

THE REVIEW

VOL. 6.

RICHIBUCTO, NEW BRUNSWICK, THURSDAY, APRIL 4, 1895.

NO. 32

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.

Is Sue the Man or I?

There's been a mighty change of late In my dear little wife, And since the change has come about I've led a dreadful life, She ain't the lamb she used to be, And all of Home's delights Have turned to troubles since dear Sue Has heard of Women's Rights. She's read somewhere that women folks Will rule things by and by And now I'd give the world to know If Sue's the man, or I!

If I a button choose to lose, Or get my trousers torn, And ask my wife to right the wrong I only get her scorn! And when I forced to sit me down The damage to repair, She brings her frocks for me to mend And vows "It's only fair!" And if I dare to make complaint— Lord! how her tongue does fly! And ere she stops I'm all in doubt If Sue's the man, or I!

I used to like an ev'ning's fun Down at the club or lodge, But when I now would venture out, I have a club to dodge! "Your lodge be blown!" my wife declares "I'll make you ride the goat!" You can't make that game on me now Since woman's got a vote! And when I sit me down, suppressed, To wonder and to sigh She talks and talks till I can't tell If Sue's the man, or I.

FOR RHEUMATISM.

A Remedy that has Sprung in Popularity because it Never Fails to Cure.

DETROIT, Mich., Feby 25.—People in this state are specially subject to rheumatism. The young and the old alike are attacked by it and until the introduction of Dodd's Kidney Pills a few months ago, no reliable cure for the disease was obtainable. But these pills have eradicated the disease in every case where they are used, and nobody need suffer from it while this remedy can be had from every druggist on the continent. The reason they cure is that rheumatism is due to diseased kidneys or impaired action of these organs. By making these whole, the cause is removed and the rheumatism speedily disappears.

McNair.

"Old winter must away," it has moped long enough, glad spring bids it begone, and ere long the voice of the turtle dove will be heard in the land.

The millers are preparing their mills for the spring work.

Jas. Mesheau, Sr., is fitting up a rotary for A. Johnson.

The lumber got out in this district is about as follows: Wm. McNair 300,000 hemlock, A. Johnson 350,000 spruce hemlock and hardwood, John McNair 400,000 hemlock. All the lumber got out of this district is of very good quality.

Miss Helen Hammond of Red Bank, is the guest of Mrs. Jas. Johnson.

Mr. Menzies the Scot. Act Inspector of Northumberland, was visiting this district.

H. Murray of Buctouche, was visiting friends here.

We are pleased to have a visit from A. McNair, of Buctouche.

We were sorry to learn of the sudden death caused by diabetes of John Ward, son of William Ward, which occurred on the night of the 26th inst., in his 14th year. Although not very rugged still no one supposed that death would claim him so soon, but alas! too frail a plant to be left in nature's garden. To the grief-stricken family we convey our sympathy, and bid the weeping parents cease their grief, "For these shall be mine saith the

Lord of hosts in that day, when I shall come to make up my jewels."

The Genuine Merits

Of Hood's Sarsaparilla wins friends wherever it is fairly and honestly tried. To have perfect health you must have pure blood, and the best way to have pure blood is to take Hood's Sarsaparilla, the best blood purifier and strength builder. It expels all taint of scrofula, salt rheum, and all other humors and at the same time builds up the whole system.

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

Origin of Words and Phrases.

Windfall.—The origin of the term is said to be the following: Some of the nobility of England, by the tenure of their estates, were forbidden felling any of the trees upon them, the timber being reserved for the use of the royal navy. Such trees as fell without cutting were the property of the occupant. A tornado, therefore, was a perfect god-send in every sense of the term, to those who had occupancy of extensive forests; and the windfall was sometimes of very great value.

Robbing Peter to pay Paul.—In the time of Edward VI. much of the lands of St. Peter, at Westminster, were seized by his majesty's ministers and courtiers, but in order to reconcile the people to that robbery, they allowed a portion of the lands to be appropriated towards the repairs of St. Paul's church; hence the phrase "robbing Peter to pay Paul."

Bankrupt.—Few words have so remarkable a history as the familiar word bankrupt. The money-changers of Italy had, it is said, benches or stalls, in the bourse or exchange in former times, and at these they conducted their ordinary business. When any of them fell back in the world, and became insolvent, his bench was broken, and the name of broken bench or *bunco rotte*, was given to him. When the word was adopted into English, it was nearer the Italian than it now is, being "bankerout," instead of bankrupt.

Hie! Betty Martin.—Many of our most popular vulgarisms have their origin in some whimsical perversion of language or of fact. St. Martin is one of the worthies of the Roman calendar, and a form of prayer commences with the words, "O mihi beate Martine; which was corrupted to "My eye and Betty Martin," and then still further to "Hie! Betty Martin."

Roland for an Oliver.—Although no phrase is in more common use, yet few are acquainted with its origin. The expression signifies the giving of an equivalent. Roland and Oliver were two knights famous in romance. The wonderful achievements of the one could only be equaled by those of the other. Hence the phrase "Roland for an Oliver."

Mind your P's and Q's.—The origin of this phrase is said to have been a call of attention, in the old English alehouses, to the pints and quarts being scored down to the unconscious or reckless beer-bibber.

Hobson's Choice.—The expression, *Hobson's Choice*, is proverbial both in Europe and America. The story of its origin is as follows: Thomas Hobson was a celebrated carrier at Cambridge, England, who, to his employment in that capacity, added the profession of supplying the students with horses. In doing this, he made it an unalterable rule that every horse should have an equal portion of time in which to rest, as well as labor; and he always refused to let a horse out of his turn. Hence the saying, "Hobson's Choice; this or none." —*Arcine's Cyclopaedia.*

A Caution! A Warning!

If, on blowing the nose in the morning lumps and flakes are discharged colored with blood, especially on one side, lose no time in applying a remedy. Catarrh of the very worst kind has become seated, the walls are sore and full of small ulcers, and if not soon cured will be hard to cure and eradicate. "A stitch in time saves nine." Use Chase's Catarrh Cure.

Smith's Corner Notes.

We regret to say that Mrs. Keffe, who has been ailing for some time was taken seriously ill a few days ago, but under Dr. Keith's skillful treatment we hope soon to report her convalescent.

Mr. Victor Leet is recovering after a severe attack of la grippe.

Most of our young people have been enjoying themselves at surprise parties this winter.

Who belongs to the poodle that is going round howling at nights.

Mr. Norman McInnis is visiting his sister Mrs. John Farrer.

Too bad for D. his bridge will soon be gone.

Miss Bertha Cail has gone to Moncton to attend school.

Mid-Lent Sunday.

There is something hopeful about these last days of March which speaks to every heart, despite all the tangles of business and politics. The grand old sun gets up early in the morning, bringing fresh life and health in his rays. The farming and building industries begin to stir. Even to the aged these days bring brightness and some stir of the sluggish blood.

The fourth Sunday in Lent—generally called Mid-Lent Sunday—has from the very earliest days of the Christian Church been regarded as a special holiday. In olden times boys were in the habit of perambulating the village streets in England, carrying with them a figure representing winter and made of straw. The villagers sometimes drove them away, and sometimes gave them money to depart. These boys however, were only a detachment from a larger body, who carried another figure representing spring. The proceedings ended in a mock fight, when the figure carried by the boys representing winter was overthrown by those who had with them the other effigy symbolizing spring. This mock contest was emblematic of the death of winter and the coming of spring.

Another name for this particular Sunday is that of "mothering Sunday." In all the midland counties of England it is still the custom for servants and apprentices to go and visit their parents upon the fourth Sunday in Lent, taking with them presents and flowers, or some little dainty. Herrick pleasantly alludes to this custom in these lines:—

"I'lle to thee a simnel bring, 'Gainst thou goes a mothering, So that when she blesseth thee Half that blessing thou'llt give me."

The origin of the custom may be traced to the fact that in pre-Reformation days it was the custom for parents and their children to attend the mother or parish church on this particular day, taking with them offerings in money or in kind which were deposited upon the high altar. This custom of the Catholic Church was in its turn derived from the Hilaria, a heathen festival, held by the Romans in honour of the mother of the gods on the Ides of March.

