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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. WRY. Kingston, Aug. 2, 1892.

Referring to the above I would beg to inform the public that I will keep on hand a full line of coffins and caskets, and will attend to all orders promptly and in a manner that will give satisfaction. ODBER K. BLACK. Richibucto, 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.

See that your Advertisement is ticketed via THE REVIEW.

To John Fraser.

Oh John, dear John, why should your pen, Write the thoughts of other men. Instead of following full and free, In notes of natural minstrelsy.

Why should you copy, plagiarize, In telling us just how love dies; Instead of giving what you know, About his death, if it is so.

READER. Moncton, N. B., Oct. 29, 1892.

BUCK'S STORY OF HIS LIFE.

AS TOLD IN THE CELLS AT DORCHESTER.

A Story of Crime and a Mis-Spent Life. [From Plain Dealer.]

A representative of the Plain Dealer visited "Buck," alias Robert Olsen, in the jail at Dorchester on Friday afternoon. He had just finished eating his dinner, which consisted of roast beef, potatoes, carrots and other hearty provision, and was smoking his pipe. He at once recognized the writer, and said, "I am glad to see you. I am very lonesome."

The writer informed "Buck" that he came to get some information from him regarding his life in the past; to which "Buck" replied, with a smile, "I see by the Moncton Times that I abused Dr. Church. That is not so. I did swear at the Times reporter, and told him to 'go away from me'; but it was because he gave a one-sided report of my trial; and he has always referred to myself as a 'tramp'; and he has written some very severe articles while my case was going on. I respect Dr. Church for his kindness to me while at Moncton."

The prisoner gave the writer a sketch of several exploits which had helped to mar his past life, and at the same time requested him to say nothing about several criminal cases of a less important nature than murder in which he had figured. He acknowledged that his whole lifetime up to the date of his arrest, was one of sin and disaster, and he said if he were to be set free he thought he could live a very different life. Buck here stood up close to the door and said:

"I am just thirty years old. I was born in Norway, and afterwards removed with my parents to Stillwater, Minnesota. At an early age I went to sea, and followed the blue wave for six years; after which I thought I would give it up, and so I did, and I went to learn the shoemaking business, which trade I completely mastered. I worked at it in Petersboro, N. H., and in Manchester; at Freeport, Me., at Portland and Gardiner, Me., also. I made big wages, and spent it all in 'booze.' I enjoyed life when I was drinking and having a good time. I was brought up a Roman Catholic, and attended that church occasionally after I left home; but finally I neglected the early training I had received, and forgot all about church and home. I joined in with bad company in my youth, and I have seen many an 'old buster' 'go the way of all flesh' since I started my bad career."

"I was in Moncton for the first time in my life in June. I was there then only for a short time. I was on a drunk there, and met several lads who seemed to be having a good time. I was flush then, and went to Amherst to try to get a sight in the shoe factory there. But times were dull, and I went on to Halifax, where I drank and had a good time. I then returned to Moncton, where I stopped a few days on a big debauch. From Moncton I went to the States, and 'done' a good many American cities."

"I had never seen 'Jim' at this time, and never knew that there was such a person in the wide world. I met him in a fashionable saloon one day in Bangor, Me. I took him to be a smart man, and picked up a chance acquaintance with him. He said he was on a 'jamboree,' which is an American slang phrase for a 'big drunk.' He asked me where I was going, and I said I was making for Canada, and he said, 'I will go with you; my home is in Canada, but I have not been there for years.' 'Jim' is a good player on the piano, and a splendid singer, and he seemed to be well educated. He was well dressed when I met him first, and had a gold watch on; but we soon managed to squander the ticker, and were again 'on our uppers.' We landed in St. John, where we met a crowd, and we were soon having a big time again. We took in all the saloons, and finally started for Moncton. We arrived in Moncton on Friday night—the very night that the robbery is said to have taken place in Chatham; and, so help me God, we never did the Chatham robbery. We were in Moncton that night, and slept in a box car on the St. John I. C. R. line in the Moncton yard."

