

Board Works Office

THE REVIEW

VOL. 7.

RICHIBUCTO NEW BRUNSWICK, THURSDAY NOVEMBER 21, 1895.

NO 13

SUNLIGHT SOAP
A household Comfort.
SAVES Boiling and Trolling.
FREE For every 12 Sunlight wrappers sent to Lever Bros., Ltd., Toronto, a useful book 160 pages will be sent.

N. D. HOOPER,
Sole Agent for New Brunswick.
P. O. Box 151. St. John, N. B.

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.

A Lesson from the Hard Times.

"A motorman! A slave, that is what I am," and Andrew twirled the brake, sending the car spinning down grade at a rate that worried nervous passengers. "Why should I bounce up and down this rocky road, year in, year out? Dust, heat, glaring sun, windstorms, rainstorms, anything! No matter, I'm a machine, I suppose, attached to the motor in the morning and taken off again at night."

Bang! The car stops. Dingdong! Bang! It starts again. Its load of dusty passengers is increased by a portly, haughty looking man, who took his seat with a corresponding resignation that told more plainly than words the sacrifice imposed by rickety car seats on a being fitted only for soft cushioned carriages. "Howling capitalist!" mutters the motorman.

"There's another of those plotting anarchists," thought the aristocrat. "I'll shake him up, though, that's one good thing," growled Andrew. "Wait till we get to the tracks."

Then as the conductor, springing off, signaled the crossing clear, Andrew put on more force, and rattle, whack, bang, the car flew across. Down grade, over switches, around curves' stopping here and there with a jerk, and starting up with a bounce, till the passengers, with groans and exclamations, one by one got off for transfers and stops, until only the portly old gentleman remained.

"Wonder how he likes it?" chuckled the motorman. "What," as the car suddenly stopped, "power off? Good enough now I hope he'll have a good time waiting here. He's bound for the Highlands two miles ahead, I'll bet."

"What's the matter?"
"Power's off, sir."
"How long will we have to wait?"
"Don't know, sir."

"Hang the rascal, I believe it is his fault," and the haughty individual rises and paces up and down the car. The sun is behind a cloud and the cool wind is rising. They are out in the country now and the car stands opposite a little church. Suddenly a clear soprano voice floats out of the open window of the church. The merchant pauses in his fretful walk.

"He was despised and rejected of men." The soloist is practicing for the morning service. She is only a pale, earnest-looking girl, and as she sings alone in the cool, dark church her eyes are moist and her throat quivers with a little sob. "That is

just like me," she murmurs, then repeats the refrain: "He was despised and rejected."

"That's like me," mutters the motorman, and sitting down leans his head on the motor.

"A man of sorrows and acquainted with grief."

Now the merchant is sitting listening. "Would I have rejected Him?" thought the haughty man.

"I'm glad he wasn't a capitalist," thought Andrew.

The air is cooler now and the sun is still behind the clouds. "A man of sorrows and acquainted with grief," sings the clear voice. The tired lines upon the merchant's face disappear. He leans his head on his hand. His hat is off, and the cool wind is softly blowing his white hair. "Poor old chap," thought the motorman, "but he knew what trouble is."

The soloist has struck a new chord on the organ now, and the clear voice sings in a stranger tone, "O trust in the Lord! Wait patiently for him, and He will give thee thy heart's desire—and He will give thee thy heart's desire."

The power is on. Slowly the motorman rises and turns the brake, and as the car glides slowly on, the full rich tones float after them—"O trust in the Lord! Wait patiently for him."

"Hard times, stranger," says the motorman, as he turns to look at the merchant who now seems to be only a poor, worn out, broken hearted old gentleman, rather than a "howling capitalist."

"The times are hard," the old gentleman replies, and rising swings himself around into the seat by the anarchic-looking motorman. "You look as though you felt the times, too, my friend; we all feel them. I have lost my all, lost my all, and I am over seventy years old, but we'll come out alright. We just have to wait, wait patiently."

"That's about it, sir. Do you stop here?" as the gentleman arose. Andrew stopped the car slowly. "Good night, sir."

"Good night."

Andrew reversed the trolley and started back on the home trip; but what a different world it was!

