

# THE REVIEW

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NO 12

## At a Glance

Anyone can SEE the difference between the twin-bar of clear, pure

## SUNLIGHT SOAP

And other laundry Soaps, but you'll KNOW the difference when you use it because it cleanses with

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### New Every Morning.

Every day is a fresh beginning. Every morn is a world made new. You are weary of sorrow and sinning. Here is a beautiful hope for you. A hope for me and a hope for you. All the past things are past and over. The tasks are done and the tears are shed. Yesterday's errors led yesterday cover. Yesterday's wounds which smart and bleed. Are healed with the healing which night has shed. Yesterday now is a part of forever. Bound up in a sheaf which God holds tight. With glad days and sad days and bad days which never. Shall visit us more with their bloom and their blight. Their fulness of sunshine or sorrowful night. Let them go since we cannot recall them. Cannot undo and cannot atone. God in his mercy receive, forgive them! Only the new days are our own. To-day is ours and to-day alone.

Here are the skies all banished brightly; Here is the spent earth all reborn; Here are the tired limbs springing lightly To face the sun and to share with the moon In the chiasm of dew and the cool of dawn. Every day is a fresh beginning. Listen, my soul to the glad refrain. And spite of old sorrow and older sinning And puzzles forecasted and possible pain Take heart with the day and begin again. —SUSAN COOLIDGE.

### MATED WITH A CLOWN.

The old man's grim face was full of amazement when his son finished speaking. It was not often that the boy talked out, not often, indeed, that he exchanged an avoidable word with his father. The latter was gaunt, leathern-skinned, hooked-nosed, a tuft of yellowish-gray whiskers on his chin, and a crafty sparkle in his narrow eyes. "So," he said in a voice of irritation, "you're a goin' to git married! I notice ye didn't ask of ye kin." The young man, his brown, clean-shaven straight-featured face set with reserve and resolution, looked at the elder. "I am of age—and I have talked it over with mother." "Your mother!" The contempt in the tone stung him who heard. "Yes," very quietly. "Have you anything to say?" "Not less I give you a bit of advice," the old man replied with a chuckle. "See here, now. Don't let her get any nonsense in her head in the beginnin'.

Squelch it then an' thar, an' ye'll have peace in yer life, an' prosper like I've done. It's Alty Greaves ye're wantin'—a girl that has been to boardin' school and has got a pianny, an' ben set up by her folks, ez it were. Ye'll have to get the whip hand of her at first—that's what I done with yer mother."

There was silence in the room. It was a disagreeable silence, and a decidedly unpleasant room. The "best room" to be sure but not on that account less—perhaps more—repellant and ugly. The floor was covered with yellow and red oilcloth, the walls were "alabastined" an' undertone pink, the heater stood in its accustomed place, although the August dust was sifting in at the loose casement, the shelf over the organ held some framed photographs and hymn books, wooden chairs were ranged rigidly against the wall; a picture on the wall, framed in silver-gilt, represented a horse belonging to the master of the house, a horse that had once won third money at a country fair, another picture represented adamantine fruit, the original fervent tones of which had been reduced to a mellow, monotone by years. Looking through the small window on the north one's gaze collided with a huge red barn, through that on the east one looked on a barren tract of sun-baked earth.

"Yer mother had lots of queer notions when she come here," continued the old man. "Her folks were well off. She'd ben brought up in a city an' eddicated. One thing, she'd a hankerin' fer pretty clothes. Net that she wanted silk an' velvet like Hawkin's wife, an' their farm ain't but a quarter section, but she'd be fer havin' white stuff at her neck of a mornin', an' puttin' on another gown by the time it come evenin', an' sech ridiculous notions. Then she wanted to take a magazine. What'd we want a magazine fer? I was a-takin' the Gilead Register—the paper of the place I come from—the Farmer's Friend an' the Police Enterprise, so I didn't see no need fer a magazine. That was one of the first differences. Then she wanted to have her ma come an' stay a spell the winter you were born. But, law, I says, they's old Sally Rankles, who'll be glad to come fer a dollar an' a half a week. What's the use of bein' at the expense of havin' yer ma, fer I expect she'd look to you to pay her way out. Her ma took bad not long after. They telegraphed yer ma—sech waste! She wanted to go. But I joked her out of it. Never said a word to rile her, but just showed ez how she couldn't hold death back, an' folks had to go when their Creator called 'em, an' she'd better remember her ma like she'd seen her last. Her ma died. Yer mother didn't git over that fer a long spell—seems sometimes like she never got over it plum, ye know. But she ain't made much fuss. She knows a man's got to run his own house an' his own folks. Once she got an idee she wanted a carpet in the best room, but I told her ez how oilcloth 'ud wash. She'd not have had the alabastine of I hadn't vowed I thought it kinder cheerful. Them pictures, too! I made her swaller the fac' they was good enough fer me! That settled it."

His voice, coarse in self-adulation jarred harshly on the hot silence. "Nother time," he went on retrospectively, "she set her heart on gettin' a pianny. She'd been in foreign parts with her folks when she was a girl an' had studied music. But I set my foot down on that. She might git an organ, I told her, if she could manage to make the price of it out'n her butter an' egg money. That wouldn't cost sech a heap. We did git one—but she ain't never teched it. One thing she did git to have her way in—that was eddicatin' you. I didn't hold out agin that after we'd had mor'n a couple o' talks. Eddicatin', I say, don't hurt a man, but a woman ain't got no use fer it. All her'n never done yer mother no good. 'Twas only after she quit talkin' of readin' and goin' back east some time an' havin' a flower garden and sech folk talk ez that, I begun to feel right comfortable. You want to break in Alty well at the first. We get along right pleasant now—don't we mother?"

A woman who had been beautiful, a woman bent and prematurely aged, a woman with a twitching, nervous face, sunken, glittering eyes, and tremulous, toil-worn hands, rose stilly from her chair by the window—window that looked out on the stretch of arid earth. She laughed a bitter fleeting laugh.

"I haven't gone mad," she said, "though I feared I would. I haven't died—though I hoped I might. Yes, I've been broken in. I hope you're proud of it. As for my soul's wife—" The boy met her glance flashingly. "Never fear, mother!" that look said. She left the room. Her husband gazed uneasily after her. "Mother," he remarked, "seem a bit upset. But she ain't got nothin' to complain on. She's alius had shilber and enough to eat."

"Your cattle have had that." "See here! You be goin' to take my advice about Alty, ain't you? You be goin' to treat her foolish notions like I done mother's?"

The young man clenched his hands hard. Words of fierce indignation sprang to his lips, but trembled there unuttered. He turned abruptly and went out. He found his mother in the kitchen. She looked up at him timidly. He bent and kissed her with passionate reverence. Her answering smile was almost one of happiness.

### An Important Office.

To properly fill its office and functions, it is important that the blood be pure. When it is in such a condition, the body is almost certain to be healthy. A complaint at this time is catarrh in some of its various forms. A slight cold develops the disease in the head. Dropping of corruption passing into the lungs brings on consumption. The only way to cure the disease is to purify the blood. The most obstinate cases of catarrh yields to the medicinal powers of Hood's Sarsaparilla as if by magic simply because it reaches the seat of the disease, and by purifying and vitalizing the blood removes the cause. Not only does Hood's Sarsaparilla do this but it gives renewed vigor to the whole system, making it possible for good health to reign supreme.

### Which Falls the Faster?

An ounce weight and a ton weight of iron will fall down a pit with equal speed and equal time. Until about three hundred years ago all the learned men in the world disbelieved and denied it. Galileo, an Italian, taught the contrary to the popular belief. The University of Pisa challenged him to the proof. The leaning tower of that city was just the place for such an experiment. Two balls were obtained and weighed, and one was found to be exactly double the weight of the other. Both were taken to the top. All Pisa looked on, and crowds of dignitaries were confident that young Galileo, the obscure and despised, but honored and immortalized now, would be proved to be in error. The two balls were dropped at the same instant. Old theory and all the world said that the large ball, being twice as heavy as the smaller, must come down in half the time. All eyes watched, and lo! all eyes beheld them strike the earth at the same instant. Men disbelieved their eyes and repeated the experiment many times, but each with the same result. The little ball was big enough to destroy a theory a thousand years old, and had it been as little as a pea it would have destroyed it just as well or even more quickly.

But how was this? Did not the earth draw down the large ball, which was double the weight of the smaller, with double the force? Yes, truly, but in drawing down the large ball there was a double force of resistance to be overcome, and as the two forces acted in a given proportion on the less, the velocity of the two was equal, though in bulk they were unequal. Let us suppose that there be two wagons, one with a load of five tons and the other ten tons, and that there is equal horse power, should not their speed be equal, though their weight is unequal? No; there must be a double horse power to draw the double weight to obtain equal speed. Let a ten pound weight and a one pound weight fall to the earth at the same time, and the earth must draw down the heavier with ten times greater force than the other, that they may have equal speed, and it does so. A ton weight of iron and an ounce weight, leaving the top of a pit at the same instant, would therefore at the same instant fall to the bottom.

