

CORRESPONDENCE

To the Editor of The Review:

The financial position of our municipality is such that notwithstanding the fact that the credit of the County may suffer somewhat from the exposure, public attention should be called to it through the columns of the local paper.

I do not at present purpose giving any figures to show the debt of the county and the heavy liabilities for interest and other charges we are now carrying, but it is a well known fact that the Treasurer is very much hampered for want of money to meet even the current expenses of the municipality, and is not unfrequently compelled to refuse payment of warrants drawn on him because he has no funds and because no provision has been made to meet the orders of the Council.

In addition to this it has happened on more than one occasion that jurors have had to return home, many of them quite a distance, without their fees. At the recent session of the Finance Committee of the Council, several bills were ordered to be paid and for these the customary warrant was drawn by the Secretary, but the parties thus entitled, after waiting several months, to receive their pay, have been told on calling at the Treasurer's office that there is "no money," and for all practical purposes, at present, the warrant is worthless. These things should not be. There is now also a heavy liability from the municipality to the local government for the support of insane paupers at the Provincial Asylum, for which no provision has been made, and this added to the other County indebtedness increases the difficulty under which the Treasurer labors.

Without disparaging the Councillors who are now at the Board, it would seem not out of place to suggest that it appears advisable that at the next municipal election a few live business men and good accountants should be selected as councillors who will give attention to the important financial affairs of the County and make a special effort to place them on a sound basis.

If THE REVIEW would publish a statement of the true financial position of the County, which I presume can be had from the Secretary and Treasurer, it would no doubt prove of interest and possible service to the ratepayers at the next municipal election.

KENT.

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.

To Sunday School Workers.

Dear Brethren: The County Convention will be about the middle of September—definite dates and programme will be announced early. But every supt. should be preparing his work so as to send delegates from his school. Those who require the stimulus and help of the convention should be sent, and if possible those who have not, before, attended.

Delegates should make the utmost effort to be present at all the sessions and should make some personal sacrifice to do so.

Five minute written reports will be expected from all the Parish Presidents giving an account of the work in their field, its progress, its needs; the status of the various schools; the efforts they have personally made to attend the schools under their care, to encourage the teachers, to counsel, to interest all in the doing of better Sunday School work, to collect statistics, and generally to secure the best results possible.

Parish Presidents are expected to be present if at all possible but if not they can send a written report to me which will be read at the convention and which will be most heartily welcomed.

Perhaps each President can visit the schools under his care this month and report particularly as to their standing. Such a report will be highly valuable.

The Parish Presidents are:— Wellington—Dr. King, Dundas and St. Marys—H. A. West, Richibucto—E. Bowser, Carleton—Andrew Dunn, North Weldford—Wm. Marshall, West "—Jas. Starrak, South "—Alex. Mundie.

It is expected that the Parish Presidents will make every effort, personally or by writing, to secure a full representation from the schools under their charge for the Convention at Buctouche.

Further information will be given from time to time in THE REVIEW.

Yours very truly, F. W. MURRAY, Ch. Sec'y. Bass River July 26th 1895.

A Boy's View of a Married Woman's Life.

BUCTOUCHE, July 29.—During the past year THE REVIEW published letters concerning boys and girls, the last to appear was a married woman's opinion of what a boy should be to-day. I give my juvenile opinion of what a married woman ought to be and do, and ought not to be and do. She ought to be a woman who will love, honor and obey her lord and master, and make that master feel that he is cherishing a being partly human, and in part divine. She should feel that she has had her choice of mankind and has selected one who is the ideal of her soul and if she finds that she has been fooled she should endeavor to bring her mind to idealize that husband, she ought not to stand lamenting her fatal choice and cry aloud that she has been deceived and twit the husband that he had once promised to love and cherish her until death do them part, but should plan a way whereby to gain the husband once more and again make him the lover as of yore, and it is astonishing how much depends on the woman in order that married life may be as one continual honeymoon all through the course of life.

No married woman should flare up at every trivial disappointment, no true wife will kick over the potato pot or the tea kettle in a sudden fit of rage and malign the servant, even if that servant be red-headed, and even if she had only married her husband in order to be permanently shelved, as it were, she has no business to flare up at every opportunity making that should-be cherished home a hell upon earth and then on Sunday go to church and act a thorough saint. Six days a devil and one an angel, flinging sweet taffy and kind endearments at that husband, just because it is Sunday and she has on her best clothes and then somebody might hear her. Oh, yes, somebody might hear her and say, oh, what a fine woman! what a happy couple! Oh, if man could see the inside life of all hypocritical couples, I would sooner have all the sore things away from home and all the sweets in the home circle.

Last week a man in the Western States killed his wife because she stood to gossip with another woman. If I were on the jury I would be tempted to return a verdict of justifiable slaughter and advise him to marry another gossip just to kill her. Oh, give me the married woman who thoroughly masters her own affairs and leave the affairs of others to those to whom they rightfully belong. If I was grown up and had a wife who attempted such a thing I would leave her before she contaminated me, be she the prettiest woman on God's footstool and even the mother of my children. I would rather face judgment with the crime of desertion of my wife under extenuating circumstances than contaminated with the newsomonger's contamination, and I can hear the reply, "Surely, you have done well." Some women make a home a heaven but many make it a—well, all should try to make it a home of happiness, peace and contentment.

How many can talk to a stranger acquaintance in such an interesting and friendly manner and then when that friend turn away how she can slay him or her with her vindictive tongue. Oh, if I were grown and had such a wife I would surely bring that friend face to face with her and force her to apologize to him or there would "be razors flying through the air". Oh, woman give thy husband, yea, thy children and servants, less tongue, less jaw, less hypocrisy, less gossip, less of all things that steal the sweetness from life and fill it with bitterness, give more love, every day love, not the hypocritical love of the Sabbath, of fine clothes and of that love in the presence of strangers, give kitchen love, yea, breakfast, dinner, and supper love, give curtain love instead of certain lecture, strive to fill your own life with the sweets of happiness and the husband family and servants, yea, humanity would then be happy. Oh, woman you are the bane or the blessing of man. Which are you?

NO OTHER REMEDY.

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

Conventions and Their Utility.

This has very appropriately been termed the age of conventions. Conventions are just like other institutions they are just what those who attend them make them. They may be very good, or they may be very indifferent. The last convention which was recently held in Dalhousie is considered by all who attended it to be of the former quality. The delegates from the various Sabbath Schools took a deep interest in all the proceedings, excellent papers were read on subjects pertaining to S. S. work, fine model lessons were given. Sabbath Schools are represented by delegates. All the delegates appointed cannot attend. How then can the doings of a convention be turned to the best advantage? This is, it must be acknowledged an important question. A plan was adopted by a large S. S. immediately after the S. S. convention lately held in Dalhousie, which was of great usefulness to the teachers and pupils, which might be profitable, followed. The teachers held a

public meeting with the scholars, parents and others on a Sabbath evening. Besides devotional exercises, the delegates reviewed the proceedings of the convention in a manner interesting to all present. They referred particularly to parts in the admirable papers read by Rev. Messrs. Carr, Lewis, Fisher, the addresses by Rev. Mr. Lucas and the grand lesson given to a primary class by Miss Russell, Kindergarten teacher, Toronto, and very especially to her exquisite illustrations on the blackboard. In this way the whole school and neighborhood got the benefit of the convention. We think this plan might be adopted by other S. Schools with great advantage.

Clifton Notes.

JULY 29th.—Where is Grace Darling that Clifton has been left out in the cold so long. Has she followed poor Turkey-town to an untimely end, or has the birth-rate fallen off so much that she has nothing to write about or has she something else to do that requires all her time. What is the matter anyhow, eh Grace?

Although your Uncle Billy has no births to write about just now, he will write a few notes that may interest some of the readers of THE REVIEW.

Mr. Newman Knowles and Miss Melinda Jagoe surprised their friends and enemies by going off and getting married on Monday of last week, and they were given a rousing fine reception with guns, horns, etc., on Tuesday night. Keep the guns in order, boys, you will soon need them again.

Some of the boys from Canobie got badly left on the shell and pea game at the circus, and one staid old pillar of the church in Salmon Beach, lost, they say, \$150.00. It is hard to trust one's eyes, ain't it?

Frank Lowe has got a new trotter. Your big-legged colt will not be in it now Perkins. Frank says so, anyway.

Mr. John H. McGill, of Boston, is in Clifton this week looking after his grindstone business.

Samuel Knowles, of Portland, Me., is staying with his friends in New Bandon.

Some of our Clifton boys got home in a very wet condition both inside and out on Sunday morning. They seemed to be enjoying it though.

The farmers are at their hay now which is an extra good crop, and they expect to get a big price for it next spring as it is a very poor crop in other districts.

We had a very heavy rain on Sunday which was much needed for the grain and potatoes.

I expect to have a lot of news for THE REVIEW next week, John Pitts is going to make it for me.

UNCLE BILLY.

Why he Jumped.

