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Celia's Answers.

I waited for my Celia A twelvemonth and a day; And when the April catkins Were whitening for May; Beneath this maiden blossom I asked her would she wed ; But, " Pray thee, tarry, sweetheart," Was all the word she said.

I waited for my Celia Another weary year: It seemed to me like seven, My Celia was so dear ; And pressed again my question, When hawthorn buds came round; But, "Why so eager, sweetheart?"

Was all the word she found. I waited for my Celia Till, and the summer died; I wondered at her coyness, I fretted, fumed, and sighed. While Celia smiled and dimpled, Grew younger every week; Nor lost a single hour

The damask on her cheek.

Then I with fifty reasons Laid siege to her consent : And with a hundred kisse. Endorsed the argument: A hundred long-pent kisses That stormed away her breath-She laughed and sighed, and "Mercy!

"'Tis marrying, or death."

AT CALLENDER'S.

BY M. A. T.

never felt, is Callender's.

age to some game mecca. Last autumn, stir them up. in talking over the matter with my old of conversation R- said :

"Why not try Callender's Point?" great horned owl, is Callender's Point?" I queried.

"The nearest place on earth to heaven!"

never dreamed of." der's let it be. When shall we leave?"

"Make your preparations for next week, their Southern Winter home. October 2. Order 1,500 shells—we will Dinner, then a pipe and a novel for the other species we could not name. S powder, and Nos. 1, 3 and 4 shot,"

Our preparations having been made, the morning of October 2 found us leaving Boston as fast as steam could carry us After jolting over good, indifferent and bad roadbeds for thirty-five hours, we arrived at the little town of R-, where

we put up for the night. Bright and early next morning we were driven to Callender's fifteen miles distant, where we met two S- boys, W. and A. of New York, who had been notified of our coming, and who had made arrangements with Mrs. Callender to accomodate us during our stay. I had, while on the journey, drawn a mind picture of Callender's, but when I arrived at our destination, the charming place which was to be shooting killed this day. Another night our home for the next three weeks, I was indeed surpised, and came to the conclusion that as an imaginative artist I. was evening, and look at those maretails in the non est; for the little homestead more sky," observed W. S.—.
then filled my anticip; tions and the greetthan filled my anticip; tions and the greet-

ing tendered us by good, motherly Mrs. der her hospitable roof all our lives.

Scarcely had our wraps been taken from the wagon, and before we had time to on you beach; "sure sign of a storm," view the surroundings, when the whistle prophesied A. S-, and turning to an old of an upland plover was heard high over- farm hand who had just come out of the member all my lifetime. head. Snatching a loaded gun from the stable, he asked his opinion of the morbird drop at my feet. This, I thought, or three times the farm hand replied was a good omen-my first shot was a "Fine day." "dandy."

river, running by the farm within 60 yards for the house saying : of the farmhouse, was a salt water lagoon, and the land which I imagined was the opposite bank, was a line of sandhills you can spike my favorite gun and tell heaped up by the ocean, from which came to our ears the roar of the surf. This lagoou, or rather salt marsh, was miles in R-'s Scotch punch, made according to a length and from one-half to one mile formula handed down from a kilted anwide, and was covered in patches with a cestor who fought at Bannockburn, and certain kind of grass upon which geese, ducks and brant came in autumn to feed. of Nod.

Far down the stretch of water could be seen innumerable long lines and bunches at sunrise, and a more glorious sunrise I of birds, and far in the offing, flying to and had never seen. fro over the sand-dunes, could be viewed, like tiny specks, numberless flocks of Dutch! How about your 'twisted brants. These brants have the peculiar yokel?' Is this weather bureau 'broad habit in this neighborhood of flying far out to sea at dusk and returning at day- S-, you hydrographic mistake !"

then you will see them all, geese, brants bags of partridges could have been secured. and ducks, fly over yonder little but If there is any one thing in this world that famous point, within a stone's throw of fulfils my idea of pleasure, it is a ramble that hay-barn, and on which point, in a through some wooded fastness. Here one corner of the fence, I have arranged a seat | is alone with his thoughts, where everywhere we can all four sit and shoot," re- thing is fresh and pure. Every leaf tells world, but the most strange must surely marked A. S-.

