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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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A NEAT TRICK.

A Telegraph Story.

The night relief had come on duty and we were standing around the coast room, laughing and talking, when Jack Hendricks spoke up and said: "Say, Dick, what's the matter with you giving us a story. You must have had some adventures."

The person addressed was Richard Maxwell, our traffic chief, and an "old timer." "Well, yes; I did have a few," said he, "but there's one I'll tell you in particular, though it wasn't much of an adventure."

"In '73 I was employed by the P. D. & H. railroad in a little town in Arizona, called Hustle, and it was well named, too. The road had just been opened and trains were not so frequent that I was kept hustling, there being only three a day and one or two freights, the express at night being the principal one run. I had plenty of other work to do about the station, such as selling tickets, trundling baggage, cleaning lamps and tending switches. But, for all that, I had plenty of time to 'chin' on the wire, and you may be sure I took every opportunity to do so. In this way, I got very intimate with Melvin, the operator at Dunbury, the next station, some 20 miles east. Quite a liking sprang up between us, and I determined to take a day off the first chance I had, and go over and see him."

"So one day a 'tourist' by the name of Carey dropped in and asked for a 'loan' to get on to some town I don't just remember, anyway, I told him that if he would work a day for me I would give him the ticket, which he agreed to do, and I took the afternoon train for Dunbury. When I arrived there I went into the little station but I saw a young lady in the ticket office, and as I was at that time rather bashful, I waited around thinking Melvin would be back in a short time. I waited some time and at last got impatient and walked up to the window and asked for Melvin."

"The young lady smiled and asked, 'Are you the operator at Hustle?' 'Yes,' I replied. 'Well,' said she, 'I'm Melvin.'"

"Are you the operator I've been talking so much on the wire?" I managed to gasp. "Why, yes," she said, "but come in the office and sit down. Now, Mr. Maxwell," said she, "you know I'm the only girl on the wire, and I feel lonesome, or I did feel lonesome, so I thought I would give you boys the impression that I was one of you. My name is Melvin, but it has another one before it, which is Laura."

"Then we were talking and laughing together. Like old friends, and passed a very pleasant afternoon. I was invited to her house for tea, and as soon as Mrs. Melvin found out that I could not return home until the next morning, she made me stay there all night. The next day I took my departure for Hustle in the morning train and you may be sure I was sorry to leave, and I rather flatter myself Miss Melvin had the same feeling. After that we held longer and more confidential conversations telling each other's trials and tribulations. I was in fact fairly in love with her, but I could not get a chance to visit her again, as the 'festive' tourist seemed to have forsaken the road for some unknown reason."

"One night I was feeling rather drowsy, so I slung up the hammock I had in the office for just such times, turned in and was soon fast asleep. How long I slept I don't know, but I was awakened by hearing my office 'Hx' being called by Dunbury 'Du,' in a very excited and frantic manner. I jumped to the key and answered, and this was what was sent:

"This office has been taken possession of by a gang of six men, who order me to wire you; have express at 'Du.' One is standing beside me now with cocked revolver pointed at me. Am persuading him you want to know reason. They have torn up track about half a mile East. Signal express there; have conductor send down engine and as many armed men as possible."

"I got rattled right off, and said I would send down a whole regiment, and then rushed out, put up the danger signal and three red lanterns on the track; rushed back to see the time. It was only 12 o'clock; the express was due at 12.05. I ran outside to see if I could see the train. Not in sight. Was she late, as she always was? Soon I heard her whistle, about a mile away; then I saw her headlight come around the curve. Will the engineer see the signal? On she comes. The signal has not been seen. The lanterns on the track are crushed and thrown aside. The train will be wrecked! But no, the signal has been seen. See! she is slowing up! Now at a standstill. Now she is backing. I quickly tell the conductor, who rushes to the cab and explains to the engineer, a brakeman uncouples the engine, and meanwhile the passengers have been told of the trouble at Dunbury, and at once every man has offered himself as one of the party, but only 10 are armed, myself being one of the fortunate, and besides the engine and tender will only carry that number. We jump aboard and we are off, and what a ride that was. There we were lying flat on our stomachs, clinging onto the sides of the tender for dear life; the dust and cinders were almost choking us. We made the distance in less than 20 minutes, but when about a mile from Dunbury we slowed up. The fireman had put out the headlight so it could not be seen by the gang, and when about a hundred yards from the station we stopped altogether."

