

FROZEN IN THE YUKON.

SAVED BY A PLUCKY NEW BRUNSWICKER (Vancover World, Dec. 15)

By the steamer Islander coming from Victoria this morning was a party of five northern men, who arrived by the Rosalia last night from Skaguay. One of the five was Geo. Batt-Mills, of England. Both his feet were more or less frozen and though the greatest care was taken in getting him to bed he fainted before that necessary operation was completed. The other members of the party were J. F. Jaeg, who went north with Mr. Batt-Mills Dr. Boyle, the physician at Lake Bennett, who came down to take care of the wounded gentleman; C. H. Boone, of Fredericton, N. B., to whose skill and courage the injured man probably owed his life.

Mr. Boone this afternoon, gave a very interesting and graphic account of the trip that nearly cost them their lives. Mr. Batt-Mills is a wealthy Englishman, whose fame as a big game hunter has not, infrequently been commented upon.

"We had all been camping near Sutlin River," said Mr. Boone. After going in by Skaguay Batt-Mills' party went down the rivers and lakes until they struck the mouth of the Hootalingna. From there they prospected and explored the country to Teslin Lake, so that by the first of November they had joined ours and other parties in winter camp quarters near the lake. We wanted provisions and in order to stake claims it was necessary for us to go to the coast. We determined to go over and divide across country to Tagish post. On November 9th, Batt-Mills, Jaeg and I left, as the party to make the trip and for several days we made good time. The 9th was a Wednesday, and it was a week from the next Sunday that Batt-Mills' feet were frozen. On the Tuesday following I discovered it and then our troubles began. The weather had been fine up to that Sunday, but then it came the thermometer 38 degrees below zero and the wind blowing a gale. We were in an exposed position on the mountain. On Monday, our leader complained of his feet being painful and on Tuesday I insisted that he should have his boots taken off. He wore a pair of larrigans and one pair of Worcester socks, which, of course, were not warm enough." Mr. Boone speaks with a New Brunswick moose hunting education.

"When I pulled off his socks the skin came off his feet and toes. Of course, I saw that they were frozen, but there was nothing else for it and I laughed at him, telling him that his feet was simply blistered by the kind of footwear he was using. We were then 40 miles away from Tagish Post. Batt-Mills could not travel more than four miles a day and we had provisions for three days longer. Well, he struggled along in splendid style I never saw such grit before, especially for a man who never did a day's work in his life. I had his feet wrapped in woollens and with rubber boots he stumped along very well.

"On Friday we ate the last of our grub and I thought it was all up with us. We were still 30 miles from Tagish or anywhere else. On Saturday we got out at daybreak, walked six miles and camped again at night with nothing at all to eat and the travelling very rough. On Sunday morning Jaeg and I went to find an old Indian trail and on it almost the first thing we met Tagish Jim and two Indian women. They gave us a pound of beef and a cup of flour for only \$4. With that back at camp we made soup and went ahead a few more miles that day. Next morning we struck out early and got to Tagish Post before night, having travelled 19 miles. During the last half-dozen miles Batt-Mills' mind was wandering and he got along without a complaint. He said afterwards that he could hear children singing and imagined that he was back again in England."

At Bennett Dr. Boyle amputated several of the injured man's toes and probably one more will be amputated in Vancouver before the Englishman leaves for home.

The members of Mr. Boone's New Brunswick party were Geo. Black, Geo. Graham, Geo. Pinder, Geo. Amireux, Sam Hoskins and W. W. Body.

WHEN THE CENTURY BEGINS.

The opening day of the twentieth century is still a matter of inquiry. It will not be January 1, 1900, but January 1, 1901. It takes a full 100 years, not 99, to complete the century. The first decade did not end with the close of the year 9, but the close of the year 10, and the second decade began in the year 11. The first century ended with the close of the year 100, and the nineteenth century will end with the close of the year 1900 not with the close of the year 1899. Anyone having doubts on the point can set them at rest by counting back year by year from 1900 to 1.—Toronto Globe.

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E. W. Day, Manager Globe Loan & Savings Co., says:—"I consider Dr. Chase's Ointment invaluable," we have thousands of testimonials from prominent business men all over the Dominion."

ANGLO-AMERICAN MARRIAGES. (Anglo-American)

A correspondent writes: During a recent social gathering at Windsor Castle, when the guests were of a class that permitted of Queen Victoria talking frankly, the British Sovereign had this to say on the subject of the intermarriage of British and American subjects:

"It is practically impossible to offer any valid objection to a union between an American girl and one of my subjects, provided, of course, that the woman and her antecedents are in accord with the requirements which alone dignify and consecrate wedlock in any walk of life. Those American girls who have wedded my subjects have shown remarkable adaptability and tact in adjusting themselves to the social and other requirements of their new positions. But it must be remembered that they are not hampered by the traditions of centuries, and the life of the average American girl of the best class is replete with such rapid change that the habit of adaptability is practically inborn. I am speaking, please notice, of the marriage of women, not of men. The reason for this is obvious. The wife naturally takes up her abode with the people of her husband, and is usually of an age when her character and her ideas are easily molded in conformity with her surroundings. It was not many years ago when I regarded this encroachment of the democracy with more or less apprehension, for it was for a long time little more than an experiment, and it seemed full not only of possible complication but of dangers. Now it is almost idle to speak of these alliances as experiments.

"Many British subjects appear to think that the possession of wealth by the girl is a matter of necessity. This is only half a truth. As a rule only wealthy girls have married into the nobility, but it must be remembered that under existing conditions it is only wealthy girls who are brought into social contact with British subjects. Affection should enter first and foremost into every marriage. There is one apparent exception to this general rule, but only the exception is apparent—I mean, of course, diplomatic marriages, where, for the purpose of cementing international or political alliances, marriages are arranged and carried out. In such cases, however, love of country, stronger and more exacting than selfish personal love, takes the place of individual preference, and ennobles the marriage, just as a man is elevated by the act of leaving his wife and children to fight for his country when it is in peril. All marriages imply the idea of sacrifice for the common good, and in alliances of families controlling the destinies of millions of people this common good is the welfare of the nation, just as the welfare of the community is the common good in marriages of less importance."

Her Majesty is by no means as broad in her views of the marriage of American men to titled women as she is regarding the union of American girls and her male subjects who have coronets. "The cases," she said, in reply to a suggestion, "are totally dissimilar. In the first place the men differ more widely in their education in the two countries, and when a man contemplates matrimony he is usually of an age when his views and habits have become set. Men, too, are less sensitive to their surroundings, and are not temperamentally so much inclined to modify their views to suit the altered conditions in which they find themselves."

Cured Kidney Troubles. Mr. Wm. Tomilson, Postmaster at Tay Settlement, speaking of Cook's New Blood Pills, recently remarked that he had taken four boxes of these celebrated English Pills and that they have proved exceedingly beneficial to him. He had had a severe pain through his kidneys and found great difficulty in bending over or stooping but these pills had effected a radical cure. These pills were just what I required he remarked.

Abe:—"Ole Sile Harrower may be a hayseed, but he's jst cute 'nough to skin them city sportsmen who was shootin' round his place yesterday." Ike—"How'd he do it?" "He'd seed them fellers pullin' fer the train in the evenin' with three or four ducks apiece, an' he up an' made 'em pony up \$10 for shootin' of 'em, claimin' they were his'n. An' the fellers left the ducks behind, too." Shoo, Sile never raised no ducks?" "Course not." "Whose were they, then?" "Nobodys. They was wild ones all right, but Sile calk'lated them fellers wouldn't know the differ—they usually take) it will to a large extent curtail consignments to Europe and have a marked beneficial effect on prices. The stock of merchantable spruce deals and logs wintering at this port is above the average, although 23 millions sup. feet less than last year. This, with the decreased production of this winter and prospects of improved business on this Continent will, no doubt, strengthen sellers' ideas of values.

While sliding down a hill at Labelle, Quebec on Monday last, the four year old son of Dr. Bigonese of that place had his thigh broken by colliding with a horse and cutter. The little fellow was taken to Notre Dame Hospital.

WEBS OF MEMORY.

WOVEN IN THE FLICKERING LIGHT OF THE DOMESTIC FIRESIDE.

"Mildred!" It was the young wife's name which was called says the Cincinnati Enquirer, and the husband was sitting in the cosy front parlor of their happy little home, reading by the soft light of the flickering gas burner, and resting his slippered feet upon the burnished brass fender in front of a glowing fire of rosy embers.

"Mildred!" he called again, as when a lover he breathed her name, the sweetest in all the world to him.

But there was no answer. "Ah!" he murmured, "the dear girl does not hear her husband's voice," and he lay back in his easy chair and watched the blue flames dance in and out among the sparkling coals. At such a time memory weaves cunning webs of softened colors and sweet designs, and the young husband's thoughts flew backward and forward in the loom of the past.

Three years ago he had been a mother's petted darling, with no wish ungratified, no comfort neglected, no luxury forgotten. Yet he felt within his heart a tender longing, an empty void, which so far in his happy life had remained unfilled. Mildred Ray came, and the mother's heart knew that the wife was greater than the mother.

A year passed, and Mildred was his wife. Gentle, loving, beautiful, he took her to their new home, and for two years she had filled his mother's place, and made his home a beautiful ideal, a four-walled paradise upon earth, yet far above it. He was serenely happy and peacefully comfortable. Mildred had given him her thought, her energy, her time, her endeavor—and he was at rest. He awoke from his reverie with a start.

"Mildred!" he called. No answer. He became alarmed. Was it, then, all a dream? And was he to be rudely awakened?

Alas, for the mutability of human affairs. "Mildred!" he called for the fourth time.

"Yes, Henry," came the sweet-voiced answer from a sofa in the corner.

"Oh!" he said, in a tone of relief. "Are you there, darling?"

"Yes, hubble mine!"

"Well, love, the fire is going out; won't you go and get some more coal?"

"Not much, petsey! I've been doing the loving-wife slave business long enough and if you want any more coal you'll have to get it yourself!"

Mildred's memory had been weaving a few webs itself whilst that fire was slowly getting cold.

THE BOYS AND THE FARM.

It is not the fault of the boys that they leave the farm and go to town and merge themselves in the unprofitable throng that makes business for the police courts. The facts in most such cases would show that the farmers drive their boys away by making farm life a constant round of plain drudgery without a single feature to redeem it from the charge of downright punishment. We have known hundreds of farms, and they prevail largely in Texas now, that no boy, worth the rope it would take to hang him would stay on any longer than he could obtain a little information of the world outside. Under such conditions those boys who do remain on the farm have the little spirit they may have possessed worked out of them before they reach the age of legal responsibility, and they merely add to the already overstocked ranks of practical industrial insects, well calculated to perpetuate the condition that developed them, and to operate a farm and raise a family just as their fathers did. Boys can't be kept on a farm by hard work and harsh treatment. Many fathers of families consider the boys especially on a farm, have no rights that grown people should respect, and boys who have the spirit that promises to make a man will not long submit to such injustice. Boys should be so treated that they come to believe that the farm can't get along without them. Then the transition is easy to the opinion, that they can't get along without the farm. Farm life has in it the material for making the happiest homes in the country, and if it falls short of this, it is the fault of the management. Southern Farmer.

The Victor's Crown

Should adorn the brow of the inventor of the great corn cure, Putnam's Painless Corn Extractor. It works quickly, never makes a sore spot, and is just the thing you want. See that you get Putnam's Painless Corn Extractor, the sure, safe and painless cure for corns.

HIS CLEVER ANSWER.

