

**The Isle of Long Ago.**

Ch a wondrous stream is the River Time,  
As it runs through the realm of tears,  
With a faultless rhythm and a musical  
rhyme,  
And a broader sweep and a surge sublime  
As it blends in the ocean of years.  
How the winters are drifting like flakes  
of snow  
And the summers like birds between,  
And the years in the shaf, how they come  
and they go  
On the river's breast with its ebb and its  
flow,  
As it glides in the shadow and sheen!  
There's a magical isle up the River Time,  
Where the softest of airs are playing,  
There's a cloudless sky and a tropical  
clime,  
And a song as sweet as a vesper chime,  
And the fumes with the Roses are stray-  
ing.  
And the name of the Isle is the Long Ago  
And we bury our treasures there:  
There are brows of beauty and bosoms of  
snow,  
There are heaps of dust—oh, we loved  
them so—  
There are trinkets and tresses of hair.  
There are fragments of songs that nobody  
sings,  
There are parts of an infant's prayer,  
There's a lute unsung and a harp with-  
out strings,  
There are broken vows and pieces of rings  
And the garments our loved used to  
wear  
There are hands that are waved when the  
fair  
shere  
By the marriage is lifted in air,  
And we sometimes hear through the tur-  
bulent roar  
Sweet voices we heard in the days gone  
before,  
When the wind down the river was fair.  
Oh, remembered for aye that blessed  
day,  
All the tale of our life used to night;  
And we never mind, now, with its beautiful  
smile,  
And our eyes are closing in slumber while  
my eyes are still open in sight.  
—Benjamin Franklin Taylor.

**Talk on Tuberculosis.**

FREDERICTON, Sept. 30.—There was a large gathering of farmers and others interested in agriculture at the Church Hall tonight to hear Professor D. McCrea's address on tuberculosis in cattle. The Commissioner of Agriculture presided and introduced the lecturer. Lt. Governor McClellan occupied a seat on the platform and all the members of the executive who are in the city were present. The entire audience manifested the closest interest throughout and all felt that they had profited much by being present. It should be stated that Mr. McCrea was sent here by Hon. Sydney Fisher, Minister of Agriculture, at the request of the Local government.

The professor spoke first of New Brunswick being specially well adapted for stock farming. We were favored with having rich green pastures all summer, while in Ontario at present much of the pasture land is dry and burnt up. This country is also specially fitted for the growth of roots, mangles and turnips, and with such advantages there is no reason why New Brunswick should not send to Britain as good, well-tatted cattle and sheep as are sent from any part of the American continent. Our cattle in Canada are specially free from disease, but there is one disease which is not unknown in some parts and which it is very necessary should be quickly eradicated from all herds where it may have unfortunately obtained a lodgment. This was tuberculosis or consumption, which is almost identical in man and animals. It is very prevalent in many parts of Europe and, in fact, over the whole of the old world. Four hundred years ago laws were passed to prevent its spread amongst cattle in Europe. It is frequently found in some of the States of the American Union. Both Massachusetts and Michigan have been taking active steps to stamp it out of their herds. Milking cows of the dairy breeds were more subject to this disease than young animals. Of late years German scientists have discovered that tubercle is injected under the skin of an animal will indicate from the temperature in a few hours whether the animal be affected with the disease or not. If in a herd this test be carefully applied, and any animals be found diseased, they should be carefully separated from the healthy animals, the whole of the stables disinfected and whitewashed. Prof. Bang, of Denmark, has succeeded in exterminating the disease from a large dairy herd in that country. This was done by thorough separation of the healthy from the unhealthy animals, removing the calves at birth from their diseased mothers and boiling the milk upon which they were fed. The animals diseased were fed, slaughtered and inspected by the state inspector. In every case the meat was found fit for human food and the loss to the owner was, therefore, comparatively small. There is more danger from the milk of cows suffering from the disease, but all danger may be removed by boiling the milk before being used for food of any kind. The disease was not hereditary. Many animals take it and are able from their strong constitution to completely throw off the disease. Others may have it for years and keep in fairly good condition, but these latter are always dangerous and may infect others in the herd. Stock men cannot be too careful in noting any signs of this disease and using every effort to have it stamped out. It is not safe to allow a herd of cattle to have an

attendant suffer from consumption because such men frequently are careless and spit about the buildings. The disease is very dangerous to both men and animals, and is a great cause to the spread of this disease.

After the talk on tuberculosis there were a great many questions put by the audience to the speaker with reference to the growing of roots and corn, the culture of clover, the feeding of cattle, the handling of manure and other kindred farm subjects, which were of great interest to the audience and elicited much valuable information.

