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# THE REVIEW

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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 manufacturing factories 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.  
ODDER K. BLACK.

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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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**Our Own.**  
From that little window We'll soon both be gone, Where we two lingered, Oft times alone.

Soon we'll be parted, Let us hope not forever, Our mutual friendship Time cannot sever.

Joyous be thy life Through all the years, Having never any strife, Never any fears.

GREEN MOSS, Upper Pockmouche, Feb. 6th, 1793.

### A Cornwall Miracle.

#### HOW AN ESTEEMED CITIZEN REGAINED HEALTH AND STRENGTH.

**Mr. William Moore's Interesting Story**—His Friends Despaired of His Recovery, but He Once More Mingled with Them as Hearty as of Yore—A Story Full of Hope for Other Sufferers.

Cornwall Freeholder.

In this age there are few persons who do not take one or more newspapers, and it may be said with equal certainty that there are few who have not read from time to time of the marvellous cures effected by the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. But reading is one thing, and believing what you read is another, and no doubt of the thousands who have read of the Hamilton miracle, the Saratoga miracle, the Calgary miracle and others that have appeared from time to time in the columns of The Freeholder, achieved through the agency of Dr. Williams' marvellous little pellets, many may have laid aside the paper in unbelief. While, however, these people may not believe what happened at Saratoga or in Calgary, they would no doubt be convinced if one should bring to their notice a case in their own immediate vicinity where a marvellous cure was effected through the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills.

Every one in Cornwall knows Mr. Wm. Moore, who for years has driven the delivery wagon for Mack's Express Mills, and when it was known last winter that his health was failing rapidly, very general regret was expressed by a large section of the community. His voice grew weaker, his laugh less hearty and it appeared that consumption had marked him for a victim. At last he was forced to give up work altogether and keep within doors. So things were till late in the summer, when he commenced to get about again, and he steadily improved until he was once more able to take up his calling and work as of yore. What worked so marvellous a change? A veritable miracle it was indeed. Hearing that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills had something to do with the case a reporter of The Freeholder called on Mr. Moore at his comfortable home on Eighth street, and fortunately found him at home. Without any preliminary fencing the reporter said to Mr. Moore, "I am glad to see you so hearty and strong again; the last time I saw you it seemed as if your race was about run. I have heard that your wonderful recovery is entirely due to Dr. Williams' Pink Pills; have you any objections to tell me something about it?"

"No objections at all," said Mr. Moore, "Pink Pills did cure me and I am only too glad to let the world know all about that wonderful medicine. As you know I was a very sick man; indeed my life was despaired of.

MY WORK IS VERY TRYING and I was forced to be out in all sorts of weather, for people must eat you know. If often happened that after lifting heavy sacks of flour or grain at the mill, I was in a profuse perspiration, and heated as

If You Had a Chance to Buy a Fine Musical Instrument on Terms to Suit Yourself Would You Do It? This opportunity is open for you.

**K. BEZANSON,**

of MONCTON, will sell you a fine

Violin, Cornet, Banjo, Flute, Guitar, Clarinet,

or any other Musical Instrument on VERY EASY TERMS.

Learning to play on a Musical Instrument is not so difficult as you may imagine. A little perseverance and you will be astonished at your progress.

Don't put it off too long. Better buy an instrument while such a favorable opportunity exists.

I was had to drive out in the face of a fierce storm, or with the thermometer ever so many degrees below zero. A man can't stand that kind of thing forever, and after a good many warnings I felt that something had really got hold of me and I was forced to quit work. I had heavy colds all the time, severe pains in the back and loins and no appetite whatever, I lost flesh continually until I was, as you remember, a mere shadow of my former self, and everybody that saw me thought I was dying of consumption. I doctored for a couple of months; had poultices all over me and took a great deal of medicine. I will not say that the doctoring did me good, but it didn't do much, and I felt as if I were never going to get better. At this time my attention was directed to Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People by reading an account of a case that seemed little short of a miracle. A sister of my wife had used them and had found them a valuable medicine, and strongly urged me to try them. I must confess that I did so with some reluctance; I had tried so many medicines without benefit that I despaired of finding anything to cure me, but my case was desperate and I yielded to the solicitations of my friends and purchased a supply of pills from Mr. E. H. Brown, the druggist. I had not been taking them very long when I began to notice a difference in myself, and found my appetite, which had been almost entirely gone, returning. I continued to take the Pink Pills and found my strength gradually returning, something I had despaired of. In a few weeks I had so far improved that I was able to go around, and was constantly gaining strength. I not only relished my food but it did me good, and I saw that I had at last hit upon the right remedy. Well, to make a long story short I continued to use Dr. Williams' Pink Pills until my old time strength had fully returned and I was able to go back to work. Since then I have been teaming every day, lifting heavy weights as usual, and I never felt better in my life. This is the whole story, and you may spread it freely. I was on the brink of the grave and you see me now. It was Dr. Williams' Pink Pills that restored me, and I know them to be a grand medicine, and would urge everybody whose symptoms are like mine to profit by my experience. My case may not be so wonderful as some I have read of, but it is a miracle enough for me, and I can never say enough about Pink Pills, they are beyond any praise I can give them. I can only

#### URGE ANY WHO ARE IN DOUBT

to give them a fair trial and I am confident they will never regret it.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are a perfect blood builder and nerve restorer, curing such diseases as rheumatism, neuralgia, partial paralysis, locomotor ataxia, St. Vitus dance, nervous headache, nervous prostration and the tired feeling there from, the after effects of la grippe, influenza and severe colds, diseases depending on humors in the blood, such as scrofula, chronic erysipelas, etc., Pink Pills give a healthy glow to pale and sallow complexions and are a specific for the troubles peculiar to the female system, and in the case of men they effect a radical cure, in all cases arising from mental worry, over-work or excesses of any nature.

These pills are manufactured by the Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Brockville, Ont. and Schenectady, N. Y., and are sold in boxes bearing the firm's trade mark and wrapper, at 50 c. a box, or six boxes for \$2.50. Bear in mind that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are never sold in bulk or by the dozen or hundred, and any dealer who offers substitutes is trying to defraud you and should be avoided. The public are also cautioned against all

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We have the best Mail-Sample System in the Provinces.

You don't have to pay Expressage if parcel amounts to \$5.00 or over.

**Daniel & Robertson,**  
LONDON HOUSE RETAIL,  
Corner Charlotte and Union Sts., St. John, N. B.

other so-called blood builders and nerve tonics, no matter what name may be given them. They are all imitations whose makers wish to reap a pecuniary advantage from the wonderful reputation achieved by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. Ask your dealer for Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People, and refuse all imitations and substitutes.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills may be had of all druggists or direct by mail from Dr. Williams' Medicine Company from either address. The price at which these pills are sold make a course of treatment comparatively inexpensive as compared with other remedies or medical treatment.

#### Make No Mistake.

MAKE no mistake when buying a remedy for dyspepsia, headache, constipation or bad blood, be sure to get the kind that cures, Burdock Blood Bitters. "It is an excellent remedy for headache."—C. Blackett Robinson, Pub. Canada Presbyterian.

#### HOW A NATION WAS LOOTED BY AN EXPERT FINANCIER.

**Romantic History of John Law, Gambler, Duellist and Murderer, Who Early in the Eighteenth Century Got Control of the French Treasury**

(Continued)

It seemed a golden age for France. All kinds of State paper was at par and the sun of prosperity seemed to shine all over the land.

Law was the master mind, the leading spirit, in all these great enterprises. He was the idol of the people and was hailed as the saviour of France. Money came from the peasant's petty hoard to buy his shares and ancient family plate was melted and coined to be exchanged for his securities. He offered to raise 1,500,000,000 livres and lend it to the government at three per cent to pay off the national debt. This offer was accepted, for Law claimed that by his plan the State would save annually over thirty millions in interest.

To raise the money the company issued shares, the proceeds of which, with premiums, reached the enormous amount of 1,800,000,000 livres (say \$600,000,000). All this came from the people, and practically passed through the hands of John Law, gambler and ex-convict.

All France went wild in a mad delirium of speculation when the new shares for the State loan were issued. The shares were sold by auction in the Rue Quincampoix, a narrow street only 150 feet in length. Men fought like wild beasts in their efforts to reach the place where the shares were sold and some were trampled to death by the frenzied mob. Gates had to be placed at the ends of the street and armed guards placed there to hold back the crowd.

When the company had sold all the shares there were fifty would be purchasers to every lucky one who had been able to buy. Then began such an insane buying and selling as the world has never seen. The streets in the commercial centre of the city were full of men yelling their offers to buy and other men shouting their offers to sell. Many women were there also, and it is recorded that all of them were on the bull side. In fact there were hardly any bears.

Every trade and profession was represented. The priest and the soldier fought their way to the mart side by side, and the plebeian butcher struggled with the blue blooded marquis in a fight for a front place. To prevent riot, trading on the streets at night had to be prohibited.

Those who sold made unheard of profits. Common people became suddenly rich. Law's coachman discharged himself and set up a coach of his own. Wonderful stories are told of the freaks of fortune's favorites; obscure people who used their

new found riches to make themselves painfully prominent. One, a ragpicker, who probably had not washed his face for years, had a bathtub filled with wine in which he bathed daily. A baker put all his money in shares, sold at the highest point, and set up an establishment, connected with which he had fifty horses and sixty servants and in which all the cooking utensils were of solid silver.

Shares, the par value of which was 500, sold at 20,000 toward the end of this nine months of golden age. Yes, there was an end and a sad one. It began with news from Louisiana. It was a tale of despair, disaster and death. Shipwreck, hunger and thirst and death by fever and at the hands of the Indians formed a part of it. No gold, no precious stones, no rich furs had been found. The story may be imagined. It was suppressed at first.

The first returned colonist who told it was speedily filed away in a dark cell in the Bastille, where he could not talk to shareholders. But the story was in the air. It spread very gradually, however, and allowed some of the largest holders of shares to unload. When they began to sell they exchanged their shares for silver. The Prince de Conti drove away from the bank with three cart loads of crown pieces.

Law issued a decree arbitrarily fixing the price of gold and silver; but this depreciation of specie did not stop the fall of the price of shares. The wise ones could afford to take silver at thirty or forty per cent discount and not kick, for their profits were immense.

Foreigners carried off vast quantities of coin. A new edict prohibited any person keeping, except by special permission, more than 500 livres in cash; but edicts did not prevent the catastrophe.

The panic came in June, 1720. The bubble had burst, and the people knew it. Soldiers guarded the bank. The crush to reach the doors was fearful. The people were exasperated and cried for revenge. Many were killed in the streets. Law's carriage was smashed into atoms and the driver killed by the mob.

The people demanded the head of John Law.

L'he Regent could not refuse such a reasonable request and was about to grant it when it was discovered that Law was safe in England. This arch schemer had fifteen large estates in France that he had purchased and much other property, but all he carried with him to England was about 30,000 livres. He left England and went to Venice, where he lived by gambling until he died, penniless, eight years after his escape from Paris.

J. ARMOY KNOX.

"From sunrise rock bound coast, To sunset's golden shore."

The Great Rock Island Excursions under the management of A. Phillips & Co., will leave Montreal every Tuesday in the year for all Pacific Coast points via Chicago, Kansas City, Colorado Springs and Salt Lake City. Pullman tourist sleepers are run through from Montreal to the Coast. Passengers can save nearly fifty dollars over regular first class fare. For full particulars call on your nearest ticket agent, and write E. E. MacLeod, Canadian Passenger Agent, P. O. Box 1233, Montreal, or John Sebastian, General Ticket and Passenger Agent, Chicago, Ill.