"I leard," she said reproachfully, "that you were devoted to no fewer than five girls before you finally proposed to me. How do I know that you didn't make desperate love to all of them?" "I did," he replied promptly. "You did!" she exclaimed. "Certainly," he returned. "You don't suppose for a minute I would be foolishly enough to try for such a prize as you are without practicing a little first, do you?"

Acute Rheumatism

Pains in the Foot and Limb—A Complete Cure Accomplished by Hood's Sarsaparilla.

"For a number of years I was afflicted with acute rheumatism in my left side and all the way down my limb into my foot. I live five blocks from my work and had to stop and rest several times in going and coming. I could get no relief from my trouble and was on the point of giving up my job when I happened to hear of Hood's Sarsaparilla. I purchased a bottle of this medicine and a vial of Hood's Pills and began taking them. Before I had half finished them I was relieved and it was not long before I was completely cured. I never lose an opportunity to praise Hood's Sarsaparilla, for my cure meant a great deal to me, as I have a family and must always be at my post." WILLIAM HASKETT, yardman, Grand Trunk Railroad depot, Brantford, Ontario.

Hood's Sarsaparilla Is the best—in fact the One True Blood Purifier. Sold by all druggists. 25¢ six for \$5.

Hood's Pills are purely vegetable, carefully prepared. 25 cents

PORTO RICANS SHAVE WITH GLASS.

The natives of Porto Rico have no need to buy soap for the wooded country abounds in plants whose leaves and bulbs supply most fully the place of that indispensable article. Among the best of these is the soap-tree, so called, though it is more a bush than a tree. Its bulb when rubbed on wet clothes makes a snow-white lather which has an odor like old brown Windsor soap. The Porto Ricans, who are all, from the highest to the lowest, great dandies in their way, make soap out of cocoonut oil and home made lye—and a fine soap it is, smooth and fragrant. This cocoonut oil soap is used for shaving. When a man wishes to have a shave in the morning he starts out with his cocoonut shell cup and his donkey-tail brush and bottle. It is never any trouble to find an empty bottle in Porto Rico, Cuba, Jamaica, or almost any of the larger West India Islands, even in remote spots in the mountains. At least twenty generations of thirsty people have lived there and thrown away the bottles. The man carries no mirror he is too poor to own such a luxury. Not one house in twenty in Porto Rico has even the very cheapest looking-glass. But generously rich nature provides the mirror, as well as the soap. The man goes to some convenient pool in the mountain stream where the water is quite still—there is his mirror. He breaks his bottle on a stone and deftly picks out a sharp piece of suitable size. Then he lathers his face profusely, and begins to scrape away with his piece of glass which in his hands works as well as the best steel razor. A cut or even a light scratch, is extremely rare as a result of this al fresco form of shaving.

POINTED PARAGRAPHS. (Chicago News.)

Every tailor knows a lot of promising young men.

Bellows are not boxers, yet they often come to blows.

A man may know his own mind and still not be very wise.

There is a great deal of cold comfort in a handkerchief.

Marriage will change a woman's name but it seldom alters her nature.

Wise men are less charitable to their own faults than to the faults of others.

Sometimes marriage is a failure, and sometimes it is only a run on the bank.

A wife should not expect her husband to be lighthearted if her biscuits are heavy.

No matter how little a man believes in religion, he detests irreverence in women.

It's a pity that death doesn't transfer its affections from a shining mark to the miring shark.

Poverty has one advantage over wealth. When a poor man is sick there is no desire on the part of the physician to prolong the illness.

DIARRHOEA.

From whatever cause it promptly checked by Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry.

Rockall is perhaps the smallest island in the world. It is situated in the Atlantic over 300 miles west of Scotland and is a mere rock about 60 feet high and 235 feet round, arising from a reef of sand. The rock is basalt and granite, very magnetic. It is haunted by seabirds, and the mackerel of the surrounding seas are very fine. Of course, it was never inhabited, and is very seldom visited owing to the difficulty of landing on it.

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