At the close of Mr. McCrea's address the Lieut. Governor made a brief address expressing his pleasure at seeing so many farmers present from different sections of the province and of the profitable character of the evening's meeting.

**Subjects of Thought.**

As long as injustice continues in the world, so long will there be a place for anger and a mission for it to perform. But, like fire, while it makes a very good servant, it makes a very bad master. Uncontrolled, the one will destroy a city, the other will ruin a character and happiness.

In order to reach perfection it is absolutely necessary to have either very faithful friends or implacable enemies; since we must be made sensible of our failings, either by the admonition of the former, or by the invectives of the latter.

It is hard to personate and act a part long; for where truth is not at the bottom, nature will always be endeavoring to return, and will peep out and betray herself one time or other.

If good manners are not practised at home, but are allowed to lie by until occasion calls upon their wearer to assume them, they are sure to be a bad fit when donned.

In pioneer days people often follow paths blazed through the woods. Follow the path marked by the footsteps of the godly in all ages. It will lead you home.

Every man has some peculiar train of thought which he falls back upon when he is alone. This to a great degree moulds the man.

The good and noble, when passed from the daylight of life, leave behind a twilight of memory full of suggestions of starry spheres.

Never mind the work, it floats with the stream; it is the duty of man to swim against the stream.

Of that noble courtesy which makes true gentleness, the finest grace is sensitiveness to gratitude.

When you say "I don't care," try to see that your tone of voice doesn't indicate that you do.

**Do You Intend Making Your Rooms Look Brighter and Cleaner?**

Thousands of women all over Canada will this season clean house and make rooms look brighter and more cheerful.

It should be remembered that Kalsomine can be beautifully tinted with the Diamond Dyes at a very trifling expense. One package of Diamond Dye tints ten to fifteen pounds handsome shades for walls. The favorite colors are yellow, orange, cardinal, slate, crimson, bismarck, violet, green, light blue, and pink.

To make good Kalsomine, dissolve one fourth pound of good glue to each ten pounds of whitening. Mix with sufficient water to give the right consistency. To tint it, dissolve a package of dye in a quart of water, and add as much as is necessary to give the color desired.

When you dye for tinting, be sure you ask your dealer for the Diamond Dyes, using any of the shades mentioned above.

**New Fad For Rich Women.**

Millionaire women have a new eccentricity which they are quite sure they can reserve for their own exclusive use, says the Detroit Free Press. The imitating multitudes will be debarred from the sincerest form of flattery by their lack of education. They will, therefore, be compelled to remain in the background to covet and admire.

This new millionaire fad is to wear diamonds on the finger nails. This is so very simply accomplished that one wonders why millionaires have never thought of it before. When one considers how very easy a matter it is to attach diamonds to the ends of one's fingers, it becomes a matter of painful regret that finger nails have remained unadorned so many thousands of years.

The new fashion, which has all the glory and prestige of an invention along more scientific lines, decrees that the women with bank accounts long enough to permit of this costly trifling shall have a tiny gold cap made for each of their fingers. From the cap is suspended on the outside a big diamond drop, which sparkles most satisfactorily, there being one large sparkle for each finger nail. Of course, the sparkles are not so conspicuous as they could be if a large number of rings were worn at the same time, but society is hardly yet ready for the great sacrifice which the laying off of rings would entail. Some day, perhaps, the finger nail adornment may be allowed to shine in diminished glory.

**SHADOW OF A NAME.**

BARRY PAINE'S TRIBUTE TO THE MEMORY OF CHARLES CHADBAND.

Miseries of a Talented Man Who Bore the Cognomen of One of Dickens' Celebrated Characters—Wrote Brilliantly, but Would Not Publish.

At 4 o'clock on the morning of Easter Sunday at his home near Malvern Well died Charles Chadband.

With the name of Chadband, thanks to Dickens, the reading world is familiar. It is associated with oiliness, hypocrisy and self seeking. At the very sound of the name the reminiscent grin starts on all faces. He is a national joke. But we pay for all our laughter, and we have paid for the Chadband jest. I do not mean to say that the unhappy accident by which Dickens selected the name of Chadband for his imposter was the cause of the death of Charles Chadband. It was not. He died of an ordinary disease—consumption, in fact. But that unhappy accident did overshadow the whole of Charles Chadband's life. It did prevent him from taking the place and fame to which he was justly entitled. It has prevented the general public from reading one single line of his very excellent works.

As his literary executor I have had no choice but to destroy every line of his manuscript, in accordance with his orders. Not a single copy has been taken, and not one word of his works that his friends remember may be committed to writing. I do not easily believe in the existence of genius, but I believe that Charles Chadband had genius. Some, far more competent to judge than I am, thought the same. As I watched the last sparks die out in the big pile of burned paper it seemed a pity that so much work and such wonderful gifts should be all wasted for such a stupid, ignoble, maddening reason—because the author had inherited the name of a character in Dickens.

He was very sensitive, but, unlike most very sensitive men, he was not affected or vain. When I was first introduced to him, he said, laughing, that he was no relation to the original Chadband. He revealed in Dickens and would quote the original Chadband freely. I had known him a long time before I knew that the coincidence of the names gave him any trouble at all. It was long before I could make out why he would not publish anything.

He used to give the most absurd reasons for his reticence, and when driven into a corner he would say that he was going to publish, but not yet. One night, when I had just finished a long story of his, I implored him to let me take it away with me to London and see what could be done. "No," he said. "Nobody would publish it." I told him that it might be refused by five men out of six, but that the sixth would afterward be proud that he had accepted it.

Then, quite unexpectedly, the secret came out. "No serious work," he said, "could possibly do anything associated with the name of Chadband." He said it so light, heartedly that I thought he was once more putting me off with a wrong reason, but I soon found that he was sincere. He imagined reviewers making jests about his name and owned that he would not be able to stand it. This surprised me, for he frequently joked about his name himself, and so did his friends. He defended himself.

"That's different," he said. "That is in conversation, among men that I know. But I could not have some vulgar brute who did not know me at all doing the same thing in cold print. It would present my stuff from the wrong point of view. No, the associations of the name are too strong. If you are called Chadband, you are called Chadband, and there's an end of it. You may do what you like in private, but you can come before the public only as an intemperate, hypocritical, delicious ass, and in no other character whatever."

He would not hear of a pseudonym or of anonymity. If his work succeeded, the secret would be found out, and he would be ashamed. If it did not succeed—and he did not think it would—it was not worth his while to add to the annual output of bad books. "Why make all this fuss about nothing?" I said, angry with his obstinacy. "If you think it matters one straw—though it does not—change your name once for all and be done with it." He said that it would be sheer cowardice, and he could not dream of it.

Very unfortunately, he had private means. Poverty might have driven him to overcome his sensitiveness and to publish. Had he done so it would have been curious to watch the growth of an entirely new set of associations around the name Chadband. I think he was strong enough to have redeemed the name.

He was unmarried—said that he did not believe in the hereditary principles as applied to jokes. His real reason for not marrying was, of course, the disease of which he died. He worked exceedingly hard, and, as he knew, to no purpose. He would not own that he took pleasure in his work. "No," he said, "it's like smoking—I get no pleasure from it, but I should miss it if I gave it up." He took enormous pains with his work and finished it as thoroughly as though it were to constitute his appeal to the world on the following day. He kept the final copy of everything he approved, but his instructions were that it was all to be burned as soon as possible after his death.—Barry Pain in Black and White.

**Making Antiques.**

In a case before a London magistrate the question was as to the ownership of some antique ormolu articles, and two workmen, who stoutly claimed the articles, said that they "made" them. To prove their assertion they set to work in court and showed how ormolu was made "antique" with pumice powder.

**Merit Talks**

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As the days pass, the careless and indifferent find themselves deeper in the mire of suffering, and they experience all the countless twinges and agonies of the disease. They have chills, pain in the back, quickened pulse, constipation, loss of appetite, coated tongue, and the joints swell—usually the knees, elbows and wrists.

Now is the time of extreme danger. Now the sufferers realize that they are paying the penalty of their carelessness. Many will soon be helpless and useless; we shall see them with stiffened muscles and joints, and limbs twisted and drawn up.

Some will ask the question, "Is there really a cure for such helpless rheumatism?" We say unhesitatingly there is. The agent that cures effectually and scientifically is Paine's Celery Compound. It has cured thousands in the past—men and women of the highest standing in every community—and these have given the strongest testimony for the encouragement of others.

Besides removing the cause of rheumatism Paine's Celery Compound is the only medicine in the world that guarantees a permanent cure.

Will you, sufferer, continue in agony and danger of death when such a mighty remedy as Paine's Celery Compound is offered to you?

Let us assure you, poor rheumatic sufferer, that the use of one bottle of Paine's Celery Compound will quickly dispel any doubts that you may have. The effects will be so encouraging that you will be forced to continue with the life-giving medicine till you are sound, well and

**A New Stamp.**

OTTAWA, Sept.-mbe. 29.—A design for a new postage stamp has been approved by the Postmaster-General. There is a portrait of Her Majesty as she appeared at the Coronation, engraved from a likeness procured during the Jubilee ceremonies upon which was the Queen's own autograph, so that it is authentic. The corners of the stamp will be decorated with maple leaves. The present stock of stamps will take some weeks to exhaust, and not till they are done will the new stamps be issued. It may be about November of this year.

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