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NOTICE!

Having sold out my business to Mr. Odber K. Black 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.

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.

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A Mono Mills Miracle.

A TALE THAT READS LIKE A NOVEL.

The Story of George Hewitt—Helpless for Thirty Years—At Last Finds Relief in a Simple Way—The Story Corroborated by Reliable Witnesses. Orangeville Post.

For several months the Post, in common with many other journals of Ontario, has been publishing accounts of miraculous cures in various parts of Canada and the United States. We must confess, however, that we have paid little or no attention to these reported miracles, and probably our indifference would have continued to the end had it not been for a little incident that occurred in our office when Washburn's circus was in Orangeville a few weeks ago. Mr. Stewart Mason, a respectable young farmer of Albion township, called at our office on business on that occasion, and as he was leaving we happened to ask him—a course generally pursued by the newspaper man in search of news—if there was anything new in his vicinity. He replied that there was nothing very startling and followed this up by asking us if we heard of the wonderful cure of a man named Hewitt at Mono Mills. We confessed ignorance, and then Mr. Mason said that from what he had heard it was undoubtedly another miraculous cure through the agency of Dr. Williams' famous Pink Pills. We had become so thoroughly imbued with the idea that the various details of miracles in other parts were only a new and catching fake in the booming of patent medicines that we must admit Mr. Mason's intimation of a genuine local cure at once excited our interest. We took a note of the name and quietly made up our mind to investigate the matter at our earliest convenience. We came to the conclusion that there must be something in it, for Mr. Mason, a respectable and reliable young farmer, would not for a moment be suspected of equivocating on a matter in which he had any interest, much less in one which did not concern him. A few days ago The Post despatched a representative to Mono Mills to make a full investigation of the alleged cure of George Hewitt. He first called on Mr. John Aldous, proprietor of the Commercial Hotel, and after a few usual preliminaries, asked him if he knew a man named Hewitt in the village. "Is that the old man that wasn't able to move a short time ago, and is now getting all right so fast?" queried Mr. Aldous. The reporter nodded assent, and in less than it takes to tell it the quilldriver and the obliging Mr. Aldous were on the way to the neat, comfortable home of Mr. Samuel Benson, with whom it was learned Mr. Hewitt resided. The Benson home is on the eastern suburb of the village, and upon the reporter and Mr. Adams calling they were courteously received by the busy housewife, who was not too busy, however, to spare time to tell the Post all about her interesting boarder and his miraculous cure. Mr. Benson was not at home, and the Post at once suspected that a gentleman of between forty and sixty years, who occupied a chair in a corner of the cosy room, was no other than the famous George Hewitt. The surmise proved correct. Mr. Hewitt shook hands with the scribe, remarking as he did so, "I could not have taken hold of your hand a few months ago." When the object of business was announced Mr. Hewitt, who is an intelligent, well educated man, began to dilate in glowing terms on the wonderful change that had come over him. "Shal I tell you the whole story," asked he of the reporter, and upon the latter intimating his desire to hear all, Mr. Hewitt gave him the following narrative:

MR. HEWITT'S WONDERFUL STORY.