"Lost his all, poor old chap! I haven't any all to lose. Ah! haven't I though? There's Annie, little wife Annie. Heaven bless her!" and he gaily whistled.

"She's all the world to me; And for bonny Annie Laurie I'd lay me down and die."

The car whirled merrily along the dusty road, the sun came out, brightening the sunflowers along the way and over in the meadows. They lifted their golden heads and seemed to sing in their silent, swaying forms: "Praise God, from whom all blessings flow!"—Bertha M. Shepard, in Congregationalist.

Marvelous.

Rev. John Roadhouse, Seeley's Bay, Ont., Can.:—"Allow me to tell of my high appreciation of the K. D. C. you kindly sent me last fall. The state of my stomach was effecting my throat, at times I feared the loss of my voice but K. D. C. brought such a relief that I cannot but believe it to be a God send. It is the best stomach medicine I have met with."

K. D. C. cleanses and heals the stomach restoring it to healthy action. Samples free. K. D. C. Co., Ltd., New Glasgow, N. S.

Notes of all Sorts.

Burmese children of both sexes begin to smoke almost as soon as they can speak.

It is calculated that if the children under the care of the London School Board were to join hands, they would reach from London to Carlisle, a distance of 300 miles.

The total amount of gold in circulation at the present time is estimated at about 1,070 millions of pounds sterling, weighing altogether 865 tons.

The earliest snow ever known in Great Britain was on October 7, 1820.

A decapitated snail, kept in a moist place, will in a few weeks grow a new head, quite as serviceable and good-looking as that which was taken away.

Recent insurance statistics show that if the wife dies first, the husband on an average survives nine years; while if the husband dies first, the wife survives eleven years.

The giraffe has a tongue almost eighteen inches long.

In Spring and Fall.

GENTS.—I have taken Burdock Blood Bitters every spring and fall as a blood purifier for several years and find it does great good, building up my system and making me feel like a new man. My wife also has taken it for nervous debility and weakness, receiving great benefit when doctors' medicine seem to do no good.

RUFUS AVERY,
North Augusta, Ont.

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.

"Look not upon the wine."

"My Boy."

BY J. B. GOUGH.

When addressing an audience in Connecticut, I related the following incident: Mrs. Falkner, who lives a little way out from here, gave me some interesting incidents with regard to her son.

"My boy," she said, "was a drunkard; but he signed the pledge, and said 'Mother, I will go away from home, away from the midst of temptation; but I will keep the pledge.'"

"By-and-bye, after he had been gone a little over two years, a letter came, saying, 'Mother, I am coming home to spend Thanksgiving with you.'"

"And he came into the town by the stage, which stopped at the door of Solomon Parsons' tavern. It was just after dusk. Some young men were at the bar."

"Halloa, Fred! and how are you? What will you have to drink?"

"Nothing."

"Not on Thanksgiving? Come, take something."

"No I'd rather not. I've come home to see my mother. She hardly expects me to-night. I thought I'd wait till dark, and go in and surprise her."

"By-and-bye Solomon Parsons, who was leaning his elbow on the counter, looked at him and said, 'Fred Falkner, if I were six foot tall, and broad in proportion as you are, and yet was afraid of a paltry glass of ale, by George! I'd go to the woods and hang myself.'"

"But I am not afraid."

"Oh, yes you are. Ha! ha! ha! I say, boys, here's a big fellow afraid of a glass of liquor. I suppose he's afraid of his mother."

"Well," he said, "I'm going to mother; and I may as well show you that I'm not afraid to drink it."

He drank it; then came another glass; and they plied him with more. Twelve o'clock that night he went into a barn and was found in the morning—dead! They brought him to his mother stretched on a plank, with a buffalo-robe thrown over his body.

She said to me, "Parsons came, and I said, 'You tempted my boy.'"

"Well, I didn't know he was your son."

"You did! You called him by name; you knew he was Frederick Falkner, the only son of his poor crippled mother; and you have killed him."

"Mrs. Faulkner, I am not used to have such language applied to me."

"God forgive me if I have sinned," said the poor woman, "but I put my hand on the face of my dead boy, and I lifted up my fingers, and I cursed him. He went out with a face as white as chalk."

