

GET YOUR JOB PRINTING DONE AT THE REVIEW OFFICE.

THE REVIEW

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

VOL. 4.

RICHIBUCTO, NEW BRUNSWICK, THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 29, 1892.

NO. 7.

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.

See that your Advertisement is ticketed via THE REVIEW.

This Morning.

On the old grey terrace where we had parted, With vows and pledges and many a sigh, Where the sunlight slept and the shadows darted, I met her my sweetheart and the days gone by.

Bowser Plays Croquet.

"What was in that box which came up this afternoon?" queried Mrs. Bowser as Mr. Bowser came home the other evening.

"When what? We started in to play a game of croquet, but you were so bound and determined to beat me that I walked off. Yes, I remember all about it, and I want to give you a litter pointer. If you can't play fair, don't play at all."

"I'm so sorry you brought the set home! Couldn't you take it back and exchange it for clotheslines?"

"Sorry! Clotheslines! What on earth is the matter with you? It's got to be a pretty pass if two old married people like us can't go out and knock a few painted balls around the yard without cutting each other's throats over it! You may get mad, but I shan't. I simply want to take some of the brag out of you."

"Champion of four counties, eh? We'll see about that! If I don't beat you out of sight in this game you can order ten new hats to-morrow."

"But if I beat you, you'll—"

"Get mad! Not a mad! I'm not that sort of a man, as you ought to know by this time. If you beat me I'll even praise your skill. You may have the first shot. Hold on, now. What are you going through both arches at once for?"

"Why, I've a right to. Every player makes a right arches if he can."

"An't you—go ahead. I'll give you every advantage and then beat you by half. What sort of a move do you call that?"

"It's a regular move. It's my play to go through the side arch, isn't it?"

"Not in that shewjawed fashion, but go ahead. Here—what are you doing?"

"I'm going through the middle arch, of course. There it goes. I call that a good shot."

"All right; it's your last arch! It's simply a run of luck and no skill about it. There—stop right there! You can't play no such game on me as that!"

"What game? I simply went through the arches and hit the stake, and it was a beautiful shot too."

It's your last shot, Mrs. Bowser, and don't you move that ball the billionth part of an inch, either! There—you've missed! I told you it was only a run of luck. Stand aside now, and I'll show you how to play croquet. There!"

It was a very poor "there" for Mr. Bowser. His ball struck the first arch and rolled fifteen feet away, and Mrs. Bowser clapped her hands and gleefully exclaimed.

"You missed! you missed! Now I shall surely whitewash you!"

"That's it! Jump up and down and yell and scream like a girl ten years old! The mallet slipped just as I struck and I'll try it over again."

"You can't do it! If the ball moves at all you can't take it over!"

"Can't I? I'd like to know why! I've put up with a full dozen of your tricks since this game opened, Mrs. Bowser, but I can't stand too much. There! Now you watch my stroke. I'll show you a little trick you never saw before."

This time the ball went to the left of the first arch and did not stop under thirty feet, and Mrs. Bowser had to clap her hands again and rejoice.

"Poor, foolish woman! Can't you see I'm only toying with you to make your defeat all the more bitter?" growled Mr. Bowser. "I told you I'd give you every advantage, and I have. Go ahead now."

Mrs. Bowser did some splendid playing, never missing on arch as she returned, and as her ball finally hit the stake she dropped her mallet and cried out:

"You are whitewashed, Mr. Bowser—whitewashed! It's the worst beat I ever saw!"

"Mrs. Bowser," he whispered in reply, with his jaw set and his face very pale, "we have a child in the house."

"Yes, dear."

"Don't yes, dear me! He is a young and innocent child."

"Yes."

"He has not yet learned how to prevaricate and swindle and then brag over it, and I don't want to tempt him to do so, therefore—"

"Why, what are you doing, Mr. Bowser!"

"Removing a temptation!" he replied as he went about pulling up the arches and gathering up mallets and balls.

"There they go—over into the alley, Mrs. Bowser, and we'll never have another set as long as we live together! Suppose that innocent child had been a witness to your actions!"

"My actions! Why, what did I do!"

"Never mind, Mrs. Bowser—never mind! I know and you know, but I will keep it from him, poor child! You can run into the house now. This may encourage you to rob and murder me in my sleep, and I ought to look over my papers and get things ready so that our child will have a trusty guardian appointed and be taken care of after I am gone and you are hung. Run in, Mrs. Bowser. Nothing you can say will ever blind me to facts again!"

When you're languid and dull in the spring of the year, When stomach and liver are all out of gear, When you're stupid at morn and feverish at night, And nothing gives relish and nothing goes right, Don't try any nostrum, elixir, or pill, "Golden Medical Discovery" just fills the bill.

The surest and best of all remedies for all disorders of the liver, stomach and blood, is Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery.

One Man's Awful Mistake.

"I made the awful mistake of making love to my own wife one day last week," said W. T. Mason, as he drew a chair up to the charmed circle where sat the story tellers in the Lindell rotunda. "I had been down to Kankakee on a business trip and took the night train for Chicago, where I reside. The coach was chock-block, with the exception of one double seat, which was occupied by a stylish-looking woman, who sat by the window and had her veil down. I received permission to occupy the seat with her, and we were soon chatting pleasantly. I thought her voice sounded familiar, but fate had ordained that I should make an ass of myself. I tried to get her to put up her veil, but she objected that the cinders got into her eyes. To make a long story short I struck up a desperate flirtation with her. She admitted that she was married, but said her husband was a graceless scamp, who was always flirting with other women and neglecting her. Of course, I sympathized with her, and told her that a man who would neglect so charming a woman ought to be kicked to death by a blind mule. Was I married! Certainly not. Well, we finally reached Chicago, and I handed her into a cab. Then she lifted her veil. It was my wife! This story stops right there."—Globe Democrat.

MacNairn. Sept. 19th, 1892.—We are having two mails a week, which we find a great convenience, and our worthy postmistress, Mrs. A. McNairn, is equal to all emergencies and always wears a smile even under the most trying circumstances.

Mr. William McNairn's mill is undergoing repairs for the fall sawing.

A Johnson, Esq., has some notion of putting in steam as he cannot supply the demand for shingles by water power.

Alex. McAlder and Dougald McEachern have completed their residences, and by a liberal use of paint have made them to look very nice. Their farms and out buildings also look like prosperity.

Crops are excellent both in quantity and quality, grain all housed in good condition and some of our farmers have commenced to dig their potatoes, potato bugs not having made such devastations among them as was at first supposed. Thanks to Paris green. Although one of our farmers met a drove of them, which he estimated at about five bushels, taking their departure and he had presence of mind to tell them to stop until he got two loads of straw and set fire to them, so they received a warm reception and got a hot send off.

Amongst the latest social events was the wedding of Mr. Hugh Cameron to Miss Bessie Ward. They drove to Moncton and were married, returning the same evening, and were received by a goodly number of their friends at their new residence, where an old fashioned reception was kept up until the wee sma' hours, all seeming to remark when taking their departure, that "I wish the jollity of the good old days would return again."

Building of John McNairn's new residence is suspended for a time, all on account of lumber being scarce. No doubt his many friends will be disappointed as they were all anxiously looking forward for the graybird's return, whose chants so entranced their hearts while among them.

J. H. Ainsworth and family, of Fall River, Mass., are visiting friends.

W. H. Ainsworth, of the firm of Ainsworth & Bon, Portland, Me., is visiting his daughter, Mrs. Jas. Johnson.

Mr. Mosley Watken, of Richibucto, who has charge of our school seems to be the right man in the right place, so the girls say.

We are sorry to learn our esteemed young ladies the Misses McNairn and the Misses Morrison are going to leave us for the United States.

Wm. McNairn, Jr., who has been spending his vacation at home has returned to college in Halifax.

Mr. Watson who has had charge of our spiritual welfare for the past few months is about to leave us, leaving a goodly flock without a shepherd, in which he proved himself a faithful one, always drawing large numbers out to hear his most eloquent discourses. Certainly the Presbyterians have one young man in whom they may be justly proud.

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 success, LEANDER PRICE.

Friendship.

Friendship—What is it? Ah! we hear so much about it, but see so little of it. Alas! a great many so called friends are mere myths. If our neighbor sees our frailties and speaks of them to our "friends" it is very probable they can tell them a great many more faults we have and will set right about it. Ah! how ready we are to listen to censure. If we would be more sincere how much better it would be. And let us not be too hasty in plucking the mote from our neighbor's eye, for there may be a very large beam in our own eye. Let us be careful in choosing our friends and confidants.

We are apt to form friendships in our lives that had better been left unformed. And yet as we go on through life we do meet with people that it is well for us to know. People who will cheer us over many a rough road; who are willing to help us through troubles and trials, who will stand by us even to the very grave. Ah! those are the sincere friends. "Sincerity is the way to heaven. To think how to be sincere is the way of man."

CELIA.

A Hacking Cough disturbs rest.—Use Baird's Balsam of Horehound.

Proverbs of Abram. My son, what distinguished Balam's ass from all other asses, he had sense enough to know just when to speak and when to hold his tongue.

To enable one to make a good speech on politics or any other subject it is only necessary to know these three things:—when to begin, what to say, and when to conclude. But my son the most effectual speech you can make in nine cases out of ten, is to very briefly say nothing and stick to it.

My son observe and consider the many people that always know what is going to happen, but cuss their pictures they never say anything about it till after it has happened.

There is one good thing to be said for the devil; the infernal scheming old reptile is not lazy, anyhow.

My son when you have determined to investigate your own business, send a friend to interview your neighbors; they will tell him all about it and save your time and trouble.

The man that Solomon found was the only one among a thousand, that knew nothing about the rows and squabes in the royal household. He was unmarried and had no confidential lady friend, and devoted his whole time to minding his own business.

My son if you contract a painful disease be not troubled. Any of the advertised patent medicines will cure you. If your horse proves balky be not dismayed—every body will tell you just what to do.

There are men in this world so selfish that they will get as fat as a porpise and leave their poor patient wife with hardly enough flesh to make a few dimples.

My son true dyed-in-the-wool modesty is not half so easily shocked or offended as the modesty that is extracted from the modern rules of etiquette.

Never try to estimate how much you know, but rather try and comprehend how much you don't know, and when you have solved all other problems, then, my son find out why it is that the oldest goose in the flock will monopolize the attention and affection of a young gander.

The Testimonials.

Published in behalf of Hood's Sarsaparilla are not extravagant, are not "written up," nor are they from its employees. They are facts, and prove that Hood's Sarsaparilla possesses absolute merit and is worthy the full confidence of the people.

Hood's Pills are purely vegetable, perfectly harmless, effective, but do not cause pain or grippe. Be sure to get Hood's.

Pokemouche.

Trade is dull, and we poor farmers feel the consequences, although we are at the door of a new municipal election. Several aspirants are already on the ground. M. M. E. Sewell and M. Boudreau, who were elected last election with such a crushing majority on their opponents, will be elected again this year with a larger vote in their favor.

Captain J. O. Robichaud, of schooner White Wind, left for Halifax on August 29th, with a cargo of fish. When reaching destination Captain Robichaud was very sick and taken to the hospital. The doctor pronounced typhus fever. Captain Robichaud is brother-in-law of J. A. Babin, general merchant, Pokemouche.

Our school teacher, Mr. W. Allen, took charge of the school Monday.

J. A. Babin, our genial merchant and post master, is preparing to make a lot of improvements to his new buildings.

GREEN MOSS.

Plague of Snakes.

RALEIGH, N. C., Sept. 21.—The drought in the southeastern part of the state has caused some of the swamps to become almost dry, particularly in Brunswick county, and the monster rattlesnakes peculiar to that section have crawled all through the neighborhood.

They have bitten and killed a white woman and three negro men and have also killed scores of horses, mules and cattle, as well as great numbers of dogs. The snakes crawl into or under houses and cattle are now kept in pens to protect them.

