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THE GREAT NORTH SHORE ROUTE!

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The Tongue.

The boneless tongue, so small and weak, Can crush and kill, declared the Greek. The tongue destroys a greater horde, The Turk asserts, than does the sword. The Persian prove wisely saith, A wagging tongue—an early death. Or sometimes takes this form instead, Don't let your tongue cut off your head. The tongue can speak a word whose speed, The Chinese say, "outstrips the steed." While Arab sages this impart, The tongue's great storehouse is the heart. From Hebrew wit the maxim sprung, Though feet should slip, ne'er let the tongue. The sacred writer crowns the whole, Who keeps his tongue doth keep his soul.

"HOME, SWEET HOME."

[CONCLUSION.] "You have been shipwrecked, then?" I said, gently warning him not to speak beyond his strength. "I have—three different times; but this last has been worst of all. But you are so kind, and thoughtful, and feeling—so different from the long train of people and faces I have passed through—I do not understand it. But you seem to be in mourning—is it possible?—have you, too, suffered?" The question was so suddenly put, and with a full look of sympathy into my eyes that I had to turn quick away to hide an emotion I had always thought unmanly. I remember gripping hard at the cool marble mantelpiece and resting my forehead on its smooth edge and feeling as if I cared not though the whole world should dissolve and vanish. My mother, too, was overpowered, and had to suddenly cease ministering to the wants of our wail to bury her face in her handkerchief. "Ah, I see," tenderly and kindly rejoined the lad; "you have suffered a worse shipwreck than I. I am so sorry I spoke of it." "The best of fathers," I chokingly managed to say, serving him with a shaking hand, and not daring to look in my mother's face, "only lost and buried a few weeks ago, and our dear old home seems likely to follow." "The separation must seem dreadful," said the stranger, with a shiver; "but then he is not lost. He has only gone home, where he now awaits your coming, just as my father awaits mine at the other side of the sea. Home, sweet home! I almost believed I would die and be waited there as I staggered along those dreadful roads and weary hills, with every one passing me by on the other side, lest I should beg or try to steal from them. I thought I heard voices in the air, and saw the dark sky opening up, and our little Emma looking down through the opening at me with outstretched arms. How well I remember when she left us! I took her out in my arms into the balmy summer air, and laid her down in the soft moss under the old maple tree. She was so light and beautiful—almost an angel already. Then she put her thin hand on my cheek, and said, 'Brother Seth, dear Brother Seth, promise me you won't go to sea again, but be a preacher, and lead people to the Home where I am going.' Then I kissed her, and murmured out the promise I am now punished for breaking; and she leaned wearily back, looking up at the deep red sky, and whispered, 'Now play me 'Home, Sweet Home,' dear Seth, for I'm going there to-night. Don't cry, Seth, and turn away, as if you were sorry; but tell mother and father and Cora not to weep till they come after me.'"

He stopped there, completely broken down, and covered his face with his quivering hands. We were all weeping now, and every word he uttered was sinking deeply into my own heart.

"I—I could not play," our guest resumed, after a pause—"no, not though the request came from my dying sister, but Cora sang softly the little hymn beginning—

"There is a land of pure delight, Where saints immortal reign."

While she sang, and my mother and father hung over in silent grief, the sun went down behind the great lake, the red sky darkened into brown, our darling Emma fell asleep for ever, and we knew that she had reached her bright and immortal Home.

There was a deep stillness in the room as he finished, but at last I turned and pressed his hand in gratitude.

"I am glad God has sent you here," I said, with deep emotion. "Though you have come to us through so much weary despair and terrible suffering, you have brought me a message I shall never forget."

"Nor shall I ever forget your kindness," he said, returning the grasp with interest, and gazing up in my face with eyes beaming with gratitude. "I am now going home to wander no more, and to fulfil my promise to Emma in heaven. I will become a preacher. I was tossed on the cruel rocks of your coast as a useless thing, and lamed, and nearly left for dead. The sea has three times cast me back. Now I will try to work or play my way to Liverpool, and thence work my passage home. They gave me money up north there, but I was robbed of it the second night, and too weak and downcast to make any resistance or complaint. But I have never begged, and when people shut their hearts and their doors against me I travelled on to the next, knowing that home, sweet home, is at the end of the way."

He would have left us then, being now both refreshed and cheered, but we could not let one go on so easily, one who had so completely lifted us above ourselves and our sinful grief. My mother brought out warm stockings for his frozen feet, with a pair of strong boots and some thick clothing, which had belonged to my father. Then we filled a small bottle of wine for his pocket; and after binding up his bruised ankle I led him down the road as far as Farmer Frame's, where we got him into a cart, which soon hauled him in Hazelton Bay, whence he next day easily procured a conveyance to the city.

As soon as I had seen him off in the cart I returned to the manse, and after reading the story of the prodigal son as the evening's lesson, and bidding my mother good-night, I went to my room, took the sermon I had written, tore it into a dozen pieces, and quietly poked the whole in the fire till it was reduced to fluttering white ashes.

"I think I can write a better sermon now," I said to myself, with a great stride through the room, and a huge waving of the arms, as if I had just shaken off the nightmare, "and, with God's help, I shall try it now—write the thoughts down burning as they come!"

What the subject was to be—and the text, too—I had already decided while listening to our poor wanderer. Very quietly I packed on a fire in the grate that would burn half the night without mending, placed my father's Bible on the table beside me, with a pile of paper and pens in readiness, and began to write. There I sat, writing hard and fast, far into the night, determined to catch the fleeting thoughts and finish it at one sitting. Time, place, hours—everything was forgotten but the work swelling out under my hand. My fingers became cramped and cold, though my brain seemed on fire; but still I wrote on, till at last the sermon was finished, when, utterly exhausted, I threw down the pen, leant back in the chair, and fell fast asleep where I sat.

My mother had found me thus early in the morning, and with the last pages of the sermon lying with the ink scarcely dry before me, for when I awoke there was a heavy rug about me, a pillow under my head, and a blazing fire at my side. I rose and walked to the window. A deep snow lay fresh and smooth on the ground, and my little bright-eyed friend the robin was carolling forth merrily from the dark holly tree near by. The whole earth seemed to me now peaceful and calm as my own heart. Then the sun burst forth with dazzling brightness across the white hills, and I sat down to breakfast feeling as if in thought and deep trust I had grown ten years older in a night.

That day, being Saturday, I spent in the deep solitude of the hills, leaving my sermon and all my cares at home. Next morning—oh, can I ever forget it—I put on my father's pulpit-gown, and walked across the lawn, through the ivied wall, into the churchyard, and thence to the

vestry. I had seen the people coming to the church long before the old bell had begun to toll; and such a crowd were there! There were hardy fishers from Hazelton Bay in scores, many of whom I am sure had not been in a church of any kind for years, but who nevertheless were so far interested personally in me as to think the two miles of snowy road no obstacle in the way of their attendance.

There were shepherds from the hills, farmers and their families, colliers from the opposite valley, members of other congregations, and even a sprinkling of faces from the city. The Laird of Hazelton Hall himself was there, though hitherto he had been the principal who had held aloof from me; and very shortly every seat in the church, and even the passages and gallery steps were filled. But I had determined not to deliver my message to a crowd of hearers whom I might never see or address more, and I earnestly pleaded with God for strength to deliver it in a way that should reach their hearts.

The preliminary services were over, and then I announced as the subject of my service—"Heaven our home," and as the text, "Our Father, which art in heaven." I began to speak, and soon lost the personality of the faces, and saw in them only a white crowd of eager, breathless listeners. I tried to show what a father and what a home were, and once I unconsciously departed from what I had written to speak of a father whom they at once recognised as my own. Then I brought in the picture of a poor shipwrecked wanderer—repulsed, buffeted, and almost sinking by the way in his wanderings in a strange land, but still supported by the thought of his home and of his father, after which I showed how we were all, even to our Leader when He uttered the words of the text, poor wanderers in a foreign land, sinking at every step, struggling, fighting, and enduring, with but one bright picture to win us on our way—heaven, our home at last. Then amid a breathless stillness I tried to speak, as firmly as possible, of those among us who had dear ones already at Home, and only waiting our coming to rejoice with us, and wipe away all tears from our eyes; and, as I was proceeding, for the first time the stillness was broken by a single sob, and I saw one bright tear roll down the cheek of a young girl, who I knew had but recently lost her mother. Ah, me! a single tear—the dearest of all tributes of sympathy and feeling—I forgot myself and my surroundings from that moment, simply preaching the word and message God had given me. By-and-by I could see handkerchiefs after handkerchiefs quietly raised to the eyes—the Laird himself was affected—till at last I did not dare to rest my eyes on a single face, lest I should myself break down before I had finished my message. At last I raised my hands to heaven, and drew to a close more in an appeal to Heaven than an address to my hearers; and then, closing the book suddenly, I sat down and hid my face in my hand, quivering in every nerve, but fearful to let the emotion be seen or detected by those whom I had been trying to point upward for strength and consolation.

