

Board works Office

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 ticketed via THE REVIEW.

THE TRAMP.

Yes, I'm a tramp! What of it! Folks think we ain't no good, But tramps have got to live I reckon, Though folks don't think we should. Once I was young and handsome. Had plenty of cash and clothes, That was before I tipped, And gin got into my nose. Down in "Lehigh Valley," Me and my people grew, I was a blacksmith, Cap'in, Yes, and a good one too. Me and my wife and Nellie, Nellie was just sixteen, She was the prettiest creature The "Valley" had ever seen. Beau she had a dozen of them, Near and far, But most of them were farmers And none of them suited her. There was a city stranger Young, handsome and tall, Plague him, I wish I had him Strangled against that wall. He was the man for Nellie She didn't know no ill, Mother she tried to stop it, But you know a young girl's will. More than a month after he married The poor young thing, He'd gone away and left her, Without a wedding ring. Back to home we brought her, Back to her mother's side, Filled with a raging fever, She fell at my feet and died. Frantic with shame and sorrow, Her mother began to sink, Dead in less than a fortnight That's when I took to drink, Give me one glass, Colonel, And I'll be on my way, I'll tramp till I find that scoundrel. If I wait till the judgement day.

THE WAR.

THE CANADIAN CONTINGENT.

OTTAWA, Dec. 21.—There is a general scramble for positions as officers on the second contingent. As far as Dr. Borden is concerned, fitness for the position will be the only influence that will have any weight. Social pull is always put forward in cases of this kind, strongly, but with the Minister of Militia it will have an effect. The government, as well as Dr. Borden, is determined that the contingent will be one of which Canada will feel proud. Among officers for command of the mounted troops the names of Lieut. Col. Steele, of Mounted Police; Lieut. Col. Denison, of Toronto, and Lieut. Col. Evans are mentioned. There will be in charge of the Mounted Rifles a commanding officer and senior major second in command. There will also be three majors, three captains, twelve subalterns, or in all about twenty-five officers. The artillery will have about nineteen officers.

HALIFAX, Dec. 21.—The 15th of January next will likely witness one of the most inspiring and imposing spectacles ever seen in Halifax, when the steamers Parisian and Laurentian, laden with men and horses, will leave our harbor for South Africa. The scene promises to eclipse that which attended the departure of the first Canadian contingent from Quebec. According to a telegram received at headquarters this morning, the steamers Parisian and Laurentian have been definitely settled upon as transports. Your correspondent was informed on the best authority this morning that the North west Mounted Police contingent will arrive in Halifax the week before the time fixed for embarkation. This force will come here direct from the Northwest on a special military train. Arrangements for their reception at North street depot here have been already outlined. They will be met by detachments from all the military and militia corps, with bands. The majority of the men will be quartered at the dockyard, and the remainder at the military barracks.—Globe.

Fishermen's Pride.

That is the brand of FLOUR and TEA that is giving our customers such great satisfaction. Everybody is praising them. When you are in need of another pound of Tea or barrel of Flour, be sure you get "FISHERMEN'S PRIDE."

DRY GOODS! DRY GOODS!! DRY GOODS!!!

We have just received a large stock of new goods including Underwear, Top Shirts, Flannel, Homespun, Canadian Tweeds, Blankets, Legging Hose, etc., etc., etc.

We would like to have you call and examine these goods and compare prices. No trouble to show goods.

A. & R. Loggie.

ACTOR'S TRICK TOO 'REALISTIC'

MAGICIAN SHOTS HIMSELF IN A NEW YORK THEATRE BUT KEEPS AUDIENCE IN IGNORANCE.

NEW YORK, Dec. 20.—Henry Andre professionally known as "Zanzic," a prestidigitator, shot himself in the hand last night as he was doing his "turn" in Proctor's Pleasure Palace. Several wedding rings had been passed up to the amiable Zanzic. He had performed several tricks to the satisfaction of the audience, and it looked as though his first appearance on the vaudeville would be a great success. The rings were apparently rammed into the barrel of an antiquated pistol. This was to be discharged at a beer bottle on a table, and from this bottle a white guinea pig was to have been drawn forth, the rings on a blue ribbon about its neck.

Everything moved smoothly until the firing. That, too, would probably have been all right but for certain unforeseen contingencies. The pistol needed for the act had to be of necessity a very large one, and it was only yesterday morning that Zanzic found what he wanted in a second hand shop in Third avenue. So long had the weapon been in stock that it never occurred to him that it might be loaded. He only intended to use a precaution cap anyway, just to give a semblance of a report when the pistol was fired.

When Zanzic pulled the trigger there was a flash and loud report. Then the act ended abruptly. The performer bowed and smiled, and quickly returned to the wings. The next moment the curtain came down with a thump. Two thirds of the audience applauded, but the remaining third, failing to see the point, insisted on Zanzic's return for some sort of an explanation. As the encore was so efficacious as to threaten damage to the furniture another member of the company stepped before the curtain. He explained quickly that an accident had happened and that one of Zanzic's fingers had been shot away.

There was a murmur as the women expressed their sympathy and the men their admiration. After a brief intermission several acrobats came on the stage and the performance continued. Owing to the confusion there was some difficulty in finding the rings used by the performer.

In the meantime there was excitement back of the curtain. Roundsman Bennett, of the East Fifty-first street police station, sent to the flower Hospital for an ambulance. He wisely cautioned the ambulance driver not to ring his gong as he approached the theatre, for fear of causing a panic. The surgeon in charge saw that Zanzic had shot his left index finger at the second joint.

Zanzic was taken to the Flower hospital where an amputation was performed. He will probably recover in three or four weeks. Some two years ago Zanzic was playing the villain in a one act melodrama wherein the heroine, in self defence was supposed to fire at him with a revolver. He got too close to her one night, and the powder burned his left eye necessitating his retirement from the dramatic field.

THEY "SMELT A BIG RAT"

IN THE FORM OF WHISKEY ON THEIR PARSON'S BREATH.

The Montreal Presbytery are in the throes of a trial of a Parson, because his breath is said to have smelt of whiskey. At a meeting held in Montreal on the 12th inst., the charges made by Thomas Brady against Rev. Mr. Winfield, pastor of Melville Presbyterian church, of using intoxicating liquor as a beverage, was brought up. When the call was extended to Mr. Winfield, it was known by the Melville church authorities that the reverend gentleman was not a total abstainer, but they state that before he accepted their call, he had solemnly promised to discontinue the use of liquor. Some time ago Mr. Brady brought the charge against Mr. Winfield, and after consideration the session of Winfield church ordered Mr. Brady to prove his charges in the Presbytery. This morning it was decided to summon a special session of the Presbytery for Friday, to deal with the case. Mr. Brady had 17 witnesses to testify in support of his charges, but it is said to be entirely a question of having smelled liquor on Mr. Winfield's breath, no one apparently having seen him take it.

Ottawa visitors will well remember Rev. Mr. Winfield. He first came to that city as a Rector of the Reformed Episcopal church on Elgin street. He was a very talented preacher; the writer of this paragraph has oftentimes enjoyed his eloquent pulpit utterances.

In a short time he left the Episcopal church and joined the Presbyterian communion. He was an applicant for the well known Kirk church in Ottawa, on City Hall Square, but was defeated by a few votes.

Lord Aberdeen was then at Rideau Hall, and he wanted a special chaplain for retainers and officials. "out at the Hall," so Mr. Winfield was chosen, and he ministered there for some time—enjoying no doubt, the "soft snap" and the good living at His Excellency's ever hospitable household. He was then appointed to the incumbency of the Melville Presbyterian church, Montreal, there as stated above, he is running the gauntlet of a Presbyterian trial, because his breath "smelt of whiskey."—Truro News.

