

# THE REVIEW

VOL. 7.

RICHIBUCTO NEW BRUNSWICK, THURSDAY FEBRUARY 20 1896.

NO. 6

## SUNLIGHT SOAP

Whitens the clothes beautifully, without eating any holes in them. Clothes washed with poor soap don't last long.

## SUNLIGHT SOAP

will last—a great point gained, and you don't have to rub when you use SUNLIGHT SOAP. It does most all the work itself.

Less Labor!

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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.

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## THE TROUBLES OF JONES.

I am Thomas Jones, of the Limes, Hatchington Green, Hatchington, the celebrated Jones, though I say it myself—Jones, the solicitor, at the corner house on the Green, the great Jones, whom everybody knows.

I state this as a simple truth. I am not a vain man; if I feel that I am superior to all the other Joneses in Hatchington, that is a natural opinion—and my own private opinion—which I am not likely to thrust upon the attention of my fellow-creatures. Heaven forbid!

Jones is not an uncommon name, and one must infallibly encounter other Joneses in the course of one's pilgrimage through the world, and be taken for those other Joneses at times in the newspapers, no matter what objectionable proceedings, civil, uncivil or criminal, those other Joneses may have been up to.

That is the excessively awkward part of it, and that accounts for the story I am about to relate as graphically as my powers will allow. My enemies—and all remarkable men

have their enemies—will tell you another kind of story. "A water on-the-brain kind of man," a swelled-head sort of fellow," my enemies have been heard to whisper of me; but I am above their petty calumnies—far away on the mountain tops above them.

And now for the other Jones, who must come and pitch his tent on Hatchington Green also, or rather in a little trumpery house just around the corner of the Green.

Mr. Timothy Jones arrived at the little corner house, and began business there as a minor poet. I came across his name sometimes in the newspapers, and once across his portrait, size of a postage stamp at the top of a paragraph of a half-penny evening newspaper, and the exact image of a sooty Jack Sheppard, without the fringe, a monstrous picture, and labeled "T. Jones, of Hatchington Green."

"Don't think a great deal of your husband's portrait in the Evening Periwinkle," one of my wife's friends wrote to Mrs. Thomas Jones; "very unlike him especially about the nose. I am surprised to find that your husband is a poet, too." If I had wanted to write poetry I could have turned off reams of rhyme, I dare say. I consider to be confounded with the man at the corner in the Evening Periwinkle was my first humiliating blow.

Presently it came to packets of proofs being left at my house by the mistakes of blundering postmen, and then to important letters of mine going to his house, and his trumpery correspondence coming to mine.

Once this Timothy Jones called on me to inquire if I had taken in a New Zealand leg of mutton by mistake; it should have reached him from Leadenhall market by 12 noon.

He was a civil enough young fellow, was Timothy Jones, but overconfident. I was glad to put him in his place, now that the opportunity had presented itself.

"No, sir; we do not deal in New Zealand mutton here," I explained. Mrs. Jones has an insuperable objection to cheap meats, and your mutton would not have been allowed to come into the house."

All this was very aggravating to me; still more aggravating when I found that my servants had taken the New Zealand mutton in after all. It had come by carrier's cart and the other Jones had not suggested itself to the servants' minds.

And there it was discovered on our premises at five in the afternoon, and I had heard Timothy Jones say that his dinner was fixed for six.

I sent the mutton around by the page, and as Mrs. Thomas Jones thought it was our duty to apologize I followed the mutton when it had got a good way upon the road—out of sight and smell.

Timothy Jones was out, so I saw Mrs. Timothy Jones, a pretty little woman enough, with too much of a smile, perhaps. I made my apology deliberately and formally, and I think that she was impressed by it.

She hoped that I had not troubled myself to bring the mutton around—great Heavens!—it was of no consequence now, as another joint had been procured from the local butcher, and so forth.

Mrs. Timothy Jones offered to shake hands with me, which I thought a rather familiar proceeding. But I shook hands and I actually kissed that sticky boy and wished—odd that was—that there were three such children running about that big house of mine.

A few weeks later came the great source of annoyance, even of shame—just as if it were any fault of my own!

There is published on Saturday in Hatchington a weekly paper principally consisting of advertisements, cribs from other papers, local news and random readings. I never looked at the rag, and therefore failed to catch my eye; but on the station, whilst waiting for my customary train to town, I was considerably astonished to see in huge Brobdingnagian capitals:

### THE MISSING LADY

Mysterious Disappearance of Mrs. T. Jones, of Hatchington Green.

You might have knocked me down with a feather—it seemed so remarkably like and homelike. For a minute or two I forgot about the other Jones and sat down with a swimming in my head and a general feeling of "sinks."

It was a ridiculous sensation. Presently I found myself feeling sorry for the other Jones and wondering what had happened to that bright-faced, cheery little woman I had called upon with my apologies. And these three children—two girls and the sticky boy—what were they doing without a mother's skirt to hang on to?

That was all a sickly sentimentality of feeling, and it was quickly dissipated by Reginald Chips—young Chips of the war office—a stuck-up individual with whom I

travel to town every morning. I hate Chips to this day, mind you.

"Here's the train—jump into this carriage—all the people are staring at you, and no wonder, poor fellow. It must be a great blow to you."

"What is the great blow?" "Your wife's running away," he gabbled on. "It's no use evading the question, with that infernal poster all over Hatchington. Here you are—jump in," he said, opening the door of a first-class carriage.

I was boiling with rage, but I let him foster his absurd delusion, intending to crush his monstrous and silly fancies into powder when we were in the carriage together.

The idea of Mrs. Thomas Jones running away from me!

"Now, tell me," said Chips, when the train had begun to move and his red-hot paw had clasped mine in his solicitude, "when did you first suspect Parker?"

"Parker—what the—?" "Don't get excited, there's a good fellow," he interrupted. "The only thing is to take these matters dispassionately, coolly, with the sangfroid of a man of the world—to consider that, after all, it is the best—a good riddance of a bad wife, and so look the future boldly in the face."

"Perdition!"

"The Hatchington Post has treated the affair very delicately, no allusion to Parker whatever," he ran on, "but of course we have all noticed—why, you must have noticed yourself—how extra attentive Parker has been to your wife all summer. 'How old—I beg your pardon—' how Mr. Jones can stand that doctor fellow sneaking and simpering over his young wife, the Lord knows, I have said half a dozen times or more. I should have told you, but no one likes to interfere in such matters too hastily."

"You—you officious and blithering jackass!" I shouted out at last, "you impertinent adulatee, you silly idiot of the deepest dye—it isn't my wife. It's Timothy Jones' wife, round the corner!"

"What, Jones the poet?" "Yes; there's no other Jones, is there? And my wife is at home—and is always at home, and what do you mean by your simpering and smirking with Parker?—our medical man—do y-y-you dare to insinuate that there is anything wrong between my wife and him? You'll have to pay heavy damages for this libel, sir—thundering heavy damages—see if you don't!"

"Parker's gone, too, you know," Chips gasped out feebly, "and—oh, dear—with the other Mrs. Jones, then? I never thought of that. God bless my soul, what a mix-up! I was sure it was your wife who had bolted. I am sorry—I mean, my dear fellow, I congratulate you heartily that the rumor as regards yourself is entirely false—I do, indeed!"

I was unhappy in that office through thinking of Parker and my wife, who was younger than I by two-and-twenty years. The green-eyed monster took possession of me and stuck its claws into my heart. What right had that Chips to tell me that Mrs. Thomas Jones was "carrying on" with Dr. Parker?

And then I thought of Mrs. Timothy Jones and felt sorry for Timothy Jones and wondered what had become of those two rosy-faced girls and that fat, sticky boy, and presto, once more into the foreground stalked that abominable suspicion that Chips had had of my wife.

I met Timothy Jones in the down train, and we were both "down" enough to match. He had a copy of the Hatchington Post in his hand. He was traveling third-class, but I got into the same carriage with him, and disregarded any thought of "appearances" in my impulse to converse with him.

"Mr. Jones," I said, "I am extremely sorry to hear the news." "We haven't got any news, Mr. Jones," he said quite sharply in reply. "That's the worst of it."

"Have you heard anything of Parker?" I inquired.

"What do you mean?" "I—I don't know. But I heard that Parker—"

"You mean Parker, the surgeon?" "Yes."

"To tell you the truth, he went away on his honeymoon, quietly, last week. He's a friend of mine. There will be an account of the wedding at his father's in town in the next number of this infernal Post."

"Oh, will there? But—don't you suspect—"

"Mr. Jones, I suspect nothing—only that the editor of this paper is an infernal and meddlesome fool! My wife has been missing several days, but that's no reason why he should make a sensation of it with his insinuations, and 'a gentleman missing from Hatchington at the same time,' and

all that nonsense, for which I shall have great pleasure in pulling his hooked nose in the course of the evening. No, no, something has happened to her, sir. That's the dreadful thought and certainty."

And so something had happened. Mrs. Timothy Jones had gone to London, fallen in the street, broken her ankle, been picked up insensible, and her message to her husband had not been delivered to him by the hospital authorities.

The second message was awaiting Timothy at home that very evening, however, and he came round to my house to tell me, and I was very glad to see him, and to hear that his wife was going on very favorably, indeed.

I was sitting with Mrs. Timothy Jones in the drawing-room when he came in. We were talking about Parker's marriage, I remember.—Holly Leaves.

## EXCELLENT.

Beyond the Power of Pen to Describe

Is the Verdict I Would Give of Your Wonderful Medicine, South American Nervine.

I have been a continual sufferer from Nervous Debility, Indigestion, Dyspepsia and physical weakness for a number of years, and had been treated by numerous doctors and specialists without avail. Recently while visiting in Toronto I was induced by a friend who had been cured of similar complaints by its use, to try South American Nervine tonic, which I did with the most astonishing results. The very first dose seemed to "hit the right spot," and five bottles completely cured me, and best of all I have stayed cured.

Gratitude for what this grand remedy has done for me prompts me in making this statement, which I want you to publish far and wide, so that others who suffer from these complaints may know that there is a cure, absolute and certain, within their reach and to be had almost for the asking.

May South American Nervine ever prosper, and its proprietors reap the reward they so justly deserve, is the prayer of

Yours truly, D. G. OWEN  
Picton, Ont., Dec. 19, 1895. Sold by W. W. Short.

### HYPNOTIZED THE DRIVER.

She Was Confounded Until the Ejector Company Recurred to Her.

They were apparently husband and wife and were seated at the front end of a south-bound Madison avenue car when I entered at 63rd street.

"I don't believe a word of it," she said. "There's nothing in hypnotism."

"But there is," he answered, "and I can prove it."

"I would just like to see you do it," she replied.

"You shall see me do it," he continued. "Now, there sits the driver on his little hinged seat, as comfortable as can be, but simply by the power of my will I can make him get up and remain standing until we reach the post office."

"Nonsense!" she exclaimed with a look of contempt.

"Reserve your judgment for a minute," he said. "Now, it will take a little time for my will to influence him, because I can't look him in the eye, so I will see that he stands when we have crossed 60th street. Now, don't speak, or you may destroy the hypnotic influence. Keep your eyes on the driver."

She obeyed his instructions, and was quite apparently astonished when, on crossing 60th street, the driver stood and folded his seat.

"I declare! This is wonderful!" she said.

The rules of the street railway company require all drivers to stand when their cars are south of 60th street.—N. Y. Herald.

### The Truth Ought to be Known.

Rev. T. Dunlop, Alliston, Ont.: "Your K. D. C. has done all it claims to do. Two members of my family have been wonderfully helped, though, so far, they have used but one package. This is the first testimonial I have given to any remedy, but the truth ought to be known."

Old men and women, young men and maidens should test our wonderful remedies. They prevent indigestion and dyspepsia. Samples free to any address. K. D. C. Co., Ltd., New Glasgow, N. S., and 127 State street, Boston, Mass.

The Glasgow Herald says it learns that Mr. Gladstone is greatly inclined to stand again for Parliament at the first available opportunity in order to support the Armenians.

### Dominion Dairy School At Sussex.

The Agricultural and Dairy Commissioner, Prof. J. W. Robertson, has arranged for the opening of a dairy school for the Maritime Provinces at Sussex on the 31st of March next.

Two courses of instruction in cheese-making and milk-testing will be given. The first one will open on Tuesday, 31st March, and end on Friday, 10th April. The second course begins on the 14th April and closes on the 24th. Students may take either or both terms if there is room for all during the second term.

There will be evening lectures and at least four public meetings at which leading dairymen from abroad will deliver addresses. In addition to these courses Superintendent Hopkins will spend the first week in May at the Wolfville, N. S., creamery to give instructions in cheese-making, and after the 12th May he will superintend butter-making at the Nappan Dairy Station.

Applications for admission to the courses at Sussex, and all enquiries, should be addressed to the secretary of the school.

W. W. HUBBARD,  
Sussex, N. B.

### Rheumatic Pains

Require no description, since, with rare exception, all at some time have experienced their twinges. Rheumatism is not easily dislodged, only the most powerfully penetrating remedies reach to its very foundations. The most successful treatment known, and it is now frequently resorted to by medical men, is the application of that now famous remedy for pain—Polson's Nerviline. It is safe to say that nothing yet discovered has afforded equal satisfaction to the suffering, and no matter how bad the case may be Nerviline is sure to cure it. Sold by druggists and country dealers.

### Not Worrying.

A young man about 25 years old was sitting in the waiting room of the Brush street depot with a year old baby on his knee, and his alarm and helplessness when the child began to howl was so marked as to attract attention. By and by a waiting passenger walked over to him with a smile of pity on his face and queried:

"A woman gave you that baby to hold while she went to see about her baggage, didn't she?"

"Yes."

"Ha! ha! ha! I tumbled to the fact soon as I saw you. You expect her back, I suppose?"

"Of course."

"Ha! ha! ha! This is rich! Looking for her every blessed minute, ain't you?"

"I think she'll come back."

"Well, this makes me laugh—ha! ha! ha! I had a woman play that same trick on me in a Chicago depot once, but no one will ever again. Young man you're stuck! You've been played on for a hayseed. Better turn that thing over to a policeman and make a skip before some reporter gets onto you!"

"Oh, she'll come back," replied the young man, as he looked anxiously around.

"She will, eh? Ha! ha! ha! Joke grows richer and richer! What makes you think she'll come back?"

"Because she's my wife and this is our first baby!"

"Oh—um—I see," muttered the fat man, who got over feeling tickled at once and in his reversion he crossed the room and kicked a dog which a farmer had tied to one of his seats with a piece of clothes-line.

C. Donnell, prop. of the popular and well-known Windsor Hotel, Alliston, Ont., was troubled for years with itching piles. He was persuaded by Jas. McGarvey, Alliston, livery-man, to use Chase's Ointment, which he did, and was cured, has had no return of them and highly recommends this Ointment as a sovereign cure for Piles.

Five systems of law are in use in Germany; 18,000,000 people live under the Prussian code, 2,500,000 under the Saxon, 7,500,000 under the French code civil, 14,000,000 under the German commercial code, the modernized form of Roman law, and 500,000 under the Scandinavian law. It is proposed to substitute a new code, the draft of which was completed this year, for all the older laws.

If you would always be healthy, keep your blood pure with Hood's Sarsaparilla, the One True Blood Purifier.

Miss Clara Barton arrived at Vienna on Tuesday from Geneva, where she met the president and officials of the Geneva Red Cross Society. Miss Barton to-day proceeded on her journey to Constantinople.

The St. John Globe has published short sketches of all the members of the Local Legislation. The following refers to the members for Kent:

Urbain Johnston is one of the oldest members of the House. He was born at St. Louis, Kent Co., in 1824, and is of Scotch descent. His father was Simon Johnston, a farmer, and his mother, Jennie Vautour, of Minudie. Mr. Johnston says he only had six months schooling in his life. He has always been engaged in farming. He served 42 years as magistrate, was in the Municipal Council 12 years and two of them was warden. He is now Lieutenant Colonel of the reserve militia. His wife was Matilda LeBlanc, a relative of Judge Landry. Mr. Johnston is a government supporter, a Roman Catholic and a Conservative.

Pierre Leger was born at Grand Digue in 1858. Hyppolite Leger, a farmer, was his father and Sophia Poirier his mother. He was educated at St. Joseph's College, Memramcook. He has been a storekeeper and a school teacher, but is now engaged in farming and trading at Grand Digue. He was three years in the Municipal Council and first entered the Legislature at the last election. Mr. Leger is a Roman Catholic and a supporter of the government. When asked as to his attitude in Dominion politics he said he had been a Conservative, but his future course would depend on what happened at Ottawa.

Jas. Barnes is a Toronto man who was born in 1842 and came to Shediac for his health. He started a leather business there, but now resides at Buctouche and is engaged in lumbering, farming and railroad contracting. His father was Wm. Barnes, a farmer, and his mother Margaret Delland. He received a local school education. His wife is Miss Jube Smith, of Buctouche. He was defeated in the election of 1892, but elected last year. He is a Liberal, a government supporter and an Episcopalian.

The standing of the members as regards Dominion politics is as follows:

Conservatives.....	20
Liberals.....	19
Uncertain.....	6
Total.....	45

All the Liberals, all the uncertain and 11 of the Conservatives support the Local government; while the nine opponents of the government are all Conservatives. In business the House is represented as follows:

Farmers.....	13
Lawyers.....	12
Merchants.....	6
Lumbermen.....	4
Publishers.....	2
Contractors.....	2
Baker.....	1
Shipbuilder.....	1
Blacksmith.....	1
Agent.....	1
School Teacher.....	1
Doctor.....	1
Total.....	45

The religious beliefs of the members is as below:

Methodist.....	9
Catholic.....	9
Presbyterian.....	9
Episcopal.....	9
Baptist.....	7
F. C. Baptist.....	1
Congregationalist.....	1
Total.....	45

### 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 become impoverished and impure, and all the functions of the body suffer in consequence. Hood's Sarsaparilla is the great builder, because it is the One True Blood Purifier and nerve tonic.

Hood's Pills become the favorite cathartic with all who use them. All druggists 25c.

Madame Fontane Besson, the wife of a manufacturer of musical instruments in New York, London, Paris and St. Petersburg, who in October last was arrested in Seville, whither she had fled with a Spaniard and was extradited to England on a charge of having robbed her husband of \$500,000 worth of securities, was discharged from custody this morning. On December 19 Mme Besson gave birth to a child and the hearing of her case was consequently postponed for a month. In the meantime she was placed under \$25,000 bail, which was furnished by herself.

Pitcher's Castoria Children Cry for