"In old Ireland, thirty years ago, I was scaling a stone wall one day when I fell backward and had my spine injured so seriously that a short time later I became almost entirely disabled. The fatal effects of the fall were gradually but only too rapidly felt, and looking back over a stretch of time extending five years over a quarter of a century, there is little more in the prospect than a picture of pain and gloom and suffering. About 28 years ago I came to Canada and am known around the country here for miles. Until twelve years ago I could sit on a chair when placed on it, and manage to move myself around a little. Then even that comfort was suddenly taken from me. One day I was unintentionally thrown off the chair and the second fall may be said to have done all but end my life. There was not a ray of hope for me, not a sign of a break in the dark clouds. Ever since then my pitiable condition is known to every one in these parts. All power to use either arms or hands, legs or feet, completely left me. I could be propped upright in a chair, but something had to be put in front of me to keep me from falling forward. Usually a chair like this," and as Mr. Hewitt spoke he lifted and drew forward a chair which was near him, "was placed in front of me and on this I would rest my arms. Not only had all power left my limbs, but every feeling likewise. Why you could run a needle right into my flesh and I would not know what you were doing unless I saw the act. A myriad of flies might light and revel on me, but I would be in happy ignorance of the fact. When I was laid in bed I could not get up or move unaided if I was given all creation. The only part of my system in which any strength seemed to remain, was my neck, but at last even my head fell forward on my breast, and I was indeed a pitiable sight. My voice, formerly as clear and ringing as it is to-day, seemed to go like the strength and feeling from the rest of me, and sometimes I would scarcely be able to make myself understood. I know you hear me with incredulity, for you can scarcely believe that the helpless and hopeless invalid I had described is the man who now sits before you, cheery, vigorous and hopeful. On the legs, which a short time ago were helpless and seemed useless, I can now walk with a little assistance, being able last evening to go to my room with my arm on Mrs. Benson's shoulder. Why, man, a few months ago I could not do that on the promise of inheriting the kingdom of heaven." Here Mr. Hewitt stamped both feet on the floor with much vigor and enthusiasm. "In those days," he resumed, "if I ever wrote anything it was by placing the handle of the pen between my teeth and getting through with the work in that way. Don't ask me if I tried the best doctors. I spent a fortune, thousands of dollars, in trying to get cured. I consulted physician after physician, and paid some of them high fees for their services. They all failed utterly and hopelessly failed, to give me the slightest relief. You can put that down in big black letters. Of course you have heard what was wrought this wonderful change in me. I read in The Post and other papers of the miraculous cures effected by Mr. Williams' Pink Pills, but I never dreamed that there was a glimmer of hope for me through the use of this much advertised remedy. Miracles might be worked on every side of me, but there was no chance for me. I was like the doomed leper, a hopeless outcast, a being whose sufferings and disabilities would end only with the period of earthly existence. One day I picked up a paper and read the Saratoga miracle, that case where Mr. Quant was so miraculously restored by the Pink Pills, and at once concluded to try the amazing cure on myself. There must be some chance for me, I thought, when a man who was as helpless as Mr. Quant got such relief. I had no money, but I sent for Mr. W. J. Mills, our popular and kind hearted general merchant and postmaster, and he procured me a supply of the Pink Pills, and these I immediately commenced using with the joyful result I have described. My voice is fully restored, my head is upright once more, my chest, (once so shrunk and hollow) is rapidly filling up. I am quickly securing the use of my legs and arms, and can feel the slightest touch on any part of me. Is there not a miracle here, indeed, and would I not be a base ingrate if I refused to sound the praises of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills? Even if I get no better than I am now I shall be forever grateful for what has been done for me. But I have great hope that the cure will go on until I am completely restored. I drove down to the village last twelfth of July. It was in April I commenced using the Pills, and the friends who saw me could scarcely believe their

eyes. It was like the appearance of a spectre or an apparition. "Oh, I tell you sir," said the grateful man with enthusiasm, "it is my full intention to write a pamphlet on all that I have gone through, on all that has been done for me, and you may be sure that the chief prominence will be given to Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. They are a boon which cannot possibly be too widely known."

THE STORY CORROBORATED

The reporter could scarcely believe that Mr. Hewitt's voice, now so silvery and resonant, was ever the squeaky, feeble and indistinct organ of speech he had indicated, and the scribe questioned Mrs. Benson on this point. She said that every word Mr. Hewitt had related was literally true, and on the question of the restoration of his voice she was corroborated by Mr. Aldous, and other respectable witnesses whom the reporter met in the village later in the day. Mr. Aldous said he was not surprised at the hesitancy of people about believing the wonderful cure. He did not think that he himself could credit it if he had not been an eye witness of the whole affair. He had known Mr. Hewitt for years, knew that his former utter helplessness was as he had described, and either he had to say it was not Mr. Hewitt who sat before him or to admit the miraculous escape. "These pills," said Mr. Aldous, "are certainly a wonderful remedy."

The reporter shook hands with Mrs. Benson and the cheerful Mr. Hewitt, and started forth into the street a doubting Thomas no longer, first promising to transmit to the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co. Mr. Hewitt's lavish expressions of thanks for what their wonderful Pink Pills had done for him. "Here we are," thought the scribe, "in the cold and practical nineteenth century, but here's something right here in this little village of Mono Mills mightily closely bordering on the miraculous all the same."

