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THE REVIEW

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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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The Farmer.

The king may rule o'er land and sea, The lord may live right royally, The soldier ride in pomp and pride, The sailor roam the ocean wide; But this or that, whatever befall, The farmer he must feed them all.

The merchant he must buy and sell, The teacher do his duty well; But men may toil through busy days, Or men may stroll through pleasant ways; From king to beggar, whatever befall, The farmer he must feed them all.

The farmer's trade is one of worth; He's partner with the sky and earth. He's partner with the sun and rain, And no man loses for his gain, And men may rise and men may fall, But the farmer he must feed them all.

God bless the man who sows the wheat, Who finds us milk, and fruit and meat; May his purse be heavy his heart be light, His cattle and corn and all go right; God bless the seeds his hands let fall, For the farmer he must feed us all. —New York Ledger.

At the Golden Gate.

St. Peter stood guard at the golden gate with a solemn mien and an air sedate, when up to the top of the golden stair a man and a woman, ascending there, applied for admission. They came and stood before St. Peter so great and good, in hope the city of peace to win—and asked St. Peter to let them in.

The woman was tall, and lank, and thin, with a scraggy beardlet upon her chin. The man was short, and thick, and stout, his stomach so built that it rounded out, his face was pleasant and all the while he wore a kindly and genial smile. The choirs in the distance the echoes woke, and the man kept still while the woman spoke.

"Oh, thou who guardest the gate," said she, "we two come hither, beseeching thee to let us enter the heavenly land and play our harps with the angel band. Of me, St. Peter, there is no doubt, there's nothing in heaven to bar me out. I've been to meeting three times a week, and almost always I'd rise and speak. I've told the sinners about the day when they'd repent of their evil way. I've told my neighbors—I've told 'em all 'bout Adam and Eve and the primal fall; I've shown them what they'd have to do if they'd pass in with the chosen few; I've marked their path of duty clear, laid out the plan for their whole career.

"I talked and talked to 'em loud and long, for my lungs are good and my voice is strong; so, good St. Peter, you'll clearly see the gate of heaven is open for me. But my old man, I regret to say, hasn't walked in exactly the narrow way. He smokes and he swears, and grave faults he's got, and I don't know whether he'll pass or not.

"He never would pray with an earnest vim, or go to revival, or join in a hymn; so I had to leave him in sorrow there, while I, with the chosen, united in prayer. He ate what the pantry chanced to afford, while I, in my purity, sang to the Lord; and if cucumbers were all he got it's a chance if he merited them or not.

"But oh, St. Peter, I love him so! to the pleasures of heaven please let him go; I've done enough—a saint I've been—won't that atone? Can't you let him in? By my grim gospel I know 'tis so that the unrepentant must fry below; but isn't there some way you can see that he may enter who's dear to me?

"It's a narrow gospel by which I pray, but the chosen expect to find a way of coaxing, or fooling, or bridging you so their relations can amble through. And say,

St. Peter, it seems to me this gate isn't kept as it ought to be; you ought to stand right by the opening there, and never sit down in that easy chair.

"And say, St. Peter, my sight is dimmed but I don't like the way your whiskers are trimmed; they're cut too wide and outward toss—they'd look better narrower, cut straight across. Well, we must be going our crowns to win, so open St. Peter, and we'll pass in!"

St. Peter sat quiet, and stroked his staff, but spite of his office he had to laugh; then he said with a fiery gleam in his eye, "Who's tending this gate, you or I?" and then he rose in his stature tall, and pressed a button upon the wall, and said to the imp who answered the bell, "Escort this lady around to—"

The man stood still as a piece of stone—stood sadly, gloomily, there alone. A life-long settled idea he had that his wife was good and he was bad. He thought if the woman went down below that he would certainly have to go; that if she went to the regions dim, there wasn't a ghost of a show for him.

Slowly he turned, by habit bent, to follow wherever the woman went. St. Peter standing on duty there, observed that the top of his head was bare; he called the gentleman back and said "Friend, how long have you been wed?" "Thirty years," (with a weary sigh) and then he thoughtfully added, "Why?"

St. Peter was silent. With head bowed down he raised his hand and scratched his crown; then seeming a different thought to take, slowly, half to himself, he spoke: "Thirty years with that woman there—no wonder the man hasn't any hair! Swearing is wicked, smoke's not good; he smoked and swore—I should think he would!"

"Thirty years with that tongue so sharp! Ho! Angel Gabriel! Give him a harp! A jewelled harp with a golden string! Good sir, pass in where the angels sing. Gabriel, give him a seat alone—one with a cushion—up near the throne! Call up some angels to sing their best; let him enjoy the music and rest!"

"See that on finest Ambrosia he feeds, he's had about all the hades he needs; it isn't just hardly the thing to do, to roast him on earth and in future, too."

They gave him a harp with golden strings, a glittering robe and a pair of wings, and he said as he entered the Realm of Day, "Well, this beats cucumbers, anyway!" and so the scriptures had come to pass that "the last shall be first and the first shall be last."

JOSEPH BERT SMILEX.

Seven Years' Suffering.

GENTLEMEN,—I had suffered very much from inflammatory rheumatism, which through wrong treatment left ugly running sores on my hands and feet. With these I suffered for seven years, during which time I had neither shoe nor stocking on. I commenced using B. B. B. externally and internally, using the pills also and I can say now, that the sores are entirely cured, and have been for some time. I believe the bitters were the means of saving my life.

MRS. ANNIE BARR, Brewster's Corners, Acton P. O., Ont.

A Big Cat Drove the Burglars.

A Denver correspondent to the "St. Louis Globe Democrat" writes as follows: An old lady, living alone in a large and dreary house in the western suburbs of this city has just told the neighbors of an attempt to burglarize her house, and the marvellous manner in which the attempt was thwarted. She is well known from her considerable money, as the income from her property exceeds her expenses; and as she has a horror of banks, it is the general impression that she keeps the money about the house. She is quite alone, except for a servant woman who comes in the morning and does the work, returning to her home at night. She is always followed by an enormous cat, brindle and white, rejoicing in the name of Dot. He weighs at least sixteen pounds and attracts a great deal of attention on account of her size, but allows no one to touch him but her mistress.

On several occasions when dogs have strayed into the premises Dot has attacked them and sent them howling and bleeding away. "Last Wednesday night," she says, "I wasn't feeling well and went to bed as soon as the servant left. I slept upstairs in the south room. Before going to bed I went all around below stairs and fastened all the doors and windows just as I always do. Dot was sleeping on my bed, just as he always has done all his life. In the night I was awakened by a sudden motion he made, and found when I put my hand on him that he had raised his head and was listening, trembling all over he was so nervous. I thought he heard a rat, and was about to go to sleep again when he sprang to his

feet and stood beside me, growling very low. Then I listened, and distinctly heard footsteps creeping upstairs. I was so frightened that a smothering sensation came over me. In all the years I had lived there alone such a thing had never happened. I could hear the footsteps come up to the top of the stairs, and then a hand went feeling along the wall for the door of my room. Directly he found the door, and then the hand went feeling for the latch, and having found it, turned it and the door opened. I knew well enough what was going on, but I could not move or even scream. I just laid there as though I were dead. I heard the feet begin to move slowly across the floor toward my bed. Just at that moment Dot made an awful leap, and I am sure he must have landed square on that man's head, for of all the wild yells that ever came from human throat that was the worst. 'Dick! Dick! Dick!' he screamed, and ran for the door. Dot jumped off, but the man must have been blinded with blood, for he missed his footing at the top and fell the whole flight of stairs. At the bottom Dot pounced on him again, and when his comrade ran to his assistance Dot gave him a taste, and I heard him swear that the whole top of his head was torn off. They went out by the cellar window. I don't know how they found out how everything in the house was situated, and I don't believe they will try it again."

From Bar Island.

This is to certify that I have had Rheumatism and have used SCOTT'S CURE FOR RHEUMATISM with great satisfaction, and I feel it my duty to recommend it to the world at large for its great value.

Yours truly, JOHN W. BENTON.

Proverbs of Abram.

My son, temperance is profitable in all things, but don't temper yourself so hard that you can't bend a little without breaking.

Lean lightly on the tender mercies of thy neighbor if his cat and dog fear him.

My son, art thou determined to be a liar? Then sharpen thy memory, for there will not be wanting those who will keep in mind thy sayings, and will compare them when thou goest thy way.

