

THE PRINCE AS A HOST.

How One Dined and Slept Aboard
Royal Yacht Osborne.

A writer in a London weekly, *Answers*, describes a night on the Prince of Wales' yacht, which is of interest at the moment. The unidentified gentleman, writing from Sir Francis Kindly, says that the Prince of Wales invited me to dine and sleep on board the Osborne, took me to Cowes on Friday afternoon in the yachting season.

"It was a beautiful day. A fresh breeze was blowing from the west, and the flags of the yacht, the guardship, the Victoria and Albert, and the Osborne, flew stiffly from their respective masts. Reaching Cowes at five o'clock I went to the hotel in the first instance, to get a cup of tea and a little rest after my journey from town. I failed to learn what time was the dinner hour on board the Osborne, but I arranged for a boat to take me on board at 7 p.m.

"Assuming that dinner was at 8 or 8.30, this would give me ample time to dress. To dress! Ah! that was the question. The thought struck me suddenly that I had heard that the guests of the Prince of Wales, when afloat, are expected to attire themselves in yachting jackets of a special brand.

"I think I had been told that the practice dated from the time when the Prince visited India in the *Serapis*. At all events, I had no such garment, and there was no time to procure it. At seven o'clock I embarked, with my portmanteau, in the wherry I had engaged.

"What ship, sir?" said the boatman. "I told him. In a few minutes we were alongside. The Osborne is a comfortable paddleboat of about 800 tons. She is painted a dark blue, picked out with gold and white. An electric launch was alongside, scrambled up the companion, and was greeted by Capt. Milne, the commander.

"The Prince was not yet on board, and to the popular captain of the royal yacht I confided my difficulty about costume. He confirmed the impression I had gained that on board the Osborne ordinary evening dress is discarded in favor of a marine garment. Just then His Royal Highness came on board, and was saluted by the officer on watch and the captain.

"Entering into conversation with me, the Prince was good enough to excuse the deficiency in my toilet, for which I apologized. The Osborne's deck is carpeted, and covered with an awning. Comfortable lounges and deck chairs are scattered about, and there is a strange blending of the smartness of a man-of-war with the luxury of a yacht. In a short time I was shown to my cabin, a most comfortable state-room, hung with pretty chintz of an exquisite freshness. The P. and O. and the Cunard Company have larger cabins, but none so prettily and compactly arranged. The steward brought me all I wanted, and I was soon ready for dinner. Entering the drawing-room below deck, while awaiting the assembly of the company, I had leisure to notice the lovely flowers and exquisite taste of the decorations. Beautiful water-color drawings of fair scenes in southern waters adorned the walls or bulkheads, and but for the sloping heel of the mizen-mast rising through the floor, there was nothing to tell that we were afloat.

"In a short time everyone was assembled, and the dinner hour being announced, the Duke of Connaught led the Prince of Wales to the dining-saloon on deck. Some twenty guests were present and a beautiful sight was presented when all were seated at the table. Lovely fruits and flowers grace the board. Beautiful ladies and famous men in the highest spirits surrounded it. The glass sides to the saloon were withdrawn, and we sat at dinner in the midst of a fairy scene. Already some of the yachts had begun their illuminations. The town of Cowes and the quay were gay with colored lights. Beautiful music was being discoursed from the upper deck. After dinner and cigars, the electric launches were ordered alongside, and we were all conveyed to the royal squadron headquarters, in order to gaze on the fireworks in ease and comfort. The work of transporting the whole company was carried out with the greatest ease and comfort in a few moments, each guest being told off to a boat. On landing at the squadron headquarters we were conducted to the balcony of the club house, where the fireworks began with the firing of a gun. It was a beautiful night, and the scene could not be matched by any country except England. Those of us who were to sleep on board were conveyed to the Osborne in the same way we had come. We arrived on board after midnight, when some sandwiches and aerated waters, with perhaps a slight admixture of good old Scotch whisky, were acceptable. The Prince staid up to the last, the life and soul of the party.

