

Board Work Office

THE REVIEW

VOL. 6.

RICHIBUCTO, NEW BRUNSWICK, THURSDAY, JANUARY 24, 1895.

NO 22

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.

Parish Officers, Kent Co., 1895.

WELLINGTON.

Assessors of Rates:—Pierre F. Goguen, John Nowlan, John Killen.
Collectors of Rates:—Fred A. Girouard, No. 1; Jude P. Breaun, No. 2; George S. Richard, No. 3.
Revisors:—Jaddus V. Leger, Gilbert S. Richard, Sylvain Jalliet.
Commissioners of Bye Roads:—Wm. Wilber, No. 1; Antoine D. Boudreau, No. 2; Pierre Bernard, No. 3.
Parish Clerk:—John P. Leger.
District Clerks:—Theotime D. Leger, No. 2; Oliver J. LeBlanc, No. 3.
Lock-up Committee:—Elzear LeBlanc, John O'Leary, John A. Irving.
Commissioners of Marsh Lands:—Anselme L. Allaire, Laurent Jalliet, Francois J. O. LeBlanc.
Surveyors of Dams:—J. D. Irving, Denis Ryan.
Boom Masters:—James D. Irving, Denis Ryan, John Coughlan.
Surveyors of Lumber:—Leon Leger, Adam Coates, Robert Foley, James McKee, Jude J. LeBlanc, Frances J. Richard, John McKee, James Cutler, Neil Ross, A. D. Cormier, John A. Irving, Anthony McNairn, Larcenaire Armond.
Measurers of Wood & Bark:—Adam Coates, James McKee, Robert Foley, Antoine Boudreau, Larcenaire Armond.
Constables:—Laurent LeBlanc, Wm. Irving, Jude P. Breaun, Maxium L. D. Cormier, George Irving, David Keswick, Wm. Mooney, Cyrille B. Leger, Honore Babineau, Fred A. Girouard, Isaac Trenholm, John Jos. Richard, Antoine Boudreau, Laurent A. Cormier, Abram Gesner, Adolphe Robicheau, Charles Smith, John Wry, Arcade L. B. Allaire, Anthony McNairn, Gilbert Renaud.
Hog Reeves:—Dominick Boudreau, Samuel Allaire, Hilaire Goguen, Olivier Arsenault, Nicholas P. Collet, Joseph McPhadden, Fred M. Richard, Samuel Bastarache, Amie Maillet, Damien H. Allaire, Sylvain Cormier, Felien T. Allaire, Philias T. Goguen, Docithe T. LeBlanc, Lucas Thaddie R. Robichaud, Louis Devarenne, Magloire I. LeBlanc, Angus McNeil, John Dollard, Joseph Duplessis, Edouard Boudreau.
Field Drivers:—Cyrille A. Richard, John L. Bourque, Edouard S. Richard, Docithe Poirier, George Collet, Daniel J. LeBlanc, Samuel F. Allaire, Camille C. Daigle, Hilaire E. Arsenault, Edouard Collet, Edouard LeBlanc, Wm. Bastarache, Philippe M. Breaun, Vital S. Cormier, Wm. Ayers, Robert Hysloop, Phillippe R. LeBlanc, Clovis M. Allaire, Edouard Bastarache, Dominique J. F. LeBlanc, Olivier Collet, Ovid Weldon.
Overseers of Poor:—Antoine J. Bastarache, Azor A. Kay, Sigefroi Jalliet.
Pound Keepers:—Archibald McIntosh, Louis Bourque, Edward Dixon, Romain Breaun, Herbert Irving, Peter F. Caisy, Placide L. LeBlanc, Louis Despris, Louis J. LeBlanc.
Fence Viewers:—Thadde Melanson, Magloire J. Cormier, Olivier I. Cormier, Jude J. Bastarache, David V. Girouard, Thomas Ward, Melem T. LeBlanc, George T. Collet, Etienne LeBlanc, Docithe P. Perry, Robert Hysloop, Simon Collet, Wm. Ayers, Marcel O. LeBlanc, Belonie H. Girouard, Peter F. Allaire, John J. Richard.
Road Surveyors:—Simon O. Collet, Wm. Nowlan, John Camel, Jr., Ralph McPharlane, James McKee, Charles Ward, Placide L. LeBlanc, Vital S. Cormier, Antoine J. Cormier, Docithe F. LeBlanc, Daniel A. Robicheau, John McPhail, Thomas D. Melanson, Joseph J. Melanson, Joseph Michaud, Michel Boucher, Louis Jalliet, Vital T. LeBlanc, Maxime Arsenault, Hugh Cameron, Fred. E. J. LeBlanc, Jude J. Bastarache, Lazar J. LeBlanc, Napoleon T. Collet, Jude Babineau, Nich-

