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NO. 2

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### That is Fishing.

A girl beside the water sits,  
The noonday sun is warmly beaming;  
Her nose and neck are turkey red,  
Her eye with radiant hope is gleaming.  
She watches close the bobbing cork  
Advanced upon the tiny billows;  
A jerk, a swish, and high above  
She lands a sucker in the willows.  
That's fishing.

A fair maid trips the tennis court,  
A dozen eyes admire her going;  
Her black and yellow blazer burns  
A hole right through the sunset's glow-  
ing.  
She drives the ball across the net,  
And into hearts consumed with wishing  
She drives a dart from cupid's bow;  
She'll land a sucker, too. That's fishing.

The politician on his rounds  
Tackles both workingman and stranger;  
He tries to make them think that he  
Alone can save the land from danger.  
He chucks the baby on the chin,  
He says your wife looks really youthful  
And though you know you're fifty-five,  
You look just twenty—if he's truthful.  
That's fishing.

My little wife beside me stands  
And steals a dimpled arm around me;  
A kiss upon my lips—that's bait—  
Some information to astound me.  
Her bonnet is quite out of style,  
Her summer wraps quite past the using;  
That lovely one—so cheap—at Brown's  
Is just the one she would be choosing.  
That's fishing.

So whether the game be fish or men,  
The bait be kisses, worms or blouses—  
Or tennis ground at evening's hushes—  
'Tis the old game the serpent played  
With Mother Eve in Eden's bowers,  
And Adam's sons and daughters all  
Will love the sport till time's last hours.  
That's fishing.

### MONTRÉAL AND TORONTO

As Seen by a New Brunswicker.

#### Editor Review:

SIR.—The growth of a country like that of a child is often much less apparent to those that are in close contact with any certain point than to those that see but little of it and that, at rare intervals. Thus the people of Montreal and Toronto are much less sensible of the great and marvelous advance they have made, than are those whose visits, like those of the writer are made at intervals of many years.

Not only this, but the changed conditions, which a few years of our wonderful century produce, make it almost impossible to fairly compare the present standing or condition of such cities relative to that of even a few years ago. For instance, the area at present covered by Montreal gives when compared with that of twenty years ago, but a faint idea of the volume of the inhabitable space and the potentiality of production of the present city in contrast with the town of 1874. Buildings that were then of two stories have been replaced by those of five or seven and even more. The interior has been so remodeled that all the space can now be utilized to a much greater degree than before and the elevator now moves its burdens with speed that could never have been attained with merely human energy. While for many years the Commercial Metropolis of Canada has been known as the most solidly and best built city on the American continent, this has been more and more emphasized of late years on account of so many of the American cities using iron instead of stone, and building very high and fragile structures in striking contrast to the massive piles of masonry with which Montreal has been loading the banks of the St. Lawrence. Some of these buildings are marvels not only for the artistic skill required in their construction, but as representing the forethought and precedence of the founders. Biologists tell us that we receive the sum total of our vital energy at the moment of our conception. We may husband and

utilize or we may dissipate or even extinguish the vital spark but we can never add to it. The impulse is given at that mysterious moment and all we can do is to in some measure direct the course. It would appear as if the life of nations were of this same character. While American architecture was at the first of an extremely hasty and unreliable nature, the founders of Canada seem to have had the idea that they were building for all time if not for eternity, and so laid the foundations of their cities in the most solid possible manner. As an illustration we may take the church of Notre Dame in Montreal. This was begun by the old Jesuit Fathers about one hundred and eighty years ago. At that time Montreal was a little village on the banks of the river and it must have required most uncommon judgment on the part of these men just from France to have foreseen that this little village would in course of time require a church but little inferior to the most renowned cathedrals of Europe. The foundations were, however, laid in massive masonry and from that time to this the work of building has gone on till the immense pile of granite stands as one of the marvels of the continent, being the greatest church in America. The same faith in her future seems to have animated the founders of Canada in all respects. Whatever they have done they have done in a manner that allows of the greatest possible expansion. They first of all secured themselves by such massive and almost impregnable fortresses as Halifax and Quebec and then laid deep and strong the base of their social and political system. They were wise enough not to tie the new country down by a cast iron coat of mail that would require a revolution to unloose the links, but gave the growing nation a chance to follow the natural laws of its being. Thus the advance made by Montreal and Toronto has been well sustained and while not so rapid or striking as that of Chicago and some other American towns it is of the nature of steady natural growth and not that of forced and feverish effort.