"In the morning a cup of tea was brought to the cabin by the steward, and at 8.30 breakfast was served in the beautiful dining-saloon on deck. The air was fresh, and the little ripple against the side of the royal yacht was a pleasant sound. The scene by daylight was perhaps even more entrancing than the fiery fireworks of the night before, and a hundred yachts were tripping their anchors preparatory to a start. The Prince's suite, we all rise and remain standing until he is seated, then continue our breakfast. After the meal a few brief words accompany my courteous dismissal, and I embark for Cowes, en route back to town, not altogether sorry that my visit, pleasant as it was, is over."

She Said "Grace."

An Englishwoman of rank—a duchess—was very apt to forget to pay her bills. I will give a large bill had been repeatedly issued by the duchess, at last determined to send her little girl, a pretty child of 10 years, to beg for the money which was so much needed. "Be sure to say 'your grace' to the duchess," said the anxious mother, and the child gravely promised to remember. When, after some waiting, she was ushered into the duchess's presence, the little girl dropped a few courtesy, and then, holding her hands and closing her eyes, she said softly: "For what I am about to receive may the Lord make me truly thankful!" As she opened her eyes and turned her wistful gaze on the duchess, that light-bearded person flushed very red, and, without delay, made out a check for the amount due the milliner.

NAMING THE BABY.

How a Difficult Problem is Solved
Some Countries.

A Hindoo baby is named when twelve days old, and usually by the mother. Sometimes the father wishes for another name than that selected by the mother, in that case two lamps are placed over the two names, the name over which the lamp burns the brightest is the one given to the child.

In the Egyptian family the parent chooses a name for their baby by lighting three wax candles; to each of these they give a name, one of the three always belonging to some deified personage. The candle that burns the longest bestows the name upon the baby.

The Mohammedans sometimes write desirable names on five slips of paper, and these they place in the Koran. The name upon the first slip drawn out is given to the child.

The children of the Ainos, a people living in northern Japan, do not receive their names until they are 5 years old. It is the father who then chooses the name by which the child is afterwards to be called.

The Chinese give their boy babies a name in addition to their surnames, and they must call themselves by these names until they are 20 years old. At that age the father gives his son a new name.

The Chinese care so little for their girl babies that they do not give them a baby name, but just call them No. 1, No. 2, No. 3, No. 4 and so on, according to their birth.

Boys are thought so much more of in China than girls are, that if you ask a Chinese father why he has both a boy and a girl how many children he has, he will always reply: "Only one child."

German parents sometimes change the name of their baby if it is ill; and the Japanese are said to change the names of their children four times.

Finder of the New Element.

Lord Rayleigh, who has made the Oxford meeting of the British Association memorable by his discovery of a new constituent of the atmosphere, has the unique distinction of being the only senior wrangler in the Upper House, though there is another Smith's prizeman in Lord Kelvin, better known as Sir William Thomson, whose defeat in the Tripos by the late Dr. Parkinson is one of the romances of the Senate House. Lord Rayleigh, then the Hon. J. W. Strutt, was senior in 1868, beating Mr. Alfred Marshall of St. John's, now so well known as a political economist; while low down among the wranglers was Sir R. Webster, and Lord Hindlip missed the wooden spoon by one place. After taking his degree Mr. Strutt at once entered upon advanced physical and mathematical research, and in 1879 succeeded Professor Clerk Maxwell as Cavendish Professor of Experimental Physics. In 1877-78 he published his "Theory of Sound," a work that has elicited the warm encomiums of the Continental physicists, more especially of Professor Helmholtz, of Berlin. Lord Rayleigh, who is a tall, fine-looking man, married Miss Evelyn Balfour, second sister of the leader of the Opposition, and has had the aid of her sister, Mrs. Mary Sedgwick, in more than one of his investigations. Though bearing the same name, he is not connected with Lord Belper, the barony of Rayleigh having been first conferred upon a lady, daughter of the first Duke of Leinster. Her son, the father of the present peer, married the sister of Maj. Hedley Vickers, the famous "Christian Soldier," another one being the wife of the late Rev. Morley Punshon, the equally famous Wesleyan divine.—London Star.

Wolf Hunting in Russia.

Wolf hunting is probably the most dangerous sport there is, says a writer in *The San Francisco Chronicle*, describing his travels in Russia. With a servant and a couple of fast horses attached to a sleigh, I have gone out and baited the ground for the brutes on numerous occasions. A fat hog tied to a tree never failed to collect a pack. The trouble was that it drew too many. The wolves would gather to the number of 200 or 300 and devour the pig. Then we would dash upon the scene and the fun would commence. They are as fleet as deer. To say that they are as fleet as wolves would be more like it. They can outrun the horses every time, and if they are not picked off as fast as they come up, you might as well give up the fight and permit yourself to be devoured.

Imagine yourself making a running fight with a band of 300 hungry, mad-dog wolves and with the knowledge that if one of the fleet little brutes reaches your horses you are a dead man, and you can possibly imagine what a nerve sport it is. It requires a cool head and a good eye. If you miss your mark, you're gone. Your only chance of safety is in keeping your horses up. It is generally a long fight. You look back and see the carcasses of the animals dotted on the snow for a mile or two in your wake, and still they pursue you in great numbers. Slowly the pack thins out. Many have dropped bleeding to the ground. Others stop to devour the carcasses. The more they fall the more timid the rest become. When you finally outdistance the pack you have been through the most trying ordeal that the most ardent sportsman could wish.

I consider wolf hunting the most dangerous sport there is. Tiger hunting in India is tame beside it. The only unsatisfactory part of the sport, which wolves afford is that after you are all through you haven't anything to show for your efforts. But it is a great sport.

Bad Books for the Young.

"My gorge rises at the books I hear discussed in modern drawing-rooms. I am told every school girl reads these stories, written by women with a purpose, to be perceived by their innocent readers. But who knows, if they are to explore all veins of thought, what our girls will not come to knowing or surmising? No, no, the girl of my imagination, like that of every honest and healthy-minded young man, is the old-fashioned one, sitting upon the 'don't' back, passing unmarred through the world like the girl who loves and trusts, and accepts with womanly dignity the lot her Creator has set aside for her. As some of the advisers of young femininity in these days—those who rant and shriek, and torment society without arriving at any result—may the Lord settle them according to their deserts for the mischief they are doing!"—Mrs. Burton Harrison, in *Century*.

LIVES WITH A BROKEN NECK.

Fate of a Man Who Was Injured by Diving in Shallow Water at Niagara-on-the-Lake.

Lying hopeless on a stretcher, paralyzed from the neck downward, able to think and see and speak, but not capable of moving any portion of his body, R. V. S. Palmer, a young Englishman, was moved to the Union Station Thursday morning. Never again, in all human probability, will Palmer arise from that invalid couch. Destitute of the power of motion, his mental faculties preserved, but every physical energy lost, he seems destined to remain an irremediable sufferer through the remainder of his existence. Toward the end of July last Palmer, while swimming at Niagara-on-the-Lake, took a dive in the shallow water, and his head striking the bottom, he had his neck broken.

Palmer was carried into the hotel, where it was found that the spinal column, just above the shoulders, was broken and the cord injured. An operation was performed at once, the ragged edges of the broken bones being cut away, but the spinal cord had been too badly injured, and complete paralysis from the neck downward was the result. Palmer, on July 30th, was brought to the general hospital, where he has been under treatment ever since. He is completely helpless, just able to move his head and talk, but the trunk is that of a dead man. Palmer is well connected in England, and had a private ward at the hospital. His wife arrived from England about 10 days ago and has been in constant attendance upon him ever since.

It would really have been safer for Palmer to have remained where he was, as both he and his wife desired that he should return to England, it was decided to move him yesterday. Dr. Armour, one of the resident doctors at the hospital, had charge of the removal. Palmer, lying on an air bed, was conveyed in the ambulance to the station to be put on board a Grand Trunk train for Montreal. It was found impossible to get him in the sleeper by the ordinary way, through the door, so the bed containing the patient was put in by the window, and Palmer placed in a sleeping compartment the car. At Montreal Palmer will be transferred to the steamship *Sardinian*, bound for Liverpool, and from Liverpool will be sent to London.

