

## A NIAGARA TRAGEDY

A MAN DROWNED WHILE POWER-  
LESS HUNDREDS LOOK ON.He Started to Row Across the River, Lost  
Control of His Boat, Took Refuge in a  
Lodged Tree and Finally Went to His  
Death Attempting to Leap Into a Boat.

Since sunrise they had been reviewing the wonders concentrated between Lake Erie and Lake Ontario, for who could resist the stop over privileges? Certainly not Chicagoans, who love the rush and roar of life and stupendous ways of doing things. They chose a seat where they could look into the majesty of the American cataract and tried as the June day waned to realize that the grave thunder, the desperate leap of silver and sapphire, the grinning into white smoke on the rocks below had been going on for eons. This was a tremendous mental undertaking for mortals accustomed to the evanescence of great power, and they presently abandoned the effort as vain and confined themselves to remarking the daring position of a tree washed down the river by a recent freshet and apparently rooted in the ledge of rocks over which raved and plunged the American falls. The wooden giant extended at full length, seemed to be looking defiantly over the rocky wall down into the cauldron below. That the torrent must finally conquer was evident, but to defy Niagara for even a few hours—how magnificent!

"That tree reminds me of my first visit to the falls," said a sudden and deep voice from beneath a bench a few feet away from where the two travelers were sitting. As no one else was within reasonable hearing distance, the awakened dreamers felt the remark must be for them, though the speaker looked as if he were addressing the Canadian shore or the Three Sisters. He was a stout, elderly, benevolent faced man to whom it was surely quite proper to listen. He went on hurriedly as if he felt impelled to tell a story and wished it finished, somewhat after the manner of the Ancient Mariner.

"It must have been near the end of the fifties, that first visit of mine. I had just become captain of a boat on the river and had come down here between runs. A big tree had lodged over the falls, just like that one there now. I seem to see it all over again, only things along shore are different. A little before 6 o'clock one evening a man started from the other bank at what he must have thought a safe distance from the falls. Very soon we saw that it was desperate rowing with him, but he seemed to be getting across when suddenly his little boat began to whirl downward with the current. He went with it of course, but he uttered no cry and when almost at the verge of the precipice he leaped up and caught a limb of that tree—no, not that one, but the one there 40 years ago and seated himself across the trunk. And there he sat, with the waters roaring close around him like hungry wolves.

"You should have seen the excitement. Men, women and children gathered on the bank and stood, hour after hour, shouting and praying and crying over that man, and not one of them knew him. I never did hear who he was. People coming in on the train stopped off to see what the excitement was about, especially those from the west on the Canada Southern, the one now called the Michigan Central. You know it runs several miles along the shore, giving a view of things from the rapids to the whirlpool, and so people could see from the car windows that something unusual was happening down here.

"And some of the men who stopped off clubbed together and offered \$10,000 to anybody who would save that man—he a perfect stranger too! And they went up and down through the crowd, throwing up their arms as if they were insane and shouting out their offer till they were hoarse. Ten thousand dollars then seemed as much as \$100,000 does now, and it was awfully tempting, but everybody was afraid, some because they didn't know anything about the rocks and undercurrents, and some because they knew too much.

"The man was but a few feet from shore—we could talk with him from the bank. He was a well built, fine looking young fellow of about 25. When men wanted a few years ago to get the cable across for the suspension bridge over there, and did not know how, some one—an American no doubt—suggested a way which they followed. They sent across a kite. To the tail of the kite they tied a cord, to the cord a rope, to the rope a cable. I've been wondering as I sat here why, in all that crowd, not one of us thought of trying to help in that way. The wind blew toward the island, just over against where the man sat, and we might have lowered a rope to him—possibly. Heaven knows we wanted to. As the hours ran on we seemed to get acquainted with that man until he appeared to be our own brother, and yet we could not get to him a mouthful of food or help him back to life. Well, he sat there looking into the face of death, speaking only when spoken to, from 6 o'clock in the evening to 4 o'clock the next afternoon—22 hours! At last something had to be done, and so a boat, secured by ropes, was drifted toward him. It settled round and round and then seemed to stop a second right under where he sat. He gave a brave, well aimed leap, but the boat glided from under him, and with the words they say every one uses in meeting sudden, conscious death—"My God!"—he went over the falls."

