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THE REVIEW

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Advertisement for Dr. C. O. LeBlanc's medicine, including a list of ailments and a testimonial.

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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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The Night Express.

Out through the hills of midnight, Hurting and thundering on, The night express from the outer world Speeds for the open of dawn.

Out of the past and gloom-wrack, Out of the dim and yore, Freight as train or caravan Was never freighted before;

Built when the Sphinx's query Was new on the lips of peace; Hurl'd through the aching and hollow years Till time shall have release;

Stealing and swift as a shadow, Sinuous, urging and blind, Unpent as a joy or the flight of a bird, With oblivion behind;

Down to the morrow country, Into the unknown land! And the Driver grips the throttle-bar, Our lives are in His hand.

The sleeping hills awake; A tremor, a dread, a roar; The terror is flying, is come, is past; The hills can sleep once more:

A moment the silence throbs; The dark has a pulse of fire; And then the wonder of time is gone, A wraith and a desire.

Demonish, toiling, grim, In the ruddy furnace flare, While the Driver fingers the throttle-bar, Who stands at His elbow there?

Can it be, this thing like a shred Of the firmament torn away, Is a boarded train that Death and his crew Consorted to waylay?

His wreckers, grinning and lean, Are lurking at every curve; But the Driver plays with the throttle-bar; He has the iron nerve.

We are travelling safe and warm, With our little baggage of cares; Why tease the peril that yet would come Unbidden and unawares?

The lonely are lonely still; And the friend has another friend; Only the idle heart inquires The distance and the end.

We pant up the climbing grade, And coast on the tangent mile, While the Driver toys with the throttle-bar And gathers the track in His smile.

The dreamer weary of dreams, The lover by love released, Stricken and whole, and eger and sad, Beauty and wail and priest.

All these adventure forth, Strangers, tho' side by side, With the tramp of time in the roaring wheels, And haste in their shadow stride.

The star that races the hill Shows yet the night is deep; But the driver humors the throttle-bar; So, you and I may sleep.

For He of the sleepless hand Will drive till the night is done— Will watch till morning springs from the sea And the rails grow gold in the sun.

Then he will slow to a stop The tread of the driving-rod, When the night express rolls into the dawn; For the Driver's name is God.

—[From the Independent.]

There are some patent medicines that are more marvelous than a dozen doctor's prescriptions, but they're not those that profess to cure everything. Everybody, now and then, feels "run down," "played out." They've the will, but no power to generate vitality. They're not sick enough to call a doctor, but just too sick to be well. That's where the right kind of a patent medicine comes in, and does for a dollar what the doctor wouldn't do for less than five or ten. We put in our claim for Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. We claim it to be an unequalled remedy to purify the blood and invigorate the liver. We claim it to be lasting in its effect, creating an appetite, purifying the blood, and preventing Bilious, Typhoid and Malarial fevers if taken in time. The time to take it is when you first feel the signs of nervousness and weakness. The time to take it, on general principles, is NOW.

Macnairn.

The present drouth has caused considerable backwardness in ploughing, which drouth has given Messrs. Allan and Carter constant employment boring wells in our midst; they have supplied Neil B. McEachern, Hugh Cameron and Hugh Morrison with abundance of water at their doors. No doubt many readers of the Review—as it comes to nearly every family in this place—would like to know why the name of Mill Creek was changed to Macnairn, and will doubtless need some little explanation. Some years ago a petition was sent to the government to have the name of this place changed to Macnairn, and last May, through the influence of the late Dr. Legere, M. P., a post office was established by that name.

Neil A. McEachern thinks he would not mind having his taxes raised, as the government was so punctual in repairing Buctouche bridge, as he found it very convenient when he wished to go fishing on Dixon's point. In the future Neil will vote for Blair.

We are glad to learn that Macnairn holds such worthy young men as three proved themselves such heroes during the Buctouche conflagration, fighting flames and defending property, while many of our village-dudes stood off and watched it burning, like Nero at the burning of Rome.

Mr. Wm. Johnson, of the firm Johnson Bros. has just returned from visiting some of the notable grist mills of Richibucto river and is to work putting his mill in good order. William says experience is the best teacher. He says he knows he can compete with the best of them. Farmers who want good pancakes, say they must patronize the Johnson mill, while girls say there is no more use for self-raising buck-wheat as Wm.'s meal will rise itself.

C. C. Carlyle passed through this place in search of votes. Charlie is quite a linguist and speaks the French language equally as well as his mother tongue. Why don't the conventions bring him to the front, as he and one of our Liberals, commonly called Zaccheus on account of his small stature held a political campaign in our school yard in which the first mentioned came out victorious.

It May be Interesting to Know

That when excursion rates are made to Chicago for people who live in the East, to enable them to attend the World's Fair next year, it is contemplated by the Western roads to also make excursion rates from Chicago to all principal business and tourist points in the West, Northwest and Southwest, so that those who desire to spend a few weeks among their friends in the Great West, may have an opportunity of so doing without incurring much additional expense. It may be well to consider this subject in advance of actual time of starting, and the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway Co. has issued maps and time tables and other instructive reading matter, which it will be glad to furnish free of expense upon application by postal card addressed to A. J. Taylor, Canadian Passenger Agent, 4 Palmer House Block, Toronto, Ont., or to GEO. H. HERFORD, General Passenger Agent, Chicago, Ill.

A Marvellous Wire Rope Walker.

NIAGARA FALLS, Ont., Oct. 12.—Clifford Calverly, aged 22, a galvanized iron worker, of Clarksburg, Ont., but more recently of Toronto, crossed the Niagara River to-day on a three quarter inch wire cable which was 900 feet long. His time in crossing was only 6 minutes, 8 seconds. The best previous time being the late photographer, Dixon's which was twelve minutes, thirty seconds. Calverly fairly ran over the wire with the exception of the middle portion, which, owing to oscillation, had to be traversed more cautiously. The wire was two hundred and fifty feet above the terrible rapids. Afterwards at each end of the wire he performed marvellous and daring tricks, sitting, lying, dancing and running backwards on the wire and hanging to it with his toes. His daring and skill exceeded those of all his predecessors and stamp him as the greatest tight rope performer in the world. He never walked a rope till four months ago.

Daniel Ketter.

Says that bottle of SCOTT'S CURE FOR RHEUMATISM entirely cured him of a severe attack of Rheumatism in the back. He says: I had such a pain across my back I could not stoop, and had to stop work; but as soon as I had applied the Scott's Cure I got instant relief. I would recommend any one who suffers as I did to try it. Carleton, May 1, 1890.

COMBAT IN MID-AIR.

A Canadian Tries to Murder Another on a Scaffold Over the Niagara Falls. NIAGARA FALLS, N. Y., Oct. 12.—Two painters engaged in a mortal combat on a slender scaffold suspended from the cantilever bridge last night. One of them is dying. His assailant has fled. A gang had been engaged by the Grand Trunk to repaint the cables, guys and stays of the bridge, and had let themselves down by the usual hanging platforms. They were 200 feet above the water's level in the gorge.

One of the two who quarrelled was a French-Canadian from Montreal named Joseph Greaves, the other also a Canadian named William Gamal.

They had some words which attracted the attention of the near by workmen, who were horrified to see Gamal seize a hatchet and attack Greaves. Greaves grappled with his assailant, the scaffold swung to and fro, and Gamal, who was much heavier than his companion, was fast pressing him to the edge, when Greaves reached for a rope to save himself from being pitched headlong into the abyss.

At this unguarded instant Gamal struck Greaves three times with the hatchet, aiming each time at the head. Two blows were dodged and fell on Greaves' neck, the third split the skull behind the left ear.

He dropped like a log off the scaffold, falling about 20 feet, where he was caught by intersecting guy ropes, and lay out of reach of his antagonist.

With superhuman strength the fallen painter clutched at wire cable and began to climb, hand over hand, to the bridge floor, the blood pouring from his cuts.

He had no sooner thrown himself on the bridge than Gamal pounced on him again, by this time other workmen had reached the spot and prevented downright murder.

"If I catch you again, I'll kill you," hissed Gamal at his victim, as he hurled his hatchet into the river and fled.

Greaves was picked up and carried to the Canadian shore, where his wounds were dressed. He had received a severe blow severing an artery, and the hemorrhage was so copious that the surgeons pronounced his hold on life extremely precarious.

Gamal was last seen boarding a Michigan Central train. He probably reached the States, and likely will ship on board some boat at Buffalo. He is an old sailor, weighs 225 pounds, is of medium height, sandy complexion, and dressed in a suit of paint daubed clothes, with a slouch hat.

Piles! Piles! Itching Piles.

SYMPTOMS—Moisture; intense itching and stinging; most at night; worse by scratching. If allowed to continue tumors form, which often bleed and ulcerate, becoming very sore. SWAYNE'S OINTMENT stops the itching and bleeding, heals ulceration, and in most cases removes the tumors. At druggists, or by mail, for 50 cents. Dr. SWAYNE & Son, Philadelphia. Lyman Sons & Co., Montreal, wholesale agents.

Kicked the Coffin Lid Off.