While these two cities are the best exponents of Canadian life and nationality in the West they are each distinguished by characteristics most dissimilar and in striking contrast. Thus in Montreal we have the genius of the Norman Frenchman for utilizing space in striking contrast with the English Norman Saxon desire to spread out and possess the land. The streets of Montreal are narrow in comparison with those of Toronto while at the same time the buildings are much more massive and lofty. The general character of solidity and firm foundations, is however maintained by both cities. The Montrealese has also put his best efforts into the symbols of his faith. The churches are the best building in the city. The Torontonians has put his best work into the intellectual cultivation of his people. His schools, museums and colleges are the symbols of his power. Toronto has been so built that it is possible for each of her citizens to have his own home as his castle. Montreal has been built more largely on the barrack and boarding house principle. The strength of Montreal is in her banks and financial institutions, the power of Toronto lies in the skill and enterprise of her artisans. While the immense banking capital of Montreal allows it to control the trade of the Western States in addition to that of Canada and to move the crops on the plains of Kansas and Minnesota, and even to hold the strings of the money markets of Chicago, the people of Toronto are far exceeding her in the quality and value of their manufactured products. They have a ready market in Montreal, when it is a question of quality or even of comparative cheapness in most articles. Of course this comparison is only of a general character, as Montreal has great manufacturing industries and Toronto has vast accumulations of capital.

The social and religious life of the two cities are also sharply in contrast, while they are both distinctly Canadian, and quite unlike that of either English, French or American. While Montreal lavishes wealth on her churches they are far from being so well attended as are the less pretentious structures of her sister city. The great preachers of Canada are found in Toronto in greater numbers than in any other city in the Dominion. While in Montreal the street cars are filled with parties of pleasure seekers and the gardens at Schomer Park are filled with a vast crowd of gay revellers, listening to the music of the bands and watching the theatrical and acrobatic performances varied by a little gambling in a millway, and the clink of glasses heard all round, the good people of Toronto are forbidden not only to ride on the electric cars, but must not even hire horses on the streets on Sunday. They must walk to church or stay home, unless they have a team of their own. And walk they do and fill the

churches to their full capacity. The attractions of Schomer Park in Montreal would have but little effect on those stern old Puritans. It must not, however, be thought that they are to be despised or underrated, or that they are necessarily of a low character. They are, on the contrary, far above that of most public entertainments on the continent. They combine the theatre, the circus, and the musical hall in one, with a fine menagerie thrown in; and it may be quite possible that they are superior to the recreations likely to be indulged in by many of those who attend them if these were not available. Yet the quiet of the puritan city, with its streets, as indicative of rest as are the roads of a country district on the Sabbath, appeal strongly to the feelings of those who believe that the Sabbath is a day of rest and meditation.

It appears almost invidious to remark that the people of Toronto, while perhaps no more kind than those of Montreal, are far more courteous and obliging to strangers than are those of the Metropolis. This may arise from the fact that the same class do not visit the two cities, but it is a very noticeable feature.

The visitor to Montreal is asked to go to the Mountain, which overlooking the city from a height of some 600 feet, commands a most magnificent view of not only the town itself, but of the whole island of Orleans. From a tower erected on the summit one can with a good glass cover a distance of some twenty-five miles each way, for a territory of some two thousand square miles. The great St. Lawrence is seen to divide and envelope with a loving touch the beautiful island that has brought him so much fame, and where is situated the greatest monuments to his honor. Standing on the summit, and looking towards the city we see directly below us the hospital which was given by the magnates of the C. P. R. to the city. This fine building is free to all who have need of its shelter and has a most pleasing effect. It cost something over one million dollars. Close beside is Ravenscraig, the former residence of Sir Hugh Allan, a most picturesque and beautiful building and one of the finest of its class in America. Below lie the buildings of McGill College with their beautiful parks. This college has done on educational lines for Canada what the C. P. R. has done in commercial and engineering effort. It has made her famous. It stands the highest in the list of American colleges viewed from a European standpoint, and its degrees are as valuable as are those of the most famous of the European universities. Below and somewhat to the left, is St. James Methodist church, said to be the finest Methodist church in the world. This is to the mind of the writer the most beautiful church in the city, and embodies the modern conception of God's worship (the worship that does not think it necessary to be miserable to please Him) more closely than any other structure he has ever seen. The joy, not the terrors of worship, is here finely symbolized. Just below and somewhat to the right is seen the great church of St. James, R. C. This is almost, if not entirely, an exact reproduction of St. Peter's at Rome, and is simply magnificent itself. Its lofty dome can be seen for miles around. Close alongside is the Y. M. C. A., a fine but unpretentious structure. It rightly symbolizes the great but quiet and almost unknown work done by this society. No flourish of trumpets, but solid good work for the human race. In every portion of its inheritance and every part of its varied existence. To the right lie the massive structures of the Windsor Hotel and the C. P. R. station. The Windsor while a truly magnificent building, has what few really magnificent structures have, a real home-like appearance. Just below lies the great block of the C. P. R., its immense granite blocks seeming to weigh down the earth around it. Here are the offices of this company, that has done more to make Canada the Canada of to-day than has any other agency. It will long remain the greatest monument of the wonderful intellect of Sir John McDonald that the world will ever see.

Nearer the river is the greatest church of the city, the Notre Dame of which we have before spoken. It would be simply impossible even if desirable, to attempt to describe the various other structures of this granite built city—its elevators, theatres, and warehouses. So we will just take a passing glance at Toronto.

The visitor to Toronto is at once asked to visit its parks. And here Toronto has no rival perhaps in the world. Certainly not if the age of the city be taken into consideration. A few years ago Muddy York—now the Queen city of the West. It has had a most phenomenal growth in the last ten years. Its population now is estimated at 225,000. It extends for over eight miles along the lake and has a width

of between three and four miles. It covers an immense area for the population and thus affords plenty of room for wide streets and spacious parks. Within the body of the city are Queen Park, where are the new parliament buildings, a magnificent structure, School Park, Stanley Park, Horticultural Gardens, Riverdale Park, all of them perfect gems in their way. At the west end of Toronto resided for over seventy years, John George Howard, an eccentric but very public spirited and most estimable and good citizen. He had a fine farm of 320 acres. It was not so much noted for its fertility as for its beauty. It was a perfect epitome of woodland and plain, forest, mountain and stream. On his death in 1891 he bequeathed to the city the whole of this valuable property as a gift for a park, and so tied up the gift that no other use can be made of it. The people set to work at once to utilize this noble gift and have now one of the finest summer resorts of any city in the world. It will in a few years be a small fairy land.

The great pleasure resort of Toronto is, however, the Island. Here are the Hanlan Gardens and the Hanlan Hotel. Farther East is the Centre Park, connected with the Hanlan Gardens by a plank path some three miles long. Forty thousand people or more have been seen here at once enjoying the cool breeze from the lake and the music of the bands. Entertainments are here given on all evenings except Sunday and on an average it may be said truthfully that from ten to twenty thousand attend daily when the weather is fine. Steamers also ply to Niagara, Buffalo and Hamilton, as well as to the Thousand Isles and Kingston, and are well patronized. It will be seen from this that the citizens of Toronto take their pleasure largely in the open air and it need not be said that they are a fine looking people, strong and healthy, and that disease of a serious nature is rare in their midst. There is a healthy glow on the cheeks and a lightness in the step that bespeaks high physical condition, while the merry eye and pleasant manners tell of hearts well content with their home and surroundings.

Feeling that your readers must be tired, the writer will reserve what he has to say on agriculture and politics for another time.

C. C. C.

### SHE IS STILL WELL.

Many people thought that Mrs. Reany's Recovery was only Temporary—A pleasing disappointment—She is Better than ever.

SHELburne, Aug. 27.—When Mrs. Reany's letter appeared in a local paper here sometime ago, giving a history of her long illness and final cure of kidney disease by Dodd's Kidney Pills, many readers thought her improvement was only temporary. All such have been most successfully contradicted, as a letter lately received here from Mrs. Reany states that she has all along been gaining in general health, since her kidneys were restored to a sound state, and that for many years she has not enjoyed such good health and spirits. Mrs. Reany, therefore, still pins her faith to Dodd's Kidney Pills and recommends them as strongly as ever to afflicted members of her sex.

