

Famine Faces Ireland.

[Montreal star.]

LONDON, September 8.—The much feared famine in Ireland seems to be within measurable reach, according to the advice received here.

Panic is proclaiming itself throughout the Island over the terrible prospects opened up by the apparently complete failure of the harvest. Reports from 110 parish priests from the counties of Claire Cork, Kerry, Limerick, Tipperary, Abtrim, Armagh, Cavan, Derry, Donegal, Down, Fermanagh, Monaghan, and Tyrone, all tell the same piteous story of ruined crops impending destitution and famine. The blight has everywhere wholly or mainly destroyed potatoes, while oats, which is the next most essential crop to the Irish farmer, have been battered down by the incessant rains and practically destroyed.

Complaint is heard from the most distressed districts of the country that the landlords are pressing for their rents to secure whatever little money the tenants may have in the savings banks, knowing that nothing will be left before winter is half through.

The weather shows no sign of improving. The rain continues and the temperature has fallen to an exceptionally low point for this time of the year. The outlook from Ireland is one of despairing blackness.

From Connemara Country, Galway, comes this heartrending tale:

"The late long run of harsh weather leaves scarcely a vestige of hope to the poor Connemara cottiers. The three principal crops raised in this locality—hay, oats and potatoes—are virtually ruined, the latter to an alarming extent. It is common observation around Clifden that it is a full day's work for a man to dig one meal of potatoes for his family, and even then they can scarcely be eaten."

From Mallow, County Cork, situated in the rich streak of land known as the "golden vein," the report is: "The oat crop, which is the main dependence of a vast majority of the farmers, is entirely unfit for marketing purposes. Acres are still seen spread out in sheaf and cannot be bound or stacked. The crop is now reduced to a condition that fits only for the manure heap. The potato crop is almost a dead failure."

A despatch from West Meath says: "Incessant rains for the past month have completely destroyed crops of every description. What were a month ago smiling cheerful looking fields are to-day blighted and ruined. The potato crop is bad even to rotteness. Oats and kindred crops are in such a wretched way that no yield can be expected from them."

From Marlborough, Queen's County, a co-respondent telegraphs: "In this country there is general unanimity of opinion that since the famine year of '47 the prospect for the agricultural community was never as bad as to-day. This description does not refer to any particular locality, but to every district in the county. The crop that has suffered most is the potato, of which there will be practically none. It is generally believed that before the new year dawns there will be no potatoes fit to eat in the country. Next to potatoes oats are in a very bad condition."

A correspondent at Ballygawey, Tyrone, says: "The ground where potatoes have been planted in drills resembles a bit of barren waste that had been lying over for some time with the intention of being ploughed in the autumn. Flax is almost an unknown quantity. During the week enormous floods have been sweeping the country. Tons of hay to add further to the misery have been carried away by inundations."

A Castlebar (Mayo) telegram says:—"Torrents of rain prevailed here during the past three days almost continuously and the country is in a most deplorable condition. Lands are flooded, potatoes and oats destroyed, hay rotting. No efforts can be made to save several crops from destruction owing to the deluge of rain day after day. The farmers are ruined."

A Waterford correspondent says: "It is no exaggeration to say that prospects for harvest were hardly ever darker or sadder than at present in several parts of the country. Corn now a month cut, is still stacked up on account of rain. Little new grain has been marketed the buyers expect difficulty in getting oats for breeding purposes. From all parts come bad accounts of the potato crop. The prices of cattle has fallen."

County Limerick reports: "As the season draws to a close no ray of hope is observed that would dispel the gloomy anticipations indulged in some little ago in regard to the ultimate failure of crops in general. From all sides the most alarming intelligence comes concerning the potato crop. The yield in most places, when compared with last year, will not arrive at one-fourth. The hay crop is in very bad condition, verging in most cases one irreparable loss from the continuous downpour of rain. The outlook for every article of agriculture is of the worst description."

A Roscommon correspondent telegraphs: "The coming winter promises to be one of famine. Everything is gone."

