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THE REVIEW

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Pleasant Weather.

Thank God for pleasant weather! Chant it, merry rills! And clap your hands together, Ye exulting hills!

Thank God, of good the Giver! Shout it, sportive breeze! Respond, O tuneful river!

Thank God, with cheerful spirit, In a glow of love, For what we here inherit, And our hopes above!

Be True.

Thou must be true to thyself, If thou the truth wouldst teach, Thy soul must overflow, if thou Another's soul would reach;

Think truly, and thy thoughts Shall the world's famine feed; Speak truly, and each word of thine Shall be a fruitful seed;

Meeting His Match.

(A True Story.)

"Comrades! have ye heard the news! A man hath come forth to answer the challenge of Jacopo the Swordsman!"

This announcement made in one of the principal streets of Florence on a fine summer morning in the latter part of the sixteenth century, was quite sufficient to gather an excited crowd round the speaker.

The redoubtable Jacopo had already killed three or four fencers of renown who had volunteered to encounter him; and then finding that people began to be getting rather shy of testing his prowess, he had lately issued a formal challenge to all comers, and had offered to stake a pretty large sum of money upon the result.

This challenge, however, had been thrice repeated without anyone appearing anxious to accept it; and therefore it was no great wonder that the announcement quoted above should have been received with looks and exclamations of doubt, and even of flat disbelief.

"Impossible, Maso! (Tom). No man living would be so mad!" "It must be a jest—and a sorry one too?"

"Or else Maso is lying. Confess that thou art lying, according to thy custom, brother Maso, and we will forgive thee!"

"Laugh if ye will, friends," said Maso, slightly affronted, "but I lie not. It stands writ out in the Market Place, full fair to see that there is a man ready to meet Jacopo on the seventh morning from to-day."

"There is one more fool in the town than I thought," grunted a stout armorer, and there soon be one less."

"Who is the man? He must be a stranger here, or he would know better." "I cannot tell," said Maso; "for though his challenge is fairly well writ, there is no name signed to it."

"Then it must needs be a jest," growled a sturdy butcher beside him. "No jest! I faith," cried Maso; "for he hath staked 1,500 pistoles on it."

Incredible as Maso's news appeared, however, it was speedily and surely confirmed, and the tidings of the expected combat flew abroad like wild-fire, kindling a universal excitement. When the day appointed for the fight came, not only all Florence, but all the country round seemed to have gathered to watch the sport, and in the ranks of the spectators were to be seen young nobles from all the greatest families in Northern Italy.

The stage upon which the two champions were to meet was a large platform of smooth planking (thickly strewn with sawdust to keep their feet from slipping), which being at least thirty feet in length by at least twenty in breadth, gave ample space for all their movements. At either end of the stage was a smaller platform, on which stood a tent of white canvas; and upon these tents all eyes were fixed in eager expectation, for they hid from sight the heroes of the day.

Presently one of the tents was seen to open, and forth stepped the famous Jacopo Belloni himself, bowing condescend-

ingly in acknowledgement of the thundering cheers that greeted his appearance. The renowned swordsman's tall, active, sinewy figure was a perfect model of well-trained agility and strength; but his dark lean wolfish face, with its hooked nose sloping forehead, bristly black moustache, sharp white teeth and fierce relentless grey eye (which turned hungrily upon the opposite tent), very unpleasantly suggestive of some beast of prey.

And now the other tent opened in its turn, and a long cry of astonishment broke from every lip. The man who was about to encounter the dreaded Belloni was seen to be a slim handsome youth, barely twenty years old, so slender in frame, and so smooth and delicate in face, that but for his lofty stature and the silky moustache on his upper lip, he might have been mistaken for a beautiful girl.

The Bravo shrugged his broad shoulders with a disdainful laugh, and muttered some coarse jest about "whipping the child back to its mother;" but the young man paid no attention to him.

Then up rose a fine-looking old man in a richly embroidered suit of crimson velvet, with a lace ruff around his neck as white as the beard that flowed over it, the Marquis di Scala, who, as warden of the Market Place, had charge of the day's proceedings. He announced that this young man staked 1,500 pistoles (nearly £1,300) against 1,000 wagered by Jacopo, adding that, as there was no personal enmity between the two combatants, the first wound received by either might fairly end the fight.

But here the young stranger interposed. "Let me entreat your worship," said he with stern emphasis, "not to defeat the sole purpose which could have made me stoop to encounter you cut-throat. It is full time that his murderous hand were stayed from shedding more blood; and, with the help of Heaven, mine shall be the arm to stay it. Ere I leave this spot he or I shall lie dead."

In the dead hush of universal amazement, those clear, stern, menacing tones rang out like the summons of a destroying angel. The spectators stood aghast and looked at each other in silence; and even the savage Belloni seemed cowed, for the smile faded from his lip, and a faint uneasiness made itself visible for the first time through the swaggering impudence of his look.

These signs of wavering did not pass unnoticed by the watching crowd, some of whom taunted him with his changed look; on which stung to the quick, the bully fiercely shook off his momentary hesitation and advanced upon his foe with uplifted sword. The latter met him with equal readiness, and a deep and solemn hush settled down upon the great multitude as the shining blades were seen to cross.

Belloni pressed furiously forward, his sword flickering like lightning, as he dealt thrusts with a quickness which no eye could follow. He appeared bent upon bearing down his young opponent by sheer strength; but, to his own surprise, and that of every one else, he seemed to have met his match at last. Lunge after lunge did he make with seemingly irresistible force, and again and again did the bystanders draw in their breath as they watched to see the stranger fall; but the thirty point was always turned aside just as it seemed about to pierce him. Nor did he once break ground, but kept circling round and round his foe, watching for a chance of attacking in turn.

The chance came at last. Jacopo, spent with his own violent exertions, could no longer maintain this exhausting attack. His breath began to fail and his hand to tremble. Then the stranger sprang forward and attacked Belloni in his turn with the light of a sudden and terrible gladness upon his beautiful face, which made the hardiest spectators shudder as they saw it.

Twice Belloni dashed aside the point just as it reached him, but the third time an ominous stain of crimson on his white vest showed that the parry had come all but too late. They closed a fourth time—there was a quick trampling of feet, a clash of steel, a hoarse, choking curse—and the destroyer of so many lives lay dead at the stranger's feet, pierced through the heart.

The momentary pause of silent stupefaction was followed by thunders of applause, while the Marquis di Scala held out to the conqueror the heavy purse containing the stakes; but the latter, to everyone's surprise, waved it haughtily away.

"Money that is stained with blood shall never be touched by my hands," said he, in a tone of such commanding dignity as to impress even the proud old noble to whom he spoke. "Give it to the widows and orphan children of the men whom this wret h hath slain."

"And who art thou, fair sir, I pray

thee?" asked the marquis, looking at him wonderingly.

"I am from Scotland," answered the victorious youth, "and my name is—JAMES CRICHTON!"

"The Admirable Crichton!" shouted the throng with one voice, hailing the renowned Scot by the title which he had already made famous throughout all Europe.

"Ay the Admirable Crichton, in good sooth," cried the Marquis di Scala, "and never more truly admirable than when he thus risks his life to punish the guilty, and gives up his well-won gains to relieve the distressed."

OPIUM SMUGGLING.

Various Contraband Ways in Which the Costly Drug is Imported.

"Talking about opium," said James McHale, Sergeant-at-Arms of the City Council, who was one of the special agents of the Treasury under the Cleveland Administration, "people have no idea about the extent of opium smoking in the United States. In 1886 there were about 8,000 opium smokers in the country. Now there are over 90,000. I was engaged for a long time in looking after the opium trade exclusively and in the pursuit of smugglers on the Pacific Coast, and I know something about the business. The drug is imported in cases each containing forty balls weighing from forty-seven to fifty taels each—a total dutiable weight of about 160 pounds. The balls much resemble the cocoon but are more globular in shape; the shell of the ball, so like husk of the cocoon, is, however, artificial, not natural like the nut. It is ingeniously fabricated from the leaves of the poppy. Split it in the centre and the kernel (opium) is seen filling about one-half the central space, in color and consistency much like coal tar, tasteless and odorless. The opium is taken to the refineries in British Columbia, as none are allowed to exist in the United States. The contents of the shell, when at the refinery, are carefully scooped out, placed in pans and passed from furnace to furnace, generally six, through different degrees of heat appearing in various stages of liquidity, yet sometimes as a cinder until sufficiently 'cooked.' It is then put into five-tael tin boxes ready for sale for smoking. It then appears as syrup of a chocolate color and tasteless, but with a peculiar sweetish smell. The shells are carefully rinsed to obtain every particle of the opium, and are reshipped to be sold in China, where they are used with the betel nut for chewing. They bring from \$1, to \$1.25 a pound.

"This opium is all originally from Persia and comes to British Columbia from Hong Kong. The crude drug cost in Hong Kong from \$75 to \$660 a case, according to quality. The refined article costs the Chinese merchants \$8.25 a pound. No one, as a rule, handles the retail article but Chinamen. The cost of the refining process consists mainly in the hire of three chief cooks who receive \$40 a month and their board. They are expected to turn two and one-half balls a day. If they do any additional work they receive 60 cents a ball. There are a number of refineries in British Columbia.

"Nowhere in the world has the opium habit grown so rapidly as in the United States. Any well-posted official will tell you that. At the beginning of this century the opium habit was unknown in China. From 1839, when it was forced into Hong Kong by British gunboats, and especially during the last few decades it has increased enormously. But the last five years in the United States shows a greater increase."

Alexander's Little Joke.

Phrases and slang terms are usually born of interesting episodes, as witness the following: Peter the Great, while off driving in the neighborhood of Moscow on one occasion, was seized with the pangs of hunger. "What have we in the hamper?" he asked his aide. "There is but a candle left, your majesty," replied the aide, "but I think I can exchange it for a fowl at the next farmhouse, if you wish."

"Do so," replied the czar, "for I'm famished, and do not care for a light luncheon." The aide laughed, and, as he had surmised, managed the exchange; but the bird was found to be unusually tough. "I do not think, Vosky," said the emperor later—"I do not think the game was worth the candle."—Harper's Bazar.

Five to One.

DEAR SIRS,—Last winter I had five large boils on my neck and was advised to use B. B. B. Before I had finished the first bottle I was completely well and think B. B. B. cannot be excelled as a blood purifier. JOHN WOOD, Round Plains, Ont.

One Man's History.

Jones was a very busy man, From morning until late He worked, and grudged the moments that He gave the meals he ate.

For years he labored on until It seemed a sin to rest. His family he never saw, So hard his duties pressed.

He grew quite grey and bent and old, But still he labored on, Seeing naught else beside the work He was engaged upon.

Until one day the Angel Death Said: "Come, you're past your prime." "Why, no," he murmured "I can't die, I really haven't time."

The Queen's Gratitude.

LONDON, Jan. 27.—The Royal Gazette publishes the following in relation to the death of the Duke of Clarence:

OSBORNE, Jan. 26 1891.—I must again give expression to my deep sense of the loyalty and affectionate sympathy evinced by my subjects in every part of my empire on an occasion more sad and tragical than any but one which has befallen me and mine, as well as the nation, in the overwhelming misfortune of the death of my dearly beloved grandson, suddenly cut off in the flower of his age, full of promise for the future.

That he was so amiable and gentle, and endearing himself to all, renders it hard for his sorely stricken parents, his dear young bride and fond grandmother to bow with submission to the inscrutable decrees of Providence.

The sympathy of millions, touching and visibly expressed, is deeply gratifying, and I wish in our own name and in that of our children to express from our heart warm gratitude for all these testimonials of sympathy with us in appreciation of our dear grandson, who I loved as a son, and whose devotion to me was as great as that of a son could be, in help and consolation to me and mine.

My bereavements of the last 30 years of my reign have been indeed heavy, and, though the labors, anxieties and responsibilities inseparable from my position have also been great, yet it is my earnest prayer that God will continue to give me health and strength to work for the good and happiness of my dear country and empire while life lasts.

VICTORIA.

Knights of Labor.

The Knights of Labor aim to protect their members against financial difficulties, etc., Hagyard's Yellow Oil protects all who use it from the effects of cold and exposure, such as rheumatism, neuralgia, lumbago, sore throat and all inflammatory pain. Nothing compares with it as a handy pain cure for man and beast.

A Cheerful Face.

Next to the sunlight of heaven is the cheerful face. There is no mistaking it—the bright eye, the unclouded brow, the sunny smile, all tell that which dwells within. Who has not felt its electrifying influence? One glance at this face lifts us out of the mists and shadows, into the beautiful realms of hope. One cheerful face in the household will keep everything warm and light within. It may be a very plain face, but there is something in it we feel, yet cannot express, and its cheery smile sends the blood dancing through the veins for very joy. Ah! there is a world of magic in the plain, cheerful face, and we would not exchange it for all the soulless beauty that ever graced the fairest form on earth. It may be a very little face, but somehow this cheery face ever shines, and the shining is so bright the shadows cannot remain, and silently they creep away into dark corners. It may be a wrinkled face, for that and none less cheerful. We linger near it and gaze tenderly upon it, and say: "God bless this dear happy face! We must keep it with us as long as we can; for home will lose much of its brightness when this sweet face is gone." And even after it is gone, how the remembrance of the cheerful face softens the way!

A Thief in a Dilemma.

The late Sir Thomas Chambers was not a wit, and laughter seldom entered the court over which he presided so solemnly. There is however, one good story told of him in the Temple. It is to the effect that a prisoner, who was undefended, pleaded, "guilty," and, counsel having been instructed to defend him at the last moment, withdrew the plea and substituted that of "not guilty," with the result that the jury acquitted him. In discharging the prisoner, Sir Thomas was said to have remarked, "Prisoner, I do not envy you your feelings. On your own confession you are a thief, and the jury have found that you are a liar."—London Star.

Unrequited Love.

They are telling a story of a young man in Detroit, which somehow only recently got into current gossip. It appears that during the past summer he put in a month at a lake resort in the northwest, and there fell in love with a girl who did not believe in reciprocity. His persistence, however, was in no wise abated by a little thing like that. One day the girl fell off the dock into the lake, and the young man, being somewhat of an athlete and a swimmer, jumped in and rescued her without much difficulty.

"Now," he said, as she stood dripping on the dock. "I've saved your life and you must marry me."

"Marry you?" she repeated in bewilderment. "Must I?"

"It's as little as you could do," he whispered, putting out his hands to her. She gave him one look as he stood there all dragged and sloppy, and with a smothered shriek she plunged into the flood once more.

The next time she was rescued by a boy in a boat, and the young man was so mad he sent a bill to her father for a new suit of clothes.

A General Overcome.

DEAR SIRS,—I suffered from general weakness and debility and my system was completely run down and I found B.B.B. the best medicine I ever tried. I would not be without it for a great deal.

MISS NELLIE ARMSTRONG, Bublanc P. O., Ont.

An Irish Story.

A farmer was put on trial at the Clonmel Assizes, at the beginning of the present century, before Lord Norbury—then known as the "hanging judge"—for having killed a man in a faction fight at the fair of Nenagh by smashing his skull. In the course of the trial surgical evidence was given that the skull of the deceased was no thicker than an eggshell. However, the accused was found guilty; and when asked by the judge what he had to say why sentence of death should not be pronounced upon him, he replied that "he had nothing to say, only he thought that a man with a skull no thicker than an eggshell had no business at the fair of Nenagh." The answer so tickled the humorous side of the judge that he ordered his discharge, observing that the man's death, according to the doctor's evidence, was purely the result of a natural accident; at the same time he warned the prisoner that, should he ever again engage in a faction fight, to make sure that the man he encountered had a skull thicker than an eggshell.—London Spectator.

The World's Newspapers.

The number of newspapers published in all countries is estimated at 41,000, of which number about 24,000 appear in Europe. Germany heads the European list with 5,000, then comes France with 4,100, England with 4,000, Austria-Hungary, with 3,500, Italy with 1,400, Spain with 850, Russia with 800, Switzerland with 450, Belgium and Holland have 300 each, and the rest are published in Portugal, the Scandinavian and the Balkan countries. The United States has 13,900 newspapers. Canada has 700 and Australia also has 700. The people of the United States, therefore, read and support about as many newspapers as England, France, Germany and Russia combined.

The World's Indebtedness.

A United States census bulletin shows the net indebtedness of the world last year to have been \$26,917,096,000. Of this amount the debt of the United States Government constituted 3.40 per cent., and the total debt of the several states and territories 1.36 per cent. Counting five persons to a family, the average debt per family for the year named is thus estimated for the following countries:—

Table with 2 columns: Country and Debt per family. United States: \$78 15; Canada: 237 55; Italy: 330 30; Austria-Hungary: 354 20; Great Britain and Ireland: 438 95; France: 581 75; Spain: 860 25; Australia and Oceania: 1,117 10.