### The Fool not all Dead yet.

Even a blind man can see that more clearly than daylight, or else why should so many continue to use ill smelling oily, and often useless preparations for the relief of pain, when a preparation just as cheap, elegant, more powerful, and penetrating as Nerviline is can be purchased from any dealer in medicine? Nerviline cures instantly aches and pains. Nerviline is the most efficacious remedy for internal pains. Nerviline applied externally subdues the most intense pain almost at once.

It has been estimated that within the past seven years not less than 500,000 horses have been displaced by the trolley, and now the bicycle, which has already become a formidable competitor of the lively staple, is developing for some of its riders greater speed and endurance than have been shown in the best recorded performance of the race horses.

Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria.

### A BURNING GASBALL.

Sir Robert Ball Says That is What The Sun is.

For every acre on the surface of our globe there are more than 10,000 acres on the surface of the sun. Every portion of this illimitable desert of flame is pouring forth torrents of heat. It has, indeed, been estimated that if the heat which is incessantly flowing through any single square foot of the sun's exterior could be collected and applied beneath the boilers of an Atlantic liner it would suffice to produce steam enough to sustain in continuous movement these engines of 20,000 horse power which enable a superb ship to break the record between Ireland and America.

The solar heat is shot forth into space in every direction, with a prodigality which seems well nigh inexhaustible. No doubt the earth does intercept a fair supply of sunbeams for conversion to our many needs; but the share of the sun heat that the dwelling place of mankind is able to capture and employ forms only an infinitesimal fraction of what the sun eternally pours forth. It would seem, indeed, very presumptuous for us to assume that the great sun has come into existence solely for the benefit of poor humanity. The heat and light daily lavished by that orb of incomparable splendor would suffice to warm and illuminate quite as efficiently as the earth is warmed and lighted, more than two thousand million globes each as large as the earth.

Suppose that the coal field of England and Scotland, Australia, China and elsewhere were compelled to contribute every combustible particle they contained. Suppose, in fact that we extracted from this earth every ton of coal it possesses in every island and in every continent. Suppose that this vast store of fuel, which is adequate to supply the wants of this earth for centuries, were to be accumulated in one stupendous pile. Suppose that an army of stokers, arrayed in numbers whom we need not now pause to calculate, were employed to throw this coal into the great solar furnace. How long, think you, would so gigantic a mass of fuel maintain the sun's expenditure at its present rate? I am but uttering a deliberate scientific fact when I say that a conflagration which destroyed every particle of coal contained in this earth would not generate so much heat as the sun lavishes abroad to ungrateful space in the tenth part of ever, second.

We all know the consequence of wanton extravagance. We know it spells bankruptcy and ruin. The expenditure of heat by the sun is the most magnificent extravagance of which human knowledge gives us any conception. How have the consequences of such awful prodigality been hitherto averted? How is it that the sun is still able to draw on its heat reserves from aeon to aeon, ever squandering 2,000,000,000,000 times as much heat as that which genially warms our temperate regions, and that which draws forth the exuberant vegetation of the tropics, or which rages in the desert of Sahara. This is indeed a problem.

It was Helmholtz who discovered that the continual maintenance of the sun's temperature is due to the fact that the sun is neither solid or liquid, but is to a great extent gaseous. His theory of the subject has gained universal acceptance. Those who have taken the trouble to become acquainted with it are compelled to admit that the doctrine set forth by this philosopher embodies a profound truth.

Even the great sun cannot escape the application of a certain law which affects every terrestrial object, whose province is wide as the universe itself. Nature has not one law for the rich and another for the poor. The sun is shedding forth heat and, therefore, affirms this law, the sun must be shrinking in size. We have learned the rate at which this contraction proceeds, for among the many triumphs which mathematicians have accomplished must be reckoned that of having put a pair of callipers on the sun so as to measure its diameter. We thus find that the width of the great luminary is ten inches smaller to-day than it was yesterday. Year in and year out the glorious orb of heaven is steadily diminishing at the same rate. For hundreds of years, ago, for hundreds of thousands of years, this shrinking will go on. As a sponge exudes moisture by continuous squeezing, so the sun pours forth heat by continuous shrinking. So long as the sun remains practically gaseous so long will the great luminary continue to shrink, and thus continue its gracious beneficence. Hence, it is that, for incalculable ages yet to come, the sun will pour forth its unspeakable benefits; and, hence it is that for a period, compared with which the time of man upon this earth is but a day, summer and winter, heat and cold, seed time and harvest, in their due succession, will never be wanting to this earth.—Sir Robert Ball, professor of astronomy, Cambridge, Eng., in New York Sun.



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