From Mullingar one of the most prosperous parts of the midlands, a correspondent telegraphs:

"The crops are irretrievably destroyed. It will be impossible for the farmers to make anything of their cereals this year, as they are quickly rotting. In the churches yesterday prayers for fine weather were recited, and if a change does not come immediately, the crops might as well be left to manure the ground."

From county Wexford, noted as one of the richest in the country, the tidings are:

"The green crop may be described as a gigantic failure in County Wexford this year. The greater part of the potato crop is only fit for feeding cattle."

From Fermanagh, in Ulster, the correspondent telegraphs:

"At a meeting held here to ask for a reduction in rents, the parish priest, presiding, declared that not since black 1847 has the prospect for farmers in this district been so bad. In several places the potatoes have been a failure. Hundreds of tons of hay have been ruined by the heavy rains and floods."

From Carlow, known as 'the mode county,' a despatch says:

"There is before our farmers an outlook as disastrous as it is possible to conceive owing to the frightful weather. A great deal of the corn cut early remains in the stalks, injured beyond recovery. In many districts the farmers have been unable to cut their crops, which present the saddening spectacle of being levelled to the earth by the persistent rains, while a mass of second growth and weeds has come up. The apprehensions concerning potatoes also have been dimly realized."

At a meeting of the Board of Guardians at Mitchellstown, County Cork, Saturday, the Chairman said:

"The potato crop is generally a failure, while the other crops have been hopelessly injured by the unparalleled inclemency of the season. We are on the verge of a great agricultural crisis. The outlook in farming affairs is gloomy in the extreme and to aggravate the condition of affairs caused by the failure of the potato crop, the prices of provisions are considerably increased, and before long the people who are supposed to contribute to the poor rates would be in workhouses themselves."

These evidences of the widespread character of the ruin wrought by the inclement season are merely samples from numerous reports received.

During the famine which began in the winter of 1739 one-fifth of the population is supposed to have perished.

Between 1831 and 1842 there were six seasons of dearth, approaching in some places to famine.

In 1845 the population which had increased from 2,845,932 in 1785, had swelled to 8,295,061, the greater part of whom depended on the potato only. The crop was a failure, and an awful famine was the result. Great public and private efforts were made to meet the case, and relief works were undertaken, on which by March, 1847, 734,000 persons, representing a family aggregate of 3,000,000 were employed.

The last serious famine occurred in 1879-1880, when the wife of the then Lord-Lieutenant, the Duke of Marlborough, instituted a relief fund which did an enormous amount of good, and Parliamentary relief was also given.

PAIN-WRACK.

No Station in Life is Proof Against Rheumatism—All Come under the Ban—South American Rheumatic Cure, Cures All.

"Chas. Cotton, of Gananoque, has been employed by the Rathbun Company for nearly twenty years as engineer, and from the nature of the employment was subjected to severe attacks of rheumatism. He tried many remedies with scarcely any benefit. South American Rheumatic Cure was recommended to him. He found almost instant relief and the first bottle effected a cure. Sold by W. W. Short."

Steamer Aorangi has arrived at Victoria with two hundred men on board from Australia and Hawaii bound for the Klondyke. The mounted police who left Victoria about three weeks ago have been successful in crossing Chilcoot Pass, and are now at work building their boats ready for the trip to Dawson City. At the time the mail left Dyea there had been continuous rains for five days. The trails on both the Chilcoot and White Passes are simply in a deplorable condition, and there is not the slightest possibility of many more men getting over the passes this fall or at any rate until the frosty weather sets in.

Away Down East.

From east to west people have heart trouble. This causes violent headaches, neuralgia, nerve trouble and prostration. Says Mr. Somers, of Moncton, N. B.: "I tried many remedies but never found anything to give me such relief as Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills have done. I suffered from the above symptoms, but now gladly testify to the cure these wonderful pills have made in my case, and I hope all sufferers will try them."

CASTORIA.

The famous signature of Dr. H. H. H. is on every wrapper.

IT WAS A REAL FIGHT

A PIECE OF STAGE REALISM THE GALLERY DIDN'T APPRECIATE.