Minaud's Liniment is the Hair Restorer.

Easily Caught.

CROUP, colds, sore throat and many painful ailments are easily caught in this changeable climate. The never-failing remedy is just as easily obtained in Hagyard's Yellow Oil, which is undoubtedly the best of all the many remedies offered for the cure of colds or pains.

Henry Hartley, for nearly 20 years accountant to the House of Commons, died on Monday, aged 70. He has been over 54 years in the government service.

Couldn't Kill Him.

MEMPHIS, Jan. 28.—A man arrived in this city on Saturday evening who affords a most remarkable example of what modern medical skill can accomplish, and of the recuperative powers of nature. The man has had a marvellously adventurous career.

His name is George Burns. He has been soldier, sailor, inventor and traveller. He was for many years in the service of the White Star line, and has crossed the Atlantic over 300 times. He was chief engineer of the City of Rome when she made her trial trips. He fought in the Union army in a Massachusetts regiment, was captured at Antietam, confined in Libby prison, and escaped by tunnelling under the walls in March, 1863. He last saw Memphis when as engineer of the gunboat Essex he passed here in pursuit of the Confederate ram Arkansas.

At the close of the war Burns resumed a sea-faring life, and four years ago was on the Savannah in New York and Fernandina trade. An explosion wrecked the vessel, and Burns received there his frightful injuries. He was carried to Philadelphia, and never such a total breathing wreck entered hospital before to come out alive. The top of his skull was blown off, exposing the brain. Dr. Agnew trephined the skull and the man wears a plate four inches in diameter over the brain. His chest was stove in and nine ribs so shattered, five on the right side and four on the left, that they had to be taken out.

Then the doctors were astonished to find that the man's heart had been forced out of position, and was beating away merrily on the right side instead of the left side. The heart still retains its queer position. The injury to the trunk, and which forced the heart aside, was caused by a shaft entering the left side under the fifth rib. The shaft came out under the shoulder blade, tearing away part of that bone. His jawbone was crushed and part of it had to be removed. The throat was so injured that a silver tube had to be inserted, through which he still takes nourishment in liquid form. Besides all this, the right femur was badly hurt, and had to be partially extracted, and the fibula of the right leg was also removed.

This unique human wreck is en route to New Orleans, where he will enter the Marine Hospital, to be further operated on by the doctors, this time for stomach troubles. He fell into the hands of the police here, as he showed evidence of a diseased mind. He was only flighty at intervals and proved harmless, and when he told his story, fortified as it was by documents, army and navy papers and letters from physicians who have helped repair him, he was released.

The wreck is 61 years old and says he expects to live many years yet. He draws a pension.

Minaud's Liniment cures La Grippe.

Salt as a Remedy.

A weak wash of salt and water is said to be of much benefit to weak eyes, while a strong solution of the same will prevent the hair falling out if used persistently for a time. For a sore throat, a cloth wrung out of cold salt and water and put on round the neck, covered with a dry towel, is sometimes found useful; salt and water may be also used as a gargle to strengthen a weak throat. Damp salt, bound over the place, will relieve the smart caused by the stings or bites of insects; while for neuralgia in the face, or pain in any part of the body, salt is an excellent remedy when made very hot in a frying-pan over the fire, put into a flannel bag, and applied to the aching part.

How to Bleach Cotton.

Take 1 lb. of chloride of lime; dissolve it in water and strain it, and then add it to two or three pailfuls of water. Thoroughly wet the cloth you wish to bleach and leave it in the solution over night; then rinse it in two waters.

This recipe is equally useful for bleaching factory cotton, for taking out mildew stains, or for restoring the whiteness to cotton that has turned yellow from age or careless washing. Be careful to weigh the lime, as it is important not to put in too much; but if the directions are followed there will be no danger of injuring the fabric, as the lady who gave us the recipe had used it herself for years.

A Horrible Confession.

VIENNA, Jan. 27.—The trial of Schneider and wife, charged with the murder and robbery of eight servant girls, was continued yesterday. Schneider confessed he murdered all the unfortunate. His wife, he declared, would hold the hands of the struggling girls while he grasped them by the neck and choked them to death.

Minaud's Liniment is the Best.