Thos. Kelly, a colored man disappointed a large audience in Chester, Pa., the other day by refusing to be buried when the audience was ready to bury him. He had been picked up for dead on a wharf the night before and had been tenderly removed to the coroner's office to await an inquest and a funeral. When the undertaker came around the next day he had the corpse put in an ice-box, while he went for a hearse and some mourners, and the preparations for sepulture were nearly complete when Mr. Kelly kicked the lid from the box, got up and asked for his overcoat. Instead of giving the corpse its overcoat, the Brooklyn Eagle says, the coroner and other officials took to their heels, not that they were averse to granting the dead man's request, but that it was not in the usual order of things for dead men to make requests.

"How to Cure all Skin Diseases."

Simply apply "SWAYNE'S OINTMENT." No internal medicine required. Cures scabies, eczema, itch, all eruptions on the face, hands, nose, leaving the skin clear, white and healthy. Its great healing and curative powers are possessed by no other remedy. Ask your druggist for SWAYNE'S OINTMENT. Lyman Sons & Co., Montreal, wholesale agents.

Killed in a Single Minute.

BATHURST, Oct. 11.—A terrible accident occurred about 7 o'clock this morning in Messrs. O. F. Stacey & Co.'s shingle mill, Bathurst Village. A young lad named Edward White, 15 years old, son of Mr. John White, of Bathurst Village, lost his life. The little fellow was employed in the mill cutting wire for bunching shingles. Before commencing work he went under one of the machines which was in motion. His coat caught in the belt and he was quickly drawn and wound around the drum. When the machinery was stopped it was found that he was horribly mangled. Both legs and one arm were torn off. He died a moment or so after being taken out. Dr. Duncan was immediately on the ground. An inquest was held by Coroner Meahan and a verdict of accidental death returned.

Hans Got In the Wrong Bed.

New York paper. Hans Friedrich Endrickheit arrived in this city a few days ago by one of the Hamburg-American Packet Company's steamers. He was on his way to visit a sister who is the wife of a baker in Boston. It was the first time Hans had set foot on American soil and he found everything very strange. He set sail on the steamer Pilgrim Monday evening for Fall River. His ticket entitled him to berth 103 on the steerage deck. Hans had a hearty dinner aboard the steamer and spent the evening with his pipe on the upper deck. About 10 o'clock he decided to turn in for the night. In the main saloon he found a door numbered 103 and supposed it led to his sleeping apartment. He turned the knob and entered.

The stateroom in question had been engaged by a young couple who were returning from their wedding tour. The husband had left his wife to retire while he had a good-night cigar in the open air. When Hans Endrickheit entered, therefore he was somewhat surprised to find a young woman in the lower bunk of his apartment. She was sleeping soundly. Her diamond bracelet and a tiny gold watch were on the dresser and her dress adorned the back of a chair.

"This is a remarkable country," said Hans to himself, as he added his big silver watch to the other jewelry. "I suppose the last one in fastens the door," he turned the brass key quietly. A few minutes later he was in the upper bunk sleeping as peacefully as the young woman in the cot below.

There came a rap at the door. Hans was snoring, but the young woman awoke. "Who's there?" she inquired.

"It's me," said a familiar voice ungrammatically.

Then the bride discovered Hans' clothing and gave a scream that was heard from one end of the main saloon to the other. Passengers poked their heads from their staterooms and wondered what was the matter. The instant the door of No. 103 was unlocked the frantic husband jumped in and seized poor, inoffensive Hans. He dragged him from his bunk, and after pomping him soundly threw him bodily into the saloon. He was about to follow up his attack with a chair when Capt. Davis and Detective Agnew appeared on the scene and interfered. They hurried Hans into cover and then sent back for his clothes. He was a very battered, frightened passenger who was conducted to bunk No. 103 in the steerage.

Searching Neel Dow for Smuggled Whisky.

A well-known Lewiston business man has been in Montreal recently, and coming home, he rode in the car near Neel Dow of Portland.

On approaching the States the car was boarded as usual by the custom house officer, and as the official went through the Lewiston man's baggage, the glatter whispered in the officer's ear, "I know it's mean to tell on a man, but I hate to see anybody cheating the government or anybody else."

"That old gentleman," pointing to Gen. Dow, "has a valise full of Canadian liquor. You look for it."

The official looked at the Lewiston man for an instant, said "Thank you," and turned his attention to General Dow whom he did not know.

Then followed a quiet circuit. He pulled Mr. Dow's baggage out and gave it a very thorough overhauling. Then he asked him if that was all the baggage he had. Then he looked it over again.

