

THE REVIEW

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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

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Poetry With a Point.

You can lead a horse to water, But you cannot make him drink; You can send a fool to college, But you cannot make him think; You may keep your daughter strutting From morn till afternoon, But you can't make her a player If she hasn't any tune.

You can never make a farmer Of a boy that loves the sea, Though you may make him plough and plant

And whoa and haw and gee, It's no use to swear and bluster Because your only son Prefers the girl he met in the car To your selected one; You might as well switch off the track, For love is Lord of pelf, And besides it's more than likely That you know how it is yourself.

You cannot make a parson Of the stage struck Romeo lad; And if you ever do succeed You'll wish you never had. There is only one thing mear, And that's to have to see The name of your neighbor's numskull Finished with an M. D. But all these things and more beside, We may expect to bear; Until the numskull kills us, And the Romeo says the prayer.

The Uses of Dust.

How many people know that the heavens are blue because of the dust in the atmosphere? If anybody were to ask nine people out of ten what made the beautiful colors we see in the skies, they would answer, 'The sun coming through the clouds, reflected by the clouds.'

But if there wasn't any dust, there wouldn't be any clouds that we could see. Then again, very few realize that a brilliant effect of sunset is not the same everywhere on that particular evening. They do not understand that what comes to our vision is the peculiar refraction from the particles of dust which happen to be between our eyes and the disappearing sun. It looks different to every individual, although two people may be standing side by side.

If it were not for dust we would have no light. The skies would be black. The scientists say that light traverses every gas in straight lines showing itself nowhere. When a hole is made in the shutter of a darkened room and a sunbeam comes peering in, making a shaft of yellow across the apartment, through which tiny motes of dust dance, we see the light. But instead of that, what we see is the dust particles which reflect the light.

When a stray ray of light falls down through an atmosphere which is laden with the tiny invisible particles which are thrown off from the surface of the earth as it goes whirling through space, the dust atoms catch the light and throw it from one to another, reflecting over and over again, leavening and lightening, making luminous the whole atmosphere.

If there was no dust the sky would be black, and the sun would appear on it as a great glowing wheel. The moon and stars would show all day. There would be no thing as shades of light, or half tones anywhere. The shadows would be deep and black, and where the sun shone there would be a dazzling reflection.

There is no atmospheric dust about the moon, and we can see through a telescope the sharp contrasts there. How it seems spotted with blacks and whites.

The oculists would have a great increase in business if anything were to happen to our dust envelope. There would be no softness or veiled outlines anywhere; everything would be sharp and angular.

This information is all taken from a scientific source, and it has some other curious things to tell us. Why the sky is blue instead of red for example.

Light is made of vibrations, and these vibrations are called ether waves. The

different colors which make up the white light of the sun, and which we have all seen broken up into their original colors by the prism, are all made by ether waves of a different length. The shortest waves are blue, and it is the very tiny dust particles which reflect these blue waves.

It is only the very, very fine dust particles that are carried into every stratum of air, particularly into the higher regions. Thus the atmosphere is full of tiny particles which reflect the short blue waves while a red wave will go for quite a distance through the atmosphere before it finds a particle of dust large enough to reflect it.

The finest dust makes a blue light. The sky in the country will be blue, while on the same day the sky over the city will be whitish. That is because the very large particles of dust will reflect all the rays of light, making white light.

In Arizona and Mexico, and in Italy, the sky is a perfect blue, not because the dust particles are so much smaller, but because the atmosphere is so dry that the dust particles are not enlarged by moisture and will only reflect blue.

But, as the scientist says, the greatest function of dust is to regulate our rainfall.

The sun evaporates water from the rivers and the sea. This water is not that which falls. The water goes up and up until some current of air liquefies it upon a particle of dust, and back they both tumble to the surface of the earth. This can be demonstrated, the scientist tells us, by a very simple experiment.

Take a glass jar and fill it full of air which has been strained through cotton until there isn't a grain of dust left in it. Turn a jet of steam into it. What do you see? Absolutely nothing.

There isn't any dust for it to settle on, and we have no clouds. The water simply begins to drip from the sides of the jar.

Blow in a little dust, and we see the steam become visible.

Now suppose there was no such thing as dust. We should have no rain, no snow, no clouds, no colored skies. The vapor in the air would settle on everything around. We could wring water out of our clothes. Everything would be wet. In winter, ice would cake all over us. We couldn't live if we were the sort of people we are now.

Science is a very interesting study, for it appears to be one interesting fairy tale after another.—The 'Argosy.'

Home and Abroad.

It is the duty of everyone, whether at home or travelling for pleasure or business, to equip himself with the remedy which will keep up strength and prevent illness, and cure such ills as are liable to come upon all in everyday life. For instance, Hood's Sarsaparilla as a general tonic, and to keep the blood pure and less liable to absorb the germs of disease, will be well nigh invaluable. Change of drinking water often causes serious trouble, especially in one has been used to spring water in the country. From a few drops to a teaspoonful of Hood's Sarsaparilla in a tumbler of water will prevent the water having any injurious effect.

Hood's Vegetable Pills, as a cathartic, causes no discomfort, no loss of sleep, but assist the digestive organs, so that satisfactory results are effected in a natural and regular manner.

Cod and Lobster Hatching in Newfoundland.

The remarkable success of the cod and lobster hatchery of Newfoundland is a matter of general interest. From a recent report the following statistics are gleaned. Within five years some 650,000,000 ova have been hatched and turned loose in Trinity Bay. As a consequence this bay, which was formerly largely depleted of its finny inhabitants, is now 'swarming with cod.' The fishermen see them in immense masses. Still more striking has been the artificial production of lobsters. During the five years the hatchery men have placed in the bays of the island the almost inconceivable number of 2,000,000,000 young lobsters. The fact that such artificial replenishing of the Newfoundland waters has to be resorted to, although large female cod frequently contain as many as 9,000,000 eggs, is perhaps the most striking illustration that could be had of the immense destruction of cod which goes on every year in the colder seas of the north.

NO OTHER REMEDY.

No other remedy cures Summer Complaint, Diarrhoea, Dysentery, etc., so promptly and quietly as Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry. It is a pocket doctor for tourists, travellers, etc.

K. O. C. Imparts strength to the whole system.

He Fed The Sea Serpent.

The keeper of the Bridgeport lighthouse at Long Island Sound, and his wife, were almost frightened out of their wits the other day by a sea serpent.

"If this wasn't United States government property," said Capt. Adolphus McNeil, "I wouldn't stay here another minute, but I'm sure that if the serpent intends to attack us the secretary of the navy will send a gunboat to defend the lighthouse. My own private opinion is that the creature wants to eat me and my wife, but is afraid, and so he comes around and looks at us and lets his mouth water."

The keeper sat down to supper on Tuesday evening. The lighthouse in which he lives is built upon huge iron legs fastened on rock bottom. High above the water stands the house, with a balcony running round it. On the Sound side is a huge bell and an automatic foghorn.

Mrs. McNeil, a big black dog and a parrot were the only other living things in the establishment besides the old keeper when the serpent called.

The keeper had very nearly finished his meal when he heard a loud snorting down in the water. The captain ran out on the balcony. There in the water, looking at him with a baleful glare in his eyes, was the dreaded marine monster. When the sea serpent saw the keeper he swam round the lighthouse several times, as if to satisfy himself that there was no means of escape in the rear. Then he opened his mouth and began lashing his tail, kicking up a fuss in the water. The alarmed keeper set the horn and automatic bell in motion.

The serpent gave a jump when he heard the horn and the bell. Finding that they were played whenever he splashed around, he seemed immensely tickled and amused himself for half an hour with the sounds. Then getting tired of that and growing hungry he prepared to attack the lighthouse.

As Capt. McNeil described him he was indeed a formidable fellow. His head was covered with long rank hair, and his enormous mouth yawned as if for food. At each side of him was a huge fin shaped like a screw propeller. On the back was another fin looking like a windmill, and below the chrome yellow neck were long arms.

The serpent kept bumping himself against the iron supports of the building until it shook so that the dishes nearly rattled off the table. The captain rushed for his gun.

"Don't shoot him," cried the wife. "The poor fellow simply wants something to eat. We give crumbs to the sparrows; why shouldn't we feed the sea serpents that come to our door?"

So the keeper threw the remnants of his supper into the open mouth of the monster following this with a couple of hams and some canned soup. The serpent looked a little doubtful for a few moments after he had swallowed the cans, but he was reassured by the frank open face of the lighthouse keeper, who looks as if he wouldn't impose upon even a sea serpent. Apparently pleased with the meal so kindly furnished him, the monster wagged his tail and then swam away.

The serpent has been seen by several vessels and fishermen since in the same waters.

MOST INVALUABLE.

The New Specific Remedy is being Extensively Used at Ottawa.

OTTAWA, July 29.—The marvellous recovery of Mr. G. Kent, of this city, from Bright's disease by the use of Dodd's Kidney Pills is still fresh in the memories of Ottawa people, and the remedy is being freely recommended by both the druggists and private citizens. The similar wonderful cures of Dr. A. G. McCormick, of Richmond, Quebec, and of Mr. Arthur Coley, of Somerset Manitoba, to say nothing of many others, are generally quoted in favor of the assertion that no remedy of modern times has gone so successfully through a severe trial, and been so efficacious in all cases of kidney trouble. It is also proving itself useful in milder forms of sickness which appear during the summer.

Holland disfranchises a citizen if he is absent from the country for ten years and during that time does not formally notify the proper authority that he wishes to be regarded as a citizen.

Great Britain does not so easily give up her claim to the loyalty of her subjects. A man may count upon her protection on the ground that his grandfather was by birth and allegiance an Englishman, even though he and his father were both born and have always lived on foreign soil, but without being naturalized.

McCallum Still Afloat.

(New York Herald.)

Robt. McCallum, the venturesome young skipper who set sail from this port on June 13 last in a 19-foot sloop, in which he hoped to successfully complete a passage across the Atlantic, was sighted and spoken last Wednesday by the Union line steamship Taormina, Capt. Kudenhold, which arrived here yesterday morning from Rotterdam.

McCallum reported "all well," and asked for his position. He was then in latitude 43.10 N., longitude 52.40 W. This would make him about 994 miles from this port and 230 miles due south by east from Cape Race, Newfoundland. He had expected to make the passage across in forty days, but just that time had elapsed when he was spoken by the Taormina, and he had covered less than one-third the distance.

I saw Chief Officer P. Moller on board the Taormina, which was tied up at the Atlantic dock, South Brooklyn, yesterday, and he said that the appearance of the miniature craft so far from land created considerable surprise on board the steamship. She was first sighted by the third officer, who reported an iceberg four points on the starboard bow. Chief Officer Moller scrutinized the stranger through his glass and declared it to be a buoy adrift. He expressed his opinion to the captain, who ordered the vessel's course changed and she headed off toward the mysterious thing. Then it was made out to be the little sloop.

She was sailing on the wind at the time, with a light breeze, heading north and northwest, in fine weather. The steamer passed near enough to speak McCallum and gave him the information desired, but those on the Taormina did not know until their arrival here yesterday that the youthful mariner was bound eastward. They thought he had crossed from the other side and was bound for Newfoundland. Mr. Moller said the boat was badly worn on the outside parts and the paint had been nearly all washed off above the water line. Across the stern, concealing her name, was nailed a short plank, indicating that she had been damaged. McCallum's sole companion, a little Scotch terrier, ran over the deck, barking joyously, as though delighted to see some sign of life on the vast expanse of water.

Why Not You?

When thousands of people are taking Hood's Sarsaparilla to overcome the weakness and languor which are so common at this season, why are you not doing the same? When you know that Hood's Sarsaparilla has the power to cure rheumatism, dyspepsia and all diseases caused by impure blood, why do you continue to suffer? Hood's cures others, why not you?

Hood's PILLS are prompt and efficient. 25c.

Do Gulls Follow Ships?

On a trip of one of the steamers plying between Portland and San Francisco the question came up among the passengers as to whether the gulls that appeared around the ship each morning were the same birds as had been with the ship on the day previous. To test the matter a line and fish hook were procured, and with a bait of salt pork the fishing for a sea gull was commenced. The first cast of the line was successful, a big grey bird swooping down on the bait. He was hauled aboard and found to be uninjured, the hook having caught in one of the glands of the beak, from which it was readily loosened. After detaching the hook a strip of red flannel was brought and carefully tied round the gull's left leg by one of the seamen of the steamer, the bird being then turned loose. Circling for a moment in the air, the gull started towards the distant blue streak which denoted the coast line, and it was generally allowed that each day brought a new contingent of gulls to follow the steamer and pick up the waste scraps from the table; but on coming on deck after breakfast the next morning, there was the flannel-bedecked duck to be seen, the most clamorous of all the birds. To test the gull's reasoning power, if it had any, the same line and bait were drifted astern, the gull caught the day before being one of the first to strike for it.

Piles! Piles! Itching Piles.

Symptoms—Mucous, itchy, itching, and stinging; most at night; worse by scratching; it is allowed to continue in form, which often bleed and alternate, becoming very sore. Sufferers should stop the itching and bleeding, keep the rectum clean, and in most cases remove the tumors. At druggists, or by mail for 50 cents. Dr. Serravallo & Son, Philadelphia. Logan, Scott & Co., Montreal, wholesale agents.

The Barham & Bailey Circus Co. have brought a suit for \$100,000 at Watertown, N. Y., against Ringling Bros. also circus men, for an alleged libelous circular.



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Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria.