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THE GREAT NORTH SHORE ROUTE!

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SCARED OUT OF A WIFE.

A Laughable Story.

The narrative which I am about to write was told me one bleak cold night in a country parlor. It was one of those nights in midwinter, when the wind sweeps over the land, making everything tingle with the frosty breath, that I was settled before a blazing fire, surrounded by a jolly half dozen boys and an old bachelor—Joseph Green—about forty and eight years old.

It was just the very night without to make those within enjoy a good story, so each of us had told his favorite story, save Mr. Green and as he was a jolly old fellow, we all looked for a jolly story. We were somewhat surprised to hear him say, "I have no story that would interest you," so we had to find other entertainments for a while, when one of the boys told me to ask him how it happened that he never married. So I did.

"Well, gentlemen," he began, "it don't seem right for me to tell how it happened, but as it is about myself I don't care much. You see, when I was young we had to walk as high as five miles to church and singing school, which was our chief amusement. But this don't have anything to do with my not getting a wife, but I just wanted to show you that we had some trouble them days in getting our sport.

John Smith and I were like brothers or like "Mary and her little lamb," where one went the other was sure to go. So we went to see two sisters, and as we were not the best boys imaginable, the old man took umbrage and wouldn't allow us to come near the house, so we would see the girls to the end of the lane, and there we would have to take the final kiss.

We soon got tired of that sort of fun, and I told John on our way to singing school one night, that I was going into the house too.

He said the old man would run me out if I did.

I told him I was going to risk it anyhow, let come what would.

He said he would risk it if I would.

When we got to the end of the lane I told the girls we proposed going all the way.

They looked at each other in a way I didn't like too well, but said they—the old folks—would be in bed, so they didn't care if we did.

They were more surprised yet when I told them we thought of going in a little while, but all was quite quiet when we got to the house, we had no trouble in getting into the kitchen.

Then and there we made our first courting and I made up my mind to ask Sadie to be my wife the next time I came.

It was now past the turn of the night, and as we had four miles to walk, I told John we would have to be going. So we stepped out on the porch, but just as we did so the sky was lit up by lightning and one tremendous peal of thunder rolled along the mountain sides. Its echo had not died out in the far-off vales until the rain began to pour from the garnered fullness of the clouds. We waited for it to stop until we were all sleepy when the girls said we should go to bed in the little room at the head of the stairs which led out of the kitchen, and as their father didn't get up early, we could be home before the old folks were astir. So after bidding the girls a sweet good night and wishing them pleasant dreams, and promising to come the next Saturday night we started for bed.

We did not have far to go as the bed stood near the head of the stairs. John

was soon in bed, but I always was a little slow and full of curiosity, I was looking around the little room.

At last I thought I would sit down on a chest which was spread over with a nice white cloth, while I drew off my boots; so down I sat, when, stars of the east, I went plump into a big custard pie.

I thought John would die laughing, for he said I had smashed the custard all to thunder and the plate right in two.

You see we had to be awful quiet so that the old man wouldn't hear.

I was now ready to get into bed, so I put out the light and picked up my boots thinking to put them in a more convenient place; when down one of my feet went through a pipe hole, which has been covered with paper, up to my very hip.

Now one part of me was upstairs, while the longest part was in the kitchen.

As my leg was very long it reached a shelf which was occupied by dishes, pans, coffee pots &c., and turning it over, down it went with a tremendous crash.

The girls had not yet retired, and I could hear them laugh fit to split their sides.

I felt awful ashamed, and was scared until my heart was in my throat for I expected the old man every moment.

I extracted my leg from the confounded hole just in time, for the old lady looked into the kitchen from the room door, and asked, "What's all this about?"

The girls put her off as best they could and went to bed, while John was strangling himself under the cover to keep himself from laughing aloud.

We soon went off into the land of dreams with the hope of waking up early. I wish I could tell you my dreams, but it would take too long. One moment I would fancy myself by the side of Sadie, sipping nectar from her heaven bedewed lips, the next I would be flying from the old man, while he would be flourishing his cane above my head.

This all came to an end by John giving me a kick.

