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## GEMS OF THOUGHT.

The chafe comes not by wearing chains, but by feeling them.  
 Keep up courage, even if your work apparently progresses slowly.  
 Fine sense and exalted sense are not half so useful as common sense.  
 Our affections are our life. We live by them; they supply our warmth.  
 Method is the very hinge of business, and there is no method without punctuality.

Husband your time that, when needed, you may have a large store to draw upon.

Life is an earnest business, and a man was ever made great or good by diet of nothing but broad grins.

If you have a friend with whose conduct you have frequent occasion to find fault, try to find the persuasions of merit in his praise.

Sincerity is speaking as we think, believing as we pretend, acting as we profess, performing as we promise, and being as we appear to be.

Charity is never lost. It may be of no service to those it is bestowed on, yet it ever does a work of beauty and grace upon the heart of the giver.

How sweet it is to help each other to feel as we lie down at night, that we have made some one glad, or have lightened a load being borne, or brought a smile where only tears were resting.

Character is ever reduplicating itself, and every bright example shows in light down through the ages. Memory treasures it; affection cherishes it; history preserves it; it can no more be lost than can the vital influence of the sun and air be lost to the ever-growing forests.

The value of our life on earth will not be judged by the success, but by the purity of our endeavors and our perseverance even where there was no great visible result. We ourselves do not even know what we have done in our own strength, how much we owe to others, and how much to a higher will. It will be good not to put too much to our own account.

No matter what motive prompts one to make a promise, when it is made it should be regarded as a sacred thing—a pledge to be fulfilled if it possibly can be. Every one should consider his word as good as his bond, and if he desires that others should have the same good opinion of him, he must on every occasion make good his word.

## Speaking English.

A British naval officer who was recently in New York told some of his American acquaintances what he believed to be the real cause of the friendly feeling between the British and American navy, which was recently manifested at London and at Boston, and has so often been exemplified at other times and places. "The chief cause of it," he says, "is the English language. We can speak to the Americans in our own tongue whenever we meet them, and thus we are able to fraternize with them more closely than with the officers of any other navy in the world. As I have been cruising in distant seas, as I have been for a lifetime, you would understand this. In many a port between the equator and the poles we have lain near the battleships of other powers without being able to speak to a soul aboard of them; but the sight of the Yankee flag at sea or in port has always been a godsend to us, for we at once knew that every man there, from the captain to the crew, spoke the speech of our race, and that we could hail each other in the vernacular of good fellowship.

"I was in the Mediterranean, where we heard a dozen jargons, from Algerian and Egyptian to Greek and Spanish; I was in Chinese waters, where we were surrounded by junks upon which yellow Mongolians were cackling; I was at one time in service in the Indian Ocean, where I got the utmost abhorrence of the fools who built the tower of Babel and brought confusion into speech. After such experiences for years, you can imagine how I felt when we sailed into Boston bay, and heard on all sides the old familiar tongue, and were welcomed by comrades of the American navy. We seemed to be again in our own country. We felt at home. We gave back the hearty cheers which we got, and touched glasses as if we had been lifelong friends. It was all because we spoke the same language. The bond between us grew out of our speech. If the American commodore in China spoke in truly when he said that 'blood is thicker than water,' I would say that language is stronger than either of them. Our crews found it out, too. When our crews are on shore leave in foreign parts, among Brazilians, or Japanese, or Hindoos, they can't get along with the natives, but they are ready for high jinks among the Americans, as you found out last year at New York, when the Blake was here and as Boston found out last week when she was there. It is all because the language of the United States is the same as that of England. The officers and crews of the American naval ships who are having a splendid time in London will confirm every word I have uttered when they give their side of the case, or when they tell of the experiences which they have had at other times when cruising along coasts or stopping at ports where the speech was strange to them. There is no doubt that the oft repeated manifestations of friendship between the navies of the two powers are due to the fact that both countries speak the same language."—New York Sun.

## The Kind of a Woman to Know.

The woman with a loving heart is sure to look upon the bright side of life, and by her example induce others to do so. She sees a good reason for all the unexpected events which others call bad luck. She believes in silver linings, and likes to point them out to others. A week of rain or fog, an advance of unexpected guests, a dishonest servant, an unbecoming bonnet, or any other of the countless minor afflictions of every-day life have no power to disturb the deep calm of her soul. The love-light is still in her eyes, whether the day is dark or bright.

