

THE DEATH OF MRS. GROGAN.

EXPRESSIONS OF SORROW OVER HER DEATH ARE HEARD UPON EVERY SIDE. (Marinette, Wis., Argus, April 5)

Almost incredible seemed the announcement that conveyed to numberless friends the sad intelligence last Friday that Mrs. Mary Grogan was dead. The people of the twin cities were amazed, startled and stunned with the message which came like a thunderbolt from a cloudless sky. Yet, too sadly true were the facts contained in that message which created a sorrow intense as it was universal.

Friday afternoon, April fifth, a band of mourners knelt at the bedside in St. Joseph's Hospital, Menominee, where Mrs. Grogan lay in the agony of death, induced by paralysis, with which she was stricken a few days before. In spite of all human assistance, the paralysis made rapid advances until the wearied soul of a mother and friend gladly accompanied the messenger into eternity, through the darkness and gloom of Good Friday afternoon, just upon the stroke of the holy and solemn hour of three.

Surrounded by the ones nearest and dearest, her children, Mrs. Grogan lovingly rested her hand upon the head of each, the while fervently invoking a special blessing; earnestly were the final admonitions uttered; calmly were the affairs of life adjusted and the arrangements for her burial directed. Ever a most ardent Catholic, Mrs. Grogan was fortified, consoled and strengthened by the Sacraments of the church, of which she was a most exemplary member during the sixty years of her earthly pilgrimage.

The remains were removed Friday evening to the home of her daughter, Mrs. Joseph N. LaBilloy, 336 Kirby St., Menominee, from whence, in compliance with an expressed wish, they were taken to Kingston, New Brunswick, for interment in the family burial plot, where rest the bodies of the loved ones, husband and five children, who preceded the wife and mother to the eternal home. Francis W. Grogan accompanied the body of his venerable mother to its final resting place in the distant east, leaving Saturday evening, George Grogan and James Fitzpatrick going as far as the Junction at Faithorn on the Soo road. Old time friends, Messrs. W. Donovan, John O'Connor, James Fitzpatrick, John Dwyer, George Kilpatrick and M. Bohan were the bearers of the casket.

Mrs. Grogan came from Campbellton, New Brunswick, to Marinette in 1889, where she steadily resided until a few months ago, when she removed to Menominee. Possessed of a wonderful personality, an exalted character and a most genial presence, she at once surrounded herself with an ever increasing circle of friends, whose admiration soon merged into a deep affection as they learned to know her true worth. Within the home which she so nobly adorned, was she best loved; the generous dispenser of genuine hospitality, friends constantly were the sharers in the domestic cheer; charitable beyond all measure, the needy also were drawn within the environments, permeated by the lustre of christian love and

charity. While her own life had been darkened by a retinue of quickly succeeding sorrows almost unbearable in their intensity, they were concealed within the depths of her great heart, and to others she gave the benizens of hopeful cheer, which ever made her a social favorite. Hers was the happy faculty to make brighter and happier the lives of people from every sphere of life who eagerly sought her presence when cares oppressed.

To the world Mrs. Grogan has left a legacy of which any mother might well feel proud, in her children, Mrs. Jos N. LaBilloy, of Menominee; George Grogan, of Niagara; Sr. Marie Josephine, of St. Paul, and Francis W. Grogan, of Menominee, who will not fail to emulate her example; to foster and practice the virtues which she possessed in so pre-eminent a degree, thus continuing her good work for God and humanity.

While "Earth has no sorrow which Heaven cannot heal," a multitude of friends from near and far in unison tender earnest sympathy to the bereaved ones.

There was a High Mass of Requiem celebrated this morning in St. John's church, Menominee, by the pastor, Rev. D. Cleary, for the deceased; Masses were also offered for her Sunday and Monday and tomorrow in the church of the Epiphany another Mass will be offered for the departed.

[Owing to the bad state of the roads the funeral took place on the arrival of the train at Kingston, on Tuesday. The services were conducted at the R. C. Church and grave by the Rev. Father Robicheaud, Parish Priest, assisted by the Rev. M. F. Richard, of Rogersville. The funeral was largely attended by all classes. The family have the sincere sympathy of all friends in Kent County.]—Ed. REVIEW.

The London Daily Express Saturday morning says it understands that the government has decided to cease sending reinforcements to South Africa.



I feel better this morning, thank you. I took a Laxa-Liver Pill last night and it worked like a charm—headache and biliousness are all gone.

I've heard many ladies say they wouldn't be without Laxa-Liver Pills—they're such an easy pill to take, do not gripe or sicken, and cure constipation, dyspepsia, sour stomach, coated tongue, bad breath and all stomach and liver ills.

How to Quiet a Child.

A little girl frequently fancied she saw bears and tigers whenever she happened to awake in the night. Presumably she dreamed of some danger, may be on account of having eaten too much for supper or having eaten the wrong kind of food. At any rate, she frequently awoke crying in the night, and in her fear interpreted the dim outlines of a dress or a curtain as a fearful beast that was about to attack her. The best thing to do is to deal tenderly with such fancies and remove the child as far as possible from the object that has caused her excitement.

Then, if you can do so without disturbing the other children, light the lamp and let the light fall full on the thing that has given rise to her fear. Be slow, and express your opinion first as a kind of preliminary assumption that the bear may after all be mamma's skirt or the curtain moving in the draft, and when this comforting probability is understood follow up your advantage and declare it to be a good joke that a harmless piece of cloth should look like a fearful animal. Make the child smile at the incongruity of her fancy, and her laugh will cure the horror of the dream and dispel the nightmare as sunshine dispels the mist.—Arenia.

Luxury, Right or Wrong.

Discussing the right or wrong of luxury in The North American Review. Professor F. Spencer Baldwin, a Boston university authority on economics, comes to these conclusions:

"There are justifiable and there are unjustifiable luxuries.

"In general it may be laid down that a luxury which contributes to the efficiency of the individual in the widest sense and which does not impose on society for the satisfaction of its demands an unwholesome and degrading form of labor is perfectly justifiable.

"This sanction of luxury is not to be stretched to cover unlimited self-indulgence. The part played by rational self-sacrifice in the development of character is not to be overlooked. Constant self-indulgence is demoralizing.

"But in general a man has a right to spend money for anything that enriches and diversifies his life, and thus aids in the developing and rounding out of his personality, provided the labor that is required for the production of the articles in question be agreeable and innocuous.

"On the other hand, a luxury that demoralizes the individual or calls for a noxious form of labor is unjustifiable."

Elephant Hunting in Nubia.

When the elephant is pursued on foot, it is invariably sought in the depths of the forest, where it has retired for shelter from the noonday sun and also for the short repose it takes during the 24 hours. The hunter, having tracked his quarry to its retreat, is obliged to use the utmost stealth in approaching it, the elephant being a very light sleeper and awakened by the slightest unusual sound.

The difficulty of moving through a dense, thorny jungle without making any sound dissimilar to those which might be produced by nature, such as the stirring of the branches by a light breeze or the occasional falling of a dead leaf, is greater than can be realized by any one who has not tried it.

On getting within arm's length of his game the swordsman slowly raises himself to an erect position and deals a slashing cut on the back sinews of the nearest foot about ten inches from the ground, at the same time leaping nimbly back to avoid a blow from the animal's trunk. The cut, if properly delivered, bites sheer to the bone, severing the large arteries, and in a short time death ensues from hemorrhage.—Harper's Weekly

A Sister Lost.

At one time, when two Cheyennes got to gambling, one lost, and luck seemed to be against him. After he had lost every piece of property he had, in desperation he put up his sister and lost her. This aroused great indignation through the tribe, but no one intimidated that the unfortunate girl should not go and live as the wife of the man who had won her in a game of cards.

Over 20 years ago the writer was superintendent of the Arapahoe Indian school at Darlington during a period of five years. During this time not less than four young Indian women came to the school, asking admittance and protection from marriage that was about to be forced upon them. The protection was given, and the young women afterward married according to their own choice. Since then these tribes have been gradually breaking away from their original customs until now they are married with the lawful marriage rites.—Southern Workman and Hampton School Record.

Wanted—A Playfellow.

The Two—Mrs. Reagan, can your little Jamie come an play wid us?

Mrs. Reagan—Yis. Yez are good byes ter let little Jamie play wid yer What are yez going to play?

One of the Two—William Tell. We want Jamie ter stand wid de apple on his head. Skinny is William Tell. He hain't a very good shot, an I was afeard to stand myself.

Declining Love.

Lottie—I'm afraid Fred doesn't care for me as much as he did.

Edith—Nonsense! What makes you think so?

Lottie—I got a letter from him to-day, and there were at least three places where he might have put in a "dear" or a "darling" and didn't.—Boston Transcript.

His Object.

Mr. Bunbury—If that young man's coming here to see you every day in the week, you had better give him a hint to come after supper.

Miss Bunbury—I don't think it's necessary, pa. That's what he comes after.—Tit-Bits.

SHERIFF'S SALE.

There will be sold at Public Auction in front of the Court House in Richibucto, in the County of Kent, Province of New Brunswick, on SATURDAY, THE TWELFTH DAY OF MAY, next, at the hour of 1 o'clock in the afternoon, all the right, title, use, possession, interest, property, claim and demand whatsoever, either at law or in equity, of Urban Babineau, of, in, to, out of or upon the following land and premises:—

All that certain piece or parcel of land and premises lying and being on the south side of the Post Road leading to Chatham, in the parish of St. Louis, in the said County of Kent and bounded as follows:—

Easterly by said Post Road, southerly by land owned by Adolphe E. Laundry and strip extending to the road leading up said river, westerly and northerly by land owned by Simon Daigle, containing one quarter of an acre more or less, and known as the Urban Babineau store lot, together with all the buildings, improvements thereon and appurtenances to the same belonging. And also all other lands and tenements belonging to the said Urban Babineau, situated, lying and being within my bailiwick. The same having been levied and seized under and by virtue of an execution issued out of the Supreme Court against the said Urban Babineau.

AUGUSTE LEGER,

Sheriff of Kent County.

Sheriff's Office, Richibucto, February 5th, A. D. 1900.

The above sale is postponed until Monday, the THIRTEENTH DAY OF AUGUST next, at the hour and place stated in the above notice.

AUGUSTE LEGER,

Sheriff of Kent County.

Sheriff's office, Richibucto, May 12th, A. D. 1900.

The above sale is further postponed until TUESDAY, THE THIRTEENTH DAY OF NOVEMBER next, at the hour and place stated in the above notice of sale.

AUGUSTE LEGER,

Sheriff of Kent County.

Sheriff's Office, Richibucto, Aug. 13, 1900.

The above sale is further postponed until Wednesday, the 13th day of February next, at the hour and place stated in the above notice of sale.

AUGUSTE LEGER,

Sheriff of Kent County.

Sheriff's Office, Richibucto, Nov. 13, 1900.

The above sale is further postponed until THURSDAY, THE SIXTEENTH DAY OF MAY next, at the hour and place stated in the above notice of sale.

AUGUSTE LEGER,

Sheriff.

Sheriff's office, Richibucto, Feb. 13th, A. D., 1901.

NOTICE OF SALE.

There will be sold at Public Auction at the Record Office in the Town of Richibucto on WEDNESDAY, MAY 1st, 1901 at 12 o'clock noon "that lot, piece and parcel of land and premises situate and being in the Parish of Richibucto, containing one hundred acres more or less, distinguished as lot No. 70 in Galloway Settlement; also lot No. 21 in said Galloway settlement containing seventy acres more or less granted to Daniel Young in the year 1863, together with all the buildings and appurtenances thereto belonging or appertaining."

The said sale will be made by virtue of a power of sale contained in a certain indenture of Mortgage to the undersigned mortgagee, bearing date May 19, 1897 duly recorded in Book O, No. 2, pages 666, 667, 668 and 669 of the Kent County Records and for default in payment of the moneys secured and made payable thereby.

Dated March 13, 1901.

J. D. PHINNEY,

Mortgagee.

NOTICE.

The undermentioned non-resident rate payer of District No. 1, in the Parish of Carleton, County of Kent, is hereby notified that unless the amount of District School tax as set opposite his name is given below, together with the cost of advertising—two dollars—is paid to the undersigned Secretary to Trustees for said District within two months from the date of this notice proceedings will be taken as provided by law for the collection of said taxes.

1900.

George K. McLeod \$11.40

JOHN BEATTIE, Jr.,

Sec. to Trustees.

Dated at Kouchibouguac, N. B., this 21st day of March, 1901.

NOTICE!

The undermentioned non-resident rate-payers of the Parish of Welford in the County of Kent, are hereby notified to pay their respective parish rates as set opposite their names, for the years 1898, 1899 and 1900, together with the cost of advertising—three dollars—within two months from the date hereof, to the subscriber at his residence in the Parish of Welford, otherwise legal proceedings will be taken to recover the same.

1899 1899 1900

McLeod, George K.	\$1.00	\$2.00	\$2.00
Mountain, George		2.75	
Keswick, Ezra		5.25	
Horton, Samuel	1.25		
Phinney, J. D.	4.12	4.00	
Atkinson, John	1.67		1.63
Harnett, Patrick		1.25	1.25
Wallace, William	1.28	1.25	1.25
Howell, James		1.25	1.25

RICHARD WARMAN,

Collector of Rates.

Molus River, Mar. 25th, 1901.

Prevention of Disease.
Mr. Miles Menander Dawson, a consulting actuary and author of standard works on life insurance, says in an interview: "From one-fifth to one-half of the deaths that occur in youth and middle age could be prevented by a decent regard for sanitary conditions and by common action of society for the benefit of all. It is not enough that a man should take care of himself. Disease is communicable, and protecting man against it is a social function."

"Fully one-fifth of the total number of deaths are caused by zymotic diseases which are as purely accidental as falling and breaking a leg. And one-fourth of the deaths in addition are from digestive and respiratory diseases, almost all of which are preventable. About 17 per cent of the deaths among insured lives is from consumption and 5 per cent from nervous diseases, all of which are now believed to be preventable."

"This means that fully one-half of the deaths among young and middle aged persons could be prevented and the proportion could no doubt be greatly increased if parents paid a proper respect to the laws of heredity. It would certainly be a most important achievement for the human race if united action could be taken to secure that a larger proportion of persons would attain old age than at present."—Ainslee's Magazine.

He Did Not Have It.

William Lightfoot Visscher in The Woman's Home Companion tells this characteristic story of the Hon. Isaac Parker, famous as the terrible judge at Fort Smith, Ark., who probably sentenced more men to be executed than any other judge that ever lived. This was not, however, because he was so unrelentingly severe, but because he had the hardest and most numerous lot of criminals to deal with that ever came within the jurisdiction of such an official. One day when there was an unusually large batch of culprits to be sentenced the judge looked compassionately over his spectacles at one young scamp and said:

"In consideration of the youth and inexperience of this prisoner I shall let him off with a fine of \$50."

Before the judge had done speaking the very fresh young man coolly stretched his right leg and ran his hand into his trousers' pocket on the side, remarking nonchalantly as he did so:

"That's all hunky, judge. I've got that much right here in my jeans."

"And one year in the penitentiary," continued the judge. Then, looking over at the convict in a quizzical sort of way, he added: "Do you happen to have that in your jeans?"

Queer Thing, Chance.

"I was at Monte Carlo last year," said a New York turfman. "and was amused watching the gamblers in the casino playing systems. If red would win, say, four times hand running, everybody would double up on black. The more times one color showed in succession the bigger were the bets on the other, which was mathematically an error, although you couldn't convince a gambler of it. Once while I was there red won 12 times, and over 40,000 francs were staked on black. One lone player had the nerve to put 50 francs on red. It won, and he let the bet lay, and it won again. Then everybody got a sudden idea it would win once more, and it was played to the limit. That time black showed."

"Did you ever hear about runs of color?" asked somebody.

"I did over there," replied the man who had been to Monte Carlo. "It is generally believed that when one color wins the odds are in favor of it winning twice more. There's no sense in it, but the records of the game do a good deal to confirm the superstition. Queer thing, chance."

Couldn't Chill His Wit.

Mme. Modjeska and her company were playing one winter in the extreme north, much to the discomfort of Count Bozenta, the Polish star's husband, who hates the chilly northern climate. But at that time the show business was at a very low ebb in the south. One particularly cold day Mme. Modjeska found the count shivering from head to foot in spite of the steam heat in the hotel.

"Oh, my dear, my dear!" he implored. "Let us go south for the rest of the season. This climate will kill us."

"But, my dear," replied madame, "the south is dead."

"Yes," said the count, "but she is much a beautiful corpse."

Time to Wake.

Judge Wheaton A. Gray was hearing a criminal case in Fresno, and on a warm day, at the end of a long harangue by the prosecuting counsel, he noticed one of the jurymen asleep. As soon as the argument was completed, the judge addressed the jury in this peculiar manner: "Gentlemen of the jury, the prosecuting attorney has completed his argument. Wake up and listen to the instructions of the court."

A New One or None.

Mrs. Prondfoot—Yes, Mrs. Malaprop, that's an heirloom. It's been in Mr. Prondfoot's family over 100 years.

Mrs. Malaprop—Do tell! I've been nagging at John Henry to get an heirloom ever since we moved to the city, but he can't find any, except second-hand ones, and I won't have them.—Jewelers Weekly

The Chinese government does all in its power to check the opium habit, the punishments common in the Chinese army for this habit being extreme. For the first offense a man may have his upper lip cut; for the second he may be decapitated.

In regard to longevity the clergy stand at the head of the professions and physicians near the bottom, below coal merchants, milkmen and grocers.

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