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THE REVIEW

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NO. 33

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.

See that your Advertisement is ticketed via THE REVIEW.

Friendship.

What is friendship? I will tell you: Eyes that weep for other's wrongs, Shoulders bearing other's burdens, Lips repeating other's songs.

Friendship is a chain, embracing Rich and poor, and young and old; Even the beggar child may fondly Touch in awe the links of gold.

Friendship is the heart's devotion, By warm and loving acts confessed, Thinking trials only pleasures, If they give a loved one rest.

Friendship is a sweet compassion, When brave courage is unmaned, Asking naught, but trusting fully, Quick to soothe and understand.

About Canadian Newspapers.

The progress made by the British North American provinces since they became a confederation is in no way more strikingly illustrated than in the advance of the Press. This can be shown, whether we regard the literary talent attached to the Canadian press, the growth in the mere number of newspapers, or the expansion in circulation and the wealth of the leading journals. No town nor district of importance is now left without a newspaper champion of its local rights, while almost every leading branch of science, art and trade has some journal making its particular interest a special study.

Many highly instructive facts bearing on the progress of the Canadian Press just issued by A. McKim & Co., Newspaper Advertising Agents, Montreal, to whose enterprise we are indebted for the first Directory of Canadian newspapers that at all approaches completeness.

It is certainly time that Canada had a newspaper directory of its own, instead of looking to foreign sources for information of its press, and the work just issued reflects credit upon the skill and enterprise of the publishers. It has over 200 more papers than are reported in any other directory, and the information is very comprehensive indeed, as the "Canadian Newspaper Directory" gives a gazetteer of each newspaper town, which embraces everything that could be of interest, from a business point of view. Regarding each newspaper it gives full particulars, touching every point on which accurate information is obtainable.

One of the most interesting features of the work is a history of Canadian Journalism, in which an account is given of the first papers published in each province, with a sketch of the rise and progress of the most noteworthy papers down to a comparatively recent period. Many curious facts are given about these early papers, and the sketch, which contains much material that has not hitherto seen light, is the most comprehensive one yet published on the subject. Accompanying the history is a fac-simile of the first newspaper printed in the Dominion. It was supposed that the *Quebec Gazette* was the first Canadian newspaper, but the *Halifax Gazette* here reproduced, appeared in March 1752, twelve years before the Quebec paper saw light. It consisted of only two pages 9x15 inches, and it is a lamentable fact, strikingly illustrating the mortality of the early newspapers, that not a single copy of the *Halifax Gazette* is known to exist in Canada. A copy, supposed to be unique, is in the library of the Massachusetts Historical Society, in Boston; and after some trouble and expense, Messrs. McKim & Co. obtained a photograph of it. This souvenir alone is worth the price of the book, which is \$2.00. To give an idea of the labor required in a work like the "Canadian Newspaper Directory," it may be stated that the book contains 30,000 separate facts, apart from its history.

The compilers have been at considerable pains to gather facts regarding newspapers of the past, and they have framed what appears to be a very complete table of the newspapers as far back as 1864—just three years before confederation. There were then in all British North America only 298 papers, of which 12 were in Newfoundland. At the end of 1881 these had increased to 1044, including

Newfoundland, which now has 11. In 1864, Manitoba had but one paper now it has 57; British Columbia had 3, now it has 33; then the North West Territories had but a single one, though now they have 19. And though the increase in the other provinces does not bear so great a ratio, it is still remarkable. The papers in Ontario have increased from 172 to 573; Quebec from 35 to 209; Nova Scotia from 25 to 80; New Brunswick from 22 to 48; Prince Edward Island from 8 to 14; Newfoundland alone stands with one less paper to-day than it had in 1864 and Newfoundland alone of all the British American Colonies has remained out of the confederation. The progress of the press means the material progress of the people and no doubt if the ancient Colony were now a member of the confederation, her newspapers and her resources would alike increase and multiply. In 1864 Canada had scarcely any of what are known as class papers. Now we have 26 devoted to agricultural interests, 34 to the interests of benefit societies and brotherhood, 19 to the law, 15 to medicine, pharmacy and hygiene, 15 to temperance and prohibition, 32 to literature, 7 to education, besides 29 published as school and college papers and 43 to trade finance and manufactures. There are also many papers devoted to other special topics. This new directory brings out the interesting fact that there are 100 religious papers in Canada, of which the Roman Catholic church claims 24, the Church of England 15, the Methodist 13, the Presbyterian 10, the Lutheran 6, the Baptist 6, while 26 belong to various denominations or are classed as "sectarian." There are 144 papers published in Canada in languages other than English. Of these no less than 126 are published in French, distributed as follows: 115 in the province of Quebec, 6 in Ontario, 2 in Manitoba, 2 in New Brunswick and one in Nova Scotia. To show the remarkable advance the French-Canadian press has made in the past 30 years, it is only necessary to mention that in 1864 only a single paper was issued in French outside the province of Quebec, and this was at Ottawa; while in Quebec itself the total number of French papers, according to the *British North American Almanac*, was but 18. In other words, French-Canadian papers have increased more than six-fold in the province of Quebec, and exactly seven-fold in the Dominion at large.

The Girl to Find.

The true girl has to be sought for. She does not parade herself as show goods. She is not fashionable. Generally she is not rich. But oh, what a heart she has when you find her!—so large and pure and womanly. When you see it you wonder if those showy things outside were women. If you gain her love, your two thousand are millions. She'll not ask you for a carriage or a first-class house. She'll wear simple dresses, and turn them when necessary with no vulgar magnificence to frown on her economy. She'll keep everything neat and nice in your sky parlor, and give you such a welcome when you come home that you'll think that your parlor is higher than ever. She will entertain true friends on a dollar and astonish you with the new thought how little happiness depends on money. She'll make you love home (if you don't you're a brute), and teach you how to pity while you scorn a poor fashionable society that thinks itself rich, and vainly tries to think itself happy. Now, do not, I pray you, say any more, "I can't afford to marry." Go find the true woman and you can. Throw away that cigar, burn up that switch cane, be sensible yourself, and seek your wife in a sensible way.

Bathurst.

The movement to introduce incandescent lights here is meeting with very promising encouragement. Bathurst manages to hold its own, and keeps, as a rule, commendably abreast of the times in the way of improvement. Perhaps electricity will show the necessary light on the defective sidewalks when the season of spring repairing comes around, and those in charge of the "alteration and repairs" department may "take the hint" to some purpose.

The motto of the S. of T. is "Love, Purity and Fidelity," but the Bathurst Division should add "Pluck, Perseverance and Energy," for they certainly have all these three qualities, in no stinted measure. They have already completed the purchase of a site for a hall, and a number of the male members, (all who could go) were off to the woods this morning bright and early, to get out the lumber for the frame. The lady members are also energetic to a degree, and are making preparations for a supper, the proceeds to make an addition to the building fund. We hope to see the Temperance Hall a *fait accompli* at an early day, and, in the meantime, congratulate the temperance people and heartily wish them the success they so well deserve.

The ladies of the Episcopal church have decided on holding their fancy sale and supper on the first Tuesday after Easter. S. J. RANGER.

A Lewiston woman, Mrs. Varney, has a silver dollar, issued in 1804, now worth \$600. She has been offered \$400 for it.

New Mills.

New Mills is a prosperous settlement lying along the Baie de Chaleur. There is a neat and commodious church in it, surrounded by a graveyard, which is the resting place of many who emigrated from Scotland many years ago, and their descendants. Immediately opposite the church there is a large store, furnished in the best modern style. When a stranger enters he is confronted with a grand display of dry goods, and he is apt to imagine that he is in the store of a town of no mean proportions. Behind is a grocery store and office rooms of many attractions. The proprietor is Mr. J. T. Windsor, who carries on an extensive wholesale and retail business. He and his clerks are very courteous to all who favor them with a call. There is no hotel in the immediate neighborhood where the weary traveller can have the cravings of nature satisfied, but he need not go hungry, for Mr. Windsor does not forget the divine command "Be not forgetful to entertain strangers," etc. If he does not entertain angels, he has often entertained many who will long remember his hospitality. He has a fine mansion, well furnished, and I think it is unfair of him to be depriving some young lady of such a comfortable home. It is to be hoped he will soon repent of such a grievous crime.

A little to the north are the store and dwelling house of Mr. James McMillan, which have a commanding view of the bay and the majestic hills on the Quebec side. His store is so packed with goods that a stranger entering would think that he designedly blocked the door, and wished no one to intrude on his sanctum. His business demands a larger store, and his capabilities a wider range.