We crawled along the track slowly, each one of us afraid to breathe, almost. Some one of the party got too near the side of the embankment and went tumbling down the side into a ditch at the bottom. We all dropped down on our stomachs, for fear the gang would be attracted by the noise, see us and give the alarm. But no one heard us. All was still about the station. The light was burning brightly in the ticket office, but not a soul could be seen. The engineer crept up to one of the windows in the rear and peeped in. Returning, he reported that the operator was sitting in the office, reading, and no one was in the station but her. "The conductor growled out, funny. 'Say you, Maxwell, what is this, a trick you're playing on us. But no, that can't be, for you've got more sense than that.' I assured him that I had got the message from 'Du,' and that it was no trick. 'Well,' he said, 'we'll see what the operator at the station says.' We went up to the ticket office, and I said to Miss Melvin who seemed very much surprised at seeing us there at that hour. 'Miss Melvin, didn't you send me a message that you were compelled at the point of a revolver to wire me to have the express stop at this station, and for me to send the engine on with help to capture the gang, instead?' 'Why, no,' she said, 'I have not touched the key for two hours, and there has not been anyone about the station.' 'I tried the wire and found it open, but the ground on the west side would close it, and with it on the east would show it open west. Where did the message come from then? The wire must be down between Dunbury and Hustle, there was no wind, so I came to the conclusion that it had been cut. I told the conductor this, who said: 'There's something mysterious about this business? Perhaps some one has been playing a trick, or—by heavens I see it all now. Quick, to the engine, and all speed back. I'll explain as we return, let her go full speed.' The engine, which had been run up to the station, was waiting outside, and we jumped aboard and were soon on our way back to Hustle."

"I partly guessed at the conclusion the conductor had come to in regard to the matter, so he told us that his idea was that some one of a gang of train robbers, who knew the telegraph alphabet, had cut the wire east of Hustle, sent the bogus message, and, after the engine left, robbed passengers and train, knowing full well they would have plenty of time. "When we got back to Hustle, we found that it was as the conductor had said; the train had been robbed. The passengers were in the wildest excitement. Men were stamping and swearing about the station, and women in the coaches were weeping and wringing their hands for their lost valuables. Everything had been taken. Trunks were broken open, mail bags ripped and their contents taken, and

the safe of the express company had been carried off by the gang. The ticket office had not been touched. And all this was the work of six men, as I soon learned from one of the passengers.

"As the train had been delayed an hour already, the conductor decided to proceed without starting in pursuit of the gang, and soon I was alone. I had a revolver, and laid it on the table before me, so if any of the gang should return, I was determined to make it a warm place for him. How I longed for morning, I never passed such a long night. But all things have an ending, and soon daylight came. I had thought the whole thing over and had come to the conclusion that it was a very clever trick on the part of the robbers, and no doubt proved very profitable, so far. I had tried the wire and found it was open on the east, but could be closed by my ground on the east, which showed plainly that it was between Hustle and Dunbury."

"When daylight came I locked the station up securely, and started down the track to find the break. About half a mile east, I found the wire cut, one end dangling on the ground, the other being cut close up to the glass insulator. I repaired the break, and on returning to the station, I reported to the chief despatcher."

"When the morning train arrived the manager and a sheriff got off, and I was obliged to tell my story to them both. The sheriff and a posse started on the track of the gang, and in three days time captured all but one of the gang. Among them was Carey, the 'tourist,' whom I had had work for me the day I went to Dunbury, two months before. The other one of the gang, who escaped, was never captured, but the rest received sentences in prison, which have not yet expired. The sheriff received a good part of the stolen jewelry, watches, etc., which was returned to the unfortunate passengers as they claimed them."

"I finished out that month and then started east. I first struck Kansas City and worked there a little over a year, then came on here to Chicago, and here I've been ever since."

"What became of Miss Melvin?" asked Hendricks.

"Oh, she left Dunbury soon after I came away, and I did not see or hear of her again for some time. I met her one day though on La Salle street, renewed our acquaintance, and—but that's all of the adventure."

"Oh, no, Dick; give us the rest of it," we said.

"Oh, well," replied Dick; "what would naturally happen? She's waiting for me now at home; so good-night, boys."

Two Much Abused Words.

We are but too familiar with the silly way in which the words awful and awfully, for some years past, have intruded themselves into our daily speech. To a great extent they still maintain their ground, especially among young people, who are awfully glad or awfully sorry, awfully jolly or awfully bored, accordingly as they meet with awful swells or awful snobs. I was surprised to find that an absurd misappropriation of awful, although not to the same extreme, noticed as common in some parts of the United States by a traveller who visited them eighty years ago. He says:—"I found in several instances that the country people of Vermont and other New England States make use of many curious phrases and quaint expressions in their conversation. Everything that creates surprise is awful with them. What an awful road! awful hole! awful mouth! awful nose!" etc.—Notes and Queries.

Do you know that K. D. C. will relieve and cure your indigestion more quickly and effectually than any other remedy on the market. Try K. D. C.

Leaves from a Spinster's Diary.

I'm sorry I ever learned to say No. If the man I refused years ago had only come back, he would never have died a bachelor.

Everything comes to the man who waits; it is different with the woman. Philosophers say that woman is at her best at 35; but they don't seem to think so when they pick out one for a wife.

In regard to my first lover, I refused him in haste and repented at leisure. I might have been happily married if it hadn't been for my little brother.

The flirt at 20 is the old maid at 30. If women could be always young and beautiful, very few of them would marry.

When a man is alive his wife is his better half; when he is dead she is worth only a third.

Although both my former lovers made their wives wretched, I am sure I could have been happy with either.

Marriage isn't so much of a failure as marrying.

Love Your Parents.

Someone said to a Grecian general, "What was the proudest moment in your life?" He thought a moment and then said "The proudest moment in my life was when I sent home word to my parents that I gained the victory." And the proudest moment and most brilliant moment in your life will be the moment when you can send to your parents that you have conquered your evil habits by the grace of God and become external victor. Oh, despise not parental anxiety! The time will come when you will have neither father or mother, and the place where they used to watch you, and find them gone from the house and from the neighborhood. Cry as long for forgiveness as you may over the mound in the churchyard, and they will not answer. Dead! dead! and then, when you take out the white lock of hair that was cut from your mother's brow just before they buried her and you will take the cane with which your father used to walk, and you will think and wish you had done just as they wanted you to do, and would give the world if you had never thrust a pang through their dear old hearts. God pity the poor young man who has brought disgrace on his father's name! God pity the young man that has broken his mother's heart! Better if he had never been born—better if, in the first hours of his life, instead of being laid against the warm bosom of maternal tenderness, he had been confined and sepulchered. There is no balm powerful enough to heal the heart of one who wanders about through the dismal cemetery rending the hair and ringing the hands and crying: "Mother! Mother!"

What Physiologists Say.

Deeming the murderer of women and children, who is known to have killed two of his wives, and four of his own children is claimed by physiologists as belonging to the distinctly criminal type. He was brave enough when it came to murdering the helpless, but he weakened like a white livered coward and shook like a leaf, begging for mercy when it came to his own turn to go. It will be interesting to know the final result of the autopsy of the brain—whether it was different from other men's.

Criminals are divided by the physiologists into three classes, the born criminal the criminal from brain disease and the one who has become such from depraved associations and company in early life. The born criminal has a retreating forehead, a large jaw and a head somewhat flat behind, and a face and a head which are all more or less lop sided and out of symmetry. Moreover, curly headed people are seldom criminals. These points have been established. The doctors apparently having arrived at the extent of their knowledge, plunge into that convenient sea, "the convolutions of grey matter," and are lost to common mortals. Deeming seems to have been a criminal born with a temperament bordering on the insane, though it was a kind of insanity that needed to be stopped short off.

The Genuine Merit

Of Hood's Sarsaparilla wins friends wherever it is fairly and honestly tried. Its proprietors are highly gratified at the letters which come entirely unsolicited from men and women in the learned professions warmly commending Hood's Sarsaparilla for what it has done for them.

