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Having returned home from an extended visit through American cities, and while away visited many of the leading carriage and sleigh manufactories and noticed the latest styles, I will be prepared at the old stand of Joshua F. Black at Richibucto to fill all orders entrusted to me giving the public the benefit of what I saw when away. Repairing in all branches will be promptly attended to. A full line of caskets and coffins kept on hand. ODBER K. BLACK.

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Kent County: Its Farms and Its Farmers.

Just as some people are underestimated and misunderstood, or not sufficiently known, so to some extent this is true of places. We think this will apply, especially from an agricultural standpoint, to Kent County, not only from a provincial point of view, but to some extent by those living within the county. Kent in many respects is naturally one of the best agricultural counties in the province. When one has had experience with the broken and hilly land, and in many cases inferior soil of some counties and contrasts this with Kent's broad and unbroken districts of superior soil, he might easily imagine himself on the rolling prairies of the west, except for the trees. So uniformly level is the topography of Kent that it has been said, if the tide were to rise sixty feet that one-third of the county would be inundated. It is also a well known fact that the soil of Kent is capable of producing a higher percentage of crops than many other sections of the same extent in the province. True there are few natural meadows, such as the marshes of Westmorland, or the intervals of the St. John River; but the general good quality of the upland more than makes up for this deficiency. The topography of the county resembles that of P. E. Island, and it is said by those capable of judging that the soil is equal and in some parts superior to that of the Island, which is called "The Garden of the Gulf." With Kent's more advantageous position with regard to markets, one would naturally expect to see a degree of agricultural prosperity equal at least to that enjoyed by the farmers of the island province. This, however, is not the case. Notwithstanding the fact that in Kent there are many excellent farms and prosperous farmers, yet the fact remains that Kent County is less developed than any other county of the province. Magnificent tracts of land have never been applied for, and are still held by the Crown; others are leased out to lumber operators, and are being rapidly depleted of all that is valuable in that line. In many cases, too, when land has been taken up, the effort to farm seems to be very feeble; after a few years the settler permits it to go back to the government for nonfulfillment of the very easy terms of the grant; or having obtained his title, becomes discouraged and moves away. Many of the older farms are also left tenementless, the windows are boarded up and the owner is in the States or some where else. In these times when so much is written and spoken by a certain class of malcontents who join the exodus, and others less honorable who stay behind to cry down their country, it is worth while to ask enquiringly where the real fault lies. Of course the one-sided politician will fob up, and snaps his finger like the ambitious school boy confident that he gives the right answer, which in every case is to lay the blame at the door of what he is pleased to call a corrupt government. This may suit very well among the verand for a bluff, from which to manufacture political capital, but does not bear the scrutiny of unbiased investigation. Least I might run into a political digression, it is enough to say to use an old remark:—"Much might be said on both sides." There is sufficient argument also in the fact that the political blue-rain-cryer makes so few converts, while these sophistries may cause some imaginative minds to view "far off cattle with long horns," yet neither the county or its government can be said to be the cause of the lack of prosperity in many of our rural districts. When we observe the thrift and really substantial way in which many of our farmers are situated, having all modern

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appliances and no modern mortgage, but money on interest; and this among farmers who have had no monetary advantage over their neighbors, who have utterly failed, we have an argument which completely disposes of the idea that the fault lies behind any of the causes mentioned above. That scores of our farmers who are prosperous and contented have made themselves so on new farms with no unusual capital, is a fact which is sufficiently demonstrated. The conclusion then is, so far as these conditions are concerned, that what is possible to one man is possible to all. Having before us the facts that the soil is good, the markets fair, that large capital is not essential to success, we seek still farther for the cause or causes of failure. These like the divisions of an old fashioned sermon may be extended to thirty-firstly and finally. We will, however, only deal with a few of the more apparent. A few fail because they would fail in anything, just as others would be a success at anything they undertook; they have always been a failure, and always will be. They would feel as much out of place as owners of prosperous farms as a fish would out of water. They take up a piece of good land either by squatting upon it or doing a portion of the small amount of work required by the terms of the labor act; they build a log cabin and chop off a few acres, and this receives the dignified appellation of a farm. They get no farther than this—here they live and here they die—if they are not so'd out by the sheriff. The dealer who has supplied them for the last ten years must have a care how he does business with them, for if he should intimate that a little on their extended account would be acceptable "he is a hard man to deal with." This class only farms because they are driven to it, as they can stand a longer siege here than any where else. Happily they are not very numerous, and are on the decrease. Comparative failure comes to a vast number who are the exact opposites of the last mentioned class. They do not succeed because they are not essentially farmers; they have missed their calling or have not obeyed the call. Farming to them is a sort of intermediate state between half a dozen other vocations—a sort of mundane paradise or purgatory, where they occasionally resort to enjoy a little prosperity or to be purified from the sins of their last misfortune. This is due, no doubt, in part to the fact that this is to some extent a transitional period with some parts of the province. Many whose early education and experience has been in the line of lumbering are forced to turn their attention more to farming, but it is hard in our generation to break away from habits of early training, consequently they are not as farmers. Sometimes, however, this is born of over ambition. A man has a good farm with a timber lot or lease and perhaps a fishing privilege, or he may be able to earn a little ready money by niring out. The result is, in trying to heat too many irons at once some or all get burned. All these interests cannot be properly attended to, and many hard working, industrious men find that at the end of the year they have gone behind. The simple reason is the man is attending to his lumber when he ought to be farming and farming when he might as well be lumbering, or he is away carrying a few dollars at the sacrifice of twice the amount later on. The certain result of this course is the farm is neglected and becomes worn out and condemned as worthless, and our friend moves away leaving the mortgage to work the farm. Like the boy with his hand in the "jar of nuts," in trying to grasp too much he loses all, while all that was necessary to make him successful was a little more concentration of his labor.

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Failure comes to some through lack of energy. They are good respectable citizens and sometimes work hard and yet they lack the energy and application, without which no industry can succeed. When working for another person, they are most trustworthy and faithful, often doing too much for too small pay but when they undertake to manage their own affairs they seem to have lost their ambition and the work which would naturally be expected to call out their keenest endeavours is neglected. Too much time is spent in cultivating social relations with neighbors during working hours. To the salutation of a passing acquaintance there is added an extended leaning over the fence, a smoke and a talk about matters in general never thinking that it is important "to make hay while the sun shines." If they worked as hard and as diligently for themselves as for others their efforts would be crowned with abundant success. They are more content apparently to be "hewers of wood, and drawers of water," than princes in Israel. Perhaps the word that fits them best is absolute indolence.

Others do not attain to the degree of prosperity possible to them because they employ wrong methods. They work hard but to great disadvantage. As the painter on being asked by an apprentice what he would mix the paint with, was told to mix it with brains, so there are many farmers who need to put more thought and intelligence into their work. They do not attach enough importance and dignity to their most honorable of all secular callings and allow things to be done in an antiquated and slipshod manner. Order or system is heavens first law, and the farmer without system is about as far from our idea of heaven as we can conceive of. Many farmers are like the Scotchman who being advised to arrange his girth to balance itself across the back of his jaded beast, thus doing away with the cumbersome stones which were tied in the end of the sack, replied:—"Me father ganged wi a stain, and I'll gang wi a stain too." It is as important for farmers to keep abreast of the times as the man in any other business, but there is a tendency too often in these days to have ones ambition satisfied in the line of having "store clothes," a covered buggy and silver mounted harness, everything else about the place may be old, even to the debts. The same amount of money judiciously expended in labor-saving machinery, and time spent in a little thoughtful planning for the future, or reading agricultural literature, instead of parading the fine clothes and covered buggy, would give the cue to success.

