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GOOD COMMERCIAL AND OTHER PRINTING AT THE REVIEW OFFICE

THE GREAT NORTH SHORE ROUTE!

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O'er Hill and Vale.

I promised to give you a description of my trip here, and will try to do so the best I can, tho' pen of mine can in no way do justice to the magnificent scenery over the route travelled. It must be seen to be appreciated. I left Norwalk May 24th, and went home and stayed a week with father and mother, the latter grieved at my going so far alone, and the former grieved that he could not accompany me. May 31st, at 10 a. m., I left Nankin on a fast train, and in nine hours was in Chicago. After waiting there two hours, I was again westward bound, and after travelling two nights and one day thro' an uninteresting stretch of prairie country in Iowa and Nebraska, we pulled into Denver, Colorado. I have always been told that rain never falls in that city, but it rained all of the three hours I was there and I left it raining. All of the surrounding country was flooded—rivers of water everywhere, and when we reached Pueblo, the whole city seemed to be under water, and people were wading barefoot thro' the streets, while others were shovelling mud and water out of their houses. Ours was the first train in four days and passengers rushed on board as tho' they never expected to see another. The line we were to go over was washed out for miles, so we had to be shipped on another line, near 300 miles further. The situation was not an interesting one to contemplate, but "misery you know, loves company," and we were all resolved to make the best of what could not be helped.

I travelled all the way in Pullman cars. My section and the one opposite, were filled (eight in all) with a nice looking, jolly crowd, and by comparing notes, found we were all from Ohio; and from that time (2 p. m.) till bed time, we made "Rome howl," so to speak.

On our right were the snow capped Rockies, Pike's Peak having been in sight since early in the morning, when more than a hundred miles away. A feeling of awe creeps o'er one, when looking at those towering peaks, rock ribbed and snow-bound. At 6 p. m., Saturday, June 2nd, our train was divided; one engine carrying the two Pullman cars, and two following with the other twelve coaches (they carry long trains in this country.) We commenced the grade of Las Vega Pass, a grade of over 200 feet to the mile, and an elevation of over 10,000 ft. A terrible storm broke over us, and such flashes of lightning and terrific thunder I never before experienced, but it passed away as quickly as it came, and was succeeded by a snowstorm.

When about halfway up the mountain we came to a standstill, and were informed that we were "stuck." Now to be stalled a mile above a level, on a steep grade, is not supposed to be soothing to one's nerves and to add to our disquietude the conductor came in and informed us that we were "all right so long as the brakes held on." Any fool could figure out the consequences should they lose their hold.

Consternation spread over the faces of many, but I, somehow felt no fears, possibly it was ignorance on my part that I felt no dismay with such a possibility before us—I only know I felt no fears. After making a mighty effort the wheels once more began to turn, and the faces around brightened as tho' all danger was forever passed. It is curious to notice how in time of possible danger all amusements are suspended, and how quickly they are resumed when it is supposed to be passed. We reached the summit with many a sigh of relief; then commenced the descent, which is counted much more dangerous, and is a heavier trial on the engineers nerves. I decided that if there were any accidents they should find me

sleeping, so retired and soon forgot all scenes of the past twelve hours nor waked until 7 the following morning. Everywhere I looked I saw mountains and snow. I should not have travelled on Sunday, but there was no stopping place, so to make it seem like Sunday as much as possible, I got my bible and put in most of the day reading. About 11 a. m., we commenced the ascent to Leadville. How shall I describe it—or our trip thro' Grand Canon! I simply can't, neither has it ever been described to do full justice to the magnificent scenery. Our long train wound like a serpent round and round, all the while getting higher and higher, always a track below us that was hard to realize we had just come over, till at last the summit was reached and the descent commenced, and here again the engineers nerves tested to their uttermost. I took a seat on the platform outside in order to have a better view of the sights which were so new to me. Notably was the Mount of the Holy Cross, two deep gulches—one on the mountain side, and always filled with snow. The sun thro' this grand Canon is one long to be remembered. The road bed hewn from solid rock, on one side a wall of the same hundreds of feet high, on the other side the Grand river, dashing over boulders as large as houses, that have some time or other fallen from the dizzy height above. Huge rocks the dimensions of which I could not guess, projected from the main wall hundreds of feet above us. The trains dash round sharp curves at great speed, with no more than a foot space between the track and deep gorges, which to look down would make your head swim. But I must not tarry too long in the grand old Rockies, so well named, for I can only give you a small idea anyway of their real magnitude. We sped along towards Salt Lake City, and Utah, the home of the Mormons, which was reached early Monday morning. At 6 a. m., we ran into Ogden, Utah, and remained until 4 p. m. I breakfasted, then with a party of tourists like myself, proceeded to take in the town. It is a lovely little city of about 18,000 inhabitants; irrigating ditches with purest water running everywhere, flowers and trees flourishing as I never saw them before. We went over the town north, south, east, and west, then went out seven miles to the hot springs and bath houses. Here is a sight worth seeing. The springs are enclosed in stone walls, but can easily be reached with the hand. The water is charged with iron, salt and sulphur, the latter very strong and boils up all the time. I tried holding my hand in it but immediately changed my mind. The country for miles around presents a most interesting appearance—a veritable "Garden of Eden."

Why this beautiful piece of nature should be given over to such a sect, is beyond my ken, when it might be in the hands of Christian people. As I looked out over the beautiful farms, gardens, and orchards, all owned by Mormons, I asked myself, "Why are these things so?" Leaving Ogden we pass miles along the great Salt Lake which is indeed a thing of beauty as the sun shines on it, and makes one think of that "Sea of glass mingled with fire," and wonder how much more beautiful it is than this. After Utah comes the Alkali district of Nevada which is neither interesting nor beautiful; scarcely a human being except Indians, and to be sure they are ugly enough to stop a clock—and such beggars! Why, they want everything you've got and in return will offer to let you look upon the sweet (?) face of a papoose strapped to a board, and closely covered, until someone pays for a look. But none of us seemed to have a curiosity in that line. Nothing of the famous Sacramento Valley in California was seen, and at 7 Wednesday morning our train in sections, was ferried across the river, then after a short run we ran into the ferry and railway station at San Francisco, where we boarded the largest ferry boat I ever saw, and proceeded to cross the bay. The far famed Golden Gate did not present to me the sight I had anticipated—or else I was not in an appreciative mood. It did not look as pretty as the entrance to Boston Bay and harbor did. I stopped at a first class hotel from which I took in the Midwinter Fair and other sights in the Sunset City. The fair of course could not compare with the World's Fair. Nor even with California exhibit there. Yet it was very interesting for a state exhibit. I went to the Cliff House, a resort overlooking the Pacific, built on a ledge of rocks, where one has a fine view of the ocean. San Francisco is a city of perpetual flowers. Oh, the flowers I saw everywhere! Why I nearly went mad over them. I never had seen the like before. Men, women and children selling them on the street, the loveliest roses, pink, sweet peas, etc., etc., 5 and 10 cents per dozen or bunch, one could smell them everywhere, and I wanted all I saw.

When I got back to my hotel I had all I could conveniently carry. I saw a fuchsia tree as tall as myself and laden from top to ground with flowers. After three days I left San Francisco, with regret, and started northward on the Southern Pacific Railway. Saturday morning I arose early to see everything there was to see. We were now in the Siskiyou Mountains, with old Mt. Shasta's lofty summit and snow clad sides in view. Shasta is over 2 miles high, with an immense glacier on top. The stars and stripes is planted on the summit and on a clear day can be plainly seen. The Siskiyou, unlike the Rockies, are heavily timbered with the tallest pines I ever saw, and streams of the clearest water are running everywhere. Chasms hundreds of feet deep, are spanned by the railroad—the dizziest heights and depths I saw anywhere. The road is not built on rock foundation but is gravelly looking, and made me shudder sometimes as I looked down, down, down—I couldn't tell how far; and sometimes I closed my eyes as the train crept slowly over long trestles, from one height to another.

An Observation car was put on so that we could better see the sights. We stopped 10 minutes at Soda Springs and all got off to drink. There are two springs within five feet of the track, which by natural force, shot over 80 feet into the air and falls in fine spray. The water is very strong soda. Many of us took it into our mouths only to have it run out our noses.

