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Jas. Brown, CONTRACTOR, AND MANUFACTURER OF DIMENSION LUMBER, Weldford Station, I. C. R., Kent County.

NOTICE! Having sold out my business to Mr. Oiber K Black I would solicit a continuance of the liberal patronage bestowed on me to Mr. Black. JAS. S. WRY. Kingston, Aug. 2, 1892. Referring to the above I would beg to inform the public that I will keep on hand a full line of collars and caskets, and will attend to all orders promptly and in a manner that will give satisfaction. ODBER K. BLACK. Richibucto, Aug. 2, 1892.

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.

The Land Of Dreams.

The twilight deepens, the shadows creep, The moonlight glimmers in silver beams, And silent we step in the boat of sleep, And drift to the shadowy land of dreams.

Oh, mystic land where the dead return, And warm lips cling in the deathless kiss: And the years are not, and the weary learn That anguish dies in the arms of bliss.

Afar in that holy, unknown land, Ambition gather the flowers of fame; And fortune reaches her golden wand, And pure and white is the soul of shame.

The shackles fall from the prisoner there, The peasant sits on the throne a king; The blind eyes open to all that's fair, And deaf ears hear, and the dumb lips sing.

Dreams! Who can tell what messengers stray, Around us all in the hush of night; When the form lies still as the soulless clay, And we follow ourselves through love and light.

And who shall say but the land of dreams Is the land of the living, after all; And daily life, with its scars and seams, Is only a dream when the shadows fall. —Martha Bonner, in Boston Globe.

Her Face Still In The Glass.

CANTON, MINN., Dec. 10.—Hundreds of sick and crippled are pouring into Canton every week to visit the Church of the Miraculous Window. Many cures are reported. Father Jones, the priest said to-day:

"On Aug. 7, I met coming from the church two little girls of the parish, Rosalie and Lourina Lomm. The children were greatly excited and running to me said: 'Father we have seen the Virgin. She is in the gable window.' I thought the little ones were misled by a shadow and led them back to the church. They pointed upward and there in the window plainly visible, was the head of the Virgin. The form in the window was and is a message from Heaven.

"Despite my silence the news spread rapidly. The sick and maimed began making pilgrimages, nor have they prayed in vain. The list of absolute cures is enough to convince any sceptic that the mother of God is here! One of the most marvelous of recent cures is that of F. H. McBride, of Chicago, who, after being advised by physicians to have his legs amputated, was carried here. He walked away. The cures number hundreds. 'Bishop Cotter does not believe with us. When he insisted on removing the window I was astonished. The glass was taken away, but our Lady was still with us. A pane of common glass was purchased. The next day a faint outline of the Divine form was visible. It grew plainer day by day until now it is as well defined as at first.

"With this second window there is a difference. In the first the image was plainly the Virgin and child. In this window the image is constantly changing. It is our 'Mother of Sorrow.' From the expression I am confident that some great plague, cholera or something, is to visit the earth.

"The Crucifixion and Mary and Joseph have also appeared on the glass. Sceptics have gone up there and scraped that glass and poured burning acids on it, but our Lady is still there. The sceptics all went away convinced."

Though the soil of Virginia grows the best tobacco leaf in the world, it does not all grow equal qualities. The production even of adjoining counties is often quite different, the one producing leaf which at once deteriorates if grown in the other. The leaf of the "Myrtle Navy" is the product of the choice sections of the State, which, through some combination of local influences, produce a better quality than any others. This is shown by its always commanding a higher price than any other smoking leaf.

A Singular Case.

Apparently the happiest individual in the insane department of the Toronto General Asylum is the young man, the son of a prominent Methodist minister of this city, who swallowed the knife, fork and spoon in the asylum dining-room a few weeks ago. The report of the young man's exploit was at first regarded as the invention of a wag, and some of the employes and attaches in the institute are still incredulous enough to treat the whole thing as a joke. But the attending physicians are satisfied that they have an extraordinary case under their observation.

An operation was suggested the other day for the purpose of removing the cutlery in order to save the patient's life, but the man's father objected strongly against that course. At present, Dr. Clarke believes the implements are slowly corroding in the patient's stomach, and that it is a matter of a few weeks or a month when the poison will begin to affect the system seriously.

At present, however, the young man is in the happiest frame of mind. As he walks, the jingle of the cutlery inside of him is heard distinctly, and he takes a special delight in jumping and skipping about in order to hear the tinkling himself. Dr. Clarke informed the Times representative that the patient experiences no inconvenience of any kind with the knife, fork and spoon inside him, and that these objects are distinctly felt by the hand of the examiner.

An Important Scientific Discovery.

Nerviline, the latest discovered pain remedy, may safely challenge the world for a substitute that will as speedily and promptly check inflammatory action. The highly penetrating properties of Nerviline make it never failing in all cases of rheumatism, neuralgia, cramps, pains in the back and side, headache, lumbago, etc. It possesses marked stimulating and counter irritant properties, and at once sudden all inflammatory action. Ormand & Walsh, druggists, Peterboro', write: "Our customers speak well of Nerviline." Large bottles 25 cents. Try Nerviline, the great internal and external pain cure Sold by all druggists and country dealers.

Horse Whipped a Traducer.

OLNEY, Ill., Dec 21.—The village of Noble, eight miles west of here, was the scene of a cowhiding episode Monday. Hugh M. Magee was arrested on the charge of betraying the daughter of Thomas McFarlin. After his release on bond Magee openly reflected upon six or seven girls and a number of married women. A dozen of the women whose character had been assailed caught Magee in a saloon and belabored him with cowhides and black-snake whips, and but for the interference of bystanders might have whipped him to death.

Thomas Sloven.

THE GREAT LIFE SAVER AND SWIMMER, IS loud in his praise of SCOTT'S CURE FOR RHEUMATISM.

He had such a severe attack of Rheumatism in his right arm that he could not raise it without excruciating pain. After applying half a bottle of SCOTT'S CURE FOR RHEUMATISM he could swing his arm as freely as ever, and now he says Scott's Cure for Rheumatism is the greatest discovery of the age.

France is Appalled.

PARIS, Dec. 22.—The weight of shame heaped upon France grows heavier every hour. Even the thousands of victims of the gigantic and cruel Panama canal fraud who cried loudest for revenge are beginning to think that the blackest national disgrace in modern history is too great a price to pay.

It is now openly argued by some honest people that there are higher public duties than the punishment of thieves and bribe-takers. They point out that society and the government will topple into chaos if the foundations are further undermined. No public name in France is to-day above suspicion, and to have been connected with the government in any responsible capacity during the past ten years has become a strain upon a man's reputation; so there is a virtuous demand that the dragnet of the law shall no more sweep the foul sea of corruption.

Challenges and duels are of daily occurrence, and the excited public holds up its hands in horror. France may soon be a monarchy.

An Extraordinary Case.

MONTEAL, Dec 24.—An extraordinary case has just been revealed by the publication of the last will and testament of one Louis Tellier Dit Lafortune, who died in this city quite recently, but whose will was made and signed on the 28th January, 1887. It appears that in 1883 Tellier caused the arrest and condemna-

Drawing to a Close.

With this month the year 1892 drops back in the procession and makes way for a new comer. During the year we have kept in the front rank, and must continue to do so with the strong support we now have. To our out-of-town customers we feel very grateful. You have trusted your orders to us, and they have received careful attention on our part. From the many letters received every day we are assured that our efforts to please have met with unbounded satisfaction.

THIS MONTH WE ARE MAKING DRESS STUFFS AND MANTLE CLOTHS SPECIAL LINES, MANY OF WHICH WILL BE CLEARED OUT AT REDUCED PRICES.

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

About 600

About 600 names are now on our mail-order book, all of whom have had parcels from us ranging in value from \$2.00 to \$75.00 each. No other house in the province gives the attention to mail-orders that we do, our Sample System being equal to any in Canada. We started out to do it right and have succeeded to the entire satisfaction of our customers and ourselves. Selling reliable goods at reasonable prices is the secret of our success.

THIS MONTH WE ARE MAKING DRESS STUFFS AND MANTLE CLOTHS SPECIAL LINES, MANY OF WHICH WILL BE CLEARED OUT AT REDUCED PRICES.

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READABLE PARAGRAPHS.

She (gushingly)—"There are days when we seem more in unison with nature than at other times; when our hearts seem to beat in accord with the sublime harmony of the universe. Have you never noticed?" He—"It is always that way with me on pay day."

Isaacs—Were you ever in the past week?

Jacobs—I was in Boston. Did you go there for business or only for pleasure?

I went there to get married. It was a business trip after all.

"There's always something to be thankful for."

"That's true."

"Yes sir, There is my neighbour Brown; he's just wild with neuralgia."

