

THE REVIEW

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THE GREAT NORTH SHORE ROUTE!

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THE REVIEW

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TWO RAVING MANIACS.

I have determined to never again read any tale of madness or lunacy, or even of spirits; to never again peruse any of those blood-curdling anecdotes that abound in every printed sheet. You see ghosts in the newspapers, in the weeklies, in the magazines; you see haunted spots, uncanny sights, spirit visitations and mysterious murders, but especially you see the demoniacal madman.

Up to a month ago I had read enough stories of demoniacal madmen to turn my hair white. I concocted a craving for their horrible adventures. I searched all current literature for them until I had a close acquaintance with lunatics of every description. My friend Gibbets was in much the same state as I. He had begun by reading frightful tales in the newspapers; these gave him a taste of the unhealthy excitement.

Gibbets and I were sitting in my reading room one Sunday morning. My reading room is also my parlor and sitting-room—everything except bedroom and dining-room. I have two rooms on the first floor of a very select boarding-house, both of which, I flatter myself, are quite comfortably furnished; and in one of these that is not the bedroom, Gibbets and I were sitting. He had come in, as was his custom, directly after breakfast, with his arms full of newspapers. He took every Sunday newspaper that was published and so did I. We sat down before the crackling wood in two large easy chairs, piled our respective sheets on the floor beside us and commenced to examine them. An ordinary man, a sensible man, would have looked first at the important news of the day. Gibbets and I did not do that; we glanced eagerly from one page to another until we arrived at the department of fiction.

"Ah," exclaimed Gibbets, with the utmost satisfaction, folding his paper, "here is a good one, entitled, 'Confined with a Maniac,' looks first rate."

"Excellent," said I as my eye fell upon the story, "we'll both read it and compare notes."

"Madness," ran the article, "is always unseen, unsuspected by others, until at a critical moment it flashes out furiously in all its terrible intensity. No one can ever tell but that his next-door neighbor—his intimate friend—the very companion with whom he is sitting—is a dangerous maniac!"

And suddenly a terrible thought darted through my mind, causing my every nerve to quiver, filling me with unquiet fear—what if Gibbets was a maniac?

I withdrew my eyes slowly from the paper, turned my head and looked at him. Heavens! He was glaring at me—glaring steadfastly at me with dilating pupils! I was spell bound and I could not remove my gaze. His eyes became more and more queer, seeming to dart out ferocity and destruction. My flesh crawled. In that moment that we remained thus silently looking at each other all that I had ever read of sudden madness, all the knowledge that I had ever possessed of concealed lunacy, passed through my mind.

Half a minute passed; Gibbets had not yet moved a muscle, and you may be sure I had not. I discovered that I was still alive, and began to recover myself a little; the blood commenced to flow slowly through my veins again. With my eyes still fixed upon his glaring, enlarging orbs, which seemed to bore me, though, I called upon all my faculties to form a plan of escape. Then suddenly I realized why he had not sprung upon me; my steadfast gaze had held him quiescent, as the human eye often will hold an infuriated animal or madman.

If I could keep him thus till I reached the door or procured a weapon, I might yet be saved. But the door was at the other end of the room; I could never get to it before him. And there was no weapon in the room—yes there was; my heavy cane. It stood in the corner about ten feet away. But Gibbets was as near to it as I was, and at my first movement he might leap upon me. Never mind; I must try it—it was my only hope, I would move very quietly—cautiously—and hold him spell bound with my gaze as I did so.

So thought I, and prepared to act. I took my newspaper in one hand and lowered it slowly to the floor, concentrating all my will in my look upon him. Heavens! Gibbets was doing the same thing. Then he was not about to spring suddenly upon me but was going to play with me awhile—cat-like. Still leaning over upon the very edge of the seat, I placed my left hand carefully upon the carpet. Gibbets did the same! Oh, this was terrible! I slipped by imperceptible gradations, from the chair, until my knees touched the floor, and I was kneeling. Gibbets did likewise. All the while I steadily watched his maniacal eyes, which seemed to snap with repressed fury.

Now, very softly I moved first one knee and then the other, and shifted my hands a little forward. I was crawling towards my heavy cane in the corner. But no matter how slowly or softly I crept, Gibbets kept pace with me.

As I said before, never was man in such a situation. Many men have been confined with lunatics and found themselves in more dangerous places than I was. But whoever, in the sanctity of his own room, before his own grate fire, sitting comfortably with his own best friend, suddenly saw that friend go crazy and play with him maliciously before killing him?

Yes, I had about resigned myself to being killed; I realized that the maniac was thus mimicking me merely for the pleasure of watching my anguish, and I repeatedly pictured my stark, white body lying upon the floor of the room an hour later, covered with wounds and ghastly bruises. The idea caused me to shiver from head to foot and to involuntarily think of the door. The door—yes, I might reach that by crawling very softly towards it. But I must proceed quietly; at my first violent move I would be a dead man.

I wheeled cautiously around, an inch at a time. Gibbets imitated me. I crawled gently over the carpet toward the door, but Gibbets kept up with me neck and neck. I increased my pace; Gibbets went faster. I stopped entirely; Gibbets stopped. Evidently I could not reach the door either. I had now been in this frightful danger so long that calm began to succeed the throbbing tempest in my head. One cannot long endure such extreme emotion. My heart resumed its natural beat, my ideas assumed order in my brain. I thought serenely, "Well, if I must die now I must die."

But I also commenced to think of all the expedients I had ever heard of being resorted to in conflicts with madmen. A plan quickly occurred to me. I would pacify this creature, address him in kind and gentle accents, subdue his ferocious fury. I turned on my knees so as to face him.

"Gibbets," said I, in a low, sweet voice "do you feel badly? Poor Gibbets."

His look became instantly more horrible than ever. He backed away and prepared for a spring. But I persevered.

His lower jaw dropped in a threatening manner; I wondered if he had determined to eat me when I was dead. He backed further away and seemed to coil himself for a leap. I went on hastily.

"Dear Gibbets, how I love you. And you love me, don't you, deary?"

The maniac did not answer; he raised one arm and laid hold of a large straight backed chair by which he was kneeling. I saw instantly his intention. He was about to hurl it at me with tremendous force. Evidently my words had irritated him instead of soothing him. My time was come. But no—my wits saved me. The idea occurred to construe the action as if he was only about to take a seat; if I sat down quickly he might imitate me. I was directly before the sofa. I backed my legs under it, put my hands behind me and raised myself softly to a sitting posture upon it. Thank heaven! The lunatic immediately mimicked me, and sat down upon the chair.

Then we sat and watched each other for a while in silence. It seemed to me that my nerves would soon give out, the strain upon them was too great. I was shaking all over. I began to wonder what his ultimate design upon me was—in what manner he intended to finish the tragedy. Clearly I must hurry to devise some means of escape before my steady gaze had lost the power of keeping him quiet. Suddenly an excellent idea came to me. I

had often read of the wonderful influence that one crazy person has upon another, that if confined together the behavior of each one will astound the other into stupid reflection, and often effect an entire cure. I straightway determined to become very insane myself and astound him so that I could reach the door.

I raised my arms and began, slowly at first, to wave them about in wide circles, crying in a monotonous voice—"Boo-woo—Kalamazoo,—Buckety—fooo—boo—woo." Meanwhile I watched him as closely as ever; he did not move save to grasp the arm of his chair and start forward a little. I increased my efforts, thrashing my arms about like a wind-mill in a gale, and squeaking—"Blunketty—poo Kalamazoo." Yet he did not move—he was being astounded. Good. I ran my fingers through my hair, assumed a demoniacal expression, kicked my feet madly to and fro, thrashed my arms about still more furiously, and shrieked unintelligible sounds.

Suddenly the maniac leaped to his feet, gave a great bound from the floor, and I threw my legs into the air, stood on my head and pitched myself over the back of the sofa to get away from him. I struck the floor with cruel force, and all was still. How strange—not a pin-drop disturbed the silence. Had he murdered me and I was in another world? I dragged myself painfully to my knees and looked over the back of the sofa, to see that wretched maniac glaring at me from behind his straight-backed chair on the other side of the room.

This was very queer. Gibbets, then, was still playing with me; still enjoying my poor attempts to escape him, since he knew it was impossible. I rested my chin on the top of the sofa and looked at that ghastly face a while in despair. I thought over a couple of dozen stories concerning lunatics that I had lately read and reflected upon the different ways in which the hero outwitted them. Soon it struck me that I might try one of them with favorable results. I would address my maniac, pretend to fall in with his ideas, and propose some action to him in the pursuance of which I might escape. My former words angered him. I must proceed carefully.

"Gibbets," said I, softly, "you want to kill somebody, don't you?"

The lines around his eyes deepened; his mouth finally opened.

"Yes," replied Gibbets, in a hoarse, uneven voice.

"Well," said I, "I would like to kill somebody also."

The madman's face seemed to grow ghastlier than ever; he remained silent.

"Now," continued I, "before you kill anybody, and before I kill anybody, let's go down stairs and kill Mrs. Baxter together. She is in the front parlor. It will be great fun to see her die. Will you do it?"

His whole countenance instantly lighted up. "Yes," he replied.

Just then I heard heavy footsteps on the stairs; my heart fluttered, with joy. A resounding knock followed upon the door. I was afraid to speak.

The door slowly opened and Frank Harvey stood upon the threshold, transfixed with astonishment. He looked at my head projecting over the sofa and looked at Gibbets head projecting over the top of the chair. His jaw fell; his eyes protruded.

"Frank," I gasped, "look out! Gibbets is crazy!"

Gibbets threw his arms over the chair.

"Frank," he said, softly, "look out! The man is insane—dangerous maniac!"

Harvey gazed from one to the other.

"Hel me—quick!" said I.

"Save me from him!" whispered Gibbets.

Harvey turned white, backed out of the doorway and fled, pell-mell, down the stairs.

"Don't go!" shouted I.

"Help! Help!" yelled Gibbets.

Then a sudden suspicion shot like lightning through my frame. "Gibbets," said I, earnestly, "are you crazy?"

"No," he replied, "are you?"

"Heavens! no," answered I, uttering a tremendous sigh of relief, rising to my feet and stepping over the sofa. "Why, thunder! I thought for the last hour that you were a raving maniac."

"Great Caesar's ghost!" said Gibbets, also uttering a tremendous sigh, rising to his feet and coming from behind the chair.

"You don't mean it? Why I thought for the whole hour that you were one."

But ever since then Gibbets and I are unwilling to be together alone. We have deep, underlying suspicions of each other that will never be dissipated.

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

What We Want.

Passing through the rocky gorge of one hundred miles in length, followed by the I. C. R. in its passage from the waters of the Restigouche to the grander but much less pure flood of the St. Lawrence, we come to the level, or gently sloping banks of the latter river. We see at a glance through the misty morning air that we are in a different section of Canada, and among a different people from those we left when we rushed over the Metapedia, with its almost human voice, a compound of gurgle, ripple and roar.

On our right stretches the Great River. Might not we Canadians be forgiven if we say the Greatest River. Yet as it would be unwise to enter into competition with our cousins over the border in the manufacture of magnificent adjectives we will put our admiration of the pride of Canada into modest language. We cannot, however, help noting that the St. Lawrence, like many great men of history, has no apparent boyhood. As Pope lisped in numbers, Napoleon played war, Carlyle and Goethe sucked philosophy, so the St. Lawrence appears at once in almost its full glory. No one can point to a brook and say this is the source of the St. Lawrence. It leaps before us in all the pride of conscious power, like a fully armed knight appearing unannounced on the battle field, bears all before it, astonishes the world by its matchless might, and then, like the same warrior mingling in the ranks again, disappears in the mighty ocean.

The churches surrounded by groves of beautiful trees are the most striking objects. The houses are small but neat, and the gardens are evidently well kept and much more skillfully cultivated than are the fields. These are badly laid out in narrow strips of land that while sometimes only one hundred yards in width run back some two miles. How impossible of successful cultivation these fields must be will be at once apparent to the practical farmer. The appearance of the crops then in process of being cut, was far inferior to those left behind in N. B. Leaving the Historic City of Quebec, and taking the C. P. R. to Montreal, we find that there is a marked improvement in the appearance of the country, and the farms are much better laid out, the houses are larger and the appearance of the crops quite equal to those on the better portion of N. B. These appearances increase as we approach Montreal until within a short distance of the city the land is sandy and in some cases unfit for cultivation.

Leaving Montreal for a trip to the Eastern Townships we for the first time find ourselves in the dairy region. Every village has its cheese or butter factory and all over the country the fine looking herds of high bred cattle show the interest that the farmers of this section take in the production of these staples. And well they may feel proud of the success they have achieved. Within the memory of many of the farmers who gave their experience to the writer, the country now so very prosperous had been among the very poorest parts of Canada. The heavy crops borne by the farms were mortgages, of which an increasing crop was borne each year, while interest grew higher and higher as the ability to bear grew less. Indeed a state of affairs much worse than that now existing in any part of the lower provinces at the present time then prevailed. The prosecution of the dairy interest has, however, slowly but surely changed all this. The farms have increased in fertility, while the mortgages have lessened both in number and amount. The reputation of the butter and cheese of the Eastern Townships have increased in such a degree that it is the standard by which excellence of these products are measured. This success was not won without earnest and long continued efforts. Suitable breeds of cattle had to be selected and fed. Experiments in feeding had to be made an ast, at least, the people had to be taught that no tending would be allowed with the milk furnished. Some of the farmers were so short-sighted as to keep their best milk at home and end an inferior quality to the factory. This rascally trade was in all cases so severely punished as to, in a short time, stamp it out and now the result is that a steady stream of prosperity has been flowing in on this section of the Dominion. What an object lesson this is for the Lower Provinces is easily seen at a glance.

Again leaving Montreal we are soon traversing a country unsurpassed for beauty. Ontario has reputation for fertility and its people reputation for intelligence that is world wide. Any country then that can for a moment compare with her cannot be said to be so very far in the back ground. It was with feelings of certainly not dissatisfaction then that the writer noticed that while the farming in the queen province of Canada

shows by far greater skill and a much greater adaptation of means to the end, and yet that if a fair allowance be made for the short time that attention has been turned to farming in N. B. that the comparison is not altogether prejudicial to the reputation of the Lower Province. In fact the writer has time and again seen in the fields of N. B. and P. E. I. quite as good crops as he saw anywhere in Ont. That the product of the Upper Province is more regularly and uniformly good is undeniable, yet how much of this must be attributed to the superior skill and better because more cultured judgment of the Ont. man must be left to others to decide.

But if the Westerner holds the trump card in competition with his Maritime brother in grain raising, the latter has such an immense advantage in the dairy business that he is practically master of the situation. While his climate is such that he can always count on cool nights, the western air has not this advantage. The dew fall is much larger and the cattle do not enjoy this advantage. While the pastures of N. B. and N. S. are in the best possible shape to give the best results in the way of food for the cattle the pastures of Ont. are dry and parched for two months. This in a great measure compensates for the somewhat longer winter of the Maritime Provinces and places them on a level in that respect.

The prices obtained for farm produce is much less in Ont. than in the Lower Provinces, and in the opinion of the writer the superior fertility of the Western soil is fully discounted by the higher prices of the Eastern market.

There is one thing, however, that we note at once and that is the skill and careful management of the Ont. farmer in comparison with the slipshod methods so common in N. S. The Ont. man studies farming as a science. He is himself educated at the Agricultural college and means that his sons shall have the same advantage. His reading is on the lines of his profession, and the abundant supply of such literature on his tables shows the interest he takes in his work. The meetings of his club are practical ones. He listens to and notes the experience of his neighbors and gives his own in well chosen and scholarly language that marks the thinking and educated man. He, more than any other part of the Dominion except in Quebec alone, feels that he is at home. He has no idea of selling his home-land and letting it pass into the hands of strangers. He feels that it is his home, the home of his fathers and will be the home of his children. He teaches his sons to respect the dignity of his position and tells them that the position of an independent farmer owning and tilling his own acres is a much more dignified field of action than the best paid hiring the land can command. In fact, he is apt to carry the latter sentiment to excess and think that a man who is not a farmer, or at least, in some way connected with agriculture, is a person of but small account. This may be a rather small and narrow view to take, but it shows a brave noble pride on his part, and is in marked contrast with the conduct of those that so lightly desert the homes of their fathers to become hirelings and servants of strangers. No man can serve another and have the perfect liberty enjoyed by the tenant and tiller of his own acres. These are the qualities that give the Ont. farmer his manifest advantage, and not superiority of soil or climate.

The Manitoba farmer has such a powerful position in regard to the extraordinary fertility of his soil, that as a producer of grain, beef and pork he is simply unapproachable in any part of the Dominion, and indeed for that matter in the world. Yet the low price of grain has set him to looking for some way to supplement the narrow margin left from his expenses. He, like the Maritime farmer is apparently looking away from the field in which he can certainly win success to fields in which his chances of bearing off the palm are extremely doubtful. He is at present apparently determined to enter the field as a dairy farmer. It is the opinion of the writer and also of parties much better informed in this matter, that he will not succeed. While he can be easily first in all the departments of field work and in the raising of cattle and hogs, yet he has not water of the quality found everywhere in abundance in N. B. and N. S. His grass while most nutritious and flesh producing has not the luscious juicy delicious qualities of the Maritime fields. It is too rank and coarse to give the best results when fed for milk, and although it may be high treason to say so, Manitoba butter has not the flavor that the same article has by the sea.

These observations do not, of course, apply to the whole of the Northwest. In both Alberta and Saskatchewan the most favorable conditions for dairying are

found on all sides, as also in the north of Manitoba, yet in none of these places can better prospects of success be found than in N. B.

What we want then is, first, that our people realize fully the advantages that they do possess and not fret over the superiority of their neighbors in points of no greater importance.

Second, that our young people be taught the dignity and importance that attaches to the independent farmer.

Third, that more intelligent effort be applied to the development of lines in which we have the advantage of position and can certainly excel.

Fourth, that in the infancy of this industry the greatest care be taken to start right. That none but competent men be employed to manage the factories of both butter and cheese.

Fifth, that the greatest possible care be taken in the selection of the milk and that special efforts be made to improve the breeds of dairying cattle now used in the province.

Sixth, that inspectors see that none but the very best products are shipped and that our brands will be recognized as among, if not the very best in the world. Let a laudable ambition to excel be cultivated and let the miscreant that would for his own dishonest ends tamper with the reputation of our staples be shown no mercy, but be taught that in this case the safety of the community must be the first care of its guardians.

C. C. C. Killarney, Manitoba, 24th, Nov., 1894.

The Pain of Rheumatism.

According to the best authorities, originate in a morbid condition of the blood. Lactic acid, caused by the decomposition of the genitinous and albuminous tissues, circulates with the blood and attacks the fibrous tissues, particularly in the joints, and thus causes the local manifestations of the disease. The back and shoulders are the parts usually affected by rheumatism, and the joints at the knees, ankles, hips, and wrists are also sometimes attacked. Thousands of people have found in Hood's Sarsaparilla a positive and permanent cure for rheumatism. It has had remarkable success in curing the most severe cases. The secret of its success lies in the fact that it attacks at once the cause of the disease by neutralizing the lactic acid and purifying the blood, as well as strengthening every function of the body.

Dixon's Point Notes.

Dec. 3rd.—"Zero, where art thou! we feel sure we shall never hear from Zero again, as he is supposed to be the sea serpent seen on the shore by the bridge, having floated down the river from the "Wood Lot." Time and tide waits for no man."

Mr. James Webster (lately from Mexico) who was in our midst for a few months, will be much missed in this quiet place as he was always friendly and entertaining, but we are glad to hear he has secured employment on the B. & A. Ry., in Maine, as engineer. Charlie has also obtained employment in Bangor. "Success Charlie."

Miss Ella Dickie intends leaving us for a few weeks to visit friends in Dorchester.

Miss Edith Dickie will spend her holidays at home.

The Dickie Bros. are still seen at day light speeding away to their work in the woods. "They pity the young man who is about to lose his sister," hoping that such a fate may not be theirs in these hard times. They'd "better bide a wee."

Miss Edith Dixon is expected home Xmas, we will be glad to have her with us again.

BUTTER CUP.

ENDORSEMENTS DR. ROSE.

A Quebec Physician who Corroborates Dr. Rose's opinion.

PORTLAND, Dec. 3.—The letter of Dr. A. G. M. Corroborates, of Richmond, Que., testifying to his complete and permanent cure from Bright's disease by Dr. P. J. Kelley Pills, has been read with much interest here, supporting as it does the recent letter of E. A. Rose, of this place, who was cured of diabetes by the use of these pills. Of course no further corroboration of the curative qualities of Dr. Kelley Pills was required other than the testimony of Dr. Rose, but it is a satisfaction to know that other medical men are able to join the Dr. in testifying to the world of the worth of the pills from personal trial.

Men and women of sedentary habits should use K. D. C.