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THE REVIEW

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At a Glance

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ENGLAND'S JAY GOULD.

Greatest Promoter of the Age—Thinks Nothing of Buying a Gold Mine or a Crown—London's Latest Acquisition.

To be able to offer \$5,000,000 for one house, and not whether the proposition is accepted or declined, seems to be the enviable position in life of Barnett I. Barnato, now in London, but formerly of South Africa. Mr. Barnato, grown tired of making money in African diamond fields, has removed to London, so as to be in direct communication with the stock exchanges of the world. Of course having decided to live in London, a house became necessary, for Mr. Barnato has a family. He picked out the most pretentious private dwelling in the great city, and named a million sterling as the price he was willing to pay for it. This building, or series of buildings, is known as the Mansion House, and when, after being taken "under consideration" for a time, the magnificent offer was declined, Mr. Barnato promptly proceeded to erect a spacious dwelling that will, it is said, rival even the stately architecture of the famous residence he failed to purchase.

What Jay Gould was to Wall street, "Barney" Barnato threatens to become to the London and Paris stock exchanges. His dealing even now are on a gigantic scale, and the London and Paris financial worlds look up to this latest meteor that has only recently crossed the speculative horizon. He is regarded as the greatest promoter that the world has ever seen; but he doesn't seem to mind that. He is enormously wealthy—nobody knows just how rich he is—and consequently even London society, hitherto rigidly exclusive as far as the newly rich are concerned, fairly falls over itself to do him honor. Society reporters, with a mob that has favors to ask, storm Mr. Barnato's house from daylight until far into the night. At breakfast only and immediately after dinner will he see them.

Breakfast is the best time to call upon him, for he is invariably in his best of spirits at that time of day. He wears a velvet dressing jacket and white socks, eats his breakfast, plays with his daughter, his dog and his son, takes walking exercise, and gives Mrs. Barnato good advice all at the same time.

He doesn't like to give an interview, and he won't, either, if all the reporters had the experience of the one sent by the New York Budget. This young man had met Mr. Barnato before—several times, in fact—but he got little or nothing out of the mine promoter. Here is part of his experience:

"I found him jaunty, chatty, upright, good-tempered and kind-hearted. 'Glad to see you, Stony,' said he, as the ever-courteous Honey introduced me. 'I hope you won't interview me,' he added, speaking in the rapid way of a man who would sooner give you a five-pound note than a minute; 'it's done to death. Here I am at breakfast and you can see what sort of a chap I am.' 'Seriously,' I began—'Don't be serious, Stony,' said he; 'I'm never serious out of business. Life's too short to be serious and don't let that artist you have got with you sketch my white socks.' The room was in the Earl Spencer's town house. 'Barney'—all his friends call him 'Barney'—has taken it for eighteen months while his own palatial mansion in Park lane is being built. 'Look here,' said 'Barney,' and I looked. 'I'll tell you the whole of my scheme and plans.'

"You will?" said I, seeing visions of fortune ahead.

"In three minutes," he continued, 'for the simple reason that I have got them all in my head or at my fingers' ends. I trust absolutely to memory and never want any notes.'

"The artist looked up to make sure of the shape of a curl, and 'Barney' had vanished. In a moment he appeared, many yards away, deep in conversation with two serious, important-looking foreigners, who had come to arrange something about the Paris Bourse in which a few hundred thousand pounds were at stake. Two seconds later they disappeared with a satisfied look, and then, as the artist progressed, 'Barney' slipped in and out of the picture, engaged in the interval in the writing of a play with Mr. Hadden Chambers, who was thoughtfully occupying a seat in a window. As I wondered what he would do next, I found him continuing the interview with me, somewhat to my astonishment.

"Yes," said he, interpreting my thought, 'this great room looks a little bare, doesn't it? But I shall get my own silver in here directly, and a few rugs about will make the place look more comfortable, eh.'

"Just so," said I, but stopped, because I was talking to space, and a rush of cold air from an open door was all that was left of my listener. I looked around and was startled to find him at my other elbow having in the meantime interviewed a bank director on his own behalf." And so it went on until after the reporter and the artist had left the house, the newspaper man suddenly realized that he had not "interviewed" 'Barney' at all, and it was too late to begin. 'Barney' in his office in the city is as inaccessible as the Emperor of China.