The service was over, and after waiting till the passage should be cleared I descended the pulpit stair, and felt my hand grasped and shaken in silence by a dozen warm-hearted friends before I could reach the vestry. There the Laird himself was in waiting, and his greeting was no less hearty.

"Mr. Elliot, those were not lip words of yours to-day—they were a message from God, they came from your heart, and it did me good to hear them," he said, shaking my hand as if he would never be satisfied. "I hope the Session will recommend you as our pastor. I myself shall work for you night and day."

Outside, in the cold, frosty air, I found quite a number of known faces, smiling, and in some cases wet with tear-wet. One rough old fisherman who had known me from a boy pressed through the crowd, grasped my hand, and actually bent down to kiss it.

"Oh, Maister Elliot," he said, in broken tones, "if ye're to be the minister I'll come to the kirk, an' be a member. What's two miles to me if I hear sic' a lesson at the end o' the road? I'm thinkin' my wee Jeanie maun hae been leukin' doon at ye preachin' tae me. Yes, I'm sure she was lookin' doon from heaven our home." And this old man was but one of many. It seemed to me as if my very waywardness in youth was now to bear blessed fruit in drawing those to the fold whom no man cared for.

No one else was invited to preach at the Dell, for my appointment was immediately ratified. And I regret it not, though more flattering offers have more than once been thrown out to me since. Here I have lived; here let me die. Here I have

seen life in all its fitful brightness, its shadows and sunshine, joy and sorrow, with a closeness that must be denied to those in crowded towns. Both as pastor and custodian of the Session records of Hazel Dell I have had the hearts of the people laid open as a book wherein men may read things darkly. The narration of these reminiscences—these memories of my ministry—these incidents in my pastoral life may draw us together as dear friends, loving and trusting, and helping each other over the rough roads and weary hills which yet lie between us and our home.

My poor wife, whose message brought it all about, is a preacher now, but not in a quiet seclusion like my own, for his name has since been echoed to the ends of the earth. I shall send him this imperfect record—this memory of a dark hour, and perhaps it may do him good and cheer him on his way, as did once before the strains of "Home, Sweet Home!"

Some Receipts For Cooking Oysters.

Never salt till just before removing from the fire as they will shrivel and harden. In frying, a little baking-powder added to the cracker crust or corn meal improves them.

Broiled Oysters—Select large oysters in the shell, clean shell thoroughly, lay them on the coals. When the shells open remove with oyster tongs and serve on half shell with pepper, salt and butter.

Fried Oysters—Drain carefully, sprinkle with pepper and salt and cracker dust. Let them remain 15 minutes to absorb all moisture, then dip in beaten egg; then dip in cracker dust. Fry in clarified lard, like doughnuts. Cook three minutes. Lay on brown paper to remove grease. Serve hot on hot plates. Small oysters may be used by massing two or three, but they are no as fine.

Oyster Omelet—Add to half cup of cream six eggs beaten very light, season with pepper and salt, and pour into a frying pan with a teaspoon of butter. Drop in a dozen large oysters chopped with parsley; fry a light brown. Double it over and serve immediately.

Oyster Pie—Line a deep dish with puff paste; dredge with flour; pour in one pint of oysters; season with butter salt and pepper; sprinkle a little flour over; pour on some oyster liquor and cover with a crust, with a hole in the top for steam to escape. Bake 30 minutes.

Plain Oyster Stew—Put the liquor from one quart of oysters with a pint of cold water in a porcelain kettle; let it just boil, then skim thoroughly; add the oysters; let it boil up once; then pepper, salt and butter, and add a few crackers.

Caused by a Cruel Joke.

