this city, and who has lived within a stone's throw of the place for the last sixty years, cannot remember of any well being where this one is. Wm. Murray, baker, has resided within fifty feet of the spot for the last forty years, and he can throw no light on the matter. Others living in that vicinity can give no information, and it is supposed that the well existed at the time the French occupied the Island. Collector of Customs Currie says that there is a tradition that a man-of-war came into the harbor at the time of the French occupancy and filled their drinking casks. It is a miracle that some person did not fall into it, as people are continually stepping off the crossing to allow another to pass.

A Murderous Fight.

A murderous fight, the result of a long feud between two Italian women, Mrs. Jessu Gallo and Mrs. Congette Vallone, occurred lately in a State street tenement house, Chicago. Mrs. Gallo sent a message to Mrs. Vallone inviting her to call and settle matters amicably. Mrs. Vallone on arriving, was cordially greeted, but while she was taking off her shawl and hat Mrs. Gallo locked the door, went to a closet and secured a large butcher knife, the edge of which was as keen as a razor. She then informed Mrs. Vallone that she had invited her to her apartments for the purpose of settling the trouble in true Italian fashion, and proceeded to carve her according to the rules and regulations of the Mafia. Mrs. Vallone shrieked for help and endeavored to make her escape, but her frenzied assailant pitilessly bore her down upon the floor. Fourteen times the Gallo woman plunged the keen blade into her victim's face, neck and body, and only desisted from mere exhaustion. The police at this juncture broke open the door. In one corner of the room lay the unconscious body of Mrs. Vallone, blood pouring in torrents from her wounds. Furniture was overturned and broken, and the walls and ceiling were spattered with blood. In another corner, panting with the exertion she had undergone, crouched Mrs. Gallo, the bloody knife tightly clinched in her hand and a wild look in her eyes. As the officers approached she rushed upon them. A fierce struggle ensued for the possession of the knife, but the woman was overpowered and the victim taken to an hospital. Mrs. Vallone cannot recover.

The peculiarity of the American system of "popular" Government is curiously illustrated in Rhode Island, where Davis, the Democratic candidate for Governor, received 1,254 more votes than Ladd, his Republican opponent. Owing to there being a third candidate, however, he did not receive a majority of the votes polled, and therefore, under the constitution of the State the choice of Governor falls on the Legislature. Now it so happens that on a joint ballot the Legislature has a Republican majority of one, and Ladd who ran 1,254 votes behind his opponent, will be elected Governor. The Republicans will also be able to elect a United States Senator to succeed Aldrich. This may be the American idea of carrying out the will of the people, but it seems to us that our Canadian system of declaring elected the man who polls the highest number of votes comes a great deal nearer to popular Government.—Ottawa Citizen.

Clifton.

APRIL 18, 1891.—The weather continues fine. The snow is going away rapidly. The farmers are looking forward to an early spring. The roads are very bad owing to the abundance of mud and the scarcity of snow. The Caraquez line, which has been closed for six weeks with snow and ice, is being re-opened. And we anticipate the reappearance of "the train" in about a week.

Gloucester Division S. of T. installed their officers for the present quarter as follows:—H. Scott, W. P.; H. Good, W. A.; H. Hornbrook, R. S.; Miss Ida Breckenrigg, A. R. S.; Miss Minnie Edger, F. S.; J. Dealy, T.; Robt. Hickson, Chaplin; Robt. Payne, Cond.; Miss Annie Good, A. Cond.; Robt. Good, I. S.; Frank Comeau, O. S.; R. W. Dealy, P. W. P.

Tuesday, 17th inst., Gloucester District Division met at "North Star" Division hall, Salmon Beach. All the Divisions in the County were largely represented. In the evening the doors were thrown open to the public. There was a good attendance. A fine programme had been gotten up and well rendered. Among the speakers of the evening was the Rev. Jas. Rosborough, of Tabusintac, who gave a telling address on the "Scott Act" and its effects. All were satisfied that the good done by the C. T. A. far overbalanced its supposed evils.

Mr. Robt. Hickson, the enumerator for the parish of New Brandon, is taking the census. Inspector Mercereau is again on the "war path." He has visited the schools in this parish and is in Caraquez this week.

Chatham.

APRIL 18, 1891.—The snow has nearly all gone in town and we have dry sidewalks again, though there is still plenty snow in the country.

The pilots are busy preparing their schooners for the season's work, and our steamboat men are busy with paint brush, etc., preparing for the early opening of navigation.

