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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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Evening.

The house is hushed. For once since dawn Around the hearth a silence deep Has crept; and thoughts, like welcome friends, Come crowding in—the children sleep.

All day the noise of busy feet And prattling tongues in play or strife Are heard, as each his petty part Rehearses on the stage of life.

To contemplate their childish pranks, Their small ambitions, hopes and fears Are but a miniature show Of what we'll see in later years.

One jostles his companion; then Another steals a playmate's toy: One chuckles at the cruel joke That's sure to make another cry.

And sometimes friendship, generous, true, Would put maturer hearts to shame; For, never having learned to feign, Their friendship's worthy of the name.

What are we all but children grown? What do we all but strive or play? What are our playthings more than theirs? What are their elders more than they?

J. F.

Mr. Gladstone on Drunkenness.

The temperance question has not hitherto been the burning question in England that it has been on this continent, so far as politics are concerned, and socially it has been far less condemned. Of late years, however, there has been a vast change in this respect and now temperance, if not prohibition, is a live issue at nearly all times and on all occasions. The other day Mr. Gladstone referred to the national vice of England, in his speech at Liverpool, and made an appeal to the people that has attracted great attention. He said:—

Let us all carry with us, deeply stamped upon our heart and minds, a sense of shame for the great plague of drunkenness (hear, hear,) which goes through the land sapping and undermining character, breaking up the peace of families, oftentimes choosing for its victims, not the men or the women originally the worst, but persons of strong social susceptibility and open in special respects to temptation. This great plague and curse, gentlemen, let us all remember, is a national curse, calamity, and scandal. (Loud and prolonged cheers.) If we have a high place among the nations of the world in more respects than one, I am afraid it must be admitted that one of the points in which we occupy a very high place is indeed with respect to the habit and vice of intoxication. Gentlemen, I believe in no place has stronger special effort been made to meet this mischief than in Liverpool. I see, for instance, that a benevolent and enlightened scheme of coffee-house—place of innocent amusement and refreshment—has been prosecuted here, judging from what I have heard from time to time, with the greatest energy and effect. I wish we could all of us take it into our minds, for surely there is hardly one amongst us that has not seen in individual cases the pestilential result to which this habit unfortunately leads, that we should all carry with us individually a deep and adequate sense of the mischief, and an earnest intention to do what in us lies, each man within his sphere, for the purpose of mitigating and of removing it. (Cheers.)

What to Save.

And how to save it, are subjects which interest all prudent housewives. This information is given in "Ayer's Home Economics," containing One Hundred Recipes for using odds and ends from table and market. It is a book especially valuable to young housekeepers, and will afford many new and useful hints even to those more experienced. "Ayer's Home Economics" mailed to any address, on receipt of 2-cent stamp, by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass. (31)

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.

Eloped With A Coon.

Miss Mamie Piedler, a pretty young white girl, has started Bridgeton, N. J., by eloping with a big black negro. Ephraim Heller is her off-color choice, and the friends of the young woman are trying to keep the affair quiet. Heller is a repulsive-looking negro about 21 years of age. Miss Piedler is also 21. About a year ago the Pieder family lived in Millville, and Miss Mamie was admitted into society circles. At that time she made the acquaintance of Ephraim Heller, a shiftless colored man. When or where she first met him is not known, but she soon began to meet him in secret.

Her friends were greatly shocked when they learned of her attachment. The pair continued to meet, and Mr. Piedler moved to Bridgeton and threatened to kill the negro if he followed.

Last month the father of Miss Piedler met Heller and at the point of a pistol told him never again to speak to Miss Piedler under penalty of death. The negro was not scared by the threat and continued his attentions. The young lady, who is well educated, is completely in his power. Last week Mr. Piedler, who has been constantly watching his daughter, caught her taking a letter from a tree crevice in the garden, but before he could secure it she had torn it into pieces.

It is believed that in the letter the plan of elopement was outlined. Some time Wednesday night Miss Piedler lowered her valise from her room by a rope, and then slipping noiselessly from the house, met her negro lover. Nothing has been heard or seen of the pair since. It is believed that they are in New York city. The mother of the young lady is almost frantic with grief, while the father declares his intention of following the couple and killing the negro. Excitement runs high in Bridgeton over the affair.

PERRY DAVIS PAIN KILLER TAKEN INTERNALLY.

USED EXTERNALLY, it is the best Liniment in the world. Its effect is almost instantaneous, affording relief from the most intense pain. It soothes the irritated or inflamed part, and gives quiet and rest to the sufferer. It is eminently the people's friend, and every one should have it with them, or where they can put their hands on it in the dark if need be. Put up in large Bottles.

Differed from Webster.

A few weeks ago I visited a graded school in one of the lesser Indiana towns. It was "examination day," and the president of the school board—a large and pompous old fellow—was present.

I presume that school-room was never so quiet before. A reading class was called and a bright little fellow rose, and in a monotone, drawled through a paragraph about a massacre in the time of Nero.

"Ah! um!" interrupted the "educator," "will you please have that little boy read that verse again?"

The paragraph was given again precisely as before.

"Ah! um!" exclaimed the wise man, smiling like a pleased chimpanzee, "why do you pronounce that word 'massa-ker'?"

The youngster hung his head and made no reply.

"It should be pronounced 'massa-cree'" continued the board member, benignly.

There was a painful silence for a moment; then the teacher meekly said, "Excuse me, Mr. Blank, but the fault is mine, I think, if that word is mispronounced. I have told the class to pronounce it 'massa-ker'."

"But why, sir, may I inquire?"

"I believe that Webster favors that pronunciation."

"Impossible, sir!"

A NEW YEAR! A NEW SPACE! What will be

The Result in dry goods.

Daniel & Robertson,

LONDON HOUSE RETAIL,

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"Well, that is a matter easily settled. Here is a copy of Webster's Unabridged. Suppose we refer to it."

The "educator" seized the dictionary and hurriedly turned to the word. For a moment his face was a study. Then he removed his glasses, wiped them on a red bandanna handkerchief and, replacing them, said most solemnly: "I am perfectly astounded, sir, that Mr. Webster should have made such a mistake as that?"

Corns! Corns! Corns!

Discovered at last—a remedy that is sure, safe, and painless. Putnam's Painless Corn Extractor never fails, never causes pain, nor even the slightest discomfort. Buy Putnam's Corn Extractor, and beware of the many cheap, dangerous, and flesh-eating substitutes in the market. See that it is made by Polson & Co., Kingston.

Shot By His Father-in-Law.

DENVER, Jan. 18th.—The father of the 13-year-old girl, Bessie Montgomery, who was married a few days ago to Attorney S. B. Morgan, shot and seriously wounded the lawyer when he loomed up at Montgomery's house to take his wife away.

The story is most sensational. After Morgan had been married five days he began to circulate scandalous reports about his wife, said he repented of the bargain and would institute proceedings for divorce. He claimed that he was a much abused man, and had been intimidated by his mother-in-law, who schemed to make him a member of her family by the most sensational threats imaginable. His story electrified the town when it became known and the tongues of the gossips wagged furiously. Then he insisted that he was led to believe that his wife was 16 years of age. The Montgomerys met the charges by a series of counter charges. Then the child-wife made a confession to her parents that enraged the father, and he declared that it would not be healthy for Morgan to call on him. The attorney called at the Highlands home and jumping from his buggy demanded his wife. Montgomery rushed into his house, secured his revolver and returning opened fire on the lawyer. Three shots took effect and Morgan staggered toward his buggy, when Montgomery shot the horse. Morgan was taken in charge by friends, who conducted him to a place of safety. His wounds are very serious, and the exertion after the shooting may result fatally. Morgan's record is being investigated, and in a few days disbarment proceedings will be brought against him by members of the Denver Bar association. Morgan's record is unsavory. He is 25 years old. The case has created considerable excitement and the end is not yet.

The Advertising

Of Hood's Sarsaparilla is always within the bounds of reason because it is true; it always appeals to be sober, common sense of thinking people because it is true; and it is always fully substantiated by endorsements which, in the financial world would be accepted without a moment's hesitation.

For a general cathartic we confidently recommend Hood's Pills.

The Longest Words.

Here are the nine longest words in the English language at the present writing; Suiocstitutionalist, Philoprogenitiveness, Incomprehensibility, Disproportionableness, Honorificabilitudinitas, Velocipedes, trianistical, Transubstantiation, Prontantionsubstantionist, Anthropophagenerian.

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

Offered 850 Wives.

The lecture of the great explorer last evening in the Winsor Hall was heartily enjoyed by his audience. Du Chaillu has a strong individuality and a style peculiarly his own. After seeing the quick, eager, vivacious, "French" manner, and hearing the strong French accent, one is surprised to learn that his birthplace is not France but Louisiana.

"I want no chair and table when I lecture," he said in talking to a friend yesterday. "When I talk Africa I think I am in Africa. When I am speaking of shooting the gorilla I level my gun, stoop down, and take aim so—" suiting the action to the word, "so I have to sweep all furniture out of my way," and this description of himself he carried out in the lecture to a letter. He made two long trips into the heart of Africa, one occupying three years and the other two. There is no difficulty, he declares, in travelling east or west there, provided the natives are willing to show one the paths between each village or tribe. But it often required a good deal of diplomacy to secure their good will. Among his stock of brass kettles' music boxes, beads, looking glasses and other gaudy articles of dress or ornament, however, he could always find an "open sesame." He did not find it necessary to take life.

The Africans he found to be a very much married people. One or two wives do not content them, he assured his audience, and like some men here, the older he is the younger his wife must be. He had hard work to escape this marrying fever himself.

"One king offered me any one of his 850 wives that I might choose. I did not want to choose any. But how was I to get out of it without offending him? I said, 'But how can I choose? If I take one all the others will feel offended.' Then said the king with a kindly burst of generosity, 'Take em all!'"

This was worse than ever. But after a long parley I managed to make him understand that I should get into terrible trouble with my chief when I went back if I married any but a woman of my own country.

Was he often hungry? Yes, hungry for at least one hundred days out of every three hundred and sixty-five. Often he could find nothing but nuts and berries, and these were not always harmless. His plan, however, was always to travel with a monkey, and he knew that when the monkey ate fruit unknown to him he might safely eat it too.

He was regarded by all the tribes as a spirit, and he did not dare to undecieve them. Especially was this the case among the Cannibals. These were splendid specimens of physical manhood, six feet four in height and magnificently built. These great creatures were afraid of him, and it was some time before he could get a glimpse of their king. But at last he came, waving his hand before him as he entered to drive away the spirits. Of course he gave him presents, but what pleased the giant best was a string of red, white and blue beads, each as large as a pigeon's egg. The sight of his face in a glass terrified him. He held up one finger and the image held up one also. He held up two and the image did the same. He summoned up courage to make a face and the image answered with one just as horrible. What else could it be but spirits? The traveller tried to explain, through an interpreter, that this was just the same as seeing their face in the water, and the explanation satisfied them at once. They said the white man simply carried around with him a slice of water.

He lived many months among the cannibals and well. At last he induced them to go with him to hunt the gorilla, which they regarded with superstition and terror.

The first one he shot was six feet high, seven feet around the chest, weighed four hundred pounds, and was as strong as twelve men. But even when he had the skins of these huge brutes stuffed and set up in the British Museum the doubting Thomases shook their heads.

"As fully like bear skins made up," said these wisecracks, as he stood within hearing, but unknown to them.

He made many attempts to tame these brutes but with no success.

The pygmies were harder to reach than the cannibals. They are nomadic and stay in one place but a very short time. They are only from three feet six to four feet six in height, and very shy of strangers. Their country too, is anything but inviting. A trackless, primeval forest, gigantic trees, many of them forty feet in diameter and three hundred feet high, and the ground an almost impenetrable jungle.

DuChaillu's African story is a most fascinating one, and no other that he tells so appeals to the popular ear. But in private talk he turns from it with sublime indifference and says "Ah, that is an old story now. My fame will rest on my "Viking Age."

Perhaps so, but it has not so happened to other great men. Holmes prefers to be known as the author of the "Chambered Nautilus" and his other poems of that kind, but who does not know him better as the author of the "One Hoss Shay?" Milton greatly preferred "Paradise Regained," to "Paradise Lost," but the world has not. Is it any more likely that DuChaillu will ever be in men's minds dissociated from his story of his gorillas?

Celery.

Probably no class of people suffer more with rheumatism than farmers, and yet the remedy for this dreadful disease, is, or should be, right at hand, says a paragraph in the London Horticultural Times. If celery were eaten freely sufferers from rheumatism would be comparatively few. It is a mistaken idea that cold and damp produce the disease—they simply develop it. Acid blood is the primary and sustaining cause. If celery is eaten largely an alkaline food is the result, and when this exists there can be neither rheumatism nor gout. It should be eaten cooked. Cut it into bits and boil till soft in as little water as possible. Add to this half as much milk as there is water in the celery, thicken with flour and season with butter, pepper and salt. If you cook it nicely and give it a fair trial, I am sure you will as soon leave potatoes out of the daily bill of fare as celery. It is nice as sauce for any kind of cold meat or fowl, or for roasted poultry or game of any kind. Children will like it poured over boiled potatoes, or it may be drained from the sauce, mixed with mashed potatoes, formed into little cakes and browned. A ready witted woman will find numerous ways of serving it.

Catarh in the head is a constitutional disease, and requires a constitutional remedy like Hood's Sarsaparilla, to effect a cure.