### Business Prospects.

All accounts agree that there is steady improvement in business prospects in the United States. The reports sent out by the mercantile agencies—Dun & Co. and Bradstreet—have for some time past indicated that better times were at hand, but that progress would be slow. The agencies in their last published statements show that the conditions continue to grow favorable. Henry Clews & Co., in their financial review, are even more optimistic. They declare that there is a disposition to resume business operations on a large scale. In every branch of trade, they declare, stocks of merchandise are in a starved condition, and the reasons which have for fifteen months caused buyers to pursue a policy of hand-to-mouth supply are disappearing. As a rule prices of merchandise are unprecedentedly low, so that if the purchasing ability of consumers has been lessened, that difficulty is offset by a proportionate reduction in the costs of living and in the amount of outlays at large. Credits are in a sound and wholesome condition, so that the merchant who desires to enlarge his stock and extend his trade can have the needed time facilities and at unexpected low rates of interest. Messrs. Clews & Co. said: "These conditions certainly lay the basis for a sound and healthy revival of business. There is in the intrinsic state of affairs little to suggest misgivings as to the future; there is, on the contrary, much calculated to establish confidence in a continuous, steady, stable and conservative course of trade. The

country has learned some serious lessons and therefore is disposed to be sober, but it is also very hungry for more trade and better profits and is therefore disposed to turn to active account every chance for improving both.—St. John Globe.

## SHE WOULD NOT BE PATIENT

SHE SIGHED FOR HEALTH.

FOUND IT IN PAINE'S CELERY COMPOUND

There is no virtue in patience when pain and disease torment the body. It is a crime against Heaven and our fellow mortals to allow disease to gain the mastery when help and cure is at our very doors.

A Kingston, Ont. lady, the mother of a large family, suffered for many years from kidney trouble and neuralgia. Medical aid and numberless medicines failed to remove her troubles. She became very impatient with medical efforts; she chafed and fretted because her little ones could not receive the attention from her that they needed.

The suffering wife and mother providentially had placed in her hands a record of cures and wonderful restorations to health effected by Paine's Celery Compound. That very day she procured two bottles of the marvellous medicine, and in three weeks time she felt that she had at last found the way to health. After using seven bottles she was made hale and strong; every trace of disease had been banished, and to use her own words "she felt as if a new life had been given to her." Paine's Celery Compound can and will do the same good work for all who suffer. It is a conqueror of disease whenever used.

### Men Who Wear The Kilt.

There is nothing so dear to the Scotchman's heart as the sight of the kilt or the sound of the bagpipes, and when next Thursday the annual games of the Boston Caledonian club are held at Spy Pond Grove, every loyal son of Scotland will be out attired in his Highland garb to help perpetuate the memory of his native land.

Once a year the historic streets of the city ring with the wild notes of the pibroch, as preceded by their pipers, and clad in the picturesque garb of their fatherland, the Scotchmen march out to display on the field of competition their proficiency in national sports. Their music and dress, which appear so strange in the streets of Boston, are frequently mentioned in the annals of British battles in which the kilted regiments have often borne a conspicuous part.

In the bloody fight at Fontenoy, the Highlanders rebelled at the irresolute manoeuvring of the Dutch, and completely ignoring them, advanced on the village sword in hand, with a rush like one of their own mountain torrents. On that field they appeared for the last time fighting after their own fashion, which was, at the word of command, to drop to the ground in order to escape the enemy's fire and, while the smoke was still in the gun barrels, to spring on their feet, and rushing into close quarters, pour in their fire and charge the enemy with their broadsword; then, retreating, draw up again and attack in the same manner as before.

It was the weird sounds of the bagpipes, giving forth the stirring strains of the "Campbells are Coming" that fell on the ears of the famished, fever stricken garrison of Lucknow, "like a voice of God," on the 87th day of the siege, as Havelock, with his Highlanders, cut their way towards the residency, through streets in which every house belched forth a storm of fire and shot. With such a record in war as the Highlanders have, it is needless to say that the members of the Caledonian club are proud to wear the tartan; indeed, many of them never seem so proud of their origin as when marching to the stirring strains of the bagpipes.—Boston Herald.

### They Want Names.

Frank S. Taggart & Co., 89 King Street West, Toronto, Ontario, desire the names and addresses of a few people in every town who are interested in works of art, and to send them the following: "Free, Cupid Guides the Boat," a superbly executed water color picture, size 10 x 13 inches, suitable for framing, and sixteen other pictures about same size, in colors, to any one sending them at once the names and addresses of ten persons (admirers of fine pictures) together with five three cent stamps to cover expense of mailing, etc. The regular price of these pictures is \$1.00 but they can all be secured free by any person forwarding the names and stamps promptly.

Note.—The editor of this paper has already received copies of above pictures and consider them really "Gems of Art."