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THE REVIEW

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THE GREAT NORTH SHORE ROUTE!

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Don't You Think So?

Some women complain of their husbands To all their "particular friends," And make themselves out to be martyrs, Enduring the trials God sends.

They put on a doleful expression, And then in a pitiful tone, Recount all the faults of their husbands, While thinking they're hiding their own.

Their stories of family troubles They pour into other folk's ears, And really appear to find comfort, In other folk's pitying tears.

But wives who complain of their husbands, And men who complain of their wives, Who take to themselves the full credit For all the bright spots in their lives,

Must, surely, forget that their duty Is ever to try to conceal Each other's short-comings and failures; Is never their fault to reveal!

Since all wives and husbands are human, None always do perfectly right; And little wrongs grow to be great ones, The more they are brought to the light.

The man who was once a glad bridegroom, The woman who once was his bride, As long as they call themselves wedded Each other's wrong doings should hide!

THE TICHBORNE CASE.

Claimant Orton Confesses Himself A Fraud.

Had the confession of the celebrated claimant to the Tichborne estates that he was a fraud and imposter been made a score of years ago it would have created the greatest sensation in the different English speaking countries in which the people were divided into those who believed in him and those who did not. Coming, as it did, years after the great imposter had finished the long term of imprisonment to which a British Judge condemned him, it serves only to recall one of the most interesting and remarkable trials on record. Many continued to believe in the genuineness of the convict's claims to the titles and estates of the Tichborne family for years after sentence had been passed on him, but they belonged generally to the more thoughtless and impetuous classes of the community, and they found it hard to maintain their enthusiasm in the face of the cold prison bars and of new sensations. There are probably still a few left, however, even in Canada, who think Arthur Orton had hard measure meted out to him when he was sent down for fourteen years. About 1874 the year of his conviction, the name of Tichborne was a household word in England. The obese figure of the claimant was as well known as that of Gladstone or the Prince of Wales, and every little Briton who had a tendency to progress was nicknamed "Sir Roger" or "Tichborne."

A NOTABLE EXCEPTION

A Strong Feeling in favour of a Canadian Product in the State of New York.

SYRACUSE, N. Y. June 10—In spite of a strong sentiment prevailing throughout this State that nothing good can come out of Canada, a feeling is beginning to grow that there are certain notable exceptions and among them is classed the new specific remedy for all disease of the kidneys and all complaints arising from a derangement of those organs, known as Dodd's Kidney Pills. The medicine has received a thorough test and is being prescribed not only by druggists but by physicians, whose well known reluctance to admit any virtue in a proprietary medicine makes their testimony to its merits still more remarkable.

Ready for Him.

Some time ago an amorous young man sent a letter to a German lady and this postscript was added:

"That my darling may make no mistake, remember that I will wear a light pair of trousers and a dark, cut-away coat. In my right hand I will carry a small cane and in my left a cigar.—Yours ever, Adolphe."

The father wrote courteously, stating that his daughter had given him authority to represent her at the appointed place at the time agreed on. His postscript was as follows:

"Dot my son make no mishdakes, I will be dressed in my shirt-sleeves; I will wear in mine right hand a glub; in mine left I will wear a six-shooter. You will recognize me by de vay I bats you on de head a goople of times twice mid de glub. Vait for me at de corner, as I have some-dings important to inform you mit.—Your frent, Heinrich Muller."

ward some years later by the famous ex-convict to be Roger Tichborne. The mother of the real Roger Tichborne, who was a French lady, had never ceased to believe in the possibility of her son having escaped drowning, and continued for several years to advertise for him. The ex-convict who has now admitted himself to be Arthur Orton, while living in Australia had become acquainted with the ex-valet of the deceased heir and with an ex-gardener on the Tichborne estates, and on the strength of numerous petty odds and ends of information gleaned from them, and of a chance resemblance to the missing man, he at last put forward a claim to be Roger Tichborne. This was in 1865. The first and greatest success he achieved on reaching England was that of being acknowledged as her son by the Dowager Lady Tichborne, for the father of the deceased Roger had succeeded to the estates and title and passed away, so that the Baronetcy was now held by the younger brother of Sir Roger. Lady Tichborne was of a most excitable temperament and her wits had become a little deranged on the subject of her missing son. She died in 1868 still believing, or pretending to believe, the claimant to be her son. Meantime the younger brother of Roger had also died and the estates passed to his son, born in 1866. It was not until 1871 that the claimant actually laid claim to the estates and tried to oust the infant in possession. This suit soon fell through, and charge of perjury was then laid against the claimant. This resulted in the famous Tichborne trial. It lasted 188 days. Sir John Coleridge, appearing for the Crown, occupied 26 days in his address, and Dr. Kenaley occupied 21 and 24 days respectively in his opening and closing addresses. The trial was presided over by Lord Chief Justice Cockburn, who occupied nine days in his address to the jury. The jury returned a verdict of guilty in half an hour. The costs of the prosecution were £50,000, including £23,676 for counsel fees, £18,712 for witnesses, etc., £10,268 for printing, £3,637 for shorthand writing, and £3,780 for the jury. The trustees of the estate had to mortgage the property to meet the costs. The costs of the defence were far greater and were met by public subscriptions opened in newspaper offices and other places. The Hebrew money-lenders of London are said to have advanced him as much as £30,000 at different times, so convinced were they of the genuineness of his claims. The trial cost in all about four million dollars. Orton was released from prison in 1887 and went to New York, where for a number of years he made a wretched living in different capacities. A few years ago he returned to London where nothing further was heard of him till his recent confession, made probably to save himself from the stings of poverty. So closes one of the most remarkable stories of fraud and attempted imposture which the nineteenth century has seen.

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.

The Opium and Morphine Habit.

By REV. ARTHUR J. BROWN, D. D. (Continued.)

And most discouraging of all is the apparent hopelessness of reform. If the drug is suddenly taken away the 'morphine fiend' is in imminent danger of insanity or death. So pitiable do his sufferings become, that even the most stony-hearted take pity upon him and deem it an act of common humanity to give him the drug he craves. On the other hand, if the dose is gradually diminished, either by himself or by his friends, it is often found impossible to get below a certain point without producing more suffering than flesh and blood can bear.

Buck's "Reference Handbook of the Medical Sciences" says that "there comes a time in the life of every opium habitue when the breaking of the habit is next to impossible. A certain dominant pathological longing seems to be awakened in every part of the nervous system and the demand is simply irresistible. In fact, it comes to be incorporated as it were in the very cell structure of his nervous centers." However much, therefore, we may blame the victim for having begun the habit, however much we may truthfully say of his accountability for his condition, we must recognize the fact that a time comes when the opium habit has a physical basis, when it becomes a disease which will not and can not yield to any power of moral suasion and which must have medical treatment for its cure.

Perhaps some may think that opium users are comparatively few. Ah, be not deceived. The habit is alarmingly prevalent. It is said that there are now over one million opium eaters in the United States, and that the number is increasing at a terrific rate every year. In the records of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children, there are many instances of girls thirteen and fourteen years of age, lured into opium rooms and taught a habit which made them physical and moral slaves for the remainder of their lives. The New York Evangelist says that almost every druggist will testify that the habit is on the increase among his customers, and that women are more addicted to it than men. The Chicago Tribune says that the habit is pushing its way among the upper classes. Young women and girls, who would shudder at the sight of the alcoholic drift-wrecks of the streets, toboggan down the morphine hill all the faster for the ease and smoothness of the way.

Strange as it may appear, those who should have their eyes open often fall the easiest victims. Intellectual workers use it to banish their weariness. Women find it a quick method of dispelling their pain and heaviness. Writers have been known to take morphine to help them in composition; society leaders to produce vivacity of spirit and brilliancy of conversation for an evening party, and even physicians, worn by overwork, occasionally have recourse to the fatal syringe. If a list of the "morphia fiends" in almost any of our large cities should be published if physicians and druggists were to tell what they know, society would stand aghast, and a sensation would be created comparable to nothing less than an earthquake.

How is such a fearful habit contracted? Curiosity deceives some, particularly among the young. They have some acquaintance who uses the drug, and who gives them glowing accounts of its delightful effects. The innocent and curious youth is persuaded to "hit the pipe," or to "take a shot," just for fun. It "feels good," and so he tries it again, little realizing his peril. Ere the parent discovers what is the matter, the boy is swiftly racing down the road to ruin. Others form the habit from a depraved desire for sensual enjoyment, just as they form the tobacco and liquor habit, and a few trace their fall to inherited appetite or weakness.

But by far the greater number begin with a medicinal use of the drug. A physician is summoned to visit a patient writhing with pain. He knows that mor-

phine will relieve it, and he therefore administers it. "If he were to keep the drug in his own hands, and use it as any other medicine is used, he would not so often receive the charge of initiating his patient in the indulgence of a pernicious habit. But too often it happens otherwise. The physician either on account of pressure of business or from a desire to avoid increased expense to his patient from so many visits, transfers the administration of the drug to the patient himself. He teaches him the law of its action, its dose, and he even provides him with the syringe, and instructs him in the hypodermic method. What wonder, then, that it often results that the physician has placed a weapon in the hands of his patient worse even than the disease he wishes to subdue? Over seventy-five per cent, probably, of all cases of the opium habit in this country, on the Continent, and in Great Britain, originate in the way just mentioned."

This is a serious charge to make against the medical profession. Indeed, I would not make it. The words I have given are not mine, but are quoted literally from "Buck's Handbook of the Medical Sciences," an acknowledged authority among medical men.

What can be done to abate this evil? Druggists can do something by refusing to sell opium or morphine save on a physician's prescription. Physicians can do something "by never dispensing the drug except as a medicine, and by never using it then except when other means fail; by never trusting the drug or the syringe in the hands of the patient, but always administering it themselves." Parents and teachers can do something by watching the children under their care, acquainting them with the frightful results of the habit, and thus in many instances preventing innocent boys and girls from forming it. Remember, too, oh, mother, that the paregoric which so quickly quiets the restless baby is the deadly opium.

The whole subject is one upon which there should be an awakening public sentiment. There is altogether too much indifference to it. Few realize the awful peril which is making such rapid headway among us. Let every friend of humanity help in grappling with this most dreadful of monsters, and fight it to the death. —Union Signal.

Portland, Ore.

15 Years of Itching.

Wm. Golding, commercial traveller, 130 Esther st. Toronto, says: For 15 years I suffered untold misery from Itching Piles, sometimes called pin worms. Many and many weeks have I had to lay off the road from this trouble. I tried eight other pile ointments and so called remedies with no permanent relief to the intense itching and stinging, which irritated by scratching would bleed and ulcerate. One half a box of Chase's Ointment cured me completely.

McNair, Kent Co., N. B.

"For no eyes have there been ever without a weary tear. And those lips cannot be human which have never heaved a sigh; For without the dreary winter there has never been a year, And the tempests hide their terrors in the calmest summer sky.

Such is our exclamation when we gaze upon Nature's loveliness, after the winter of our discontent is past, and the beautiful spring weather has caused vegetation to rejoice in the advent of better days, and the life-giving elements have caused the stored up vigors of the death like slumber of plants and trees to shine forth afresh. The woods and orchards have put on their spring attire and look resplendent in their mantles of living green and fragrant bloom, our thoughts look longingly on the coming harvest which we trust through the mercies of an all wise Providence may be a bountiful one.

The farmers have been working with increased activity harnessing their skill to the forces of Nature to increase the bounty of their farms, many having planted a larger acreage than heretofore.

Wm. Johnson has his fifteen acre field of new land under crop which promises an abundant yield.

Robt. Amos has a 40 acre field which looks very promising.

The Millers are actively engaged shipping lumber, which proved a very good season for sawing.

The racoon has been playing great devastation among the fowl, Mr. Dan McEachern having lost all his flock of turkeys. Would that we had a mighty hunter like "Nimrod" to rid the district of those troublesome pests.

Mrs. Jas. E. Murray, of Scotch Settlement, is visiting at the old homestead of Jas. and Wm. Johnson.



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