Here the elderly gentleman rose abruptly and strode away, as if he could not trust himself to say another word.—Chicago Tribune.

What is the difference between an educationist and an educator? On page 1837 of the International Dictionary are these two records: "Timothy Dwight, American educationist," etc., and "Charles William Eliot, American educator," etc.

## INSECT CRIMINALS.

Brigand Bees Live by Robbery and  
Violence.

Almost every form and variety of human crime is common with insects. Cases of theft are noticed among bees. Buchner in his "Physic Life of Animals," speaks of the thieving bees, which in order to save themselves the trouble of working, attack well-stocked hives in masses, kill the sentinels and the inhabitants, rob the hives and carry off the provisions. After repeated enterprises of this description, they acquire a taste for robbery and violence; they recruit whole companies, which get more and more numerous; and finally they form regular colonies of brigand bees.

But it is a still more curious fact that these brigand bees can be produced artificially by giving working bees a mixture of honey and brandy to drink. The bees soon take a delight in this beverage, which has the same disastrous effects upon them as upon men; they become ill-disposed and irritable, and lose all desire to work; and finally, when they begin to feel hungry, they attack and plunder the well-supplied hives.

There is one variety of bees—the Sphecodes—which lives exclusively upon plunder. According to Marshall, this variety is formed of individuals of the Halyates species, whose organs of nidification are defective, and which have gradually developed into a separate variety, living almost exclusively by plunder.

They may be thus said to be an example of innate and organic criminality among insects, and they represent what Prof. Lombroso calls the born criminals—that is, individuals which are led to crime by their own organic constitution.

## HISTORICAL CRYPTOGRAMS.

Efforts of Various People to Communicate  
Messages in a Secret Manner.

The discovery of the key of the secret message sent by the conspirators in the Transvaal previous to the Jameson raid, and the effect it may have in the trials, has led James Payn to tell about other famous cryptograms in an article in the London Illustrated News.

One of the earliest methods of secret writing was to shave the head of the messenger and write the message on the scalp. After the hair had grown the messenger was sent to his destination, where the hair was again removed and the message brought to light.

The Spartans wound a strip of paper around a staff, wrote lengthwise the staff, and when removed the message on the paper could not be read until it was wound on another staff the same shape and size as the first one. Charles I. was beheaded through the evidence afforded by cryptograms that were too simple. Sympathetic ink has been much used, but it has always been dangerous.

Mr. Payn says that the only thoroughly undecipherable cryptogram is the simplest. To use it the two persons must have books exactly alike. Any book will do. In writing a message the first letter on the first page is a, the first on the second page is b, and so on. The second message will begin where the first leaves off in the book.

## Putting the Best Face Upon It.

Stiggles was met by an old friend, the other day, whom he had not seen for several years.

"Bless me, Stiggles, old boy! I'm glad to see you. You are looking well. How is it with you?"

"Fair to middling," replied Stiggles.

"Married yet?"

"Yes."

"That's good."

"Not so very good. I married a shrew."

"Ah! That's bad."

"No so very bad. She brought me ten thousand dollars."

"Indeed! That was good fortune."

"Not so good, after all; for I laid it out in sheep, and they all died of the foot-rot."

"Surely, that was most unfortunate."

"Not so very unfortunate; for I sold the pelts for more than the sheep cost me."

"In truth, that made ample amendment."

"Not so much as you may imagine. I laid out the money upon a house, and the house burned down, with all that was in it."

"Bless me! That was lamentable, surely."

"Not so lamentable as it might have been. My wife was in it!"

## Too Precocious Child.

A south side architect has a small son who is very bright. The youngster's latest fad is punching colored paper with the fancy steel punches conductors use. The architect had just finished a series of blue-paper drawings which represented many days' labor, and the next morning went cheerfully to get them from his study. He never got farther than the door, for on the floor sat his son and heir in a floating sea of blue paper stars, crosses and crescents.

"Ain't they pretty?" calmly remarked the infant. "I've just finishing the last sheet. Want some more."

He did not get more. He received something else.—Chicago Daily News.

## Wren's Nest in His Cuffs.

Over in Montrose there is a foreman of a printing office who has a series of "pigeon holes" back of his desk. One day he pulled off his cuffs, rolled them up and placed them in the aforesaid pigeon holes. Soon a little wren flew through the window of the office and decided that inside the rolled cuffs would be a good nesting place. She was not disturbed, and is now sitting on her little eggs, the little window being left open for her. No one is allowed to molest the bird or disturb its nest.—New York Press.

## ORIGIN OF THE DOG.

Some Interesting Information About Man's  
Faithful Canine Friend.

There seems to be a strong leaning among naturalists to the theory that our numerous varieties of domesticated dogs are descended not from a single species but from several kinds of wild animals—as, for instance, the wolf and the jackal.

There are recorded examples of tamed wolves, which in gentleness, love for their masters and intelligence showed a truly doglike capacity. With regard to tamed jackals, Darwin has pointed out that, when caressed, they jump about for joy, wag their tails, lower their ears, lick their master's hands, crouch down, and even throw themselves on the ground, feet upward. When frightened, they carry their tails between their legs.

On the other hand, it is understood that whatever animal we may consider his progenitor, the domestication of the dog began at an epoch exceedingly remote. The fossil remains of a large dog have been found in tertiary deposits, and there is no doubt that the dog existed in a domesticated state during prehistoric times. His bones are discovered in the shell heaps of Denmark and in the lake dwellings of Switzerland.

The dog meets us in the dawn of history, for such varieties as the bound, greyhound and watchdog are depicted on Egyptian monuments 5,000 years old. It is well known that in Egypt the dog was worshipped under the title of Anubis, and dog mummies have been found. There is a mastiff figured on an Assyrian sculpture belonging to 640 B. C.

The fact is often overlooked that dogs were used by the Greeks and Romans not only in the chase and hunting down escaped prisoners, but for war, being armed for that purpose not only with spiked collars, but with a coat of mail. It is said that Corinth was on one occasion saved by 50 war dogs, which foiled a night attack of the enemy, fighting until all were killed but one, which succeeded in arousing the garrison.

It is worth noting that, according to some naturalists, the Newfoundland and St. Bernard dogs form a group by themselves, derived neither from wolves nor jackals, but from a distinct species of progenitors. It is a disputed question whether the Newfoundland dog is indigenous to North America or was introduced either by the Norwegians in the year 1,000 or by Cabot in 1497. Bearing on this question is the interesting fact that the Norwegians have dogs closely resembling the Newfoundland breed. The Dingoo dog of Australia does certainly seem to constitute a distinct indigenous species, since it is now found in both a wild and a domesticated state in that country, and its fossil remains are associated with those of extinct mammals.—Philadelphia Times.

## Street Noises.

A step in the right direction has been taken in England in the organization of an Association for the Suppression of Street Noises. This body has put forward many undeniable facts concerning the physical and mental suffering caused by the unnecessary noises of the streets, and there is reason to hope that some steps will be taken toward a reform. It is proposed to compel all street performers to carry a badge and obtain a certificate, which would be forfeited if they refused to go to a reasonable distance when required. It is suggested that the possibility of obtaining for any house a virtually complete immunity from unnecessary noise on payment of a fee, renewable from time to time, is a privilege of which many hundreds of Londoners would joyfully avail themselves. This in itself is a significant testimony as to the reality of the grievance. A similar crusade is being inaugurated in this country. A New York medical journal recently made a strong protest against the discordant cries of street vendors, on the ground that they largely increase the sufferings of nervous and sick people, and that in a city of New York's size the nervous and sick for a large class. The statistics of the Street Vendor License Bureau show that only one man has applied for a permit thus far this season who was not the victim of a severe chronic laryngitis. This one is recorded as having only an aggravated cleft palate. It is not much consolation to those who have suffered from the discordance of street cries to know that six weeks in the business is the average time for a boy to lose his voice entirely. The "ol' clo'" men are the worst offenders, but their voices never seem to give the least indication of weakening under the strain. It is found that many knife grinders who have lost the use of their vocal chords have substituted musical bugles that are by no means objectionable.

