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# THE REVIEW

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NO. 41.

## 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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### How to Get Rid of Household Pests.

In a lecture before the Lowell Institute Prof. Riley discussed the ever timely subject of household pests. The treatment of the subject was practical, and the remedies given for each particular pest are worth noting by the careful housewife. For certain of the commoner pests, such as the bedbug, the carpet beetle, the clothes moth, benzine applied in a fine spray by means of a hand atomizer was stated to be the best remedy, as in most cases it destroys the insect in all stages, including the egg. In using benzine, however, care must be taken that no fire or artificial light is in the room at the same time, the vapor of benzine being highly explosive. For cockroaches, bristle tails, or fish moths, and fleas the lecturer recommended a liberal use of pyrethrum powder, in the form of either Persian or Dalmatian powder, or buhach. Fleas, he said, are generally introduced into houses by dogs or cats, and the presence of bedbugs is not always a sign of uncleanness, as they have been found under the bark of trees in the woods, and in country houses may sometimes be traced to this source. Keeping premises clean and dry was said to be in general a good preventive of insect pests.

The common house fly, with its complicated mouth and its stereoscopic eyes with 4,000 facets, was next discussed, and the lecturer then passed to an interesting account of the mosquito. The eggs of this insect are laid in the water, and the larva, when hatched, passes through several moults in the same element, the perfect mosquito finally breaking out from the pupal skin and flying away on her blood-thirsty mission. The female mosquito is the form which stings, the male seldom leaving the swamps where he dwells, and contenting himself with vegetable juices. In dealing with the mosquito as a household pest, good pyrethrum powder is probably the best preventive of its annoyances. Moistened and made into little cones, allowed to dry, and then burned in a closed chamber, this powder will either stupefy or kill, and is one of the best means of freeing chambers from mosquitoes. Touching upon a theory advanced some years ago—that mosquitoes by their stings inoculate the body with malarial poison—the lecturer stated that in his judgment there was no connection between the two, though the same conditions which cause malaria are apt also to breed mosquitoes. In the case of elephantiasis, however, a disease prevalent in tropical countries, and due to a minute organism known as filaria, it has been well established that the filaria in its life develops must needs pass through the mosquito as an intermediary host.—Boston Advertiser.

### Offensive Sore Cured.

DEAR SIRS,—I take pleasure in testifying to the great healing qualities of your medicines. I had the misfortune to injure my leg, and through cold and neglect it broke out in a running sore, my leg became inflamed and very painful, and the discharge was very offensive; various remedies failed to help me when I had the good fortune to try your B. B. B. and Bardock Healing Ointment. Before I had finished the second bottle the discharge had stopped, and two weeks more my leg was as well as ever. I feel justified in recommending it to the public as a cure if only given a fair trial.

GEO. LAURIE, Portage la Prairie, Man.

A despatch from Mauritius says that in the city of Port Louis alone six hundred persons were killed in the terrific hurricane that recently swept over the island. In various country districts it is estimated an equal number of lives were lost.

### They Bless the Relic of St. Ann.

The crowds of people who go to kiss the relic of St. Ann at the Church of St. Jean Baptiste, in East Seventy-sixth street, do not show signs of diminishing, and all yesterday there was a steady stream of the devout of all ages. The relic will remain at the church until Friday.

One of the priests told me that in the ten days during which the relic has been at the church more than one hundred thousand people have visited it. Nearly all of these had faith that contact with the little glass case in which the arm of the saint is inclosed would have a beneficial effect upon them.

One of those who bless the relic is Mrs. Duffy, of No. 416 West Thirty-second st. She is seventy years old and has been a cripple for fourteen years. On Sunday she was carried to the church and assisted up the aisle, a friend on each side of her until she reached the altar. There she knelt and applied her lips to the casket.

She said that within a very short time she felt better, and yesterday when she visited the church to offer thanks she was able to walk up the aisle. She said that for fourteen years she had been unable to walk without assistance, and she attributed her cure to the intercession of the saint.

John Joseph Cronoche, of No. 454 West Fifty-seventh street, is another of the many who rejoice that the relic was brought to New York. He suffered from a weak back for many years and the ailment was painful at all times. He had faith in the power of the saint and kissed the relic a few days ago. He visited the church yesterday and told the clergyman that he was cured and felt no more inconvenience.

Mrs. McCullough, of No. 1,482 Third avenue, who is a singer of some ability, caught cold last winter and developed a painful affection of the throat. Physicians told her that she could not get well unless a severe operation was performed. While debating with herself as to whether it was advisable to submit to the surgeon's knife she visited the relic of St. Ann. She went to the church yesterday and announced that she had been made as well as ever and that no operation would be necessary now. Her voice, she said, had been miraculously restored to her.—N. Y. Herald.

### That Tired Feeling

Is often the forerunner of serious illness, which may be broken up if a good tonic like Hood's Sarsaparilla is taken in season. This medicine invigorates the kidneys and liver to remove the waste from the system, purifies the blood, and builds up the strength.

Constipation is caused by loss of the peristaltic action of the bowels. Hood's Pills restore this action and invigorate the liver.

### St. Margarets.

As it is quite a time since you have heard from our busy little village, we thought we would write a few items, to let you know how we are preparing to spend our summer months.

The farmers are all taking advantage of the fine weather, and by all appearances will soon be through farming.

The drives are nearly finished and some of our young men have already returned, greatly to the delight of the fair ones.

Sickness has paid us many visits during the past season, but we are glad to say, it has caused no deaths.

We are very sorry to state that our old friend Mrs. Joseph Rigley is very ill, but we hope for her recovery.

Mr. John Flanagan has recovered from his sudden attack of la grippe.

Mr. Chas. Daley is erecting a residence in Chatham, and we expect he will soon be robbing us of one of our young ladies; Mr. John Quinn is also furnishing his new house, and by his many visits to see his betrothed, he will soon be giving a wedding, which we shall heartily enjoy.

Misses Bridgie Hackett and Rosie McDonnell were visiting friends in Little Branch Sunday last.

Miss Lizzie Rigley was visiting friends in Kent Co. the past week.

Misses Lizzie Flanagan and Julia Lynch were visiting their friends up river, and returned much pleased with their trip.

Miss Effie Flanagan's pupils are improving rapidly in their music, showing the interest their teacher takes in them.

We expect a goodly number of our N. B. friends home from U. S., and we hope we will have a merry time when we all meet again. "JACK."

May 14, 1892.

The lower house of the Quebec Legislature by a vote of 44 to 19 rejected the bill to abolish the Legislative Council.

### A Strange Freak.

There is living on a farm in Missouri, one of the strangest freaks that has ever been heard of. The freak is the son or daughter, or both, of James Howard a farmer. There is a perfect double child of both sexes, but connected in such a way that no surgical operation can separate them. The children are now seven years old. They are perfectly formed with the exception that they have about eight inches of spinal column in common. They are back to back, and about ten inches above the end of the spinal column, the bones merge into one column, with a single spinal cord. The bones separate again and the lower parts are entirely distinct. Howard has been approached several times by museum men who have heard of the freak, but he steadily refuses all offers to exhibit the children. The children play and act as other children of their age do and seem in no wise affected by their singular situation. They have much difficulty in locomotion, but they hit on a plan of their own whereby they get about, they have an understanding, and when one wants to go forward the other is told, and walks backward. They have done this so much that they can walk either way very readily. They have no thoughts in common, and are apparently distinct with the exception of a slight connection of their spines.

### Worth \$10 a Bottle.

DEAR SIRS,—I have used Burdock Blood Bitters for dyspepsia, and have found it to be the best medicine I ever used. I could not eat without suffering from a terrible burning pain in the pit of my stomach. I used six bottles of B. B. B. and am glad I did so or I should have been in my grave to-day, it completely cured me. I take a bottle every spring and would not be without it if it cost \$10 a bottle.

DAVID PEDLEY, Morley, Alb.

