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THE GREAT NORTH SHORE ROUTE!

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Brigitte's Ticket.

Small, thin and shriveled as an apple kept through the winter, Pere Landry was one of those miserly old peasants of whom it is said would somehow manage to clip wool off an egg. Since the death of his wife he had given up "farming," and lived like a gentleman on his income.

It is certain that Brigitte had not made her fortune in the miser's service; but the good woman found herself sufficiently compensated for her zeal when the old peasant would say in a friendly way: "You're a great goose Brigitte, my girl, take my word for it."

One day, whilst saving a mason's bit by repairing himself the wall which enclosed his property, Landry lost his balance and fell backward into the pond beneath, just where the water was deepest.

The old fellow was unconscious. She carried him like a child in her arms to his room, put him to bed and with warmth and friction finally succeeded in restoring him.

"Oh, my master, how glad I am that you were not drowned!" The old man was glad also. He regretted, though, having lost his trowel, which had fallen into the water at the same time as himself, but he had the delicacy not to speak of that.

"It is you who saved me. I shan't forget it, Brigitte; you hear me girl. I'll make you a present."

"Oh, master, it isn't worth while; don't mind it."

"I shall make you a present, I tell you."

Indeed, that very evening, after a thousand hesitations, he called Brigitte, and pulling from his pocket his long leather purse, he took from it with a grimace of one whose tooth is being extracted, a twenty-cent piece.

"There, Brigitte, that's your present! Over and above your wages, you understand, over and above!" he insisted. "Now don't go and waste it."

In comparison with the service rendered, the recompense certainly did not betray unbounded munificence; therefore, Pere Landry, to augment the value of his gift, was careful to add: "It is just the price of a lottery ticket. Buy one and you will win one hundred thousand francs!"

He remembered it for many days after; took a deep interest in the fate of his twenty-cent piece, and asked the servant innumerable times if she had bought her lottery ticket.

"Not yet master," was her invariable reply. At length to put an end to his questions which seemed repeated with mathematical regularity, she decided to satisfy the good man's curiosity.

"Yes master, I've bought one."

"Ah! what number?"

"Number 34."

"That's good, that's good," said the old man profoundly impressing the figures on his mind. "You won't lose it now I hope?"

"Never fear, master."

"Because if you thought you might—"

"Well?"

"Well, you could give it to me. I'd keep it for you in my drawer."

"I shan't lose it."

The habits of Landry and his servant, which had been disturbed by this event, then resumed their usual course. Little food, still less sleep and a prodigious amount of work. Landry himself was almost consoled for his prodigality, when one morning at the village barber's, where he went from time to time to read the Gazette, gratis, he experienced a fearful emotion.

The newspaper gave the result of the lottery drawing, the story was headed with these words, which shone like characters of fire before the spectacles of the dazzled good man: "Number 34 wins the first prize of 100,000 francs." Landry gave a shout that frightened the barber, who turning suddenly about cut a bit off the ear of the schoolmaster whom he was shaving.

"What on earth is the matter with you, Pere Landry?"

"Nothing, nothing at all," replied the old fellow, who had already regained his composure.

Carefully adjusting his spectacles, he then slowly reread the announcement, syllable by syllable.

That time he was sure he made no mistake. No 34, the number Brigitte had bought. He let fall the paper, and completely overwhelmed, started off at full speed for home.

Brigitte had made ready her master's frugal breakfast of cheese and walnuts. The old man seated himself at the table but he could not eat—he was too agitated.

"Are you sick master?" anxiously inquired Brigitte.

"No."

"Nothing has happened to you?"

"Nothing at all, I tell you," he replied angrily.

For several days he watched Brigitte closely. Did she know that she had won a hundred thousand francs? But no; the servant ignorant of the scrutiny to which she was subjected, accomplished her daily tasks as usual, with undisturbed tranquillity and good humor.

One day he risked asking her: "There's nothing new Brigitte, my girl?"

"Nothing at all master, 'cept a hen that has got the pip."

Without a doubt she did not know; but old Landry could not make up his mind to tell her. It seemed to him monstrous that another should have such a marvellous windfall, the product of his twenty-cent piece, his own money!

Time was fast passing away however, and it was stated in the newspaper, of which he bought a copy, that all prizes not claimed within three months would become the property of the company.

Father Landry no longer ate, drank, or slept. He seemed to grow more wizened each day. Twenty times he had been on the point of alluding to the ticket, but each time withheld his tongue. A word too much would have put the servant in possession of the truth!

One morning, after another sleepless night, he got out of bed with a cunning smile on his thin lips. He had found a solution.

He first ordered Brigitte to kill a chicken, the fattest one, and to put a roast of pork in the oven. He then brought from behind the wood pile in his cellar, a bottle of fine old wine; and ended by giving the girl money to buy coffee, sugar and brandy. Brigitte began to wonder if he were crazy.

"Some demon is playing him pranks," thought she.

But matters grew still worse, when the old man, after having made her lay the cover for two, bade her take her place at the table facing him.

"Oh, my master, I would never, never dare!"

"Sit down there as I tell you, you great stupid."

Brigitte had heard it said that mad folks

must never be contradicted. She therefore obeyed without reply, seating herself on the extreme edge of her chair, very ill at ease.

"Now eat Brigitte; drink my girl," ordered Landry, loading her plate and pouring out wine with a lavish hand.

Brigitte's astonishment was to be even more augmented, for when the coffee was served, the old fellow said without preamble:

"This is what it is, Brigitte, I'm thinking of getting married."

"Indeed, master, you are yet young enough. Though getting on, you're well preserved," approved she.

"Since that's your opinion, and you're willing, we'll just get married, we two."

After the chicken and roast meat and old wine, Brigitte was prepared for almost any eccentricity on her master's part but certainly not for that one!

"You are making fun of me—my master!"

"Not one bit," affirmed the old peasant. He explained that he was growing old and had neither children or relatives. He did not wish to die alone like a dog; and then he was grateful; did his good Brigitte believe that he had forgotten that she had saved his life?

In short, Landry gave so many excellent reasons that he ended by convincing the honest girl of his sincerity. She was quite stunned by such a stroke of luck. She, a poor servant, to marry master Landry—only think of it! It was indeed, enough to turn one's head!

The banns were published; the marriage took place. At the church the couple were greeted by hearty exclamations from the assembled villagers. After the ceremony, the new husband made haste to conduct his wife home, and, scarcely there:

"Brigitte, girl, where have you put your ticket?" asked he gayly, briskly rubbing his hands together.

"What ticket?"

"Your lottery-ticket."

"What lottery?"

"You know very well," said Landry, losing patience; "that money that I gave you—"

The bride broke into a silly laugh.

"Oh, the twenty cents," said she. "Listen, master; it isn't often one wins in those lotteries, and last winter it was so cold—"

"Well?" queried Landry, changing color.

"Well," finished she, "I didn't buy any ticket with my twenty cents; I just got me a pair of warm wool stockings; indeed I did!"

Things Useful to Know.

For creaking shoes, oil them at the sides of the soles.

For chilblains, apply the tincture of iodine with a camel's-hair brush.

Prepared chalk and powdered orris root make a nice tooth powder.

Wash the hair in hot water and borax, and let it get thoroughly dry.

The plainest food, like potatoes, vegetables and cereals is the most fattening.

For eyes that itch, try bathing them in a solution of salt water.

Another mouth wash is warm water, in which a little listerine has been dropped.

When through ironing wash the irons thoroughly and keep them in a dry place.

Brushing the teeth with the finest pulverized willow charcoal will make them white.—Good Housekeeping.

Since Last September.

I have not spent a day without intense suffering until I obtained a bottle of SCOTT'S CURE FOR RHEUMATISM.

I have used part of my second bottle, and consider it the greatest cure for RHEUMATISM ever discovered. I would recommend any one to try it who suffers as I did—I was unable to work, or even walk, and now enjoy better health than I have for years.

Yours truly, E. B. GREEN, City Road, St. John.

Don't Check Perspiration.

It is singular that although the fact that perspiring is the only safeguard provided by nature against sunstroke has appeared in print hundreds and thousands of times, people are still on the lookout for something to check perspiration, and the explanation that nothing can be safely used for this purpose is excepted with very poor grace by those to whom it is given. It is dangerous to even check perspiration of the feet unless it is very excessive, and even then the remedy is apt to be worse than the disease. Of course this only refers to perspiring during hot weather; cold sweats are a never-failing indication of intense weakness, and ought to receive prompt medical attention.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Baird's Balsam of Horehound is not an experiment; established over 50 years.

The American Statesman.

"Free trade is British—with British things we are better far without." Said the brilliant statesman, and then he called

For a bottle of London stout. "I believe in American names and modes—Nothing English in this or that."

And he smiled a supercilious smile From under his Derby hat

"Keep out of our ports all British things With a high protective tax;"

And he wiped his mouth with a linen towel Woven of Yorkshire flax.

"American styles are good enough, And the truest taste denote;"

And he thrust his hand deep into the tails Of his black Prince Albert coat.

After the night's symposium, When the early dawn had come, The statesman's friends and the statesman rode

In his Victoria home. And to all of the coachman's queries came Strange guttural sounds from each, For the one thing English they'd lost for the time

Was the habit of English speech!

WENT FOR A DRINK WHILE ASLEEP.

A Somnambulist Chose Ginger Ale from the Assortment Behind the Bar.