The firm of Messrs Hoegg & Son have an extensive lobster factory in this vicinity, which is the basis of operation of his other factories on both sides of the bay. They also export large quantities of salmon during the season.

Mr. Shehan, station agent, is a fine specimen of humanity. He seems pleased with himself and every other person whom he meets. He is one of the most popular station agents on the I. C. R.; he does not think that because he is a government official he can afford to be discourteous to the public.

There are many other fine dwelling houses in the settlement. Mr. John McNichol is erecting a mansion of no mean pretensions. His son, Rev. Wm. McNichol, has lately settled on a Presbyterian congregation in New Jersey. His son John is prosecuting his studies in Philadelphia, with a view of the medical profession.

Mr. John McMillan is a grand type of a Highlander. He is one of the noblest and best of the pioneers of Restigouche. No man has done more for the promotion of education and for the advancement of the Presbyterian church in the neighborhood, of which he is a worthy elder. His son, D. McMillan, Charlo Station, is a first-class civil engineer. He distinguished himself in the survey and construction of the I. C. R. and C. P. Railways.

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.

Serpents of Olden Times.

The ancients firmly believed in monster serpents of all kinds and of both the land and marine species. During the wars with Carthage a great snake is said to have kept the Roman army from crossing the Bagradas river for several days. The monster swallowed up no less than 70 Roman soldiers during this combat, and was not conquered until 100 stones from, as many different catapults were fired upon it all at one time. The monster skull and skin were preserved and afterwards exhibited in one of the Roman temples. The dried skin of the creature was 120 feet in length, according to Pliny.

Boa Oxus, a city on the Ganges, is said to have been so named because a gigantic serpent, 120 cubits long, and having a double head, was killed at the present site of the town about the year 361 A. D.

One of the first copies of the *Iliad* was written on the "great gut" of a dragon, said intestines being 130 inches in length and 18 inches broad. It was destroyed in the great fire at Constantinople.—St Louis Republic.

Minard's Liniment Cures Colds, etc.

Nobody Knows But Mother.

Nobody knows the work it makes To keep the home together; Nobody knows the steps it takes, Nobody knows but mother.

Nobody listens to childish woes Which kisses only smother; Nobody's pained by naughty blows, Nobody—only mother.

Nobody knows of the sleepless care Bestowed on baby brother; Nobody knows of the tender prayer, Nobody—only mother.

Nobody knows of the lessons taught Of loving one another; Nobody knows of the patience sought, Nobody—only mother.

Nobody knows of the anxious fears, Lest darlings may not weather The storm of life in after years, Nobody—only mother.

Nobody kneels to the throne above To thank the heavenly Father, For that sweetest gift—a mother's love; Nobody—but mother.

Did You?

Did you ever see a man Who couldn't tell you just the plan On which a paper could be run? So perfect and complete, So very nice and neat—

What the editor should say, And what he shouldn't do— He will tell it all to you, And you will find it fun— The way he lays it out, And the way he talks about The things that he would do If he were only you. Everybody he would please, Let him try it for a week, And I'm sure that he would seek Rest from troubles that are real, Losing sight of his ideal.—Ex.

And to this man he added the noted lines of Carleton: "As they pass through the gates of the city With proud and victorious tread, The editor, printer, and 'devil' Will travel not far from the head."

Women are not slow to comprehend. They're quick. They're alive, and yet it was a man who discovered the one remedy for their peculiar ailments. The man was Dr. Pierce.

The discovery was his "Favorite Prescription"—the boon to delicate woman. Why go around "with one foot in the grave," suffering in silence—misunderstood—when there's a remedy at hand that isn't an experiment, but which is sold under the guarantee that if you are disappointed in any way in it, you can get your money back by applying to its makers.

We can hardly imagine a woman not trying it. Possibly it may be true of one or two—but we doubt it. Women are ripe for it. They must have it. Think of a prescription and nine out of ten waiting for it. Carry the news to them!

The seat of sick headache is not in the brain. Regulate the stomach and you cure it. Dr. Pierce's Pellets are the little regulators.

Blood poisoned by Diphtheria, the Grip, typhoid fever, scarlet fever, etc., is made pure and healthy by Hood's Sarsaparilla.

Buckingham's Dye for the Whiskers does its work thoroughly, coloring a uniform brown or black, which, when dry, will neither rub, wash off, nor soil linen.