The suicide of the late Mr. Walter Dewdney, whose funeral his brother, the Minister of the Interior, has gone to British Columbia to attend, is said to be traceable to a cruel joke. In the early sixties young Walter was in Cariboo, and left his horse outside a hotel at Deep Creek. Some jokers placed a tack under the saddle, and removing the bit from the horse's mouth caught it under the lower jaw. When Mr. Dewdney vaulted into the saddle the beast was infuriated. The rider was thrown into the air and fell upon his head, sustaining injuries that rendered him liable to frequent fits of mental depression, during one of which he shot himself. The public has long had a bad opinion of the practical joker, and this incident is additional evidence that the judgment is well founded.—Toronto Mail.

The Great Atlantic Liners.

All carry St. Jacob's Oil—in fact, no ship sailing from London or Liverpool is considered ready for sea until sufficient quantity of St. Jacob's Oil is on board to last the voyage. St. Jacob's Oil conquers pain. It acts like magic. It penetrates; it reaches the seat of the disease, and relieves pain directly. It is wholly an outward application for the speedy and permanent cure of Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Gout, Sciatica, soreness, sprains and strains. One trial will convince the most incredulous.

Greatly Benefited.

DEAR SIR: I have been using B. B. B. for cancer of the breast during the last two years and four months, both externally and internally, and have been greatly benefited. Have had cancer over seven years, and no medicine ever did me so much good as B. B. B. I feel sure that sufferers from cancer can obtain relief or even cure from B. B. B., and will be pleased to answer any questions as to the use and benefit received from this remedy. Mrs. A. ELLIOT, Waterdown, Ont.

It often happens that those are the best people whose characters have been the most injured by slanderers, as we usually find that to be the sweetest fruit which the birds have been pecking at.—Pope.

Silent.

After the death of the great Prussian General von Moltke, some of the Berlin newspapers published the following anecdote of him.

When a very young man, holding the humble position of second lieutenant in the Danish army, he wrote a letter of resignation to the King himself, full of pompous self-conceit. The king accepted his resignation, briefly adding that the Danish army would try to get on as best it could without Lieutenant von Moltke.

The young soldier, who had been unconscious of his vanity, was deeply mortified. "You talked too much Moltke," a comrade said to him.

"I shall talk no more," he sternly replied.

His reticence thereafter was so great that in his old age he was known throughout Germany as the Silent One.

Since his death, a prominent clergyman in Pennsylvania has given an account of a visit which he made to the scene of the decisive battle in the Austro-Prussian War.

He found there a group of German officers, one of whom, in a carriage was driving at a snail's pace into every part of the field. A box beside him was filled with maps, with which he studied each minute detail of the battle, fighting it over again moment by moment. It was Moltke with his staff.

The painstaking accuracy which brought him back after years had passed, to study again his own mistakes and successes, made him the great master of the art of war of his century, while his dumb self-control gave him prestige in the eyes of the masses, who in Germany, as elsewhere, are apt to believe that silence means strength.

We live in a voluble age, when almost every man has his pet theory or pursuit to which he wishes to convert his neighbors. The able man who knows how to hold his tongue even in one language will probably be credited with more wisdom, than if he could maintain his opinion with clearness or eloquence.

"The easiest thing for a great man to do," said John Randolph, "is to make a speech; the most difficult to act right and keep silent."

If any young reader, however, wraps himself in reserve, and becomes cold and reticent among his fellows in order to gain respect, he must remember that Moltke, dumb, without his ten languages, his accuracy and master of strategy, would have remained a sub-lieutenant all of his life.

An old Spanish proverb says: "None speak better than the ant, who says nothing and works."

Thos. A. Edison's Latest.

Thomas A. Edison has perfected and patented another wonderful electrical invention. It is one that is intended not only to further the interests of commerce, but to protect human life at sea. It is, in substance, a system by which telegraphic communication can be carried on between ships at sea, between ships and the shore and between distant points on land.

The most remarkable part of it all, is that the intercommunication can be maintained absolutely without the use of wires or cables.

Here is one of the ways in which the invention will work: Suppose all the ships that sail the seas are fitted with the proper apparatus. An ocean greyhound—the City of Paris, say—breaks her shaft and there are fears that she may sink if assistance cannot be summoned quickly. Not a sail in sight or sign of smoke on the horizon. An operator skilled in the transmission of Morse characters manipulates a key located, for instance, in the chart-room. Away down below the horizon is another ship, so far distant that not even the topmasts are visible. The Morse signals are transmitted to the other ship and answered. The disabled ship gives her position and the other speeds to her aid.