My trip thro' this section was the most interesting of all and I enjoyed it fully. At 6.30 p. m., June 9th, we halted at Grant's Pass, where I found my brother waiting for me, (I had written him from San Francisco) and the next day we came on to his home in the mountains, where I have been ever since, and where I shall continue to stay until the strike is ended.

Six years ago he and two other men bought a mining claim of 100 acres for \$13,000 and now have a standing offer of \$25,000. This year over \$5,000 in dust and nuggets were taken out and was on exhibition for two or three weeks at the National Bank of Grant's Pass, and was visited by hundreds of people. It was then shipped to the mint at San Francisco. Work was over before I came and will not begin again until Sept. We are surrounded here by high mountains and tall timber. I am an excellent climber and have climbed to the top of several mountains.

There is running water everywhere, and so clear it looks blue,—I have read of "sweet waters" but never saw any till I came here. Yesterday we took a tramp of over four miles, I enjoyed it immensely. The weather is exceedingly hot in the valleys, but here in the mountains it is delightfully cool. The roads remind me very much of some of the roads in New Brunswick only the elevations are higher. I go from here to Portland, (Oregon,) thence to Montana, where I shall visit friends, and shall probably stop in Chicago. Will write you of my trip from here, when I get home if you are not weary of this.

A. B. Grant's Pass, Oregon, July 25th, 1894.

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.

Use K. D. C. the greatest cure of the age for Dyspepsia.

A SEA OF FIRE.

The Destruction of Hinckley Described.

HINCKLEY, Minn., Sept 3.—The first good description of the great fire that swept away this thriving village was secured on the arrival of the special to-day. It seems that the forest and peat fires had been raging within a short distance of Hinckley for some weeks, but no apprehension had been felt by the inhabitants and no preparations had been made for emergencies. On Saturday afternoon the fire approached, fanned by a strong wind, the smoke grew denser as the day advanced, and it soon became as dark as night. About four o'clock the wind changed and the residents of the doomed town saw the flames were bearing down upon them. As the alarm rang through the streets the people rushed from their homes, and when they caught sight of the red, on-rushing sea of fire they became panic stricken. The fire shot across the town and the people fled in all directions. They ran wherever they thought they could find refuge. A large number ran to a pond some three or four feet deep. The largest number of people rushed to Grindstone river, a shallow stream, which it was thought would afford protection from the flames. But the water was too low and all miserably perished. There the relief parties found the bodies lying in the water and rudely trampled by the flying cattle. Just as the flames were raging fiercest a train arrived over the Eastern Minnesota and five hundred people clambered aboard. It was a god-send to the people, who offered up prayers of thankfulness as the engineer sent the train at a rapid speed away from the burning town and back in safety in Superior. Another party had rushed for the limited on the St. Paul and Duluth, but as the fire cut off their way in that direction, they ran to a shallow pond near by. There they perished. One hundred and five bodies were removed from the pond by the relief committee. East of the village there was a stagnant pool of rain water. Over a hundred people sought refuge here, and of these only one man is known to have perished.

A GHASTLY SCENE.

A United Press reporter boarded the train out of Pine City for Hinckley at seven o'clock this morning. As the train neared Mission Creek, the first evidence of the great fire became apparent. The whole country was singed. The telegraph wires were down and the scene was one of desolation. At Mission Creek, a small shanty was the only house left standing. The train proceeded slowly to Hinckley. The round house and coal sheds of the Eastern Minnesota road only remained standing at the station and the walls of the public school in the village itself. Alongside the railway track were two scores of boxes filled with the bloated and disfigured remains of victims of the fire. The reporter picked his way through the deserted avenues of the village to the cemetery. The rain was pouring down in sheets. At the cemetery, a mile and a half from the town, a half dozen men were digging a trench. A heap of bodies lay on a knoll in the middle of the cemetery. There were 96 naked bodies of men, women and children scorched, blackened, distorted, bowels and brains protruding, hands clutched in the final agonies, hair singed from heads of old, young and middle-aged, all in a promiscuous heap. In another corner of the cemetery were forty-five more bodies covered with quilts. All were interred late this afternoon. A local searching party this morning found the body of Thomas Dunn, aged twenty-two, late operator at the St. Paul and Duluth station. When the fire started he remained at his post, and it was only when the advancing flames drove him from the station that he left his key. He hurried over the river and perished there with a number of others. His brother was among the searching party that found his body. Robert Dowling, baggage agent at the Hinckley station of the St. Paul and Duluth, was going about the street with a badly scorched hand and face. He says that there was a large crowd of people at the station waiting for the Duluth limited due at 4.20 p. m. when the fire came down upon the town. Dowling started for his home, but could not get near the house. He ran up the track and, fortunately, got on the limited a mile north of the town. It is difficult to portray the situation at Hinckley. A few refugees, a half score of searchers, a team or two transporting boxes containing dead bodies, the place where a town had been—that is the picture. It is like looking over the track of a cyclone. A large majority of those lost were Scandinavians.

Reports continue to come in from the vicinity of Skunk Creek of added discoveries of burned victims. Fifty-eight dead

were found lying in the streets and in the immediate vicinity of this village. The total in the vicinity will reach fully four hundred dead when all the returns are in. Identification is an exceedingly difficult matter, and most of the so-called identifications of dead bodies are mere guesses. It will be fully ten days, perhaps longer, before all the missing are accounted for. The registration committee is busily engaged in trying to find people and ascertain the condition and necessities of all applicants for relief, and this means nearly every survivor from the burned district.

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 secure them they offer to send 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."

A Tender Skin.

The village barber had been completely "on the latter." The carouse had been heavy and prolonged, says Our Ain Folk. At length, with credit exhausted, the un-nerved and debilitated shaver had been compelled to betake himself again to the exercise of his calling. Just then the minister, a kindly old man of the paternal school, heard that Tammas had "sworn off the drink," and he considered that the opportunity would now be favorable to do as my mother used to do—that is, "improve the occasion." Bent on this laudable professional mission he sallied forth. On entering the humble shaving shop of the remorseful Tammas, however, his kindly heart was smitten with compunction at the sight of the wretch before him. Poor Tammas, indeed, looked a melancholy spectacle. Trembling with unstrung nerves, shaking as if in a palsy, his blood-shot eyes looked up piteously at the minister, who, only thinking that it was "no good pouring water on a drowned rat," swiftly determined to spare poor Tammas for the nonce and reserve his sacerdotal censure till the poor "disjunct crater" was in a better condition to profit by a straight talking to. He determined therefore, to make a kindly pretense that he had come in for a shave, and sat down, feeling assured that some opportunity would presently be afforded of saying his "word in season."

Now, Tammas was not aware of what was passing in the simple old minister's mind, and if the truth must be told, he was not so repentant as he looked. He was assuming a good deal of the broken-down and battered appearance which he presented. So, with a look of shame-faced penitence, with trembling fingers and in silent contrition (apparent,) he proceeded to envelop the minister's neck in the towel, and then began to lather his visitor in approved tonsorial fashion. The minister eyed him with a mildly reproachful glance, which expressed volumes to Tammas' conscious sense of guilt.

Now he came to the critical part of the operation. He felt his nerves jumping, but by dint of a strong effort of will and holding one unsteady hand with the other, he managed to bring the razor pretty deftly down the ample expanse of both the clerical chops. But, alas! when the wobbling blade came to the more intricate manipulation of the double chin the refractory nerves gave a disconcerting jerk, and lo! out gushed the crimson fluid over the snowy napkin. Now thought the good minister—now is my time. Here is the opportunity I have been waiting for! So, addressing the abashed-looking Tammas, who expected a torrent of indignant wrath, the simple, kindly man just ventured on a very mild remonstrance. "Ah, Tammas," said he, "we see what the effects of strong drink are 'sow.' Tammas' spirits at once rose. He knew the worst was past, and his ready humor, came to the rescue in a flash of inspiration, as very demurely, but with a spice of lurking drollery, he gravely replied: "Deed ay, meebister! It wakk's the skin unco tender!"

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