

A House-Cleaning Song.
 It is coming, sisters, coming,
 Don't you hear the distant hum
 Of the mop and broom and dust-pat
 In a wild fantastic jig,
 With the carpe tacks and hammer
 Keeping up a constant clamor,
 While we don the doxy damness
 Of a worn-out wash-day rig!
 Happy we as pigs in clover,
 Let the silvery suds slop over,
 And never mind the puddles
 On the parlor floor my dear
 'Till left-overs warmed for dinner;
 'Till so-and-so swears by saint and sinner
 That it's all the "blat best substitute,"
 For house-cleaning time is here.
 For all that you must mind him,
 Put just hunt around and find him
 His collar studs and kerchiefs,
 Mixed up in the general touse:
 And "Revenge is sweet;" just mention
 With a casual indirection,
 That when he lets you vote you won't
 Have time for cleaning-house.
 And it's coming, sisters, coming,
 That is what the distant hum
 Of our fin de siècle woman's
 Congress means as sure as fate.
 Then we'll strow the mop and duster
 Without any fuss or fluster,
 Won't we have a jolly jumble when
 We clean the shop of state!

The Time for Building
 Up, the system is at this season. The
 cold weather has made unusual drains
 upon the vital forces. The blood has be-
 come impoverished and impure, and all
 the functions of the body suffer in con-
 sequence. Hood's Sarsaparilla is the
 great builder, because it is the One True
 Blood Purifier and nerve tonic.

Hood's PILLS become the favorite cath-
 artic with all who use them. All drug
 gists, 25c.

Fall River, Mass.
 The weather has been exceedingly fine
 but to-day we are favored with some Ap-
 ril showers.

There was no little excitement last
 evening watching the children pinning
 placards to the clothes of the mill people
 as they were wending their way home
 from their day of toil.

We had a very favored call from our
 genial friend, Mr. Wm. Baldwin, former y
 of Molus River, Kent Co., en route to
 England, via New York, where he intends
 to remain for some time. We were very
 much pleased to see him and wished his
 stay could have been longer. He was
 accompanied to the New York boat by a
 number of his friends. He carries our
 best wishes for his welfare while in a
 strange land.

We are sorry to hear of the sickness
 that has been at Mr. Wm. Stevenson's
 and at Mr. Steven Ward's, hoping that
 they are all improving ere this.

Pleased to hear that the Mill Branch ice
 holds out good so the young people can
 enjoy themselves, never mind, Jack, you
 are all right.

I am sure that Will will be glad to see
 the snow going away as the drifts were a
 great trouble at the cardin: mill brook,
 but never mind, Lena, true love never
 did run smooth.
 Bos.

**ALL KINDS OF COUGH, Tickling, Hack-
 ing Distressing, Obstinate, or merely
 slight coughs yield to the soothing, heal-
 ing effects of Wood's Norway Pine Syrup.
 Price 25c., all druggists.**

Nicholas River Notes.

The farmers are looking for spring, but
 I think it is near as we saw two spring
 birds Friday.

We had quit a display of throting here
 last week.

Mrs. Tibbitts and her sister Miss Mc-
 Lean, are home from Boston. We are
 glad to have them once more in our midst.

Jack says he will not go back to
 Galloway until the snow disappears.
 John says he is glad as he will not have
 to keep his dog tied up till then.

We regret to hear James Marshall is
 still quite ill.

Our ball was well attended Friday even-
 ing, some of the fair ones from Galloway
 appeared in our midst. Was Jack the
 attraction?

I saw a piece of work quilt made by a
 little girl of W. H. Mandles, she is only
 8 years old, and it surpasses anything I
 ever saw in that line.
 Fisk.

THANKFUL FOR SPEEDY ASSISTANCE

**The Testimony of Thousands Who
 Have Used South American
 Kidney Cure**

A friend in need is a friend indeed. It
 has been said the best way to test our
 friends is to try them. It is so with a
 medicine. So many medicines are tried
 but found wanting. This is never the
 case with South American Kidney Cure
 if it is Kidney trouble that is the ailment
 It does not cure anything else. There is
 not a case of kidney trouble, however, be-
 it ever so distressing, where quick relief
 will not be given, and by a little patience
 altogether removed. The proof of the
 pudding is in the eating of it, and what
 is here said is what thousands say who
 have used this medicine. Sold by W. W.
 Short.

A LEAP YEAR PROPOSAL.

**How the Woman Proposed by Rhetorical
 Distortions.**

Woman—Life is a beautiful thing.
 Man—Yes, indeed; especially in Paris.
 Woman—What's that?
 Man—Er um, I said: "Yes, especially
 in Paris."
 Woman—Oh, Henry! This is so ab-
 surd! But I—I am willing.
 Man—I was about to say that especially
 impartial observation has justified me in
 agreeing with you, to live—
 Woman—Oh, Henry! You surprise me
 so, but—I—I accept.
 Man—Yes, it is best to accept the
 world as it exists. I was saying to live
 nobly is a beautiful thing. By the way,
 what if Uncle Sam should annex Cuba?
 Woman—Oh, Henry! How metaphoric!
 Man—Metaphoric?
 Woman—Calling yourself Uncle Sam
 and me—
 Man—I believe annexation would be
 disastrous to all concerned.
 Woman—Oh?
 Man—But the whole political situation
 in our country is bad at present. These
 domestic broils will ruin us.
 Woman—But, Henry, we haven't quar-
 relled.
 Man—Eh? What's that?
 Woman—I said we hadn't quarrelled.
 You said—
 Man—I said nothing about ourselves.
 I regret that I have not succeeded in
 making you understand.
 Woman—But you have, you have, in-
 deed. I don't know what to say to you,
 you have startled me so. But of course,
 if you insist I suppose I shall have to
 give way and say yes. You are so impetu-
 ous so hasty!
 Man—On the contrary, I am very slow.
 I even fail to appreciate you—
 Woman—Nonsense, Henry. All men
 say they fail to appreciate us. For my
 part, compared with you, I know I am
 not worth anything.
 Man—What's that?
 Woman—I say I really am not worth
 anything.
 Man—What of that? You have a beau-
 tiful home here, and I am sure your
 father won't begrudge—
 Woman—I'm sure he will not. I wish
 you would ask him right away.
 Man—Ask him! Ask him what?
 Woman—What you did me.
 Man—Good heavens! Miss Durham,
 what was that?
 Woman—If you could have me for your
 own little wifey-ife!
 Man—I never—
 Woman—Certainly not! I know you
 never did. All the men say they never
 proposed to any other girl. And, Henry,
 dear Henry, papa's in the next room. I'll
 tell him you wish to see him. You dar-
 ling, you!
 Man—O, Lord!

A Familiar Expression.

Baffled After All.
 A few years ago a Welsh collier, wish-
 ing to leave his native land, came down
 from the hills to Swansea, intending to
 stow away in one of the large steamers
 that trade between Swansea and Phila-
 delphia. Taking with him sufficient victu-
 als for three days, he effected his pur-
 pose one night, and stowed away in the
 hold just before the vessel was leaving
 one of the docks.
 In about three days or so, when the
 pangs of hunger began to tell upon him,
 he came on deck, more dead than alive;
 but the poor fellow's feelings may be im-
 agined when he discovered himself, not
 on the Atlantic, but in one of the local
 dry docks, whither the vessel had been
 taken for repairs.

Trying on Gloves a Science.

It is a science to put on gloves for the
 first time. The hands must be perfectly
 cool and dry. After the fingers and
 thumbs are in, fasten the second button
 from the bottom, coming to the first but-
 ton last. Remove the gloves from the
 wrist and by the fingers, and leave them
 turned inside out, so that all the moisture
 may dry. In putting away gloves they
 should not be rolled, but laid together
 lengthwise. Light gloves may be cleaned
 with flour, and rubbed places in black
 suede or kid covered with a mixture of
 olive oil and ink and left to dry.

No Tact.

Timmins—You remember that little
 book I got out called "How to Become
 Beautiful." I thought it would go all
 right, but I have sold only two copies in
 eight months.
 Simmons—You haven't any business!
 Change the title to "How to Become
 More Beautiful," and the women will
 make a regular bargain counter rush for
 them.—Indianapolis Journal.

The Seven Ages.

First Age—Sees the earth.
 Second Age—Wants it.
 Third Age—Tries to get it.
 Fourth Age—Concludes to take only a
 large piece of it.
 Fifth Age—Is still more moderate in
 his demands.
 Sixth Age—Decides to be satisfied with
 a very small section.
 Seventh Age—Gets it—Judge.

Not at All Mercenary.

He—If I were a poor man, you would
 never have married me, would you?
 She—Certainly not. I love you the way
 you are and if you had been poor you
 would have been so unlike your present
 self that I couldn't have loved you. You
 see, my dear, it isn't the money, it's the
 combination.

Not All His.

"Is that your mamma, Willie?" asked
 the lady in the hotel parlor.
 "She used to be my mamma," said
 Willie, "but I've had two brothers since
 then, so she ain't all mine."

A Denunciation.

"Eb'ry man," said Uncle Eben, "dat
 prides hisself on bein' a possimist, am er
 walkin' denunciation ob his wife's cook-
 in'!"—Washington Star.

**KEEP YOUR EYE ON YOUR UM-
 BRELLA.**

**For It Has a Very Long History, But a
 Very Short Life.**

Nowadays, when the possession of an
 umbrella is considered as necessary as
 owning a hat, it may not strike the every-
 day mind that there was once when an
 umbrella was a luxury. Even for years
 after they were finally introduced in
 France it was considered very effeminate
 for a man to carry one.

As a shade from the sun, the um-
 brella is of great antiquity. We see it
 in the sculptures and paintings of
 Egypt, and Sir Gardiner Wilkinson has
 engraved a delineation of an Ethiopian
 princess, travelling in her chariot
 through upper Egypt to Thebes, where
 the car is furnished with a kind of
 umbrella fixed to a tall staff from the
 center and in arrangement closely re-
 sembling the chaise umbrella of the
 present time. The recent discoveries at
 Nineveh show that the umbrella (or
 parasol) was generally carried over the
 king in time of peace or even in war.
 From the very limited use of the para-
 sol in Asia and Africa it seems to have
 passed both as a distinction and luxury
 into Greece and Rome. The skidion, or
 day shade of the Greeks, was carried
 over the head of the effigy of Bacchus;
 and the daughters of the aliens at Ath-
 ens were required to bear parasols over
 the heads of the maidens of the city
 at the great festival of the Panathenea.
 We also see the parasol figure in the
 hands of a princess on the Hamilton
 vases in the British Museum. Defoe, it
 will be remembered, makes Robinson
 Crusoe describe that he had seen um-
 brellas employed in the Brazils, and
 that he had constructed his own um-
 brella in imitation of them. "I cov-
 ered it with skins" he adds, "the hair
 outward so that it cast off the rain
 like a pent-house, and kept off the
 sun so effectually that I could walk out
 in the hottest weather with greater ad-
 vantage than I could before in the cool-
 est."

The umbrella was used in England as
 a luxurious sunshade early in the seven-
 teenth century. Ben Jonson mentions
 it by name in a comedy produced in
 1616. The eighteenth century had elapsed
 before the umbrella had even begun to
 be used in England by both sexes as it
 is now.

Much of the clamor which was raised
 against the general use of the umbrella
 originated with the chairmen and
 hackney coachmen, who, of course, re-
 garded rainy weather as a thing especial-
 ly designed for their advantage, and from
 which the public was entitled to no
 other protection than what their vehi-
 cles could afford.

The early specimens of the English
 umbrella, made of oiled silk, were, when
 wet, exceedingly difficult to open and
 close; the stick and furniture were heavy
 and inconvenient and the article gener-
 ally very expensive, though one um-
 brella manufacturer of Cheapside, in
 1807, advertised pocket umbrellas.

Effects of the New Bullets.

The most remarkable fact in connec-
 tion with the new steel-coated rifle bul-
 lets as projected from the modern maga-
 zine rifle appears to be that they cause
 very little pain to those who are struck
 by them. During a riot in France one
 man was wounded so badly that he after-
 ward suffered from paralysis, yet he did
 not even suspect he was shot until he saw
 the blood stains upon his clothes. Another
 man, who was shot through the leg, said
 that all he felt was a slight shivering
 coming over him. Another, who was
 shot through the arm, could only remem-
 ber that his elbow twitched, and that in-
 voluntarily he closed his fist. Dr. De-
 lorme, the surgeon-in-chief of the French
 army, who has been investigating the sub-
 ject, finds that when the bullets meet
 with an obstacle at a short distance, say
 from 100 to 150 yards, they are very apt
 to explode, and the pieces of scattered
 metal are capable of doing serious mis-
 chief.

The Deadly Cutler Trade.

A foreign statistician has recently
 compiled figures relating to the baneful
 effect of the unavoidable inhalation of
 metallic dust by cutlers and file cutters.
 Assuming, he says, that in the case of an
 ordinary active existence in a healthy
 atmosphere the number of deaths per
 100,000 artificers is 100, the figure of mor-
 tality resulting from consumption and
 other lung complaints among the first
 named workmen would be 388, and
 among file sharpeners 386. The death
 rate prevalent in the cutlery trade
 would, it seems, be much heavier were
 it not that the allied handle manufac-
 turing trade is included in the statistics.
 Altogether the number of fatal termina-
 tions to pulmonary diseases among cut-
 ters and file cutters is nearly equivalent
 to the aggregate deaths among fishermen
 from all causes, including accidents,
 which are numerous.—London Iron.

How to Improve the Voice.

An Italian scientist has just made a
 new discovery, which is likely to render
 good service to professional singers.
 From the vibratory influence of rosin
 on violin strings, our doctor argued that
 a similar effect might be produced on
 the vocal chords. After dissolving a
 quantity of rosin in spirits he applied
 the solution to the said chords by inha-
 lation. But, what is still more marvel-
 ous, by adding certain substances to
 these inhalations, different results are
 arrived at.
 Add tincture of benzoin to your rosin,
 and the voice will jump up an octave,
 balsam of tolu will lower it half an oc-
 tave, whereas spirits of camphor will
 extinguish it altogether. These unfortu-
 nate persons who live next door to an
 operatic singer will please take note.—
 Eveniment.

Testing Damp Rooms.

It is well known that dampness in
 dwellings is accountable for many dis-
 eases. A simple method of testing the
 humidity of any apartment is proposed.
 The doors and windows of the room must
 be closed to prevent the entrance of ex-
 terior air, and a piece of quicklime weigh-
 ing 4 or 5 pounds should be left in the
 room for twenty-four hours. It is
 claimed that in a room of average size, if
 three-quarters of an ounce of water is ab-
 sorbed by the lime, the room may be con-
 sidered unhealthy. The amount absorbed
 is determined, of course, by weighing the
 lime.

Machinery Quickly Stopped.

A Frenchman has devised a contrivance
 for quickly stopping heavy machin-
 ery. Upon touching a button the power
 is shut off and a powerful brake applied
 to the flywheel. A twenty-horse power
 engine working at ninety revolutions per
 second was stopped in two-thirds of a
 second.

Saved My Arm

**A Severe Case of Blood
 Poisoning**

Perfect Cure by Hood's Sarsaparilla.



Poisoned Blood causes great
 suffering. It cannot be otherwise,
 because the blood is the vital fluid, the
 current of life. The following case
 illustrates the terrible effects of
 poisoned blood and the wonderful
 power of Hood's Sarsaparilla in curing
 this trouble:

"My blood became poisoned by getting
 dye into my blood by a little scratch on
 my arm. I called in the doctor and he
 told me to poultice it, but he did not give
 me any medicine for my blood. Finally
 the poison broke out on my other arm. I
 then told the physician that I wanted
 something for my blood. He told me to
 get Hood's Sarsaparilla. I did so and began
 taking it. After using four bottles, my
 arm is entirely well and I have never since
 been troubled with blood poisoning. I
 firmly believe that Hood's Sarsaparilla
 prevented me losing my arm." Mrs. R.
 WILSON, 243 Manning Ave., Toronto, Ont.

Blood Impure.

"For more than a year I was troubled
 with a distressing pain in my side. Some
 of the time it was very severe. I was also
 afflicted with severe headaches. My blood
 was out of order and, in fact, my consti-
 tution was generally run down. Having
 read how others had been benefited by
 Hood's Sarsaparilla, I thought I would try
 it, and before the second bottle was all
 gone I was entirely cured." Miss MARY
 FLANNIGAN, Manning Ave., Toronto,
 Ontario. Remember

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Is the Only

True Blood Purifier

And standard Building-up Medicine. It
 creates an appetite and overcomes that
 tired feeling. Be sure to get Hood's.

Hood's Pills the after-dinner pill and
 family cathartic. 25c.

For Sale at SHORT'S DRUG STORE.

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 Marble Works,**

T. F. SHERARD & SON,

Dealers in Monuments, Tablets, Headstones.

Cemetery work of every description neatly ex-
 ecuted. Orders promptly filled.

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 For Sale!**

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 ing valuable real estate in Kent County:

1. The

KOUCHIBOUQUAC MILL PROPERTY

on the Kouchibouquac River, Parish of
 Carleton, consisting of a double-gang
 water-power saw mill, blacksmith shop,
 wharves, booms, water privileges, stores,
 houses, barns, outbuildings, and all other
 real estate pertaining to the above prop-
 erty. Also, 50 square miles of Crown
 Lands on the Kouchibouquac River and
 branches.

2. Lot of land containing 100 acres
 more or less, formerly granted to George
 McLeod.
3. Lot of land west of railway contain-
 ing 100 acres, known as lot 62.
4. Lot of land on Kouchibouquac
 River, known as the Desbrisay Meadow
 lot, containing 100 acres.
5. Lot of land on Buctouche road,
 known as the Harris lot, containing 216
 acres more or less.
6. Lot of land in the town of Richi-
 bucto, known as the McLeod farm with
 all houses, barns, outbuildings, etc., con-
 taining 100 acres more or less.
7. Warehouse and store on Water
 Street, town of Richibucto.
8. Lot of land known as Yellow House
 Point with three houses, booms, blocks,
 etc.

Part of the above properties will be sold
 separately if desired.

For full particulars as to terms, prices,
 etc., apply to

Geo. K. McLeod, Richibucto.

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98 King Street, (up stairs) St. John, N. B.

Birds and Animals mounted in the best style of the art.
 Moose and Caribou Heads mounted in the best style.
 Furs of all kinds dressed. Good collection on hand for sale.
 Skins tanned and made into mats.
 Rare birds bought and fair prices paid. Arctic Owls particu-
 larly required.
 I guarantee that no moths will appear in my work.

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A large and complete assortment of Shirts for men and boys
**WHITE DRESS SHIRTS, FINE SPRING and SUMMER TOI
 SHIRTS, NEGLIGÉ SHIRTS, DURABLE WORKING SHIRTS**
 @ 50c. Also, a large stock of Men's Ready-Made Clothing, be-
 sides 70 pieces of Cloth, suitable for Suits, Coats and Vests or Pants
 and Vests, and 10 pieces of fine Overcoating to be sold cheap for cash.

HENRY O'LEARY, - Richibucto.

ESTABLISHED 1889.

The Review,

RICHIBUCTO, NEW BRUNSWICK.

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