There are yet two other names for this festival, namely, "Refreshment" and also "Rose" Sunday. The first of these is probably taken from the fact that in the Gospel for the day is narrated Christ's miracle of feeding the five thousand people, while the first lesson for the morning service relates the story of Joseph entertaining his brethren. The latter name, "Rose Sunday," is from the fact that his Holiness the Pope on his way to and from mass always exhibits in his hand a golden rose as he enters or emerges from St. Peter's. Many, if not all, of these old customs have fallen into desuetude. It is, however, interesting sometimes, on a timely occasion, to resurrect them from the grave of the past.—Ex.

5 Lines On K. and L.

I find the people around here prefer Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills to any other I have in stock. They are wonderful pills. Send 3 dozen at once, I am nearly out. P. S.—Send by post, J. W. Ireland, Gourcock

Kingston.

The man who wrote, "O politics, thou t'eme of fools," must have been embittered against human nature in some way. He must have been crossed in love, or somebody must have poisoned his dog. Politics can't be said to be worse than a monomania, because most people who talk politics are quite rational on other subjects. Time generally can be found between political discussions to attend to the ordinary, everyday affairs of life. Not more than four fifths of the people make it an all absorbing subject, and not more than three fifths talk politics in their sleep. The fact is "people will talk," and they might as well talk politics as anything else. Not more than half the political discussions, at the present day come to blows, and less than twenty per cent. end in duels. It is not more dangerous than railroading, or going to sea, and not quite as dangerous as war. Even in the pugilistic ring people receive more punishment. Defeated candidates even have been known to recover under judicious treatment, and become good, useful citizens. Perhaps the worst person to discuss politics with is a man who has dyspepsia and doesn't use "K. D. C." or "Short's Dyspepticure." If you want to borrow money from a man, always join him in politics; it is like praising a woman's beauty.

The best way to avoid scalp diseases, hair falling out, and premature baldness, is to use the best preventive known for that purpose—Hall's Hair Renewer.

Dixon's Point and Vicinity.

Buttercup where art thou? We are beginning to think that the cold wave from Maine must have chilled our Buttercup but now that Spring is near we are in hopes she may revive and let us hear from her once more.

Mr. H. E. Dixon and wife are rejoicing over the arrival of a son.

Capt. Matthew Smith and family intend moving to Buctouche during the coming week.

Mr. Harlie Smith arrived home on Thursday evening from Nova Scotia where he has been employed during the winter. We are sorry to say that he met with quite a serious accident a few days before he left Amherst. He was holding a revolver when his finger slipped which caused the revolver to go off, the ball lodged in his left hand. His hand is improving as rapidly as can be expected.

Miss Edith Dickie intends to return to her school in Dorchester next week.

La grippe is the order of the day with now and then a case of inflammation.

Dickie Bros. are still working away in the woods, but they are getting pretty nearly done with their hauling.

And now Buttercup we are hoping to hear from you soon. In case we should not I can only assure you that "My love for you shall ever flow like water down a 'tater row."

ZERO.

A YOUNG LAD AND HIS FAITHFUL FRIEND.

Ernest McGregor, of Whitty, Ont. Gives an Account of His Experience—Cured of Persistent Dyspepsia by B.B.B.

WORST KIND OF DYSPEPSIA.

GENTLEMEN,—I write to inform you that for years I had been troubled with Dyspepsia, and having tried other medicines which entirely failed, I at last found relief and cure in Burdock Blood Bitters, of which I took two bottles, the result being a perfect cure. Although only a young lad I had been troubled with Dyspepsia for four or five years, but I can say now that B.B.B. does its work faithfully in the worst kind of dyspepsia, and has proved itself the only cure for me.

ERNEST MCGREGOR, Whitty, Ont.

France and England.

LONDON, March 29.—The statement which Sir Edward Grey, parliamentary secretary of the foreign office, made in the house of commons last night, saying that an advance of the French into the territory of the Upper Nile valley, belonging to the Royal Niger company and therefore under British protection would be an unfriendly act and that it was well known to France that Great Britain would so regard it, is causing a profound sensation here and on the continent.

Sir Edward's announcement, which was read from notes believed to have been written by the secretary of state for foreign affairs, the Earl of Kimberley is looked upon as revealing the extremely critical relations now existing between France and Great Britain.

The fact that the statement was prepared, in writing, before hand, emphasizes the seriousness of the situation and shows that every word embodies the views of the cabinet.

In brief the statement is that it is becoming daily more difficult to live on good terms with France; that Great Britain has made concession after concession in the past two years in the interest of peace, but that the end has now come and that it is found necessary to warn France from the ministerial bench. The most important and significant portion of Sir Edward Grey's statement was the following: "But something besides our own effort is necessary and that is the co-operation of the French government and the French people."

It may save you time and money to be informed that, when you need a blood-purifier, Ayer's Sarsaparilla is the kind most in favor with the medical profession. It is the standard and, as such, the only blood-purifier admitted at the Chicago World's Fair.

A Kansas City despatch of March 26 says that Mrs. A. J. Baird, a prominent Christian Scientist, is in custody in connection with the death on Saturday of Harvey M. Bosworth, vice-president of the Beatham Manufacturing Co. For six days Mr. Bosworth was in charge of Christian Scientists and when two doctors were called he was unconscious and dying.

Exercise for Dyspepsia

A fruitful cause of indigestion is eating when one is either physically or mentally tired. At such times one should not take solid food. Drink instead a glass of hot milk. Nothing is equal to it as a stimulant and sedative. The milk should never be scalded, but heated quickly, and drank as hot as it can be, comfortably. The process of heating reduces both its sweetness and density, but the effect of its cordial and stimulating power is felt at once. Some portions of the milk are appropriated and digested almost immediately after being taken into the stomach. Many who think they need stimulant when exhausted by fatigue will find a glass of hot milk an equivalent that will be at once satisfying and revivifying, without any deleterious after effects.

It has long been demonstrated that motion round and about a vital organ reacts upon it and vitalizes it. Exercise is a great aid to digestion, and special exercises intended to act directly on the digestive organs are recommended as cures for dyspepsia. The one called the torso exercise is very beneficial, and is an invaluable aid to weak and impaired digestion. With the arms hanging lifeless from the shoulders—technically called "decomposed" or "devitalized"—and keeping the feet firmly on the floor, twist the body as far as you can turn it from right to left and vice versa; this stimulates voluntary functions and expels stagnant juices.—*Demorest's Magazine* for March.

Uses for Salt.

There are a number of persons who do not know in how many ways common table salt may be used or of what practical value it is aside from cooking purposes. To such, the following will prove interesting.

One pint of fine salt mixed with two pints of wood ashes will mend cracks in stoves. When cinders accumulate in the grate, throw in a handful of salt, let stand a few minutes and they will be easily removed.

A teaspoonful added to the water in which cut flowers are placed, will preserve them for a time indefinitely.

A little rubbed on the griddles before greasing, will prevent the cakes from sticking.

Damp salt will remove the discoloration caused by tea on cups and saucers; if sprinkled immediately over any spot where something has boiled over on the stove, there will be no odor and the spot will be easily cleaned.

A teaspoonful put in a kerosene lamp will make the oil give a brighter light, and a small pinch added to the starch will prevent it from sticking to the iron.

Small doses given at short intervals will stop hemorrhage of the lungs. For stings or bites of any kind of insects, apply it damp and bind tightly; for neuralgia or severe pains in the stomach, fill a muslin bag, heat it and lay it against the aching place.

If the throat is very sore, wring a cloth out of cold salt water and bind around the neck, covering with a dry towel; a weak solution gargled will also help the throat. A sponge bath in salt water will arrest night sweats, and if used cold is one of the best lotions for restoring firmness of the flesh; bathe the face upwards and then wipe dry.

Itch Mange and Scratches of every kind, by human or animals, cured in 30 minutes on Woodford's Sanitary Lotion. This never fails. For sale by W. W. Short, agent for Kent County.

Triplets Cost Her \$35,000.

Twice every week, upon an average, Queen Victoria receives a pathetic appeal for her bounty to help out of their difficulties parents who find their families increased suddenly by three.

It seems to be commonly assumed that the giving of the three guineas is one of the recognized functions of the sovereign a fitting reward to those who thus make additions to the subjects of the monarch on so important a scale.

Such, however, is not the case. The practice was inaugurated soon after the queen's accession, and the first gift of the kind was prompted by the young queen's compassion for a poor family overtaken by a difficulty for which they could not have been prepared.

This simple act of kindness has involved her majesty in an expenditure of about \$1,500 a year ever since she began her reign, so that altogether the queen has paid for the triplets of her subjects something like \$35,000.

That tried feeling, lost of appetite and nervous prostration are driven away by Hood's Sarsaparilla, which makes pure blood.



Couldn't Fool Him.

"I'm on to 'em bigger'n a house," he chuckled, as he halted at the front door of the Fort street depot the other afternoon.

His remark was directed to a policeman and the officer looked him over and found him to be a grey-haired old man with two satchels and a look of triumph.

"You bet they don't gum-game your Uncle William with his eyes wide open," continued the man as a grin covered his face. "They might a-did it thirty years ago, but not to-day, thank ye."

"What's the matter?" asked the officer.

"Feller tried to hornsawgle your Uncle William up the street. Sized me up for a hayseed and worked a racket fifty years old. Thought all he had to do was to throw out his hook and catch a sucker."

"What was the racket?"

"Why, as I was walkin' along a feller overtakes me and sex I dropped my wallet. I winks at him but he sez he saw me drop it. I winks again and tells him to keep it for his honesty. The game is as old as the hills you know. Feller expects you to pocket the calfskin and hand him over a \$10 bill. Can't fool your Uncle William on gum-games."

"Have you felt to see if your wallet is all safe?" asked the officer.

"Of course it's safe," replied the old man as he dropped his satchels to search his pockets. "I'm not one of the kind who goes around losin'."

"What's the matter?"

"She's gone!"

"Your wallet?"

"Yes—and over \$40 in it! I had it in my hind pocket and it must have dropped out. By gum, but that critter found it, sure's shootin'!"

"And you told him to keep it for his honesty?"

"Durn my shucks, but I did! Your Uncle William has went and gone and gum-gamed himself of forty big dollars, and a lot of paper worth half a thousand more! Watch them satchels! I'm off to look for that man, and if I don't come back tell my inquirin' friends to look fur me in the idiot asylum!"—*Detroit Free Press.*

They came into the restaurant after the theatre. "What will you eat?" asked he. "It doesn't matter," she replied. "I never have any appetite. I don't eat more than enough to keep a bird alive." Nevertheless the check was \$7.85. "She was right," he said to himself, as he borrowed car fare from the waiter. "She really doesn't eat more than a bird. But the bird she had in mind was an ostrich."

A father, fearing an earthquake in the region of his home, sent his two boys to distant friends until the peril should be over. A few weeks after the father received the following brief note from his friend: "Dear Jack, please take your boys home and send me the earthquake."

Old Dry-water—"My boy, in all creation you won't find any animal except man who makes a habit of smoking."

Young Puffs—"Yes, sir; but neither do I know any other animal that cooks his meals."

"Tommy, did you find anything about the origin of the dollar mark?"

Tommy—"I asked paw about it, and he said the straight lines stood for the pillars of society and the crooked one for the way they get their money."

A lawyer tells the following story concerning a client, something of a wag in his way, with whom he had long kept an account. When the latter was finally "made up" the bill, mostly for trifling services, covered several yards of foolscap as the items enumerated the most minute details. When the client called to settle the account, he refused to enter the office, but stood in the doorway, and, holding one end of the bill, unrolling the voluminous document in the direction of his legal adviser, with the request that he would receipt it.

"Come in," said the lawyer in his most cordial tones.

"Not much," replied the client; "you'd charge me rent if I did."

A scientific man says great noises will make milk sour. They will also make the average citizen sour, especially if they come at night when he wants to sleep.

A Boston girl has an album in which she keeps a picture of all the men who have flirted with her without coming to the point. She calls it her rogue's gallery.

Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria.