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## ADVENTURES UNDER THE SEA.

**A Diver's Story About Submarine Wonders.**  
Abram Onderdonk is the oldest submarine diver in the United States. During 37 of the 59 years of his life he has been continuously engaged in the pursuit of his vocation.

"Abe," as he is familiarly called, until recently resided in the old family homestead, beautifully situated on the hill back of Fort Tompkins, Staten Island, and commanding a sweeping view of the upper and lower bays with their shores, and far away beyond Sandy Hook, seaward, to the horizon. The old house was destroyed by fire about a year ago, and he is now in Philadelphia perfecting his new patent device for raising sunken vessels, a trial of which is soon to be made at the Mare Island Navy Yard.

"I have seen almost everything that is to be found under fresh, as well as salt water," said he, "and there are many queer, beautiful and—indeed, almost incredible sights—I assure you. I have often wondered why there has not been any amateur submarine diving explorations, because it is an unoccupied field in that line, and although peculiar, need not be more perilous, with proper conditions and precautions, than some other ventures for amusement or scientific research. A man of education, enterprise, nerve and capital would realize intense pleasure in these subaqueous experiences.

"These travels under the waves have their terrors and dangers occasionally, but nerve, with prudence, are reasonable guarantees of safety. In some localities the greatest terror to a diver is a swordfish, whose short, bony sword protruding from its head is almost as strong as steel. Well, this fish speeds along through the water, charging dead ahead, never veering from a straight course for anything except a rocky ledge or the iron hull of some small vessel. He seems to instinctively distinguish an iron hull from a wooden one. If he strikes a wooden craft, his sword almost invariably pierces through it.

"I thank my lucky stars that I never directly confronted but one of these frightful creatures, and that was a young one with a cartilaginous sword. I saw him coming for quite a distance, and working straight toward me. I guess my hair stood up as straight and stiff as porcupine quills; anyhow, I was working with an axe on the deck of a sunken ship, and quickly raised the axe and made ready to hit him, but he glided past me out of his guard's range, and you may imagine how much easier I breathed as I watched him forging his course far away from me.

"As to other kinds of fish, why, they are more than legion—they are not only innumerable, but almost indescribable, and just as soon as the diver touches bottom they actually swarm around him. HIDEOUS sculpins peep into the eye-windows of my helmet, grinning and blinking in a horrible manner; huge eels that look like big snakes, glide over my feet and swim about my legs; crabs and lobsters snap at and claw about my diving suit in an exasperating manner, sometimes nipping so hard that it makes the flesh tingle. But the little fish are the worst pests, because they nibble at my fingers as sharply and voraciously as they do at the bait dropped down on fish-hooks. You see it isn't the fashion of divers to wear gloves, unless in very chilly water, because gloves diminish the delicacy of touch, and that is the main dependence in all northern waters, especially in harbors or rivers near towns and cities where the water is discolored and murky, so much so that nothing can be seen at about 20 feet under the surface. Where there is a white or gray sandy bottom beneath the ocean, the range of vision extends to a considerable distance.

In tropical seas, as in the West Indies, the water is so beautifully clear and transparent that the bottom is visible at a depth of from 60 to 100 feet below the surface. "Along the coast of the island of Margueretta, and in many parts of the Caribbean sea, there are scenes of surpassingly lovely submarine wonders. In many places the bed of the ocean is as smooth and firm as a house floor, and the water is as transparent as crystal.

"The white sandy bottom acts as a reflector to the bright sunshine above the surface. If you have ever looked through a clean glass jar or bottle filled with clear water, and examined some object on the opposite side, you realize the magnifying effect, which is about the same under the sea in clear water. Walking in a diving suit is an easy, gliding motion; it is slow, without being at all laborious, and the scope of vision is about the eighth of a mile. In certain localities there are acres upon acres of stumpy, scrubby marine vegetation, a growth somewhat like seaweed, and of bluish gray tinge. There are also clumps of fan-shaped fungus, of a spongy consistency, which, when dried in the sun (like the specimens in my parlor), are exceedingly beautiful. But the most wonderful growths in these gardens of Neptune are the long 'kelp tubas,' resembling our fresh water 'pond lilies,' only of much larger size. These stems are tough and hollow, and put forth pretty blossoms upon the surface, although their roots are in the bed of the ocean, sometimes at a depth of 60 feet.

"There are many very queer looking creatures, some have horns and wing shaped fins, others have double flapping tails, and there is a peculiar kind having but one eye in the centre of the head. The largest, queerest and quaintest of all is the 'Jew fish,' averaging from three to five feet each in length. Bright green streaks extend over their backs, blue scales cover their sides, and their bellies are glistening white.

"Their heads are the most grotesque things of that sort that I ever saw under water, being disproportionately large, of oval shape, with great bulging eyes, the whole effect suggesting some resemblance to human physiognomy. Occasionally they would circle around me, drawing nearer, gradually, until they came close up to where I stood, peer into the windows of my helmet with a look that seemed to speak out: 'Say! where did you get that hat?'

"Sometimes they assume an almost perpendicular position, like a man 'treading water,' and then, I must say, they came nearer the ideal figure of a mermaid than anything I ever saw in my submarine experience. But for all of that, there are, in reality, no such living creatures as mermaids or sea serpents.

"There are, however, some terrible sea monsters. The worst and most formidable of all is the octopus, or 'devil-fish.' They are frightful, almost beyond description. When I was in New Zealand one of my men, Archie McGavan, while laying some wharf blocks, was suddenly surprised by an immense creature of that kind. Despite Archie's struggles (and he was a powerful man), the monster completely overpowered. He was locked in the tremendous claws of the devil-fish and fastened helpless against a submerged spile. The man realized his peril, and kept quiet until his assailant, whose arms measured fully nine feet, loosened his hold. Then Archie signalled to be drawn up, and came to the surface with a hideous creature clinging to his back.

"Divers sometimes look upon awful scenes and situations, some of them being frightful beyond expression. Human nerve cannot withstand some of these spectacles of horror—they are enough to drive the strongest nerved man stark mad. About three years ago an old mate of mine Victor Hinton, was employed by the Pacific Coast Steamship Company, of San Francisco, at the pay of \$150 per day, to dive and examine the steamship City of Chester, that had been sunk in a collision with the steamer Oceanic. He located the vessel in 50 fathoms of water. She had been cut in two as if split by a single blow of an immense axe.

"While walking into the steerage, the first object that met his gaze was the form of a man standing upright entangled in a pile of rope. The ghastly face of the corpse was terribly distorted and the tongue protruding, hung from the mouth, while the body was swollen twice its natural size. Going a little further aft he saw another victim of the wreck, who had fallen on his knees and grasped a third man around the waist. This awful spectacle almost paralyzed his nerves, so he returned to the surface and reported what he had seen. Nothing could induce him to go down again on the wreck until accompanied by another diver.

"I have done my share of that sort of work, but those are jobs that no man has

any liking for. Inside of a wreck is a terrible lonely, gloomy—and I might say spooky—place, and dead folks are not particularly agreeable companions anywhere, and especially there. I once brought up the bodies of nine men and two women from the wreck of the English steamer Albatros, sunk in the Caribbean sea.

"Some of these were in the state-rooms, and the last corpse was that of a young woman. I found her in bed, lying on her side, her eyes were wide open, glaring and staring right at me. One of her arms was thrust through the bed slats, with the hand clutching the berth frame. As I loosened her grasp, the body turned, then floated to an almost erect position, and leaned over towards me with a repelling look. The expression of that face and eyes as well as her attitude, was the greatest scare that I had experienced in a long time. I nearly fainted. It was a severe shock, but in a moment or two I regained nerve, clasped her about the waist, and brought her up.

"I had almost forgotten to mention another and somewhat similar incident of the wreck of the Stonington. I had to feel my way, for it was dark (we had no electric submarine lights there), and one state-room door had to be cut out to effect an entrance. I felt around until my hands came in contact with a corpse, which I took out and carried up to the surface. "It proved to be a woman, and clasped her bosom so firmly that no effect could separate them, was a beautiful babe. It was a picture that I can never forget. Both seemed to have died in sleep, and the expression of perfect peace and rest on their faces was remarkable. I heard that they were buried just as they were found, together.

"I have often felt dead bodies floating around and bumping against me as I groped through gloomy cabins, and those are gruesome sensations, as you may well imagine, but cannot realize as I do. One becomes more or less accustomed to it, but it is never by any means a matter of unconcern. That awful life-like expression from the wide open eyes of a drowned person, as they stare directly at you, just as it about to speak, is enough to strain the nerves of anyone to the utmost tension and cause them to shudder and shrink. But business is business, and as that sort of work occasionally comes in my line, I just brace up and fulfil my duty.

"Divers are in more or less of peril, and sometimes have to meet desperate emergencies. An instance occurred when I was prospecting inside of a wrecked steamship. While passing the engine room a heavy piece of machinery slid over upon my leg and pinned me fast. My signal brought down another diver, whose efforts, with mine, effected my release. But for a time I felt that I had met my doom.

"On another occasion I was sitting on the yards, near the topmast of a schooner sunk in Chesapeake Bay, when the boat above that was pumping air to me dragged her anchor and came pounding along on the waves right over where the sunken vessel lay, and thumped hard several times on the mast to which I was then clinging. If I had just then been where I sat only one minute previously (on the topmast yards) I would have been smashed as flat as a pancake.

"The first thing I realized was the sensation of being dragged with furious haste through the water, then 'yanked' up over the side and hauled about the deck by my mates who were hurrying to get my helmet off. They thought that I was dead; but I was as much alive as ever and more than usually vexed.

"I forgot to mention that now we use the incandescent submarine lamps, which lights up the darkest places in sunken wrecks, so that we can see very distinctly. Light, especially electric lamps, under water water magnifies to a wonderful degree and is of great advantage, although while it assists us in our work, the brilliancy attracts vast numbers of fishes, which become an annoying hindrance. It may be a jolly picnic to them, but it is an intolerable nuisance to us."

## RECORD BREAKERS.

**Frank Brown says Dodd's Kidney Pills give Universal Satisfaction—The Reason is They Never Fail to Cure.**

SHELburne, May 14.—Frank Brown, the well-known druggist here, says: "In the past eighteen months, I have sold 119 dozen of Dodd's Kidney Pills. Considering the quantity I have sold, I have had an opportunity of ascertaining whether the pills give satisfaction or not. I can say, that during my fifteen years' experience in the drug business, I never sold a medicine that gives the universal satisfaction that Dodd's Kidney Pills do. I am satisfied any person suffering with kidney trouble only requires to give Dodd's Kidney Pills a fair trial, and he will be convinced of their wonderful curative properties."

## Sketches of Sacred Scenes.

Accompanied by my wife and two daughters we left Montreal on 8. S. Lake Ontario in August last. In ten days we disembarked in Liverpool and on the 29th Nov., arrived in Jerusalem and began the renewing and making acquaintance of both persons and places. We stood on the top of the Mt. of Olives, otherwise mentioned as Olivet, II Sam. XV, 30; Acts I, 12; Mat. XXI, 1; John VIII, 4. In this land of memories this mountain is most memorable. At its western base is the Garden of Gethsemane, while Bethany, and Bethphage are on its eastern slopes. Fully in view of us stands a church, built eleven hundred years before the birth of Christopher Columbus, and marks the scene of the transaction mentioned by St. Luke, Acts I, 9-12; Luke XXIV, 50. Premillennialist christians, whose number and influence are increasing fast, hold and teach that at his second coming, Messiah shall reappear on this self-same mountain from which he ascended and disappeared.

**Oh bright and happy Olivet**  
Where once the Master trod,  
From whence He first went up on high,  
True man and very God.

**Incarnate Christ in human flesh,**  
We wait till thou appear,  
With glory crowned and saints around,  
Those pierced feet so dear.

**Oh bright and happy Olivet,**  
Once more shalt thou behold  
The blessed form of God's own Son,  
As by the Angels told.

Moreover the Jews who disagree with the Christians as to the claims of Jesus of Nazareth, agree with them in saying that the Mt. of Olives is the spot where Messiah shall appear when He does come, and that his feet shall stand upon the Mt. of Olives, Zech. XXV, 4.

The Mt. of Olives is 2700 ft. above the Mediterranean, and 120 higher than Jerusalem. It is now surmounted by a tower, (lately built by some Russian ecclesiastics) some 300 feet high. In Sept. of 1891, I stood on the very top of it and perhaps you will not object to go up with us now. It is a hard and giddy ascent but once at the summit, look to the south and at a distance of six miles is Bethlehem Judah, and hard by it is the field where Ruth gleaned, and the dilapidated chapel marking the spot where the shepherds watched their flocks by night. Twelve miles further is Hebron, Abraham's burial place, and David's first capital. Thirty miles beyond is Beersheba, (the well of the oath or the well of seven) out of which the modern Arab draw water for their flocks and herds as did Abraham in the days of his sojourn there. Look eastward, and like a mirror of steel, at a distance of about 20 miles and in a valley 4300 ft. below you, appears the Dead Sea, an inland lake and without any apparent outlet. Beyond it rise the mountains of Moab like a wall, while its northern shore is broken by the floods of Jordan which pour their waters fresh and sparkling into their stagnant heavy and dead bosom. Six miles westward is the miserable hamlet now marking the site of Jericho, which reminds us of Joshua, Elisha, and Zachaeus. Going to Jericho is not as bad an affair as you think, for the situation is pleasant and the water remains cured of its corruption, II Kings, II, 21, and though the thermometer may stand at 104 in the shade in the month of April, the heat is not felt as oppressive as you might imagine. On a dollar and a half a day you can live well in either of the two well equipped hotels there, and if you prefer it you can lodge in the convent for less, for the wants of the many Europeans and Americans who frequent these regions could not be ignored any longer there, hence these hotels after the American style.

Moreover there are those who predict that Zachaeus' native town will yet become a sanatorium and a health resort especially for those troubled with pulmonary diseases. On the road leading from this immense hollow is the Samaritan inn, Luke X, 34, now in ruins.

The Olive tree from which this mountain takes its name is still a prominent feature here, and its berries and the oil expressed from them are a common and indispensable article of food, and the natives could do without them, than Americans could do without their grease (butter).  
Having left Olivet we now set our feet among the mountains of Lebanon, and in another letter we shall write of native life and means of living, as well as of places. We shall be glad to send you pressed flowers and other specimens of vegetable life here, and through your paper answer any reasonable questions your readers may ask us through your columns.

O. P.  
Mt. Lebanon, Feb. 16th, 1894.

Itch Mange and Scratches of every kind, by human or animals, cured in 30 minutes on Woolford's Sanitary Lotion. This never fails. For sale by W. W. Short, agent for Kent County.

## About the Farm.

The borer is usually destroyed in May. If the miller or moth has just deposited the eggs that produce the borer a wash made of one gallon of soft soap, four pounds of sulphur, and one quart of crude carbolic acid, thickened with fresh air-slacked lime, applied to the trees, will destroy the young borer, but later on the borers must be dug out of the trees with a knife, or a wire inserted into the bore, which kills them in the trees. The wash should be applied six inches below and six inches above the ground, and it will prevent attack. No solution will kill the borer after it enters the tree and has made progress.

Prices and quality are wealth. Michigan produced 5,000,000 pounds of butter more than Wisconsin, yet the latter state received \$1,000,000 more for her product than did Michigan. It was the labor and extra care given that made the difference. Gilt-edged butter comes from no particular breed, but from the work bestowed upon it from the pail to the market.

The vines in France now have another enemy, and it may be brought here. It is a galley worm, or myriopod (*Blattaria guttata*), which has been observed to invade the buds in numbers ranging from five to ten on a bud, forming balls of the size of a small pea.

Ensilage is an important crop, and should not be overlooked. An acre of land will produce three times as much ensilage as of hay. It matters not what the relative feeding value may be, as the farmer who grows a crop of ensilage will be able to provide his cows next winter with a succulent ration as a change from the dry food, and will also retain the full flow of milk from his cows.

Do not cease planting peas, but as soon as the first early plants are above ground plant for the second crop, and follow with others. Peas can be had in abundance through the season with but little labor compared with their value on the farmer's table.

When planting corn it should be the object to secure not only the same yield per acre as last year, but something more. It will cost no more to get an extra 10 bushels per acre than it will the regular crop, if judgment is given the cultivation of the land. Grass and weeds are the agents which reduce the yield.

A slight tacking or harrowing given the land early in the season will be more effectual in destroying weeds and grass than ten times the labor that may be given after the weeds are established. Labor is an item of expense, and should be used economically by applying it at the right time and in the right place. If every farmer would consider labor as something which should be used cautiously and with judgment, according to its value, a better system of cultivation would be the result.

## 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 sensation 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, dulness 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.

## Tears as a Medicine.

The Persians are the only people in the world that still adhere to the old custom of bottling tears. In that country it constitutes an important part in the funeral ceremonies performed over the dead. Each of the mourners is presented with a sponge with which to mop the face and eyes, and after the burial these are taken by a priest who suppresses the tears into bottles. Mourners' tears are believed to be the most efficacious remedy that can be applied in several forms of Persian diseases. The custom of bottling tears is mentioned in the Bible. See Psalm vi., 8.—St. Louis Republic.

## How to Cure all Skin Diseases.

Simply apply "SWAIN'S OINTMENT." No internal medicine required. Cures itching, eczema, itch, all eruptions on the face, hands, nose, &c., leaving the skin clear, white and healthy. Its great healing and curative powers are possessed by no other remedy. Ask your druggist for SWAIN'S OINTMENT. Lyman Sons & Co., Montreal, wholesale agents.