The other ship might be a small bark or a brig proceeding under sail and incapable of rendering aid. In such a case the bark or brig would work her signals, which would be caught by any ship within a radius of say thirty miles. Then they might reach another sailing ship, also too small and too far away to give the assistance required, but she in turn would begin signalling, covering another distance of thirty miles. The signals might pass along to half a dozen ships before they reached one large enough to aid so big a vessel as the City of Paris. When they did reach one, however, she would reply that she would go to the disabled vessel's assistance. The word of cheer would be passed back from ship to ship until it reached the City of Paris again.

When the scalp is atrophied, or shiny bald, no preparation will restore the hair; in all other cases, Hall's Hair Renewer will start a growth.

Shun Affectation.

There is nothing more beautiful in the young than simplicity of character. It is honest frank and attractive. How different is the affectation. The simple minded are always natural. They are, at the same time original. The affected are never natural. As for originality, if they ever had it, they have crushed it out or buried it from sight entirely. Be yourself, then, young friend. To attempt to be anybody else is worse than folly. It is an impossibility to attain it. It is contemptible to try it. But suppose you could succeed in imitating the greatest man that ever figured in history, would that make you any better? By no means. You would always suffer in comparison with the imitated one, and be thought of only as the shadow of a substance—the echo of a real sound, the counterfeit of a pure coin. Let the fabric of your character, though ever so humble, be at least real. Shun affectation.

No Advertising on Sundays.

Mr. John Wanamaker, Philadelphia, who spends \$5,000 a week in advertising, and pays a man \$1,000 a month to look after it, says: "I advertise in every issue, except Sunday, of every newspaper in Philadelphia." Marshall Field, whose business rivals, if it does not surpass, that of Wanamaker, never advertises in Sunday issues of the Chicago newspapers, because he does not believe in advertising on a day when his store is closed. And so we have the two greatest dry-goods merchants in America repudiating the Sunday newspaper as an advertising medium.

Ulcerated sore throat and tonsillitis yield to Johnsons Anodyne Liniment, when all else fails.

It is said that the Princess of Monaco, who has prevailed upon her husband to close the gambling establishment in his principality, will convert the beautiful casino at Monte Carlo into a hospital for consumptives.

People troubled with sick and nervous headaches will find a most efficacious remedy in Ayer's Cathartic Pills. They strengthen the stomach, stimulate the liver, restore healthy action to the digestive organs, and thus afford speedy and permanent relief.

There died at Dog Lake reservation, near Lake Manitoba, on Feb. 2 the largest woman in the world. She was a squaw. She weighed 700 pounds and measured thirty-four inches around the arm. It took a coffin seven feet long and five feet broad to hold the remains.

My experience of life makes me sure of one truth, which I do not try to explain; that the sweetest happiness we ever know, the very vine of human life, comes not from love, but from sacrifice—from the effort to make others happy. This is as true to me as that my flesh will burn if I touch red-hot metal.—John Boyle O'Reilly.

A knowledge of the physiology of the human larynx has made it possible to supply artificial voices to people who have been deprived of the one nature gave them, and a number of cases exist where the cavity has been opened and a larynx made of suitable material with rubber membranes has been inserted and become practically useful in speech.

By looking at the quotations of the Virginia tobacco markets it will be found that the highest price paid for "fillers"—which is the tobacco which forms the body of the plug—very closely corresponds with the invoiced price of tobacco leaf imported into Ontario. As over four-fifths of all the leaf imported into the Province is for "Myrtle Navy" stock, this fact is official proof of the claim that the "Myrtle Navy" is made of the finest Virginia leaf.

A subscriber writing from Oregon, U. S., wishes us to warn Cape Bretonians against going to that country. He states that times are dull there and many thousands of people are out of employment. The present winter has been the wettest experienced in Oregon for many years, and as a result all branches of trade are dull. He further says: "The same state of affairs are reported from Seattle, Tacoma, and, in short, all through the Pacific coast. He thinks Cape Breton is a better country to live in, and he is sorry he ever left it."—North Sydney Herald.

The winter in Europe continues cold and stormy. The sad case of the famine stricken regions of Russia is thus rendered more dreadful. When a man who had traversed the distressed regions was recounting before a St. Petersburg committee what he had witnessed the heir to the throne, the Czarewitch, said, "I believe you are exaggerating." Government efforts are not as effective as they ought to be. A good deal of aid is being sent from England and Scotland. Typhus and other diseases are decimating the population.