

Public Notice office

GET YOUR
JOB PRINTING
DONE AT
THE REVIEW OFFICE.

THE REVIEW

SUBSCRIPTION:
\$1.00 A YEAR,
STRICTLY IN ADVANCE.

VOL. 4.

RICHIBUCTO, NEW BRUNSWICK, THURSDAY, JULY 6, 1893.

NO. 41.

Cheerful
Happy
Pleasant
FACES,
HOMES,
MEMORIES
ASSURED BY USING

STERLING SOAP,

— MANUFACTURED ONLY BY —

WM. LOGAN, St. John, N. B.

R.A.D'OLLOQUI, M.D.

PHYSICIAN & SURGEON,
KINGSTON, KENT CO., N. B.
Special attention paid to Diseases of the
Eye. Artificial Eyes inserted.
Telephonic communication with Royal
Hotel.

W. G. KING,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON
Buctouche, N. B.

Thos. J. Bourque, M. D.
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,
RICHIBUCTO, N. B.
Office—Next door to Mrs. J. W. Harnett's.
Residence—Dosthee Richards.

O. J. McCully, M. A., M. D.
Memb. Roy. Col. Surg., Eng.
SPECIALTY, DISEASES OF EYE, EAR AND
THROAT.
Office—Cor. Main and Westmorland Streets
Moncton, N. B.

PHINNEY & CARTER,
Barristers and Attorneys-at-Law,
NOTARIES PUBLIC, ETC.
RICHIBUCTO, N. B.
OFFICE—COURT HOUSE SQUARE.

E. GIROUARD,
BARRISTER AT LAW
INSURANCE AGENT.

ATTORNEY FOR PATENTS
from the Governments of the United States and
Canada.
OFFICE, MONCTON, N. B.

H. H. JAMES,
Barrister at Law, Notary,
SOLICITOR AND CONVEYANCER,
Referee in Equity,
JUDGE OF PROBATES,
BUCTOUCHE, N. B.

C. RICHARDSON,
Barrister,
SOLICITOR, NOTARY PUBLIC
Referee in Equity.
RICHIBUCTO, N. B.

R. HUTCHINSON, Q. C.,
Clerk of Peace,
VICE CONSUL FOR SWEDEN AND NORWAY,
LLOYD'S SUB-AGENT.
Divisional Registrar Births, Marriages and Deaths.
RICHIBUCTO, N. B.

Geo. V. McInerney,
Barrister, Attorney, Notary, &c.
Solicitor for the Merchants Bank
of Halifax.
RICHIBUCTO, N. B.

B. S. BAILEY,
NOTARY PUBLIC,
STIPENDIARY MAGISTRATE,
ISSUER OF MARRIAGE LICENSES,
AUCTIONEER & GENERAL AGENT.
Weldford, N. B.

R. Barry Smith,
BARRISTER, ATTORNEY, &c., NOTARY
PUBLIC.
Office—Brown's Block, Main street,
MONCTON, N. B.

POWELL & BENNET,
BARRISTERS AND ATTORNEYS,
SACKVILLE, N. B.

H. M. FERGUSON, J. P.
Issuer of Marriage Licenses,
ACCOUNTS COLLECTED AND PRO-
CEEDS PROMPTLY PAID OVER.
KINGSTON, KENT COUNTY, N. B.

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

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.

Our Modern Public Schools.

Ram it in, cram it in—
Children's heads are hollow;
Slam it in, jam it in—
Still there's more to follow.
Hygiene and history,
Astronomic mystery,
Algebra, history,
Latin, etymology,
Rotary, geometry,
Greek and trigonometry—
Ram it in, cram it in—
Children's heads are hollow.

Rap it in, rap it in—
What are teachers paid for?
Bang it in, slam it in—
What are children made for?
Ancient archaeology,
Aryan philology,
Prosody, zoology,
Physics, climatology,
Calculus and mathematics,
Rhetoric and hydrostatics—
Hoax it in, coax it in—
Children's heads are hollow.

Scold it in, mold it in—
All that they can swallow;
Fold it in, hold it in—
Still there's more to follow.
Faces pinched, sad and pale
Tell the same unvarying tale—
Tell of moments robbed from sleep.
Meals untasted, studies deep,
Those who've passed the furnace through
With aching brow will tell to you

How the teacher crammed it in,
Rammed it in, jammed it in,
Crushed it in, punched it in,
Rubbed it in, clubbed it in,
Pressed it in, caressed it in,
Rapped it in, and slapped it in,
When their heads were hollow.
—Arthur's New Home Magazine.

For the Review:

The many readers of THE REVIEW were
lately favored with an elaborate disquisition
from the pen of C. C. C. on "the
process of inebriation." I among others
who perused it came to the conclusion that
C. C. C. wields a strong pen, a great pen,
a mighty pen, in fact a filthy pen, too
filthy even for his celebrated Berkshire
pig. What a pity such a pen could not be
used to define the several phases of an un-
balanced brain, a brain like an engine
without a governor. As he has had so
much experience with both articles, an
essay, poem or doggerel verse on the sub-
ject would be as acceptable from him as a
manufactured horse pedigree.

Your readers who have followed me
thus far need not fear to continue on, as
it is not my intention to shock propriety
by copying his style. I promise faithfully
not to go into his pedigree, and no further
into any of his records other than what
strictly relates to the manufactured pedi-
gree of his imaginary Apollo.

In my letter to the farmers of Kent, I
was charitable enough to suppose that C. C.

THIS SPACE

Belongs to K. BEZANSON, of
MONCTON. His store is head-
quarters for

Gold-Headed Canes,
Solid Silver Tea Spoons,
Ladies' Gold Watches,
Souvenir Spoons
Finger Rings from \$1.00
to \$200.00.

BEZANSON has the goods you
want and you can
DEPEND
UPON
THE
QUALITY.

SEEDS

We have received a

Carload of Seeds

Consisting of Red, Late Red, Alsike,
White, Lucerne and Trefoil Clover,
Timothy and Red Top Grass.

Barley, Pease, Tares, Oats, Beans, Onion
Setts and a full supply of Garden Seeds,
which will be sold low for Cash.

Members of Kingston Agricultural Soci-
ety allowed a discount as usual.

J. & T. JARDINE

SEEDS

C. through *confiding innocence* accepted J.
A. Simpson's Apollo pedigree without in-
quiry; but to my amazement he repudiates
the plea of innocence and accepts in contra-
dictory of guilty fraud. Oh! the perversity
of some minds! A mind that will not
acknowledge that he may be mistaken, or
deceived! A mind so stubborn and so
imbued with insufferable self-sufficiency
that it is impossible to be mistaken! I
am here reminded of a person once speak-
ing of a horse saying he was sixteen and a
half feet high. On being told the thing
was absurd, as no horse was ever sixteen
and a half feet high, asked, "Did I say
sixteen and a half feet?" and when told
he certainly did say so, "Then," said he,
"if I said sixteen and a half feet I'll stick
to it. Yes, he was sixteen and a half feet
high."

It would be time ill-spent to separately
combat every phrase and sentence penned
by C. C. C., but I will do so en bloc by say-
ing that his whole epistle is a tissue of
misrepresentation and abuse, and caused
simply by my denying his and Simpson's
manufactured pedigree.

Any man clothed in his right mind
would have thanked me for the charitable
view I took of the matter and would at
once have interviewed Simpson crosswise
for leading him into such a false position.
Instead of doing so, like the cuttle-fish that
squirts an inky fluid to darken the sur-
rounding water when disturbed, he com-
mences flinging ink of the filthiest kind,
trying his very best to implicate others,
insinuating and saying all manner of nasty
things, of the drift and application of which
I am in many instances totally ignorant.
Still all the same to him, as he hopes
your readers may be led to believe they
have a deep meaning, coming as they do
from the great mind of *we* and in conse-
quence *must* apply somewhere. Outside
the many innuendoes, misrepresentations,
false statements, etc., he reads me quite a
lecture on another personal matter—that
is on the personal pronoun *we*. You see
he is quite *personal* all through his hallu-
cinations. I have always been led to be-
lieve that only authors, editors writing
for their own papers and crowned heads
were entitled to the use of this pronoun
we. But likely the great individual
who has demolished the Grits, saved the
Dominion and maintains a manufactured
pedigree for Apollo and can write poetry
where every line, stanza and couplet
breathes and exhales the very aroma of
the author, is entitled to the *we*, and in
consequence I am willing he shall retain it.
Oh! what a glorious thing it is to be
an author and poet and sport a *we*! It is
said that "poets are born and not made."
What a pity our poet does not get born
again, when, no doubt, volumes of divine
poetry would be the result.