The Hero Had Some Difficulty In Carrying Out the Intentions of the Author. How Two Actors Settled a Disagreement and Lost Their Jobs.

Every day one sees things which force him to believe that Barnum said it all when he declared that "the American people like to be humbugged." They will applaud the bogus, the make believe, and allow the genuine—or, to use a worse bit of slang, "the real thing"—to go off the scene without so much as "a hand."

Fine frenzies in the dramatic business are a waste of energy, so I am told by a couple of actors, and here is the story, a tale of how two ambitious ones gave to the exasperating public perhaps the greatest bit of stage realism ever presented and received for their pains—and bruises—an awful silence and a few pointed remarks from the gallery critics. I forgot what the play was, and who the actors were has nothing whatever to do with the matter at this time. They are both stars today, however. One did heroic parts and the other the "Ha, ha; I'll steal the girl." They had played in several pieces together and were friends. One was a believer in real tears and all that goes to constitute living the part, while the other believed that at no time should the actor allow the lines or situations of the piece to make him forget himself.

In the piece which they were playing the hero and the villain meet at a critical moment and fight. In case the hero failed to settle his opponent—well, he got his salary for doing it, so it had to occur.

The fight was rehearsed and was made to look real to a startling degree. The gallery used to go wild and the whole house resounded with the applause, but this did not suit the villain, who believed in realism. It was his belief that a real fight would make a hit. I believe I mentioned the fact that they were friends. That was true. They were up to the moment where one, in a moment of indiscretion, attempted to criticize the other. Of course everybody knows that when that occurs all friendship ceases—between actors. Of course there were coarse remarks passed, and the one who believed in realism and being an actor off and on finally folded his arms and said, "When and where?"

"Right here, if you like. It's a short job anywhere."

"You think so, eh? Well, it shall occur in our fight scene tonight. For once the public shall see what they pay for. The plot of the play necessitates that you vanquish me. We shall see whether it is so short a job."

The worst of the quarrel was that they were both athletes, good wrestlers and boxers and willing.

The play dragged slowly that night until the fight scene.

The hero's line, "It is either you or I, Reginald Marshallson," was answered by—in an undertone—"You bet it is, and I'll mark you so you won't play for a month."

Instead of going to a clinch, as usual, they both stared about for an opening. They were too long in finding it, and from the gallery a critic shouted: "What's de matter wid youse? Why don't ye git together?"

Then they both led and landed with a wallop. Then they clinched. The villain back healed the hero, and down they went.

"Fight like a man, not like a dog," whispered the hero in hoarse tones.

The villain allowed him to get on his feet, and they began to spar again. About the time the gallery got restless the hero landed a right on the villain's eye that sent him reeling. Had he reeled the other way all would have been well, as the hero would have gone on with the piece, but as the hero crossed the stage toward him the realist rushed and knocked him down with a swinging left.

Now, by all the laws of melodrama the villain at no time should get the better of the hero in a personal encounter. The gallery knew that and roundly hissed the hero for so far forgetting himself. The stage manager knew it and ran to one of the wings to prompt him. The hero knew it, and he went back at the villain for keeps.

They fought for five minutes all over the stage. They knocked down papier mache trees, a stoop to a house and a fence, besides each other. The whole company stood in the wings watching the mill, and the manager cursed and made awful threats in a stage whisper, but somehow the audience was not impressed. The gallery yelled: "Yer fakins. Why don't ye fight?" The balcony, from which on previous nights waves of approval had broken, sat quiet, bored and sullen. The parquet, always willing to follow the lead from above on previous occasions, now sat glum, waiting until the very bad imitation of a fight should end.

The hero fought desperately. He must win. The plot of the piece worked out from his victory, but the villain clinched and fought as he had never dreamed of fighting. In spite of warnings from the wings he refused to be knocked senseless and allow the hero to go on and rescue the girl.

At last the stage manager threatened them with the curtain, and the hero with one mighty effort freed himself from the grasp of the realist and, rushing toward the house in which the heroine was supposed to be, cried with a harsh accent: "Beware of me, Reginald Marshallson! My just purpose shall not be thwarted."