Then I said, "Ladies and gentlemen, Solomon Parsons, the man who tempted Frederick Falkner to his ruin, is in this hall, and he sits right there;—and this same Solomon Parsons keeps a grog-shop on the bridge of your city, licensed by the State! Connecticut! rout him out!" And before twenty-four hours had elapsed, bag and baggage, bottles and demijohns of liquors, furniture, licenses, and all were carried out of the city. They violated no law. They laid no hand upon him; but they made him go out himself. They helped him not to pack up a single article of his furniture; but they went to him in a body and declared that such a man should not be tolerated in the city, and he was obliged to leave.

A Wife's Sad Mistake.

Mrs. Chapin, one of the W. C. T. U. workers, was once entertained in Mississippi at the home of a young married couple, and the wife said to her: "Now Mrs. Chapin, I'm willing to entertain you, but I don't want you to talk temperance, for if you should convert my husband then I'd have to banish wine from our table, and all friends would call me a crank." Mrs. Chapin spoke at a public meeting and then made her way through the audience trying to get signers to the pledge. She begged the young husband to sign, and he was reaching for the pencil to do so when his wife objected, and with a smile he shook his head, and said, "No." Six years afterward Mrs. Chapin passed through the same place. She was the guest this time of another family, but after

her address was over a weeping woman and a gibbering drunken man came up to greet her. It was the same couple who had entertained her six years before. "O," said the wife, "try to get my husband to sign the pledge." "No," he cried, "I wanted to be saved once, but you wouldn't let me. Now no one can save me, not even God in heaven!"—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

The Liquor Traffic and the Liquor Habit.

One thing that should be borne in mind in the war against the liquor traffic is that the question has two aspects; a public and a private side. The confusion of the two leads to a number of fallacies, which are common enough now-a-days. For instance some people take much pleasure in declaring that the Temperance party has no right to coerce others into abstinence, that a man has a right to drink or not as he pleases, and that it is his own business if he hurts himself by his own act. That is one form of the personal liberty talk. And like all arguments from that source, it contains a good deal more sophistry than logic. The plain statement of the matter is that no one seeks to stop drinking by legal means. We do not believe that you can make a man sober by Act of Parliament, any more than the carping saloon man believes it. We seek to do nothing of the sort. What we want to do by legislative enactments, is first of all to remove from the traffic the sanction which the law has hitherto given us, and second, to destroy the saloon, which is the public expression of the liquor sentiment. To stop mankind from drinking is an entirely different matter, and one that must be attended to in an entirely different way. It is a private affair, one that each must settle for himself. We can help in settling it right, of course, by means of private influences, or moral suasion. But to say that the intention of the Scott Act, or any other prohibitory measure, is to prevent men from drinking, is simply nonsense.

The drink-traffic is a public business, and must be dealt with and stopped by public measures. The drink-habit is a private affair, and must be met and influenced by private measures. Moral suasion and legal suasion each has its work to do. But each occupies a different field.

Weak Links

When the kidneys are weak, or over-worked poisons of various kinds are sure to slip past them.

Sickness of some kind is sure to result. The kidneys are filters and their work is to keep poisons out of the circulation.

The sickness will depend on the nature of the poison—it may be Malaria or Typhoid poison—or something else.

People with weak kidneys can escape these effects by aiding these organs by kidney treatment.

People are coming to understand this truth. It explains why Dodd's Kidney Pills though only a kidney medicine set people right, and they get well.

It is all because they go straight to the cause which shows itself first in the weak link.

When you are sick use Dodd's Kidney Pills for they always cure.

Delicious Innocence.

At Darlington recently a minister's little daughter was attending her first church service. She had never seen her father in the pulpit before, and on his entrance there, her presence of mind foresaw her, and she piped out, in a voice expressive of recognition:

"Why, there's my papa up there in that box!"

Avening propriety swept down upon the little maiden, and for a season there was a great calm. But the service was grievously long to such a wee worshipper, and she became very restless, walking up and down the pew, and sighing audibly.

"It won't be long, dear," mamma whispered. Whereupon ensued another brief period of quiet; but it was not to last. Tired baby nature had reached its utmost limit of endurance, and by and by over the quiet listeners arose a little voice, clear and plausible, and coaxing:

"Isn't you nearly done, papa?"—London Weekly Telegraph.