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

Thrift of a Yankee Carver.

The Maine man who cannot turn his hand to another source of profit when one finds himself a scarce article. An engraver of old-time repute, in the palmy days of Maine shipbuilding, now a resident of Kittery, finding his occupation gone as a sculptor of figure-heads for vessels, is engaged in makin', idols and graven images for the heathen. He has a large order that will employ most of his time for over two years from a missionary just returned from Central Asia to this country. This missionary, by the way, is evidently something of a Yankee himself.

A farmer successfully tried a remedy for potatoe bugs as follows: He procured some boards and placed them here and there among his potatoes, and on these boards were placed raw potatoe sliced. At noon on the first day of his experiment he and his hired man found every piece of potatoe covered with bugs. He killed this crop, and at night another crop was killed, though not so large, and in a week, not a bug could be seen, and his trouble with bugs after this was comparatively small. Dip the pieces of potatoe in Paris Green and save killing the bugs.

Martin's Struggle With a Naked Wild Girl.

GEORGETOWN, Texas, June 28.—J. T. Martin, a young farmer living at San Gabriel River bottoms, after a day's labor in his cotton field, started homeward. He was crossing a stretch of dense woodland near the river when he suddenly came upon a woman entirely devoid of clothing who was down on all fours, greedily devouring the tender grass and cactus buds. Martin watched her from a clump of bushes for a few minutes and finally decided to attempt her capture. He had a stout twine in his pocket with which he expected to bind her hands securely. Having laid his plans, he crept stealthily up behind the woman. He made a spring and grabbed her by the foot. The wild creature, upon being taken by surprise, went into a terrible rage and fought like a demon. According to Martin's story, the battle was a terrible one while it lasted. He was here to-day and bears deep wounds on his face and arms, which he claims was caused by the woman's teeth and finger nails. She made no outcry during the encounter, and after freeing herself she darted into the thick underbrush.

Martin's description of the strange woman tallies with that given by various citizens of this place who saw her in the same place last week. She is of splendid form, about 19 years of age and has long black hair. There are numbers of caverns along the San Gabriel River, and it is believed that the woman makes her home in one of these caves.

Corns! Corns! Corns!

Discovered at last—a remedy that is sure safe and painless. Putman's Painless Corn Extractor never fails, never never causes pain, nor even the slightest discomfort. Buy Putman's Corn Extractor, and beware of the many cheap, dangerous and flesh-eating substances in the market. See that it is made by Polson & Co., Kingston.

Despatches from St. Petersburg say the prevalence of cholera in Astrakhan has caused a panic in that city, and the workmen, though paid in advance, are preparing to desert their employers. The police tried to compel them to fulfill their engagements, and the result was a serious riot in which a number were killed before the rioters were dispersed. It is feared that the epidemic has penetrated further into the interior than the authorities admit. The largest fair in the world will be held this month in Nijnii-Novgorod, and it is hoped to keep the dread disease from making its appearance there, by thorough cleaning and disinfecting. At Baku, on the Caspian, 200 deaths are occurring on an average every day and half of the inhabitants have left the city.

Healthy digestion is one of the most important functions of the human economy. K. D. C. restores the stomach to healthy action, and promotes healthy digestion. Try K. D. C.

During Thunder Storms.

If out of doors, trees should be avoided and, if from the rapidity with which the explosion follows the flash, it should be evident that the electric clouds are near at hand, a recumbent posture on the ground is the most secure.

It is seldom dangerous to take shelter under sheds, carts or low buildings, or under the arch of a bridge; the distance of 20 or 30 feet from tall trees or houses is rather an eligible situation, for should a discharge take place these elevated bodies are likely to receive it, and less prominent bodies in the neighborhood are those likely to escape.

It is right, also to avoid water, for it is a good conductor, and the height of a human being near the stream is not unlikely to determine the direction of the discharge. Within doors we are tolerably safe in the middle of a carpeted room, or when standing on a double hearthrug. The chimney should be avoided, on account of the conducting power of the carbon deposited in it; on the same principle gilt mouldings, bell wires, etc., are in danger of being struck.