## A Natural Law.

When Zerah Colburn the Vermont mathematical "prodigy" visited Harvard college he told in four seconds the exact number of seconds in 11 years and answered other similar questions with equal facility. He could no more tell how he did it than a child in singing can tell the laws of melody but it is certain that it was done under natural law and not in opposition to it. It is hardly doubtful that all such laws are extremely simple and that they will be discovered as soon as investigators cut loose from accepted theories and apply modern scientific methods of persistent experiment and comparison to mathematics. It ought to be taken for granted when such unexplained phenomena are witnessed that "the last word" has not been said in mathematics or anything else.—Philadelphia Ledger.

## Such Is Fame.

In looking over new maps of the annexed "north side" of New York, a certain "Teetaw" avenue was observed by the board of street opening. One member thought the name was Indian; another said it would soon be known as Seesaw avenue, and it was at last discovered that the street was really named after Major Tetard, a noted Revolutionary figure, and a clerk had made the error through imperfect hearing six years ago.—New York Times.

## Itching

If there is one thing more than another which gratifies us, it is the great volume of hearty thanks which come from grateful parents for the cures Hood's Sarsaparilla has effected upon their children. The agony of despair turns to unspeakable joy as mothers and fathers see dreadful sores and eruptions gradually yield to the potent purifying power of this great medicine, and bright boys and girls given perfect health. Read this:

"When my baby was four weeks old, scrofulous eczema broke out on his body. He became literally covered with

## Sores

When six months old the breaking out healed on his body, but his head, face and arms were a terrible sight. I passed many sleepless nights holding his little hands to keep him from scratching his face. I cannot tell what he suffered with the sores. One doctor attended him a year without avail. No one thought he would ever get well. He was almost a year old when I commenced to give him Hood's Sarsaparilla. He soon grew so much better that

## Cured

I was able to rest at night. Gradually the sores on his head and arms healed, the burning and itching ceased, and he slept better. In 2 months he looked like another child, gained strength, was cured. I recommend all persons afflicted with eczema or any skin disease to take Hood's Sarsaparilla. I feel assured that it will do wonders for others. I cannot praise it too highly for what it has done for my

## By

poor little sufferer. It is hard to believe he is the same child, he is now such a big, hearty, fat boy, a very picture of health. If more people would give Hood's Sarsaparilla to their children, there would not be so many poor, delicate little ones." Mrs. AGNES C. BAILLY, Box 91, McVeytown, Pennsylvania.

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## Notice of Sale!

To the heirs of Peter Breau, late of the parish of St. Mary's, in the county of Kent, farmer, deceased, and Philomena, his wife, and all others whom it may concern:—

Notice is hereby given, that under and by virtue of a power of sale contained in a certain Indenture of Mortgage bearing date the Fifteenth day of February, 1882, and made between the said Peter Breau, and Philomena, his wife, of the first part, and Henry O'Leary, of Richibucto, N. B., merchant, of the second part, and duly registered in Book B., No. 2, of Kent County Records, pages 390, 391 and 392 and numbered 15462 therein, there will, for the purpose of satisfying the moneys secured by the said indenture of Mortgage, be sold at Public Auction, at the Court House in Richibucto, on FRIDAY, the THIRTY-FIRST DAY OF AUGUST, next, at the hour of 12 o'clock, noon, the land and premises mentioned and described in the said Indenture as follows:—All that certain lot, piece and parcel of land situate, lying and being in the Parish of St. Mary's, County of Kent, being the Eastern half Lot No. 34 in said settlement and bounded as follows:—East, by land granted to John Bernard, North by land located to Theophile Bastarache, West by land owned and occupied by Joseph Arseneault, and South by the Main road leading from Buctouche to the I. C. Ry., at Birch Ridge, being the eastern half of the said lot, the same containing 40 acres more or less.

HENRY O'LEARY,  
Mortgagee.

Richibucto, May, 27, 1896.

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J. F. BLACK & SON.

Richibucto, May 6, 1896.

## Unable to Compare.

He—Miss Kitty, I've heard it said that a kiss without a mustache is like an egg without salt. Is that so?  
She—Well, really, I don't know—I can't tell—for in my life I never—  
He—Now, now, Miss Kitty!  
She—Never ate an egg without salt.—Woonsocket Reporter.

## SCYTHES.

If you want a sweet cutting Scythe, buy the one made by the Dunn Edge Tool Co., and see that the name is stamped on them.

They are for sale by most dealers and

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HENRY O'LEARY, - Richibucto.

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