An instance is on record of a man in Palmer's condition having lived for 13 years, and, as Palmer is constitutionally strong, with care his life may be prolonged for some time.—Toronto Letter to *New York Commercial Advertiser*.

MAKES HOUSES IN MINIATURE.

A Clever Boston Mechanic Furbishes Models for About \$100 Each.

Do you contemplate building a house? If so, here is an invaluable suggestion guaranteed to save you a lot of money and regret, and preserve you from untold aggravation. In Boston, says *The New York Press*, there is a man who from plans and specifications will make a tiny model showing in detail just how the completed building will look. He charges from \$50 to \$80 to duplicate in miniature a three-story dwelling of ten or fifteen separate apartments. Everything is accurately reproduced, from the slope of the roof to the tread of the staircase. In this way the prospective owner, seeing his ideas practically realized, is able to make timely and just criticism. For even with a lively imagination and some knowledge of building it is impossible to get a very clear conception of proportions. Verandahs that looked luxuriously broad on paper become painfully contracted when actually planned over, and it is astonishing to see how cramped and cheap, or bald and big is the real house that one fancied quite free from flaws. The Bostonian's scheme is to save you any possible disappointments or blunders. On a platform five feet by four inches he sets up the little model, shingling, plastering or painting the exterior, you propose using for the real structure. Every window is in its proper place, doors swing easily on their hinges, halls are low or lofty and rooms snug or airy, just as you propose in the plans. There is the house that you may turn it round and round, view it from a dozen standpoints, see how it fits in with your expectations, or wildly fails to materialize your favorite theories. It is true that \$80 may seem a tidy sum to throw away on a toy, but those who have experienced some of the tribulations of house building will think it rather an inexpensive expedient in the end.

VAGARIES OF THE KAISER.

The Very Newest Stories Concerning Germany's War Lord.

It was bound to come, and here it is. Having gradually filled many roles, the Emperor William has now added another to his repertoire. Aluding to it as a "good-natured joke at Kiel," *The London Daily News* Berlin correspondent tells the story thus: "As the Emperor William was stepping on board his yacht the other day he was met by a sailor named Joerg, who had in his hand a mug of beer, which he was carrying into the officers' cabin. The emperor was very much amused at the discomfort of the poor fellow, who did not know at first what to do, and who finally saluted the emperor, holding the beer-mug convulsively against the seam of his breeches. The emperor stepped up to the sailor, and addressed him most amiably. 'See, Joerg, you have done that very stupidly. I will show you how one should behave in such a situation. Go up and imagine that you are the Emperor, and I shall be the sailor Joerg.' The poor fellow did not dare remonstrate; he had to come on board by the Imperial gangway, and the Emperor William met him below in his new role of sailor with a beer mug. When he saw Joerg, the Emperor affected some embarrassment, but he then set the glass to his lips, emptied it completely, put it down on the ship's ledge, and then made his salute. 'Do you see, Joerg? That is the way it must be done. Now, remember, and now go below and tell them to give you another glass of beer, and one for you, too. If they question you, just tell them that I said so, and that they should not be angry, for the beer was beautifully fresh and tasted very good.'

Starting a Locomotive Fire.
From one eighth to three quarters of a cord of wood is required to start a fire in a locomotive furnace the latter amount when hard coal is used.

DOUBLE DECEPTION.

The Public Often
Imposed On.

Proprietary Medicines
and Pills that are Utterly
Worthless.

When You Ask For Paine's
Celery Compound do
not Allow your Dealer
to Recommend
Something
Else.

Yes, there is a vast amount of double deception practised in this country. The double deception imposed on a too-confiding people, just means the making of worthless liquid medicine and pills, and putting them into the stores of dealers, who often recommend them when Paine's Celery Compound is asked for, because they pay larger and handsomer profits.

This work of falsely recommending and substituting, is fraught with many evils. It encourages deception and falsehood; it brings the public to the position of slaves to the will of the grasping dealer; it tends to prolong agonies when the sick are forced to buy what they do not ask for; and lastly, the vile work of substituting assists the spread and circulation of preparations that should be prohibited by law.