weather remained warm and sunny, it swaying plumes nod a welcome and every was no use trying to decoy or get near the gurgling brook, rippling and winding o'er personal experience that this art is regu-

turned to the house and proceeded to dispose of the good supper set before us by ill health, and where humanity daily strives our generous hostess. After supper, a to find a new way to beggar each neighbor pipe and a chat; formation of plans for and friend. But hold, if I keep on in this by the action of charcoal to make him the next few weeks, with occasional spirit manifestations from a cabinet branded "Royal Blend," made us feel that if we were not the only people on earth, we were by long odds the happiest. Health, strength, and within half mile of countless flocks of birds, who would not be happy? A sleeping potion, a merry good-night; then off to bed to brace up for the mor-

In an out-of-the-way corner of the Before dawn I was up, and was told by sign came to tell of a storm that never priests, it seems, are adepts at the art. globe, where all is peace and quiet, where A. S- to "sneak back to bed, for the came. For fourteen long days did we wait When a kidnapper, however, is caught by the rush and bustle of the restless worm is morning was too fine for the birds to fly for a change in the weather, either a storm the people he is torn to pieces, and when hushed, and where the pulsations of the our way." Back to bed I sneaked, and or a cold snap, but the change failed to the authorities get him they torture him the money-grabbing, maddening crowd are did not wake again until I was called for materialize. The native Indians told us and promptly behead him. breakfast. Oh, what a glorious morning that they could not recall an autumn The reader may have some trouble in it was; not a leaf stirred, not a ripple when the weather had leen so fine or unlocating this place on a map, to which fact | ruffled the water, and never did an autumn | natural as the present one. Every day is due its chief charm-isolation. It was sun shine more resplendent, and standing we waited brought additional flocks of done for others, is it not reasonable to by the merest chance, an unaccountable at the open window I could hear the birds from their Northern breeding suppose that it will be of benefit to you? accident, that I happened on this sports- honking of geese and the peculiar call of grounds, until at last it seemed as if no For Scrofula, Salt Rheum, and all other man's paradise. Ever since I have been the brants mingled with the quackings of more could find water space at the mouth diseases of the blood, for Dyspepsia, able to carry a gun, I have spent my spare a dozen different kinds of ducks, the whole of the bay. Never in my most fanciful Indigestion, Sick Headache, Loss of Apmoments in burning powder, and have combining in music more sweet than any dreams had I ever imagined such rafts of petite, That Tired Feeling, Catarrh, made it a practice to set aside two or three I had ever heard at a Boston symphony birds. How we prayed for wind enough Malaria, Rheumatism, Hood's Sarsaparilla weeks in October each year for a pilgrim- concert. Oh, for a storm or cold snap to to whitecap the water and cause the fowl is an unequalled remedy.

After breakfast R-and I took our guns in search of which they would be forced friend R-, the advantages of a number and attempted to canoe our way down to to fly over the point, or the blinds which of resorts were considered. In the course where the birds were feeding, but when we had built in the lagoon. But there within three hundred yards of where I proved no efficacy in our combined prayers. thought two or three hundred geese were On the fifteenth day an apology for a "And, pray, where in the name of the feeding, they arose in wild confusion and, storm arose in the shape of a warm southbreaking into flocks, they flew seaward. erly rainfall. On that morning we were I counted over one hundred flecks, with in our stands before daybreak, and light from ten to fifty birds in each flock. as the storm was, the stragglers of the great my friend replied. "Come, my boy, Flock after flock of feeding birds of all flock flew our way, and you may rest asleave the matter to me, and I will furnish kinds did we disturb, but to none of them sured that some of them paid tribute to head you with three weeks' such sport as you could we get within shooting distance. our four breech-loaders, and when noon We returned to shore and amused our- arrived we had quite a nice bag, which "All right, old man," said I, "Callen- selves winging belated yellow-leg plovers for variety could not be beat. Geese, and sanderlings that had not yet left for brants, mallards, broadbills, redheads,

need them and more too-loaded with S. rest of the afternoon. Supper, a game of Late in the afternoon a message was cards, after which we went out to have a look at the weather.

" Look at that ring around the moon," said W. S-.