Charles G. Creelman, an assessor of Halifax, has been arrested on a charge of fraud in connection with the recent assignment of Philip Gough, with whom Creelman is said to have been a partner.

The explosion of a gasoline stove used to heat water in the Baptistical font in a church in Manning, Ia., on Sunday wrecked the font and set fire to the clothing of the minister, Rev. Mr. Balles, burning him fatally.

It has been conjectured the secret anti-diluvian longevity was some means of keeping the blood pure, warm, and vigorous. Moderns accomplish the same purpose by using Ayer's Sarsaparilla—the best blood medicine ever brought to light.

Robert Marshall, of Doaktown, who had his feet legs and hands badly frozen some weeks ago and was afterwards taken to the Victoria Hospital, Fredericton, for treatment, died at that institution Wednesday last from the effects of freezing and exposure.

Last Friday night a Lewiston young lady sat in the house alone reading an awful account of a ghastly murder. She was very nervous but felt that she must read the article. Her folks returned and knocked at the door. She was frightened but went to the door. She did not recognize the folks. "I guess that you don't belong here," said the girl in a frightened voice. "No," said her brother in fun. The girl shut the door and fainted on the floor where she lay until a few minutes after they forced their way into the house.

Long standing cases of asthma are relieved by Johnson's Anodyne Liniment taken internally.

The Queen's Monthly Puzzler.

If Moses was the son of Pharaoh's daughter, what relation would Moses be to the daughter of Pharaoh's son?

The Queen will give an elegant Mason & Risch Fine Toned Upright Piano to the first person answering the above problem correctly; an elegant Gold Watch for the second correct answer; a China Dinner Set for the third correct answer; an elegant Silk Dress Pattern for the fourth correct answer; and many other valuable prizes, all of which are announced in this issue of The Queen. A valuable special prize will be given for the first correct answer from a reader of THE REVIEW. Each person answering must inclose fifteen two cent stamps for "The Canadian Queen Military Schottische," just out, together with a copy of The Queen, containing a beautiful water-color reproduction, "Seven, He Loves," and full particulars of our Educational Prize Competitions. The object of offering these prizes is to increase the circulation of this popular magazine. By sending to-day you may secure a valuable prize. Address The Canadian Queen, "A" Toronto, Can.

Does "The Queen" actually give away Pianos?

DEAR MR. EDITOR:

Replying to several enquiries regarding The Canadian Queen's offer to give away one of Mason & Risch's high class Upright Pianos each month during 1892, we have received an order from the publishers of The Canadian Queen for twelve of our Studio Uprights in solid black walnut cases, our price for which is \$325 each. They are to be shipped direct from our factory or salesroom to the addresses supplied by the publishers of The Queen. As far as the quality of the piano is concerned, every person with a cultivated ear for music knows what the Mason-Risch piano is, and the ones to be supplied to The Queen are the same high grade as far as tone, etc., is concerned as the best we make. A sample of these prize pianos is on exhibition at our warehouses, 32 King Street West, Toronto, and can be examined by you or any of your friends at any time it suits your convenience.

Yours truly, MASON & RISCH, Toronto, Ont.

Who Will be the Next?

The first prize piano offered by the publishers of The Queen, was won by Miss Eva Watson, 66 Close Ave., Parkdale, Ont.; the second prize piano was won by Edward W. Dowling, Clerk in the Windsor Hotel, Montreal; the third prize piano was won by Edward W. Gardner, 78 Sullivan St., Toronto, Ont.

Sheep Raising in Dakota.

Is a financial success, as is evidenced by the statements made by prominent Dakotians in a pamphlet just issued by the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway, copy of which will be sent free upon application to J. H. Hiland, Gen'l Freight Agent, Chicago, Ill., or to A. J. Taylor, Canadian Pass. Agent, 4 Palmer House Block, Toronto, Ont.

VERNER McLELLAN,

OF PORTLAND, ST. JOHN, N. B.

Who has been a great sufferer from Rheumatism, takes great pleasure in saying that Scott's Cure for Rheumatism has done him more good than anything he has ever used, and would advise anybody suffering to try it and be convinced that it is the best Remedy in the World for Rheumatism.

"Johnson's Anodyne Liniment takes the lead; there is none better," says a Boston druggist.

Why is a lion in a menagerie like a young man out for a lark? Because he has a roaring time of it.

"For a long time I suffered with stomach and liver troubles, I could find no relief until I used Ayer's Pills. I took them regularly for four months, and my health was completely restored."—D. W. Baine, New Berne, N. C.

John Chisholm, of Prince Edward Island, was instantly killed at the mill of the Webster Paper Co., in Orono, Me. He had worked for the company for some time and was employed as reel boy. In some manner his clothes became entangled in the dryer and the result was that he was crushed to death almost instantly.

The reason why "Myrtle Navy" tobacco has a strong hold on the smoking community is because it is the genuine article. No man has a desire to use anything else than tobacco. Even opium is not smoked for the pleasure of smoking it, but for its specific effects. The desire for tobacco is of course, best satisfied by getting the pure article, and when this is added to the finest quality, the satisfaction is complete. These two things are combined in the "Myrtle Navy."

ALL SORTS.

"A son that sleepeth in harvest causes shame."

When people do not love they are not fit to live.

Hatred is a fire which burns, but consumes not.

Meeting and overcoming difficulties makes character.

If nobody had a hobby the world would soon stop moving.

More people fall from discouragement than from misfortune.

The test of true manhood is what he is willing to suffer for others.

No bad man ever made himself any better by claiming to be a saint.

The poorest of poor are often those whom their neighbors consider rich.

Complaining about the hard times you are having does not make it easier for anybody else.

Envy is always a robber, for the moment we envy others their possessions we lose our own.

The only real courage is that which comes from knowing that we are right. Rogues are never brave.

Bright Boy (to visiting pastor)—"Now try it on me. Ma says you can put any one to sleep in five minutes."

An austere-looking lady walked into a furrier's recently, and said to the shopman: "I should like to purchase a muff," "What fur?" demanded the man. "To keep my hands warm, you idiot!" exclaimed the lady.

Why need you never starve on board ship? Because you get cold chops from the North, little puffs from the South, chickens from the hatches, and as for eggs the captain can lay to any day.

St. Peter (to applicant)—"You say you were an editorial writer on a New York newspaper?" "Yes, sir." "Step into the elevator, please." (Steps in.) "How soon does it go up?" "It doesn't go up, it goes down."

You can never get a lady, be she young or old, to confess that she laces tight; that her shoes are too small for her; that she's ever tired at a ball; that she is as old as she looks; that she blushed when a certain person's name was mentioned.

Dumley (to Brown)—"Browned, I understand that Robinson referred to me yesterday as an old fool. I don't think that sort of thing is right." Brown—"Why, of course it ain't right, Dumley. You can't be more than forty at the outside."

Visitor to sick woman:—"How are you feeling this morning, Mrs. O'Toolihan?" Mrs. O'Toolihan—"Och, leddy, it is bad of an wid a complication av troubles—rheumatism, lumbago, and all; and it was only this mornin' that the doctor—Hiven rist his soul—said there were a decided symptoms av convalescence. So I'm in a bad way mum."

A gentleman who was in the habit of hiring at a wayside railway station the only Jehu in the village to drive him to his residence some distance further on, was accosted, as usual, the other night by cabby, who, much to his disappointment, received the following answer:—"Not to-night, John, thank you; I'm in a great hurry, I'll walk."

"Make the palling very high and strong John," said a minister in the North to his beadle and man-of-all-work, who was erecting a boundary palling in the garden "for my Christianity can't stand the test of my neighbor's poultry grabbing up my plants." "I believe ye, sir," said the beadle; "because I hae aye noticed that there was an end to a' peace, guidwill, and religion whaun there wasna a fence."

A genial old farmer once visited his refined and asthetic married daughter, who was great on tidies and antimacassers as drawing-room ornaments. As the old farmer was sitting by the window chatting with his daughter, he spied the minister coming; and as his daughter rose to go to the door to receive the minister, the old farmer, not used to such finery, whipped up the tidies off the chairs, and threw them under the bed. When the minister had gone away he turned to his daughter, and said: "Ay, Jennie, lass, glad was I to get your washing out of the road before the minister came in, but I managed it."

"Do you think any girl ever proposes in leap year as they say, Jennie?" I asked. "Not unless she is obliged to," answered the maiden. "H'm. I hadn't thought of that," he said, after a pause. "But, George," she said, laying her hand affectionately upon his arm and looking into his eyes, "you, I am sure, will never force me to that humiliation." "N—er—that is to say—of course not. I— The ice was broken, and three minutes later George was Jennie's accepted.