I suppose that some think that I have

20th CENTURY KANDY KITCHEN,

JAS. S. MUNRO, CHARLOTTE STREET, ST. JOHN, N. B.
—AGENCIES AT—

DIGBY, N. S., Guptill & Young,
FREDERICTON, N. B., S. L. Morrison,
MONCTON, N. B., Jennie McGee,
SUSSEX, N. B., Mitchell & Dryden,
BUCTOUCHE, N. B., W. G. King,
NEWCASTLE, N. B., George Stables,

ANNAPOLIS, N. S., Mrs. A. A. Bochner,
HARCOURT, N. B., M. I. Dunn,
DORCHESTER, N. B., Mrs. Thos. Sherrin,
FAIRVILLE, N. B., Thomas Wilson,
MOUTH OF KESWICK, Nathaniel Urquhart,
CHATHAM, N. B., Miss Maggie Staples,

WEYMOUTH, N. S., C. E. Balkom,
BATHURST, N. B., M. A. Meahan,
ROGERSVILLE, N. B., D. Fountain,
BEAR RIVER, N. B., W. W. Wade,
INDIANTOWN, N. B., Mrs. Clark,

FARMERS

NOW IS THE TIME TO PLACE YOUR ORDERS FOR THE
RELIABLE CROP PRODUCERS.

IMPERIAL SUPERPHOSPHATES, SPECIAL POTATO PHOSPHATE.

MANUFACTURED BY THE—

PROVINCIAL CHEMICAL FERTILIZER COMPANY, LTD.,
ST. JOHN, N. B.

SEED OATS!

5000 Bush. Ontario White Seed Oats, 1000 Bush. P. E. I. Black Seed Oats,
500 Sugar Cured Hams, 200 Pails Pure Lard,
50 Tubs Butter, choice quality, 50 Bbls. Black Potatoes,
20 Bbls. Short Cut Roll Bacon.

TELEPHONE 260 A. LOWEST PRICES.
A. C. SMITH & CO.,
CARLETON, ST. JOHN, N. B.

WHOLESALE PRODUCE DEALERS AND COMMISSION MERCHANTS. PRODUCE BOUGHT FOR CASH OR SOLD ON COMMISSION. CORRESPONDENCE SOLICITED.

FINE INSIDE FINISH

FOR FINE HOUSES

A LARGE STOCK TO SELECT FROM,
NEW PATTERNS THAT WILL PLEASE
AND PRICES TO SUIT THE TIMES.

DOORS,
SASHES,
BRACKETS,
BALUSTERS,
SHEATHINGS,
ETC., ETC.,
AT LOW PRICES.

A. CHRISTIE
WOOD WORKING CO.
—CITY ROAD
ST. JOHN, N. B.

Advertise in The Review

displayed a great deal of presumption
when I dispute the unsupported words of
J. A. Simpson and C. C. Carlyle, still as I
have disputed them so do I continue to do
so, despite C. C. C.'s persistent affirma-
tions. True he has in his last dropped the
"six miles an hour walking gait with-
out urging," but he holds to the rest, and
before I am done there is a possibility
some other portions of this manufactured
pedigree may be knocked off.

Let me here say that the horse Kingstone
has nothing to do with this manufactured
pedigree, neither has any of his get, either
with hair six inches long or without hair.
Whether "Kingstone can walk, trot or
gallop, or has to be lashed to go a six mile
gait, or whether he is vicious or knock-
kneed," is not the question; as Kingstone
still lives his certificate of breeding can be
seen at THE REVIEW office, which shows
all I ever claimed for him, while the many
hundreds who have seen, and known him
for years know how many lies are con-
tained in the above quotation.

C. C. C. writes, "He (meaning D. D. D.)
has not given a single line of proof to
show that the horse Apollo is not by
Aurora out of the Lewis mare, and that
she was not a blood mare and a famous
one at that." Certainly I did not, but I
refused to believe it and disputed the fact,
if fact it be, and as C. C. C. has repeated-
ly asserted it to be a fact it is he that is
called on to make out his case and not for
me to prove a negative, besides all this I
never disputed but his imaginary Apollo
might be by Aurora, but since he has asked
me to perform the unreasonable task of
proving a negative I will try what I can
do.

J. A. Simpson's card says:—"The finely
bred trotting stallion Apollo, sired by
Aurora, dam, Dr. Lewis' celebrated blood
mare. Apollo stands 16½ hands high,
weight 1050 lbs. Can show a 2.50 clip,
and walks without urging 6 miles an hour,
etc."

C. C. Carlyle says:—"Apollo is a perfect-
ly developed horse; he stands 16½
hands high and weighs 1200 lbs. His dam
is the celebrated Lewis mare, one of the
finest thorough-bred blood mares ever
seen in the lower provinces."

Mr. Jones, who owned the mare, writes:
—"Yours to hand. In regard to the horse
you speak of (Apollo) he was sired by a
Morgan horse called Chester. The dam
of Apollo was a bay mare I got from Mr.
Patterson. I think she was owned by
him when served. I would not judge her to
be a thorough-bred."

Mr. Downing, the groom of Aurora in
1887, writes:—"I have no recollection of
any mare by that name. Mr. Patterson
never had any service of Aurora while in
my charge. I only travelled the horse
part of the season; G. C. Stiles travelled
him the balance. He tells me Mr. Pat-

erson never got any services from the
horse."