"See the star within the circle," I ob-

"Sure sign of a storm," replied Rwith the air of a Wiggins. "Let't turn in," advised A. S-.

into bed we bounced to dream of hurri- And how the storm did rage. It seemed canes and flying feathers. At daylight we were up and dressed to me out of the country.

find that the day gave promise of being still finer than the previous one.

forever," said my friend.

of star gazing. "Did you notice that yellow sunset this nothing of innumerable ducks.

vens this afternoon, and hark to that C- made us feel as if we had lived un- hooting owl," offered R- in deep, sepul- proper season. I want to sit at C-'s chral tones which made us shudder.

"Listen to the sullen roar of the surf wagon I had the pleasure of seeing the row's weather. After sniffing the air two

I had hard work to keep A. S- from After disposing of our luggage, under throttling the tiller of the soil who had the guidance of W. S-, we took a walk dared to back his opinion in direct oppoaround the place to take in the "lay of the sition to the forebodings of the roaring land." I found that what I thought a surf. After quieting down, A. S-started

"Come along, boys, that yokel is 'twisted;' if there is no storm to-morrow me I am too broad across the narrows."

A game of whist, a cigar and a sip of we were off to the happy hunting grounds

Next morning one of the boys called me

"Well, fellows," said I, "this beats the across the narrows?' Get off your perch

After breakfast a tramp through the "Wait until the first storm comes, and woods, where, had we a bird dog, good a story, and every fern is an unwritten be the "artificial manufacture of wild He informed us that as long as the poem. The trees, with their bending, men." Yet a well known English doctor its rocky bed, murmurs a greeting. A fig larly practised in the Flowery Kingdom. The evening growing on apace, we re- for your cities and boasted civilization where the very air breeds pestilence and bit he is flaved alive, and the skin of a dog strain I shall lose myself in this forest.

"Helloa R-." "Helloa!"

"All right, coming."

some gull shooting.

pray when they need wind, will it ever he is exhibited to the entirely credulous blow? What country is this in which all Chinese as a wild man of the woods, and to seek calmer and more sheltered water teals, blackducks, shelldrakes, and several

brought me by a messenger from the nearest telegraph station, imperatively calling me home, and necessitating my leaving C-'s immediately in order to make railroad connections so as to be in Boston as early as possible. Bidding three of the best fellows it has ever been my good fortune to meet, farewell, and reluctantly saying good-by to dear old Mrs. Callender, A seance by a Dublin stout medium, and I left for home before a blinding storm. as if the elements had combined to drive

I had only reached home a few days, when I received a letter from one of the "Hard luck, old man, but this can't last boys saying the birds were flying so plentiful that it was hard work to keep their Smoking, reading, card playing and crow guns cool enough for handling, and that in two days' shooting they had slaughtered a wagon load of geese and brants, to say

Callender's will see me again next Fall, even if I have to get there on crutches;

but I will take care to be there in the Point some day when the wind is blowing a gale from the northeast, and after I have emptied three hundred shells I will have a reminiscence to "blow" about and re-Boston, Mass.

The Lake Magazine for September.

The September number of the Lake Magazine is bright, varied and entertaining, and fully justifies the expectations founded upon the character of the first number. Attorney-General Longley of Nova Scotia, contributes an article on the "Future of Canada." in which he presents four alternatives for the Canadian people and warmly advocates full discussion. Hon. T. W. Anglin discusses the "School Question in Manitoba," taking ground in support of the minority. "Modern Inconveniences," a thoughtful and entertaining criticism on some phases of civilization by A. C. Campbell of Toronto; "A New Social Problem," by J. L. Payne, Ottawa ; "A Peep at the Prairie," full of novel suggestions and views, by Rev. W. S. Blackstock; a sketch of a French-Canadian hero' "A Hobitan Hercules," by J. Macdonald Oxley of Ottawa; "The Indian Poetess," an appreciative story of Miss E. Pauline Johnson, by H. W. Charlesworth, are among the leading articles. Art is treated of in "Hindrances to art in America," by W. A. Sherwood, and "Art in House Furnishing," by Ella S. Atkinson. The fiction, which is entertaining and of striking merit is embraced by "Mike," not call for it, shows how widely diffused by Nora Harper; and "The Baillys and the and confirmed is the habit of misrepresen-Bailiff," by Allan Douglas Brodie. Am- tation. According to our author, it is the ong the poems are "To the Lake," by a well known Canadian poet, W. W. Camubell of Ottawa, and "Sea Fog," by Chancellor Rand of McMaster Hall. The mag- truth; thus in Russia, the most absolute azine is illustrated.

