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## The Ballad of the Oysterman.

It was a tall young oysterman lived by the bay so wide, His sloop was just upon the bank, his boat was on the tide;

The daughter of a fisherman that was so straight and slim Lived over near Big Oyster Bar, just opposite to him.

It was the pensive oysterman that saw a lovely maid Upon a moonlight evening, a-sitting in the shade;

He saw her wave her handkerchief, as much as if to say: "I'm wide awake, young oysterman, and all the folks away."

Then up rose the oysterman, and to himself said he: "I guess I'll leave the skiff this side, for fear the folks should see;

I read it in the story book, that, for to kiss his dear, Leander swam the Hellespont—and I will swim this here."

And he has leaped into the waves, and crossed the shining stream, And he has clambered up the bank, all in the moonlight gleam;

Oh, there were kisses sweet as dew, and words as soft as rain— But they have heard her father's steps, and in he leaps again!

Out spoke the ancient fisherman, "Oh, what was that, my daughter?" "Twas n' thing but a pebble, sir, I threw into the water."

"And what is that, pray tell me love, that paddles off so fast?" "It's nothing but a porpoise, sir, that's been a-swimming past."

Out spoke the ancient fisherman: "Now bring me my harpoon! I'll get into my fishing boat, and fix the fellow soon."

Down fell that pretty innocent, as falls a snow white lamb. Her hair dropped round her pallid cheeks like seaweed on a clam.

Alas, for those two loving ones! she waked not from her swoon, And he was taken with a cramp, and in the bay was drowned;

But fate has metamorphosed them in pity of their woe, And now they keep an oyster shop for mermaids down below. Oliver Wendell Holmes.

## ABUNDANCE OF EELS.

They are Sought by Anglers.

A valuable food fish that is not properly appreciated in America is the common eel, which occurs in marvelous abundance in many sections of the country. Down in Maryland some good people believe the eel a nuisance, and on the eastern shore various plans have been promulgated to rid the waters of them. Even Congress has been appealed to, to furnish money to pay for the extermination of eels in Maryland, and one worthy

citizen of that State feels that the main object of his life will be accomplished if he can "wipe 'em out."

This is the same spirit that actuated the New England fishermen years ago, to knock halibut on the head and let them sink, so that they would not "bother" them any more, and also finds its parallel in a similar disposal of sturgeon on the Columbia River only a few years ago. Now halibut are exceedingly rare on the New England coast, while the present demand for sturgeon develops the fact that the ruthless destruction of them years ago for no other purpose than to prevent them from again being caught—at that time there was no demand for them—has materially limited their numbers and consequently renders the income of the fishermen much less now than it otherwise might be. It is to be hoped, however, that the eel will not suffer in the same degree as have the halibut and sturgeon for the day is not far distant when it will be in much greater demand than now. It is gratifying to know that in some sections of the country the eel is prized by anglers who find sport in bobbing for it.

Ohio is one of the greatest States in the Union for fishing waters, says the New York Sun, and nowhere are anglers more wideawake or more familiar with the various methods of luring finny tribes to their undoing than the anglers of the Buckeye State. Bobbing for eels is one of the oldest and most enjoyable of piscatorial sports, although that great authority of the angle, rare old Izaak Walton, has nothing to say about it in his books, the reason for this is plain. Izaak ardent and enthusiastic fisherman that he was, loved well his ease, and when night came he was ready for his pipe and his bowl and his bed. He thought more of his evening's cheer and nightly rest than he did of bobbing for eels. Consequently he didn't bob, and, like the truthful chronicler he was, he refrained from setting it down in his book that he did. For night is the only time when one may bob successfully for eels. And the darker the night the better, especially if there is a gentle rain falling, with no thunder and lightning accompaniment. If it thunders it is only a waste of time to go out and bob for eels. Eels don't like thunder for some reason, and lie low while it is going on. But Izaak Walton shouldn't have called his book "The Complete Angler." He left bobbing for eels out of it. Consequently it is altogether incomplete. Bobbing for eels is great sport, and it is as old as the hills; but no one ever thought of bobbing for eels in Ohio until this present summer.

Such being the case, it may occur to the average person that it is a most surprising thing that angling events should have humped themselves along from time out mind to these closing years of the nineteenth century without the wideawake fishermen of Ohio having once caught on to bobbing for eels. At the first glance this does look a little queer, but when the subject opens up a little further, the average person will see that it isn't so queer after all. They never bobbed for eels there for the one good and all-sufficient reason that they never had any eels before to bob for, and there are a good many thousand people in Ohio who don't know that they have eels now. Until three years ago there had never been such a thing as an eel known in any of the waters of the State, from the Ohio River to the lakes, unless the tradition that eels once lived in Cascalia Creek is accepted as true. Cascalia Creek is a spring water stream that empties into Lake Erie near Sandusky. It is the only stream in Ohio where there are brook trout. It is a singular fact that there are eels in all waters that are the habitat of brook trout. There might have once been eels in

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Cascalia Creek, but if there were it is the only Ohio water that ever contained them until three years ago; and if there were the fact should settle forever the question as to where eels can or cannot breed. The eels of Cascalia Creek could never have reached salt water and returned, for the little obstacle of Niagara Falls stood in their way; and leading naturalists declare that unless the eel can get to salt water it can't reproduce its kind. This Cascalia Creek eel tradition is worth looking up.

For a good many years prominent Ohio fishermen and lovers of fish bewailed the absence of eels from the State waters, and declared their belief that if eels only knew what nice waters Ohio had they would only be too glad to live in them, and then feel like kicking themselves because they hadn't got on to the snap before. But knowledge of the Ohio waters didn't seem to spread around among the eels of the country, and so three years ago the Ohio Fish Commissioners made up their minds to do some of the eels a favor by introducing them to the streams of the State. The Commissioners conferred with the New York Fish Commissioners. The latter collected about 300,000 young eels in the Hudson River and its tributaries and shipped them to Ohio. The eels were of the spawn of the spring of 1890. The young eels, none of them more than five inches long, were turned into Big Walnut Creek, Alum Creek, and Scioto River, and other waters. The writer happened to be in Columbus at the time, and Col. Park, the great Ohio sportsman, told him about the eel experiment; so, when he dropped down in Columbus a couple of weeks ago, he called on the Colonel and asked him if the eels were growing up much with the country.

"Are they?" he replied. "I should say so! Why, we're ketchin' some of 'em five feet long! So big it's all you want to do to hold 'em! It seems like they ain't growin' up with the country, but growin' right away from it!"

Ohio waters were just swarming with eels, the Colonel said; but the Sun correspondent found no end of people who didn't know there was such a thing as an eel in the State, and plenty of them who had never seen an eel, and couldn't say whether eel was fish, frog, or fowl. Above all, he found out that no one had bobbed for eels yet in the State of Ohio. Being an old-time York State eel bobber himself, he put a few Ohio anglers on to the sport. They bobbed successfully; and thus a piscatorial joy that came over with the Mayflower and was old a hundred years ago along the Delaware and the Hudson, has just become known in the Ohio basin.

But while the abundance of eels to-day in the Ohio streams show conclusively that this fish thrives amazingly in the waters of this State they have as yet given no encouragement from a economic and scientific standpoint. Only mature eels have as yet been taken from any of the streams, and the most of these are very large. The smallest ones taken have not weighed under two pounds. It is natural to presume that all of these eels are of the original stock from the East, grown to maturity. No young eels have been seen in any of the waters. It is feared that these transplanted eels will not breed in Ohio, and the theory that eels must get in salt or brackish water to spawn, in the opinion of some piscatorialists of the State will gain much evidence in its favor if this proves to be the fact. There is no salt water that can be reached by fish from Ohio's streams nearer than the Gulf of Mexico tide. If any of these eels have gone down to the Mississippi River to tide water to spawn none of their young has succeeded in getting back here, so far as outward evidence is. The eel situation is being watched with great interest in Ohio, for if the original stock cannot reproduce its kind here it will be only a question of time when the State will be as barren of this important food fish as it was from the beginning. The two-pound eels that are caught in the Ohio streams have flesh exceedingly hard and of snowy whiteness, the flavor being so much like that of Canada frog legs that an expert

could not tell the difference.—Fishing Gazette.

## All Men

Young, old, or middle aged, who find themselves nervous, weak and exhausted, who are broken down from excess or overwork, resulting in many of the following symptoms: Mental depression, premature old age, loss of vitality, loss of memory, bad dreams, dimness of sight, palpitation of the heart, emissions, lack of energy, pain in the kidneys, headache, pimples on the face and body, itching or peculiar sensations about the scrotum, wasting of the organs, dizziness, specks before the eyes, twitching of the muscles, eyelids, and elsewhere, bashfulness, deposits in the urine, loss of will-power, tenderness of the scalp and spine, weak and flabby muscles, desire to sleep, failure to be rested by sleep, constipation, dullness of hearing, loss of voice, desire for solitude, excitability of temper, sunken eyes, surrounded with LEADEN CIRCLES, oily looking skin, etc., are all symptoms of nervous debility that lead to insanity unless cured. The spring of vital force having lost its tension every function wanes in consequence. Those who through abuse, committed in ignorance, may be permanently cured. Send your address for book on diseases peculiar to man, sent free, sealed. Address M. V. LUBON, 24 Macdonnell Ave., Toronto, Ont.

## Counting by Wire.

A telegraph operator in a Boston office once met with bitter disappointment early in his career by falling in love with a young woman at the other end of one of the old Western Union wires. She used to say sweet little nothings when a lull in the business gave her an opportunity to use the wire. The young man worked in the Boston office, and had the reputation of being a "fly" sender, and able to receive what he could send, an all important factor in the "sizing up" of an operator. The woman was proud to have him say even "Gm" or "Ge" (good morning or good evening) to her; and the other girls on the wire, with whom he never condescended to exchange even these ordinary salutations, were jealous. As time wore on their conversations over the wire became longer and more frequent. Finally an invitation to come to Boston and visit one of the theatres was given and accepted. The Lothario of the wires was to wear a red, red rose in his button-hole, a white straw hat with a blue band; she was to carry a small satchel of peculiar shape in one hand, and a fluffy lace handkerchief in the other.

The train arrived at the Eastern station on time, and the satchel of peculiar design was sighted. It was indeed a peculiar design—it was an old-fashioned carpet bag of a grayish green color, and considerably older than the Morse alphabet. The girl was a sight that would have made Neil Burgess in the "County Fair" go and hide. She was fully 48 years old. Long corkscrew curls of a past era hung down over her shoulders like twists of molasses candy, and a smile loomed up under the eaves of her sunbonnet that would have done credit to a fissure in the side of Vesuvius.

She was extremely glad to see him, and he, with the instinct of a true gentleman, tried to appear that he was just as glad to see her. He took her carpet bag and they boarded a car for the house where he was staying. There were many sly nudges and covert laughs at the tea table, all the girls and young men thinking the young operator was entertaining his aunt from the country. For the evening performance at the theatre the giddy maiden fitted out an awful bonnet from the depths of her carpet bag, and slipped on her curls in the most approved fashion. The bonnet was a flower garden in itself, and the writer has the young man's own words for it that she and the bonnet attracted more attention than the play.

The next day he sent her home, but ever after he was careful not to allow himself to converse with any one on the wire except on business.

The oil of the Norwegian Cod Liver is nature's grand restorative, and is only found in its entirety and purity in Miller's Emulsion, "the kind that cures" colds, coughs, bronchitis and all affections of the throat and lungs. Every bottle warranted. No oily taste like others. In big bottles, 50c. and \$1.00, at druggists.

## RICHARD PETERS OF GLOUCESTER COUNTY WENT TO NEW YORK

And was Completely Cleaned Out by Some Expert Green Goods Men.

Richard Peters, mill owner, who resides at Canobia in the parish of New Bandon, Gloucester county, in his haste to get rich recently fell a victim to the wiles of green goods men. The fact was made public at the time through the columns of the Sun but the following statement of his adventures, made by him under oath at Bathurst a few days ago, in a suit in which he was defendant, is now published for the first time. Mr. Peters, who, it may be remarked, is a Frenchman, swore:

I went to the States to get a big sum of money for a small sum of money. I got a letter from two thieves to go to New York, where they kept a den. I went there and met these two men there. One took me in as agent and we met another man. I said: "Boys," says I, "I heard that you were hard tickets here in New York and, boys, I have deposited my money in the bank at \$3 per day to take care of it, and you have nothing but the skeleton here to shoot." "Come in, Mr. Peters, and examine our goods," they said. "Are you going to give me the amount agreed on? If so," says I, "I want to test your goods, as you promised me it would stand the test." He says, "You mean the bank test?" I said, "Certainly, sir, I want to take your money to the bank, and if it will stand the test, as you said, I will draw the money and return for the amount promised, \$7,000 of your goods." He told me to examine the goods in the drawers. I did, and I went down about five notes deep in the drawer and pulled out a \$5 bill. I took the bill and went to the bank. I handed it to the banker and he asked did I want gold or silver. I said, "Give me notes, sir; they are lighter." I said, "Sir, is this note all right?" He says, "What do you mean by that?" and looked at the note again. "What I mean by this is, I am a stranger in this place, and I am getting some money, and it is rumored that New York is full of counterfeiters." He said, "The note is good." I went back to the den and I said, boys, I am prepared to deal with you now. Count out as I am not going to miss the train; count out yourself, I said, I am a damned poor counter. You count all, and I will count one package after you are done. I said in bills from \$1 to \$10. I said our country is poor, and you can get change of \$5 or \$10 when you cannot get change for \$20. He then counted seven piles of \$1,000 each, in all \$7,000. I counted one pile and found it correct. He said I will pay you for your expenses, and he put \$50 more in the pile and I gave him \$5, which in all would be \$505 I gave him. He had a box prepared the length of two notes and the length of a note. He said, "you pack one side of the box and I will pack the other," and he put a piece of stiff paper on top of the notes, then put the cover down on the box and drove brass nails in it. I paid them \$505 and said "you are decent fellows." He said "you had better check it and send it away by express." I said "no, express to the devil, I will take it under my arm," and went away and took the train for Springfield, Mas. I went to the American House there and had a sleep. I dreamed that I saw one of the devils stealing a note out of my box. I got up and cut the twine and started one corner with my knife. I then started the side of it. There was nothing in it but a broken brick and some paper.

## Thomas Stoven,

The great life saver and swimmer is found 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.

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