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Tommy Brown's Monkey.

BY OLARA AUGUSTA.

My name is Tommy Brown. I am 12 years old, and live in the village of Hill-bridge, N. H.

My papa is a good man and prays long prayers every morning; and Jim and Mollie and I get the biggest lumps of sugar out of the bowl while he's about it.

In a few minutes Aunt Maria came tripping along, with her hair screwed up in them leads, and the end of her nose tallered, because she's got cold sores on it.

Such a yell as came out of her you never heard! It was louder than Bates' steam mill whistle! And Skiptit with one leap, fastened on her back and held on;

The elder don't seem to take. He's over to Jones' a good deal, and it's my opinion he's after Sophia Jones, though she ain't more'n nineteen and wild as a colt.

Aunt Maria ain't never willing that us children shall have any fun. She's always talking about dying, and telling how we are bound for death and judgment;

I've got a dog named Fido, and two months ago Uncle Ben came home from the South Sea Islands, where they eat up the old folks, instead of keeping 'em and jawing 'em all the time for being in the way, as they do round here, and he brought me a monkey.

A regular live monkey, with a head just like a grown person's, and looks just like old Squire Sanborn's grandmother, which is one hundred years old.

His name is Skiptit, and he's ahead of anything you ever saw. As soon as he came Aunt Maria was down on him, because he put on her specs, and looked at himself in the glass, with his head dipped on one side and his mouth puckered up, just for all the world as she looks at herself.

I've got a playmate that I think a good deal of. He's a red headed boy named Ned Marlowe, but he can't help being red-headed. He's a brick, and his ma makes the best cookies in New Hampshire.

I and Ned set out to go a-fishing last Sunday, in Moon Pond. It's wicked to go a-fishing on Sundays, but fish always bite better that day than any other; and when I go to meeting I always draw pictures of Elder Coffin's nose in the hymn book, and get whipped for it when I get home.

Application will be made at the next meeting of the legislature of the province of New Brunswick for the passing of a bill to incorporate a company to build a line of railway from Weldford station on the Intercolonial railway to a point at or near to Grand Lake in Queens county with power to take lands, issue bonds and with all the necessary powers incident to railway construction and operation.

Of course Ned and I felt rather sour toward Aunt Maria. We owed her one, and we meant to pay her, too.

So one night we got Skiptit, and dressed him up in a suit of Ned's clothes, and put false moustaches and whiskers on him; and just before Aunt Maria went to bed we put him in her bed, and boxed his ears and told him to stay, or we'd whallop him.

She whisked into the room and shut the door, and went and stood before the glass, and smiled at herself and twisted her head on one side, and bowed to herself, and said, "How do you do Mrs. Elder Coffin?"

She never stopped for no ceremony, but down stairs she scooped, and right into the sitting room, where Deacon Swift and papa were reckoning up the church accounts, and the Deacon, who is a night-sighted man, and couldn't tell a broomstick from a flour barrel if it was four feet from the end of his nose, jumped to his feet with a shout, and made a dive for under the bed in mamma's bed room, and as he did so he mentioned the name of Old Harry, just as religious folks say it.

And Aunt Maria fell down in the high-stericks, and kicked Sister Fan's aquarium all to flinders before she came to. Strange to me what a woman that had been all her life looking for a man, should want to be skered to death for when she found a critter dressed in man's clothes right in her room.

Poor Skiptit! he quit Aunt Maria, and went and climbed up on the top of the tall eight day clock, and there he sat looking the very picture of despair. I expect he thought he had committed manslaughter.

Ned and I tried to get to bed out of the way, but papa headed us off. There was a dreadful time. Aunt Maria said hanging was too good for us. Deacon Swift crept out of the bedroom, with his wig in his hand, and said he wondered the lightning from heaven didn't strike us; but as it was a cold spell in the middle of January, the lightning didn't seem to be doing much business.

