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READ THIS! Having returned home from an extended visit through American cities, and while away visited many of the leading carriage and sleigh manufacturers...

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.

A New Year's Greeting.

To hail with song and hearty cheer, The advent of the coming year, Has been the custom of our race In every period, every place.

And the proud race that thus can greet Each step of time's swift moving feet, Must feel a conscious sense of worth, That stamps them rulers of the earth.

A sense of conquest nobly won, A sense of battle bravely done, A spark of that seraphic fire That brighter glows as we go higher.

And well may Britain greet with glee The first of eighteen ninety three, When all the blessings we review, That came to us in ninety two.

While over Europe's throbbing breast Rolled wide the waves of wild unrest; And aroused millions ready stand To point the gun and draw the brand.

The fierce warsteed's impatient champ Their bits in many a crowded camp; While ardent spirits fiercely burn, The meed of daring deeds to earn.

Old Gallia's troubled, restless heart Leaps with an angry, vengeful start, To find her hopes, her wish delayed, Her trust by faithless sons betrayed.

Her millions sunk in roit wild, Her honest sons by fraud beguiled; Their hard earned savings scattered wide, Or sunk in Portabello's tide.

Oh France! the land of martial fire, Of quenchless faith and high desire, Of trustful, faithful loyalty, Of high resolve and chivalry.

What clogs thy lagging chariot wheels, Whence comes the giddy head that reels, Just as your hand might grasp success - You reach it, stagger, turn and miss.

The Teuton race is strong of hand, The Teuton's heart is true, And what is manly, good and grand - The Teuton loves to do.

His sword unsheathed, with wondrous skill To right the wrong and punish ill, Will flash like lambent flame; Nor can misfortune's visage cold Appall the heart, so true and bold, Or the young lion tame.

Oh! land of tone and song and art, The matchless mind, the loving heart, Whose canvass gleams and temples stand As monuments to brain and hand.

Sweet Italy, once queen of earth, Who cannot recognize thy worth, Mid cloud and shadow, fire and mist, Has an ignoble soul I wis.

And Spain, of chivalry the home, Where poets sing and artists roam: Now, to Canadian brain and heart, Awards of praise the sweeter part, And to Canadian beauty yields As music's charm she sweetly feels.

Fierce Russia, land of wolf and bear, Whose rugged sons no danger fear, But seek the life blood of their foes On arid plain, or winter snows.

But hunger will the lion tame, Who will not flinch from frost or flame, And pestilence, the boldest breast With terror may appal; Whose march no courage can resist, Or majesty recall, And pestilence and famine too Have tried the faith of Russians true.

But while o'er Europe, fierce and stark, Fierce war, grim want, diseases dark, A dreadful trio walk, On Britain's favored isle the hand Of God has greatly blessed the land Whence comes our parent stalk.

For Irish wit has pierced the cloud That hid the heart of England proud From her fair sisters gaze; When each the other truly knows, How they could ever have been foes Will both alike amaze.

LADIES, ATTENTION!

DO YOU KNOW That K. Bezanson, of Moncton, can show you a greater variety of beautiful designs in

GOLD WATCHES.

than any other dealer in this province. This is one of his specialties, and if you can possibly arrange to see his stock, you will decide at once

WHERE TO BUY YOUR GOLD WATCH.

Terms of payment will be made to suit the purchaser.

Our southern neighbor has at length Grown conscious of her youthful strength, Thrown off the yoke that held her fast, And stands a nation free, at last, From the monopolists' fateful greed, Whose power carter, crush and bleed.

She learned at last that hate and greed And envy of her neighbors weal In our sad earth had little need The sorrows of the world to swell, And that the wisest and the best Are those who bless and who are blest.

Back to our own loved land we come And oh how glad are we To greet again our happy home, Our friends again to see; The pledge of friendship to renew That came to us in ninety-two.

Some changes we may note, in this Though little has been done amiss To blot our record fair: Our rulers yet are still unchanged Though a new cabinet is arranged Another name to bear.

Be Abbott or be Thompson chief, The nation's will must be expressed, And its firm purpose and belief No party dare or can resist. A chief in name's a servant still To carry out the nation's will.

A wondrous happy, prosperous year Was ninety-two from prime to close, And more its message was of cheer Than was to us its tale of woes, Though some sad hearts are lone and drear - Who met with joy the last New Year.

See how Canadian trade expands With mother and with sister lands, The ocean, forest and the farm, The factory, the forge, the mine, All show increase, and we divine Mr. Kinley did us little harm.

We touched the highest point in trade Our history yet has brought to view, Despite Mr. Kinley this was made, As can be seen in ninety-two.

Our boarders from disease are free, Our people have been well content, Nor better, brighter folk we see Than those who happily live in Kent.

Our energies have all been spent On ocean, forest, or on farm; For factories our folk of Kent Seem not to have a potent charm.

Two hot elections have been run, And in each case the best man won, As it were surely right, That learning, eloquence and worth 'Gainst ignorant, prejudice of birth Should always win the fight.

Now let us heartily warmly greet, And as true friends let each one meet The coming ninety-three; And let us each more strongly try To mark out well the destiny Of Canada fair and free. -C. C. C.

By Unknown Persons. BIRMINGHAM, Ala., Dec. 30.—When the citizens of Greenville, Ala., arose this morning they saw two dead bodies gangling from above the court house steps.

The cells of John Joyp and Charles Kellin, the alleged murderers of Tax Collector Armstrong, of Butler county, were opened and both men were taken out in their night clothes and hurried to the court house yard with ropes about their necks.

Without being allowed to pray they were hanged above the court house steps. The mob then quietly dispersed. The verdict of the jury is that the men were hanged by unknown persons.

HAWKER'S LIVER PILLS, contain no mercury, are purely vegetable, safe, sure and effective. Do not gripe, small, easy to take. Sold everywhere.

A NEW YEAR!

A NEW SPACE!

What will be

The Result in dry goods.

Daniel & Robertson,

LONDON HOUSE RETAIL, Corner Charlotte and Union Sts., St. John, N. B.

She Stopped The Train.

"A funny thing happened the other night down on the Shenandoah Valley railroad," said one of a party of drummers who make headquarters at a downtown hotel. "A young married couple came on board at one of those little West Virginia towns the typical silk-hat and pearl-gray-uletered bride and groom of a country town—and were given the berth in the sleeper over mine.

"I went to bed early—getting ready for New York, you know—and was awakened about 11 o'clock by a rustling and scrambling against my curtain, a lot of little screams and a glimpse of new shoe soles, and so forth, which informed me that the new couple were ascending to their apartment.

"I dozed off pretty promptly, the last thing I remember hearing being the bride's voice, as she cooed; "Oh, isn't everything nice and convenient, Jimmy? A place to hang your clothes and everything!"

"The next thing I was conscious of was the train standing at a dead still and the conductor and two or three brakemen storming through the car, wanting to know who rang that bell. I'm blown if those jays hadn't hung their combined wardrobes on the bell-rope. Of course the weight had pulled the cord, rung the engine bell and stopped the car.

"Explanations and apologies were duly made, and the last thing I heard after law and order were restored was the bride's voice, in a pouting, self-justifying tone, saying: "I don't see what they stretch their old clothesline up for if they don't expect people to hang their clothes on it, do you, Jimmy?"

To-Day

Hood's Sarsaparilla stands at the head in the medicine world, admired in prosperity and envied in merit by thousands of would-be competitors. It has a larger sale than any other medicine. Such success could not be won without positive merit.

Hood's Pills cure constipation by restoring the peristaltic action of the alimentary canal. They are the best family cathartic.

Twenty-Seven Years in Jail.

JACKSON, Mich., Dec. 28.—William Walker, a colored man born of slave parents in Southampton county, Virginia, about eighty years ago, ate his Christmas dinner in Detroit in 1865 and came to the state prison on a life sentence the same day. Saturday night he was pardoned by Governor Winans, owing to the interposition of influential people in his behalf. Walker worked twenty-two years at sand-papering wagon wheels in the Webster wagon shops. He stands 5 feet 3 inches high and weighs 200 pounds. His hair is as white as snow. He expects to be cared for in Detroit by those who interested themselves for his pardon.

Walker was sold into slavery at 19, 125 miles north of New Orleans, in 1841. He was then taken to Booneville, Mo., whence he made his escape to Canada. He says he had a wife and a son and a daughter in Andrain county, Missouri, thirty-two years ago, but has not heard of them since. It has long been believed that he acted in self-defense when he took the life of Schultz for which he was convicted. Walker, the hero of the book "Buried Alive; or, A Quarter of a Century in the Michigan State Prison." A colored convict named Gains wrote the book.

"FROST BITES" are ugly things a nose or ear swollen to twice its usual size is no more beautiful than it is comfortable. After trying many "cures" we come back and award the palm to Perry Davis' PAIN KILLER, "the old reliable," which affords relief quicker than any other thing we know of. Big Bottle, popular price 25c.

Ducked.

SPRINGFIELD, Ohio, Dec. 27.—Addison, Miami county, is wild with excitement over the brutal and outrageous treatment heaped upon Mrs. Sallie Stratton, a respectable widow, residing alone at the edge of the village, by a gang of local toughs. The gang visited her home Monday night, broke into her house, dragged her over the rough roads, and ducked her repeatedly in a small creek about a mile distant. She pleaded piteously with her assailants, but they turned a deaf ear to her entreaties. After satisfying their brutal desires, they left her upon the bank of the stream more dead than alive.

She wandered aimlessly about in the cold until morning, and was found unconscious by the roadside. She was almost frozen to death and it took several hours of labor to revive her. The poor woman is slightly demented, and it is reported she has gone completely daft over the inhuman treatment. No cause is assigned for the outrage. The residents think they know who the perpetrators are and intend to prosecute them. Their victim is still living today, but her condition is critical.

Piles! Piles! Itching Piles.

SYMPTOMS—Moisture; intense itching and stinging; most at night; worse by scratching. If allowed to continue tumors form, which often bleed and ulcerate, becoming very sore. SWAYNE'S OINTMENT stops the itching and bleeding, heals ulceration, and in most cases removes the tumors. At druggists, or by mail, for 50 cents. Dr. Swayne & Son, Philadelphia. Lyman Sons & Co., Montreal, wholesale agents.

Kisses Classified.

The monks of the Middle Ages divided the kiss into fifteen distinct and separate orders: 1, the decorous or modest kiss; 2, the diplomatic, or kiss of policy; 3, the spying kiss, to ascertain if a woman has drunken wine; 4, the slave kiss; 5, the kiss infamously—a church penance; 6, the slipper kiss, practised towards tyrants; 7, the judicial kiss; 8, the feudal kiss; 9, the religious kiss (kissing the cross); 10, the academic kiss (on joining a solemn brotherhood); 11, the hand kiss; 12, the Judas kiss; 13, the medical kiss—for the purpose of healing some sickness; 14, the kiss of etiquette; 15, the kiss of love—the only real kiss.

Don't Forget

That to remove corns, warts, bunions in a few days, all that is required is to apply the old and well-tested corn cure—Putnam's Painless Corn Extractor. Sure, safe, painless. Putnam's Corn Extractor makes no sore spots hard to heal, acts quickly and painlessly on hard and soft corns.

She's an American Girl.

BALTIMORE, Md., Dec. 28.—Society is enjoying with very much zest now the snub administered to Prince Leopold Von Isenburg, nephew of the Emperor of Austria and the reigning social lion, by Miss Berdie Von Lingen, the handsome daughter of Mr. George A. Von Lingen, agent of the Lloyds, and German consul.

The prince was conversing with Mrs. John M. Robinson at the Bachelor's cotillion the other evening, when he remarked that he would like to have an introduction to Miss Von Lingen. The young lady was on the other side of the hall at the time. Mrs. Robinson requested her husband to tell Miss Von Lingen that she desired to speak with her. Miss Von Lingen, who was entertaining several gentlemen at the time, excused herself, and, walking to where Mrs. Robinson was sitting, asking what she wanted. "The prince desires an introduction," remarked Mrs. Robinson, with a smile. Miss Von Lingen is an American, and has great native pride. "If the prince wishes an introduction," she replied, "he can do as do American gentlemen. Let him seek the lady," and with this she turned on her heel and walked away. Later in the evening the prince walked over to Miss Von Lingen and was introduced like an American.

A Strange Duel.

I witnessed a strange duel in Argentina, a few years ago, said a widely travelled man the other day. Two rancheros were enamored of the same dark-eyed senorita and had agreed to settle by a duel with the lasso which should wed the damsel. A hundred piratical-looking cow-punchers assembled to witness the fray. The rivals appeared mounted on mettlesome mustangs, each with a long, powerful lariat of tough bull-hide. They were both experts with the lasso, and their horsemanship was a marvel. They approached to within forty or fifty yards of each other, then began to maneuver for a decided cast. After several feints the lariat of the younger of the rivals went whizzing through the air so swiftly that the eye could scarce follow it. The other sunk his spurs deep into his mustang. The animal shot forward just in time to save his master from the deadly noose, and as he did so the second lasso rose into the air and settled around the shoulders of the man who missed, pinning his arms to his side like a vice. He was jerked headlong out of his saddle. His successful rival drew him to him, hand over hand, half lifted him from the ground by the tenacious thong, and put a bullet squarely between his eyes. He then turned and rode directly to the hacienda, where lived the cause of this barbaric scene. She mounted behind him and he came galloping back, swinging his sombrero.

Real Merit

Is the characteristic of Hood's Sarsaparilla, and it is manifested every day in the remarkable cures this medicine accomplishes. Druggists say: When we sell a bottle of Hood's Sarsaparilla to a new customer we are sure to see him back in a few weeks after more,—proving that the good results from a trial bottle warrant continuing its use. This positive merit Hood's Sarsaparilla possesses by virtue of the Peculiar Combination, Proportion and Process used in its preparation, and by which all the remedial value of the ingredients used is retained. Hood's Sarsaparilla is thus Peculiar to itself and absolutely unequalled in its power as a blood purifier, and as a tonic for building up the weak and weary, and giving nerve strength.

Sullivan Breaking Up.

WASHINGTON, Dec. 26.—It may be John L. Sullivan's fighting days are over! Last night, after his performance at a local theatre, he was seized with a violent cramp. He was at his hotel, and this morning at three o'clock his symptoms grew so violent that medical aid was hastily summoned. After much difficulty he was brought around, and to-day he felt much better. Dr. R. A. Neale, who had been called up, made an examination of the exchampion and finds that he is suffering from fatty degeneration of the heart. It is a question whether Sullivan can ever again take the violent course of training necessary for a prize ring fight.

Judge Waxem's Political Proverbs.

A statesman that says he don't drink hicker is mighty likely to be suspicious for somethin' wus. Defect dwindles a candidate down to mighty small perpetrators. Most men runs for offis 'cause the offis won't run for them. Ef politicians dont see what they want, they ask for it. A little whitewash now and then is relished by the best or men in politticks. Full corn cribs makes empty ballot boxes. 'Tain't penuriousness in politticks that makes parties proud. That's fools to find fault with the wizest legislatin. You can't allers tell what's in a United States Senator's hed by the size ov his hat.—Free Press.