For some reason or another cases of somnambulism do not appear to be of as frequent occurrence as in former years—or, at least, they are not so frequently heard of. But they do occur occasionally, and the victims perform curious antics.

The latest one related is of a gentleman in the Fourth ward, and it happened on one of the awfully hot nights this week. It had been very warm during the evening, and he had remained quietly at home, trying to keep cool by thinking of the ice he used to skate upon when a boy, and of all the nice, cool things to drink he ever heard about. He went to bed about 10 o'clock, and, contrary to expectations, dropped to sleep at once.

About an hour thereafter the proprietor of a saloon in the immediate neighborhood was astonished to see the screen doors pushed open and a gentleman clad only in his night shirt step up to the bar. He stood a moment as if undecided, and then walked round the end of the bar and advanced on the dispenser of drinks, who stood stock still, too frightened to speak.

He thought he had a lunatic to deal with, and was just about to throw a beer glass at him and run when the thought suddenly occurred to him that his visitor was asleep. The saloon keeper spoke but received no reply, and then he knew his surmises were correct. The sleep walker reached in the ice box and took out a bottle of ginger ale, selected a large glass, filled it with the beverage, and drank it. Then he repeated the act and used another glass. Without a word or a sign the sleepwalker turned and left. The saloon keeper hastily locked his door, and followed his singular customer home. It was but a short distance, and the only persons they met were two young women, who scampered off up the street as though they were sent for. The lightly clad gentleman entered his house by a side door, and the wondering saloon keeper returned home when he heard the key turn.

Now comes the strange part of the story. The owner of the saloon had hardly gotten his doors unlocked in the morning when he walked his customer of the night before, but this time he was clad in a more substantial and less noticeable attire, and was thoroughly awake.

"Did I come in here last night and drink two bottles of ginger ale?"

The owner of the saloon told him that he did, and then they talked the occurrence over together. When the sleep walker awoke in the morning he recalled the curious proceedings of the night before as a dream, and such he supposed it was until he noticed that his feet were stained from their contact with the sidewalk and ground. Then he knew that his dream must have been a reality. He was the only occupant of the house, his family being away for the summer. This was his first experience of the kind, and he says he hopes it will be the last, as he does not think a sleeping man's judgment in selecting drinks is good.—Gazette.

Every Testimonial.

In behalf of Hood's Sarsaparilla is strictly true and will bear the closest investigation. No matter where it may be from, it is as reliable and worthy your confidence as if it came from your most respected neighbor. Have you tried this excellent medicine?

For a general family cathartic, we confidently recommend Hood's Pills. They should be in every home medicine chest.

Dreher, the Vienna brewer, is reputed to be worth over \$40,000,000, to which the profits of his breweries add \$2,000,000 a year.

What Can Replace the Gospel?

A multitude of men are bent on destroying Christianity. They wish to demolish the whole system and everything connected with it. Well, suppose they succeed? "Suppose," says Dr. E. Greenwald, "the Bible burned, the churches closed, the pulpit silenced, all Christian institutions of whatever kind overthrown; all Christian doctrines, Christian piety, Christian duty, Christian worship, Christian influence, Christian life, in public and private, in the church and in the family, by individuals and communities, to be wholly a thing of the past, and no trace of them permitted to remain anywhere in all the land. This would be the result if they should succeed in their insane crusade against Christianity. Where would we look for a better system than that which we would so wholly renounce? We have cut down this tree, where do we find another that bears better fruit? Let us look around and see what systems prevail in the world, and under whose control large numbers of the people are now living. Which would be selected in place of the Christianity renounced?"

Let the skeptic ponder this question. Let him look at heathenism, at Mohammedanism, at the dying superstitions of the eastern world, and let him ask the question, would he embrace any of these explored absurdities? Let him look at atheism, a leafless, sapless tree, and inquire what a world would be without a creator ruler or law; and then let him hesitate before he seek to undermine a faith which has brought more joy, peace and brightness into the world than all the other religions that man has ever invented or embraced.—Faithful Witness.

Dame Experience.

Has convinced many that to use any of the substitutes offered for the only sure-pop and painless corn cure is attended with danger. Get always and use no other than Putnam's Painless Corn Extractor, for sore producing substances are offered just as good as Putnam's Corn Extractor. Safe, sure painless.

Buck and Jim.

"Buck" and "Jim," in custody awaiting trial for the murder of policeman Steadman at Moncton, occupy cells No. 12 and 14 respectively on the ground floor of the county jail at Dorchester. They are the sole occupants of the corridor which is strongly guarded by an immense iron grating and the solid stone cells in which the men are constantly confined has the regulation iron gate and in addition a solid outer door which shuts off any possible chance of escape. "Buck" is not standing his confinement well. The wound in his leg in which the bullet is still embedded has ceased to give him trouble, but the close communion with his own thoughts upon the exciting scenes of the past month and the very gloomy prospects of what the future may have in store for him has worn upon him. He complains of feeling unwell and has the appearance of one physically and mentally sick. He is and has been at his best decidedly sullen, and not over courteous and communicative. "Jim" on the contrary, bears up well under the shadow which darkens his path. He appears pleasant and willing to speak of certain phases of the murder case but is evidently trying to take back some of the admissions which are credited to him soon after his capture.