House cleaning is being largely indulged in, and look where you will, you will see all the members of the female persuasion even our society belles, practising the use of the mop or the scrubbing-brush, an exercise, by the way, that not only makes the house more healthful, because clean, but also makes the operator more healthy, or at least more muscular, if not indulged in to excess.

While householders generally are trying to make their buildings clean and more presentable it strikes the writer that our street commissioner would have done a wise thing had he removed not only the dirt from the crossings, but the manure from the streets before the snow had all melted and allowed it to mix up with the earth thus making a little more mud in the first instance and when that dries up more dust to annoy the aforesaid householders, and send forth an effluvia not very pleasant nor conducive to the health of the community.

La grippe has struck town, in a somewhat mild form however.

P. C. Johnson, who with his wife have hitherto been boarding, have gone to housekeeping on their own account, and has also gone into business, and opened a tobacco and confectionery store in the east end of the Fraser building on Water street, which he has fitted up nicely. We wish him success in both undertakings.

LE JEUNE.

Bathurst.

April 18, 1891.—The date of the calico ball, I am told, is fixed for the 21st. I notice an unusual flutter of excitement among the ladies, so I suppose some stunning effects in calico costumes may be looked for.

The ice on the harbor is rapidly breaking up and the river will be open, probably, within the next week.

Mr. John Sivewright is taking a well-earned vacation, and is at present in Washington. I am informed that he will be absent only two weeks, and indeed everybody seems to think that time too long. As a popular business man, Mr. Sivewright ranks prominently, and we can ill afford to spare him, even a very short time, away.

The times in business circles are looking somewhat brighter, and prospects for a fairly prosperous summer are not unfavorable.

It is not to be wondered at the Bathurst young men as a class are such a jovial healthy looking lot, for they take plenty of exercise in the shape of good long walks. I notice that their favorite "line of march" is across one bridge and back by the other and they travel at a rate that would lead an observer to believe that their lives or

reputations depended upon their covering a given number of yards in a given space of time.

A number of the members of the Temperance Division drove to Clifton last week to attend a seance given by the S. of T. in that place. They report a pleasant evening and a very enjoyable entertainment.

Miss Josie Burns, I see, is home from New York after an absence of six or seven months. We have missed her bright face from among us all winter, and are delighted to have her back again.

PAUL VASHER

Escuminac Point.

APRIL 20, 1891.—The severity of the past few months is giving way to more genial weather.

Preparations for the coming fishing trade are booming. We are having several new factories put in motion. Mr. Michael Guimond has purchased the Herring Cove factory and is pushing ahead rapidly. Mr. Andrew Goinet, of Point Sapin, is building two very fine boats, and W. S. Loggie, of Chatham, is supplying him with other boats. Michael has been several times to Sapin hiring fishermen and packers. It is also said he has other intentions in that locality.

Mr. James Edgar is to be found at the old Sinclair & Jack stand in the interest of W. S. Loggie. He is quite delighted with having in his employ one in whose veins flows the blue blood of royalty, and who can trace his descent and lineage from King David.

Mr. Ambrose Williston, we are happy to say, is out again. He is not looking as well as we would wish, having not fully recovered from an attack of la grippe. Some are cruel enough to say it is purely a love sickness, and as time rolls by he will be as hale and hearty as of yore.

Messrs. A. & R. Loggie are down in full force, but we miss the familiar face of our highly respected friend, Mr. Robert McEwen, who died last winter. He was foreman for Messrs. Loggie for eight or ten years.

Michael Bransfield, Esq., ex-councillor, etc., is engaged taking the census. It is quite interesting and somewhat amusing to see him as he goes through the eight different schedules, lecturing and explaining as he goes through his work. We hope the enumerators in the upper portion of this parish will perform their work with as little friction.

Simon J. Mazerolle, of Point Sapin, is starting a lobster packing establishment; he is making preparations for four boats. Mr. Wm. Myers is building the boats.

W. S. Loggie's factory at Sapin will curtail operations considerably.

Mr. O'Leary will run four boats. Three of his most ingenious fishermen have invented a new trap. They would have applied for a patent only upon a close examination it was discovered there was an infringement on the T. R. McIntosh trap.

Sapin's old tar, Capt John, is busy as a nailer building and repairing boats—having had boats hauled some twenty miles in order that they would get a proper overhauling.