Look not with admiration at a number three boot on a number four foot, for at last it stings with cramps and acheth with corns.

The smaller the foot the less danger of the skirts dragging.

My son, weeds and bad habits will grow on the poorest soil, and they don't require scientific cultivation either, but the proceeds of the whole crop wouldn't pay the taxes on it.

There is no farm big enough nor good enough to support a mortgage and laziness.

Go to the potato bug, thou sluggard, and learn industry and thrift. They can't read or write, as you can, neither can they study the heavens and predict the coming storms, as William Beattie, yet in their day and generation do they provide for a large family, and do so conduct their affairs that when the fall cometh they are able to retire from business with their souls full of fat and their bellies full of seeds.

My son, read what the poet says: How doth the little potato bug Improve each shining moment, By climbing o'er the potato vine, And laying eggs upon it.

While the lazy farmer lies in bed, Or about the house are lurking, From earliest dawn till day has fled, That little cuss is working.

Distinguished Book Canvassers.

Napoleon Bonaparte, when a poor lieutenant, took the agency of a work entitled, "L'Histoire de la Revolution." In the foyer of the great palace of the Louvre can be seen to-day the great Emperor's canvassing outfit, with the long list of subscribers he secured.

George Washington, when a young man canvassed around Alexandria, Virginia, and sold over 200 copies of a work entitled "Bydell's American Savage."

Mark Twain was a book agent. Longfellow sold books by subscription. Jay Gould when starting in life was a canvasser.

Daniel Webster paid his second term's tuition at Dartmouth by handling "De Toqueville's America" in Merrimack county, N. H.

Gen. U. S. Grant canvassed for "Irving's Columbus."

Rutherford B. Hayes canvassed for "Baxter's Saints' rest."

James G. Blaine began life as a canvasser for a "Life of Henry Clay."

Bismark, when at Heidelberg, spent a vacation canvassing for one of Blumenbach's handbooks.—Publisher's Monthly.

Family Matters.

All clothes should be thoroughly aired after washing before wearing.

Chamomile blossoms steeped and drunk will save many a doctor's bill.

A small quantity of salt put into eggs before beating will cause them to beat much finer and quicker.

Warmed skimmed milk (sweet) applied to an oil cloth or painted floor after washing, will improve it wonderfully.

In making sauce for pudding, etc., mix the flour and sugar together first when dry add salt, and you will have a much smoother sauce.

All who have a partiality for good milk toast should wet the vessel it is to be cooked in before putting in the milk. This process rightly done will hinder the milk from "catching."

To renew a dusty or discolored chandelier apply a mixture of bronze powder and copal powder. The druggist where they are purchased will tell you in what proportion they should be mixed.

A tin dish will wear much longer and retain its color better if, before using at all, it is thoroughly greased with good lard—outside and in—and allowed to remain for some time before washing off.

Half a dozen onions planted in the cellar where they can get a little light will do much towards absorbing, and correcting the atmospheric impurities that are apt to lurk in such places.

If you dip your broom in clear hot suds once a week, then shake it till it is almost dry, and then hang it or stand it with the handle down it will last twice as long as it would without the operation.

By immersing a lead pencil in a jar of linseed oil until it is thoroughly saturated—lead, wood, and all, it will be found that the lead has toughened and softened, and the pencil will outwear two of the untreated.

A handful of fine sand placed on a board to rub your flatirons on when ironing; also a piece of paper saturated with kerosene and the iron run over that after it has undergone the sand treatment will make the ironing process easier.

Cut glass will not look clear unless washed in very hot water, but does not require soap. If it is in any way blurred or tarnished it must be cleaned with a soft brush dipped in whiting, and then polished with a soft piece of newspaper; this gives a brilliant, clear appearance, and no lint remains as when rubbed with a linen towel.

The question is often asked; "How long will pastry keep?" It can be kept in cold weather for a number of days, providing a damp cloth is laid over it, or in the case of puff paste, it may be rubbed on the outside with butter and covered closely. This prevents a hard crust forming over the paste, as it is certain to do if it is put away on a plate or in a bowl without a cover.

Satisfaction.

Is guaranteed to every one who takes Hood's Sarsaparilla fairly and according to directions. This is the only preparation of which "100 Doses One Dollar" can truly be said.

"Have you seen Hood's Rainy Day and Balloon Puzzle? For particulars send to C. I. Hood & Co., Lowell, Mass.

Hood's Pills cure liver ills, jaundice, biliousness, sick headache, constipation.

Hints for the Annual Cleaning up.

White spots can be removed from furniture by holding a hot iron over, but not on the place.

The yolk of an egg in half a pint of tepid rain water, with a little powdered borax added, with a teaspoonful of spirits of camphor, will take the spots out of black goods.

Teapots should be washed thoroughly with strong soda and water and then rinsed well and perfectly dried each day if one would prevent the curious hay like smell often noticed in a teapot.

A good handful of salt should be added to the water in which matting is washed. The salt keeps the matting in color. Do not use soap.

Grease stains on wall paper may be removed by mixing pipe clay with enough water to make a sort of cream. Spread this rather thickly on the stain, leave it on for twenty-four hours, then take it off carefully with a knife and dust and brush the paper thoroughly.

You can tell if a bed is damp by laying your hand glass between the sheets for a few moments. If the sheets are not properly dried the glass will be clouded.

Oranges and lemons with green leaves intermixed make a pretty dish for decorative purposes.

Minard's Liment cures Dandruff.

A Sure Sign of Death.

From time to time we are horrified by learning that some person has been buried alive, after assurances have been given of death. Under these circumstances the opinion of a rising French physician on the subject becomes of world-wide interest; for since the tests which have been in use for many years have been found unreliable, no means should be left untried to prove beyond a doubt that life is actually extinct before conveying our loved ones to the grave. Dr. Martinot asserts that an unfailing test may be made by producing a blister on the hand or foot of the body by holding the flame of a candle to the same for a few seconds, or until the blister is formed, which will always occur. If the blister contains any fluid it is evidence of life, and the blister only that produced by an ordinary burn; if on the contrary, the blister contains only steam, it may be asserted that life is extinct. The explanation is as follows: A corpse is nothing more than inert matter, under the immediate control of physical laws, which causes all liquid heated to a certain temperature to become steam; the epidermis is raised, the blister produced, it breaks with a little noise, and the steam escapes. But if, in spite of appearances, there is any remnant of life, the organic mechanism continues to be governed by physiological laws, and the blister will contain serum matter, as in the case of any ordinary burn. The test is as simple as the proof is conclusive. Dry blister, death; liquid blister, life. Anyone may try it; there is no error possible.—Opinion Nacional de Caracas.

An Enterprising Hotel Man.

It is stated that a hotel man in Toronto posted up a notice stating that all diners at his place who use Burdock Blood Bitters to tone up their appetite and strength will be charged 20 per cent. extra. We do not know how true this is, but B. B. B. undoubtedly does the work and does it quickly and well.

Ford's Mills.

May 12th, 1892.—It is quite cold weather for the month of May, but it does not prevent the farmers from getting in their seed. Some are plowing, some are sowing, but all are busy.

McWilliam's saw mill is going "full blast," and employing quite a number of men.

Edward Cail and John F. Taylor left here for Bar Harbor, Maine, on the 10th. May the good wishes of their many friends attend them, and, in the busy whirl of every day life may they not forget their old home, and the parents, brothers and sisters who will welcome their return.

John Ford, jr., has also gone from among us. We do not, as yet, know where he means to locate, but everyone will be pleased to hear of his well doing, as he is much respected wherever his name is known. Our best wishes attend you "John."

From all sections of the country young men and women are going away, some to one part of the U. S. and some to another. They all seem to have the same story, "There is nothing for us to do here, we must go out of the place to make some money." But, ah! when we are away for a while, how we long to see the old home and friends again. "There is no place like home," is an old saying, but nevertheless, a true one, which, "methinks," no one will dispute.

Turn the Rascals Out.

We refer to such rascals as dyspepsia, bad blood, biliousness, constipation, sick headache, etc., infesting the human system. Turn them out and keep them out by using Burdock Blood Bitters, the natural foe to disease, which invigorates, tones and strengthens the entire system.

It Was No Joke.

An editor of a newspaper in one of the western states, called the Rocky Mountain Cyclone, opened the first article of its number as follows:

"We begin the publication of the Rocky Mountain Cyclone with some phew diphiculties in the way. The type pounder phrom whom we bought the outphip phor this printing ophis phailed to supply any ephs and cays, and it will be phour or phive weex bephore we can get any. We have ordered the missing letters and will have to wait until they come. We don't lique the idea ov his variety ov spelling any better than our readers, but mistax will happen in the best regulated phamiliies and iph the es and exes and qu's hold out we shall ceep (sound the c hard) the Cyclone whirling aphter a phasion till the sorts arrive. It is no joke to us; it is a serious aphter."

For Sore Throat, Diphtheria, Quinsy, Croup, apply Dr. Kendrick's white Liment.

ALL SORTS.

Carpenters and mechanics use Johnsons Anodyne Liment. It is healing and very soothing.

When you shut up the parlor and make the kitchen a living-room, you can begin to prepare reproaches for the boys and girls for the ingratitude of forsaking home.

About nine years ago Wallace Ross, a young son of Mr. John P. Ross, of Hebron, had a brass paperfastener lodge in his throat. It caused him considerable trouble at times until last Monday, when he was seized with a fit of coughing and brought it up. It was but slightly corroded.—Yar. Light.

"The flowers that bloom in the Spring," are not more vigorous than are those persons who purify their blood with Ayer's Sarsaparilla. The famed Elixir Vitæ could scarcely impart greater vivacity to the countenance than this wonderful medicine.

A correspondent says that the way to start a balky horse is to take up one of his fore feet and strike the shoe a few times with a stone. He claims to have started several horses in this way which had stubbornly resisted more violent efforts to make them move. He also says he has never known this simple method to fail.

If people would only mind their own business what a lovely world it would be! If we could attend strictly to our own business and morals, letting other people alone, we do well. If we keep our "own selves" perfectly straight at all times, it is better than most people do.

Don't fret because you haven't a spring suit the man who got his ahead of time died of pneumonia.

The purchaser of "fresh" eggs is really sometimes enabled to "count his chickens before they are hatched."

Applicant (after climbing six flights of stairs)—"Have you any opening here, sir for a humorous paragraph?" Editor (glancing at window)—"We have, but it does not work easily during the frosty weather. You had better use the stairs as a means of exit."

Not long since a family moved into a house on Austin avenue. After a week or so a friend of the family called on them and asked how they liked the locality. "Pretty well." "Have you called on any of the neighbors yet?" "No, but I'm going to if there is any more of my firewood missing."—Texas Siftings.

An inventor has perfected a new sewing machine by which the thread is supplied directly from two ordinary spools, and sews through the assistance of a rotary looper. By means of this arrangement the old style bobbin or shuttle is done away with.

The telephone has been successfully used in surgery to locate the position of metallic substances in the body, thus enabling an operation to be performed in the right direction at once.

A young farmer named Provost committed suicide near Chateaugay, Que., on Wednesday. He had been plowing in the field and after tying his feet to a large tree, threw himself on the ground, put a noose around his neck and with a line attached to the whistle-tree the horses were started off on the run. The result was that his head was almost severed from his body when found later on by the father of the deceased.

After May 15, all children under 14 years, not on errands or accompanied by adults found on the streets at Owen Sound, Ont., will be arrested.

Up to the end of December last there was a grand total of 1,537 applicants in the province of Quebec for grants of lands on the ground of having twelve or more children. Of these 843 had their demands complied with. There is now a list of 221 new applicants.

Takes 1000 people to buy Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy, at 50cents a bottle, to make up \$500. One failure to cure would take the profit from 4000 sales. Its makers profess to cure "cold in the head," and even chronic catarrh, and if they fail they pay \$500 for their over-confidence—

Not in newspaper words but in hard cash! Think of what confidence it takes to put that in the papers—and mean it.

Its makers believe in the remedy. Isn't it worth a trial? Isn't any trial preferable to catarrh?

After all, the mild agencies are the best. Perhaps they work more slowly, but they work surely. Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets are an active agency, but they are quiet and mild. They're sugar-coated, easy to take, never shock nor derange the system, and half their power is the mild way in which the work is done. Smallest, cheapest, easiest to take. One a dose. Twenty-five cents a vial. Of all druggists.