This is the way he impressed a representative of the St. James' Budget. "Full of fun, he talked first with one and then another of us, giving reminiscences of his stage career at the Theatre Royal, Kimberley, where, being a well-known amateur actor, he oftentimes appeared (after he had become a wealthy man) when the management was in a fix. He told how, when playing Jacob McKloskey, he worked his audience up to such a pitch of excitement in the auction scene that, when he had come to the climax of offering \$25,000 for the 'Octoroon,' an excited digger jumped up in the pit and shouted in a voice of thunder: 'By—! I'll bid \$26,000!' thereby spoiling his splendid situation, and bringing down the curtain amid the roars of laughter.

Every now and again he would have to break off to instruct his secretary as to replies to the morning's letters. One of these was from a firm of estate agents, offering him a certain property in Italy for so many thousands, the possession of which carried with it an Italian dukedom. The reply dictated was that he had no objections to giving the amount named—in fact would increase it—provided his right to the crown were included.

'Barney' is noted for his kindness and hospitality. There is only one way to make him cross, and that is by thanking him for a favor. He never forgets an old friend, even one who knew him in the days before he had "made his pile."

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K. D. C. for heartburn and sour stomach.

Canadian Wood Pulp.

MADISON, Me., Oct. 16, 1895.—There has been considerable talk of late re Canadian Pulp Wood in the paper trade journals of the country. The Paper Trade Journal says: "It appears that the export of Canadian spruce to this country has not only reached very high dimensions but is rapidly growing and that the pulp industry is proportionately growing, while that of the Dominion languishes. It is not to be denied that there is truth in this statement and that it naturally must have its aggravating side to loyal Canadians. The Paper Trade goes on to say: So far as can be ascertained the shipment of Canadian spruce wood to the United States is a perfectly legitimate business on both sides of the border and in the absence of any other demand or any home demand for their product, it is not plain wherein spruce loggers show any disloyalty to selling their lumber to those who want it and can make use of it." But we have a market in the shape of England which if developed is worth more than that of the U. S. Last year we shipped to England 23,751 tons of wood pulp with recent indications pointing to a large increase for 1895. What is needed is an export duty on pulp wood—what we must have. For if we need most export it, it is a pity to see so much revenue slipping through our fingers for fully one-half of the pulp mills in N. Y., Ohio and Wis., use Canadian spruce. They have built large plants with the idea of using Canadian logs and must have them or go to the wall. In the meantime we should turn our attention to England. In 1894 the Scandinavians exported to England \$2,921,545 worth in paper stock. Now the Swedes can not make pulp as cheaply as we can. Their best figures per ton for production is \$3.50 while it can be made in this country (Canada) for \$1.90 and \$2.00 and the product is equal in value. Now it is a well-known fact that publishers and paper makers too—for that matter—can testify that while England is ahead on the best ledgers and fine writings—rag stock—she is behind on news and wood fibre papers. Such as news, cheap writing and book. The reason for this is that while England has paper mills in abundance, she has no pulp mills or practically none, and has not given her attention to ground wood stock, which however is taking a big boom just now. The export of ground wood to the English market is very gratifying indeed and is bound to increase. It is much better to ship our pulp to England to be manufactured into paper there for their own consumption, than to allow the Americans to have the wood to make into paper and in turn ship their paper to England and eastern countries.

Any one interested in the pulp or paper business who has taken a trip through our Canadian forests, becomes impressed at once with the immense value of our Canadian pulp wood. (The very best quality.) The Americans were not slow in finding out that with the duty taken off of Canadian pulp wood the pulp business would boom in the U. S. It has boomed and is booming. If an export duty were levied on pulp wood, it would meet with approval in Maine and New Hampshire, and prices for wood pulp would go higher still. It is Canada's own fault if, with her cheap intelligent labor and facilities she has at hand, she lacks the enterprise to dominate the pulp market of the world, for with her forests looked after she has a never-ending supply. It does seem strange that Canadian capitalists should allow their pulp wood to go from their country to another and see it manufactured almost before their very eyes, as is the case on Lake Frontier, and with Canadian labor used largely in that manufacture. Is it because of lack of enterprise or because it has not been sufficiently agitated or brought to the notice of men who have the power—money—to make things different to what they are. The people on the Richibucto and Miramichi have special advantages for the manufacture and exportation of pulp to England and there is no better wood with which to make wood pulp than abounds near by. There is no reason why a ground wood mill should not be built at Richibucto—not a sulphite mill—a ground wood mill is less expensive in operation and yields a much higher dividend. The writer can not cite one ground wood mill in the country which is not run to its fullest capacity and making money. Spruce lumber in Richibucto can be had for \$2.50 to \$3.00 per cord. The price of the finished product is \$15.00 to \$22.00 per ton according to quality. The cost of manufacture for a steam mill is about \$2.40 per ton. A cord of wood will make a ton of pulp on an average. It has made 2200lb to the cord—steam dry. Can the best paying sulphite mill in the country show these figures? Certainly not, the slow cooking process and the saw mill men must turn green with envy.

W. S. W. CAIR.

Pasteur.

If the measure of human greatness is to be found in the amount of blessedness that a man's life and work bring to his fellowmen, there has lately passed from our midst one of the greatest of all men. The moral philosophers tell us that the pursuit of pleasure and the avoidance of pain are chief among the natural instincts of man. If this be so, Pasteur has done more to ameliorate the condition of the race than any one man, living or dead. And it was all done so quietly. There was no ostentation; no preliminary flourish of trumpets; none of that striving for dramatic effect which is popularly, and we think all unjustly, supposed to characterize the people among whom he lived, worked, and died.

A man of firm convictions, unwearied patience, indomitable courage, and with unlimited capacity for work, he lived in the laboratory. In its quiet seclusion he wrestled with and conquered problems that had baffled the most learned savants of his own age and all previous ages.

Born at Dole, France, on December 27, 1822, he clearly showed a love for the study of chemistry. He entered the Ecole Normale at Paris, where he followed up his researches, in his chosen line, and afterwards at Sorbonne he further prepared himself under the tuition of M. Dumas, whom he was to succeed in later years at the Academie Francaise.

Pasteur's first great work was accomplished in the years 1865-66, when he was called upon to investigate the silkworm plague, which was destroying one of the great industries of France. He at once stated that the plague was due to a parasite, and that it could be stopped by destroying all worms and eggs that were effected. This statement was met with ridicule. He was told that the pest would still be propagated by spontaneous generation. Pasteur denied that there was such a thing as spontaneous generation. He proved the truth of his theories, his advice was followed, and the plague was checked.

He then turned his attention to the phenomenon of fermentation, alleging that it was caused by animalcules. He claimed that if all germs would be excluded, fermentation would be impossible. Again he was met with ridicule, and with the old cry of "spontaneous generation." To prove his point he carried out experiment in pure mountain air; and he showed conclusively that at that altitude where the air was free from germs no fermentation did not or could occur; and that, therefore, "spontaneous generation" was, as he had all along contended, a myth.

It was a natural sequence to these successful experiments, that Pasteur should next investigate the diseases of men and animals.

He had already proved that the deadly silkworm plague was due to the action of living organisms; he now argued that the contagious and infectious diseases of men and animals were probably caused and sustained in the same way. His investigations proved the theory correct; and he soon had brought a large number of the deadly diseases within control.

The investigation of his later life were directed more particularly to the cure of that horrible malady hydrophobia. For a while public opinion, both lay and professional, was divided as to the merits of his cure. To-day however, there is a wide and increasing belief in its efficacy. From all parts of the world victims of the famous institute for treatment. It is a fact that no patient who goes there sufficiently soon after been bitten to give the treatment time to grapple with the poison is ever known to die in the hospital.

Louis Pasteur is the father of the "germ theory" of diseases. Previous to his discoveries of medicine in treatment of disease was largely "guesswork." Necessarily so; for how shall a man treat correctly a disease the essential nature of which is a mystery to him?

Physicians were groping in the dark, wrestling blindly with a foe that they could not see, and that was manifest to them only by its fatal effects. Pasteur has thrown the clear light of science upon this foe, and has shown to the medical world its origin, its method of growth, and the extent of its powers; and, best of all, he has put into the hands of the physicians a sure means for its extermination.

Diphtheria, cholera, and hydrophobia, have been stripped of their terrors; consumption soon will be; and it is reasonable to expect that before another decade has gone by there will not be a single disease that is not fully under the control of the physicians.

Such was the life-work of Pasteur. He is dead; but his healing touch will be felt to the end of time. If ever fame can render a man "immortal," it will be to Louis Pasteur that the generations to come will give the title with grateful reverence.



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