olas P. Collet, John B. H. Cormier, David M. LeBlanc, Maxime M. Arsenault, Anselme D. Cormier, Charles L. Bourke, Onizime P. LeBlanc, James M. Richard, Israil Robicheau, Daniel R. Jalliet, Gilbert Distroches, Joseph L. Savoie, Louis S. Allaire, Patrick Cadigan, Joseph F. LeBlanc, Dominique Allaire, Edouard LeBlanc, Louis L. Despris, David B. Bastarache, Dominique L. LeBlanc, Hypolite Mills, Olivier J. Savoie, Thomas Boudreau, Vital M. Leger, John A. Irving.

ACADIEVILLE.

Overseers of Poor:—Joseph P. Richard, Docithe Arsenault, Alexis Arsenault.
Assessors of Rates:—Francis O. Richard, Jean A. Richard, Nectaire Maillet.
Road and Bye Road Commissioners:—Aimé Maillet, George Gould, Maxime Babineau.
Parish Clerk:—Phillipe Arsenault.
Collector of Rates:—Basil Barribeau.
Revisors:—Francois Bordage, Sylvain Barribeau, Aime Maillet.
Constables:—Fabien Mazzerolle, Pierre A. LeBlanc, Joseph Rustin, Augustin Richard, Charles Richard, Fabien M. Mazzerolle, André Doiron.
Surveyors of Dams:—Louis Barribeau, Marcelin Gould, Charles Oilette.
Fence Viewers:—Murdock McLeod, Joseph A. Cormier, Cecime LeBlanc, Herbert D. Arsenault, Ephrem Daigle, Magloire Mazerolle, Ireogreie Henrie, Phillippe LeBlanc.
Field Drivers:—George Goguen, Charles Vantour, Raphael Caisie, Albani Leger, Urbain L. Daigle, John Robichaud, Cecime Richard, Luc S. Mazerolle.
Timber Drivers:—Francois Sr. Richard, Joseph Daigle, Moise Diron.
Measurers of Wood and Bark:—Calixte P. Richard, Pierre LeBlanc, Joseph Francoeur, Sebastien Babineau, Edward J. Morton, Abraham Pineau.
Pound Keepers:—Charles Oilette, Olivier Barribeau, Sylvain Thibodeau, Cecime Richard, Sebastien Leger, Jean M. Vantour, Belonie Meunier, Charles Mazzerolle.
Hog Reeves:—Moise Babineau, Francois Babineau, Onesime Gallant, Joseph Vantour, Aime Babineau.
Surveyors of Roads:—Pierre S. Richard, No. 1; Dasie Hebert, No. 2; Dosithe Vantour, No. 3; Gilbert Goguen, No. 4; Urbain Daigle, No. 5; Marcelin Gould, No. 6; Sebastien Leger, No. 7; Joseph Rustin, No. 8; Pierre Richard, No. 9; Olivier Richard, No. 10; Wm. McIsaac, No. 11; Anguste Thebault, No. 12; Marcel Henrie, No. 13; Joseph Thebault, No. 14; Exite Barribeau, No. 15; Solomon Martin, No. 16; Charles Poirier, No. 17; Maxime Richard, No. 18; Jude Boucher, No. 19.
Registrar of Marks:—Joseph J. Babineau.

