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THE REVIEW

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

VOL. 4. RICHIBUCTO, NEW BRUNSWICK, THURSDAY, OCTOBER 6, 1892. NO. 8

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Cuddle Doon.

By ALEXANDER ANDERSON ("Surf-brother") The bairnies cuddle doon at night, Wi' muckle fauch an' din; O, try an' sleep, ye waukrife rogues, Your father's commin' in. They never hear a word I speak; I try to gie a froom, But aye I hap them up, an' cry, "O, bairnies, cuddle doon."

Wee Janie wi' the curly heid, He aye sleeps next the wa', Bangs up an' cries, "I want a piece"— The rascal starts then a'. I rin an' foched them pieces, drinks, They stop awee the soun', Then draw the blankets up an' cry, "Noo, weanies, cuddle doon."

But e'er five minutes gang, wee Rab Gets out, frae 'neath the claes, "Mither, mak' Tam gie ower at ance, He's kittlin' wi' his taes." The mischief's in that Tam for tricks, He'd botther half the toon; But aye I hap them up and cry, "O, bairnies cuddle doon."

At length they hear their father's fit, And as he steeks the door, They turn their faces to the wa' While Tam pretends to snore. "Hae a' the weans ben guid?" he asks, "As he pits aff his shoon. The bairnies, John, are in their beds, An, lang since cuddled doon."

An' juist afore we bed oursel's, We look at oor wee lambs; Tam has his arm round wee Rab's neck, An' Rab his arm round Tam's. I lift wee Janie up the bed, An' as I straik each croon, I whisper, till my heart fills up, "O, bairnies, cuddle doon."

The bairnies cuddle down at night Wi' mirth that's dear to me; But sunne the big warl's cark an' care Will quaten doon their glee. Yet, come what may to ilka ane, May He who rules aboon Aye whisper, though their paws be bauld, "O, bairnies, cuddle doon."

An Adventure in a Mine.

"How are you off for a fashionable society in this city?" asked Artemus Ward, of Mark Twain, when the two humorists met at the International Hotel in Virginia City, Nevada. "Our bar-rooms are well attended in the evening, and we have some noble ball-rooms on the side streets, where the hurdy-gurdy girls provide the music and a little shooting adds to the fun," replied Mark Twain. "You must put me through to-night," said Artemus. "I am not heavy on the shoot; but my heart yearns towards hurdy-gurdy girls. We will go into society." Virginia city at that time was one of the most extraordinary towns in the mining territories. Its streets were shelves cut out of the side of a high mountain, its population consisted of miners, teamsters, bar-keepers, speculators, gamblers, adventurers, and loafers; its soil was silver, and its surroundings sand, sage-bush and savages. The Indian with his scalping-knife in his girdle, and the white man with his pistol in his belt, passed one another on its plank footways, glowered at each other in his dreary suburbs. In the bars and dancing rooms might be met rough-clad men of all nationalities—American, English, German, French, Mexican and Brazilian; all alike disposed to drink, dance, fight, play cards, or pop at one another with pistols, as circumstances might suggest or fancy prompt. Ward and Twain visited three dancing rooms in the course of the evening.