This work of recommending poor and trashy medicine when Paine's Celery Compound is asked for, is meeting with its just reward in many places. The substituting and deceptive dealers are being shunned, and the money for Paine's Celery Compound goes into the hands of upright and honest business men, contented with moderate profits, and who are anxious to give men women and children just what they asked for.

The great desire of sick and diseased people is a new life, which means health, strength and bodily vigor. This condition is surely and speedily realized when Paine's Celery Compound is used. This fact is proved every day by the number of testimonials received from cured people. The clergy, medical men, bankers, merchants and the every day people testify in favor of Paine's Celery Compound. Such letters cannot be shown by the proprietors of the medicines you are asked to avoid.

A SUFFERING ARMY.

Borne Down by a Relentless Foe.

The great army of sufferers from various rheumatic conditions joyfully welcome Chase's K. & J. Pills because the toter parents of their aches and pains are the kidneys, which, on account of a diseased condition, are unable to relieve the blood of uric acid poison, which is deposited in the joints, producing on the first provocation irritating aches and pains in the bones, joints and muscles. The reason that Chase's Pills relieve and cure is their wonderful power in restoring degenerate kidneys to a perfect and natural condition without which the system is supplied with blood teeming with poison that adds fuel to the fire of rheumatic complaints, demoralizing the entire system and rendering it liable to a complication of diseases terminating in dropsy, diabetes, or bright's disease. A pleasant feature of these Pills is that, while most kidney remedies encourage constipation, Chase's relieve and cure it. In nearly all rheumatic attacks there exists constipation of the bowels, which easily over-comes by Chase's Kidney Pills; in fact, they are a perfect cure for constipation. This is endorsed by Edward Garrett, editor and proprietor of the *Standard*, Ont. *Weekly Witness*, and thousands of others. One pill a dose, 25 cents a box. The cheapest medicine on earth. Sold by all druggists. Edman's Baiter & Co.

For Sale by W. W. SHORT.

LAND IN MOLUS RIVER FOR SALE!

I offer for sale a two-third interest in all that farm and premises on which the late Harrison T. Smith resided at the time of his death, situated at Molus River, Weldford Parish and purchased by him from William Chandler and Henderson & Milson. The farm is conveniently situated on the Port Road and the road leading down the north side of the river and is a well known and desirable property. ALSO—100 acres near the Kent Northern Railway station at Buckton W. Smith.

J. D. PHINNEY.
Richibucto, Sept. 22nd, 1895.

YOU CAN'T GO TO SLEEP IN CHURCH IF YOU'VE GOT A BAD COUGH.

A quick Pleasant Cure for an obstinate Cough, Cold, Hoarseness or Bronchitis.

PYNY-PECTORAL
Big Bottle 25¢

BURDOCK BLOOD BITTERS

CURES
DYSPEPSIA,
BAD BLOOD,
CONSTIPATION,
KIDNEY TROUBLES,
HEADACHE,
BILIOUSNESS.

B.B.B. unlocks all the secretions and removes all impurities from the system from a common pimply to the worst scrofulous sore.

BURDOCK PILLS act gently yet thoroughly on the Stomach, Liver and Bowels.

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HOT-WATER HEATING THROUGH-OUT.
First-Class in all its Appointments.

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GRAND ANSE, GLOUCESTER CO., N. B.

This house is but a short distance from Grand Anse Station on the Carleton Railway, and possesses unsurpassed advantages as a watering place. Bathing, Boating, Fishing, Beautiful Drives, etc., etc. Sample Rooms and Livery Stable in connection.
Charges moderate.
WM. THERIAULT, PROPRIETOR.

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First-class Livery Stables in connection.
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BRUNSWICK HOUSE,
(Opposite Railway Station.)
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Open Day and Night.
Sample Rooms on premises. Baggage carried from Station.
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Sample Rooms and Livery Stable in connection.
HOS. FLANAGAN, PROPRIETOR.

VICTORIA HOTEL,
King Street, ST. JOHN, N. B.
D. W. MCCORMICK, PROPRIETOR.

BELMONT HOTEL,
SAINT JOHN, N. B.
(Directly opposite N.E. and L.C.R. Stations.)
J. SIME, PROPRIETOR.

REAL ESTATE
For Sale!

The subscriber offers for sale the following valuable real estate in Kent County:

1. The KOUCHIBOUQUAC MILL PROPERTY on the Kouchibouquac River, Parish of Carleton, consisting of a double-gang water-power saw mill, blacksmith shop, wharves, booms, water privileges, stores, houses, barns, outbuildings, and all other real estate pertaining to the above property. Also, 50 square miles of Crown Lands on the Kouchibouquac River and branches.

2. Lot of land containing 100 acres more or less, formerly granted to George McLeod.

3. Lot of land west of railway containing 100 acres, known as lot 62.

4. Lot of land on Kouchibouquac River, known as the Desbriay Meadows lot, containing 100 acres.

5. Lot of land on Buctouche road, known as the Harris lot, containing 216 acres more or less.

6. Lot of land in the town of Richibucto, known as the McLeod farm with all houses, barns, outbuildings, etc., containing 100 acres more or less.

7. 1000 acres of state on Water Street, town of Richibucto.

8. Lot of land situated at Yellow House Point with three houses, booms, blocks, etc.

Part of the above properties will be sold separately if desired.

For full particulars as to terms, prices, etc., apply to
Geo. K. McLeod, Richibucto.

Advertise in The Review

NEW VICTORIA HOTEL

248 to 252 Prince William St., St. John, N. B.
J. L. McCOSKERY, Proprietor.
One minute walk from steamboat landing.
Street cars for and from all railway stations and steamboat landings pass this hotel every five minutes.

INTERCOLONIAL HOTEL.

OPPOSITE I. C. R. STATION.
SACKVILLE, N. B.
FIRST CLASS LIVERY IN CONNECTION.

TERRACE HOTEL.

AMHERST, N. S.
Large and well Lighted Sample Rooms in centre of Town formerly occupied by Lamy Hotel.
FREE COACH TO AND FROM ALL TRAINS
W. and W. CALHOUN, Proprietors.

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CENTRALLY SITUATED.
Good Sample Rooms. Newly Furnished.
Free hack attends all trains.

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Opposite Masonic Hall, Chatham, N. B.
Permanent and Transient Boarders accommodated on reasonable terms.

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MAIN STREET,
MONCTON, N. B.,
Nos. 107 to 119.
Reopened, refurnished in elegant style, hot and cold water baths. Next to Post Office, in the most central situation in the city; electric bells and electric lights. The table will be supplied with all the delicacies of the season, and from past experience as a caterer I hope to merit a large share of the Commercial trade for which the house is well suited.
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The Leading Commercial Hotel of Harcourt. House Thoroughly Refitted and Furnished.
First Class Table.
Good Sample Rooms. Centrally Located.
Trains Stop Twenty Minutes for Dinner.
Rates: \$1.25 per day.
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The largest and best Hotel in the City.

Accommodating 200 Guests, situated in the centre of spacious grounds and surrounded by elegant shade trees, making it specially desirable for tourists in the summer season.
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The Subscriber has thoroughly fitted up and newly furnished the rooms of the well known McKen House, Newcastle, and is prepared to receive and accommodate transient guests. A good table and pleasant rooms provided. Sample rooms if required.
R. H. Greenley's teams will attend all trains and boats in connection with this house.
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NEW KENT HOTEL,

QUEEN ST., RICHIBUCTO, N. B.
THIS HOUSE BEING FITTED AND REFURNISHED THOROUGHLY, IS A COMMODIOUS RESIDENCE FOR PERMANENT AND TRANSIENT GUESTS.

BAR IS ALWAYS WELL SUPPLIED WITH THE CHOICEST WINES, LIQUORS AND CIGARS PROCEURABLE.

LIQUORS FOR MEDICINAL PURPOSES A SPECIALTY.

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Livery Stable in Connection.

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