"Don't you think it is wrong for a married man to play poker?" "That," replied the married man's wife, "depends on whether his winnings go for sealskin sacks or champagne."

Elderly people remember their spring bitters with a shudder. The present generation have much to be thankful for, not the least of their blessings being such a pleasant and thoroughly effective spring medicine as Ayer's Sarsaparilla. It is a health-restorer and health-maintainer.

#### READABLE PARAGRAPHS.

Originated by a physician, Johnson's Anodyne Liniment is prescribed by many regular doctors.

Thanks—What led you to suspect last night that I had been drinking? Mrs. T.—I can't imagine unless possibly it was the fact that you were drunk.

It is not what its proprietors say but what Hood's Sarsaparilla does that tells the story of its merit. Hood's Sarsaparilla CURES.

Mrs. A.—"Do you ever make any errors in speech?" Mrs. B.—"Yes; I made one a few years ago." Mrs. A.—"What was it?" Mrs. B.—"I said 'Yes.'"

For restoring the color, thickening the growth, and beautifying the hair, and for preventing baldness, Hall's Hair Renewer is unsurpassed.

Mistress—"Did you tell those ladies I was out Bridget?" Bridget—"Yes, mum." "Did they say anything?" "Yes, one of them said to the other," "I didn't s'pose we wud find her in. She's on the strates most av the toime."

For Sick Headache, Sour Stomach, Loathing of Food, Dyspepsia or Biliousness, take HAWKER'S LIVER PILLS. They will cure you. Recommended by leading Physicians as a most reliable medicine.

Brown—"What's all that row in the kitchen, Nora? Can't you pacify Robert and make him stop that infernal howling?" Nora (the cook, indignantly)—"Young Master Bobby pulled an oicicle off the back fence, sorr, an' laid it under the kitchen shrove, an' now he shwares Oi shrove it."

Mrs. Languish. "Tired! Oh, so tired all the time!" Mrs. Smart. "Well, so I used to be until I began to take Ayer's Sarsaparilla as a spring medicine, and now I don't know what it is to have that tired feeling. Try it, my dear; only be sure you get Ayer's."

"Now, Mr. Breeves," asked the Chairman, "is it not true that you took the case of Jones vs. Brown on a conditional fee—that you agreed to accept a part of the amount recovered as your fee?" "It is not true, sir," replied the lawyer, "I stipulated that I should have all of it and \$500 besides." "Gentlemen," said the Chairman, "I fail to see where Mr. Breeves has been guilty of unprofessional conduct at all."

Well, Sarah, what have you been doing to make you look so young? Oh, nothing much, only been using Hall's Hair Renewer to restore the color of my hair.

Could Not Tell a Lie.—"Tommy, how did you get the back of your neck all sunburned?" "Pullin' weeds in the garden." "But your hair is all wet, my son." "That's perspiration." "Your vest is on wrong side out, too." "Put it on that way a-purpose." "And how does it happen, Tommy dear, that you have got Jakey Du Bois trousers on?" (After a long pause) "Mother, I cannot tell a lie. I've been a swimmin'."

Rebecca Wilkinson, of Brownvalley, 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 Nervine, 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.

The island of Zante, Greece, was shaken by another earthquake Wednesday. One hundred houses are reported wrecked in the city of Zante, and thousands are leaving the city to sleep in the fields. Many were killed and injured. On other parts of the island the shocks were not less severe. Several villages have been entirely destroyed. Many inhabitants were killed and the rest are sleeping in fields. An enormous tidal wave swept up from the harbor smashing the small craft against the sea wall and sending water two feet deep along the street on the harbor front. The shock at two o'clock was felt at Cephalonia, and there have been several shocks felt since.