Of course he did not find any liquor, and he looked his surprise as he turned back to the Lewiston man, who was having one of the best times in his life, and said, "What did you say he had liquor in his satchel for?"

"Don't you know that old gentleman?" said the Lewiston man, as he hid on to his sides with laughter.

"No, sir."

"You don't? Honest, don't you?"

"No, sir, I do not," said the government official. "Who is it?"

ALL SORTS.

A "whisky straight" is decided to be an unmixed evil.

The summer girl will soon become a far less consideration than the maiden vote.

A man who is running for office takes great risk of a collision with his own principles.

Judge: "What is your name?" Tramp: "Allow me to exchange cards with your honor."

He: "So you refuse, me, fickle one! You love another?" She (demurely): "Only two others."

The great value in astronomy as a science, morally speaking also, is that it tends to make people look higher.

"What were, her father's closing remarks?" "I could not hear them; I was on the wrong side of the door."

The man who is always yielding to temptation seldom finds any difficulty in finding temptations to be yielded to.

The time has come when the candidate feels bound to treat with familiarity everybody that happens to be in the saloon.

Parent: "This is your birthday, Tommy. What can I do for you that will cause you pleasure?" Tommy: "Spank Johnny!"

Miss Boodle: "Count, how do you know that your diamonds are genuine?" Count Gitto: "By ze advances of ze pawnbroker."

A sample of tradesmen's challenge: "Any person who can show me that my cocoa is injurious to health will receive ten boxes gratis."

A stimulant is often needed to nourish and strengthen the roots and to keep the hair a natural color. Hall's Hair Renewer is the best tonic for the hair.

Boston Child: "Mamma! Mamma! The baby has fell out of the window!" Boston Mother: "Fallen, you mean, dear. Quick! Run for a doctor!"

"Not all is gold that glitters" is a true saying; it is equally true that not all is sarsaparilla that is so labelled. If you would be sure of the genuine article, ask for Ayer's Sarsaparilla, and take no other. Health is too precious to be trifled with.

A Kingston, Ont., despatch says: Charles Thompson, hailing from New Brunswick, and about 40 years of age, is under arrest for stealing \$200 and jewelry from the Stewart house, Landsdowne. He admitted his guilt and said two others aided him. He will stand his trial at Brockville.

If you wish to secure a certain and speedy result, when using Ayer's Sarsaparilla, be careful in observing the rules of health, or the benefit may be retarded. A fair and persistent trial of this medicine never fails, when the directions are followed.

A blacksmith named Allard, of Lewis, Que., who has discovered the secret of tempering copper, has tempered a piece of aluminum. The test was made at the demand of a New York firm. It only took 36 minutes to temper the piece of aluminum, which was originally as soft as lead. Abbe Lallumme, the renowned scientist of Laval University, examined the tempered metal and gave Allard a certificate to the effect that the aluminum was tempered as hard as steel could be.

The remains of the poet, Alfred Tennyson, were laid in their final resting place in historic Westminster Abbey. The funeral services were attended by a congregation comprising men eminent in all walks of life. All the honors which his church could pay were given to the dead poet, and the solemn grandeur of the occasion will long be remembered. Canon Farrar, Canon Duckworth, Rev. Geo. Granville Bradley, the Dean of the Abbey and other members of the clergy officiated. Among the many floral offerings were wreaths from the Queen and Mr. and Mrs. Gladstone.

A French clockmaker named Chausband has completed an ingenious time-piece, in the making of which he has spent 25 years. Four-dial mark London, Paris, Geneva and Rome time. It chimes and plays nine airs, while 42 figures of men working at their trades are set in motion. Shoemaker, sweep, butcher, cooper, joiner, organ-grinder and three players lead off and others, from the barytone basses to the contraltos, who ring the bell, follow. Four dances, a waltz, a mazurka, and soldiers file past the French flag, keeping time to the tick-tack of the pendulum.

An intrepid balloonist, Capazza, has invented and tested a new parachute for his air-bull. On a recent trip he ripped open his balloon at an altitude of 4500 feet, and gradually descended to earth at the rate of 14 feet per second. The parachute is precisely similar to those which have already been in use, the only difference being that it is opened above the balloon, before the time of ascension. It is thought that Capazza has succeeded in last finding away with one of the greatest dangers of ballooning, for, with the new parachute the sickening fall through space which has too often been reported, might easily be prevented.

No means have been taken by the manufacturers to push the sale of their "Merry Xmas" tobacco except giving from time to time a simple statement of the facts connected with it in the public press. The large and rapidly increasing demand for it has been the result of the experience of smokers which those statements suggested. Their advantage business men is to advertise largely if they have the right article to back up the advertisement with.