In bed we are tolerably safe; blankets and feathers are bad conductors and we are consequently, to a certain extent, insulated. It is injudicious to take refuge in a cellar, because the discharge is often from the earth to a cloud and buildings frequently sustain the greatest injury in their basement stories.

A young woman at Digby was taken with lockjaw on Sunday and died Tuesday morning in great suffering. It resulted from stepping on a sharp stick.

A schooner at anchor in Grand Harbor, Grand Manan, was burned to the water's edge last week with her cargo of 11,300 boxes of smoked herring. Total loss.

A Simple Precaution.

"Just look at that child," said one lady to another, as they stood by a window, watching a group of children at play on the street. "Her ears stick out from the sides of her head like the sails of a ship." Such an affliction as that is really dreadful. Every little while one sees children—grown-up people too, for the matter of that—with wide projecting ears. It's a pity, too, when such a thing is so easily prevented.

Children should be very carefully watched, and should never be allowed to sleep without having the ears pressed close to the head. Some children are restless and squirm about until the ears are turned over towards the face. As a matter of course this forms a habit, and the first thing anybody knows the beauty of the child is spoiled. It only takes a little care and attention to remedy all this, either in the case of children or grown persons. The worst deformity of this sort may be remedied in a few months by the persistent effort to keep the ears close to the head even at night. Before retiring, rub the back of the ears thoroughly with some soft, penetrating oil or glycerine; then tie a bit of lace or thin muslin around the head, to keep the ears close.

During the day a similar bandage might be worn, if it is not necessary to go out or to receive callers. Babies should always wear caps, even they may be of the sheerslest mull or lace. This will entirely prevent the ears assuming such unbecoming shapes as we frequently see. Of course it is often more difficult to remedy an evil than to prevent it, and judicious mothers and nurses will never allow such accidents to occur. Where the cartilage of the ear seems to have been pressed out of shape, it may often be desirable to rub some oil or cold cream on the outside, but if the cap is worn or a bandage is put around the head at night, this will never be necessary. In extremely bad cases, where the cartilage has grown too much out of shape, the services of a surgeon may be found necessary. Such precautions should never be neglected as will save the child from embarrassment and discomfort later in life. More than one child has been made unhappy by the ridicule of its companions on account of some personal deformity which a judicious mother or nurse might have avoided.

McLean's Vegetable Worm Syrup is as pleasant as sugar and a safe and effectual remedy.

St. PETERSBURG, July 16.—Owing to a report that the doctors were causing cholera patients to be buried alive, the lower classes of Saratoff, rose in revolt on the 10th inst., and wrecked and plundered the police station, the cholera hospitals and the residences of the chief of police and physicians. Two medical assistants were killed. The mob resisted the soldiers who were summoned and the latter fired killing three rioters.

At no time is man secure from attacks of such painful and dangerous disorders of the stomach as Cholera, Cholera Morbus, Cramps, Diarrhoea and Dysentery; but these complaints are particularly common during the heated term, when it is doubly dangerous to neglect them. PERRY DAVIS' PAIN KILLER is a remedy that has never failed when tried, and the severest attacks have been cured by it. It leaves no evil effects, and invariably brings relief to the sufferer. Every reputable druggist in the country sells PERRY DAVIS' PAIN KILLER. Large size New Bottle, price 25c.

A Paying Business.

Money Lender—You want to borrow a hundred pounds? Well, here's the money. I charge five per cent. a month, and if you want it for a year, that leaves just forty pounds coming to you.

Innocent Borrower—Then if I wanted it for two years, there'd be something coming to you, I suppose, eh?

ORILLIA, July 15.—Mrs. Joseph Sweet placed her baby in a hammock outside of her residence at North River and built a smudge to keep away the flies and mosquitoes. The child, it is thought, kicked off some of the wraps which fell on the fire, brought the flames in connection with the hammock and the infant fell on the blazing embers. It survived only a few hours.

A Dublin doctor lately sent a bill to a lady which ran thus: "To curing your husband till he died."

It is estimated that if each fly hatched should live to be four years of age, at the end of that time they would form a solid mass around the earth, extending to a height of 50 miles or about the height of our atmosphere. How fortunate they die early.

Minard's Liniment cures Diphtheria.