As he had one eye closed and his mouth swollen out of heroic proportions the sentence did not cause the gallery to make any particular fuss. The heroine refused to allow him to kiss her in the rescue scene, and the manager discharged them both.—Chicago Times-Herald.

Can't Eat

This is the complaint of thousands at this season. They have no appetite; food does not relish. They need the toning up of the stomach and digestive organs, which a course of Hood's Sarsaparilla will give them. It also purifies and enriches the blood, cures that distress after eating and internal misery only a dyspeptic can know, creates an appetite, overcomes that tired feeling and builds up and sustains the whole physical system. It so promptly and efficiently relieves dyspeptic symptoms and cures nervous headaches, that it seems to have almost "a magic touch."

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Is the best—in fact the One True Blood Purifier. Hood's Pills are the best after-dinner pills, aid digestion. 25c.

Don't Let the Clock Run Down.

"The human body," says a great physician, "is a seventy-year clock."

Yes, and like all other clocks the time it will run depends largely on how it is reated. Take the pendulum weight off the end of the wire and your clock will rattle away at the rate of half a dozen hours in one. Neglect it and it will run irregularly; now fast, now slow. Break the main-spring, or a wheel, and it stops instantly. Take intelligent care of it and a good clock will serve your grandchildren as faithfully as it now serves you.

There is an important difference, however, between your clock and your body. Even after your clock is completely run down, and at a standstill, you can wind it up and set it going again. Not so with the body. Once stopped it goes no more.

We know the limits of its meaning perfectly well, yet, speaking literally, Mr. Matthew L. Brown was not "completely run down" at the time he refers to. Thankful we are, and more thankful still he is, for that. But he was frightfully near it. The pendulum beat very slowly and weakly, and the hands could scarcely be trusted to tell the true time.

"About five years ago," writes Mr. Brown, "I was completely run down. I lost my appetite. I could get nothing to lie on my stomach. Sometimes I would take dizzy spells and nearly fall down, and would see black dots before my eyes. I kept getting worse all the time."

"I tried different patent medicines; they gave me no relief. I kept getting worse. I tried two of the best doctors in the place; they did me no good. I was obliged to take to my bed."

"I would take fainting spells and my heart would beat and flutter and I would nearly smother for breath. I felt more like dying than living."

[These fainting or sinking spells of which Mr. Brown speaks are a peculiar feature of the disease he was suffering from. Only modern physicians, and not all of them, understand their gravity or have given them the study they call for. No sensation is more alarming, none more demoralizing to the patient. While they last the angel of death seems to have folded his wings over the sufferer's pale and anxious face. The cause is a poison in the blood arising from continued fermentation of food in the stomach. It acts upon the nerves of the brain, lungs, and heart as a hand might impede the pendulum of a great clock.]

"I began to think," adds our correspondent, "that I never should get around again. My wife wanted me to try Mother Seigel's Syrup. I said I didn't think it was any use. She went and got a bottle of Mother Seigel's Syrup, and before I had taken it all I was able to go to my work."

"I have taken several bottles since. I am now able to work as hard as ever. I would advise any one that is suffering as I was to try Mother Seigel's Curative Syrup, and it will not be in vain. Yours truly, (Signed) Matthew L. Brown, East Mapleton, March 28th, 1895."

Our friend laboured under a profound attack of indigestion or dyspepsia. The symptoms he describes were due to its effects upon the nervous system, and through that upon other organs. It follows that the medicine to avail him must be one having power to expel existing impurities from the blood, rouse to action the stomach and liver, render nutrition possible by means of the restored digestion, and so give new life to the whole body.

This is what Mother Seigel's Syrup did for our correspondent, and does for all who appeal to it under like circumstances. It winds up the clock before the pendulum has ceased to swing. But keep an eye to that bodily clock of yours, and don't let it run so far down. In other words, the very hour you feel the first sign of illness take a dose of Mother Seigel's Syrup.

Providence Thanked.

It is with pleasure that I recommend B. B. B. for the cure of indigestion and impure blood. I had tried many medicines but received no benefit until, I thank Providence, I was advised to use B. B. B. and it was with perfect success.

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