

Board of Trade Office

THE REVIEW

VOL. 7.

RICHIBUCTO NEW BRUNSWICK, THURSDAY SEPTEMBER 12, 1895.

NO 3

THE GREAT NORTH SHORE ROUTE!

The Best, Surest, Safest, Quickest Route by which to reach purchasers in the North Shore Counties of New Brunswick, is via

THE REVIEW.

The regular news express to the homes of all the people, and most direct line to the pocketbooks of buyers everywhere.

See that your Advertisement is ticketed via THE REVIEW.

MR. AND MRS. BOWSER.

The Head of the Family in a Cheerful Mood.

Mr. Bowser had been reading for an hour the other evening when he laid aside his paper and said to Mrs. Bowser, who sat near him, sewing:

"I was just wondering what men do who have no homes, and how many of those who have homes appreciate them as I do mine."

"I am glad to know you are satisfied with your home," replied Mrs. Bowser. "Of course I'm satisfied—Why shouldn't I be! I don't believe there's a house in the state better kept than this. It is always spic-span clean, nothing is wasted, and your bump of order is something remarkable."

"I'm awfully glad to hear you say so," replied Mrs. Bowser, as her face lighted up. I try to do my best, but there are times when—when—"

"When I'm a regular old crank," he finished with a laugh. "Well—don't let that worry you. No matter how big a crank I am, you are duly appreciated. It's funny what notions a man gets into his head, isn't it?"

"Y-e-s," she reluctantly replied, fully realizing that he was treading on dangerous ground.

"Ha! ha! ha! Do you remember how I tried to put down that bedroom carpet and nearly killed myself to save fifty cents? That was one of my cranky notions. And don't you remember how I tried to clean house—ha! ha! ha!"

"But we get along all right," said Mrs. Bowser, wondering how she could lead the conversation to some other subject.

"Of course we do, though there are times when I ought to be kicked for my foolishness. On the street car the other day I got to thinking about my buying that fire-escape, and I laughed till everybody laughed at me. Wasn't that a daisy—that fire-escape—ha! ha! ha!"

"Any news in the evening paper," she queried as he held his sides and gurgled.

"Nothing to speak of, and don't you remember of my taking a fit to sleep in a hammock on the roof, and how one of the ropes broke one night and—ha! ha! ha! If some of these funny men could get hold of my adventures what a lecture they could make! Have you forgotten when I took a dose of that dandruff-eradicator for spring tonic—ha! ha! ha!"

"That was funny, indeed!" laughed Mrs. Bowser, in spite of her fears.

"Funny! it was dawg-gone funny! And the time I had the grippe and thought I was going to die—ha! ha! ha! I expect I'm the boss crank of America, and you deserve a pension for bearing with me so patiently. Do you recall the day I came home and jawed around about the set of my collar, and you discovered that I had been wearing my night-shirt all day—ha! ha! ha! It's a wonder that you have stood it with me as long as you have."

"You've had a good many whims and notions, but I hope you'll reform in that direction. I expect you've thrown away \$3,000 since we were married in indulging in your oddities."

"How thrown away?" sharply queried Mr. Bowser as he instantly sobered up.

"Why, you've paid as high as \$300 for a horse not worth \$60; you've bought pigs at a high price which you had to give away; you bought hens at \$2 apiece which never laid an egg, and—"

"Are you talking to me, Mrs. Bowser?" he demanded, as he rose up and stood before her.

"Why, yes," she replied. "We were having a good-natured talk about some of the foolish things you have done, and—"

"What foolish things have I done? Just name one foolish thing, will you?"

"Didn't you pay \$300 for a horse which ran away and smashed everything and nearly killed us both the first time you drove him?" she timidly asked.

"I bought a horse for \$300. He was a beautiful animal and as gentle as a child. You opposed his purchase, and to carry out your fell designs you went out to the barn in my absence and drove tacks into him and pounded him with the snow shovel, and otherwise abused him until he was frightened to death."

"Why, Mr. Bowser?"

"Don't 'why Mr. Bowser' me! You have charged me with throwing away thousands of dollars foolishly. I am either a sensible man or a fool. Give me an instance of my wasteful extravagance."