THE BOYS AT SCHOOL.

Boys who are away at school should always have some quick and sure remedy for sudden attacks of Cramps, Diarrhea or Dysentery, for a physician is not always near, and an hour's delay in cases of this kind often lead to serious results. Therefore parents should supply their sons with PERRY DAVIS' PAIN KILLER, which is as efficacious as it is simple and harmless. Directions are with each bottle, and one dose rarely fails to bring relief to a sufferer from any bowel complaint. Only 25c. for a bottle double old size.

A farm hand named Moss was run away with by a spirited horse at Virgil, Ont., the other day and dragged about a mile, both arms and legs being broken and his head and back terribly scraped. He leaves a mother in London, Eng., and had no relatives in Canada.

If the public are fairly and faithfully dealt with they will come to appreciate it sooner or later. The fact is well illustrated in the experience of Messrs. Tuckett & Son with their well known "Myrtle Navy" tobacco. Throughout the manufacturers of T. & S. have stood firmly by their original idea to give the public the best article possible, at the lowest possible price, and in the large demand for their tobacco the public have manifested their appreciation.

Boy Inventors.

A boy's elders are guilty of a foolish act when they snub him because he says or does something which they don't understand. A boy's personality is entitled to as much respect as a man's so long as he behaves himself.

Some of the most important inventions have been the work of boys. The invention of the valve motion to the steam engine was the work of a mere boy. Newcome's engine was in a very incomplete condition from the fact that there was no way to open or close the valves, except by means of levers operated by the hand.

Newcome set up a large engine at one of the mines, and a boy, Humphrey Potter, was hired to work these valve levers; although this was not hard work yet it required his constant attention.

As he was working the levers he saw that parts of the engine moved in the right direction, and at the same time he had to open or close the valves.

He procured a long cord and made one end fast to the proper part of the engine and the other end to the valve lever; and then he had the satisfaction of seeing the engine move with perfect regularity of motion.

A short time after the foreman came around and saw the boy playing marbles at the door. Looking at the engine he saw the ingenuity of the boy, and also the advantage of so great an invention.

The idea suggested by the boy's inventive genius was put into practical form, and made the steam engine an automatic working machine.

The power loom is the invention of a farmer's boy who had never seen or heard of such a thing. He had whittled one out with his jack-knife, and after he got it all done he, with great enthusiasm, showed it to his father, who at once kicked it to pieces, saying that he would have no boy about him who would spend his time on such foolish things.

The boy was sent to a blacksmith to learn a trade, and his master took a lively interest in him. He made a loom of what was left of the one his father had broken up, and showed it to his master.

The blacksmith saw he had no common had as an apprentice, and the invention was a valuable one. He had a loom constructed under the supervision of the boy. It worked to their perfect satisfaction, and the blacksmith furnished the means to manufacture the looms, and the boy received half the profits. In about a year the blacksmith wrote to the boy's father that he should bring with him a wealthy gentleman, who was the inventor of the celebrated power loom.

You may be able to judge of the astonishment at the old home when his son was presented to him as the inventor, who told him that the loom was the same as the model that he had kicked to pieces but a year before.—Golden Days.

Terrible Storm Adds to Horrors of Cholera.

St. PETERSBURG, Aug. 18.—The horrors of a frightful storm have been added to the misery and suffering caused by the cholera at Nijni Novgorod. The storm was one of the most frightful that has ever visited that region. It came down with a fury that many buildings were unable to resist. The cholera hospital was full of patients, many of them in a dying condition. As they heard the roar of the hurricane some of them actually died of fright. The terrible noise of the approaching storm was soon followed by the storm itself, which crushed in a large part of the cholera hospital like an egg shell. From the debris came the shrieks and groans of the victims, a number of whom died while the work of rescue was going on. Other buildings were also crushed, and the tents of the traders were scattered with their contents in all directions. The wretched people of Novgorod have had all the courage driven out of them by this latest visitation, and the superstitious declared that the Almighty had determined to destroy the city on account of the people's wickedness. Those who could fly have deserted the city, while those remaining can be seen in crowds at the shrines and in the churches, praying for the mercy of heaven.

ALL MIRACLES DO NOT OCCUR AT HAMILTON.

The whole town of Glamis, Ont., knows of a cure, by the application of MINARD'S LINIMENT, to a partially paralyzed arm, that equals anything that has transpired at Hamilton.

R. W. HARRISON.