"I Took One-half Bottle of South American Rheumatic Cure and Obtained Perfect Relief"—This Remedy Gives Relief in a Few Hours, and Usually Cures in One to Three Days.

J. H. Garrett, a prominent politician of Liverpool, N. S., makes the following statement: "I was greatly troubled with rheumatic pains for a number of years. On several occasions I could not walk, nor even put my feet to the floor. I tried everything and all local physicians, but suffering continued. At last I was prevailed upon to try South American Rheumatic Cure. I obtained perfect relief before I had taken half a bottle of the remedy, and to-day regard it the only radical cure for rheumatism." Sold by W. W. Short.

Inventions in Glass.

A Washington correspondent, in his rambles through the Patent Office, discovered some curious inventions in glass, which he communicated to the Philadelphia Times.

Among these is a glass coffin, which is guaranteed proof against decay and rats. So long as no deliberate attempt is made to smash it, it ought to last forever. Another contrivance is a staircase made wholly of glass, steps, landings and newel post being all of that material. Yet another is a glass barrel. But, perhaps, the most remarkable invention of the glass man is a billiard table of glass.

The day may yet arrive when people will live in glass houses. A patent has been secured by another inventor for glass bricks of a peculiar pattern. The material of which they are composed being a first rate non-conductor, these bricks will keep the cold out of a dwelling built of them, while admitting the light. It is claimed they will exclude noise, being hollow. Furthermore, the inmates of a glass house need not be afraid of being under too close observation by neighbors, inasmuch that it is not requisite that the bricks shall be transparent. They may be of opaque ground glass or of any color that may be suitable for decorative effect.

Thus, before many years have passed it may be considered the height of luxury to occupy a dwelling of glass. Glass bricks of course, are expensive. People who live in glass houses will be able to afford to wear cloths of glass. That sounds like nonsense, but the fact is that beautiful and most delicate fabrics are made out of spun glass. Nearly twenty years ago there was shown at the Centennial Exposition, in Philadelphia, a bonnet composed entirely of glass. It was a love of a bonnet for the flowers of it were glass, and so were the ribbons, which looked like the finest satin. The patentee of this process describes it as suitable for the manufacture of neckties, shawls, table covers, etc.

In fabrics of this kind a very fine quality of glass is used. It is spun in threads of exceeding delicacy, and of these several colors may be produced at the same time. They are woven in a loom of ordinary pattern. Anybody may observe that a thin sheet of glass is somewhat elastic. The threads employed in weaving are of such fineness as to be perfectly pliable and not at all brittle. With a gown of glass would naturally go a pair of glass slippers.

A Pittsburg man named Smith has invented a process for making glass slippers in moulds. They would not do very well for dancing. There is no reason why a glass gown should not be woven of iridescent glass, so that the wearer would look like an animated rainbow on a ball room floor—one dazzling shimmer of ever-changing hues. Until recently the manufacture of iridescent glass was set down in the list of the lost arts. But in 1878 it was rediscovered, and now it is a common commercial article. It is made by exposing the melted glass to the vapors of salts of sodium. It the Metropolitan Museum of Art, in New York City, are exhibited great numbers of bottles, plates and other articles of glass which were made and used long before Christ was born. They were dug up in Cyprus and elsewhere. Many of them have a beautiful iridescence, but it is the result of decay. Glass will rot like anything else, and decay has split the structure of this ancient glass into laminas, or flakes, which interrupt the light so as to produce brilliant red, green, purple and other rainbow colors.

The window blinds of the glass house of the future will be of glass, of course. That is another patent, and the inventor suggests that such blinds may be made of whatever colors are desired. Baby in the nursery, perhaps, will play with glass building blocks and at a suitable age he will receive a Christmas gift of a pair of roller skates with glass rollers. Both of these ideas have been patented. When he is old enough to go fishing, he will not dig worms in the garden, but will be provided with artificial bait in the shape of a hollow minnow of glass, coated on the inside partly with a solution of gold or silver and partly with a luminous paint.

