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THE REVIEW

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\$1.00 A YEAR

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 tickled via THE REVIEW.

Nobody Knew—But Mother.

Only a kiss on the baby's face,
Only a kiss with mother's grace,
So simple a thing that the sunbeams
Laughed,
And the bees ha ha-ed from where they
quaffed,
Only a kiss, but the face was fair,
And nobody knew that love was there.
Nobody knew—but mother.

Only a word to a mother's joy,
Only a word to her parting boy,
And the changing lights on the window
shone
As her boy went out in the world alone,
Only a word from a mother brave,
But nobody knew the love it gave,
Nobody knew—but mother.

Only a sigh for a wayward son,
Only a sigh for a hopeless one,
And the lights burned dimly and shone
with a blur;
Could a mother condemn—'tis human to
err.
Only a sigh as she took his part,
But nobody knew what it cost her heart
Nobody knew—but mother.

Only a sob as the tomb doors close,
Only a sob, but it upward rose,
And the lights in the window flickered
and died;
And with them her hope, her joy, her
pride,
Only a sob as she turned away:
But nobody knew as she knelt to pray,
Nobody knew—but mother.

MR. MEEK'S DINNER.

I wonder, James," said Mrs. Meek, doubtfully, to her husband one morning, "if you could get your own dinner to-night? You see I've had to let the servant go on her holidays for a day or two, and they want me desperately at the Woman's Aid and Relief Bazaar, to help them with their high tea from 4.30 to 8.30. If you thought you could manage by yourself—"

"I'll try to survive it," observed Mr. Meek, good naturedly. "I don't fancy it will prove fatal."

"I'll get a roast and cook it this morning, then," went on Mrs. Meek, cheerfully, "and you can have it cold for dinner."

"Thank you" replied Mr. Meek, "you'll do nothing of the kind. If fancy I haven't gone camping pretty much every year of my life for nothing. I suspect I can manage a hot dinner about as well as most women."

Mrs. Meek had her doubts, and, unlike most wives, expressed them.

Mr. Meek viewed his wife's doubts with supreme contempt, and, unlike most husbands, expressed it.

Thus it finally resulted that Mrs. Meek abandoned all idea of preparing Mr. Meek's dinner for him, and betook herself to the Bazaar. So it resulted, furthermore, that Mr. Meek left his office, about 4 o'clock that afternoon and proceeded to collect on his way home the necessary supplies for a dainty little dinner.

An alluring display of chickens was the first thing to catch his eye, and he was just on the point of securing one of them when, by good luck, or more probably through the natural sagacity of the man, he recollected that—well, that you don't, as a rule, cook chickens as they are. In the momentary reaction that followed this feat of memory he bought a couple mutton chops and three tomatoes.

"I'll have a good, plain, old-fashioned dinner," thought he, as he hurried past the deceitful chickens with something almost akin to reproach. "None of your finicky poultry dinners for me."

"By Jove!" he exclaimed a moment later, "I'll have an apple pudding, and some oyster soup to begin on."

He was so tickled with this idea that he promptly rushed into a grocery shop and purchased half a peck of their best eating apples and then hurried home without a thought of the cab he was to order for his wife at 8.30 sharp.

By 5 o'clock he had the fire going beautifully and everything ready for a start.

By 6 o'clock he was just beginning to enjoy the thing; the tomatoes were stewing divinely; the potatoes were boiling to their heart's content, and the milk for the oyster soup was simmering contentedly on the back of the stove. The oysters, by the bye, had not yet arrived.

"Dear me," thought the ambitious gentleman, "I wish I had thought of it in time, and I'd have had some oyster patties for a sort of final dessert. Hello! what's this? By thunder, if that everlasting pig-headed woman hasn't left me some cold ham and a custard pie! By the Lord Harry, for two cents I'd throw the whole thing into the back yard."

The natural docility of his nature, however, prevailed, and he left the obnoxious viands unmolested and proceeded with his dinner. At 6.30 he put the chops on to broil, "as in the good old days of yore"—this poetic allusion to the style of cooking being occasioned by one of them accidentally dropped into the fire, whence he rescued it with great presence of mind by the joint assistance of the stove-lifter and one of the best table-napkins. By the time the chop was thus rescued both it and the table-napkin were fairly well done—to say nothing stronger. This trifling difficulty he got over by putting the erring chop on the window sill to cool, and the napkin in the fire—to do the other thing.

This accomplished, and with one chop gently cooking on the gridiron and the other one cooling on the window sill, he started to construct the paste for his apple pudding. This proved most fascinating. He placed a large quantity of flour in a small bowl, emptied a jug of water on top of it, added butter to taste, and proceeded to deftly mold it into shape, as he had often seen his wife do. The flour and water promptly forsook the bowl and betook themselves to his hands. Then the milk for the soup began to burn, just as the potatoes boiled dry. He rushed to the rescue and left the major portion of the paste fairly evenly divided between the handles of the two saucepans and the stove-lifter. At this juncture the tomatoes started to see if they couldn't surpass the milk in burning. They succeeded. The cat, which was accustomed to a 6.30 dinner, walked off with the chop on the window sill, while the chop on the fire grew beautifully black on the "down side."

So many things were now burning all at the same time that Mr. Meek gave up all hope of trying to discover which one was burning most. "Let the dashed things burn till they're sick of it!" was the extremely broadminded way in which he summed up the situation. With the astuteness that characterized him as distinguished from his fellowmen, he at once gave up all efforts to track the truant paste, and simply popped his apples into the oven to bake.

It was now about 7.30 and the fire was getting hotter than pretty much anything on earth, unless, perhaps, it was Mr. Meek. He turned all the dampers, opened all the doors, and took off all the lids. This resulted satisfactorily and the fire began to cool. It didn't stop.

It got, if anything, a little low. After that it got very low. Then it went out. He rushed for kindling, and nearly took his head off on a clothesline. Just as he got nicely through expressing his views on clotheslines in general, and that clothesline in particular, he went about twice as far toward taking his head off on the same clothesline on his way back.

The gentlest of natures when roused are often the most terrible. He used up enough kindling, profanity and coal oil to have ignited the Pyramids of Egypt. He stamped and shoved, and poked and banged, and cursed and shook until even the cat—and it had had his dinner—was displeased with him, and departed to the outer kitchen to try the oysters, which the dilatory grocer had just deposited on the table without waiting to parley with Mr. Meek. He was a wise grocer and had heard enough.

When, about five minutes later, Mr. Meek discovered that the cat had found the oysters to its taste, he became less calm. Had the cat been around (but, like the grocer, it had heard enough, and taken an obtrusive departure) it is probable that a considerable majority of its nine lives would have come to an abrupt termination.

At this stage, to console the unfortunate man, the fire began to go again. Once started, it didn't stop. In about five minutes it had burnt up what remained of pretty much everything except a large pot of green tea and a small portion of Mr. Meek. The chop that the cat hadn't eaten was especially well done. It could be quite safely left on the window sill with a whole legion of cats around it. Mr. Meek, however, simply left it in the coal bin. In point of either color or hard-

ness it would have been difficult to have found a more fitting resting place for it.

Then there came over Mr. Meek's face a terrible expression. He brought in a pail (it was a scrubbing pail which he had mistaken for the scrap pail, but no matter) and poured the soup carefully into it, throwing the pan about five feet into the sink; next he scraped the potatoes into the same pail, and again another pan followed the course of the first in getting to the sink; then he poured the tomatoes on top of the potatoes, and still a third pan got to the sink with unusual rapidity. It cannot be definitely stated whether or not Mr. Meek, in doing this was actuated by the desire to prepare some famous hunter's dish relished in the dear old camping days gone by, but certain it is, no sooner did he get the tomatoes nicely on top of the potatoes than he took the whole thing and tossed it, pail and all, into the outer lane.

This accomplished, he proceeded to make a meal off the cold ham and some bread and butter—the cooking butter, of course.

Just as he was finishing, Mrs. Meek returned. "Why, James," she cried cheerfully, "you never sent the cab for me and I waited nearly an hour."

"No," said her husband calmly. "I've been terribly busy. Men from New York—just got home a little while ago. This is a very good ham—a shade overdone, though, isn't it?"

"Perhaps a shade less wouldn't have hurt it. Let me get you a piece of pie?"

"No, thank you! No cold pie for me when there's hot apples in the oven. I'll tell you what you might do; you might bring 'em in if you're not too tired."

Mrs. Meek departed on her mission. In a few moments she reappeared, and, without moving a muscle, placed the plate of baked apples before her lord and master. They were about the size of walnuts and the color of ebony. Judging by the way they rattled on the plate they were rather harder than flint.

Mr. Meek arose with an awful look in his eye.

"I'm afraid," observed his wife, "they're like the ham—just a shade overdone."

"If ever I catch that cat," remarked Mr. Meek, as that sleek feline purred past him with a playful frisk of his tail, "I'll break every bone in its body"—only he described its body with sundry adjectives that were very strange to the ears of Mrs. Meek. At least, so she said when she described the occurrence to her bosom friend, Mrs. Muggins next day.

More Curative Power

Is contained in a bottle of Hood's Sarsaparilla than in any other similar preparation. It costs the proprietor and manufacturer more. It costs the jobber more and it is worth more to the consumer. It has a record of cures unknown to any other preparation. It is the best to buy because it is the One True Blood Purifier.

HOOD'S PILLS are the best family cathartic and liver medicine. Gentle, reliable, sure.

Days Were Once Short.

When the earth was young, says Dr. Ball, the eminent British astronomer, it turned on its axis so rapidly that it made one complete revolution once in every three hours! The earth was liquid then, and it spun around at that fearful speed probably for thousands of years. The sun caused ever-increasing tides on the surface of the great liquid planet, and at last it burst in two. But the break was not in the middle of what had been the great, swift-revolving globe of liquid matter. It was to one side, and the effect was to throw the smaller fragment out into space. That fragment kept on turning, and was soon fashioned into a globe. We see it to-day and know it as the moon. The larger piece also kept turning on its axis, and in the course of ages became the spherical, habitable earth. The smaller fragment of the great original globe, being held in place by the attraction of the larger, has been going around the earth ever since, but has been gradually increasing the distance between itself and its primary. Some astronomers believe that eventually the moon will get so far away that it cannot be seen by the inhabitants of our planet.—St. Louis Republic.

Good Results Observed.

Rev. Dr. McLeod, Thorburn, N. S.: "I have in several cases observed the good results of your remedy for dyspepsia in my congregation, I have no hesitation in recommending it as a useful remedy."

Prominent men throughout our land witness to the merits of this great remedy. GREAT because it cures. Free sample K. D. C. Co., Ltd., New Glasgow, N. S., and 127 State street, Boston, Mass.

GREAT LOSS OF LIFE.

Rumored Defeat of the Spanish Forces.

JACKSONVILLE, Fla., Nov. 27.—Jose Reyes, aide-de-camp of Maceo, wounded and en route to New York for medical treatment, and with despatches to the Junta, passed through here yesterday. He brought news of fierce fighting in the Rubi hills of Pinar del Rio, in fact the most sanguinary battle of the war, which Weyler's censor at Havana has tamed down into mere scimmages; but about 2,000 of Weyler's men were killed in two days and twice as many wounded. Weyler went to the field with 33,000 men in three columns, one of 15,000 under himself; one of 10,000 under General Echague, and a third 10,000 under Gen. Munore. They found Maceo entrenched in a crescent-shaped range of hills. Munore arranged his battalions and went forth upon the field. Suddenly there was a terrific explosion. Horses and men were blown high in the air and fell to the earth dead and mangled. The dynamite mine was touched off by John Linn, formerly of this city, who is Maceo's electrician. Maceo then let loose his dynamite guns, prepared by Linn, and more havoc was wrought. In the mine explosion Col. Reyes says that Weyler lost 700 men killed, and 500 more in the charge, besides 1,600 wounded. Next day Maceo knowing of the reserve force under Weyler, retreated to even a stronger position. There he was attacked by a column under Echague, who was thrashed and driven from the field, losing 800 men besides 1,300 wounded. In this fight Echague lost a leg, which was torn off by a dynamite bomb. His men became panic-stricken. They feared another mine and would not respond when a second time urged to the attack. The next day Maceo retreated again, manoeuvring all the while to entrap Weyler into a field that had been honeycombed with dynamite under direction of John Linn. Meanwhile, however, Weyler heard that there was danger of uprising in Havana because of his failure to crush Maceo and hastened back to that city.

MUNYON'S REMEDIES

WITH MUNYON'S IMPROVED HOMEOPATHIC REMEDIES YOU CAN DOCTOR AND

CURE YOURSELF

NO GUESS WORK—NO EXPERIMENTING—NO BIG DOCTORS' BILLS—EACH REMEDY HAS PLAIN DIRECTIONS, SO THERE CAN BE NO MISTAKE.

A Separate Cure for Each Disease

THEY RELIEVE ALMOST IMMEDIATELY—ARE ABSOLUTELY HARMLESS AND SHOULD BE IN EVERY HOME.

Your Druggist Will Give You the Names of Hundreds of His Customers Who Have Been Cured By These Wonderful Little Pills.

Munyon's Rheumatism Cure never fails to relieve in one to three hours, and cures in a few days. Price, 25c.

Munyon's Dyspepsia Cure positively cures all forms of indigestion and stomach trouble. Price, 25c.

Munyon's Cold Cure prevents pneumonia and breaks up a cold in a few hours. Price, 25c.

Munyon's Cough Cure stops coughs, night sweats, allays soreness, and speedily heals the lungs. Price, 25c.

Munyon's Kidney Cure speedily cures pains in the back, loins or groins and all forms of kidney disease. Price, 25c.

Munyon's Nerve Cure stops nervousness and builds up the system. Price, 25c.

Munyon's Catarrh Remedies never fail. The Catarrh Cure—price 25c.—eradicates the disease from the system, and the Catarrh Tablets—price 25c.—cleanse and heal the parts.

Munyon's Asthma Cure and Herbs relieve asthma in three minutes and cure in five days. Price, 50c. each.

Munyon's Headache Cure stops headache in three minutes. Price, 25c.

Munyon's Pile Ointment positively cures all forms of piles. Price, 25c.

Munyon's Blood Cure eradicates all impurities of the blood. Price, 25c.

Munyon's Vitalizer restores lost powers to weak men. Price, \$1.

A separate cure for each disease. At all druggists, mostly 25c. a vial.

Personal letters to Prof. Munyon, 11 & 13 Albert St., Toronto, answered with free medical advice for any disease.

Sour stomachs sweetened by the use of K. D. C.

FROM MR. CASTELL HOPKINS'

'Life and Reign of Queen Victoria.'

Published by the Bradley-Carretson Co. Toronto and Bradford Ont.

INTRODUCTORY WORDS TO THE FIRST CHAPTER.

The life of Queen Victoria has impressed itself upon the character, the social customs, the moral environments and the home institutions of British people throughout the world. Her long reign and personal influence has modified the nature of Monarchical government; has transfused its constitutional forms through out the national life of great and widely scattered communities; has developed its best and noblest elements in harmony with the instincts of a progressive civilization; has combined liberty with stability and transmuted the loyalty due to a lofty principle of traditional rule into devoted allegiance to the personality and the power of a great modern ruler. And, during this most memorable period the British realm has seen a march of commerce, an expansion of territory, a development of thought, a growth of Imperial power, unequalled in its own or any other history.

Through all these various phases of progress may be seen the influence of the Monarchical principle, the living power of personal loyalty to a great Sovereign or a splendid ideal. Whether it be the sentiment felt by the soldier standing with his comrades upon the burning sands of Africa; the feeling of allegiance which prevented the Canadian settler in earlier days from joining in rash revolutionary movements for the redress of admitted local grievances; or the prestige gathering around the name of the Queen-Empress as the proclamation of her Imperial rule closed the melancholy incidents of the Indian mutiny, this influence of the Monarchy upon the events of many succeeding years has been as great as its moulding effect upon the character, manners and customs of the masses has been elevating and beneficial. The British Sovereign has, in fact, and in the truest sense of the term, led her people forward during the last sixty years, and has distinctly embodied in her policy and rule the highest aspirations of the best minds in the nation.

To a greater extent than is, indeed, generally understood in these democratic days the Monarchy in Great Britain has, during a thousand years, permeated the national development and expansion. Through nearly all British history the Sovereign has either represented the popular instincts of the time or else led in the direction of extended territory and power under the forceful influence of royal valor or statecraft. The history of England is not, of course, confined to the biography of its kings and queens, but it would be as absurd to trace those annals without extended study of the rulers and their characters as it would be to write its records without reference to the people. And the Monarchy has done much for the British Isles. Its influence has effected their whole national life in war and in peace, in religion and in morals, in literature and in art. The individual achievements and actions of some of these rulers are to be found as the very foundation stones in the structure of modern British power. Others again have helped to build the walls of the edifice, while the Sovereign at the close of the nineteenth century has become the pivot upon which turns the constitutional unity of the empire and which forms the only possible centre for a common allegiance amongst its peoples.

A NOVA SCOTIA CASE.

Suffered without help—Eighteen Years getting worse—Cured by Dodd's Kidney Pills.

BRIDGEWATER, N. S. Nov. 30 (Special)—There is no man in this town better known than J. S. Morgan, tinsmith, who for eighteen years had been going from bad to worse without help until at last he got hold of the right treatment. He says:—"It began with backache, pains in the limbs, and finally settled down as rheumatism. I was a cripple and after I ran down greatly in weight the doctor said it was Diabetes. About a year and a half ago I quit everything else and took Dodd's Kidney Pills. Have taken twenty-three boxes, and have regained my weight, health and strength, I am perfectly cured."

CASTORIA.

The Family Signatur is on every wrapper.

Kent County Baptists.

BUCCOCHE, Nov. 27.—Kent County Baptist Sunday School convention met at St. Mary's on Saturday and Sunday, Nov. 21st and 22nd.

President, Rev. R. M. Bynon; Vice-Presidents, Rev. Mr. Normandy, Wm. Ayer; Treasurer, E. Wry; Secretary, M. E. Geldart; Officers of Convention constituted executive committee.

First session, Saturday p. m.—Address, subject, Why doctrine should be taught in the Sunday school, opened by Rev. Mr. Normandy; further discussed by Revs. Bynon and Patterson.

Second session, Saturday evening—Consecration service, led by Mr. Patterson; Address, The place the Bible should occupy in the Sunday school, Mr. A. McLean; Subject, The teacher's opportunity, spoken upon by Messrs Mills and Ayer; "Question Box," answered by Revs. Normandy and Patterson. The Sons of Temperance of the place having been invited to attendance, were present in regalia and very enthusiastically handled the subject of temperance.

Third session, Sunday a. m.—Prayer service, led by Rev. Mr. Normandy; Sunday school, opened by Rev. Mr. Patterson; Model lesson, The rewards of obedience, taught by Miss Geldart; school closed by Mr. A. Mills.

Morning service—Bible reading, Pastor Patterson; Invocation, Rev. Mr. Normandy; Paper, Why we should study the Bible, Miss Flora Oulton; Paper, What doctrines should be taught in a Baptist S. S., Miss Emma Snow; Discourse, subject, The Uplifting Arm, Deut. 33:27, by Rev. R. M. Bynon.

Sunday p. m.—Sunday School, lesson led by Rev. Mr. Patterson; Paper, The Child, Miss Geldart; Sermon, subject, The Model Church; 1 Cor. 1:2

The convention in this its first gathering proved indeed very profitable, and was pronounced ahead of any yet held in that locality. The papers called forth high commendation and were well received by all present.

Does Your Husband or Son Drink?

If your Husband or Son is addicted to the use of Liquor, Morphine or Tobacco, purchase of your druggist a bottle of Hill's Chloride of Gold Tablets. They are guaranteed to cure or money will be refunded. Tablets may be given secretly in tea or coffee and the free use of stimulants allowed until voluntarily given up. Price \$1.00 per package. If your druggist does not keep them, send direct to The Ohio Chemical Works, Lima, Ohio. Book of particulars and testimonials free.

Napoleon Before Waterloo.

For some moments after reaching his position Napoleon stood, impassive. He was clad in his classic costume of cocked hat and gray surtout. Throughout his lines he has been received with enthusiasm and his presence was clearly magnetic as of old. The direction of affairs in this momentous crisis was his, and he dreamed of two implacable enemies routed, of appeasing the two who were less directly interested, of glory won, of empire regained. Reason must have told him how empty was such a vision; for, since Poischwitz, Austria and Russia had been quite as bitter, and more tortuous than the other powers. His expression mirrored pain both physical and intellectual; his overconfidence and consequent delay were signs of degenerate power; his exertions for three days past had been beyond any human strength, especially when the faculties of body and mind had been harassed for more than two months as his had been.—Century.

Hands and Ankles Raw.

For years I have been a great sufferer from itchy skin trouble and salt rheum. My hands and ankles were literally raw. The first application of Dr. Chase's Ointment allayed the burning, itching sensation. One box and a half entirely cured me. It is also a instant relief for chilblains. Henry A. Parmenter, St. Catharines, Ont.

A new valuation of Westmorland county has been made up. It shows 6,773 persons eligible for taxation as against 6,681 in 1889. The total valuation is \$8,905,966, as against \$10,035,650 in 1889. This is a reduction of \$1,129,684, divided as follows: Real estate, \$697,119; personal property, \$375,965; income, \$157,600. The decrease is said to be due to the reduction in farm lands and values, the depletion of timber lands, and to a more equitable assessment.

Flattery Didn't Go.

"In eating well I praise the food," quoted the star boarder.
"Yes, and you're the most gushing, fulsome and persistent flatterer that ever sat down at my table," snarled the landlady.
—Detroit Free Press.