"Gracious! You are not thankful that Brown has neuralgia?"

"Yes I'm thankful that Brown has it instead of me."

Lady (to tramp)—"How old are you, my man?" Tramp—I don't know, ma'am; you see, I was so young the first few years of my life I couldn't count, so I lost track."

New Constable—"I examined the prisoner." Judge Duffy—"Well, what did you find on him?" New Constable—Only a black eye, your Honor."

Sportsman—"Confound you, you've shot the dog. I thought you told me you could hold a gun." Pat—"Sure, and so I can. It's the shot, sir, I couldn't hold."

Doctor—"How did you get such a cold?"

Little Boy (hoarsely)—"I don't know. I was baptized Sunday."

"You folks are not Baptists?"

"No, he just sprinkled me, but th' water was awful cold."

"Humph! What did you do Saturday?"

"Nothin', only went fishin'."

"Catch any?"

"No. I would a-caught a lot, but I fell in, an' after that my teeth chattered so it scared th' fish."

Aged Lover—You treat me as if I were a dog. Coquette—Oh, no, I don't. I like dogs. I pat them on the head, take them out walking, and I even let them kiss me. I don't treat you that way, do I?

Lord Braxfield, a Scotch judge, admitted the abilities of a criminal who was undoubtedly an accomplished murderer, for the judge said:—"Y're a clever chiel, but y'll be nane the waur of a hanging, my man!"

Mrs. Col. Yeager—"Oh, you needn't talk, John. You was bound to have me. You can't say I ever ran after you."

Col Yeager—"Very true, Maria; and the rat trap never runs after the mouse but it gathers him all the same."

Mrs. Selby—"Doctah, de chile dun gone swaller'n pint ob ink."

Doctor—"Hab yo' dun emnyding fo' de relief ob him?"

Mrs Selby—"I se dun made'im eat free sheet ob blottin' paper, doctor. Was dat rite?"

Francis (four years old)—"Mamma."

Mamma—"What is it dear?"

"You never saw me before I was born did rite?"

"No, love."

"Then how did you know it was me?"

STOP THAT HICCUGH.

"Why don't you stop that hiccough?" said a gentleman to a friend, who for some moments had been subjected to the annoying convulsive movement of the diaphragm.

"I wish I could," gasped the victim, "but it's no go. A fellow tried to scare me—said my coat was on fire—knew it wasn't—swallowed nine times nine swallows of water—no go—felt like a washed out hand engine. D—these things!"

he ejaculated, angrily, having told his woes in di-jointed utterances and between coughs.

"Well, you are a chump," remarked the first speaker. "Come with me," and he led his friend into an adjoining saloon.

"No, not here," said the other; "people will surely think I've been drinking. D—these things!"

But his protests were in vain. His friend led him to the bar and ordered a heaping bar spoonful of powdered sugar.

"Come," he said, "swallow this all at once." The victim did so slowly, and found to his intense surprise and relief when the operation was completed that the hiccough had vanished.

"Now," remarked the first gentleman, "for teaching you that remedy I'll just take one with you. It is not a part of the process, but it's worth the price, isn't it? As for the sugar I have never known it to fail to cure even the most stubborn case of hiccoughs."

An Odd Proposal.

She was a young girl with a pretty face, a kind heart and an all-absorbing desire to do something to assist her fellow-creatures. After some eloquent persuasion she obtained the consent of her family to enter a hospital to study for the work of a trained nurse. Among her first patients was a young man with a broken arm and an attractive appearance. The demure, white-capped nurse began to take an unusual interest in him, and asked him one day if there was nothing she could do for him—no book she could read, no letter she could write. The patient gratefully accepted the latter offer, and the nurse prepared to write from his dictation. He began with a tender address to his "dearest love," and the little nurse felt slightly embarrassed. But she continued through the most ardent declarations of all-absorbing affection to the end, where he wished to be subscribed an adoring lover for all time. Then she folded the letter and slipped it into its envelope.

"To whom shall I direct it?" she asked.

The wicked young man said amiably and even tenderly:

"What is your name, please?"

"They have been married a little more than a year now."

Nationalities in Canada.

Table showing the following table from the census returns shows the birthplace of the people of Canada in 1891 and 1881.

The originals of the certificates of cures effected by the use of Ayer's Sarsaparilla are kept on file at the office of the J. C. Ayer Company, Lowell, Mass. Probably no similar establishment in the world can exhibit such a mass of valuable and convincing testimony.