These few notes have been made from a number of years of careful observation and experience in this and in other states and provinces, and are given with the hope that they may be of practical benefit to those who are after all the hopes of the country,—the tillers of the soil. It may be here observed that much of what has been said is applicable to all parts of the country.

HAYSEED.

Rebecca Wilkenson, of Brownsvalley, Ind., says: "I had been in a distressed condition for three years from Nervousness, Weakness of the Stomach, Dyspepsia and Indigestion until my health was gone. I bought one bottle of South American Nerve, which did me more good than any \$50 worth of doctoring I ever did in my life. I would advise every weakly person to use this valuable and lovely remedy; I consider it the grandest medicine in the world." A trial bottle will convince you. For sale by W. W. Short, druggist.

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Lower Bartibogue.

We are having spring weather and the snow is fast disappearing, but we are in hopes that the weather will change as there is considerable hauling yet to be done before spring.

A quiet wedding took place here last week, the principals being Mr. Wm. Russell, of Russellville, and Miss Lizzie Campbell.

There was a rehearsal of "The Order of the Good Time" at Oyster River, on Tuesday evening. The music by Mr. Crocker, on the violin was excellent, while Mr. Reade, as Marc Lescarbot, took everything by storm. Grand-master Aiton, notwithstanding his recent indisposition most worthily filled his place.

Game seems to be plentiful. Mr. James Dover, of Chatham, recently shot thirteen rabbits in an afternoon.

Mr. H. D. Aiton spent Sunday in Newcastle the guest of his parents.

We recently had a visit from Mr. Caie, of THE REVIEW.

We are sorry we had not advertised earlier for "the dog" as we might have been presented with an auburn haired canine had we been in the good graces of the donor. However, we feel jealous of our golden haired lady friend who was so fortunate.

JACK AND JILL.

The Plain Truth

Is good enough for Hood's Sarsaparilla—there is no need of embellishment or sensationalism. Simply what Hood's Sarsaparilla does, that tells the story of its merit. If you have never realized its benefits a single bottle will convince you it is a good medicine.

The Growth of Oysters.

The oyster at the commencement of its career is so small that two million would only occupy a square inch. In six months each individual oyster is large enough to cover half-a-crown, and in twelve months a crown piece. The oyster is its own architect, and the shell grows as the fish inside grows, being never too small.

It also bears its age upon its back, and it is as easy to tell the age of an oyster by looking at the shell as it is that of horses by looking at their teeth. Every one who has handled an oyster-shell must have noticed the successive layers overlapping each other.

These are technically termed shots, and each one marks a year's growth, so that by counting them the age of the oyster can be determined. Up to the time of its maturity—that is, when four years of age—the shots are regular and successive; but after that time they become irregular and are piled one upon another, so that the shell becomes bulky and thickened. Fossil oysters have been seen of which each shell was nine inches thick, whence they may be judged to be more than 900 years old. One or two million oysters are produced from a single parent, and their scarcity is accounted for by the fact that man is not the only oyster eating animal. The starfish loves the oyster and preys upon it unceasingly. A variety of whelk is also very fond of young oysters, to get at which it bores right through the shell and sucks the fish up through the hole thus made.

HAWKER'S BALSAM OF TOLU AND WILD CHERRY is the safest, surest and best known remedy for the cure of Coughs, Colds, Bronchitis and all Throat and Lung Troubles. The Children's Favorite. Sold by all Druggists and Dealers.

Gives Strength and Appetite.

DEAR SIRS,—Last year I was very thin and reducing very fast, owing to the bad state of my blood and appetite. A friend of mine induced me to get a bottle of B. B. B., which I did. I obtained immediate perceptible relief from it, have gained strength and appetite, and now weigh 193 pounds. M. T. MURPHY, Dorchester Bridge, Quebec, Que.

Nervous headache, wakefulness, relieved by inhaling Johnson's Anodyne I iniment freely.