

GOLD MINES OF GUIANA.

No One Knows Whether There Are Any in the Disputed Territory.

There are to-day, in what is probably indisputable British territory, placer gold-washings of value. Here an industrious man, if successful, can make handsome day's wages by his labor, but nothing more. The formation is known as pocket gold; in other words, the action of water has brought from some place gold, which has collected in pockets, so that when one of these is found the finder is well rewarded for his labor. But as yet in no place have sufficiently extensive deposits of gold been found to warrant the construction of the necessary works and the employment of hydraulic machines for use in obtaining the gold. This, therefore, prevents the entering of capital, the formation of large interests, and the production of gold in much quantity.

The Callao mine, which is the one great exception, began with a capitalization of sixty thousand dollars, of which a portion represented the concession and the land. For four years it was operated without yielding dividends, while in the next period of twenty years it distributed fifteen million dollars in dividends, and the same amount of stock. After that period so far as I am aware, no authentic information exists. Now, however, it is believed that the mine is worked out. Apparently the "pocketing" formation also appeared in this lode; for the story is told that the lode ended one day, and no man could say whether it went. It did not run out; it simply stopped. One theory is that an earthquake disturbance caused a break, the last portion being either lifted up or lowered down or moved sideways, so that it cannot be told where it is. Therefore, in the disputed territory there may or there may not be valuable gold-fields. No one really knows.—"Glimpses of Venezuela and Guiana," by W. Nephew King, in the Century for July.

A Change of Heart.

It was early in the spring that she was talking to her best chum and said: "Lizzie, I detest these girls that go flying around on bicycles, making guys of themselves with bloomers, divided skirts or nobby dresses and leggings. You may put me down for an old-fashioned girl and take notice at the same time that no sensible man will ever marry one of these frights on wheels. He will be attracted by the same kind of woman that charmed his father."

Then she remained at home waiting for the right prince to put in an appearance. She walked in the garden, swung in the hammock, making a charming picture, sat on the veranda from the gloaming till bedtime. But the prince came not. Prejudiced as she was, the scales gradually dropped from the eyes of our heroine. The young princes, she knew, never came around because they were out on their wheels, and when her special favorite among them all did call it was to ask her for a tandem ride. Purely upon her own motion and without consulting anyone she went to the training school, fell all over the place, barked her ankles on the elusive pedals, took a header that knocked her instructor clear across the hall, jammed her hat till it looked like a last year's bird's nest and run down half a dozen more timid creatures who had the same right there as she.

When she next called at Lizzie's it was on a stunning wheel and in a stunning outfit. "It's glorious," she said, with a view to cutting off all discussion. "So exhilarating. Just like flying. I've had this skirt cut off twice since I began. It is affectionate; and it is dangerous to wear your skirts too long. And, say, Lizzie, you know I have no secrets from you. I've had three proposals, and the dear old prince made the last one. With the other two I just moved the previous question and prevented all debate. But the prince, Lizzie, it was on one of the shady rides at the island. I just said 'yes,' as meekly as a little lamb, and never talked back a word. He and I will go through life on a bicycle built for two. Do get a wheel, Lizzie, dear."

Light of the Earth.

It is well known that the farther we dig into the earth the hotter it gets, and therefore heat is being continually conducted outwards from the interior of the earth to its surface, where it gets reflected into space. Now this radiant heat is known to be a vibration of the ether exactly similar to the vibration we call light, and called in scientific nomenclature infra-red light. Hence in this respect, we can consider the earth to be self-luminous. Again, everyone admits that the earth attracts every material object, according to the law of gravitation; and the greatest thinkers, amongst others Lord Kelvin, hold that this attraction is due to the continual emission by the earth of longitudinal vibrations into the ether. Although these rays, like the Roentgen rays, are visible to human eyes, yet it seems reasonable to assume that the inhabitants of some stars may have retinas so sensitive that they can see both the radiant heat and the gravitational rays.

When Wigs Were Worn.

The period between the Restoration and George IV, which may be called the era of the wig, the fashion in male clothing was least healthy. During the whole of this period, and especially in the eighteenth century, there was an increasing tendency to overburden the body with clothing. Men's coats and waistcoats extended almost to the ground, and their wigs, mixed with pomatum—often made of rancid fat and other noxious substances to make the hair stick—were sometimes enormously heavy and overheating. The hair used was sometimes cut from the heads of diseased persons, and this, as in the time of the plague, made wigs doubly dangerous to the wearer. To dye the hair various colored powders were used, and even coal dust. Woolen was never worn next the skin, and fashion imposed a rule that the weight and quantity of morning robes should increase with the social status of the wearer.

SWEET FLAG.

A Famous Old Candy of New England and How It is Made.

A halo of romance hangs around the sweet flag beds, with their long, graceful, sword-like blades of pale, tender green. This is the "calamus" of the shapes hallowed by the traditions of many fair maidens who yearly gathered their sweet rootstalks and prepared from them the excellent "meeting" candy—a bon bon that whiled away the tediousness of those long sermons of generations ago. There are many families that still prepare the sweet flag candy in the darker blue-green leaf; the sweet flag must not be confounded with the blue-flower, which blooms in every marshy place at this season of the year. The blue flag is an iris, with a much shorter and darker blue-green leaf; the sweet flag is an arum. Its miniature green flowers are easily found in June and this is the proper season to gather the root. Scrape the earth from the long root-stalks and, with a sharp knife, cut them out of the ground, to which they are held by numerous root fibers. Bring large roots home and scrape them thoroughly, as you would a parsnip or other root, to remove the skin. Cut the roots in the thinnest slices possible and boil them in water for an hour or more. Remove them from this water, then boil them in another water. Throw off this blackish water and repeat the process a third time, when the sweet flag is ready to candy. Prepare a syrup of a cup of water with a pound of sugar. Put in the cooked slices of sweet flag, and boil them down until the syrup candies around them. Stir them, and when the sugar becomes white and the syrup seems to be absorbed, take up the candied slices with a skimmer so as to drain them, and cool them a little in the air. Put them in a large pan and stir them repeatedly while drying. In a day or two the confection will be ready. It is a dry, snowy-white candy, delicious in flavor, and was supposed by our ancestors to possess powers of healing "vague humors of the blood." No more picturesque receptacle for this candy could be imagined than a covered bonbonniere, painted with the sword-like leaves and pale green spadix of calamus, with perhaps a spray of water arum or American calla, which is one of the same family and habit as the calamus, and one which often grows near it.

Sociability of Birds.

There are very few species of birds which are not sociable, although some give only the slightest evidence of it. Many there are which are exclusive in their nesting habits, but which meet in common with others of their kind to feed. This is well illustrated in our common loon, which rears its young on the smaller lakes and ponds, yet is frequently seen in parties of three, four and even more on the larger lakes, and that, too, at nesting time. One of the old birds at home with the eggs, while the other seeks company even at a distance.

Again we have instances of a social feeling connected directly with the breeding season. Many herons nest together, forming rookeries of thousands of birds and crowding so closely that the limbs often bend with their weight. I have seen a herony containing over 200 nests, and sixteen nests in a single tree. It may be that these birds mass together for protection, but there is nothing to prove that this is the case, for the bustle and confusion about a large herony is sure to attract boys, who climb for the handsome blue eggs, and unscrupulous gunners who kill them in great numbers. Moreover, if numbers secured protection, it would be reasonable for the smaller birds to nest together in colonies but this is not the case excepting in a few instances, and many of our smallest species, as the hummingbird, select isolated quarters.

This propensity for sociability is not confined to a love for species and kindred, and can be shown to be far removed from sexual relations, for different species of birds often flock together. All are familiar with the mixed flocks of red-wing and rusty blackbirds, as the autumnal migration takes place. They assemble in the tree tops and discuss matters in a high key, and as two languages are spoken, the discordance is terrific. Perhaps it may be said, as these birds are of a color that "birds of a feather, flock together," but it may readily be shown that even a difference in size as well as species, may not prevent sociability and companionship. In the fall it is not uncommon to see three or four species of ducks in one flock, flying or feeding. Littoral species often flock together, there being, not rarely, four distinct kinds in one small group on the edge of the lake, and on one occasion, at a single discharge of the gun, I secured the least, semipalmated, and red backed sandpipers. These birds of similar habit in feeding were pleased to travel south together.

A woodland stroller can often see a group of birds in a piece of wood, comprising the hairy and downy woodpecker, nuthatch, chick-a-dee and brown creeper. Of similar tastes they find companionship agreeable, a condition which could not exist between the eagle and the dove.

Too Much Speed.

Colonel Burlington is a wealthy man. He did not have to earn wealth himself, but received it as a legacy. He is very obtuse, though he puts on a great deal of style. Hearing that he wanted a horse a neighbor went to him and said:—"I want to sell you a horse. He's just the kind of an animal you want."—"Is he fast?"—"Fast? Fast is no name for him. How far do you live from your office?"—"About three miles."—"Well, if you start from your office at four o'clock in the evening you can sit down to your dinner at ten minutes past four."—"Then I don't want him."—"No? Why not?"—"Because my dinner is not ready until five, and I would not know what to do with myself in the meantime."—Texas Sifter.

HER MOURNING.

She Dressed in Black and Did Not Dance, But Was the Gayest of the Gay.

The inconsistency of mourning etiquette was once more made apparent at the gay observances of Harvard Class Day, just passed.

At two of the big club spreads, the "tree exercise" and all the rest of it, there was present a young girl dressed in deep mourning, a somber foil to the fluttering butterflies in pink and blue and white diaphanous draperies.

The girl was very pretty and sweet, and there were always young men about her who were glad to give up a dance and talk to her during its progress; and she laughed and chatted as gaily as if death and bereavement were as unknown to her as they were to the Buddha in his early shielded years.

Passing in her vicinity, the proud Senior whose graduation she had come from New York to honor, was heard to say: "I didn't think Amy's people would let her come at all, they are so strict about mourning. Of course she can't dance and its an awful shame, she's so fond of it, but we're giving her as good a time as we can."

It was not that the young girl was too grief-stricken to do more than look passively on at the festivities, or to wish to join the happy throng of waltzers, but simply that she wore the conventional mourning garb, and that thus arrayed her privileges were thereby definitely defined—"thus far and no farther."

A Playful Lad.

The senior has an acquaintance with a young gentleman of 10 who has never been to school up to the present time, but has had his instruction privately at home. As a result of this, and the well-justified confidence of his parents in him, the young man has been allowed much wholesome liberty regarding the minutiae of life. But now he has to go to school, and it is farewell to all those pleasant unconventionalities! On his very first day at school he came home and complained bitterly that the teacher punished scholars for nothing at all.

"Have you been punished?" he was asked.

"I was shut up in a closet for half an hour."

"What for?"

"I do not know; only I wanted to know something of the teacher—some information. I put up my hand—I was very careful to put up my hand—and asked her for permission to ask the question."

"And what did she say?"

"She told me to come to her desk and ask it."

"Well?"

"And I went to the desk to ask it, but instead of answering it she put me right in the closet."

"Singular! But did you do anything wrong on the way to the desk?"

"Anything wrong on the way? Why, no. Oh! the only thing I did on the way was to playfully turn a couple of hand springs."—Boston Transcript.

The First Detectives.

In Rome, in the earliest times of the Roman's history, there was a public officer whose functions resembled those of the church courts in Mediaeval Europe, a Censor Morum, an inquisitor, who might examine into the habits of private families, rebuke extravagance, check luxury, punish vice and self-indulgence, and even remove from the Senate, the great council of elders, persons whose moral conduct was a reproach to a body on whose reputation no shadow could be allowed to rest. These censors—two in number, and who were first created in Rome, B. C. 443—could inquire into the expenses of every citizen, and penetrate the domestic circle at their will. In order to perform their functions they necessarily employed subordinates, who discharged certain defined duties, and reported to their superiors at fixed periods. From such a body as this we trace the modern detective force.

Humility.

believe the first test of a truly great man is his humility. I do not mean by "humility" doubt of his own power, or hesitation in speaking his own opinions, but a right understanding of the relations between what he can do and say and the rest of the world's doings and sayings. All great men not only know their own business, but usually know that they know it, and are not only right in their main opinions, but usually know that they are, only they do not think much of themselves on that account. They do not expect their fellow men to fall down and worship them; they have a curious under-sense of powerlessness, feeling that greatness is not in them, but through them. They do their work, feeling that they cannot well help doing it.—Ruskin.

A Meteorite That Paid a Mortgage.

Another illustration of uses to which meteorites may be put before their real character is known, is afforded by those of Kiowa County, Kansas. They fell on a prairie where rocks were scarce and valuable, and the farmers of the vicinity found meteorites for holding down haystacks, stable roofs or covers to rain barrels. For such purposes they might have been used for a long time had not the wife of one of the farmers become convinced that there was something unusual about them, and called in an expert to examine them. He at once recognized their nature, and the enterprising woman finally sold hers for enough to pay off a heavy mortgage upon the farm.—St. Nicholas.

There Are Two Kinds.

She—Did you know I had a new bicycle suit?
He—No, I didn't. Whom have you been running over now?—Yonkers Statesman.

A Time for Discretion.

"Is Mrs. Dodgerly in deep mourning?"
"Yes, indeed; she wouldn't have a short-cake in the house until blackberries came along."—Chicago Record.

Blind

Sometimes persons become blind from impure blood, which develops scrofulous ulcers on the eyeballs, iritis, granulated eyelids, etc. In such cases Hood's Sarsaparilla has been marvelously successful in restoring sight. It shows its powers as a blood purifier and radical cure for scrofula, by removing the cause, thus curing the

Sore

eyes and restoring all the affected parts to healthy condition. Read this: "As an act of justice and for the benefit of other mothers who may have afflicted children, I write this. About the first of February, 1892, my daughter Zola, then three years old, contracted sore eyes of the worst form and in a few weeks was entirely blind, being unable to tolerate light of any kind. She suffered and cried until I was almost heartbroken. The best eye specialist in the county treated her for months, but the

Eyes

became worse. Then I took her to a specialist in Indianapolis, who said he could do nothing. I came away with a heavy heart. I met my father's physician, Dr. Berryman, who examined Zola's eyes, and told me to try Hood's Sarsaparilla. I began to give it as directed and wash her eyes with warm water. Soon I began to notice improvement, and now, having given the child over a half dozen bottles, her eyes are greatly improved and she can see as well as any one. She is five years of age, and goes to school. When she began to take Hood's Sarsaparilla, she had to eat her meals in a darkened room, but now

Cured

she is able to sit at the table with the rest of the family." MRS. OLLIE BUSER, Colfax, Indiana.

Leading Citizens

Of Colfax, including John D. Blacker, Township Trustee, W. H. Coon, Druggist, and Dr. J. A. Berryman, cordially endorse this statement. This and many other similar cures prove that

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Is the One True Blood Purifier. All druggists, \$1. Prepared only by C. I. Hood & Co., Lowell, Mass.

Hood's Pills cure liver ills, easy to take, 25 cents.

Notice of Sale!

To the heirs of Peter Breaun, 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 Breaun, 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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We are prepared to offer to the public, Carriages, Truck-waggons, etc., at lowest prices, consistent with the quality of our work.

By purchasing from us, customers can save the large amount of commission usually paid to agents who handle imported articles. And another no inconsiderable item is the freight on goods when brought from a distance. We propose to give our customers the benefit of this saving.

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.

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HENRY O'LEARY, - Richibucto.

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