

THE REVIEW

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THE GREAT NORTH SHORE ROUTE!

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THE WRECK OF THE JULIE PLANTE.

A Tale of Lac St. Pierre.
On wan dark night on Lac Saint Pierre,
De win' she blow, blow, blow,
An' de crew of the wood scow Julie Plante
Got scar't an' run below—
For de win' she blow lak' hurrican,
Bimeby she blow some more,
An' de scow bus' up on Lac Saint Pierre,
Wan h'arpant from de shore.

De captinne walk h'on de fronte deck,
An' walk de hin' deck, too,
He call de crew from h'up de 'ole,
He call de cook h'also.
De cook she's name was Rosie,
She's come from Montreal,
Was chambré maid h'on loubaire barge,
H'on de Grand La Chine canal.

De win' she's blow from nor'-eass-wess—
De sou' win' she's blow, too,
W'en Rosie cry, "Mon cher captinne,
Mon cher, w'at I shall do?"
Den de captinne trow de big h'ankerre,
But steel de scow she dreef,
De crew he can't pass on de shore,
Becos he loss hees skeef.

De night was dark lak' wan black cat,
De wave run 'igh and fast',
W'en de captinne tak' de poor Rosie,
An' tie her to de mas'.
Den he h'also tak' de life preserve,
An' jump h'off on de lak',
An' say, "Good-bye, ma Rosie dear,
I go down for your sak'."

Nex' mornin' very h'early
'Bout half-pas' two—'ree—four—
De captinne—scow—and de poor Rosie
Was corpses on de shore.
For de win' she blow lak' hurricain,
Bimeby she blow some more,
An' de scow bus' h'up on the Lac Saint
Pierre.

Wan h'arpant from de shore.
Moral.

Now, h'all good wood-scow sailor man,
Tak' warning by dat storm,
An' go an' marry some nice French girl.
An' leev on one beez farm,
De win' can blow lak' hurricain.
An' s'pose she blow some more,
You can't get down h'on Lac Saint Pierre,
So long as you stay h'on shore.
—W. H. Drummond, M. D.

ON LOOKING NICE IN THE MORN-ING.

THE TRIALS OF GETTING UP IN THE MORN-ING AND ITS DISASTROUS EFFECT ON ONE'S APPEARANCE

The girl in fiction always looks nice in the morning. It is one of the traditions of the novelist that she appears at the breakfast table as fresh and pretty as a picture. Her eyes are always bright, and her cheeks rosy, and she is invariably cheerful. Personally I incline to the idea that the "shining morning face," referred to by Shakespeare, means the effect of soap and water and no powder, and not a remarkably happy frame of mind as we have always believed.

Life, says someone, would be endurable if it weren't for getting up in the morning. It is well known that very few people are really cheerful and pleasant in the morning, and that it is not till afternoon that the gloom clears away from the countenances. This is called getting out of bed on the wrong side, and it is a something that many people, chiefly women, are afflicted with. Very few of us really like getting up in the morning. The people springing out of bed—an unnecessary waste of energy—fling open the shutters and otherwise display much enjoyment in the act of rising, are rare. Most of us hate getting up and make no effort to conceal our feelings. But never seems so alluring as when you know the clock will strike in a few moments, and your temper is rarely in such an uncertain state as it is in the dressing and breakfast time.

To come down to breakfast covered with melancholy, as with a garment, is something which a great many women do. As this is written for women, I will not refer to the men, who snap at everyone

Fishermen's Pride.

That is the brand of FLOUR and TEA that is giving our customers such great satisfaction. Every body 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.

within hearing, and object to everything on the table, and generally impress their personalities on their families. Not to those who, having been called at intervals for an hour, rush down to bolt a hasty breakfast and expostulate haughtily with the women of the family for not having called them sooner. Over these things I will draw a veil.

The girl who comes to breakfast really bright and happy is a rarity, as the members of many households can testify. She gets up cross, she has either overslept or not slept enough. She finds the house too cool or the day too hot; she wants muffins when they have rolls, and answers grumbly the greetings of the other members of the family. She is not a joyous item or the early day and her father is glad to escape to his office to avoid the lowering looks and slovenly appearance that will be changed by the time the evening meal arrives, he knows, but is awfully unpleasant while the period of semi-wakefulness is on. In later years her husband has to bear the burden of this same trait, and it does not the more endear her to him, that is certain. Let her fight against it at its first appearance, resolving that if she cannot be as obviously pleasant as in the evening she will at least present a cheerful countenance and secure for herself a shining morning face that will be an inspiration and not a depression to those who must look upon it at the breakfast table.