### Starving Rats on a Wrecked Steamship.

A correspondent of the Newcastle Chronicle describes a striking scene he witnessed in the breaking up of the Gothenburg City, on St. Mary's Island, coast of Northumberland. I was one of a party that went on board that ill-fated vessel a few days before she broke up, and saw a sight to be remembered. I shall never forget it. To all appearance, as we approached her, the vessel might have been sailing comfortably out of harbor, save for the absence of any apparent life on board of her. But we had no sooner put foot on deck than we were immediately attacked in such a manner that such of us as had got on board had to make tracks for the rigging, while the rest fell back into the boats. Rats! I never saw so many in my life, and never hope to again. Great, hungry, lanky, lean-looking rats, many of them with their tails chewed off, swarmed up from below in never-ending thousands, squeaking and squirming over one another in a manner sickening and horrible to behold, particularly to those of us up in the rigging. At last we cut off some loose ropes, knotted them into convenient lengths, and so armed we descended and attacked the rodents, and eventually succeeded in beating a passage to our boat. Any one would have supposed that they knew by instinct the impending fate of the vessel, for they no sooner saw us over the side than they began to swarm down the ropes and try to enter the boat, and it was only with difficulty we were able to beat them off before casting the boat clear; and they squeaked in a horrible manner in their anguish and mad frenzy as we rowed away from the vessel's side.

We're not waiting for the bats and moles but for men and women who have eyes and use them, who have brains and reason! There's a new world for them—suffering and sickly as they are—a new world created from the brain of a skillful physician—a discovery—the "Golden Medical Discovery."

Years ago Dr. Pierce found out that the secret of all scrofula, bronchial, throat and lung trouble lay—in the beginning at least—in impure blood and the weak tone of the system; that the way to cure these effects was to remove the cause, that human nature being the same, the same results might be looked for in nearly all cases. So confident was he that the expectations were uncommon that he took the risk of giving the medicine to those that didn't benefit for nothing, and the results have proved that he was right.

And "Golden Medical Discovery" is the remedy for the million! The only guaranteed Liver, Blood and Lung remedy. Your money back if it doesn't help you.

Greeves, Liberal, has been re-elected in North Perth, Ont., by an increased majority.

### Notes from Clifton, Gloucester Co.

Friday the 13th of May dawned fair and bright, much to the delight of the school children, it being the day appointed for Arbor day. Quite a number of trees were planted; also some flower seeds. After which quite a nice entertainment was given by the children, with the help of their teacher, Miss Minnie Millar. The programme was as follows: Dialogue, "The Train to Moran," by Lillie Power, Herdman Good and Charlie McGee. Dialogue, "Down East," by Gertie Knowles, Enos Collins, Mattie Power and Nellie Good. Song by the school, "Our Native Land"; reading "On the Value of Trees," by Mattie Renouf; song by Alma Scott, Ethel Knowles, Mary Daley and Clara Dempsey; dialogue, "Punctuation Marks," by twelve little girls; song, "I would rather die an 'old maid' than be a man's wife," by Alma Scott and Ethel Knowles. Reading, "Advertising for a Husband," by Katie Knowles; dialogue, "Father Time," by one boy and twelve little girls. Recitation, "The Reason Why," by Gertie Knowles. Recitation, "What do we plant when we plant a tree," by Ethel Knowles. Song, "While we are marching to victory," by Ethel Knowles, Alma Scott, Clara Dempsey, Mary Daley, Enos Collins, and Charlie McGee. Recitation, "A woman's answer to a man's question," by Mattie Renouf. Song, "Shall we go to the woods," by the school. Recitation, "I'm engaged to be married to Jack," by Lillie Power. Recitation, "The Life Boat," by Enos Collins. Recitation, "Only Once," by Annie Good. Dialogue, "Punishment at School," by Alma Scott and Annie Good. Dialogue, "The Precious Speller," by Enos Collins and Percy Knowles. Several other recitations were also given by the children, which were greeted with applause. Quite a number of visitors were present, and after the close of the entertainment went home feeling that they had spent an enjoyable evening.

### Minard's Liniment cures Dandruff.

### Rogersville News.

Measles of a violent type prevails in this parish. Several children have died and a good number are afflicted with the disease.

Mr. Perry, of P. E. L., but lately of the U. S., has purchased Mr. Philippe Arseneau's farm. Mr. Jos. St. Pierre, also of U. S., has bought part of Mr. A. A. Richard's farm near the station. Several other properties have lately changed hands.

A number of trees have been planted on the church grounds. A new fence is also being erected in front of the chapel. The contract for \$2,200.00 was given to finish the inside of the new chapel, and not to build a new one as published.

Mr. Wm. Buckley, telegraph operator, left here last week for the United States. He intends to seek his fortune in the West. During the five years spent in the employ of the I. C. R. he proved himself an attentive sober and reliable young man. We wish him every success.

An individual, on Tuesday, locked in his store a young boy, tied him by the arm with a rope and beat him with a trace without mercy. Next day this boy-beater went and settled the matter with the boy's mother. It is supposed that whiskey was the cause of the rash act.

### A Scotch Conversation.

On one occasion, travelling by stage-coach through a Highland district of Scotland, I found myself in contiguity with two cattle drovers, whose conversation amounted virtually to the following:

"Eh, Donal, and hoo are you?"  
"Well."  
"That's guid."  
"No sae guid eyther."  
"Hoo's that?"  
"I marrit a bad wife."  
"That's bad."  
"No sae bad eyther."  
"Hoo's that?"  
"She had a wheen o' sheep."  
"No sae bad that."  
"Ay, but they had the rot."  
"That's bad."  
"No sae bad eyther."  
"Hoo's that?"  
"I selt them an' bought a hoose."  
"That's guid."  
"No sae guid eyther."  
"Hoo's that?"  
"The hoose was burnt."  
"That's bad."  
"No sae bad eyther."  
"Hoo's that?"  
"She was in it."

### THOMAS SLOVEN,

THE GREAT LIFE SAVER AND SWIMMER, Is loud in his praise of SCOTT'S CURE FOR RHEUMATISM.

He had such a severe attack of Rheumatism in his right arm that he could not raise it without excruciating pain. After applying half a bottle of SCOTT'S CURE FOR RHEUMATISM he could swing his arm as freely as ever, and now he says Scott's Cure for Rheumatism is the greatest discovery of the age.

## FONTENAY, THE SWORDSMAN.

A MILITARY NOVEL.

BY FORTUNE DU BOISGIBEY.

(Translated by H. L. Williams.)

### CHAPTER XXIII.—Continued.

"Well, my idea is that we shall find nothing at all. The fellow who made this attempt is a cunning one who will not linger in Paris. This will finish like the flare-up in November when the burglars got into the Empress private rooms at la Malmaison. We had the description of of one—the same sent to all the gendarmerie headofficers—it was known that he was a Spaniard, but with all this to help us, we never heard anything more about it."

"It might be the same—"

This professional dialogue was interrupted from two sides at once. Hand-barrows and porters came up at one end of the street at the same time as the imperial surgeon by the other. Yvan was not alone, as George de Prigny accompanied him.

Detained much longer at the Tuileries than he had expected, George was coming to learn if his friend had returned home, when in the street, he met the celebrated doctor of his acquaintance, who told him what had happened, without naming the victim. Vaguely agitated, George was eager to know who it was.

He was almost choked with grief on seeing Paul Fontenay at his feet without voice and movement.

Much less effected, Yvan knelt down, felt the pulse, and declared that the officer still breathed, but that he could not pronounce his judgment on the consequences of the wound before close examination. He would have had him taken to a hospital.

Luckily George was present to point out Fontenay's house close by. Here he was carried on a litter, and one may imagine Tournesol's despair, who believed he would never recover. Still he aided them to place him on the bed and undress him.

"He is stabbed a little below the right clavicle; it is grave," muttered the surgeon shaking his head.

He probed the cut and sounded Paul's chest, while George, paler than the patient, waited for the verdict under inexpressible anguish.

Remembering, by their crossing of the Esia, that his officer had strong vitality, Tournesol began to hope while George despaired.

At length, Yvan, packing up his instruments, came away from the couch, and taking Prigny aside, he said to him: "I do not believe he will come out of it. But all is possible—even a miracle. The Emperor has performed miracles on the battle-fields; why should not surgery do one? I am going to try. But I forewarn you that if your friend does not die, he will be compelled to keep his bed for a month without moving or speaking. Three inches of steel penetrated his chest, and the lung has been cut."

The assassin had struck more powerfully than Diego on the plain of Benavente, and this time, Marguerite's sashet had not turned or deadened the stroke.

### CHAPTER XXIV.

### THE TRAMMELS OF ETIQUETTE.

Yvan, Napoleon's celebrated surgeon, was a master in his art, and he was not often in error in his prognostics. The one he spoke in Paul Fontenay's case was verified in every point. Paul nearly died, but survived, though he had to pass more than a month like one merely existing. His youth, and mainly the cares of his friend and his orderly, saved him. George and Tournesol took turns to watch him day and night.

Every morning Yvan came to visit the wounded man and his prescriptions were scrupulously carried out.