I pleaded insanity. I told 'em I was insane when I done it. And I asked 'em to examine my head, and see how it bulged out in the wrong place; and I reminded papa that great grandfather Brown had died with too little water and too much rum in his brains. I told them if they'd punish me they'd punish an innocent boy, and they'd repent it; but they didn't seem to care a cent.

Papa sent Ned home, and he shut me up in the attic; but I made a rope of two of mamma's blankets, like the heroines in the story books, and I let myself down to the ground. I'm over to Uncle Martin's now. I ain't going home till the fuss blows over. Yours truly, TOMMY BROWN.

We regret to note that George S. Leblanc, Thade Bastarache and Silvang Bourgeois are dangerously ill. It is said there is no hope of their recovery.

Two children died here last week with whooping cough and many are sick with it.

Last week Silvang Cormier presented himself for the second time at the foot of the altar to be married. It is said that he looked better than the first time. It is reported that Peter Cormier was to have followed Silvang's example, but he gave it up on account of the depth of the snow.

It is a pity John P. Nowlan's letter was not published in the Moncton Times. No doubt it would have been very interesting.

The electors of this vicinity are waiting for the candidates to come round. They say times are dull and feed is scarce. Money would probably do more good this time than last summer.

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The Child's Need of Sympathy.

The child demands sympathy, companionship, love. Here also the instinct of the higher quadrupeds shows in a touching way the same demand. The dog's desire, even more pressing than the desire for food, and often displacing it, is to be with his master. If his master is within-doors, the dog wishes to lie at his feet; if he goes to another room, the dog must go also and establish himself there; if he goes forth to walk or ride, the four-footed friend bounds along in bliss, overjoyed to traverse miles of country which he would never visit alone.

Every child needs companionship; to have some one to whom every little joy may be imparted. Some of the most conscientious and devoted parents who ever lived have been those who never kissed their children, and the same habit of repression still shows itself in some households in regard to all communications with the young.

A woman of genius, not now living, told me she did not know how to tell time by the clock until she was 18, because her father had undertaken to explain it to her when she was 12 and she was afraid to let him know that she did not comprehend him. Yet she said he had never spoken to her one harsh word. It was simply the attitude of cold repression that froze her. After his death she wrote to me, "His heart was pure—and terrible; I think that there was not another like it on earth."

I fear that she was mistaken, and that the fear of such parents survives.—T. W. Higginson, in Harper's Bazar.

Dr. Henry L. Bowditch has given the Climatological association an account of the treatment which seems to have counteracted a strong tendency to consumption in his own family. In 1808 his father, then 35 years old, was undoubtedly threatened with consumption. On August 29th of that year, when thus ill, he started from Salem, Mass., with a friend as his companion and driver, in an open horse chaise, for a tour through New England. The trip lasted thirty days and covered 784 miles. During the time he passed from the deepest mental discouragement and physical weakness through all stages of feeling up to real enjoyment of life. His journey, though benefiting him immensely, probably did not wholly cure him, but it proved to him the absolute need he had of regular daily physical, open air exercise.

Afterward, under walks of one and a half to two miles, taken three times daily, all pulmonary troubles disappeared. He died thirty years after the journey, from carcinoma of the stomach, his lungs being normal, except one presented evidences of an ancient cicatrix at its apex.

He prescribed for his children the same regular out of door exercise which had been so beneficial to him. As soon as they were old enough they were required to take daily morning walks of about a mile and a half. If at any time they were observed to be drooping, they were taken from school and sent into the country to have farm life and out door play to their hearts' content. In consequence of this early instruction, all his descendants have become thoroughly impressed with the advantages of daily walking, of summer vacations in the country, camping out, etc., among the mountains. Dr. Bowditch's father had married his cousin, who after long invalidism, died of chronic phthisis in 1834. Certainly a consanguineous union of two consumptives foreboded nothing but evil.

Yet of their eight children, six are either now alive or they have arrived at an adult age, married, and have had children and grandchildren, but not a trace of phthisis has appeared in any of these ninety-three persons.

Dr. Bowditch sees nothing but the influence of out door life to which this immunity of his family from consumption can be attributed. He has prescribed it, under proper precautions, in his practice for years, and says, in conclusion: "I have no objection to drugs, properly chosen; but if the choice were given me to stay in the house and use medicines, or to live constantly in the open air without them, I should infinitely prefer the latter course in case of my being threatened with pulmonary consumption."—Popular Science.

John McKeown, who died in the Pennsylvania oil regions the other day and left several millions, lived in a little \$300 cabin, and enjoyed the comforts of this life to about the same extent as the poorest of his fellow-creatures, except that he was more worried about his vast possessions. He was like a good many other millionaires whose riches are envied by the multitude.

No Review To-day.

Why is my father's brow o'er cast? Why don't my mother break her fast? Though of the toast and coffee passed, There's no REVIEW this mail!

What makes my sister look so sad? And what makes brother Tom so mad? And cross old aunty look so glad? There's no REVIEW this mail!

Oh, dear! Oh, dear! I do not know What makes the printer treat us so, I'll write and tell him all our woe, He'll send it sure next mail!

Blackwell, N. B., } Feb. 2, '91.

Mr. Editor:—If we can judge of the mental condition of a man from his fallacious arguments, and malicious and nonsensical scribbles, then your Rogersville correspondent, "Jean," is greatly demented in his upper story. In THE REVIEW of the 5th he gives a fair exhibit of his lying ability, when he says: "Whether Mr. King was well pleased or not, (with the rooms), he appears to have kept to himself," etc.

Mr. King came here to inspect the apartments where the post office was to be kept, (and where it is now kept.) He expressed himself, to parties interested, well satisfied with the apartments and the locality. The apartments, where the office is kept, are two rooms in an ell adjoining the Brunswick House, it has a separate entrance. True, there are certain parties, including the Kent Co. would-be Indian leader, who are opposed to the post office being kept in a part of the Brunswick House. When it was at first mentioned that the post office would be kept in the Placid Richard building, the cry was at once raised "that the building was too far off the way."

When again mention was made of one of A. R. White's buildings, this was protested against as "being at one extreme end of the town, and it would not do." If the post-office had been located in the Rogersville House no doubt a cry of reproach would have been raised by this Jack-in-the-box and others, "that a combined deal was consummated between the present post-master (perhaps P. O. Inspector King also) and the proprietor of the house."

No matter where the post office will be located and kept, that insignificant "Jean" will conspire against the arrangement. This malicious scribbler does not give any reason to show why the "building in question" is not suitable for the post office. I will explain. The proprietor of the hotel in question has sold liquors—all hotel-keepers do. There are two hotels adjoining the Brunswick House, where liquors have been sold also. "Jean" has not a word to say about it. He insinuated he did not like the locality of the post-office, because liquors had been sold in the adjoining building. Very modest little Christian! Now, this Judaist tries to cover himself with a false garb, and has a great horror against liquors—even dwellings in which liquors have been sold!

The only horror he has against liquors is the horror to see that he cannot get all he wants to drink! This is hypocrisy in the extreme! This unscrupulous falsifier is also well known as a Jack-on-the-fence; Liberal in the morning, Conservative in the evening. Now, Mr. Editor, a man of such calibre as Monsieur "Jean" has a great deal of impertinence to criticize the P. O. Inspector's doings, the P. O. department, etc.