Glass bedsteads may be proof against lightning and bugs, but it is hardly to be expected that glass houses should be free from mice. The inmates could hardly do better than employ glass traps for the capture of such vermin. The great advantage of the glass mousetrap, according to the statement of the inventor, is that "if one mouse enter the trap he may be seen by others who chance to go that way and they will be inclined to join the one inside, especially when they observe that he is nibbling a choice morsel." Up to date the glass mousetrap has not made itself popular, notwithstanding the important arguments in its favor, and of most of the other devices described it is unfortun-

ately true that they have not proved profitable to the persons who contrived them. This remark, however, by no means applies to the glass lemon squeezer, which is already a familiar household utensil. The inventor of it is said to have sold his rights for \$50,000. One of the most remarkable inventions in glass, by the way, was that of a Venetian named Joquit, in 1656. He noticed that the scales of a fish called the bleak gave a milky hue to the water, and that glass beads dipped into such water looked like pearls when dry. Subsequently the idea was conceived of making hollow beads of glass and lining them with the peculiar substance from the scales of the fish, and it is in this way that the so-called Roman pearls are now manufactured. It is to this substance that the iridescence of the scales of many species of fishes is due.

Hood's is Wonderful.

No less than wonderful are the cures accomplished by Hood's Sarsaparilla, even after other preparations and physicians' prescriptions have failed. The reason, however, is simple. When the blood is enriched and purified, disease disappears and good health returns, and Hood's Sarsaparilla is the one sure blood purifier.

Hood's PILLS are prompt and efficient and do not purge, pain, or gripe. 25c.

The Water Trees of Australia.

Those who go out to grapple with the dangers, the hardships, and the mysteries of the Australian desert regions should, above all things, instruct themselves in bush lore. It has happened more than once that in these dread torrid wastes the body has been found, lying beneath a tree, of some poor wanderer who had died from the lack of water, even while there was within a few inches of him a plentiful supply.

In all the unwatered regions of Australia are to be found "water trees," trees which actually provide a supply of water to those who know where and how to look for it. The most reliable of the water trees are the water mallers, or group of trees, including the Eucalyptus microtheca which form a part of the terrible mallee scrub. Outside of these, the currajong, the desert oak, the bloodwood, and several varieties of the acacia are water-bearing trees.

I shall not soon forget my first introduction to a water tree. I was in the northern territory of South Australia, and I was making my first journey through the desert in company with a friend who was a well-informed bushman. It was toward the end of the day, and as we had been detained for several hours owing to an accident, we had still fifteen miles to travel. The water bag had been drained hours before, and in that dreadful desert our sufferings had already become intolerable. Suddenly my friend plunged his spurs into his weary horse and dashed at full gallop toward a tree some fifty yards off, shouting to me to follow. Flinging himself from his saddle, he clawed with his fingers the sand at the base of the tree, and presently laid bare one of its spreading roots. This was torn from the earth to the length of about six feet, and breaking off a piece about a foot and a half long, my companion, signing me to follow his example, applied one end of the piece of root to his parched lips and elevated the other end. I followed suit, and to my indescribable joy a cool refreshing draught of water rewarded me. The one root amply sufficed for our wants. There was some ten or eleven left, enough to have satisfied a dozen thirsty men. Some of the water we drained into our water bags. It was clear and cool, but after standing for a few hours I noticed that it became discolored.—Introduction.

A Remarkable Cure.—J. W. Jennison, Gilford—Spent between \$200 and \$300 in consulting Doctors; tried Dixon's and all other treatments but got no benefit. One box of Chase's Catarrh Cure did me more good than all other remedies, in fact I consider myself cured, and with a 25-cent box at that.

News.

To the large number of stories of the meekest man which are frequently related, one should be added of a certain grumbler. He was attacked by inflammatory rheumatism, and was carefully nursed by his wife, who was very devoted to him in spite of his fault-finding disposition. His suffering caused her to burst into tears sometimes, as she sat at the bedside.

One day a friend of the invalid's came in and asked him how he was getting on. "Badly, badly!" he exclaimed; "and it's all my wife's fault. The doctor told me that humidity was bad for me, and there that woman sits and cries, just to make it moist in the room."

Children Cry for

Pitcher's Castoria.