Another thing which helps to make us cross is that very few people look really well in the morning. To look pretty at breakfast is a great test. It's not so hard to look well in the evening, with soft lights and the excitement of different cheerful events, or to look nice at a tea or out walking, but there is something uncompromising about the breakfast table. What is admirably referred to in books as a cheerful morning light is a snare and a delusion. The light may be cheerful but the woman who sits in the glare of it conscious that her cheeks are pale and her eyes not as bright as usual, feels anything but cheerful and pleased with the light which shows up her deficiencies.

One girl confided to me her troubles in this wise: "Don't you simply detest those people who like lots of light in the room? I do. For my part I like well shaded lights, which are becoming, and thus you feel more good-tempered. Men are so silly, they never think of anything. They come into a room and say: "Why, this is too dark for you to do anything in. Let me fix the blind," and then they take it and jerk it up to the top, so that a perfect glare shines upon you. They never seem to think that the light from a window above the level of your head is very unbecoming."

The breakfast table is therefore a good test, for if you want to know if a girl is undeniably pretty see her at the breakfast table, plainly dressed and with all the homely accessories. There are no pretty hats and pink lamp shades there, and the test is a very severe one. It is the test not only for beauty, but for other things as well. If the smiles are bright and pleasant, the speech soft and unruffled, the movements gentle and the temper sweet and even, the disposition of that

person can be relied upon under the most trying circumstances.

One girl said nothing would induce her to be married in the early morning, for she knew she never looked really well then, and she thought that would be beginning married life badly.



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

A DUMFOUNDED EDITOR.

In an article by the late James Payn, the novelist and magazine editor, published in The Youth's Companion, occurs the following diverting story:

"On several occasions I had had some very bright sketches of country life from a young sportsman who, although he was mostly on horseback, seemed to have eyes about him for other things than horses and hounds; then he sent me a short story of military life, a little erring, as was to be expected in a youngster, upon the side of fastness,—too much cigar smoking and too many brandy-and-sodas,—but very graphic and entertaining. As my people were mostly military, it interested me more, perhaps, than it would have done, and it interested them,—which it was rather difficult for any story teller to do,—and thereby proved its genuine character.

"I was rather pleased when the young fellow wrote that he was coming up to town to see me, and I made him an appointment for that purpose. As the hour arranged for I was annoyed by my confidential clerk bringing in a card with 'Miss Norman' on it. I said, 'I do not know this lady, and you are well aware that I do not see people who have no introduction.'"

"She is very lady-like, sir," he answered 'and pretty.'"

"It was a wrong remark for him to make, of course, since it almost suggested that good looks were a passport which should be reserved for true merit, but I said I could give her two minutes.

"Accordingly she was ushered into the hall of audience, an apartment, by the by on the third floor, and always in a state of litter. She was comely enough, but I at once explained to her that my time was precious, and that I had made an appointment for that very hour. 'You will show Mr. Marchmont up, when he comes, at once,' I added, to the clerk, with significance.

"But I am Mr. Marchmont," said the lady.

"You might have knocked me down with a feather. Nothing she had written had given me the least hint of her being of the fair sex; nay, what would to my mind have done away with all suspicion, had I entertained any, was that she had always taken my alterations in her sketches with the greatest good nature. As a rule, if you venture to hint that this or that falls short of excellence in a lady's contribution, she is surprised and by no means pleased. Any other fall she could

have imagined in her composition, but you must excuse her remarking—the paragraph in question was written with particular care, and it excited the whole article would be spoiled. Miss Norman had acquiesced in every suggestion and never remonstrated, even at a delation."

WHEN DEWEY WENT TO SCHOOL.

Admiral Dewey, when he was a boy, went to school in a modest little building in Montpelier, Vermont. As a boy, the future admiral was a born leader. Though smaller than most boys of his age, he was exceedingly strong and active, and he never had any difficulty about holding his own in any physical contest. Very early in life, too, that he soon became an expert swimmer, and it is told of him to-day by his now grown-up playmates that he would dive from a greater height and stay under longer than any other boy in the village. In short, as a boy, he showed plainly in all of his actions that spark of individuality which one notices and points out as the signal light of a character that will never be satisfied with mediocrity. That his father reorganized this is sufficiently proved by the fact that he called the boy his 'little hero,' and seemed from the first to expect much of him.

But young Dewey came to grief when he failed to recognize the fact that the schoolmaster in Montpelier, was not to be trifled with. The schoolmaster was Major Z. K. Pangborn, at present a resident of Jersey City. The boys of the school were inclined to be rebellious, and young Dewey was, as usual, the leader of the lot. A biographer of Dewey thus describes what happened.

"The boys, quite exhilarated by the success they had with former masters, made a bold stand with young George Dewey to the front and centre. George was at once called upon for examination, but the spirit of mutiny being rife within him, he declined to go. The dominie thereupon seized the collar of young Dewey with one hand and his whip with the other; no quarter being cried, none was given, and the lad got a whipping the like of which had never been served out in that district. He was then told to go home, and Mr. Pangborn went along, the rest of the school trooping along at his heels. Dr. Dewey stood at his door, and seizing the situation at sight of the procession, dismissed the boys and took the schoolmaster and George to his study.

"What is it, my son?" he asked.

"In answer, George stripped off his coat and showed a back covered with red stripes, which gave his father more pain than he felt himself. But the doctor was a just man—a very just one. Perceiving that George was not as repentant as he should be, he brought him round by declaring that he himself would add to the punishment if Mr. Pangborn had not given enough. The hint proved sufficient.

"It was natural that a boy of Dewey's spirit should grow to have an affection for the dominie who did not flinch from his duty. When Mr. Pangborn went to Johnson, Vt., a year or so afterwards to establish a private academy, George followed him thither by his own request. Perhaps it was here he wrote the essay on 'Fame,' which his sister treasured for a quarter of a century or more, and sent to him six years ago. Captain Dewey replied upon reading it over that it was much better than he ever expected to write again."

LANGUAGES USEFUL TO TRAVELERS.

So far as languages are concerned, English is far superior to all the rest and will carry one through nearly every part of the world. Next to that is either French or Spanish. The popular belief that French has a much wider vogue than Spanish is far from accurate, for the latter tongue is spoken in Mexico, in the Central and South American republics, the West Indies, the islands of the Atlantic on the West coast of Africa, on the African coast from Morocco to the Kongo, by the traders of Macao and the people of the Philippines.

There are Spanish merchants in nearly every city, as well as a Spanish consul and consular agent.

French is spoken in every consulate excepting those of the United States of America, while German is becoming more widely spoken every year and will carry a traveller almost as far as English, this being done to the excellent policy of the empire, which compels every consular official to speak English and practically obliges every commercial traveller to speak the language of the country with which he desires to do business.

COOK'S NEW BLOOD PILLS.

MANCHESTER, N. H.

Oct. 3.—Quite frequently I have observed U. S. A. notes in your newsy little paper, and N. H. being the land of my adoption, I feel it ought to be put up to the times.

THE REVIEW is a welcome visitor in our homes, and its coming is looked forward to with pleasure by many.

The Canadian Society of this city, which was organized last spring, has at present about 100 members and is in a flourishing condition. Much credit is due our genial president, Mr. Allen Wathen, for his untiring efforts in its behalf.

Miss Kate Ford, of Montreal, spent a few days with her brother, Mr. Isaac Ford, of this city.

Messrs. Stevenson, Fraser and Curran have returned to Manchester after spending a very pleasant summer with their friends in Kent and Westmorland Co.'s, N. B.

Miss Mable Grundy, of 361 Bridge St., left for Boston Saturday where she will take a three years' course in the school of Technology.

The Canadian Society intend having a supper in their hall, 31 Hanover Street, Thursday evening, Oct. 19th, all are welcome.

Miss Mable Humphrey and her brother Mr. George Humphrey, of St. John, N. B., are the guests of their cousin, Mrs. Emmerson Clark, East High St.

Miss Glen Keith, of Havelock, Kings Co., is visiting friends in this city.

The Florence Nightingale Club have resumed their meetings after a vacation of three months. The first meeting was held Sept. 14th, Clara Barton being the subject under discussion.

Mrs. Fred Humphrey and cousin, Miss Jennie Stevenson, spent a day in Boston last week.

Dewey was celebrated last Friday in this city with great honor. Schools being closed, all the bells in the city ringing, and flags flying from private as well as public places in the city, to celebrate the day.

Hoping I have not taken too much of your valuable space, I will conclude by wishing THE REVIEW all the success of a popular newspaper.

RICHIBUCTOUCHE.

CASTORIA

For Infants and Children.

The fac-simile signature of *Dr. J. C. H. Hatcher* is on every wrapper.

SYDNEY'S POPULATION 100,000.

The staff's correspondent of the Halifax Herald is responsible for the following statement from Sir William VanHorne:

"There may be a population of 100,000 in and about the Sydneys before many years. A statement of what Cape Breton's population might be twenty years hence would be purely a guess. I am sure, though, that Cape Breton must become the iron and steel centre of the Dominion of Canada. I think the Nova Scotia steel company will follow the Dominion in works on Sydney harbor. The Montreal rollings will establish a branch at Sydney. Just as the rolling mills are coming, because it is a good thing to be associated closely with the steel and iron plant, other allied industries, being iron and steel as their raw material will locate around them. This they will do for the double purpose of cheaply securing supplies of raw materials, and that they may occupy a favorite location for the export of their product to England and the world generally. No doubt a great shipbuilding plant will be established at Sydney, in a few years. Altogether these industries will employ a great many men, but neither I nor any other man can say just what the population of the Sydneys, or of Cape Breton may be in twenty years. It will be great."

Good News for Our Readers

Who have scrofula taints in their blood, and who has not. Scrofula in all its forms is cured by Hood's Sarsaparilla which thoroughly purifies the blood. This disease, which frequently appears in children, is greatly to be dreaded. It is most likely to affect the glands of neck, which become enlarged, eruptions appear on the head and face, and the eyes are frequently affected. Upon its first appearance, perhaps in slight eruptions or pimples, scrofula should be entirely eradicated from the system by a thorough course of Hood's Sarsaparilla to prevent all the painful and sickening consequences of running scrofula sores which drain the system, sap the strength and make existence utterly wretched.

STRUCK BY A TRAIN.

(St. John Sun.)

Henry A. Doherty, proprietor of the Royal, and his wife, had a very narrow escape from death at the I. C. R. crossing, Gilbert's Lane, about 11.30 o'clock Thursday morning. They had gone out for a drive and intended going through Rockwood Park. As they were crossing the track the horse was struck by a shunting train. Fortunately the train was not moving very fast, but the blow so seriously injured the horse that it had to be shot. Its left hind foot was cut completely off. The carriage was overturned and Mr. and Mrs. Doherty were both thrown out. Mr. Doherty struck on his head, receiving several cuts, none of which were serious. He was also considerably shaken up. Mrs. Doherty escaped with a slight scratch under the chin. A coach was promptly summoned and they were taken to the hospital, where an examination showed that neither had suffered seriously. They then went to the Royal. Mr. Doherty will be about as usual in a few days. The train by which they were struck consisted of a shunting engine and two cars, which were being shoved up the track towards the station. It was one of the cars—a box car—that struck the horse. Mr. and Mrs. Doherty did not apprehend any danger, as they were not flagged by the signal man. The train hands say the flag man was at his dinner, but that the engine bell was rung and that a man on the top of the car shouted a warning to Mr. and Mrs. Doherty not to cross the track. They did not hear either of these.

OFFENSIVE EVEN TO MYSELF.

Was My Catarrh—Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder Dethroned it After Twenty Years Reign.

F. A. Botton, druggist, Cookshire, P. Q., says: "For 20 years I suffered from catarrh. My breath was very offensive even to myself. During that time I tried everything that came my way which promised me a cure. In almost all instances I had to proclaim them no good at all. I was induced to try Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder. I got relief instantly after first application. It cured me, and I am free from all the effects of it. I am a thorough believer in its curative powers." Sold at Est. W. W. Short.

EGGS BY THE QUART.

(From the Kansas City Times.)

"Give me a quart of yolks."
"What are whites worth to-day?"
"Send me up a gallon of mixed."

Such expressions as these will be familiar terms in grocery stores and butcher shops in Kansas City before long. Housewives will make them so. For eggs will be sold by the pint, quart and gallon instead of by the dozen. In fact, the big confectionery establishments for the city buy them by the gallon now. Kitchen economy suggested the scheme and local packers immediately took it up.

How often it is that a cook will break a dozen or more eggs in order to get the yolks to make a cake. The whites will be thrown away. Or vice versa. Why not make a saving of the whites or yolks, as the case may be? was suggested. The packers put the question to the confectioners and the latter saw the point. Now when a confectioner wants to make stuff with the yolks he sends to the packing house and buys yolks by the gallon; if he wants to use the whites for something he sends for them; if he wants to use both he sends and gets a mixed can. It is predicted that housewives will soon adopt the same method.

With this new system of handling "hen fruit" there is absolutely no loss. The egg shells are even used. They are ground up and sold for chicken feed.

MEAT FOR BRITISH ARMY.

LOUISVILLE, Ky., Oct. 2.—The British government has closed a contract with the Louisville Packing Company for 4,250,000 pounds of meat to be furnished the English army at intervals. The contract is for hams and sides, to be shipped in five instalments of 850,000 pounds each. Similar purchases have been made in Chicago, Cincinnati and St. Louis, and it is practically certain that they will result in forcing up the prices of these articles of provision. The meat from Louisville will be packed by way of Toronto to Liverpool and Glasgow. Local provision merchants in the Louisville contract will do much to buoy up this market, which has been quiet and inactive for several months. They expect a general rise in hog products, hams especially, immediately. The contract is the largest of its kind ever placed in this city.

The Department of Trade and Commerce have received enquiries from a Liverpool firm for wheat cleanings known as cockle. They are anxious to know how much Canada produces and will take all they can get. They want prices f. o. b. Montreal.