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A LONDON MIRACLE.

AN IMPORTANT STATEMENT BY A WELL-KNOWN CITIZEN.

Mr. E. J. Powell, of 33 Alma Street, relates his remarkable experience to an Advertiser Representative—Tortured by Malignant Rheumatism From Boyhood, He at Last Escapes From Agony—A Story Full of Hope for Other Sufferers.

London Advertiser—

At 33 Alma street, South London, lives Mr. E. J. Powell, a gentleman who has resided in London and vicinity for about six years, and who enjoys the esteem of a large circle of friends here and elsewhere throughout the province. Those who knew him are doubtless aware that he has been a sufferer since his youth from rheumatism in its worst form. His acquaintances in the city, who remember the long siege of the illness he stood a year ago last winter, and who had come to look upon him as almost a confirmed invalid, have been surprised of late to see the remarkable change for the better that has taken place. The haggard face and almost crippled form of a year ago have given way to an appearance of robustness, vigor and agility that certainly seem the result of a miraculous agency.

Hearing of this, a reporter called on Mr. Powell in order to ascertain by what magic means this transformation had been wrought. The scribe first asked if the reports concerning his wonderful restoration to health were true. "I am thankful to say they are," said Mr. Powell. "My case is pretty well known around here."

"To what do you owe your recovery?" was asked. "I owe it to the use of a certain remedy," he replied; "but I would prefer saying nothing at present. I have suffered nearly all my life with a malady I had begun to regard as incurable, and the fact that I am permanently relieved appears incredible. In common parlance, it seems too good to last. I want to be sure that I am permanently cured before anything is made public, so that when I do give a testimonial it will have some weight. You may call again later on and I will let you know."

About two months later the reporter knocked at Mr. Powell's door, and was admitted by that gentleman himself. The latter said he was now absolutely convinced of the permanency of his cure, but being a man who did not care for publicity, he had hesitated long before he could make up his mind to allow his name to be used. Coming from one of his conscientiousness and probity of character, his words cannot fail to have the weight they deserve.

"The primary cause of my rheumatism," said Mr. Powell, "I attribute to a severe thrashing administered to me by a school-teacher when I was 13 or 14 years of age. I received injuries then which subsequently brought me years of suffering. The first time I really felt any rheumatic trouble was one day when carrying an armful of wood up a flight of stairs in Victoria College, Cobourg, which institution I was attending as a student. This was in 1872. A twinge of pain caught me, but passed away in an instant. I did not know what it was. Again, when playing football, I experienced a like sensation and that marked the commencement. After that I was attacked at various periods, though it was not until 1876 that I began to grow alarmed. I was living then in Toronto, keeping books for my brother, who was in the wholesale tea business, and as I resided on North Park-broke street and had to walk to Wellington street every day, I found that my rheumatism was getting pretty bad. I did not consult a doctor, but took different patent medicines advertised to cure complaints of my nature. I was not benefited, however. The rheumatism passed away only to return in the fall and spring. In 1878 I engaged in mercantile business in Essex county. From that time I was at indoor work, but the pain returned at intervals. I suffered from sciatica in the left leg; it was very acute at times. In taking stock one day it became so severe that I was hardly able to move around. This was the first acute symptom—that is, where the effects remained for any length of time. I suffered the most intense pain for days. That was about the year 1880.

"For a number of years afterwards I continued to grow worse and worse. In 1884 I went into the real estate business in Toronto, and having a good deal of walking to do, I experienced the pain constantly that summer. It was all day and at all times, frequently so bad that I would have to stand on the street, relax the muscles of my left leg and let it swing until the spasm was over. At most, I could walk but three or four blocks and would then have to halt. I consulted medical men and was advised to try electricity. I took the treatment steadily for several weeks, getting sometimes two or three charges a day on the hands and feet from an electric battery. But it did me not the slightest good. At last my health became so bad that I decided to quit the real estate business and enter upon rural life, thinking that the change of air and occupation might have a beneficial effect. So I exchanged some property for the old Dr. Woodruff fruit farm near the city. I worked it one year, but found it was too laborious for my complaint, which was fast rendering my life a burden. I reluctantly left the farm and came into London three years ago last May. I did some building here, but my malady prevented me from actively engaging in business.

"A year ago last winter the first snow fell on December 1; I went out to shovel the snow, and before I got through I was seized with a pain and had to go into the house. For fourteen weeks I never left it. The only way in which I could be moved was by being wheeled around in an easy chair. What I suffered during that period no one but myself can ever realize. I was attended by the best physician in the city of London. Possibly his treatment was not without temporary effect; at any rate I gradually recovered until I was able to be on my feet once more. I decided to try country life again, and went back to my farm last year, but I still found I had it as bad as ever. I was living in dread of having to go through another ordeal, when I read in the papers about this Marshall miracle in Hamilton. I had then as much faith in Pink Pills as I had in other patent medicines—and that wasn't very great. I did not bother with them nor did I think of the matter again until last September. I saw Mr. Marshall at the Western Fair and he advised me to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. I told him I did not think the remedy claimed to cure rheumatism, and that although I had certainly ocular proof that his own was bona fide, my complaint was different to his. Mr. Marshall said he could not say whether it would cure rheumatism or not, but the pills were good for the blood anyway, and at least it would do me no harm to try half a dozen boxes. I neglected his advice; it would be useless to try a medicine, I thought. Many of my friends, who had probably read of the remarkable cures accomplished by Pink Pills, kept urging me to give them a trial.

"At last I yielded and bought six boxes as a sort of forlorn hope. I took four boxes and received no benefit that I could recognize, but while taking the fifth I noticed for a period of three or four days I felt no pain. This was a novelty to me, as for three or four years I had not known what it was to have a moment's freedom from suffering whether in bed or out of it. I supposed it was a temporary relaxation due to natural causes. However, it gave me some hope to finish the sixth box. Then I knew I was getting better—much better. The pain which had been constant became intermittent and less severe. My friends and family told me that I was beginning to look like another man. My face, which had begun to wear a drawn expression, common with people who are suffering, commenced to show a better color. My system was being toned up. Inspired with increased hope I purchased six more boxes from Mr. Mitchell the druggist, and continued to take them, and with each box I realized more and more that it was a cure. I used up thirteen boxes in all, and when the thirteen were finished I had had no symptom of pain for three months.

"At that time Mr. Mitchell spoke to me about it in the store. I told him what a blessed change had been wrought for me through the use of Pink Pills. He asked me if I would object to giving a testimonial to the firm—Dr. Williams' Medicine Company of Brockville. I said I was not a man who cared for notoriety of any character, and did not relish the idea of having my name published broadcast over the land. That is one of the reasons why I have been so long in making this public. But I am so profoundly grateful for my rescue from a life of pain to one of health and strength that I feel I would be neglecting a duty I owe to suffering humanity if I allowed these scruples to interfere any longer with an avowal of what Dr. Williams' Pink Pills have done for me. I discontinued taking Pink Pills the 1st of April last. I started again in June and have used six boxes, not because I have any recurrence of my old complaint, but because I want to drive it out of my system. I think the Pills as good as a tonic."

"Now," concluded Mr. Powell, "you have my experience. I know what I was; I know what I am. I know that from boyhood I have been a victim of malignant rheumatism, which has been a torture the last few years. I know that I have tried every remedy and been treated by the best medical skill, but in vain; and I know the Pink Pills have succeeded where everything else has failed and that they have brought me back health and happiness. Therefore I ought to be thankful, and I am thankful." And Mr. Powell's intense earnestness of manner could admit of no doubt as to his gratitude and sincerity. The reporter shook hands and took leave.

"You may ask Rev. Mr. McIntyre, of the Askin Street Methodist Church, or Rev. G. A. Andrews, B. A., pastor of the Lambeth circuit, whether I was a sick man or not," were his parting words.

REV. MR. MCINTYRE'S TESTIMONY. The reporter dropped in on the Rev. C. E. McIntyre at the parsonage, 82 Askin street. "I know Mr. Powell well," said the reverend gentleman when questioned. "He was an esteemed parishioner of mine when he lived on Askin street. He afterwards moved into the country, but has since returned and is attending the Askin street church again."

"Do you remember Mr. Powell's illness of a year ago last winter?" "Yes, I frequently called on him. He had a very bad attack of rheumatism which laid him up for a long time. He had to be wheeled around the house in a chair."

"You notice that he has recovered?" "Yes; he appears to be a well man now. I heard that he had been cured by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills."

"You know Mr. Powell to be a thoroughly honorable gentleman and that if he says these pills cured him, he believes that to be the truth?" "I do. Mr. Powell is in my opinion, a most conscientious person, and any statement he would make would be perfectly reliable."

WHAT MR. MITCHELL SAYS.

"Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are the best selling and most popular medicine in the store," said Mr. B. A. Mitchell the well known druggist, upon whom the reporter next called.

"Do you know Mr. Powell's case?" asked the reporter. "Yes, and I consider it a most remarkable one. I remember that Mr. Powell was a great sufferer from rheumatism. He was constantly buying medicine of some sort, but seemed to get no better. Then he commenced to try Pink Pills. I saw he was beginning to look like a different man, so I asked him one day about it. He told me that he traced his cure to the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. As I have already said, the demand for Pink Pills is something astonishing, and they invariably give the best satisfaction. I know this to be so from the voluntary statements of customers, and if necessary the proprietors could get scores of testimonials from people who have been benefited by the use of Pink Pills. I have sold thousands of boxes, and have no hesitation in recommending them as 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."

Mr. Hodgins, the head clerk, corroborated what Mr. Mitchell had said. The sale of Pink Pills was extraordinary and the general verdict was that it was a wonderful medicine. These pills are manufactured by the Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Brockville, Ont., and Schenectady, N. Y., and are sold in boxes bearing our trademark 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 Company 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.

To Prevent the Grip.

Or any other similar epidemic, the blood and the whole system should be kept in a healthy condition. If you feel worn out or have "that tired feeling" in the morning, do not be guilty of neglect. Give immediate attention to yourself. Take Hood's Sarsaparilla to give strength, purify the blood and prevent disease.

The Great Maritime Nations.

(Hamilton Spectator.) Canada stands fifth among the maritime countries of the world. The latest reports give the following number of vessels and tonnage to the chief commercial nations:

Table with 2 columns: Vessels, Tonnage. United Kingdom: 21,979 vessels, 7,759,008 tons. Sweden and Norway: 11,077 vessels, 2,033,550 tons. German Empire: 3,635 vessels, 1,263,894 tons. Canada: 6,991 vessels, 1,024,774 tons. United States: 1,451 vessels, 928,062 tons. France: 15,278 vessels, 961,073 tons. Italy: 6,810 vessels, 853,033 tons. Russia: 2,983 vessels, 492,030 tons.

The United States are not here given the place they should have, as only vessels registered for ocean trade are accounted for. If licensed and enrolled vessels are included, the tonnage will reach 4,414,487. But Canada is also given a less tonnage than she should have, as many of the vessels belonging to her regular steamer lines are registered in Great Britain. If they were included, as they should be, Canada would take the fourth place.

Even as it is, may we, with all possible respect and reverence, point out to our neighbors who tell us that Canada is slow and backward, that the Dominion has more than one ton of shipping to each five of her inhabitants, while the United States have but one ton to each fifteen inhabitants?

Our neighbors explained that they have neglected their foreign trade while building up their domestic trade—they have measurably stopped shipbuilding and concentrated their energies upon railway building. They have done well. At the same time, while Canada has so far outstripped them on the sea, she has more than held her own with them on land. She has more miles of railway in proportion to population than the United States.

Great Britain is, of course, pre-eminently the great maritime country of the world. At the same time, Canada has already as great a tonnage in proportion to population as even the mother country.

C. C. RICHARDS & CO. Gents.—My daughter was suffering terribly with neuralgia. I purchased a bottle of MINARD'S LINIMENT and rubbed her face thoroughly. The pain left her and she slept well till morning. Next night another attack, another application resulted as previously, with no return since. Grateful feelings determined me to express myself publicly. I would not be without MINARD'S LINIMENT in the house at any cost.

J. H. BAILEY, Parkdale, Ont.

Long Finger Nails.

To allow the nails to grow to an inordinate length is common in China, as an indication that the owner follows a sedentary occupation or leads a life of leisure. Long nails on the right hand would interfere with the use of the brush (corresponding to our pen), and would therefore reflect unfavorably on the person concerned, as tending to show that he did not devote himself to composition and literary exercises, the pride of every educated Chinese. They are almost confined to the left hand, therefore, and are at times very long, delicately-chased silver cases being worn to protect them. Some years ago I met a Chinese gentleman who had carefully guarded the growth of the nails on the third and fourth fingers, the former for some 10 years, the latter for over 25. The nail on the fourth finger, when the silver protector was removed, was some six inches or more long, and twisted like a corkscrew. Some few months later this gentleman, owing to an accident, broke the nail. His grief was as great as if he had lost a near relative.—Notes and Queries.

Minard's Liniment cures La Grippe.

STRETCHING. The pluck and enterprise of the business men of Buctouche, will commend itself, when the following list is read of those who have already begun or are preparing to build, viz.:—John A. Irving, R. J. Redding, John O'Leary, A. D. Cormier, A. P. Cormier, John Killen, Isaac Carier, and last, but not least, Venant Bourque, who, we understand, is going to build again on an extensive scale, despite the very serious losses he has lately sustained, having only been burned out last winter, and had only finished and fully stocked his new store about two weeks, when the last destructive fire swept Buctouche.

The feeling, however, appears quite prevalent that the late fire was the work of incendiaries, and the failure of the authorities to take hold of the matter is very generally condemned. A resolution on the part of the Dominion government for the apprehension of the parties who stole the liquor from the custom house authorities, and committed the brutal assault upon the writer Kowick, and from the local government for the apprehension of those suspected of setting fire during the late conflagration, also if the insurance companies would club and offer a reward of a similar nature, and have detectives come from outside to investigate those cases and have the matter thoroughly sifted, as the authorities of Buctouche appear either incompetent or afraid to do so, the pretty and thriving town of Buctouche will very soon assume its past bright and busy appearance, otherwise, many, as they express themselves, will not re-build as they fear while a certain gang remain undisturbed it will be unsafe.

Deaths of Lord Tennyson.

LONDON, Oct. 6.—Lord Tennyson died at 1.35 this morning. His passing away was calm and peaceful. Sir Andrew Clarke, one of the physicians who attended the poet, said to a reporter: Lord Tennyson's death was the most glorious he had ever witnessed. There was no artificial light in the room and the chamber was almost in darkness, save where the broad flood of moonlight poured in through the window and fell on the features of the dying poet. Twice during the night he smiled at those at his bedside, but was too feeble to speak. The tide of his life slowly and gently ebbed out into the ocean of the infinite, and the end came so calmly, watchers could scarcely distinguish the fatal moment. All the members of the poet's family were at his bedside.

From Bird to Woese.

Some time ago a number of cats were sent from Halifax and other places to Sable Island to destroy the rats which were killing the rabbits. The cats, becoming very numerous, it was decided to send a number of foxes to the island to thin them out. The foxes did the work too well. They not only mowed down the cats but killed all the young birds and destroyed thousands of eggs. This fact has been brought to the notice of the government with the view of having the foxes cleared off the island.

Typhoid from Milk.

The typhoid fever epidemic in Springfield, Mass., this summer has been traced by the State Health officers to the milk supply. The families in one quarter of the town, in which upwards of 60 cases broke out, got their milk from a retail dealer, who in turn got it from three dairies. It was noted by an investigator that the milk that came from one of these places was left at the doors of houses, where cases of fever had been reported. A visit was made to the farmer who sold the milk originally, and it was found that there had been a case of fever in his family last February. The dairymen near the house was bad, and poisonous matter made its way into the well in which the farmer cooled his milk in cans. These cans were not water-tight, which is perhaps not astonishing; and that they were the source of contagion is proved by the fact that when the milk was out of from the pasture of the town where the fever raged, it quickly abated. The milk from the other dairies was shown to be above suspicion.—New York Evening Post.

Why suffer from sore muscles?

Johnson's Anodyne Liniment makes them very pliable.

Advertisement for a thorough business education, mentioning St. John's Business College and offering to send an idea of what they are doing.