Reciprocity. The old treaty which the government wish to have renewed is quite comprehensive. The list includes: Grain, flour and breadstuffs of all kinds. Animals of all kinds. Fresh, smoked and salted meats. Cotton, wool, seeds and vegetables. Undried fruits, dried fruits. Fish of all kinds, products of fish and of all other creatures living in the water, fish oil. Poultry, eggs, hides, furs, skins or tails undressed, pelts, wool. Stone or marble in its crude or unwrought state, slate. Butter, cheese, tallow and lard. Horses, manures. Coal, pitch, tar, turpentine, ashes. Timber and lumber of all kinds, round hewed and sawed, unmanufactured in whole or in part, firewood. Plants, shrubs and trees. Rice, broom corn and bark. Gypsum, ground or unground. Hewn or wrought, or unwrought burr or grndstones. Dye stuffs, unmanufactured tobacco, rags. Flax, hemp and tow unmanufactured. About the only line of goods not covered by the old treaty was manufactures and machinery.

THE WORLD OVER.

The closing portion of the speech which Secretary Windom made in New York on the 20th ult., immediately before his sudden death, was an earnest protest against free coinage and the debasement of the currency of the country. It is a remarkable coincidence that while standing unconsciously on the very brink of the grave he should have used the following simile: "As poison in the blood permeates arteries, veins, nerves, brains and heart, and speedily brings paralysis or death, so does a debased or fluctuating currency permeate all the arteries of trade, analyze all kinds of business, and bring disaster to all classes of people."

Within a few minutes after he had uttered these words paralysis of the heart struck Mr. Windom down, and he passed instantaneously from life into death.

In the course of an address delivered at Salford recently on the benefits to England of the channel tunnel, Sir Edward Watkin, M. P., declared that it would bring untold advantages to the people of England, as well as to foreign nations, for it would at once connect the 16,000 miles of railway in England, Scotland, and Wales with 116,000 miles of railway on the continent of Europe, and ultimately with the railways of India. France was their best consumer, save India and the United States and it was to their interest to make communication with her as easy as possible.

The late King Kalakaua of the Sandwich Islands, was a third degree Mason. The stamper commission do not expect to be in a position to report to the Legislature till the session of 1892.

For thirty years a number of Methodists have worshipped in a barn at Kileco, Donegal, Ireland. Seeing a reference to it in the Christian Advocate, Mr. John Glass, of New York, immediately sent £150 towards the erection of a church, which has just been completed.

To the question. Which is your favorite poem? there may be a great variety of answers; but when asked, Which is your favorite blood-purifier? there can be only one reply—Ayer's Sarsaparilla, because it is the purest, safest, and most economical.

Owing to a disagreement between the directors of a Norwegian paper in South Dakota, some of the directors had the entire newspaper plant seized by night, loaded in six wagons and removed to another town.

An American named Capt. H. Nelson, was recently arrested by Mexican officials on a charge of smuggling \$1,500 in gold bullion. He was released through the efforts of the English and American resident agents. It is claimed that gold carried on the person is not dutiable.

The Canadian Pacific railway conductors have had a committee at work during the past week arranging with Mr. Van Horne General Manager and President, for an increase of wages. After a good deal of work they secured, not all they asked for, but a fair portion of it.

By a recent decision given at Kingston, Ont., the validity of a marriage contracted between a white man and an Indian woman according to the customs of her tribe was upheld. George Robb, the son of the late Chief of Police of Kingston, married in British Columbia the daughter of a Chief of the Comox Indians, paying for her in blankets and half dollar pieces. On Robb's death an attempt was made to prevent his daughter from inheriting his property, resulting in the above decision that the marriage was legal.

Rhodes, Curry & Co., Amherst, are about to incorporate their works into a joint stock company for the purpose of enlarging the business and taking up other branches. Peter Johnson, a young man of Trenton, N. J., killed himself on Monday with a breechloading gun. He placed the muzzle in his mouth and pulled the trigger by a rope. His head was blown off. Johnson was a victim of excessive cigarette smoking.

There are 345 doctors in Nova Scotia, 161 lawyers, 21 judges and 166 coroners. A most extraordinary and astonishing development in respect to women's work is found in the fact that five hundred girls and women are employed in the foundries of Pittsburg, doing work for \$4 and \$5 a week, for which men were formerly paid from \$14 to \$16 a week. The labor they perform, putting the heads on nails and bolts, is something which taxes the muscles of strong men.