"I—I don't think you wastefully extravagant. You simply do odd things and have cranky notions."

"I do odd things, do I? Just mention one instance, will you? I have cranky notions, have I? Just specify one of those cranky notions."

"Wasn't it odd about your wearing your night-shirt around all day?"

"No, ma'am, it wasn't—not when the circumstances are considered. It was simply a put-up job on your part, and I won't forget it if I live to be a thousand years old. Now about being cranky. When have you discovered any evidence that I was a crank?"

"Wasn't that fire-escape a cranky idea?" she hesitatingly queried.

"Not a bit of it—not the slightest! It was just such a purchase as any sensible man would make, and the only reason it is now in the garret is because you have cut the rope and straps to pieces to display your spite. Mrs. Bowser you have accomplished your object!"

"W-what object?"

"When you saw me taking comfort in my home you made up your mind to spoil my evening. You have done so. I was never better natured in my life. I set out to laugh and have a good time, and you maliciously and villainously turned the conversation into a channel to vex and degrade me. I hope you feel better."

Despite her years of married life, Mrs. Bowser had made the mistake of specifying her husband's faults to his face, even though he voluntarily brought the matter up and confessed them one by one, and she now decided that silence was her safest refuge.

"Right here in my own house and by my own wife I have been called notional, whimsical and cranky!" exclaimed Mr. Bowser, as he walked up and down.

Mrs. Bowser plied her needle and made no reply.

"I have thrown away millions of dollars—I have acted the fool—I am an object of ridicule!"

Mrs. Bowser continued her work and maintained silence.

"In my good nature I partially admitted that I bought a hammock for \$2 which was well worth \$4, and what do you do but hop on to me and charge me with being the biggest fool in America! That's just the way with all wives: give 'em the slightest latitude and they will try to walk right over the husband, Mrs. Bowser!"

Mrs. Bowser held her needle suspended in her hand and looked up.

"No wife can be happy with a fool of a husband! For the next two hours I shall be busy in the library arranging papers for the lawyers to see to-morrow! We will try and avoid scandal, and I shall allow you enough to live on comfortably until you find another husband—one who has no faults! If any one calls say that I am not at home. Woman, good night!"

—

The Truth Ought to be Known.

Rev. T. Dunlop, Alliston, Ont.: "Your K. D. C. has done all it claims to do. Two members of my family have been wonderfully helped, though so far, they have used but one package. This is the first testimonial I have given to any remedy, but the truth ought to be known."

Old men and women, young men and maidens should test our wonderful remedies. They prevent indigestion and cure dyspepsia. Samples free to any address. K. D. C. Co., Ltd., New Glasgow N. S., and 127 State street, Boston Mass.

A man, with a painful expression of countenance, sat on a dry goods box.

"Are you ill?" some one asked.

"No."

"Have you lost anything?"

"Never had anything to lose."

"What's the matter, then?"

"I'm sittin' on a wasp."

"Why don't you get up?"

"Well, that was my first impulse, but I got to thinkin' that I was hurtin' the wasp as badly as he was hurtin' me, and concluded to sit here a while."

K. D. C. is marked prompt and lasting in its effects.

WOMEN'S CHRISTIAN TEMPERANCE UNION COLUMN.

All Communications to this Column Should be Addressed to Mrs. J. Stevenson, Secretary W. C. T. U., Richibucto.

Women's Christian Temperance Union Richibucto, will meet every fortnight at the residence of Miss Ostle. Meetings on Thursday at 3 p. m. Mothers' meetings will be held every fortnight on alternate Wednesdays, at the same place and hour. Mothers are requested to attend.

He that goeth forth and weepeth, bearing precious seed, shall doubtless come again with rejoicing, bringing his sheaves with him.—Psalms CXXVI, 6.

Did It Hurt Anybody?

A man who is slowly dying from the effects of liquor, and is in favor of licensing the "drunkard maker," said to me, "Liquor won't hurt anyone if they let it alone." But it does hurt those who don't touch it. Could that man in his sober moments look into the secret chamber of his own wife's heart, he could see there recorded, the sorrow and sufferings of that anxious wife and mother who watches and prays in tears nightly for the coming of him, who is lured with the wiles of the devil into midnight debauchery. Yes, it does hurt that mother, though she never touches it.

