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NOTICE! Having sold out my business to Mr. Odber K. Black I would solicit a continuance of the liberal patronage bestowed on me to Mr. Black. JAS. S. WRV. Kingston, Aug. 2, 1892.

THE GREAT NORTH SHORE ROUTE!

The Best, Surest, Safest, Quickest Route by which to reach purchasers in the North Shore Counties of New Brunswick, is via

THE REVIEW.

The regular news express to the homes of all the people, and most direct line to the pocketbooks of buyers everywhere.

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Why Love Dies.

(November Canada.) Love cannot live unless it's fed With honey from life's sweetest flowers; Its tender foliage soon were dead, Unbathed in sympathetic showers.

The warmth that called it into life, Like sunshine still must daily glow; No blighting frost, no weeds of strife Should live at all, if love would grow.

What marvel, then, that love expire, Of life's own substance deprived? And wherefore pause we to enquire, Why our sweet flow'ret had not lived?

To us 'neath that priceless boon To tend and cultivate with care; That boon, neglected all too soon Vanishes like dew in air.

Neglect can undermine a wall Of stone that force could scarce remove; By slow degrees its pieces fall— By slow degrees neglect kills love.

JOHN FRASER. Kingston, N. B.

A SOLSVILLE MIRACLE

ANOTHER GREAT TRIUMPH FOR A CANADIAN REMEDY. An Account of the Sufferings and Restoration of Philander Hyde—Helpless, Bedridden and Long for Death—His Recovery from this Pitiable Condition—A Remarkable Narrative.

From the Syracuse Standard.

During the past few months there have appeared in the columns of the Standard the particulars of a number of cures so remarkable as to justify the term miraculous. These cases were investigated and vouched for by the Albany Journal, the Detroit News, Albany Express and other papers whose reputation is a guarantee that the facts were as just stated. That the term miraculous was justified will be admitted when it is remembered that in each of the cases referred to the sufferer had been pronounced incurable by leading physicians, and at least one of the cases was treated by men whose reputation has placed them among the leaders of the world's medical scientists, but without avail, and the patient was sent to his home with the verdict that there was no hope for him and that only death could intervene to relieve his sufferings.

When some months later the restoration to health and strength of the former sufferer was announced it is little wonder that the case created a profound sensation throughout the country. Recently the following letter, which indicated an equally remarkable cure, came under the notice of the Standard:

SOLSVILLE, N. Y., June 25, 1892. * * * Five weeks ago father, (Philander Hyde), was very low and not expected to live but a short time. He was in such agony that we had to give him morphine to relieve the terrible pain from which he was suffering. The doctors had given him up. They said there was no help for him, and my dear father longed for death as being the only certain relief from his sufferings. One day he saw in the Albany Journal an account of how a man by the name of Quant, living in Galway, Saratoga county, and who was afflicted like father with locomotor ataxia, had been very greatly benefited and hoped for permanent cure from the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. On learning that these pills could be had of the Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Brockville, Ont., and Schenectady, and that they were not expensive, my husband sent \$2.50 for six boxes of them. And what a blessing they have been! Father has taken but four boxes of the Pink Pills. He is no longer confined to his bed, but is able to get up without assistance, and with the aid only of a cane to walk about the house and all around

out of doors. He has a good hearty appetite, his food agrees with him, the pain in the back from which he suffered so long and so terribly has left him. He has no more creeping chills and he appears and says he feels like a new man. The doctors had pronounced his disease to be creeping paralysis and said he could not be cured. How glad we are that we heard about these wonderful Pink Pills, and how thankful we are for what they have done for father. Indeed they have done wonders, yes, even a miracle for him. Respectfully yours.

MRS. WILLIAM JOHNSON.

The above letter indicated a cure so remarkable as to be worthy of the fullest investigation, and the Standard determined to place the facts, if correctly stated, before the public for the benefit of other sufferers, or if unfounded, to let the public know it. With this end in view a reporter was sent to Solville with instructions to give the facts of the case as he found them. With these instructions he went to Solville and on Tuesday, Aug. 2, 1892, called upon Philander Hyde and learned from him and from his relatives and neighbors and friends the whole story of his sickness and his terrible sufferings, of his having been given up by the doctors, and of his cure and rapid convalescence by the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People.

It may be of interest to the reader to know that Solville is a postoffice village in Madison county, N. Y., about 30 miles from Utica, on the line of the New York, Ontario & Western Railroad. It is the station at which to get off to go to Madison Lake, the charming and attractive objective point of a great many picnic and excursion parties. On reaching Solville the reporter enquired of the station agent, who is also agent there of the National Express Company, if he knew a man by the name of Philander Hyde, and where he lived, and also if he knew a man by the name of William Johnson. "Yes," said he, "I am William Johnson, and Philander Hyde, who is my wife's father, lives with me in that white house over there on the side hill; that's him sitting on the piazza."

When told that your reporter's errand was to interview Mr. Hyde and to learn about his sickness and alleged cure, Mr. Johnson said: "That's all right; you go right over to the house and see Mr. Hyde and my wife. I will come over pretty soon, and we will be only too happy to tell you all about it."

"Will you walk in?" said Mrs. Johnson. "Those children (who were playing about the piazza) are my twins, and this is my father, Philander Hyde."

Mr. Hyde walked into the sitting room and taking a seat said he would willingly tell the story of his sickness and cure, and had no objection to its being published, as it might be the means of helping to relieve others whose sufferings were the same or similar to what his had been.

His story was as follows: "My name is Philander Hyde. I am nearly 70 years old—will be 70 in September. I was born in Brookfield Madison county, where all my life was spent until recently, when, becoming helpless, my son-in-law was kind enough to take me into his home, and from him and my daughter I have had the kindest care. My life occupation has been that of a farmer. I was always prosperous and well and strong and rugged two years ago last winter, when I had the grip. When the grip left me I had a sensation of numbness in my legs, which gradually grew to be stiff at the joints and very painful. I felt the stiffness in my feet first, and the pain and stiffness extended to my knees and to my hip joints, and to the bowels and stomach and prevented digestion. To move the bowels I was compelled to take great quantities of castor oil.

"While I was in this condition, cold feelings would begin in my feet and streak up my legs to my back and would follow the whole length of my backbone. These spells, which occurred daily, would last from two to four hours, and were excruciatingly painful. I could not sleep, I had no appetite, I became helpless, and life was such a burden that I prayed for death. Why, my dear sir, the pain I suffered was more to be dreaded than a thousand deaths.

"While in this condition I was treated by Dr. Green, of Poolville, and Dr. Nicholson, of Solville, and Dr. Weed, of Utica. They did me no good. I soon became perfectly helpless and lost all power of motion even in my bed.

he took a pint of whiskey a day for three months and morphine in great quantities. "It was while father was in this dreadful condition that we saw in the Albany Journal the story of the miraculous cure of a Mr. Quant, in Galway, Saratoga county, by the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. We hadn't much faith, but we felt that it was our duty to try them, and so we sent to the Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, and got six boxes of the pills. We read the directions carefully, and resolved to comply with them as fully as possible. We stopped giving him morphine or any other medicine, cut off all stimulants, and gave him the Pink Pills and treatment according to directions in which each box is wrapped. The effect was wonderful and almost immediate. In ten days after father began taking the pills he could get out of bed and walked without assistance, and has continued to improve until now he walks about the house and the streets by the aid of a cane only."

"Yes," said Mr. Hyde, "and the pain has gone out of my back and the numbness out of my legs. I have no more chills, my digestion is good, and I have an excellent appetite," and then after a pause "But, ah me, I am an old man; I have seen my best days and can not hope to recover my old vigor as a younger man might, but I am so thankful to have the use of my limbs and to be relieved of those dreadful pains."

Mr. Hyde has continued to take the pills regularly since he began their use, and was on his tenth box at the time he told his story.

Besides Mr. and Mrs. Johnson, other people in Solville confirm the accounts of the sickness of Mr. Hyde and his most remarkable recovery, and a number of others for various ailments, are using the Pink Pills. The mother of Abel Curtis is using them with satisfactory effects, for rheumatism, and Mrs. Lippitt, wife of ex-Senator Lippitt, is using the Pills with benefit, for nervous debility.

A further investigation revealed the fact that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are not a patent medicine in the sense in which that term is usually understood, but a scientific preparation successfully used in general practice for many years before being offered to the public generally. They contain in a condensed form all the elements necessary to give new life and energy to the blood and restore shattered nerves. They are an unfailing specific for such diseases as locomotor ataxia, partial paralysis, St. Vitus' dance, sciatica, neuralgia, rheumatism, nervous headache, the after effects of the grip, palpitation of the heart, pale and sallow complexions, and the tired feeling resulting from nervous prostration; all diseases depending upon vitiated humors in the blood such as scrofula, chronic erysipelas, etc. They are also a specific for such diseases as suppressions, irregularities, and all forms of weakness. They build up the blood and restore the glow of health to pale and sallow cheeks. In the case of men they effect a radical cure in all cases arising from mental worry overwork and excess of whatever nature.

These Pills are manufactured by the Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Brockville, Ont., and Schenectady, N. Y., and are sold in boxes bearing the firm's trade mark and wrapper, at 30 cents, a box, or six boxes for \$2.50. Bear in mind that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are never sold in bulk, or by the dozen or hundred, and any dealer who offers substitutes in this form is trying to defraud you and should be avoided. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills may be had of all druggists or direct by mail from Dr. Williams' Medicine Company from either address. The price at which these pills are sold make a course of treatment comparatively inexpensive as compared with other remedies or medical treatment.

Wreck of the Bokhara. HONG KONG, Oct. 18.—The chief officer of the steamer Bokhara, lost during a typhoon on Sand Island, has arrived here. He reports that the steamer struck at midnight, Oct. 10. He never saw such a tremendous sea running, and when the steamer struck she sank almost immediately. Her spar deck was awash, and had it not been for this it is probable that every soul on board of her would have been lost. Of the crew 102 are missing and little if any doubt is entertained that they were drowned. Among the lost are Capt. Sams, Second Officer Ingis, four engineers, the stewardess and seventy natives. Of the passenger the following are known to be missing: Maj. Turner, Capt. Dunn, Capt. Dawson, Lieut. Boyle, Lieut. Barnett and three sergeants, all of whom had been detailed for service in the garrison here.

The following civilian passengers are also missing: C. Wallace, G. Taverner, G. Purvis, C. Rolf, Mrs. Carnes and Mrs. Hawley, of Bombay; G. Bishop and A. Lalima, of Ismailia; Mr. and Mrs. Chain of London and Cuniffy and infant.

The officers saved are: Messrs. Prickett, Parry, Sweeney and two quartermasters. Sixteen natives and Messrs. Lowson and Marcham and two other Europeans are reported to have landed on the South Pescadore.

The survivors passed two days on Sand Island. They were rescued by Chinese and taken to Wukung, where they embarked on the Thales. They were afterwards transferred from the Thales to the Porpoise.

The military passengers who are missing belonged to the Hong Kong cricket team, which every year visits Shanghai. They were all well known cricketers.

The cargo of the Bokhara consists of \$200,000 in treasure, 1300 bales of silk, 800 tons of tea and general merchandize.

Look Here.

Do you feel blue and despondent? Do pains rack and tear away at nerve and muscle, and have you been disappointed in finding a remedy that will afford certain and speedy relief? If so, go at once to any drug store and buy a bottle of Polson's Nerviline. Polson's Nerviline never fails to relieve neuralgia, cramps, headache, rheumatism, and all internal or external pains. D. J. Cameron, druggist, Morrisburg, writes: "All the parties I supply speak very favorably of Nerviline, and always purchase a second lot." Polson's Nerviline is sold in bottles at 25 cents—by all druggists and country dealers everywhere.

Autumn—and Elections.

I think of all times of year for elections the autumn is the most fitting. We should therefore give credit where credit is due for the fitness of things around us. This is the time of the year when the cattle are forbidden to wander at will, but are driven from pastures green, or coaxed by grain or chaff (usually chaff), or led by a halter and tied fast to a post, and the turkeys and chickens—which provided us with a source for puddings, pies and cakes all the year—the cock that waked us with his clarion horn, and thus saved the expense of an alarm clock—and the pathetic swine, are all driven unsuspectingly, trustingly to slaughter; and the patient kine, that provided us with bread and butter of life, sold to the butchers, and all for what? Money to pay our taxes (and buy our neighbor's vote).

This is the time of year when the stoves are dragged from their cozy summer quarters and are fired with a burning restlessness, as they stand a receptacle for epithets, and a target for liquid poetry (!) to mar its oft-polished exterior. At this time of year the axe comes forth and promises eternal friendship to the wood, and then cuts it to the heart with its cold blade of steel. It matters nothing that it has been his staff all through his life, ordering and enforcing every blow he struck—thus favors are repaid, at this time of year.

At this time of year the very leaves—our fellow-mortals—blush crimson with shame at the deeds of men, and turn pale to an ashen whiteness with the concentrated lye of elections. Did you say you were not "fellow mortal" to the leaves. Well, perhaps not in the matter of changing color, but are you not dust as they? and of the kind that turns soonest to mud (and mud, you know, is easy to mould). What is it that presents such a smooth face to the world, while the back of it is rough and unsightly, and often of a different hue?—What is it that has such a frail hold on its parent tree, and turns and trembles at every wind?—What is it that dances gaily among its fellows until very near the close of its term of office, then paints itself in magnificent colors? What is it? Speak low—is it nothing but leaves? ALIN ANSON.

Swallowed an Egg.

SARANTON, Oct. 18.—Ezra S. Coon came near losing his life while catching eels from the shore of a pond in Pleasant Mount township last Wednesday. He and Samuel Browne were fishing some distance from one another, and while Brown was pailing his hook he saw Coon struggling on the ground as though in a fit. He ran to his companion and found that he was being choked to death by an eel that had gone down his throat six or seven inches. Brown grabbed the eel, but it was so slippery that he couldn't hold it, and he got his hands full of sand, seized it again, and tugged away until he pulled it out. The eel weighed seven pounds. When Coon came to he said that the eel curled itself around his right arm while he was taking the hook from his mouth, and that when he went to bite it on the head to kill it, as he had done to hundreds of eels before, it gave a lunge and drove its head so far down his throat that he became helpless at once.

A Harvest Hymn.

Once more the liberal year laughs out; O'er richer stores than gems or gold; Once more with harvest song and shout; Is nature's bloodless triumph told.

Our common mother rests and sings; Like Ruth among her garnered sheaves; Her lap is full of goodly things; Her brow is bright with autumn leaves.

O favors every year made new! O gifts with rain and sunshine sent! The bounty overruns our due; The fullness shames our discontent.

We shut our eyes, the flowers bloom on; We murmur, but the corn-ears fill; We choose the shadow, but the sun That casts it shines behind as still.

God gives with us our fertile soil; The power to make it Eden fair; And richer fruits to crown our toil Than summer-wedded islands bear.

Who murmurs at his lot to-day? Who scorns his native fruit and bloom? Or sighs for dainties far away, Beside the bounteous board of home?

Thank heaven, instead, that freedom's arm, Can change a rocky soil to gold— That brave and generous lives can warm A clime with northern ices cold.

And let these altars, wreathed with flowers, And piled with fruits awake again; Thanksgivings for the golden hours, The early and the latter rain!

To-Day.

Hood's Sarsaparilla stands at the head in the medicine world, admired in prosperity and envied in merit by thousands of would-be competitors. It has a larger sale than any other medicine. Such success could not be won without positive merit.

Earning His Money.

"I will detain you, ma'am," said the peddler, opening his pack, "only a—"

"But I don't want anything," she interrupted.

"Moment or two," he went on, taking out a cake of reddish transparent soap. "My object in calling—"

"I told you I didn't want anything!"

"Is to introduce to your notice a superior brand of—"

"I've got no time to listen to you sir!"

"Sassafras soap," he guaranteed this soap, madam, to remove grease spots from a rag carpet or lace curtain without a particle of injury to either. "As a—"

"How many more times have I got to tell you," said the woman raising her voice "that I don't want anything!"

"Shaving soap," persisted the peddler raising his voice also, "I can recommend it as the best in use. It makes a beautiful—"

"Of all the bold, impudent creatures ever saw you are the boldest!"

"Creamy lather, that does not dry on the face. Used according to directions it will cure chaps, remove freckles, obliterate tan and sunburn, and—"

"Take it somewhere else! I don't want it!" she vociferated, shutting the door in his face.

"Wash stains out of marble and furniture," yelled the peddler, "without leaving a mark on their polished surfaces. To introduce the soap into this neighborhood I am selling it at ten cents a cake, and I don't care a pinch of salt whether you buy it or not, ma'am! Do you hear that? I'm paid by the day to go round and get off this speech, and when I strike a house," he continued in a voice that jarred the windows, "I'm going to get it off if I have to howl it down the chimney! That's all I've got to say this time, and I'll be around here again in exactly thirty days!"

He turned on his heel, wiped the perspiration from his face, took a chew of tobacco, and moved on toward the next house.