Mr. Goinet is building four large boats for W. S. Loggie, of Chatham, they are intended for cod and mackerel fishing.

Mr. Wm. Myers is building three fine boats for P. Loggie, Esq., of Richibucto.

We notice Wm. I. Kelley, who has been living at the Pinear Settlement for eight years past, has removed to Point Escuminac. Yours, X.

Cocagne.

April 18th.—We regret referring to the death of Bliss LeBlanc, which took place on Thursday, the 9th inst., at the residence of his father, Mr. Edward LeBlanc, of Cocagne River. Mr. and Mrs. LeBlanc have the sympathy of the entire community in their sad bereavement.

Messrs. Robert J. Dysart and Langton Cutter of Buctouche Company No. 1 of the 73rd Battalion of Infantry, left here to attend the Royal Infantry school at Fredericton.

Mr. Joseph Robichaud, of Boston, Mass., has been here for the past fortnight visiting friends and relatives.

I am pleased to state that Mrs. Elzear Bilodeau is recovering from her recent illness under the skillful treatment of Dr. Belliveau, of Shediac.

Mr. Bliss Cutter, of Amherst, has been here spending a few days with his many friends.

Mr. James Connors, of Tidnish, is here visiting his sister, Mr. Edgar Lucas.

Mrs. William Hayes, of Dorchester, is visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. James Killian.

Owing to the warm weather of the last few days the ice on the harbor is fast melting away.

DIXIE.

THE WORLD OVER.

Alex. Foote, a negro, was taken from jail and lynched at Princeton, Va., on Sunday night.

Five hundred funerals in New York, Sunday, and many had to be postponed, the undertakers were so busy. La grippe.

In New York, Monday morning, Louis Wilhelm, delirious from an attack of grip, threw himself from a fifth story window, and was mangled on the pavement. He died in an hour.

John D. Lewis, a negro lawyer of Philadelphia, died recently, leaving behind him quite a snug little fortune. The probate value of his estate is set down at \$100,000. The deceased was a Canadian, but for a good many years lived in Philadelphia, where he most successfully practised his profession.

For nearly half a century Ayer's Cherry Pectoral has been the most popular cough remedy in the world. The constantly increasing demand for this remedy proves it to be the very best specific for colds, coughs, and all diseases of the throat and lungs.—Adv't.

D. J. Nickerson, book agent in the employ of S. F. Collier, St. John, N. B., and belonging to Mary Joseph, Guysborough Co., N. S., has been missing since Feb. 6th last, when he left Bridgewater, N. S., on foot for New Germany, and at which place he did not arrive.

A child three years old has been carried off near Trencsin, in Hungary, by an eagle in sight of the child's parents. The father, who is a railway servant, was giving the signal to an approaching train, and the child was left alone for a moment. The eagle seized it and disappeared with its prey into the clouds.

A curious feature of the grip epidemic in New York is the tendency to suicide which it appears to have developed, seven having been reported within a week, due directly to the grip's delirium, and three of these suicides threw themselves out of the window.

Wm. Doherty, a native of New Ireland, A. County, was found dead in a field near Albert on Thursday. He had been missing two weeks. It is supposed he died from exposure while under the influence of liquor. He was 50 years of age and unmarried. He was a carpenter and was known all over the county.

The big Barnum and Bailey show, now exhibiting in New York, will go on as usual. The capital is \$3,500,000, equally invested by the late P. T. Barnum, and Mr. Bailey. By agreement the great showman's grandson succeeds him in the show business. Barnum leaves an estate estimated to be worth five millions.

For Henry M. Stanley's series of 110 lectures, just completed, to American audiences, the average nightly receipts of the box office were \$2,780, or \$305,800 for the series. "In all my explorations in Africa I have travelled 25,000 miles," said Mr. Stanley. "On this lecture tour I have beaten that record by more than 2,000 miles." Mr. Stanley, his wife and party have sailed for England.

The English people are "running wild," and very justly so, over the forthcoming naval exhibition. Sir William Armstrong's firm is to send a 100-ton gun with turret mounting, and another heavy gun mounted in orbette. One of the galleries will be arranged to represent a section of an iron-clad in which an auxiliary battery with six-inch and quick-firing guns will be shown. An exact model of the Eddystone has been reared in the grounds. It will be 167 feet 6 inches high, its summit showing an electric light said to be of five million candle power. It is upon Chance's system, and will be the most powerful light in the world. Torpedos and marine mining exhibits will be displayed in one section, and in others diving apparatus, and materials used in the manufacture of guns and war ships.