The Manufacture of Wild Men.

There are many curious trades in the in China has just certified from his own First a youth is kidnapped, then bit by or a bear is grafted piece by piece upon him. His vocal cords are next destroyed dumb, and the double purpose of causing "etiolation" of the skin and utter degradation of the mental faculties is effected by keeping him immured in a perfectly black Home to dinner, then to the shore for hole for a number of years. In fact by treating him like a brute for a sufficiently Oh, San Antonio, to whom the sailors long time he is made into one. At last storm indications fail. Storm sign after his possessors reap a rich harvest. The

A Point for You.

In view of what Hood's Sarsaparilla has

Hood's Pills cure Sick Headache.

Facts of Interest.

It is rare to find a blue eyed person who is color blind. Canada has about doubled its railway

mileage in 10 years. The most costly of the metals is didy-

nium, which sells at \$4,500 a pound. Queensland, Province of Australia, owes the largest national debt-\$310 a

The blossom of the wild grape has been adopted as the state flower of Oregon.

Flower farming for the manufacture of powerless to interfere. perfume is being carried on in Australia. The New York morgue received 9,654 bodies last year. Of these 107 were never

One child in every five in the northern half of the United States dies before it has lived a year.

The Troy Press the other day referred to a deceased citizen as having "completed his earth-work." A straw hat and a linen duster have

been worn for 40 winters by Dr. S. B. Victor, of Columbia, Mo. Though honey is not so much an article of diet now as it was with our forefathers,

there were 61,000,000 pounds of it produced in the United States last year. An enterprising English firm desire to

put boardings along the banks of the Suez canal and lease these accomodations for advertising purposes. They have an idea that a considerable revenue can be derived from this novel source. The Egyptian government is now considering the proposition.

Minard's Liniment Lumberman's Friend.

"Now I Lay Me Down to Sleep." The fire upon the hearth is low,

And there is stillness everywhere; Like troubled spirits, here and there The firelight shadows fluttering go. And, as the shadows round me creep, A childish treble breaks the gloom,

And softly from the further room Comes: "Now I lay me down to sleep." And, somehow, with that little prayer,

And that sweet treble in my ears, My thought goes back to distant years And lingers with a dear one there. And, as I hear the child's amen,

My mother's faith comes back to me Crouched at her side I seem to be, And mother holds my hands again.

Oh, for an hour in that dear place! Oh, for the peace of that dear time! Oh, for that childish trust sublime! Oh, for a glimpse of mother's face! Yet, as the shadows round me creep, I do not seem to be alone-Sweet magic of that treble tone-And "Now I lay me down to sleep."

Complete Truthfulness is one of the

Rarest of Virtues. We are all liars, according to Herbert Spencer; that is say, complete truthfulness is one of the rarest of virtues. Even those who regard themselves as absolutely truthful are daily guilty of over statements and under statements. Exaggeration is almost universal. The perpetual use of the word "very," when the occasion does not call for it, shows how widely diffused despotism in the world, untruthfulness i a national trait, while in Egypt, long subject to despotic rule, a man prides himself on successful lying. On the other hand, instances are cited of barbarous and semicivilized tribes, amongst whom there is no despotism, and truthfulness is a prevalent virtue. Thus, the word of a Hottentot is sacred, and there is hardly anything upon earth they look upon as a fouler crime than breach of engagement; so, also, it is stated that the love of truth is a marked trait of the Indian character. It has been observed that a love of truth exists among those tribes that are not subject to coercive

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 RHEU. MATISM 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.

Horrors of a Double Tragedy.

SAVANNAH, N. Y., Sept. 2 .- The news of a terrible tragedy near Cato, Cayuga county, has been received here, but full particulars cannot be learned to-night. It appears a boy while cutting bundles for a threshing machine, accidently cut the feeder's hand, which so infuriated him that he immediately caught up the lad and threw him into the rapidly revolving cylinder, where he was ground to atoms before any one present could raise a hand to prevent him. The brother of the unfortunate lad witnessed the bloody deed, and lost no time in wreaking vengeance upon the murderer. He felled him to the floor with a blow from a pitchfork, and while he lay writhing from the effect thereof, the brother repeatedly plunged the was dead. All the threshing hands stood works. by and witnessed the two tragic deaths, which occured so quickly that they were

Business Maxims.

The elder Baron Rothschild had the walls of his bank placarded with the following curious maxims:

Carefully examine every detail of your

Dare to go forward.

Be prompt in everything. Take time to consider and then decide

Bear troubles patiently. Be brave in the struggle of life. Maintain your integrity as a sacred

Never tell business lies. Make no useles acquaintances. Never try to appear something more

than you are. Pay your debts promptly. Learn how to risk your money at the right moment.

Shun strong liquor. Employ your time well. Do not reckon upon chance. Be polite to everybody. Never be discouraged.

to succeed!

An Essy on Man, Men are peculiar; they wear No. 10 boots and snore. This is what makes it so easy to recognize a man when you see one. Men wear hats they are careful of, and carry umbrellas they are not careful of ; when not losing them they are always poking them into somebody's eyes, Men don't gossip, but they go to their clubs and talk over the "news." Men don't paint or powder (often), but they raise whiskers that make them look like Scotch terriers, and coax little hair moles to grow on their chins. Men are not vain but they never like a young lady who says they are not handsome.

Men are consistent. They like to see the dress of a lady plain and simple "hate furbelows and flummery"; but let a lady in a "plain, sensible" dress enter the car where these men are seated, and she may stand an hour and not one of them offer her a seat ; but when a lady enters it arraved in the height of fashion every one of them will spring to his feet and glory in the honor of standing for her sake, or rather for the sake of her clothes.

Men never find fault with themselves, if they can help it. Adam showed them how they could help it and they profited by his instruction.

Men take cold and think that they are going to die, and when you carry them a bowl of herb tea they turn pale and ask if it is bitter and if you don't suppose it would do just as well to take it next

Men don't lead around a poodle dog by a blue ribbon, but they chew tobacco and perfume their clothes with a pipe.

Men are always wanting a shirt and when they get one they are always ready to swear that there is not a button on it when all the time the buttons will be there, only they can't find them.

Men can never find anything. They pull off their boots and forget where they put them, and pretend they remember just all about, and after they have rummaged around and turned everything upside down and looked on all the shelves in the pantry, in the sewing machine drawer, and upset your work basket, sit down and remark that this is a deuce of a house, a fellow never knows when he gets out of a thing when he is going to set eyes on it again; and when you bring his boots, that you have found just where he left them, be hands you his slippers and wants to know if you "can't jab them in some out of the way corner where Old Scratch would never look for 'em."

Men think they know a lot and they do

Men are a trouble but they are handy to have in the house in a thunder shower or when the wind blows, and they are not afraid of mice. I know this is true, because I once saw men chase a mouse around a room for an hour (more or less) and neither appeared to be the least alarmed. Towards the close of the chase one of them stopped to wipe his brow and remarked that it was warm-an exceedingly cool observation, in my opinion, as it was cold and comfortable upon the head of the lounge where I was,

White-Hot Iron in Bare Hands.

An interesting sight is afforded to the clated pedestrian who passes the Baldwin Locomotive Works about midnight. Dozens of men with bare arms are dexterously handling countless bars of red-hot iron. They will throw a bar white with heat from one to another and catch it with metal tongs. Others pick up the glowing iron and hold it fully two seconds. This is accomplished by dipping the hand after each clutch. Huge sparks fly all about, but never seem to damage the human flesh so freely exposed. Accidents fork through his body, not ceasing until he are very rare in this department of the

A Philosophical Family.

Amelia has pimples, and sores in the head, From humors internal her nose has grown red:

She's a boil on her neck that is big as a But in other respects she is doing quite well.

And pa has dyspepsia, malaria and gout, His hands with salt-rheum are all broken

He is prone to rheumatics that make his legs swell. But in other respects he is doing quite

And ma has night-sweats and a troublesome cough.

That all of our doctors can't seem to drive She wakes every night and coughs quite a

But in other respects she is doing quite

There is nothing like philosophy to help one bear the ills of life, but in the case of this family what is most needed is a good supply of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. It would cleanse Amelia's bad blood, cure pa's ailments, and check ma's cough. The "Golden Medical Discovery," by its action on the liver, cleanses. the system of impurities, lt cures humors, ulcers, boils, scrofula, salt rheum, erysipelas, and all kinds of sore: and Then work hard and you will be certain swellings. The only guaranteed blood-