Geo. W. M. Ann writes:—"I have
made inquiry about the mare called the
Dr. Lewis mare and I remember her very
well, but I cannot find anyone that knows
her breeding. I think she was here about
two years, but passed through a good
many hands. She was not reckoned of
much account when here as she was balky
and a kicker, and when Jones traded her
she was in foal by a horse called Chester.
I owned him and he was balky too. He
never got a trotter that I know of only
the one you speak of Simpson owning,
and if the Simpson horse is the colt that
the Jones mare was carrying when he
traded her in Bay Verte, Chester is his
sire and not Aurora."

"Like begets like, etc."
Now C. C. C. are you not sorry that
you did not accept the position of inno-
cence or ignorance that I at first assigned
you instead of persisting in what has ul-
timately classed you with a lying fraud?
You have yourself to blame, not me. I
think it would have been much better than
scattering dirty ink and trying to bluff.

If you are not ashamed of yourself you
should be when you try to shift the re-
sponsibility of your lame logic and lack of
judgement on the poor type-setters and
responsible and upright judges of horses at
the agricultural shows, while your wanton
and gratuitous attack on the "leading men
of English extraction all over Canada and
England" is nothing short of downright
impertinence. As I do not claim to be
one of them, I leave the matter in their
hands to deal with if thought necessary.
As you say the type-setters have made
mistakes in your chaste (!) composition—
perhaps you are right for once—and trans-
posed the word *me* in your wonderful
doggerel for *you*. I can well understand
the application were these words inter-
changed.

You say I made a "most malicious and
uncalled for attack on the owners of the
stallion Apollo." Tais, like your other
misstatements, lacks the essentials of
truth. There may be several Apolles in
the county for anything that I know, but
I have attacked no owner of any of them.
I merely disputed the published false
pedigree of Simpson and Carlyle, and al-
though you have made every endeavor to
get others to share in your sub soil you
have not been successful. Still I notice
in one of the late issues of THE REVIEW
that some Mr. Robertson wishes to engage
with me in a horse race which may have
had its origin from some of C. C. C.'s
rantings. I do not like to have too many
irons in the fire at once, and as there is a
race now pending between my "vicious
horse that can neither walk, trot nor run"
and Simpson and Carlyle's horse Apollo,
sired by Aurora, that stands 16½ hands

high, weight 1050 or 1200 lbs., walks 6
miles an hour without urging, dam the
celebrated Lewis mare, one of the finest
thorough-bred blood mares ever seen in
the lower provinces, I wish to dispose of
one thing at a time; after which, if I con-
clude to make horse jockeying a part of
my calling, I may call at THE REVIEW
office for his address.

At one time Willie — had a dispute
with a person who considered his word
paramount to all evidence or reason and
who cared little for truth, and as the dis-
cussion proceeded this self-assertive in-
dividual poured forth something like the
following:—"Teacherous coward, your
breath smells of onions, you have taught
your colts to stand on his two hind legs
and poke fun at me, you hunt bird's nests
on the Sabbath day, you don't get up in
time for your breakfast, you got a letter
by false representation and published it
without my liberty, you teacherous com-
mon rowdy, your stallion is a Berkshire
pig and the pig is dead." Here Willie
gave an awful groan and said, "Oh!
Lord." "You ate a man's celery and then
jumped around behind him and stabbed
him with a pin in the small of his back,
you're a sneak and no gentleman, you
know nothing in comparison with us and
are blissfully ignorant of English syntax,
you don't study Prof. Haeckel, you never
asked my opinion, so now apologize and I
will tell you the funniest little baby story
that you ever heard." Poor Willie stood
aghast, his knees smote each other, his
breath came quick and hard, in fact he
was *hors de combat*, and could only reply
as he hurried away, "The dirt's in ye an'
it mun een come oot."

D. D. D.

Found a Rich Gold Mine.
LOWER JORDAN BAY, N. S., July 3.
Mr. Samuel Locke, of this place, has just
discovered a gold mine here that pans out
100 per cent of pure metal to the ton. It
was a rich vein of sound health to which
he was restored, by the use of Dodd's kin-
ney pills, and which he would not ex-
change for any other mine in America.
All last winter he suffered from kidney
trouble which would not yield to the pre-
scriptions of several doctors. A few
months ago Mr. Locke heard of the good
work done by Dodd's kidney pills and
tried them with the invariable result.
To-day he is well and thinks no praise too
great for this wonderful remedy. His
neighbors are much interested in what
they describe a marvellous cure.

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 tumor.
At druggists, or by mail, for 50 cents. Dr. Swayne
& Son, Philadelphia, Lyman Sons & Co., Mont-
real, wholesale agents.