A woman on last Christmas day, went to a saloon which was situated opposite my dwelling; her husband was in the saloon drunk, she wanted to take him home, but was refused admittance by the keeper of the place; she appealed to the passers-by to aid her in getting her husband out of the place, as he was too drunk to walk without help.

In her appeal she said that for six months all the earnings of her husband had gone into that saloon. When he worked he got good wages, which went for strong drink; not one cent was expended for the support of his family, all went into the till of the licensed grog shop, while she had to wash and do all the odd jobs she could get to keep her and the little ones from starving.

I was a visitor at a friend's house in an adjoining city, who has a son of very fine physique, bright, intelligent, quick in perception, notwithstanding he is a confirmed sot. His name was not mentioned until I asked for him. The father spoke of him with bated breath and said, "O is it not too bad to think of a young man of such fine ability as he is, one who could be an honor to his parents and his country, a slave to strong drink—to see him revelling through the streets drunk?" "Oh," said the mother, "is it not terrible to think of? I wish," said she, "you could see him and talk to him, perhaps he would reform. I can never think of giving him up. But he knows you are here, so he keeps out of your sight."

I shall never forget the expression of sorrow depicted on that mother's face when she said, "O, I wish you could see him and talk to him."

Did it hurt anybody? that mother did not touch it. And yet in the face of so much evidence we find men who are in favor of licensing the drunkard maker, because, as they say, it doesn't hurt those who do not touch it.

Four Pillars of Temperance.

1. THE PILLAR OF REASON.

"Temperance is the moderate use of all good things, but total abstinence from all bad things." It is reasonable to avoid all intoxicating liquors, because it is dangerous, leads to drunkenness and loss of self-control, to poverty and crime.

2. THE PILLAR OF SCIENCE.

Science, investigating the effects of alcohol on the human body, finds that it injures the body, weakens its power, makes it more liable to disease, harms the nervous system, the brain, the stomach, and shortens life.

3. THE PILLAR OF SCRIPTURE.

(1) Peculiar consecration to God was invariably accompanied by abstinence. (2) Therefore abstinence is regarded as consistent with wisdom and piety. (3) There is no "approved" example of drinking. (4) Not one command to drink, but (5) several to abstain, with (6) blessings in doing so. Circumstances, danger, the quality of wine—whether intoxicating or not—make a difference as to the use of wine, as at Cana of Galilee, which no one can prove was intoxicating. With us, the rule that "if meat make my brother to offend (i. e. stumble), I will eat no meat so long as the world standeth," is the rule that forbids all use of intoxicating liquors. Unfermented wine is also by far the most perfect symbol of the blood of Christ for

communion. Refer to Prov. xx, 1; xxiii, 21, 29, 32; 1 Cor. vi, 9, 10, 20; iii, 16, 17; xi, 27; Joel i, 5; Gal. v, 22, 23; vi, 1, 2; Isa. v, 11, 22; 1 Thes. v, 7, 8.

4. THE PILLAR OF EXPERIENCE.

What is the effect of intoxicating liquor on people's character? on prosperity? on the family? on the community? What have you seen of the danger of beginning the habit of drinking? of going into places where liquors are used? of keeping company with dissipated people? What does experience say is the only sure way of avoiding the evils of drunkenness.

AN ALARMING INCREASE.

The Prevalence of Female Complaint found to Result Largely from the Kidneys.

SAGINAW, Mich., Sept. 2.—Doctors are beginning to turn their attention more exclusively to the causes of the great increase of what are known as female complaints during the past ten years, and to the remedies for the same. Many cases have been investigated, and among others that of Mrs. Reany, of Ashland, Wis., who was cured of this form of trouble by the use of a kidney medicine known as Dodd's Kidney Pills, which originated in Canada but has become widely known in the Western States. This and other similar cases go to show that these troubles are largely due to the kidneys and that the above mentioned remedy is likely to have a great effect in lessening the number of victims to this form of complaint.

It Rang the Bell.