A gentleman, a former herdman, relates a thrilling experience connected with a stampede of cattle. He was taking a herd of four hundred steers to Leadville, and had camped for the night on Bear River, near its junction with the Little Snake. At midnight when he went on guard, all was quiet, but in an hour or so, for some unexpected reason, the cattle were up and off like a shot; something had stampeded them. He says: I was riding an old blue colored, line-backed California bronco, just the best for the work. I had often ridden him a hundred miles a day. The night was dark and cloudy, and I had to rely on Sam's surefootedness as I strove to stay on the flanks of the steers and turn them until their scare should cease.

It was a wild race. Four or five times Sam gave tremendous jumps, but landed right and went on in good shape. In the course of an hour or so I had the beeves quieted.

When daylight came, being curious to know what obstacles had occasioned those tremendous leaps of the bronco, I set forth to look over the ground. Leaving bottom land, the steers had ascended a gentle acclivity, and on the plateau at the top I had kept circling them.

This plateau was intersected by a cañon about four miles long and from fifteen hundred to two thousand feet deep. Its walls inclined toward each other at the top, and the distance across was fifteen or twenty feet.

During the chase Sam had jumped that frightful chasm four times. His hoemarks were plainly visible; and down in the debris hundreds of feet below, were a dozen mangled steers, that had been crowded off.

A Useful Cigar.

A good story is told of a sea captain who died not long ago, and who was formerly in command of a ship in which passengers were carried from London to Lisbon. On one occasion the ship caught fire, and the passengers and crew were compelled to take hurriedly to the boats. The captain remained perfectly cool throughout all the confusion and fright of the debarkation, and at last everyone except himself was got safely into the boats. By the time he was ready to follow the passengers were almost wild with fear and excitement. Instead of hurrying down the ladder the captain called out to the sailors to hold on a minute, and, taking a cigar from his pocket, coolly lighted it with a bit of burning rope that had fallen from the rigging at his feet. Then

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Parties holding Picnics---private or public---will do well to examine our stock of Confectionery, Fruit, Syrups, etc. We have a very large assortment, and prices are low. W. W. SHORT, Richibucto.

he descended with deliberation and gave the order to push off. "How could you stop to light a cigar at such a moment?" he was asked afterward, when some of the passengers were talking over the escape. "Because," he answered, "I saw that if I did not do something to divert the minds of those in the boat there was likely to be a panic, and, overcrowded as it was there was danger of the boat being upset. The act took but a moment, but it attracted the attention of everybody. I was not nearly so unconcerned as I seemed to be, but was in reality in a fever of excitement. My little plan succeeded. You all forgot yourselves because you were thinking of my curious behaviour, and we got off safely." —Tit-Bits.

ARE YOU ONE OF THE UNFORTUNATES? Are you Suffering when you Should be Well? Paine's Celery Compound will Bestow the Health You Need.

Men and women during the heated term of summer, who have those tired, languid and despondent feelings that indicate depleted blood, and a feeble condition of the nervous system, need Paine's Celery Compound, that remarkable strengthener and flesh builder now so generally prescribed by the best physicians. Sick headache, nervous prostration, irritability, languor, sleeplessness, and a general feeling of mental and physical depression are prevalent and common in the hot weather. Life is made miserable, and thousands suffer intensely thereby. Paine's Celery Compound quickly and surely repairs the wasted, worn-out, nervous tissues, calms and regulates nervous action, and brings that sweet rest and refreshing sleep that makes recovery easy and quick. Men and women all over Canada are regularly using Paine's Celery Compound for renewing their systems and storing the nerve centres with strength and energy. The medicine that in the past has done such grand work for others, is certainly what you should use. Paine's Celery Compound cures positively and permanently.

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The Samosas. The Samosas are physically a splendidly made race, of a deep bronze colour; their hair is naturally black, but is converted by frequent dressings of lime, which have a bleaching effect, to a dull reddish tint; this custom obtains both with the men and the women. Their arms and chests are especially well developed, from their habit of paddling long distances in their canoes from island to island; in fact, as these natives seen by early travellers, this group was christened the Navigator Islands. At this time, too, travellers reported that the Samosas wore fine black leggings reaching from the waist to a short distance above the knees. This report, though without foundation in fact, was due to the custom possessed by these people tattooing themselves after that fashion, covering about the same part of the body as would a pair of our sailing drawers. All the men are thus tattooed on arriving at maturity, and are not allowed to take into themselves water, before the painful process is complete. Regular professional tattooers are found among the people, and the tattooing often occupies some months as the patient only undergoes as much as he can bear at each operation. The designs tattooed are very ancient, and the present generation are entirely ignorant of their significance. This latter fact applies also to the words of their sailing songs, which they sing in perfect harmony and in time to their oars or paddles. The words being not now obsolete, and the fact of their being not understood by the people, — Macmillan's, Vol. 7, p. 10.

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