ST. PAUL.

Overseers of the Poor:—Laurent J. Robichaud, Simon Belliveau, Dana Leger.
Road & Bye Road Commissioners:—Arcade Geneau, Denas Leger, Laurent J. Robichaud.
Boom Masters:—Aimée J. Legere, Luc T. LeBlanc, Louis Goselin.
Constables:—Anselme T. LeBlanc, Thaddie T. Robichaud, Louis Devarenne, Philippe M. Legere, Simeon J. LeBlanc, Ephrem Hicks, Anselme D. Richard.
Fence Viewers:—Francois T. Belliveau, Theophile A. Cormier, Fabien P. LeBlanc, Eustache Billiveau, Anselme T. LeBlanc, George Scribner, John Reid, Charles M. Cormier, Alexandre Legere.
Pound Keepers:—Simon Richard, Hypolite D. Gaudet, Louis Goselin, David M. Cormier, Simon T. Belliveau.
Field Drivers:—Louis T. Belliveau, Thaddie T. Robichaud, Henry J. C. Arsenault, Belonie G. Cormier, Amboise E. LeBlanc, Anseime T. LeBlanc, Maxim D. Bourgeois.
Parish Clerk:—Andrew Gotreau.
Collector of Rates:—Maximian D. LeBlanc.
Timber Drivers:—Maurice D. LeBlanc, Raymond F. LeBlanc, Andrien T. LeBlanc, Ferdinand E. LeBlanc.
Measurers of Wood & Bark:—Patrice H. Gaudet, Louis Goselin, Remilite Johnson, Edouard H. Cormier, Anselme D. Richard.
Surveyors of Roads:—John Reid, Fidele D. Girouard, Henry J. C. Arsenault, Simon J. LeBlanc, Simeon Richard, Francois T. Billiveau, Simon T. Belliveau, Leon E. Arsenault, Andree LeBlanc, Ephrem Gotreau, Valentin Caisie, Amboise E. LeBlanc, Maurice D. LeBlanc, Philippe H. Belliveau, John James Sherwood, Charles Waters.
Revisors:—Joseph Bernard, Samuel D. Bourgeois, Hypolite Gaudet, Teacher.
Assessors of Rates:—Premilite Johnson, Marc J. Bourk, Pierre M. Belliveau.
Hog Reeves:—Francois T. Belliveau, Simon Ath. Girouard, Amboise E. LeBlanc, Arcade Geneau.

CARLETON.

Overseers of the Poor:—Joseph McMaster, Thomas Hackett, Peter Robichaud.
Commissioners of Roads:—John W. Carter, Alex. Lobban, Simon J. Mazzerolle.
Road Masters:—Cyrille Babineau, Robert Patterson, James Smith, William Wood, Thomas Hackett, John Beattie, Jr., Marcel Vantour, Sylvang Barribeau, Joseph Doucett, Donald Stewart, Frederick Williams James J. Tweedie, Patrick Ryan, Corneleas Collins, Meon Dairon, Luke Daigle, Julian Daigle, Camille Mazzerolle, Charley L. Daigle.
Boom Masters:—William Graham, Robert Graham, Antoine Robichaud.
Constables:—William Beattie, William J. Potter, Christopher Graham, A. B. Weldon, Peter Daigle, William Collins, Alex. Jardine, Patrick Gorman, John Grogan, Jr., Patrick Ryan, Fidele Vantour, Lutrap Muzerall, Benjamin Harding, William Graham, Jr., Robert McIntyre, Patrick Mackie, Burns Power, W. S. Caie, Jr., Keady O'Leary, Antoine Mazzerolle.
Hog Reeves:—James Sullivan, James A. Tweedie, James J. Tweedie, James Jardine, Clifford Atkinson, Sylvang Barribeau, Archibald Patterson, Alan Carter, Jr., Matthew Clark, Michael Kelly, Simon Daigle, Placide Robichaud.
Fence Viewers:—Robert Carter, Sr., Daniel Martin, Jacob Trites, Larne Kelly, Sr., Fabiane J. Daigle, Martine H. Daigle.
Inspector of Fish:—Robert McIntyre, John Kelly, Sr., John Beattie, Sr., Fabiane Daigle.
Parish Clerks:—Clifford Atkinson, Martine H. Daigle.
Assessors of Rates:—J. R. Little, Sr., Peter McDonald, Antoine Robichaud.
Clerk of the Market:—Alfred B. Weldon.
Pound Keepers:—Daniel Sullivan, Sr., Robert Carter, Jr., Matthew Clark, Cornelius Collins, Cornelius Murphy, John M. Tweedie, Sylvang Barribeau, Robert Murphy, Peter Robichaud, Martine H. Daigle.
Field Drivers:—Marchel Vantour, James Carter, Sr., John Beattie, Sr., James Murphy, Luke Daigle.
Collectors of Rates:—Joseph McMaster, Keady O'Leary.
Timber Drivers:—Daniel Sullivan, Sr., John Kingston, Jr.
Measurers of Wood & Bark:—Cornelius Murphy, Patrick Ryan, Clifford, Atkinson, Peter McDonald, Daniel Sullivan, Sr., Maxime Daigle.
Bye Road Commissioners:—John W. Carter, Alex. Lobban, Simon J. Mazzerolle.
Revisors:—Maxim Daigle, Thomas McMaster, Daniel Sullivan, Sr.

A STEALTHY FOE.

Bright's Disease may Exist a Long While Before it is Suspected.

DROMORE, Jan. 14.—Bright's disease has no symptoms of its own, and may long exist without the knowledge of the patient or practitioner, as no pain may be felt in the kidneys or their vicinity. There may be no albumen in the water and no tube cast, yet Bright's disease may be present. It often develops suddenly and may run a fatal course before it is recognized. Bright's Disease is recognized as a mysterious, every day malady, which is increasing at an alarming rate. Before Dodd's Kidney Pills were placed within reach of the public, these diseases were considered by medical men and the public to be incurable. Thanks to this popular remedy, thousands are now enjoying perfect health who, without it, would to-day be laid away in their graves.

When Others Fail

Hood's Sarsaparilla builds up the shattered system by giving vigorous action to the digestive organs, creating an appetite and purifying the blood. It is prepared by modern methods, possesses the greatest curative powers, and has the most wonderful record of actual cures of any medicine in existence. Take only Hood's.

Hood's Pills are purely vegetable, and do not purge, pain or gripe. 25c.

Only 1 passenger among 28,000,000 is annually killed in England. In France it is 1 in 19,000,000, in Germany 1 in 10,000,000, Italy 1 in 6,000,000, America 1 in 2,000,000 and Russia 1 in 1,000,000.

THE VALLEY OF REST.