"On Saturday morning we met three men who came from the north that morning. One of them I had met before, and he gave me forty or fifty dollars in silver pieces, and asked me to get it changed and keep what I wanted myself out of it. I sold the whole business to a railway trackman for a ten dollar bill. He went into a liquor saloon near the railway crossing and got me the ten dollar bill. The third party (the man who was mentioned in the trial of 'Jim'), and whom I got the money from, went to a certain old house on the Northern Railway and hid. He had plenty of money in bills and in silver. He promised me to meet 'Jim' and me that night, and I mentioned the Donnelly house, because I had been there before. He asked me to read the newspapers and see what the North Shore news was, and if there was any description of any man or men who had been mixed up in a scrape. I did so, and reported what the Moncton Times had said; and the third party was at the Donnelly house that night, but he did not go into the house, as he was afraid he would be arrested. His two companions left Moncton that morning. There was a third party all right enough, and the Donnelly boys are aware of the fact. I have nothing more to say that should be made public. My life has been mis-spent, and I have not been what I should have been. My poor old mother gave me good advice. She was a good Christian woman, and I have no doubt been a great trouble to her; but I am all alone in the world now. I have been tried in a strange land, with strangers on every side of me; and I have heard spectators in Moncton say 'He should be lynched,' and I have listened to strangers discussing about what should be done with me; and I must say it is a hard place for a man to be in. The charge of the judge to the jury was one of the most outrageous addresses to be given by a judge that I have ever heard. He made no bones of telling the jury that I must be hanged; he seemed to be thirsting for my blood; I look upon him as an inhuman judge. Yes, I feel sad about my death. I am not fit to die. I have made no preparation for death yet. I tried to do so, but it seems so hard for a man as healthy and strong as I am to die that I cannot make up my mind to pray. I feel sometimes as though it would be a blessing if I were to drop dead in my cell. I am well used in the jail. Mr. Wilson, deputy sheriff, is a good friend of mine, and I respect him. My spiritual adviser is Rev. Father Cormier, he is good to me. I would like to see that Christian lady at Moncton, Mrs. Atkinson. Would you ask her to call and see me. This is the time a poor devil needs a little propping up. You have spoken many kind words for us in the Plain Dealer, and you will be just as well off as them chumps who wanted us lynched without a trial. The St. John Globe gave us a good report, and the Transcript was fair, but the Times was rank against us. Tell Dr. Church for me that I did not insult him, it was the Times man I wanted to talk to. The doctor is a nice man."

"My leg don't bother me, but I feel sorry that I am alive. I am alive, but I would sooner be dead. Here the prisoner's eyes filled with tears and as he extended his hand to the writer through the bars of his cell door he gave us such a look that we will remember as long as we live the face of 'Buck,' or Robert Olsen, as we seen him on Oct. 28th, 1892, in his prison cell at Dorchester."

mill. He was arrested in New York at another time, but was able to prove by one of his companions that he did not commit the very serious charge for which he was sentenced. In the States and in France, "Buck," or Robert Olsen, has been before the criminal courts on many occasions, and escaped with very light punishment—till he landed in Moncton, in company with "Jim." Once while in the West Indies, he engaged in a rough-and-tumble fight with a black man, and in order to save his own life, "Buck" says he felled the "nigger" to the earth with a club; he was arrested, tried, and the captain of the ship "Buck" sailed in gave evidence which went to show that he (Buck) acted in self-defence. The court, after nearly a week, fined "Buck" about fifty dollars for assault, and "Buck" remarked, "I paid it and left the d—n place." He tells a good story about his visit to the Creede mining districts, and how he made a pile there and "skipped out." In California he fell in with warm company, and as he told how he got the best of several sharpers whom he met on the way—he seemed to forget his present position and burst into a hearty laugh. He then told how he used to work sometimes for months at a stretch, and all of a sudden, he would be seized with a desire to leave work and as he put it "go on a big booze." "I have lashed for months at a time, and faked in all sorts of schemes in order that I might have a good time. I have seen the sky over nearly all parts of the earth. But this is the hardest luck I have ever struck yet." Buck can talk several languages, notwithstanding that he is quite illiterate, and says he cannot read, he is blind of an eye, which would not be noticed by looking at him. He talks about petitioning the minister of justice asking to have his sentence commuted to imprisonment for life. He has many good words to say for his lawyer, Mr. David Grant, whom he says done all he could for him. "Buck," said to the writer, my life ought to be a caution to lots of young men, who are free to-day, but who may yet wind up their end, as I am about to end mine.

Buck says my right name is Robert Olsen, I have no other name, I am sorry that the murder of Steadman occurred. I don't know that I shot him. God knows, that there was no malice in the matter so far as I was concerned. If I killed him I suppose that under the laws of the land I have a right to die, but don't you think there was a lot of crooked swearing done at the trial against us. I think Scott is the man's name who swore to enough to hang ten men, but is it not strange that he witnessed what no other man saw or heard. I am going to leave this world, and I want to leave it without much fuss or spread, but really I am of the opinion that a good deal of the blame should be laid at the door of the Moncton police officers.

Buck says, "I must bid you good-bye, tell the people in Plain Dealer that my best friend in Dorchester is Deputy Sheriff Wilson. I will give you some private matters to publish when I see you again." And with this a young lady opened the great iron gate, and allowed us to pass out in the free open air once more. Buck was fairly dressed, having on a blue flannel shirt, a neat vest and was in his stocking feet. He has considerably improved in appearance since he left Moncton. In our next issue we will give facts concerning the life of Buck which we gathered from him at Dorchester on Friday.

The Saturday Blade is the greatest newspaper wonder of the age. It is four years old and has a circulation of over a quarter of a million copies a week. The latest sensations and the most marvellous events are written up in the best style and fully illustrated. Subscriptions received at \$2.00 per year, \$1 for six months, or 50 cents for three months. Special inducements to clubs. Send for free specimen copies. Boys everywhere are making big money selling the Blade on the streets. Write for particulars. Address the publisher, W. D. Boyce, 113, 115 and 128 Fifth avenue, Chicago.

Quack Advertisements Are a nuisance, and we think it behooves publishers to examine into the merits of many articles puffed up in their columns. We do not deny that many meritorious remedies are properly to be classed under this heading. Take the hundreds and thousands relieved from severe suffering by the use of Polson's Nerviline; would it not be unreasonable to expect them to condemn that far-famed remedy? Now we know for a fact that Polson's Nerviline is without exception the most powerful, pleasant and certain remedy in the world for pain. It cannot fail, for it goes right to the bottom for pain, penetrates to the nerves soothes them into quietness, and affords prompt and permanent relief.

A Leeds Co. Miracle. A STORY CONTAINING A LESSON FOR PARENTS. The Restoration of a Young Girl Whose Condition Finds a Parallel in Thousands of Canadian Homes—Not Through Willful Neglect, but in Ignorance of the Terrible Consequences. [Brookville Times.] The great frequency with which pale, sallow, listless and enfeebled girls are met with now-a-days is cause for genuine alarm. The young girls of the present day are not the healthy, robust, rosy-cheeked lasses their mothers and grandmothers were before them. On all sides one sees girls budding into womanhood, who should be bright of eye, light of step, and joyous in spirits but alas, how far from this is their condition. The complexion is pale, sallow or waxy in appearance, they are victims of heart palpitation, ringing noises in the head, cold hands at feet, often fainting spells, racking headaches, backaches, shortness of breath, and often distressing symptoms. All these conditions betoken chlorosis or anemia—or in other words a watery and impoverished condition of the blood, which is thus unable to perform the functions required of it by nature. When in this condition unless immediate resort is had to these natural remedies which give richness and redness to the blood corpuscles, organic disease and an early grave are the inevitable result. It was in a condition closely resembling the above that a young lady in Addison, Leeds county, was when Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People came to her rescue, and undoubtedly saved her from a premature death. This case was recently brought to the notice of the Times by H. S. Moffatt, general merchant and postmaster at Addison, of which family the young lady in question is a member. Mr. Moffatt had read the numerous articles in the Times regarding what are admitted on all sides to be marvellous cures by the use of the popular remedy above named, after all other remedies had failed, and felt it his duty to make public for the benefit of sufferers, the wonderful restoration to health and strength that had taken place in his own household. The young lady in question is his adopted daughter, and is some 16 years of age, a very critical period in the life of all young women. She had been in declining health for some time and the family became very much alarmed that serious results would ensue. Medical advice was sought, and everything done for her that could be thought of, but without avail, the treatment did her no good and she gradually grew worse and worse. Her face was pale and almost bloodless, she was oppressed by constant headaches, and her appetite completely failed. When her friends had almost despaired of a cure, some person who had purchased Dr. Williams' Pink Pills at Mr. Moffatt's store, and tested their virtues, advised their use in the young lady's case. The advice was acted upon and Mr. Moffatt says the results were marvellous. In a short time after beginning their use a decided improvement was noticed. The color began to return to her cheeks; her appetite was improved, and there was every indication of a marked improvement of the system. After taking a few boxes she was completely cured, and is now as well as ever she was. In his business Mr. Moffatt deals in various kinds of proprietary medicines, but says he has never handled any medicine that has given such universal satisfaction as Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. The demand is large and is constantly increasing, thus affording the most satisfactory evidence that they are what is claimed for them, a blood builder, nerve tonic and general restorer, curing diseases hitherto held to be incurable, and restoring health where all other remedies had failed.

In view of these statements a grave responsibility rests upon parents—upon mothers especially. If your daughters are suffering from any of the troubles indicated above, or from any of the irregularities incident to a critical period in life, do not, as you value their lives, delay in procuring a remedy that will save them. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills is a remedy that never fails in such cases, and is a certain specific for the troubles peculiar to the female system, whether young or old. They act directly upon the blood and nerves and never fail in any case arising from a vitiated condition of the blood or a shattered condition of the nervous system.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are a perfect blood builder and nerve restorer, curing such diseases as rheumatism, neuralgia, partial paralysis, locomotor ataxia, St. Vitus' dance, nervous headache, nervous prostration and the tired feeling therefrom, the after effects of la grippe, diseases depending on humors in the blood, such as scrofula, chronic erysipelas, etc.

Pink Pills give a healthy glow to pale and sallow complexions, and are a specific for the troubles peculiar to the female system and in the case of men they effect a radical cure in all cases arising from mental worry, over-work or excesses of any nature.

These Pills are manufactured by the Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Brookville, Ont., and Schenectady, N. Y., and are sold in boxes bearing the firm's trade mark and wrapper, at 50 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 Co., 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.

The Chicago Ledger Is twenty years old and has a circulation of 140,000 copies a week. It is a combined story and family paper, fully up to the times in every particular, and handsomely illustrated. There is a Fashion Department, and also a Young People's Department, either of which is worth the subscription price of \$2.00 per year, \$1 for six months, or 50 cents for three months. Send for free sample copies and inducements for clubs. Boys and girls everywhere are making money selling the Ledger to regular customers. Write for particulars. Address the publisher, W. D. Boyce, 113, 115 and 117 Fifth avenue, Chicago.

A Child's Self-Respect.

Once given a reputation to live up to, a character to maintain, and the child's pride comes to the rescue, his sense of honor is cultivated to the point of giving birth to truthfulness, and thenceforward, noblesse oblige, until at last he seizes on the real beauty and value of truth, upon which truth itself obliges. And on the other hand, if you would make the little liar a big liar, and eternally a liar, then constantly confront him with the fact that he is a liar already. He will have small motive for telling the truth, since all the world knows and believes that he is a liar; he sees that he would not be credited if he told the truth; he will not have the name without the game, and his fate, which the tact and watchfulness of which we have spoken might have made very different, is early sealed.—Harper's Bazar.

The Advertising

Of Hood's Sarsaparilla is always within the bounds of reason because it is true; it always appeals to the sober, common sense of thinking people because it is true; and it is always fully substantiated by endorsements which, in the financial world would be accepted without a moment's hesitation.

For a general family cathartic we confidently recommend Hood's Pills.

Race for Life.

BANGOR, Oct. 29.—The recent collision on the Bangor & Aroostook railroad proves to have been a race for life. A wood train running wild round a curve, coming upon a hand car going in the same direction. On the hand car was a section man and with him his two boys he was taking to school. Not for one moment doubting that the engineer would see him, the section man "jumped" his car as hard as he could, in order to keep out of the way until the train could be checked. But the engineer was not looking, in any event he did not see the car. Now and then the man on the hand car looked back, but each look showed him the great engine coming fast. First he grew nervous, then frightened. He now had a race in hand with three lives pending. He strained every nerve, while at his feet the children crouched in terror. He could plainly hear the grind of the wheels of the engine and knew there was but one chance. Letting go the pump he caught up his children and leaped. The engine rushed past, overtook the still-rolling hand car, shattering it and throwing the timbers high in the air. Then the engineer knew a collision had occurred and whistled down brakes. The man and his two boys were found, but they were not seriously injured. It was a remarkable episode in railroad happenings. The road has been under a new management since July 1, and as this is the first serious accident and narrow escape, it is not known how it will be dealt with. Railroad employes say they had no idea the newspapers had learned of the affair, as there were no persons save railroad men and the two children at the scene, and the matter was to have been kept quiet.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are a perfect blood builder and nerve restorer, curing such diseases as rheumatism, neuralgia, partial paralysis, locomotor ataxia, St. Vitus' dance, nervous headache, nervous prostration and the tired feeling therefrom, the after effects of la grippe, diseases depending on humors in the blood, such as scrofula, chronic erysipelas, etc.