When Fontenay, on recovering strength opened his mouth to speak, George closed it with an entreaty for him not to say a word on pain of death, Yvan bringing out that the least exertion might bring on a fatal internal bleeding. Of all the sufferings Paul underwent perfect silence was certainly the most cruel to support. He had so many things to inquire about! His mind had stopped suddenly, like a clock with its spring broken, on the evening when he fell on the Rue Saint Nicaise pavement, and since he regained consciousness he knew nothing of what transpired outside his room. George might have enlightened, but the surgeon had forbidden him. The least emotion might be fatal to the convalescent, and George, while divining his longing for news of Marguerite de Gavre, condemned himself to say only "All goes well!" or "Do not fret. I am

only awaiting the doctor's consent to tell you the news."

The fixed delay was expiring when, one fine April day, Dr. Yvan announced that he would return no more. He did not say why—George knew—and he smilingly added:

"My dear captain, I exact from you only five days' patience. This is Sunday. I raise the restriction on Thursday. Then you may speak, on condition you do not abuse the license, and I charge M. de Prigny to apply the curb! One of my brother physicians will complete the task of setting you in marching order, and you may go out when he authorizes it. That may still be some time, but you are saved. I have given the assurance to the Emperor who has more than once asked after you. Hush!" he went on as Fontenay was about to reply, "do not thank me. You will fatigue yourself. Do so later, for I earnestly expect we shall see one another—this summer."

Upon this conclusion, the surgeon pressed his patient's hand and went out with no further explanation. When gone, Fontenay implored his pitiless friend with his eyes.

Fontenay had to resign himself a little against his will, while George added that he might speak a few words next day to prepare a transition from complete muteness to sustained conversation. Short was the space for Paul to remain in ignorance of all things to which the great surgeon had condemned him while laying the balm upon him that the Emperor Napoleon was uneasy about his health. Truth to say, this was the least he could do after the tragedy in the Rue Saint Nicaise, but it was enough for the young West Indian to be profoundly grateful for not being forgotten.

Where was the Emperor?

On the eve of departure for the war against Austria, as rumor ran when Fontenay arrived in town? What was going on in Spain, where brave Captain Zolnycki remained? Not the slightest idea had the invalid, but he had not much fretted himself yet, as he had not once asked for a newspaper generally to instruct him. Besides, newspapers were few at that era, and young officers rarely read them. The head-quarters bulletins announcing victories sufficed.

The four days of supplementary silence imposed by the doctor passed swiftly.

Fontenay began to eat with an appetite, walk in his room, and even rest by the window to inhale the spring time air of gentle April, bringing fine weather exceptionally in this year. In the narrow and gloomy street, much was not visible, but convalescents are delighted with a single sunbeam.

George strained his wits to amuse his friend without touching on subjects that might cause emotion, and Paul made it a rule to reply with monosyllables. All went on marvellously to the long-looked-for Thursday, the end of this singular fast from speech. Fontenay had promised not to give himself a surfeit in breaking it, literally he kept his word. He opened by assuring Prigny of his intention to listen rather than talk. And Prigny asked leave to proceed methodically, from the least important news to the most interesting. The string of information would take long to unfold, as Paul was nearly in the situation of a man who had slept five weeks.

"Perhaps you were astonished at our dear doctor's so abruptly ceasing his calls?" inquired George.

"Not very much—I rejoiced in it as a proof that he believed I was clear out of the affair," was Fontenay's reply.

"It was so, but there was another thing."

"What! had I offended him without meaning it?"

"He set out for Strasburg yesterday."

"And never told me? was it a secret?"

"A secret everybody knew, but he did not like to intrust it to you for fear of agitating you. Yvan precedes the Emperor, who leaves to-morrow with all his household."

"Oh," mournfully exclaimed Paul, "war is declared, and I shall not be in it."

"You would, if you could ride. But you will require rest for a month—or two."

"Is Vergonecy going?"

"Like the others."

"Did he not trouble to call on me before going?"

"I was speaking to him of you just now. Let me first relate what has happened at the palace while you were pinned down to your bed."

"I have been decry to the Emperor?" hastily asked Fontenay.

"One man alone vehemently assailed you. Can you guess?"

"Not at all."

"The Duke d'Ornano. I wonder what you have done to him for him to hate you to such a degree."

(Continued on page 4.)