Eastward a chain of lofty, snow-crowned mountain peaks, half-a-dozen rude frame dwelling houses grouped about a two story hotel, with glaring windows, guileless of curtains and shutter, several saloons, a nondescript station with a length of gleaming steel railroad running north and south. This is Lebanon Junction, as it appeared to the shrieking eyes of Eleanor Greve on a rain-sodden afternoon in February.
"Erskine Greve" repeated the station agent, meditatively, in answer to the timid enquiry. "Never heard the name before in my life. I guess he don't live hereabouts. I know the country like a book."
"He is a ranch owner in the Valley of Rest," said Eleanor, a shadow of vague alarm clouding her beautiful eyes. "I wrote him to meet me here. May I ask if the valley is very far away? I could hire a convenience, perhaps?"
The man looked at her pityingly.
"The Valley of Rest lies high into thirty miles away, in the heart of the roughest mining district. The stage leaves for there at four o'clock, but I couldn't advise you to go in it. Best wait here for your father. He's sure to turn up soon if you wrote him, and you can get tolerable accommodations at the Eagle, yonder."
Eleanor clasped her hands in quick dismay as her glance followed his toward the unattractive hotel.
"I prefer to go on in the stage," she said, firmly. "This is my first trip West. All my life has been passed at boarding-school. I beg your pardon, but the place seems so rough."
"Yes," assented the agent, "it is like the majority of mining towns. Still, if you go in the Lebanon stage you may fall into rougher company. The road to the valley is dangerous in more ways than one. There's three hours to wait. Will you go over to the Eagle?"
There seemed nothing else to do, so Eleanor wearily picked her way across the muddy street, and took refuge in the ugly hotel.
The proprietor gave up the sitting-room to her exclusive use, and she spent the dreary interval of waiting in looking from the window upon a street where every door seemed to open into a saloon. Burros and Mexican donkeys, heavily laden with tools and provisions for distant mining camps, passed along, urged on by swarthy riders in flannel suits and wide sombreros, with Winchester rifles slung across the saddle bows.
Finally the stage appeared at the door and Eleanor payed her bill and prepared to depart. Scores of eyes surveyed her curiously as she took her place within the lumbering old vehicle. She drew down her veil, shivering.
"I wish you a safe journey," said the landlord, soberly. "Seems like flying in the face of Providence, howsomever, for Black Steve is on the rampage again."
"Black Steve," repeated Eleanor, mechanically. "Who is he?"
"The road agent, miss—the pest of the country. He don't dare show his face in Lebanon, but that never prevents him from holding up the stage and robbing the mails. Better hide your watch and rings. He's vitrol and greased lightning let loose is Steve."
Eleanor flashed an apprehensive look up the serpentine road.
"Am I the only passenger?" she asked.
"No, there's six besides—all men. They'll do their best to protect ye. Got your shooting iron, Bill?"
"O. K.," answered the driver, briefly.
As the passengers took their places he cracked his whip and the mules sprang down the road, turned a curve and disappeared among the hills.
Eleanor turned from the window and took a survey of her fellow-travellers. Miners all, save one, and armed to the teeth.
"Don't you be afeard, miss," said one of them, tapping his belt, significantly as he met her glance. "We'll give Black Steve a warm reception if he hits the road to-night."
"I hope it will not come to bloodshed," said the sixth passenger, a white-haired, old man, with a mild, benevolent-looking face.
Eleanor turned to him with a sigh of relief, and soon they were engaged in conversation. Something impelled her to tell this kind old man her history. To be sure it was not much to tell. Her mother had died at her birth, and her father, leaving his infant daughter in good hands, had gone west to make his fortune. From California to Mexico, and thence to Oregon he had wandered, settling finally in the Valley of Rest. Only twice had Eleanor seen his face, when he had made flying visits back to his native town in the far East. Now she was through school and coming home for good.

FATHER AT PLAY.

Such fun we had one rainy day,
When father was home and helped us play!
We made a ship and hoisted sail,
And went to sea in a fearful gale—
But we hadn't sailed into London town
When captain, crew and vessel went down.
Down, down in a jolly wreck,
With the captain rolling under the deck.
But he broke again with a lion's roar,
And we on two legs, he on four,
Ran out of the parlor and up the stair,
And frightened mamma and the baby there.
So mamma said she'd be p'liceman now,
And to 'rest us she didn't know how!
Then the lion laughed and forgot to roar,
Till we chased him out of the nursery door.
Then he turned to a pony gay,
And carried us all on his neck away.
Whippity, hickity, hickity ho!
If we hadn't fun then I don't know;
Till we tumbled off and he cantered on,
Never stopping to see if his load was gone.
And I couldn't tell any more than he
Which was Charlie and which was me.
Or which was Towzer, for all in a mix
You'll think three people had turned to six.
Till Towzer's tail was caught in the door;
He wouldn't burrah with us any more.
And mamma came out the rumpus to quiet,
And told us a story to break up the riot.

RELIEF IN SIX HOURS.

Distressing Kidney and Bladder diseases relieved in six hours by the "GREAT SOUTH AMERICAN KIDNEY CURE." This new remedy is a great surprise and delight on account of its exceeding promptness in relieving pain in the bladder, kidneys, back and every part of the urinary passages in male or female. It relieves retention of water and pain in passing it almost immediately. If you want quick relief and cure this is your remedy. Sold by W. W. Short.

Prompt People.

Don't live a single hour of your life without doing exactly what is to be done, and going straight through it, from beginning to end. Work, play, study, whatever it is, take hold at once and finish it up squarely; then to the next thing, without letting any moments drop between. It is wonderful to see how many hours these prompt people contrive to make of a day; it is as if they picked up the moments the dawdlers lost. And if you ever find yourself where you have so many things pressing upon you that you hardly know how to begin, let me tell you a secret: Take hold of the very one that comes to hand, and you will find the rest will all fall into file, and follow like a company of well drilled soldiers; and though work may be hard to meet when it charges in a squad, it is easily vanquished if you can bring it into line.
You may have often seen the anecdote of the man who was asked how he had accomplished so much in his life. "My father taught me," was the reply, "when I had anything to do, to go and do it." There is the secret—the magic word, now!

CATARRH RELIEVED IN 10 TO 60 MINUTES.

One short puff of the breath through the Blower, supplied with each bottle of Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder, diffuses this powder over the surface of the nasal passages. Painless and delightful to use, it relieves instantly, and permanently cures Catarrh, Hay Fever, Headache, Sore Throat, Tonsillitis and Deafness. 60 cents. Sold by W. W. Short.

Mistakes About Alcohol.

There is a common belief that alcohol gives new strength and energy after fatigue sets in. The sensation of fatigue is one of the safety valves of our machine; to stifle the feeling of fatigue, in order to do more work, is like closing the safety valve so that the boiler may be overheated and explosion result. It is commonly thought that alcoholic drinks aid digestion, but in reality the contrary would appear to be the case, for it has been proven that a meal without alcohol is more quickly followed by hunger than a meal with alcohol. In connection with the sanitation of armies thousands of experiments upon large bodies of men have been made, and have led to the result that in peace or war, in every climate—in heat, cold or rain,—soldiers are better able to endure the fatigue of the most exhausting marches when they are not allowed any alcohol at all. That mental exertions of all kinds are better undergone without alcohol is generally admitted by most people who have made the trial. It appears certain that from 70 to 80 per cent. of crime, 80 to 90 per cent. of all poverty and from 10 to 40 per cent. of the suicides in most civilized countries are to be ascribed to alcohol.—Westminster Review.

Beyond Dispute.

There is no better, safer, or more pleasant cough remedy made than Hagar's Pectoral Balsam. It cures Hoarseness, Sore Throat, Coughs, Colds, Bronchitis, and all throat and lung troubles.

Father at Play.

Such fun we had one rainy day,
When father was home and helped us play!
We made a ship and hoisted sail,
And went to sea in a fearful gale—
But we hadn't sailed into London town
When captain, crew and vessel went down.
Down, down in a jolly wreck,
With the captain rolling under the deck.
But he broke again with a lion's roar,
And we on two legs, he on four,
Ran out of the parlor and up the stair,
And frightened mamma and the baby there.
So mamma said she'd be p'liceman now,
And to 'rest us she didn't know how!
Then the lion laughed and forgot to roar,
Till we chased him out of the nursery door.
Then he turned to a pony gay,
And carried us all on his neck away.
Whippity, hickity, hickity ho!
If we hadn't fun then I don't know;
Till we tumbled off and he cantered on,
Never stopping to see if his load was gone.
And I couldn't tell any more than he
Which was Charlie and which was me.
Or which was Towzer, for all in a mix
You'll think three people had turned to six.
Till Towzer's tail was caught in the door;
He wouldn't burrah with us any more.
And mamma came out the rumpus to quiet,
And told us a story to break up the riot.