After leaving the Benson home the reporter sought out Postmaster Mills, whom he found equally eloquent in his praise of the wonderful Pink Pills. "They're certainly a great remedy," said he, "and anyone that doubts this has only to be told about George Hewitt's case. I suppose you have heard the whole story, and there's no use in my wearying you. The pills have undoubtedly worked the amazing change that is to be noticed in Hewitt's condition. It was I first sent for the pills for him, and I can certify to the striking change." The reporter further learned that the Pink Pills were kept for sale by Mr. Mills, and that the demand for them was large and increasing. The representative of The Post conversed with many other citizens of Mono Mills regarding Mr. Hewitt's case and found all agreed on the question of his former condition, his restoration and the remedy. Every one in and around the village, in fact, appeared to know all about the cure, and Pink Pills seem to be a household word in that section. On the Post's return to Orangeville, Mr. Richard Allen, ex-warden of Dufferin county, dropped into our office. The ex-warden resides about three miles from Mono Mills, and was asked if he had heard anything about what Dr. Williams' Pink Pills had done for Mr. Hewitt. He had heard all about the case, and was unhesitating in expressing the opinion that this was a striking instance of great results following the use of the pills. "I'm not much of a believer in wonderful cures I read about," said the ex-warden, "but I have known Hewitt for years, and this change in him is certainly astounding." The Post was surprised to hear that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills were extensively used in this section, but after the Hewitt narrative it was not surprised to hear of great beneficial results following the use of the great remedy. We are disposed to conclude from what some parties told us, that the base imitation business is already entered upon by unprincipled persons, and the public will do well to see that the Pink Pills they purchase have all the marks of genuineness advertised by the Dr. Williams' Medicine Company.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are not a patent medicine in the sense in which that term is usually understood, but a scientific preparation. They contain in a condensed form all the elements necessary to give new life and richness to the blood and restore shattered nerves. They are an unfailing specific for such diseases as locomotor ataxia, neuralgia, rheumatism, nervous headache, the after effects of la grippe, palpitation of the heart, pale and sallow complexions, and the tired feeling resulting from nervous prostration; all diseases depending upon vitiated humors in the blood, such as scrofula, chronic erysipelas, etc. They are also a specific for troubles peculiar to the females, such as suppressions, irregularities, and all forms of weakness. They build up the blood and restore the glow of health to

pale and sallow cheeks. In the case of men they effect a radical cure in all cases arising from mental worry, over-work, or excesses of whatever nature.

These Pills are manufactured by the Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Brockville, 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.

Piles! Piles! Itching Piles.

Symptoms—Moisture; intense itching and stinging; most at night; worse by scratching. It 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.

An Extinct Volcano in Kent.

While our learned friend and profoundly versed geologist, Mr. Chalmers, asserts and proves, by his "mystical lore," that the rocks found in this county indicate that its position in the geological scale is in the lower carboniferous series, and that no volcano was likely to have ever existed here, yet those who have lived here for some years will know that within the memory of many now living a volcano did exist in Kent. This wonderful mountain was situated in the town of Richibucto. Its altitude was considerable, in fact many people acquired a habit of constantly looking up to it. It was often in a state of eruption, and particularly during "election times" its roaring was so loud, so long continued and so "terribly intense" as to make a profound impression on the more nervous portion of our community, and to cause many otherwise clever, well informed people to look to it for indications of the weather, while others were in constant fear that it might unexpectedly explode and scatter devastation around.

There is something inherent in human nature that seems to connect idolatry with mountains. We find from reading the "Good Book," that in ancient times our fathers all did either worship on the mountain or did worship the mountain itself. In this case both kinds of idolatry was practiced. Idolatrous hopes were built on the mountain, and the volcano was itself worshipped. Young and aspiring politicians, who were not well versed in Bible lore, were led to make offerings of gold and silver to the flame-capped hill, and to cast before its hot mouth their most precious gifts of gold, frankincense and myrrh. They also erected what they thought to be a "tower of strength" on its fat and fertile sides. But alas, for these poor deluded souls! The mountain swallowed all they gave it, and made no return in any way. The only effect visible from their carting into it of their piles of gold and ingots of silver was that from its mouth would come at times a thin, sulphurous vapor, and even a few flecks of froth would fly out with considerable force; but alas! for the poor idol worshippers of Kent, no votes came from the efforts of the mountain, nor did political success appear to result; and what appeared the most strange to those who were not geologists and did not know the mountain, was the strange fact that no one could tell where the gold and silver that went into it came out. No one ever saw again a single dollar that ever went into it, and while some expected that, if the votes did not come, surely the dollars would come back, they were sorely disappointed. After each election there would be a sure cry of: "Where did my money go? None of it was spent, why can't I get it back again?" At such times, the volcano was always in a state of rest, and no sound came from its cavernous depths. It was also found that the towers of strength erected on the sides of the mountain were always shaken down during the day of elections and not a vestige of them remained after the closing of the poll.

After a time, however, our people became accustomed to the bellowing of the mountain, and it ceased to afflict them so greatly. They also ceased to throw into its mouth their golden gifts and flattering opinions. It was found that this had the effect of causing the mountain to remain quiescent. When no gold was thrown into it nothing could provoke a solitary roar. The natural inference followed, that money was at the bottom of it. So the idol worshippers gradually withdrew from its shade, the political aspirants soon

ceased to cast into its mouth the golden gifts of yore, and the mountain was left in a state of complete isolation. No towers of strength or shaly booths were built on its jolly and mirth provoking sides. The man with the long purse preferred, while running a contest in the county, to imitate the prophet Balaam, and ride a young ass from Buctouche than to attempt to win success by propitiating the old volcano. The fact that this young animal not having sufficiency of brains to watch his marvellous cheek, ran against a stone wall and threw the ambitious gentleman with the money bags in the mud, revived the hopes of the priests of the mountain and had led to an attempt to induce it to roar with its former fury. Some gold has evidently been thrown into it and an evidently anxious tremor is now making its sides shake with the expectation of more. That the mountain is waning in its power is, however, evident. In old times the volcano used to shoot out considerable fire, more especially after fire water had been poured into it by some warm admirer. Now, however, it seems only capable of throwing out mud. The small offering lately thrown into it has caused quite a little shower of mud to fly, some of it went as far as Moncton, and was transferred to paper. This ebullition of mud appears to augur ill for the future of the mountain, and may lead to its being taken down. The mud has struck some of the old friends and admirers and even some of the former worshippers of the volcano, men who have been, and are still personally warm friends of the mountain who like to hear it roar, and have always opposed the plans of those who would dig it down. Some of the men at whom the mud from this old volcano was hurled have more than once proved themselves warm friends of the volcano when it belched forth fire instead of mud; and some even built towers of strength more than once on its sides. But the worst part in the action of this now almost extinct and now mud-throwing old volcano, is that the mud is thrown at some of the old admirers of the mountain, who are temporarily and for the time being, in a position that prevents them from hurling back the vile mixture proceeding from the cankered and jealous old heart of the now mud volcano, in the manner they would and could deal with it, if otherwise intended.

One of the most puzzling of the characteristics of the Kent volcano is the fact of its constant liability to a sudden change of base. People who have studied the history of mountains know that gradual changes are constantly occurring in them. The attraction of the elements wear away their rough and sharp edges, and the mountain as it grows older becomes more beautiful, more easily understood, and more stable in all its characteristics, and we look, as a matter of course to see it always in the same place. This mountain is, however, entirely different; you never know where to find it.

Another curious trait is its constant change of color. The first recollection of the writer in regard to this, that its color was a deep orange tint, bordered with red, white and blue. Suddenly one morning it became a deep green. This was no doubt caused by the verdure that led an ambitious youth to cast so many shekels into its ever open mouth. As the supply of silver lessened the green became less and less distinct and the blue began to predominate. At the present time the color of the mountain is white. Whether it is the snows of age, or the coldness of the atmosphere at present in Richibucto, surrounding the mountain, it is difficult to say, but from all appearances, it is a "cold day" for the extinct volcano of Kent.

C. C. C. Kingston, 15 Nov. 1892.

Blotches, pimples, liver patches, G. M. D. right quick dispatches, Drives away incipient tumors, Clears the blood from poisonous humors; Aiding one, who'er you be, Try the worth of G. M. D.—which is the great Golden Medical Discovery of Dr. Pierce—a wonderful tonic and blood-purifier. The "Discovery" is a standard remedy for consumption, bronchitis, colds, and lung troubles; guaranteed to benefit or cure, if taken in time, or money refunded.

Jagson says the man who can't take a joke always seems to be the editor of the paper he sends his to.—Elmira Gazette. Rely on a remedy time sanctions. Johnson's Anodyne Liniment was invented A. D. 1810. Music hath charms: Jones—"I heard a song last night that took me back to my mother's knee." Adams—"What was it?" "The Patter of the Shingle." As a preventive of the Grip Hood's Sarsaparilla has grown into great favor. It fortifies the system and purifies the blood.