It would seem to be time for the European nations to cry quits in the attempt to keep pace with one another in the race for supremacy of the ocean. The Army and Navy Gazette shows that the increase made in the British navy by doubling the modern ships has been met by a similar increase abroad, and when all of her new ships are completed England will be in precisely the same position relatively as in 1889. To the 68 battle ships of that date the Naval Defence act will by 1894 add 70 making a total of 138. Several foreign states namely, France, Germany, Italy, Russia, Austria, Spain, and the United States, are meanwhile adding 109 to their total of 107 in 1889, making in all 354 built or building. The total number of their battle ships, cruisers and torpedo gunboats now building are as follows:—England 70; Italy 24; Germany 21; France 19; United States 16; Russia 12; Spain 12; and Austria 5.

ALL SORTS.

A lazy man will always lie about the house.

Scissors-grinders are exceptions to the general rule. They are most prosperous when things are dull.

Fashionable ladies are not fond of hard work, and yet they know what a toilet is to dress for dinner.

No architect has ever yet built that step at the top of the stairs which your foot reaches around for when you go up stairs in the dark.

Inquisitive people are the funnels of conversation; they do not take in anything for their own use, but merely to pass it to another.

It is a fair stand-off. When young husbands cease to brag of their mother's cooking, newly-wed wives will have some encouragement to make their biscuits lighter.

A bright little girl, who had successfully spelled the word "that," was asked by her teacher what would remain after the "t" had been taken away. "The dirty cups and saucers," was the prompt reply.

The sand of the desert of Sahara is of a yellow color, and consists of about 90 per cent. of well-rounded quartz grains and 9 per cent. feldspar. Other minerals found in it, but in very small quantity, are chalk, clay, sylvite, magnetite, chromite, olivine, amphibole, and proxene.

Good manners are the blossom of good sense and good feeling. If the law of kindness be written in the heart, it will lead to that disinterestedness in both great and lit le things—that desire to oblige, and that attention to the gratification of others, which are the foundation of good manners.

A young lady in Vassar College claims that Phtholgyrrh should be pronounced Turner, and gives the following explanatory table:

Table with 2 columns: Phth (as in phthisic) is T, olo (as in colonel) is UR, gu (as in gnat) is N, yrrh (as in myrrh) is ER

The tin fields of New South Wales were not opened until 1873, but since that date tin and tin ore to the value of nearly \$45,000,000 has been taken from them and shipped from the colony. The ore has come mainly from alluvial deposits, but huge stanniferous dikes intersecting the granite country rock, which give much promise, have recently been discovered.

A shabby looking tramp was in the habit of calling at the office of a lawyer and receiving a small sum on account of former acquaintance. Last week the mendicant called as usual, but the lawyer said: "I can't assist you any longer, I've got a wife now and need all the money I can lay my hands on." "Well, now, that's just coming it a little too strong. Here you actually go and get married at my expense," responded the indignant tramp.

We're not waiting for the bats and moles but for men and women who have eyes and use them, who have brains and reason! There is a new world for them—suffering and sickly as they are—a new world created from the brain of a skilful physician—a discovery—the "Golden Medical Discovery."

Years ago Dr. Pierce found out that the secret of all scrofula, bronchial, throat and lung trouble lay—in the beginning at least—in impure blood and the weak tone of the system; that the way to cure these effects was to remove the cause, that human being nature the same the same results might be looked for in nearly all cases. So confident was he that the exceptions were uncommon that he took the risk of giving the medicine of those it didn't benefit for nothing.

And "Golden Medical Discovery" is the remedy for the million! The only guaranteed Liver, Blood and Lung remedy. Your money back if it doesn't help you.

Veils.

The first woman one meets wears a strip of net over her face and the net is dotted with jet beads. Behind her comes a woman whose veil is covered with little horseshoes. There advances a third whose face is hidden behind chenille wafers, with a lattice work of turquoise dots connecting them. One passes and lifts one's eyes to a veil that seems to be a tangle of spider webs with a spider in each, as life-like as possible. There are women who wear gray veils, but those are not universally becoming. There are women who cling to the crape of crimson net which makes them look quite as if they were badly rouged. Most veils come down to the chin. The average veil—it's an ill wind that puffs no bit of good luck into somebody's lap—is playing into the oculists' hands very nicely.