In the third there was a very pretty German girl who played polkas on the hurdy-gurdy to the dancers, who spoke a little broken English. She had a look of sadness about her. Artemus became interested in her appearance, and after having a dance, with Mark Twain for his partner, drew the hurdy-gurdy aside and entered into conversation. "Two days afterwards Mark Twain arranged that Artemus and he should pay a visit to the great Gould and Curry mine, a subterranean town burrowed into the sides of Mount Davidson, and out of which many thousand tons of silver had been taken. Some idea of its extent may be formed from the fact that it contains about five miles of tunnels, passages and underground streets. Artemus knew that his friend Mark would prepare a reception for him in the mine, and therefore suggested that the hurdy-gurdy girl should be invited to give them a little music within the mountain. The way of descent into the Gould and Curry was by a tunnel or adit, down which a tramway led far into the mine. * * * After some dozen toasts had been duly honored, the sound of a hurdy-gurdy was heard in the distance along one of the dimly-lit passages. Artemus started and cried out, 'That's my German friend! bring her here.' Instead of coming nearer, the music seemed to recede. 'Gentlemen, excuse me,' said Artemus, 'I want to speak to that young lady. She must come and have some champagne.' 'We will go after her and fetch her,' said Mark Twain. 'Sweet music leads the way. Come on!' From tunnel to tunnel, running all sorts of dangers, Artemus and his friend hurried along, the hurdy-gurdy still mysteriously keeping ahead. Mark Twain grew tired of the pursuit, and suggested the probabilities of falling down a shaft. 'I must find her,' replied Artemus; 'but its no use calling out to her again. She's frightened, and making for us. That's she. I see the light ahead. Now she's turned up another tunnel.' 'Keep to the track, then,' said Twain, holding up a light he had borrowed from one of the miners. 'But had you not better let the girl go?' 'No; come on. There's the hurdy-gurdy louder and nearer. This way. Round the corner. Hi! Hurdy-gurdy! Music! Faderland! Gretchen—stop!' Just then the music ceased, the distant light disappeared, a pistol shot resounded through the subterranean ways, and in a few seconds Artemus and Mark were confronted by two men, whose faces were so covered with dirt that in the gloom it was impossible to distinguish the countenance of either. One of them pointed a pistol towards Artemus and roughly demanded, 'Why are you following my wife?' 'Is the young lady with the hurdy-gurdy your wife?' stammered Artemus. 'She is; if I have not killed her. And I'll blow you to eternal blazes for trying to steal her.' 'She did not tell me she was married. She—' 'She! She's had enough; but it's you—you pair of thieving loafers. Stand still and say your prayers before I put a bullet into both of you. 'Don't shoot us in the mine,' expostulated Mark Twain. 'Let us have a little fresh air to die in.' 'My name is Slayful Jim. I have had a hundred men for breakfast—I have. Slayful Jim is not a man for palaver, nor to have his wife stolen from him. Say your prayers and let me shoot.' The other man, who had hitherto kept silent, now interfered, saying he knew Mark Twain, and did not believe him to be a villain. 'But who is the other loafer?' 'He is my friend, Artemus Ward, who lectured in Virginia last night. Haven't you heard of him?' replied Twain. Slayful Jim was silent for a few seconds, and then said, 'I guess I'll give you a fair chance. I'll stand here. Just you go back, both of you, down that tunnel as fast as you can, and when I've counted thirty, I'll fire. If I kill one of you I'm satisfied, and if I miss you both, Slayful Jim is a square man, and will let you off this time. Run. I'm on it. One, two, three—' Artemus and Mark took to their heels. 'Thirty!' cried Slayful Jim, and off went the pistol. Nobody was shot. Mark Twain hurried Artemus to the car; both shook hands hastily with the gentleman of the mine, and ascended to daylight with all speed. The next day Artemus Ward left for Austin in the stage coach. Mark Twain was there to bid him 'good-bye.' So also was Dan de Quille, Mark Twain's coadjutor on the Enterprise newspaper, and with him another gentleman of Virginia whose humorous smile attracted Artemus' attention. 'Twain,' said he, 'I think I have seen that man's face before.' 'Very likely, Mr. Ward.' 'There's something in his voice too that reminds me of Slayful Jim.' Mark Twain laughed immoderately. Just then Dan de Quille commenced playing a hurdy-gurdy, which hitherto he had kept concealed, while the gentleman of the humorous smile, producing a pistol, uttered the word 'Thirty!' in a voice not to be mistaken, and fired the weapon into the air. 'Sold!' cried Artemus, throwing himself back into the coach to laugh, as to the music of the hurdy-gurdy the horses galloped down Mount Davidson."

The many remarkable cures of catarrh effected by the use of Ayer's Sarsaparilla is conclusive proof that this wholesome and dangerous disease is one of the blood, only needing such a searching and powerful alternative to thoroughly eradicate it.

The British National Debt.

An instructive statistical return has just been issued by the treasury, giving the amount of the national debt in each year since 1835, and the various influences tending to increase or diminish it. In January 1836, the total net capital liabilities of the British Government were £845,099,600. At the end of the last financial year, viz., on March 31st 1892—they amounted to only £675,332,339. The reduction within fifty six years was thus:—£170,767,261, or at the rate of £3,049,416. Within this long interval, however, there were several occasions when there was not only no reduction but important increases in the debt. In 1847-8, for example, the State expenditure upon the Irish famine necessitated the borrowing of £8,938,547, and although the ordinary revenue accounts showed a surplus of £4,104,584, the net result was an addition to the debt of £3,833,963. Again, in the three years 1855-6-7 the heaviest cost of the Crimean war added not less than £35,367,292, besides imposing greatly increased taxation. Between 1875 and 1880 large sums amounting altogether to upwards of £21,000,000, were borrowed for loans to local governments, the purchase of the Suez canal shares, and the loans to India and the Cape of Good Hope; but a large portion of these advances, at all events of those to local administration, has been paid back. It is within the last twelve years that the net amount of the national debt has been rapidly and steadily lessened. In 1879 it stood at £745,649,222, and now as already mentioned, it is £675,332,330. During the last twelve years, therefore, the reduction has been £70,317,893, or at the rate of £5,859,740 per annum.—London paper.

Arlington Heights, Mass.

Dear Sir,—I have had Rheumatism in my arms and hands for two years, have been employed as a book-keeper in Boston for eight years. By times I could hardly use my hands to perform my duties. I purchased a bottle of SCOTT'S CURE FOR RHEUMATISM, which entirely cured me.

Yours, with sincere LEANDER PRICE.

The Oldest City.

Damascus is the oldest city in the world. Tyre and Sidon have crumbled on the shore; Baalbec is a ruin; Palmyra is buried in a desert; Nineveh and Babylon have disappeared from the Tigris and Euphrates. Damascus remains what it was before the days of Abraham—a centre of trade and travel—an island of verdure in the desert—a presidential capital, with martial and sacred associations extending through thirty centuries. It was near Damascus that Saul of Tarsus saw the light above the brightness of the sun, and the street which is called Straight, in which it is said "he prayed," still runs through the city. The caravan comes and goes as it did a thousand years ago; there is still the sheik, the ass, the water wheel; the Euphrates and the Mediterranean still "occupy" these "with the multitude of their wares." The city which Mahomet surveyed from a neighboring height, and was afraid to enter "because it was given to man to have but one paradise, and for his part he was resolved not to have it in this world," is to-day what Julian called "the eye of the East," as it was in the time of Isaiah "the head of Syria."

Some fancy the charms of the lily-white maid.

Of ethereal form and languishing eye, Who faints in the sunshine and droops in the shade, And is always "just ready to die."

But give me the girl of the sunny face, The blood in whose veins courses healthy and free, With the vigor of youth in her movements of grace, Oh, that is the maiden for me!

She is the girl to "tie to" for life. The sickly, complaining woman may be an object of love and pity, but she ceases to be a "thing of beauty" worn down by female weakness and disorders, subject to hysteria and a martyr to bearing-down pains. Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription is a sure cure for these distressing complaints, and will transform the feeble, drooping sufferer into a healthy, happy, blooming woman. Guaranteed to give satisfaction in every case, or money paid for it refunded.

How They Steal in Mauritius.

Robberies are inconveniences incidental to every community, and the orthodox procedure of "infraction into houses with intent to steal" is not unknown to Mauritius. It is essential before retreating to rest to pass around and see that every bolt is properly in its place, and occasionally on these expeditious a boy may be found lurking under a table, or concealed between the floors, upon mischief bent, and such proceedings are heard of elsewhere.

Like Lightning.

The rapid action of the "great pain cure," Polson's Nerviline, in relieving the most intense pain, is a matter of wonder to all who have used it. There is nothing surprising in its results, for it is made of the strongest, purest and most efficient remedies known in medicine. Nerviline cures toothache instantly; cramps in five minutes; neuralgia after two applications; rheumatism is at once relieved by its use; and the same may be said of all kinds of pain. Sample bottles, costing only 10 cents, at any drug store. The large bottles only 25 cents. Polson's Nerviline sold by druggists and country dealers.

Dorchester.

I omitted in last week's notes to give an account of the bazaar held under the management of the ladies of Trinity Church Guild, which realized the sum of \$112.

Our court is now over.

The trial of "Jim" was concluded on Wednesday night, and on Thursday morning both prisoners were sentenced, "Buck" to be hanged on December 1st, and "Jim" to twenty-five years in the penitentiary. The latter was removed to the "pen" Thursday afternoon.

His Honor Judge Fraser and Mrs. Fraser left Dorchester for Halifax on Friday.

Hon. A. G. Blair left for home on Friday.

Mrs. A. J. Hickman's many friends regret that she has moved to St. John to reside.

Mrs. Hewson and Mrs. James Taylor, of Moncton, were the guests of Mrs. George Chandler part of last week.

R. W. Hewson also spent Wednesday in town.

Station Agent Charters, of Memramcook, accompanied by Mrs. Charters, drove down to be present at the sentencing of the prisoners on Thursday.

Miss Esterbrooke, of Sackville, spent Sunday in town, the guest of her sister, Mrs. Lane.

Rev. Mr. Hooper, of Moncton, spent Sunday in town, the guest of Rev. J. Roy Campbell.

Miss Pauline Bell and Miss Mabel Raine, of Sackville, were the guests of Mrs. Judge Oulton on Tuesday.

Mrs. E. F. Godfrey left on Tuesday on a visit to Wheeling, Va.

Miss M. Seouach, of Moncton, is the guest of Mrs. J. F. Teed.

Miss Lottie Crosskill, of Moncton, is the guest of Miss Edith Wilbur.

Mr. Eagles, of St. John, also spent Sunday at "Chiff Side."

Mrs. C. B. Godfrey is visiting friends in Moncton.

Mrs. Sherwood, of Centreville, has been visiting her brother, Mr. Fowler, who has returned much improved in health.

Mr. D. L. Welsh, of Moncton, spent Monday in town.

Mr. Keumpton, owing to poor health has been obliged to give up his position with J. H. Hickman & Co., and return to his home.

Mr. John Wallace, of Hillsboro, was the guest of his son, proprietor of the Dorchester Hotel part of last week.

Josiah Wood, M. P., of Sackville, spent Tuesday in town, as did also F. A. McCully of Moncton.

Mr. R. P. Foster, of Sackville, spent Saturday in town.

A. Theakson, of the Halifax School for the Blind, was in town Thursday and Friday collecting subscriptions for the new wing lately added to that institution.

Mrs. Walter Buck and baby, of Truro, are the guests of Mrs. John Hickman.

Judge and Mrs. Landry, accompanied by Miss M. Carthy and Mrs. Owens, drove to Buctouche on Friday morning to view the loss by fire, and returned the same evening. The funeral of Mrs. E. L. Saussey took

place from her mother's residence, Mrs. Marcus Palmer, on Sunday afternoon and was largely attended.

Mrs. James Forster accompanied by her son Percy, left on Monday for Richibucto.

G. W. McLaughlin, of the penitentiary staff, accompanied by his mother, left on Wednesday for Boston, where they will reside in future.

A pleasant event occurred here Tuesday evening last, when Hugh R. Williams, of New York, was married to Miss Susie Sadler. The ceremony, which was a quiet one, was performed by Rev. Mr. Kirstead at the residence of Mr. John Downey uncle of the bride. Miss Jessie Downey acted as bridesmaid, and Mr. Fred Hicks, of Dorchester, as groomsmen. The bride was the recipient of numerous valuable presents. The happy couple left by the midnight train for New York.

On Thursday evening the members of the choir of St. Edward's church met in the C. M. B. A. rooms for the reorganization of the choir. Many new names were handed in to join, and from the tenor of those present it will be restored to new life.

No less than \$2,500 have been imposed in Scott act fines in Westmorland County already this year, and notwithstanding the many cases hung up by appeals, about \$1,300 have already been collected.

RAINBOW.

C. C. RICHARDS & Co. Gents.—My daughter was suffering terribly with neuralgia. I purchased a bottle of MINARD'S LINIMENT and rubbed her face thoroughly. The pain left her and she slept well till morning. Next night another attack, another application resulted as previously, with no return since. Grateful feelings determined me to express myself publicly. I would not be without MINARD'S LINIMENT in the house at any cost. J. H. BATTERY.

Parkdale, Ont.

How They Were Moved.

The obelisks of the Pharaohs are made of red granite, called syenite. In the quarries at Syene may yet be seen an unfinished obelisk, still adhering to the native rock, with traces of workmen's tools so clearly seen on its surface that one might suppose they had been suddenly called away and intended soon to return and finish their work.

This unfinished obelisk shows the mode in which the ancients separated these immense monoliths from the native rock. In a sharply-cut groove marking the boundary of the stone are holes evidently designed for wooden wedges. After these had been firmly driven into the holes, the groove was filled with water. The wedges, gradually absorbing the water, swelled and cracked the granite throughout the length of the groove. The block, once detached from the rock, was pushed forward upon rollers made of the stems of palm trees, from the quarries to the edge of the Nile, where it was surrounded by a large timber raft.

It lay by the river side until the next inundation of the Nile, when the rising waters floated the raft and conveyed the obelisk down the stream to the city where it was to be set up. Thousands of willing hands pushed it on rollers up an inclined plane to the front of the temple where it was designed to stand. The pedestal had previously been placed in position, and a firm causeway of sand covered with planks led to the top of it. Then by means of rollers, levers and ropes made of the date palm, the obelisk was gradually hoisted into an upright position.

It speaks much for the mechanical accuracy of the Egyptian nations that so true was the level of the top of the base, and the bottom of the long shaft, in no single instance has the obelisk been found to be out of the true perpendicular.

From Rev. J. King's Obelisks' Nestle.

What Stronger Proof?

Is needed of the merit of Hood's Sarsaparilla than the hundreds of letters continually coming in telling of marvellous cures. It has effected after all other remedies had failed? Truly, Hood's Sarsaparilla possesses peculiar curative powers unknown to other medicines.

Hood's Pills cure Constipation, by restoring the peristaltic action of the alimentary canal. They are the best family cathartic.

A Wonderful Alleviation.

The publishers of the Montreal Weekly Star are getting out a magnificent almanac to be known as the Star Almanac, said to be the finest almanac in the world, containing nearly four hundred pages, with colored maps. It is a treasure, forward to with great interest.