It is she who conquers the grim old uncle and the dyspeptic aunt. The crosser baby reaches out its arms to her and is comforted. Old people and strangers always ask the way of her in the crowded street. She has a good word to say for the man or woman who is under the world's ban of reproach. She sympathizes with the poor, and she never voluntarily listens to it. Her gentle heart helps her to see the reason for every poor sinner's mistake, and she condones every fault. She might not serve with acceptance on the judge's bench, but she is a very agreeable person to know.

## AT THE NORTH POLE.

**Ice-Covered Land There Instead of an Open Sea.**

There is no reasonable doubt that there exists in the Arctic Ocean, somewhere in the vicinity of the North Pole, an ice-covered land of considerable extent. This is evident from the character of the icebergs observed at various points within the Arctic Ocean, for there are different kinds of ice. The difference between the floeberg, or paleo-cystic iceberg, and the ordinary iceberg of the North Atlantic is as great and as easily distinguished as is the difference between a block of bituminous coal and one of anthracite.

The floeberg is distinguished by its tabular form, great uniformity of height, rectangular shape, nearly flat surface, perpendicular cliffs and especially from its laminated structure. Whenever a paleo-cystic iceberg is seen in the far north before its face has suffered from the melting action of the sun a close observer notes that it presents along its front a series of faint blue lines, separated by interspaces of opaque white. These lines show a stratification due to yearly accumulations of snow upon a nearly level surface, which are transformed gradually into ice, and each line also represents the limit of accumulation of a single year.

In a similar manner are formed the glaciers on the Alps and Greenland, but these latter ice sheets are torn, distorted and refrozen a thousand times in their descent down rapid slopes and through confining valleys of greater or less width. Floebergs, then, are parts of great ice sheets which, formed from successive snowfalls over a land area of no great elevation and very gentle gradients, flow downward from its highest level in the direction of least resistance. The slope being gentle the ice moves gradually seaward, and its structure unchanged, and its stratification unbroken and passes slowly into the ocean, whence eventually its buoyancy causes it to rise and disrupt in a vast mass from the main sheet.—McClure's Magazine.

## \$200 for Being Called a Methodist.

An interesting judgment was rendered by Judge Jette, of Montreal, in the action for \$200 damages brought by Mr. Marc Sauvalle, a well-known journalist, against Mr. Tardivel, proprietor of The Verite of Quebec, for calling him a Methodist. The court held that the writings of Mr. Sauvalle were sometimes violent, but he always asserted that he was a Roman Catholic, a dissatisfied Catholic, and not a Methodist, constantly referring to the Roman Catholic church as "our religion." There was nothing in all his writings that could lead one to believe that he was not a Catholic. As a man cannot be said not to be a Roman Catholic when he himself declares that he is such, and that there is no proof to the contrary. Whether Mr. Sauvalle was a good or bad Catholic, it was not for the court to decide, no more than for Mr. Tardivel, but between that and calling him a Methodist there was all the difference in the world. In the eyes of the majority of the population there to call a man a "Methodist" constituted an insult. Words must be taken according to the value given them by circumstances. It was held in France after the Franco-Prussian war, that to call a Frenchman a Prussian was a gross insult, although previously such an application would have been of no consequence. Under the circumstances the word used by Mr. Tardivel must be held to be an insult, and it was not justified. On the whole, proof being made that the plaintiff is a Catholic, and that the contrary application of Methodist caused him damage to the full extent of \$200, as claimed, judgment must go in his favor for that amount.

## Fathers of Great Men.

The father of Samuel Pepys was a tailor. The father of James Mill was a cobbler. The father of Verne was a day laborer. Oliver Cromwell's father was a brewer. Epictetus was the son of a day laborer. Giotto, the artist, was a peasant's son. Talma, the actor, was a dentist's son. The father of Pius V. was a shepherd. Schumann's father was a bookseller. The father of Cowley was a grocer. Charles Lamb was a servant's son. Mozart's father was a bookbinder. Milton was the son of a copier. Pope's father was a merchant. Neander's father was a carrier. Lucian was a sculptor's son.

## A Robin's Nest in a Church.

A few Sunday ago, on the family of Mr. W. A. W. Kemm, Miss Gave entering their new home in France Par. Chapel, Oxford, Eng., they were surprised to see a partially built robin's nest on the book ledge against a prayer book and hymn book. The family immediately decided to occupy another seat and leave the little rooster unmolested in its strange abode. On the following Sunday the nest was completed and contained five eggs, and on the succeeding Sunday bird sat on the eggs during the whole of the service. It was not long before the bird had hatched four young ones, and the mother flew in aid of the chapel during the service last Sunday with food for her young.

## Proverbs.

Time and beauty will never wed.  
 Don't let it be the only straight tip.  
 Beauty is apt to love only its mirror.  
 No man is wise enough to answer a child.

It takes a fortune to feed one race horse.

It is a bad thing to have credit at a faro bank.

Many a man rides to a race track and walks back.

Hope's anchor is made of heavier metal than gold.

You have probably noticed that sober men seldom fight.

The turkey does not show the fox where she lays her eggs.

A trower is often but the means of a kind of a beggar in good clothes.

## The Boy and the Emperor.

A Swiss boy, who is described as having no great inclination for classical studies, lately wrote, under the dress "Monsieur l'Empereur Guillaume, a Berlin," a letter, marked "private," to the German Emperor, in which he begged him to admit him to one of the German public schools. This letter did not share the fate of thousands of its like, but after enquiries made by the Swiss legation, the Emperor took the little petition in to the military academy at Karlsruhe. He will be sent later to Potsdam.

## SCARECROWS

**The Losses in Future Battles to Be Smaller Than Ever.**

Terrifying descriptions have been given of the destructive effects of the bullets of the modern rifle. Greatly the picture of the future field of battle, drawn by the Surgeon-in-Chief of the German army, Dr. Von Cohn, is not encouraging for those who expect to take part in the lugubrious drama. One shudders at the thought of the horrible mutilations described by the German doctor. But, after all, it is a grave mistake to believe that these terrible engines of destruction will increase the proportion of victims. On the contrary, it is the opinion of those who ought to know that this proportion will be reduced.

Notwithstanding outward appearances, the application of science to the military arts tends to render a battle less murderous, taking it as a whole. Experience and history prove this conclusively. Without going back to ancient times, when one army was exterminated by another, when the Carthaginians and the Romans often lost from 60 to 80 per cent. of their effective force, it is only necessary to deal with comparatively recent dates to show that since the appearance of firearms on battlefields, the proportion of losses, considering the number of men engaged, has always diminished in proportion to the advances made in offensive weapons.

In the great battles of the hundred years' war the proportion of losses was of 60 to 80 per cent. or even 40 per cent. In the wars of the First Empire it dropped to 20 to 25 per cent., and at Bородино, the bloodiest battle of the imperial epoch, it was only 30 per cent.

In the battles of Magenta and Solferino the losses were from 16 to 18 per cent., and at Sedan they were 15 per cent. In the great battles around Metz in 1870 the losses were still further reduced to 12 or 14 per cent., and later on in the campaign the reduction dropped down to 5 or 6 per cent.

Are we now going to see this lugubrious average increased? Are we going to return to the battles for mutual extermination? Not a bit of it, and the reason is very simple.

What is a battle? It is the collision of two armies, each seeking to drive back the other by gaining over it, through the effect of material destruction, that moral superiority which constitutes a victory. Very well, with the perfection of the present arms the power of destruction is increased, the destruction is more rapid, but one thing is not changed, and that is the human heart; and as a battle must always be an affair of moral effect, the hearts of the soldiers at the crucial moment must decide the victory.

In the struggle death is in the air all around, invisible and blind. The soldier hears its hissing whispers as it passes. Courage, discipline, the example of the commanding officers may hold the combatants face to face for a time; but there comes a moment when on one side or on the other the staring power gives out, and that means victory for the one whose morals is the more solid.

The more rapid and destructive effects of the modern weapons may be, the less serious, as a whole, must be the destruction necessary to obtain the desired result—the retreat of the opposing forces. To prove this an example suffices, and it will not be questioned by anyone who knows anything of fighting in the field. Troops may be under fire for an hour, and may lose one-third of their effective forces without a waver, provided these cruel losses are extended over a considerable space of time. But if in a few moments one-fifth or one-fourth of their effective forces are swept away, depend upon it, there are no troops in the world that would not weaken. The test would be too severe for any troops on earth. The same company that might lose without flinching an inch one hundred men in a battle lasting an entire afternoon, would probably break and run if they lost forty in ten minutes.

The conclusion, therefore, is that with the new arms the effects will be terrific at certain points, but in their entirety, proportionately, of course, with the number of combatants, the losses will be fewer than ever, precisely because the effects of destruction necessary to give the advantage to one of the contending forces will be produced in a manner more rapidly decisive.—Figaro.

## Lively Bidding For an Heirloom.

The sum of \$1,370 is rather a high price to pay for a turkey dish, yet this is the figure at which one was knocked down to a purchaser in Penn township, near Reading, the other day, at the sale of personal property of Levi Geiss. The dish is a rare old piece of chinaware, beautifully ornamented, and was purchased twenty years ago at a sale by Mr. Geiss for \$2.50. Each of his children express a desire to have it, and, as they could reach no agreement as to who should be the owner, they decided to put it up at the sale of the other household effects. It was started at \$10 and ran up rapidly at \$20 a jump until it was awarded to the youngest son, Peter, at \$1,370.—Philadelphia Ledger.

## Pistols for Women.

Women who shoot like finely decorated weapons. The old-fashioned pearl-handled revolver, which was supposed to be dedicated to the fair sex, is now made in cheap styles, and has, accordingly, lost prestige.

Alongside the guns at a leading jeweler's are some revolvers which show to what extent people will carry their love of ornamentation. One, a 38 calibre revolver of the latest pattern, as far as improvements go, has the handle so lengthened that it looks like an old-fashioned duelling pistol. The handle is of silver, beautifully carved and chased, and set with dozens of turquoises. In the barrel joint and the butt are large pieces of polished lapis lazuli. The 6 inch barrel is of etched steel. Another large revolver, of Russian model, has a sterling silver handle formed of the coils of a serpent. Another handle is of carved ivory, encrusted with silver, and still another of silver inlaid with mother of pearl.

A famously dressed woman was looking over these weapons with the reporter came up. She was evidently going to buy one, and, as it turned out, for herself. Her conclusion to the traditions of the husband being the stronger vessel was rather amusing.

"Send these three up to the house," she said. "My husband doesn't know the first thing about them, but I'd like to have him see them before I choose."

If women continue their progress in the line of having all target practice, Russian handles and accident-planted barrels will probably be the next development.—New York Sun.

## I Believe in Hood's Inherited Scrofula Cured

**Read the Statement of a Popular Teacher**



Mr. Geo. A. Zirkle  
 Mt. Horeb, Tenn.

The statements in the testimonial below are familiar facts to the immediate friends of Mr. Geo. A. Zirkle, school teacher, of Mt. Horeb, Tenn., very well known throughout the county, where he was born and has always lived. Read it.

"Dear Sirs:—I believe in Hood's Sarsaparilla. I will tell you why. I have suffered from inherited scrofula from childhood. When 37 years of age, my eyes became strangely affected. I could not read after sunset, and when I would close my eyes, I could not open them; but on whichever side I lay, on that side I could open my eye. This condition continued about two years, and was succeeded by

## An Intolerable Itching

all over my body and limbs. I had to have my little boys take shoe brushes and scratch me. It was dreadful. It continued a month and was followed immediately by a tumor in the right side of my neck, as large as a small egg. I at once commenced taking physicians' prescriptions and continued till I lost hope. In the mean time the tumor changed its place to the immediate front of my neck, suppurated and was followed by others, till six had formed and broken.

"Finally, three years ago, another large tumor seated itself on the point of my collar bone, and in six months another half way back on the bone. Both of them soon began to discharge and continued to do so till about seven months ago. I tried everything including prescriptions. I was often so weak that

## I Could Scarcely Walk

and my mind was so confused that I could scarcely attend to my business (school teaching). I was utterly discouraged. And now my story draws to a close. I began the use of

**Hood's Sarsaparilla Cures**

Hood's Sarsaparilla a little less than a year ago, and took five bottles. When I began I had no faith in it. In less than three months both the sores on my shoulder were healed; I was cured of a troublesome scrofula; and scrofulous habit has steadily grown less apparent. I weigh more than I ever did in my life, and am

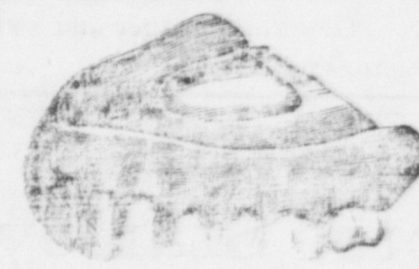
## In the Best of Health,

considering my constitution. Do you wonder that I believe in Hood's Sarsaparilla? I can do no less than recommend it everywhere and every way."—GEO. A. ZIRKLE, Mt. Horeb, Tenn.

Hood's Pills cure liver ills, constipation, biliousness, jaundice, sick headache, indigestion.

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