A writer sojourning in an Italian city tells in the New York "Tribune" how an earthquake announced itself:

Late one evening Isotta and Caterina rushed in upon us in terrified excitement as we sat reading by the light of an oil lamp in the 'yellow room'; their faces were of the whiteness of paper, and their eyes had a wild expression of fear.

"Signora, what is the matter? Every bell in the house is ringing. Maria Santissima, what will become of us?"

I must explain that the bells were of the old-fashioned variety, which hung on wires and are pulled by a bell-rope.

"Per carita, signora, come and see what has happened."

They were so much in earnest that, to calm their fears, we went into the hall. There were the ten bells hung in a row and ringing as though the furies were at the other end of the rope! Ringing of their own accord apparently, or at least pulled by no visible hand.

Of a sudden we became aware that the floors were trembling the walls were shaking. The whole building moved on its foundations; it swayed from side to side at first slightly, then further and further, with a slow, rhythmic motion, full of grace and majesty; but we could realize no sensation beyond sickening terror.

It was an earthquake. The motion lasted a few seconds, then ceased gradually. Had it continued three seconds longer the tall obelisks, the beautiful campanili, would have fallen.

A Commissioner in B. B.

GENTLEMEN—Having used Haysard's Pectoral Balsam in our family for years I have no hesitation in saying that it beats everything else we ever tried for coughs and colds in children as well as grown up people. It relieves that tight binding sensation in the chest. We would not be without it for anything, as we have a large family.

Laziest People On Earth.

Travellers who have trotted about the globe say that the Bocalos of the Philippine Islands are the laziest people that live. They do absolutely nothing that is unnecessary for living and dreaming. They have immense families, often twenty children in a house, and there are a number of cases of parents having fifteen and eighteen boys and girls. Every family has its own house, but \$5 will buy a large and superior bamboo hut, and \$1 will make a better domicile than thousands of the Bocalos own. The whole family, no matter how numerous, are crowded into one room at night, the sleepers reclining on dried banana leaves. Strange to say, the women are a cleanly people. They bathe every day, and are expert swimmers. They are proud of their teeth, and take great pains to frequently polish them with rude brushes made of the areca tree. The poorer people have no other cooking utensils than an earthen pot, while the aristocrats have a few cast iron pans and big rough earthen dishes.—New York "Times."



GREATEST OFFER YET!

Beautiful Portraits

IN

BEAUTIFUL FRAMES

FOR SUBSCRIBERS OF THE REVIEW!

We have made arrangements for the preparation to our order of

FIRST-CLASS CRAYON PORTRAITS

of such of our subscribers as may desire them, or may wish to order those of their friends. Every portrait will be enclosed in a handsome

GILT AND OAK FRAME

26x30 inches. These pictures are equal and in some respects better than those which have been selling at from five to seven dollars each. Our prices are:—

THE "REVIEW" AND PORTRAIT.	\$3.75
SUBSCRIBERS WHO HAVE ALREADY PREPAID THEIR SUBSCRIPTIONS MAY OBTAIN PORTRAIT FOR	2.75
SUBSCRIBERS IN ARREARS ON PAYING SAME AND ONE YEAR IN ADVANCE WILL BE FURNISHED WITH PORTRAIT FOR	2.75

We require photograph of the person whose portrait is to be furnished—the photograph in all cases to be returned uninjured when the picture is delivered.

Payment of \$1.00 must, in all cases, be made when portrait is ordered and the balance when it is delivered.

NO SUBSCRIBER WILL BE REQUIRED TO ACCEPT A PICTURE HE IS NOT SATISFIED WITH.

These portraits are unexcelled as faithful likenesses. They are done by artists who have been selected from those foremost in their line in Boston, and no more suitable or artistic adornment for parlor or drawing-room can be found. Belonging, as they do, to the class of work which give tone and rich effect to a room, they ought to be found in every household. Our arrangements admit of our furnishing as many portraits as a subscriber may have members in his family at the rate of \$2.75 each.

WE GUARANTEE THE WORK

to be as represented.

SEND YOUR PHOTOGRAPHS

accompanied by \$1.00, for which you will receive THE REVIEW—the portrait to be ready within a fortnight of receipt of photo. Sample portrait can be seen at this office.

Address the Editor of

The Review,

Richibucto, N. B.

Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria.