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THE REVIEW

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NO. 30

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THE DIVERSIONS OF A SUB-EDITOR.

BY JOHN PENDLETON.

The sub-editor's room in a daily newspaper office has been styled "the whispering gallery of the world." In the daytime there is not a whisper in it. The littered den, with its impassive books of reference and dusty official documents, is as silent and deserted as the Chinese city in the story of "The Golden Butterfly." The only living thing in it is the office cat, a grave, thoughtful animal, that sits reflectively by the hearth as if it were pondering on the subject for to-morrow's leading article. At night, however, the sub-editor's room has an altogether different aspect. Energy is let loose in it. The dingy chamber is now ablaze with light, instinct with quick thought and rapid movement. It resounds with eager inquiry and brusque instruction; it echoes with the messenger's footstep, the whirr of the telephone bell, and the hiss and clank of the pneumatic tube. Into it, torrent-like, pours news from home and abroad. Along the private wire is flashed political secret, or perilous rumor about banking-house, or grave charge against some one in office. The public wire is, meanwhile, busy with statesman's speech—with the utterances of Lord Rosebery in Wales, or Lord Salisbury in the North, or Mr. Balfour in the County Palatine, or Sir William Harcourt in the Midlands.

It may be a big night in the House of Commons. Perhaps the two great parties have had a three-line whip, and gathered in strength for important division. Speech after speech is ticked into the room by the telegraphist's nimble and untiring fingers. The apparently dull debate develops swiftly into a "scene." Hon. members and visitors hurry from dinner. The House is crowded. The fate of the Government is in the balance. The Ministry have been placed in jeopardy by the cool, philosophic onslaught of the leader of the Opposition. Confidence is slowly but surely restored by the powerful reply of the right hon. gentleman who is at the head of the particular department assailed, and intends some day to be Premier. Your desk is piled high with this parliamentary oratory; and as you wade through it, with blue pencil, on the lookout for solecism or omission or error you are conscious of a slight pulsation of political strife in your own veins.

Three or four colleagues are also up to

AUDITOR'S REPORT FOR KENT COUNTY, 1895.

Parishes.	Assessment.	Collected.	Paid Treasurer.	Paid Overseer Poor.	Pd. Road Comr.	Commission.	Delinquency.
Richibucto.	1073.70	1834.79	1370.69	450.00	75.39	88.91	28.80 Firewards
St. Louis.	1090.37	1017.42	704.01	299.32	44.57	70.81	{3.40 Poll taxes
Carleton.	240.38	228.31	100.28	49.90	59.87	12.75	{refunded.
Acadieville.	641.72	584.57	427.32	131.00	9.13	12.75	{1.37 refunded by
Weldford.	329.83	327.08	327.08	64.00	23.98	57.15	{assessors.
Harcourt.	457.59	434.16	310.79	100.00	8.00	12.10	{3.34 error in as-
St. Paul.	437.56	390.21	270.21	3.00	17.30	23.44	{essment.
St. Mary.	348.12	247.21	183.41	40.90	3.00	18.10	{12.16 ordered off
Wellington.	1231.08	977.86	645.25	220.00	23.50	39.11	{by assessors.
Dundas.	544.93	605.08	480.25	151.00	5.00	26.63	
	746.96	596.98	424.97	125.00	19.00	30.31	{9.97 deducted
	423.55	379.62	210.05	50.00	19.57	148.33	{Kent Jct.
	91.03	75.29	70.02		3.27	15.74	
	120.70	67.40	33.39		4.01	33.30	
	812.57	698.15	273.33	35.00	25.69	143.30	{mistake of 1.11
	99.56	843.46	588.73	221.90	33.73	155.99	{in this book.
	296.73	297.08	150.80	32.00	8.28	29.65	
	1237.76	1141.98	901.32	200.00	40.66	96.78	
	658.88	922.82	715.53	175.90	32.25	36.06	
	777.49	647.15	399.50	100.00	130.34	129.00	
	711.43	685.43	390.80	156.27	20.27	129.00	
	487.59	477.53	333.67	103.83	9.00	10.77	{9.23 taken off by
	572.72	423.06	278.38	118.00	6.05	21.18	{assessors.
	569.03	571.75	409.34	135.43	28.28	27.26	{10.45 not paid over
							{by order of
							{councillors.

D. W. GRIERSON,
Auditor.



We would be pleased to receive any communication of a local or practical nature. Farmers are invited to give their views on any subject relating to their occupation.

Growing Rich.

The craze for getting rich would seem to increase with the progress of the age. The more the number of men who grow rich in any community, the greater the number of those who desire to grow rich. The desire to grow rich sometimes seizes the farmer, and he sells his farm to invest in a business in which he has had no experience. And, like the dog who dropped the bone to seize the shadow, he loses all. The farmer's boys sometimes get discontented. They see other lives which young men lead which they consider easier than those which they lead. They leave the farm. They begin the chase after what too often proves a deceitful vision. They go to the city and bury themselves in a sepulchre of obscurity. Only one in many finds the cup of gold. Making rich—when is a farmer rich? Not when he has three hundred acres of land paid for so long as he may want more. Not when he has \$1,000 in the bank so long as he is dissatisfied with his bank account. Not when he has large mortgages on other farms, so long as those which he holds are not numerous enough to suit him. The rich farmer is the man whose farm is paid for, or who has near at hand the sure means of paying for it, who has a happy home and a contented mind. If the farmer who possesses these things is not rich, where are riches to be found? There are not many farmers who may not be rich.

The Procrastinating Farmer.

Procrastination is usually unfortunate, but with the farmer at certain seasons of the year it is peculiarly so. The farmer who procrastinates at seedtime or harvest usually gets badly left. Some wise man has said that procrastination is the thief of time, but as applied to the farmer it may truly be said that procrastination is the thief of money, more especially when he is not right on time with reference to sowing and reaping. Seed grain will be wanted next spring. Have you got it? If not, do you know where you are going to get it? It should not only be in the granary when March comes, but it should also be cleaned, if not, indeed, in the bag ready to be taken to the field. If it is not cleaned, watch for the first stormy day. Then clean the grain. Don't wait until you want to use it, for time then is precious. The procrastinating farmer is not usually the happy farmer. He is generally behind with his work, and his work is usually behind, pushing hard at him. The procrastinating farmer gets in tangles now and then which are hard to unravel, for the threads of his work intermingle when they should not, to his vexation and sorrow. No one but himself is to blame for his procrastination. No one ties and prevents him doing now what ought to be done to-day. If he does not do so the fault is his, and his alone. Procrastination is a disease, and oftentimes of a provokingly chronic character. But it is a disease which he only can cure. In the removal of this malady every man must be his own physician.

The Cow and The Milker.

It is the custom with some dairymen to have box stalls in their barns where they put their cows to drop their calves. After remaining there two or three days with the calf, they bring the cow back to the stall and try to milk her. The cow knows her calf is in that box stall, and she will give as little milk as she can. She will hold her milk up for a week, and that is where a cow learns to kick is the opinion of Hoard's Dairyman. They wish to keep you from getting the milk that belongs to the calf. Securely fastened by the head or neck, her only remaining recourse is to kick. If then the man gets mad, there will be a prolonged fight, and before the cow forgets her calf she is half dry. We are apt to look upon a cow as a mere "brute" instead of regarding her as an animal like ourselves, only a little lower in the scale.

Again, we keep the cow for a function that makes her almost a constant mother. Now, in proportion as she looks on her milk as her foster-child will she be profitable to her owner. As she is to act the part of a mother, we should treat her as a mother, and try to get her to accept her milk as a substitute for her calf.

I want my cows to drop their calves in the stall where they are to be milked, or be put there soon, and the calf tied by their side or brought there at morning an

ght to drain the milk. After a short time, by giving the cow a little meal to take her attention, you can milk, and she will not notice the difference.

I have cows in my barn that think more of a man with a pail in his hand than of a calf, and think they are giving milk to feed the man, and, as he always seems to be hungry, they will give down their last drop of milk.—Milk Reporter.

In the legislature last week the committee on agriculture reported recommending an importation of cattle, sheep and swine; that 50 per cent. of the cattle be Ayrshires, 10 per cent. Jersey, 10 per cent. Guernseys, and the balance in specimens of other good breeds; 75 per cent. of the whole importation to be bulls; that 25 per cent. of the sheep to be Leicesters, 25 per cent. Cotswolds, 25 per cent. Shropshires and the balance in good specimens of Dorset Horns and other breeds; that the swine consist of white Chester, Yorkshire, Berkshire, Ioland, China and other varieties.

NO COLD OR COUGH is too severe to yield to the curative power of Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup. It has cured thousands of cases.

Export Duty on Pulp Wood.

Sir Charles Tupper, Mr. Foster Mr. Ives, Mr. Wood and Lieut-Col. Prior received an important deputation at Ottawa February 20, in the interest of the owners of pulp mills and paper manufacturers of Canada. The deputation consisted of Mr. John Forman, of the Laurentides, Buckingham and Maritime Pulp Companies; Mr. F. H. Clergue, of the Sault Ste Marie Pulp Co.; Mr. W. H. Masterman, of the Masterman Sulphide Pulp Mill of New Brunswick; Mr. J. R. Barker, representing the Riordon Paper Mills (Mr. Riordon having been prevented from attending by the unfortunate fire at his mill), and the Toronto Paper Co's mills; Mr. J. Davy, of the Thorold Mills; Mr. W. H. Rowley and Mr. J. J. Gormully representing the E. B. Eddy Pulp and Paper Co., and Mr. J. B. McLean, of Paper and Pulp. The deputation asked for the imposition of an export duty of \$3 per ton on pulp, for the following among other reasons: At the present time there is very little pulp wood in the United States, with the exception of a quantity in the State of Maine, which, however, is rapidly becoming exhausted. Enormous quantities are, therefore, being imported into the United States from this country for the use of almost all the paper mills there, but when the product of Canadian mills enters the United States it is met with a Customs duty, which handicaps the Canadian manufacturers, and constitutes a serious interference with the business. While about 100,000 cords are manufactured into pulp in this country, about 600,000 cords are exported. An export duty, it is claimed, would lead to the manufacture of pulp wood for the United States market in this country, and would lead to the investment here of many millions of dollars, and the employment of from fifteen to eighteen thousand men. The representations made appeared to greatly impress the members of the Government who had heard them, and the deputation are in hope that their wishes will be acceded to.—Montreal Gazette.

March A Trying Month.

The month of March is a trying one, and at no season of the year is the neck of Hawker's nerve and stomach tonic more keenly felt, especially by those advanced in years or persons who from any cause are reduced in health. Hawker's tonic is a blood and flesh builder, and nerve and brain invigorator that brings renewed health and power to the overwrought or weakened system. Throughout eastern Canada it is supported by the strongest testimonials from leading clergymen, as well as from men and women in all walks of life. Persons suffering from indigestion or dyspepsia, general debility or nervous prostration find it a health restorer in the fullest sense. Hawker's nerve and stomach tonic is sold by all druggists and dealers at 50 cts. per bottle or six bottles for \$2.50 and is manufactured only by the Hawker Medicine Co., Ltd., St. John, N. B.

MONTREAL, March 12.—Thos. Keenan, grocer, at the corner of Juror and Hermitage streets, and Peter McCaffrey, his clerk, were shooting at a pipe with a rifle in the rear of the store yesterday afternoon. McCaffrey went to the target to arrange it when the rifle discharged. Keenan's prematurely discharged McCaffrey was shot through the heart and dropped to the floor dead. McCaffrey was an unmarried young man.

"pitans." His lapse, though entertaining, was not malicious. It did not defame anybody. It did not arouse so much indignation as the following message:

"The League of the Cross looks with favor upon the effort to rescue the pope from the curse of intemperance."

This telegram, of course, should have read that the League of the Cross looked with favor upon the effort to rescue the people from the curse of drink. The sub-editor does not often get such an exquisite morsel as "No cross, no crown," telegraphed "No cows, no cream!" but he receives many telegraphic perversions of the truth. An awkward instance occurred not long ago at Liverpool. Mr. McCarthy was made to say that he had forsaken *Liberalism* to show the electors that there was something in Home Rule. What he really said was that he had temporarily forsaken "literature" for that purpose. One of the most curious telegraphic slips in modern journalism came to my own desk in the course of a night's work. The message contained intelligence from Cambridge University, and set forth that the adjudicators of the Thirlwall prize were of opinion that the essay by Mr. Hibbert, of St. John's, on "The Development of English Girls," was well worthy of publication. One can imagine the flutter of amazement this news would have created in the breast of the New Woman. The telegram should have read, "The Development of English Guilds."

The telegraph is always in feud against poetry and classical quotation. It mutilates verse, and revels in the murder of Latin. The sub-editor, though it is his duty to suggest subjects to the leader writers, to be familiar with every historical event since the time of Montezuma, and to be acquainted with every language living and dead, occasionally finds himself embarrassed by the telegraph clerk's peculiar reading of Latin, German, French or Italian phrase that fell correctly, no doubt, from statesman's lips. He cannot always follow the shrewd Press motto: "When in doubt, leave it out." The context, perhaps, depends on the quotation for life. In the turmoil of effort after midnight the sub-editor has not time to verify the phrase. Desperately he lets it go, and the next day there is an editorial storm.

Many forces fight against the sub-editor. If not ever on the alert, he may plunge his paper into libel, or kill—in print—some man still bristling with health and strength, or inadvertently, in type, send the prosecutor instead of the felon to prison. He manages, amid many difficulties, to produce a readable newspaper; but, after all, he is best seen in emergency. On the night of President Carnot's assassination, unshaken by conflicting telegrams, he has killed the French statesman, entirely on his own responsibility, for the first edition. He has grimly gone to press determined to catch the special newspaper train, whatever the fate of the Ministry; and he has, with peremptory voice, stopped the machine, and suppressed the partially-printed edition on receiving in the small hours the following disquieting telegram: "For Heaven's sake, don't publish the news I sent; it is inaccurate and without foundation. I shall get into desperate trouble if you do."—Gentleman's Magazine.

No Equal.

Rev. A. B. Johnston, Westmeath, Ont. "I have used several remedies for dyspepsia and would say that for giving relief after meals and sweetening the stomach, I have never found anything to equal K. D. C."

For sour stomach, heartburn, take K. D. C., and you can sound its praises. Samples of K. D. C., and pills free to any address. K. D. C., Ltd., New Glasgow N. S., and 127 State street, Boston, Mass.

the elbows in work. Many parcels of news have been brought in from the railway stations. Hundreds of telegrams are coming through the tube, bringing accounts of crime, disaster, and daring deed. The state of the cotton market is cabled in mystic cipher from New York. The rises and falls on the Stock Exchange—more interesting to investors than any novel—are taken from the tape; and all this intelligence adds, little by little, or heap by heap, to the vast pyramid of news on the sub-editor's table, where story of rescue at sea, or description of Royal pageant, or narrative of pit explosion, or prospectus of commercial enterprise, jostle the prim slips of paper that tell the latest value of the rupee and the Clearing House quotations for silver.

It is a common notion that the sub-editor, in his nightly struggle with a huge mass of work, in the imperative filling of the paper with the best news, displayed in most attractive fashion to tempt the reader becomes a mere gin-horse of the Press, a surly creature of routine, devoid of ambition, and with every spark of humor hammered out of him. But this estimate of the quiet, self-reliant, somewhat sarcastic man, who doggedly arranges and builds up the daily newspaper, whether the telegraph has been broken in storm, or a political mob is howling around the office, is a mistaken one. The character of the sub-editor's toil socially effaces him. He is not, like the editor or the newspaper reporter, seen at demonstration and banquet; but he gets some diversion. He finds it in the safest quarter—in the mountain of news on his desk. No night passes without revealing the idiosyncrasy of correspondent, the freak of telegraphist, the politician's move in ambition's game of chess, the newest phase in the effort of mankind, and perchance a flash of wit.

The rural correspondent is better educated than he was twenty years ago; but in certain districts he clings to a whimsical style of composition, still spells alleged "alleged," and invariably makes the victim of crime "bleed profusely." His adjectives are numerous and pathetic, and his descriptive power, in a rude way rivals that of the great Lord Macaulay. What, for instance, could be more touching—ignoring the question of lucidity—than the following account of the weather* at a notable man's interment in the North:

"It was a boisterous winter's day, with fitful showers of rain and hail, and as the polished coffin was borne into the church, the lid was sprinkled with rain like dew-drops on a laburnum leaf, which was a great contrast to wreaths of flowers as the deceased did not approve of them."

Fact and sentiment are alike involved in this strange reference to the deceased; but the paragraph is not quite so mystifying as the appended account of an extraordinary tragedy that recently perplexed a sub-editor in Lancashire:

"It transpires that the man Kelly, who was shot by a man named Callaghan, and who was afterward killed by a blow from a crowbar at Ballanderry, is not dead, but his condition is critical."

The country correspondent is not only a vivid descriptive writer, but a bold inventor of headlines for news. Nothing is too trivial or too stupendous for his pen. He will send you, by train or by special messenger, a paragraph with the sorrowful heading, "Sad Suicide of a Horse;" or another with the startling line, "Dreadful Burglary in a Hen-house." If an important event occurs in his district, he thinks his opportunity of fame has come. He will scour the country-side for information, and overwhelm himself with facts. At midnight the sub-editor receives from him a bulky parcel containing, perhaps, twenty or thirty lead-pencil-written slips, telling, in impressive and grandiloquent language, how the "awful fire," or the "terrible murder," or the "fearful explosion," has resulted in loss of life, and "cast a gloom over the neighborhood."

There is the stamp of dogged endeavor,

the evidence of a painful struggle with syntax, in every sentence of the long report, and the sub-editor, knowing the splendid zeal and personal worthiness of the correspondent, does not pitch the man's manuscript into the waste-paper basket without a feeling of self-reproach. He thinks he could have made the thing readable; but there is a terse account of the disaster already in type. The telegraph, with its winged words, forestalled the country correspondent two hours ago.

The telegraph has, to a great extent, superseded the news parcel. It has also multiplied sub-editorial work. The two chief news agencies not only supply reports of statesmen's speeches, the sittings of Parliament, and all sorts of conferences, at a cheap rate, but they scrape the country, like small-tooth combs, for intelligence of every kind. Lord Rosebery declared a year ago that it was impossible for the business of the Cabinet Council to ooze out—that every Minister was sworn to secrecy and kept his oath. Nevertheless the news agencies tell us, with daring assumption of authority, what is done at every meeting. At all events, if the pressman is unable to obtain any idea of the question discussed in the famous house in Downing Street, his journalistic resource helps him out of the quandary. He tells that this or that Minister attended the Cabinet, that he stayed an hour, that he walked away with the Premier, that he looked pale, wore a light overcoat, and carried an umbrella.

On a busy night, when every line of space in the newspaper is valuable and time precious, "political information" of this kind is apt to try the sub-editor's temper. He may have been properly brought up; but rage surges through his heart, and he savagely wishes that all writers of ministerial gossip and lobby notes were doomed to the fate of the wicked journalists mentioned in the account of an execution at Worcester. "The bell began tolling at a quarter to eight, and at that hour the representatives of the Press were conducted to the gallows in charge of a warder." Before the sub-editor's task is done he receives many shocks; but the particular telegram that is likely to rob him of self-control is the annual one about the rediscovery of the sea-serpent, or the finding of yet another Balaclava hero, or the death of some centenarian, who never took a railway journey, but could see without spectacles to the last. It is possible that he may receive by telegram singular testimony to the remarkable vitality of human nature. For example, he may read:

"A woman, aged seventy-three, living at Atherton, is cutting a fresh set of teeth. Seven new molars have made their appearance, and the lady has experienced no pain. Visitors, with more or less dental difficulties, are frequent."

The sub-editor wonders whether the chronicler of this nonsense has cut his own wisdom teeth; then deftly takes up another sheet of flimsy, and whistles softly. The latest telegram gives details of a narrow escape from death on the line, and contains this merciless passage:

"The man was laid with his head on the metals; but unfortunately no train passed along, or undoubtedly he would have been killed."

When the errors of the telegraphist are added to the whims of the newspaper reporter and the fine writing of the country correspondent, it may be imagined that the sub-editor has diversion enough. The telegraph clerk, generally zealous and painstaking, puts his hand to remarkable phrases in moments of mental abstraction or caligraphic weariness. In one of the late Lord Randolph Churchill's speeches at Bradford, that statesman was made to say:

"We are now at the parting of the ways. Will you take the path that is full of footballs and precipices?"

Devotion to athletics led the telegraph clerk astray, and he wrote "footballs" for