Many persons, thoroughly frightened, have moved away from the vicinity of Smith's swamp, near Waccaman River.

Rattling can be heard there at all times and immense serpents are killed in the roads, some over 9 feet long and 3 inches thick.

Mrs. Morris, the white woman killed heard a noise in her room at night, got up to see what caused it and was bitten as soon as she stepped on the floor. Death ensued in three hours.

Such a plague of snakes was never before known in this state.

INVENTOR WATTS'S VISION. It Came in a Drunken Sleep and Made His Fortune.

Before Watts, the discoverer of the present mode of making shot, had his notable dream, induced by over-indulgence in stimulants, the manufacture in question was a slow, laborious and consequently costly process. Great bars of lead had to be pounded into sheets of a thickness nearly equal to the diameter of the shots desired. These sheets had to be cut into little cubes, placed in a revolving barrel and there rolled round until, by the constant friction, the edges wore off from the little cubes, and they became spheroids.

Watts had often racked his brain trying to discover some better and less costly scheme, but in vain. Finally, after spending an evening with some boon companions at an ale house, he went home, went to bed and soon fell asleep. His slumbers, however, were disturbed, by unwelcome dreams, in one of which he was out with "the boys," and as they were stumbling home it began to rain shot—beautiful globules of polished, shining lead—in such numbers that he and his companions had to seek shelter.

In the morning Watts remembered his curious dream and it intruded itself on his mind all day. He began to wonder what shape molten lead would assume in falling through the air, and finally, to set his mind at rest, he ascended to the top of the steeple of the church of St. Mary at Radcliffe and dropped slowly and regularly a ladleful of molten lead into the moat below. Descending, he took from the bottom of the shallow pool several handfuls of the most perfect shot he had ever seen. Watts's fortune was made, for from this exploit emanated the idea of the shot tower, which ever since has been the only means employed in the manufacture of the little missiles so important in war and sport.

Safe, Sure, and Painless.

What a world of meaning this statement embodies. Just what you are looking for, is it not? Putnam's Painless Corn Extractor—the great sure-rop corn cure—acts in this way. It makes no sore spots; safe, acts speedily and with certainty; sure and mildly, without inflaming the parts; painlessly. Do not be imposed upon by imitations or substitutes.

A Deaf Mute Lady's Philanthropy.

..... Near Baddeck a sweet American woman, who has partially adopted Cape Breton as her home, is spending both time and money in training the girls of the neighborhood to useful handicrafts. She has established free sewing schools in Baddeck and the neighboring settlements, where the use of the needle is systematically taught by trained teachers. Each of the sixty pupils now under instruction will be given a regular course in plain and fancy sewing, in cutting and fitting—in fact they graduate from the school as trained seamstresses. Many tourists have become interested in this philanthropic undertaking, and have purchased many dainty pieces of the pupils' handiwork, to the delight and profit of the bright-faced industrious scholars. The same thoughtful lady has also started a Social Club, which is a centre of culture throughout the country. The topics of the day are discussed and the best magazines read at the weekly meetings. A course of lectures and concerts is given to the public in connection with the club. Some famous men are induced to take part in the free course of lectures. In this manner alone Mr. Kennan, the famous Siberian explorer; Mr. Hubbard, whose noble work in the establishment of speaking schools for the deaf is so well known; and Major Powell, a leading geologist of the United States are among the number. The influences of these philanthropic efforts are far reaching, the early disbanding of families is prevented, a love of industrious habits is implanted in the young girls, an intelligent interest in the affairs of the world and in literature broadens the horizon of many whose minds are too prone to be limited by the farm boundaries. The lady whose well directed efforts are doing so much for people is Mrs. Bell, the wife of the famous inventor of the telephone. Scidom have wealth and energy met in more happy combination, for one great aim of her life seems to be the good that she may be to her fellow women. We bespeak for Mrs. Bell's school the patronage which is its due.—Halifax Critic.

[Mrs. Bell is the wife of Professor Bell, the inventor of the telephone, who has become a millionaire. She is a deaf mute and a very beautiful woman.]

No other Sarsaparilla possesses the Combination, Proportion, and Process which make Hood's Sarsaparilla peculiar to itself.

Nancy Hanks' Record Beaten by a Bicycle.

It is but a few days ago that all previous records of fast trotting for the distance of one mile, on a circular track, were beaten by the performance of Nancy Hanks, who trotted a mile in 2 minutes 7 seconds. The trotting of a mile in such quick time, and the fast time which has also been made in other recent records, is now conceded to have been largely aided by the employment of a pneumatic tire upon the wheels of the sulkies, an improvement first introduced in connection with the safety bicycle. But even the wonderful record of Nancy Hanks has now been beaten by a rider upon a safety bicycle. This was achieved by Arthur A. Zimmerman, of the New York Athletic Club, at Hampden Park, Springfield, Sept. 9, the rider covering the distance of a mile in 2 minutes 6 4 5 seconds, and thus beating the record established by Nancy Hanks by one-fifth of a second. It is to be noted, however, that Nancy Hanks has a record of trotting a mile on the kite-shaped track in the time of 2 minutes 5 1/2 seconds. The advantages offered by such a track over the half mile circular track at Springfield are supposed to fully equal the difference made in the time of the trotting record, and the trial of the wheel against the horse upon a kite-shaped track will now be looked for with the greatest interest, as, under equal conditions, the bicycle rider has already beaten the fastest horse trotting record.

There is no telling where future contests will end, either with horses or men. Since July 20, this year, when the first pneumatic sulky was used in a race, there has simply been a revolution in trotting records. One strange thing about the new wheels with these ball bearings is that the horses are not tired a bit after a fast heat, and can repeat again and again. They seem to push the horse along, there is no vibration, and they are from three to five seconds faster at least than the old wheel.

For wounds and inflammations, Johnson's Anodyne Liniment is healing and soothing.

The Benefits of Sea Voyages.

The sanitary effects of a sea voyage are very decided. First is the ocean climate. Sea air stimulates, the appetite, improves digestion, assimilation, secretion, excretion. The glandular follicles and organs of the alimentary system are awakened to a high state of functional activity. Relaxed muscular tissue becomes firm, the heart is invigorated, the circulation is carried on more actively, respiration is deepened, the pure air inhaled promotes a quickened oxidation and tissue change, the skin grows soft and blooming, the tone of the nervous system is raised and a cheerful state of mind induced. The traveler gains flesh and strength, sleep is sound, lassitude vanishes and irritable nerves become firm.—London Lancet.

Dandruff forms when the glands of the skin are weakened, and, if neglected, baldness is sure to follow. Hall's Hair Renewer is the best preventive.

A Stand for Umbrellas and Canes.

A prett fancy cane and umbrella stand for a hall can be easily made of the frame of an old umbrella that has seen its best days. The covering must be removed, and the umbrella slightly opened, being made fast with a few tacks. The ferrule is inserted into a block of solid wood that may be either round or square. Cover the outside with thick silver paper, pasting it neatly, to fit in the form of a huge cornucopia. Make a lining for the inside of either brown or white oilcloth. Bind the edges with braid, or a bordering of fancy paper, over which a quilting of ribbon may be placed if desired. Ornament the top and bottom of the stick with blue ribbon.

A ranchero in the Platte Valley, in referring to his isolated life, said: "Oh, you see, stranger, I'll make a big stake here after a while, and the climate is perfect. My family are well, except in wild-plum season, when the youngsters get all tied up with Cramps and Diarrhea, and Cholera Morbus and sich like, but I kin knock all sich complaints higher'n a kite with Perry Davis' Pain Killer. I tell you it beats the world for complaints of the stomach, and there ain't a ranchero in the valley that hasn't got a half dozen bottles lying around ready for emergencies."

Macdougall Settlement.

The two Sabbath schools held a joint picnic at Casey's cape yesterday, the chief attraction was music by the bag-pipes by Mr. J. McQuarrie.

The harvesting is nearly through with now and potato digging will soon begin. Mr. John White's new house will be soon fit for occupation.

The Colborne mill is now about ready to start.