"I have used Ayer's Pills for the past 30 years, and am satisfied I should not be alive to-day if it had not been for them. They cured me of dyspepsia when all other remedies failed."—T. P. Bonner, Chester, Pa. Ayer's Pills are sold by all druggists.

ALL SORTS.

A tender young potato-bug Sat swinging on a vine, And sighed unto a maiden bug: "I pray you will be mine."

Then softly spake the maiden bug: "I love you fond and true; But oh! my cruel-hearted par Won't let me marry you."

With scorn upon his buggy brow, With glances cold and keen, That haughty lover answered her: "I think your par-is-green."

What is it which, though never lost, is constantly found?—A verdict. Brown says the best way to retain a young lady's affections is not to return them.

What is the difference between a man in a bus and one in a passion?—One rides in a stage, and the other strides in a rage. Professor: "What are the constituents of quartz?" Student: "Pints." A bland smile creeps over the class.

It is claimed by some medical men that smoking weakens the eye-sight. May be it does; but just see how it strengthens the breath. The most afflicted part of the house is the window. It is always full of panes, and who has not seen more than one window-blind?

As a general thing, the third or fourth officers leaves the lead, although the passengers frequently heave. The ship also heaves to. "Yes, I am a good dancer," said the barber, as he sheared off the blonde locks of a customer. "See me clip the light, fantastic tow."

Before marriage a girl frequently calls her intended "her treasure": but when he becomes her husband she looks upon him as her "treasurer." An old Irish soldier who prided himself upon his bravery said he had fought in the battle of Bull Run. When asked if he retreated and made his escape as others did on that occasion, he replied, "Be jabbers, those that didn't run are there yet."

First flunkey: "Well, William, how do you find your new place? Is it a good one?" Second ditto: "Oh, I can't complain! I have put by fifteen pounds during eighteen months, with all my wages in arrears."

A small boy whose record for deportment at school had always stood at a hundred came home one day recently with his standing reduced to ninety-eight. "What have you been doing, my son?" asked his mother. "Been doing?" replied the young hopeful. "Been doing just as I have been doing all along—only the teacher caught me this time."

"Well, I'm getting about tired of this 'ere life," said an ultra specimen of the genus tramp. "Going half-starved one day and drenched to the skin another. Sleeping one night in a barn, the next night under a hedge, and the third in the lock-up. This life isn't what it used to be. Tell yer what 'is boys, if 'twasn't for the looks of the thing, I'd go to work."

The most unmusical town is Leadville; the only wind-instrument allowed there by local law, it is their proud boast, is a pair of bellows. Not knowing this, a guitar-player from Spain arrived and forthwith advertised to teach the guitar. Upon this the Lord Mayor wrote him a note on brown paper, in this language—"Dear Spaniard, if you don't get off with your guitar, we will gut-tar and feather you. Your loving friend, the Lord Mayor."

A women's-rights philosopher, talking unkindly at man in general, says that for a month before marriage and a month after death men regard their wives as angles. Of the remaining time they have nothing to say. "And during it the say is all the other way," is the reply made by the editor of a country paper, who also reminds her that she has forgotten the honeymoon, so called because of its close resemblance to the sweet product of the 'bee, also resembling the honeycomb, with this slight difference, that the honeycomb is made up of little cells, while the honeymoon is sometimes regarded as one great sell.

A popular Macon minister recently spent the night 30 miles below Americus with a back-woodsman, whose house consisted of only two rooms. In the morning a young member of the family, in response to an application for a wash-bowl, brought him an old tin pan, and, after the face toilet was completed, hunted up about seven teeth of an old tucking-comb for him to arrange his hair with. During the progress of this important ceremony the following conversation between the two took place: "Mister, do you wash every mornin'?" "I do." "And comb your hair, too?" "Yes." "Well, don't it look to you sometimes like you is a heap of trouble to yourself?"