DR. A. W. CHASE'S 25c CATARRH CURE
Is sent direct to the diseased parts by the Improved Flower. Heals the ulcers, clears the air passages, stops droppings in the throat and permanently cures Catarrh and Hay Fever. Beware of cheap imitations. Free. All dealers, or Dr. A. W. Chase, Medicine Co., Toronto and Buffalo.

BETWEEN FRIENDS.
"Yes," said the girl who had just received a legacy, "he has asked me to marry him."
"Dear me!" replied her dearest friend, "is he so much in need of money as all that?"—Chicago Post.

Children Cry for CASTORIA.

MAW AS A REFORMER.

SHR UNDERTAKES TO CURE THE ICEMAN OF DRINKING.

Awhile ago the dockter told maw She Ot to Drink Beer to Build up her sistum. But maw sed She didn't bleeve in Haven them kind of things in the house Becoz they mite git fokes in Bad habuts.

"Shaw!" paw told her. "Don't git to Be a Crank. I Like to see peepul gro old Graifull and not Have a Lot of strange noshuns in thare hed."

Maw looked Hurt. But she Diden't say nothing more, and the next Day the Beer Come. It Seemed to Do Maw lots of Good if it only Would of Lasted longer, so she told paw about it, an He was madder than a pursion what gits up to Let a Bewtiful gurl have his seat and the man standin Behind him sets Down Before she looks around.

Maw thot it pas the iceman or Sadie's Bo, and sadie got mad when maw spoke to Her about it and Sed she wasn't agoin to Live at no place where people Diden't no How to Behave when thay was Talkin to ladies. But maw rased Her wagers a Doler a weak and promised to make us ware our Stockens and undershurts Long-er, so Sadie sed she would Give us another trile.

Paw sed if he thot it was the iceman He would make that Gent think a fire was Bilt under him. But thay couldn't ketch him at it.

So maw got another case and told the Dockter about it, and the Dockter says: "That's all rite. I no How to Stop it."

So he give maw Some little white powder to putt in a Bottel what was on the ice.

"My grashun," maw says, "I don't want to poison nobuddy and Git in trouble."

"It won't kill them," the Dockter told her. "They'll git Over it in a Fu ours. But after that I don't think you'll need to Be so much beer."

Maw took it and put it in the Bottel ank thay was Cumpy come and She forgot all about it till purty Late that nite.

Then all of a sudden paw Looked Skared and says:

"I wonder how it feels when peeple Git the pency Sectus!"

"I Don't Know," maw says, "I never Had it Yit."

"My Hevvens," paw Hollered, "I feel Like I Had Swallered a Dum Dum Bullet and it was beginn-en to Dum."

Maw run out to the ice Box and Looked in, and then She Come Back and paw Looked Like if He was practkasun to Be the Indy rubber man on the stage, so maw says:

"Why, paw, ain't you ashamed to act that way Before your children! I always like to see peepul Gro old graifull."

Paw unwound himself long enuff to look at Maw purty sad, then he Dubbled up agin and Groned and ast maw why she Diden't Send for the Dockter.

"Oh, I Don't Bleeve thay are ennything the matter with you," maw says. "What's the yoost pertendin that way? I see thay are another Bottel of Beer gone But I Bet the one that Drunk it'll Be sorry purty soon. The Dockter give me sumethin to put in it."

"Was it poison?" paw Hollered, with the Sweet Hangin all over His forred.

"No," maw Sed, "they'll git over it in a Fu ours. I wish I new whether it was the Iceeman or not."

Paw ne Crawled up Stares, given a grone every time He took a Step, and when he was nearly to the top maw says: "Paw!"

"What?" paw ast.

"Ain't it nice to Gro old Graifull?"

Paw Diden't say nothin But give the Dore a Slau what nearly knocked the plaster off.

Maw told the Dockter yistady that the iceman muct of si'ed the pledge.—George in Chicago Times-Herald.

"BALM OF HURT WOUNDS," so Shake speare terns sleep, but irritated breathing tubes prevent sleep through desire to cough. Ba'zam is the same word as balm and the balm for wounded lungs is Adamson's Botanic Cough Balsam. 25c. all Druggists.

A DECORATIVE PARADOX.
"General White can't expect the Victoria cross."
"No; he's got her cross already."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

WANTED RELIABLE MEN
Good honest men in every locality, local as well as long distance, and independent war goods packing up for sale on farms, along public roads and all other places. No experience needed. Salary of \$1000.00 per month and expenses \$2.00 per day. Write for particulars. THE TRIPLEX BUSINESS CO., Toledo, O.

THE WATCH A COMPASS.

The following paragraph is worth knowing and may be of interest to some of our readers:

"A few days ago I was standing by an American gentleman when I expressed a wish to know which point was North. He at once pulled out his watch, looked at it and pointed to the North. I asked him whether he had a compass attached to the watch. 'All watches,' he replied, 'are compasses.' Then he explained to me how this was. Point the hour hand to the sun, and the South is exactly half way between the hour and the figure XII on the watch. For instance, suppose it is four o'clock. Point the hand indicating 4 to the sun and 11 on the watch is exactly South. Suppose that it is 8 o'clock, point the hand indicating 8 to the sun and the figure X on the watch is due South. My American friend was quite surprised that I did not know this. Thinking that very possibly I was ignorant of a thing that everyone else knew, and happening to meet Mr. Stanley, I asked the eminent traveller whether he was aware of this simple mode of discovering the points of the compass. He said he had never heard of it. I presume, therefore, that the world is in the same state of ignorance. Amalfi is proud of being the home of the inventor of the compass, I do not know what town boasts of my American friend as a citizen."

Be Cured of Catarrh

It is quite easy to cure yourself of Catarrh or Asthma if you use Catarrhazone, the medicated air treatment for all diseases of the nasal and respiratory organs caused by germ life. Catarrhazone will cure—absolutely cure—Catarrh, and is a very pleasant remedy that can be used without any danger or risk whatever. When inhaled it rapidly volatilizes, and finds its way to the very seat of the disease, where it kills the microbic life that causes Catarrh and at the same time restores all irritated membranes to their normal condition, effecting a permanent cure. You simply breathe; Catarrhazone does the rest. One trial will demonstrate its worth. For sale at all druggists or by mail, price \$1.00. For trial outfit send 10c in stamps to N. C. POLSON & CO., Box 595, Kingston, Ont.

MADE IT SHORT AND SWEET.

In the early days of Garden City district, in southwest Kansas, I was camped one night, sleeping under my buggy, in Kearny county, south of Hartland. There were five of us in the party. We were all sleeping, and our campfire had died down, when one of our number was awakened by a cowboy who wanted to know where the big preacher was. I was pointed out and awakened by a shake with his foot. He asked, "Are you the preacher?"

"I am," I replied.

"Well, hustle' out. We want you to come to our camp and give us a chapter of the everlasting."

"I will be down in the morning," I replied.

He pointed his gun at me and said, "You will come now."

I immediately answered, "All right."

I hurried out and followed him nearly a mile away to a camp, where I found his comrades were waiting.

"Well, boys, what do you want?" I asked.

"The best you have in the shop, and we want it short and sweet and in old Methodist style," answered the leader.

"Then sit down," I said, "and as I cannot you must sing."

They sang with great vigor "Jesus, Lover of My Soul." When I prayed, I coupled prayer with watching, believing that under the circumstances the two should go together. I then preached them a sermon from Revelation iii, 20, entitled "The Ladder to Glory." I have often used an hour on this sermon, but as the boys wanted it short I gave it to them in about 12 minutes and then bade them good night and started for camp.

"Hold on, come back here." They all seemed to speak at once. "We never let a preacher go off in that style. Pete, you take up the collection." And Pete seemed to understand his work as steward and turned me over \$11.—Rev. A. P. George in St. Louis Christian Advocate.

RHEUMATIC STING.

South American Rheumatic Cure Away The Wand and Suffering Comes in a Trice.

Mr. A. S. Kennedy, 44 Sussex Ave., Toronto, says: "I had been attacked very frequently with acute muscular rheumatism, afflicting my shoulders and arms. I used South American Rheumatic Cure and found immediate relief after a dose or two. My family have used this remedy with the most satisfactory results. I think it truly a very efficacious remedy for this very prevalent ailment." Sold at Est. W. W. Short.

A WORD TO THE AWKWARD GIRL.

We have all seen you. You are tall and seem to be nothing but sharp angles. Your hair will not curl like that of your girl friends, whose pretty ringlets are at your admiration and envy. Your dresses flap about your ankles and your sleeves show bony wrists and hands without a graceful curve. When you are invited out you are fearful lest you make some ludicrous blunder, your hands are in the way, likewise your feet. You wonder if your hair is parted straight and are certain there is a pin showing somewhere. And yet—did it ever occur to you that the fault lies wholly within yourself? Forget! Forget! Forget! Forget yourself and your supposed awkwardness; forget that your hair won't curl; forget everything save that you are there, that you are welcome else you would not have been invited, and that you are there to have a good time and to help make the time pass pleasantly to others.

If you are unaccustomed to certain usages of society, become a close observer of others, and ten chances to one you will come out all right. Enter with a will into whatever game or plays are suggested, get beyond yourself and live in a different atmosphere for awhile. If there are any with whom you have but a slight acquaintance be willing to meet them half way in their friendly advances. Should opportunity be offered to shake hands, do it, add to it as though you meant it, some of the cold, clammy handshakes I receive make me shiver when I think of them. Remember the good books you have read and discuss them with your friends. When the hour of departure comes don't fling yourself out of the room as if you were anxious to get away. Tell your hostess truthfully and simply, if you have enjoyed yourself, and do not whimper and smirk half an hour, in the belief that you are adopting a pretty mode of leave taking. And lastly, remember that "he laughs best who laughs last," and don't allow any whims or notions of others to make you anything but what you are, a sweet tempered honest girl, with a place to fill in this busy old world and a work which your hands and they alone can do.

The Loss of Cold is Great;

The loss of health is more." Health is lost by neglecting to keep the blood pure, but it is regained by purifying, enriching and vitalizing the blood with the great health restorer, Hood's Sarsaparilla. Thousands who thought health had been permanently lost have been made perfectly well by taking this great medicine. Your experience may be the same.

Hood's Pills are gentle, yet always effective.

CHINA MAY FIGHT FRANCE.

TACOMA, Wash., Dec. 18.—Hong Kong mail advices state that another Franco-Chinese war is imminent over the delimitation of French "leased" territory at Kiang Chou Bay on the Tonkin border. Marshal Su, China's most famous general, and the victor of the battle of Liang Shan in the last Franco-Chinese war, was sent to Kiang Chou Bay with 30,000 well-drilled troops. He bore special orders from the Empress Dowager to uphold the Chinese cause and fight, if necessary, without further orders from Peking. A skirmish of Chinese and French troops followed his refusal to longer temporize over boundary negotiations. Half a dozen Frenchmen were wounded and 10 Chinese. Marshal Su is preparing for a big battle.

FOR INSTANT RELIEF.

There has no anodyne been found so efficacious as Cook's Anodyne Liniment. It is the trusted friend of farmer, mechanic and sailor. For use both internally and externally. A reliable household remedy. Sold by all dealers in country districts. Price 25 cents a bottle. Large bottles, good value.

MR. E. SINCLAIR'S GENEROSITY.

CHATHAM, Dec. 21.—Edward Sinclair, the popular merchant at Bridgetown, Newcastle, who resigned his position as one of the pilotage commissioners owing to a disagreement with his associates, has placed one thousand dollars at the disposal of the pilots of the Miramichi to relieve their necessities, their season's earnings having been retained by the commissioners.

TO CURE A COLIC ONEDAY.

Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. All Druggists refund the money if it fails to Cure. 25c. E. W. Grove's signature is on each box.

J. Albert Hayden has received information from the old country to the effect that there is a fortune of \$950,000 awaiting proof of his paternal heirs.—Woodstock Press.