On waking up and looking around I saw John's eyes as big as my fist, while the sun was beaming in at the window.

What to do we could not tell for we heard the old man having family worship in the kitchen.

John looked out of the window and said we could get down over the roof.

"Get out and dress as soon as possible."

So in my hurry my feet got caught in the bed clothes, out I went head foremost, turned over, and down the steps until I struck the door which was fastened with a wooden button, and it giving way out I rolled in front of the old man.

He threw up both hands and cried, "Lord save us!" for he thought I was the devil.

The old woman screamed until you could have heard her a mile off.

I was so scared and bewildered that I couldn't get up at once. It was warm weather, and I didn't have anything on but a shirt.

When I heard the girls snickering it made me mad, and I jumped up and rushed out the door, leaving the greater part of my shirt on the door latch.

Off I started for the barn, and when half way through the yard the dog set up a howl and made for me.

When I got into the barnyard I had to run through a flock of sheep, and among them was an old ram, which backed off a little and made for me; with one bound I escaped his blows, sprang into the barn and began to climb up the logs into the mow, when an old mother hen pounced upon my legs and picked me until they bled.

I threw myself upon the hay, and after John had slid down the porch into a barrel of rain water, he came to me with one of my boots, my coat and one of the legs of my pants.

He found me completely prostrated. Part of my shirt, my hat, one leg of my pants, vest, stockings, necktie and one boot were left behind.

I vowed then and there that I would never go to see another girl, and I'll die before I will.

Rev. T. Leishman, Angus, Ont., writes: "It gave me much pleasure to testify to the excellency of K. D. C., as a cure for Dyspepsia. I have recommended it here widely, and in every case it has proved successful. It is the very best remedy for that frightful trouble that I know of, and never fails to help or cure when used as you direct. It deserves the name 'King of Dyspepsia Cures.'"
Free Sample K. D. C. and Pills. K. D. C. Co., Ltd., New Glasgow, N. S., and 127 State street, Boston, Mass.

CASTORIA. The fact is still in every wrapper.

Poultry Talk.

JAMES CARMINE.

If I remember correctly, Farm News has more than once urged its sensible readers to increase the income on the farm by raising ducks. These waddling bipeds are much too valuable to be left out of the poultry yards. Try a setting or two of duck eggs next spring and see if you don't find that they pay. An item in duck raising that I find a great many people do not take into account is the value of the feathers. White duck feathers are almost as valuable as goose feathers. Mr. Rankin, the largest duck raiser in this country, is quoted as saying that he counts on his duck feathers to pay all the expenses of picking, preparing and shipping ducks to market—a not inconsiderable expense.

Speaking of shipping to market, I am reminded that a good many poultry raisers do not understand the art of dressing a fowl for the market, and as the price a chicken or turkey brings, depends very largely upon its appearance, the matter is of great importance. A Chicago house (the Sprague Commission Company) has recently issued a set of instructions that are so valuable I reproduce them here.

How to Dress Turkeys and Chickens.

Keep from food twenty-four hours. Kill by bleeding in the mouth or opening the veins in the neck; hang by the feet until properly bled; head and feet should be left on and the intestines and crop should not be drawn. For scalding poultry, the water should be as near the boiling point as possible without actually boiling; pick the legs dry before scalding; hold by the head and legs and immerse and lift up and down three times; if the head is immersed it turns the color of the comb and gives the eyes a shrunken appearance, which leads buyers to think the fowl has been sick. The feathers and pin feathers should be removed immediately, very cleanly and without breaking the skin, then "plump" by dipping ten seconds in water nearly or quite boiling hot, and then immediately into cold water, hang in a cool place until the animal heat is entirely out, it should be entirely cold, but not frozen before being packed. Dry picked chickens and turkeys sell best, and we advise this way of dressing, as they sell better to shippers, scalded chickens and turkeys generally are sold to the local trade. To dry pick chickens and turkeys properly the work should be done while the bird is bleeding; do not wait and let the bodies get cold, dry picking is more easily done while the bodies are warm. Be careful and do not break and tear the skin. Pack in boxes or barrels, boxes holding 100 to 200 pounds are preferable, and pack snugly; straighten out the body and legs so that they will not arrive very much bent and twisted out of shape; fill the package as full as possible to prevent shuffling about on the way. Mark kind and weight and shipping directions neatly and plainly on the cover. Barrels answer better for chickens and ducks than for turkeys or geese. When convenient, avoid putting more than one kind in a package. Endeavor to market all old and heavy cocks before January 1, as after the holidays the demand is for small round, fat hen turkeys only, old Toms being sold at a discount to canners.

What do you think the very latest, up-to-date, end-of-the-century fad among the darlings of high society, is? You'd never guess in the world. Nothing more or less than a hatching party, tho' I believe they call it "an incubation tea." They have a real incubator in the drawing room, and real eggs, and on the day when the chicks are due, the ladies come in their best bib and tucker, and sit around and drink tea, and have thrills of excitement over every egg that's pipped. Well, hatching eggs is a deal sicker better than hatching scandal and the other mischief these old hens—I mean these swell ladies—are usually up to. But I haven't the slightest doubt that next summer when they have the society column announce that they have gone to the seashore and then slip up into the country to spend the summer with Uncle Jim and Aunt Nancy, they'll be wanting to tell these good old people how to raise chickens. I haven't any other idea in the world.

Improving The Common Hen.

It's the common barn yard rowl that most farmers are depending on, and while we are great believers in thoroughbred—thoroughbred everything from men down—we must give the common hen her due, and say that she has done nobly in the past. But her daughters can do better if we give them half a chance. At the Minnesota Farmers' Institute, Mrs. Ida Tolson told farmers and their wives how the common hen may be improved. She said: "The common hens are of all the shapes

and colors that fowls ever grow, and they are usually neglected, abused, half starved and left to shift for themselves generally; but for all that they generally pay their own way and more, too—live and thrive and bring up a big family of healthy chicks under the most discouraging circumstances.

"Take the same pains with them as you would a stock of thoroughbreds, and they will respond quickly and generously. There is something—a good deal—in blood and there is an immense deal in care and food. If you have not the cash with which to buy pure bred cocks to mate the hens with to begin with, don't think that you can do nothing to improve the common fowl.

"Common fowls can be greatly improved in point of size by always selecting the largest and best to 'keep over' to breed from; and the laying qualities can be improved by setting only eggs from hens that are known to be the best layers. On some farms where this course has been followed year after year, the fowls have greatly increased in size and rival the Leghorns and Hamburgs in egg production.

In one case, which came under my observation, in five years from the time when the improving process commenced, the average egg product from the hens had increased one-third, and the average weight in the same proportion. In that time no 'fresh' blood had been introduced into the flock; the improvement was wholly due to food, care and selection of the best each year. Of course, the same results could be reached in two years with thoroughbred roosters; but the woman who had these hens didn't have the thoroughbred roosters, nor the money to buy them, yet she went ahead and did the best she could with the fowls she had, and her best was very good indeed. It is a fact that the third winter after her work of improvement commenced, her hens laid more eggs than any other flock in the neighborhood, and there were some thoroughbred flocks among her neighbors.

"If size be your object, select your largest common hens and mate them with a rooster of some of the largest breeds; if you desire a better egg production select the hens you know to be the best layers; and for any other special purpose, select males that possess the qualities which you desire. Chickens from these crosses will be 'half blood,' and much superior to common fowls. The next year mate the half bred pullets to pure cocks and keep the best of the pullets from this cross for breeding stock the third year.

"In this way always keep your best hens and pullets each year, and, by using only thoroughbred cocks you will, in a few years, have a flock of fowls, that for all practical purposes, will be just as good as though you had started out with thoroughbreds."

Rheumatism Cured.

Eighteen Months Trying to Get Cured—Had the Best Doctors—He Found What He Wanted in Dodd's Kidney Pills.

Goderick, Jan. 11 (Special)—A case of great interest here just now is that of Mr. Alexander J. Sharkey who for some time has been an extreme sufferer from Rheumatism. His statement to the correspondent is as follows:—

"For eighteen months I was a victim of Rheumatism and during the whole of that time was trying every means to cure it. I had the best doctors in Canada and took their prescriptions with faith and patience.

"I got tired at last for I found the disappointment nearly as killing as the disease.

"But one friend wiser than the others convinced me that my disease must be cured by way of the kidneys and recommended Dodd's Kidney Pills.

"I have used two boxes of these pills to effect a perfect cure and I don't care who knows it."

Their Peculiar Aversions.

Most people have aversions of some kind or other, and some very strange ones. The sight of a set of false teeth make John L. Sullivan sick at the stomach. Napoleon did not like to see a white dog. Agassiz could not bear to touch polished steel. The sight of the rising moon when it was full, always made Mme. De Staell ill. Barefooted children made Louis XIV nervous. Dean Swift has said that Bolingbroke would "act like one bereft should he cast his eye on a poor harmless toad." Disraeli had an attack of vertigo when he saw anybody chewing gum. Dickens never liked a stiff shirt bosom, and Buffon would fly into a rage if anyone put an egg on the dining table at which he sat.

Christmas Joys and Sorrows.

APONAHQUI, Dec. 28.—And Christmas is over. The one great joyous festivity of young and old throughout the whole world. Each country has its own holiday of holidays and all kept with more or less enthusiasm, but The Nativity of our only Lord alone makes the whole world kin. It makes us realize the possibility of each different church being a separate regiment or brigade of the great church army militant here on earth. As in our country's armies, some are suited to artillery life, some to the infantry, some have the spirit and dash of cavalry, while some take to the water and become naval heroes, so in this christian world, some are naturally adapted to one form of religion, some to another while some adapt themselves by habit from childhood's days. And as many would never unflinchingly face fire and become good soldiers so many are not suited and cannot adapt themselves to the christian's life. But when the joyous bells ring out on Christmas morning, all the world awakes full of joy and christian benevolence and rich and poor, happy and sad, professed christian and careless camp-follower realize the oneness of the Lord's family dwellers on earth.

On Christmas day families re-unite after remaining apart, mayhap the whole year, joyous re-unions but how often with a sadening pain at heart when families realize they are no longer unbroken, some loved one is missed from the circle which can only be perfected by looking beyond the grave uniting in spirit with the great church expectant. And if one is so situated as to make it impossible to reach home how they travel in spirit and longingly wish to be there in person. Or perhaps some home feels the misery of an absent son detained from home by dissipation or through misfortune. Some home may have a sick inmate, perhaps dying, and then the pain of sorrowing love becomes more poignant. Or within the home of a family upon a joyous Christmas morning may lie the last earthly remains of a loved child or parent, then what master-hand can paint the sorrow upon the glorious Natal day. And so joys and sorrows go hand in hand and those who to-day rejoice, to-morrow sorrow, and those who sorrow to-day, to-morrow finds the wounds of sorrow healing, and so as time moves forward all have their seasons of joys, all have their seasons of sorrows, until all have their turn at rejoicing, all have their turn at sorrowing. At last, those of riper years realize that no joy is unalloyed with sorrow, but the fullest joy upon earth comes when the whole family is re-united around the festal board upon a Christmas day. And finally comes the thought that the only perfect joy will be ours when we are gathered around Him whose Natal Day we now so joyously hail.

P.

AN ESTEEMED JOURNAL.

Friendly Appreciation of the Witness Jubilee Year.

Under the above heading the 'Cultivateur', the paper of which the Hon. Mr. Tarte is editor, publishes the following item: "The year that is now drawing near to a close will remain a red letter date in the annals of the Montreal 'Witness' as being the one in which the fiftieth anniversary of its foundation occurred. Since the month of December last the 'Witness' did not pass a single week without devoting at least one page every Saturday to the celebration of its jubilee year, and the beauty of it is that the subscribers themselves have, in every case, furnished the elements for that weekly page. The historical or literary contributions of those occasional contributors were so much the more interesting that, for the most part, they referred to events contemporaneous with the foundation of the paper. If the public found a real intellectual treat in that original publication, the 'Witness' itself must have found in the feeling which inspired it and nurtured it every week, a very sweet consolation, that of knowing that it has the love of its readers a love such as yet no other Canadian journal has been able to secure. That fact, now established beyond all doubt, is the greatest success which our worthy English confrere could have dreamed of fifty years ago for its golden wedding of 1896."

Kidney Facts.

In Jan., 1892 my son was taken with Kidney disease. Though attended by three physicians, and change of climate he grew worse and by '93 had fallen from 195 lbs. to 96 lbs. In 10 days from starting to use Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills we were able to move him home. In 4 months he gained 50 lbs., and was fully restored to health by the use of this medicine. Jno. S. Hastings, 23 St. Paul St., Montreal.

Fishes That Caught Bullets.

A group of officers stood on the after-deck of the monitor Terror as the vessel lay in the Horseshoe down at Sandy Hook one afternoon just before the recent trial of the ship's guns at sea, and discussed whether there was time to fish from the deck awhile before dinner. The discussion brought forth a lot of naval fishing experiences. When the grist of stories had nearly run out an officer, who had been silent up to that time, cleared his throat, and I said:

"I suppose some of you will laugh and sneer at my statement, but I want to declare that I have seen fish that could and did catch bullets. We have all heard of magicians who catch bullets fired at them by members of a squad. I can go that better by saying I have seen fish that really did catch bullets fired in a volley into the water from a man-of-war. It was on my latest cruise. I had just been ordered to the ship. The day that I arrived my fellow-officers said that they had part of the crew drawn up for revolver practice. At the close of the practice a volley was fired at an imaginary enemy.

"Later in the day the officers began to fish for pleasure, and several fish were caught. In each of them was found a bullet from the revolvers that had been fired that afternoon. Of course, I snorted at the idea, and asked why they told such things when there were no marines on board. Then they said they would try it again. The squad was brought up and another volley was fired into the water. We all went to fishing right away. In less than half an hour we had two fine bass. We cut them open, and there were the bullets.

"Of course I saw what had happened. The bullets went skipping across the water and finally sank, after having lost their force. They were bright, and the fish darted for them as they do for anything bright that goes by. Nevertheless, I had to see it to be convinced.

"Certainly we believe what you have told us," spoke up a fellow-officer of the Terror, "for we've all had these odd experiences in fishing from a man-of-war. Still, there's one thing you haven't explained. You haven't told us how you sent word to those fishes to come up to the ship and be caught."

The Half Rate Dollar.

Sterling Value and Full Strength in Diamond Dyes

Sixteen ounces of silver, for the coining of \$18.60 in silver dollars, can be bought to-day for \$9.94!

"Think well of the true value of the silver dollar if its coinage were made free and unlimited.

Just another important thought for the ladies. It takes from two to three packages of the common imitation dyes to do the work that one single package of the Diamond Dyes will do. If you wish to know why, we will tell you. It is simply because the ingredients of the common dyes do not possess the strength, purity and penetrating powers of the Diamond Dyes.

Just think of having to spend thirty cents for adulterated dyes for your work, that can be better done by the Diamond Dyes at a cost of ten cents. You will always be on the wrong side as long as you allow profit-loving merchants to supply you with their poor, weak dyes; it is certainly to their pecuniary benefit, but you are the loser in every way. The all-important question is: "Will you work with dyes of full strength, or will you blindly risk your goods with the kind that have only one-third the coloring power, and that cost as much as the 'Diamond'?"

One Woman's Ready Wit

A young woman who lives near a railway crossing, looking out of the window the other day, saw a laborer jump from one track to the other to escape an approaching freight train. He was apparently dazed by terror and stood still, not seeing that an express train was rushing down upon him. The girl saw that before she could make him understand his danger it would be too late. She therefore threw up her arms shrieking wildly, "Help! help! help!" trusting to the impulse which sends a man on the instant to the relief of a woman in distress. "I'm coming!" shouted the laborer, springing toward her in time to escape the engine as it rushed past. He stared back at it, and then at the woman crying and laughing in the window, and, taking off his hat with shaking hands, said: "I owe you something, miss," and walked away.

Don't dally with rheumatism. Purify your blood and cure it at once by taking a course of Hood's Sarsaparilla.