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RICHIBUCTO, N. B. AUGUST 1, 1901

THE INTERNATIONAL YACHT RACE.

The approaching yacht race for that most famed of trophies—the America's cup—is creating much interest on both sides of the Atlantic. This year the contest promises to be more exciting than previously, although at present very little can accurately be said as to the possible outcome. Sir Thomas Lipton with the shrewdness which has been a marked characteristic of his entire career is working in such a manner as to prevent his American rivals from getting any line on the speed of his newest creation from the records of the contests between Shamrock II and Shamrock I. It will be noticed that in all cases where these yachts have met Sir Thomas has held back his new yacht, so to speak, and given the older boat every opportunity to cross the line first.

Although she has failed to do so under anything like equal circumstances yet this "pulling" by its object. So, hampered, the Shamrock II generally crosses the line a winner by a comparatively small margin, whereas, if she were not held back, the margin would be much greater. It is practically evident, however, that she is much faster than Shamrock I.

The American trial races between the Constitution, Columbia and Independence have been by no means satisfactory, and the new defender has not proved her supremacy over her competitors in any but very light breezes. The Boston yacht, Independence, may fairly be said to be outclassed, but the Columbia has in heavy winds had the better of the argument with this year's candidate. Mr. Thomas W. Lawson, owner of Independence, still expects his boat to make a creditable showing and in a signed statement given to the American press he says in part:

"I can unhesitatingly say that my belief, which has never wavered, in the ability of the Independence to eventually show her stern to anything afloat, has been strengthened by everything she has done while at Newport; I may be wrong, but if I can procure races for her throughout the season, I believe she will make those who judged her hastily admit their error.

"I do not want to make excuses for our defeat, but I think it is only fair to the boat to touch on one vital point. Her trip around Cape Cod almost wrecked her. The conditions were such that she received a pounding seldom encountered by a racer, and she went into the Newport races leaking very badly. Throughout her two first races she carried tons of water. Yachtsmen know the significance of this."

If Mr. Lawson's statement is not merely American braggadocio, and, to do him justice, it has a fair, sportsmanlike smack about it, then better things may be expected of the yacht from the Yankee Athens.

Yacht racing is like most other sports, an uncertain game, and we should not by any means be surprised if the America's cup is soon added to the list of Sir Thomas Lipton's good sand chadlers.

IN AN IDLE MOMENT.

It has been suggested that the Boers must discard Dutch and talk English if they are to succeed in life. We can't quite see the point in this. Why can't a man farm in Dutch or Greek for that matter as well as in English?

F. D. Monk, M. P., for Jacques Cartier, Que., in an interview in the Montreal Gazette, expressed himself as pleased with the Halifax frost.

Perhaps Mr. Monk has found it so hot in Montreal recently that the frost pleased by contrast. Still there's no getting over the fact that it carried with it the conviction that the "grand old party" is not only slightly frost bitten but completely frozen up.

George E. Foster says he has found no money in politics. Now George E. might please tell us where he did find it. Our own impression is that he found it in politics and lost it in gold mines.

There is no money in politics so says George E. Foster. 'Twould now be interesting to hear from the Tupper brigade on the same subject, or perhaps George E. could speak on this topic, "How I have found it since '96."

The St. John Sun tried to bluff its readers by its old policy of misrepresentation and deceit in reference to the East Queens, P. E. I., deal. The Telegraph jumped on it with both feet and it hasn't yet recovered from the shock.

The St. John Sun resembles its solar namesake. Not that it shines with equal brilliancy on all; but we notice that as the season advances it is daily less in evidence. Rises later and sets earlier so to speak. It will go out altogether some day.

THE CHRISTIAN SABBATH.

The question of just what a man may or may not do with impunity on the Sabbath day is fast becoming a perplexing one. We in this county are brought so forcibly to face with this problem as residents of the Canadian metropolis. Down in St. John they have an organization which rejoices in the title of the Lord's Day Alliance, but so far it has accomplished very little real good to justify its existence. In that unfortunate city druggists cannot sell a glass of soda water on Sunday even if the soda is purely harmless and unaccompanied by either "sticks" or "winks." The mere fact of it being a worldly beverage is sufficient to place it beyond the pale. Possibly if the element of worldliness could be adroitly removed from the fascinating glass its sale on Sunday could go on and the over zealous members of the Lord's Day Alliance would be satisfied. How would it do for druggists to give their customers a tip that in order to secure soda on Sunday it would require to be vended as a medicine? Then if the customer should amid the warmth of a scorching Sunday afternoon step up to a soda fountain and complain of an unsettled stomach or waterbrash or say he feared heat prostration, the druggist could prescribe aqua carbonicum et syrupus simplex and a wink would do the rest.

But, joking aside, this question of Sabbath observance is one which deserves the very best thoughts of the brightest minds.

It would seem that the movement in St. John is fast degenerating into a farce. We learn by the errors of our neighbors and if any such movement is ever contemplated in Richibucto we beg to advise that mature consideration be first given to it before an attempt is made to enforce a law which in its present state is practically inoperative. We do not wish to be understood as being opposed to the better observance of the Sabbath, but we do think that it is very much a matter between individual man and that all wise God who ordained the day of rest. The Christian Sabbath has stood in its beautiful sanctity for hundreds of years and it does not now require the puny efforts of finite man to defend it in its glorious maturity.

A KLONDIKE KING.

(Halifax Chronicle, 27th.)  
 The Chronicle had a call last night from G. D. Cummings of California. Mr. Cummings is a native of the town of Guysboro, Nova Scotia, but for the past twenty-five years has been absent from the province. Like many other Nova Scotians he has made his mark and prospered. His first venture was in mining in the west. Next he established the Dunsmuir News at Dunsmuir, Cal., which paper he still owns, but does not personally conduct.

At the time of the discovery of gold in the Klondike Mr. Cummings went to that country and purchased a number of claims, which turned out very successful, and he is credited with making more money than any other man excepting Alex. McDonald, who is also a Nova Scotian. Mr. Cummings then returned to California, and went into the real estate business in San Francisco. He is now on his way to Guysboro to visit his brother Robert, who resides at Ragged Head, three miles from that town.

Mr. Cummings' grandfather Alexander, fought in the Revolutionary war, and at its close came to Nova Scotia and took a grant of land on the site of the present town of Guysboro. Mr. Cummings will return to San Francisco in the autumn.

LAZIEST MAN ENDS LIFE WITHOUT ANY EXERTION.

CENTRAL VILLAGE, Conn., July 27.—Joseph A. Bingham, of Andover, was buried to-day. He enjoyed the unique reputation of being the laziest man in Connecticut. Bingham was fifty years old and never in the memory of any acquaintance had he done a stroke of work.

Born of well-to-do parents, he was supported by their wealth as long as they lived, then a legacy was left him in trust, which the Selectmen doled out to him. He boarded at Andover Inn for years, until his money was gone, then the scene shifted to a little house provided by the Selectmen.

Here it was charged that he was too lazy to cut the wood given him, too lazy to draw water from the near-by well, too lazy to tie up his shoes. It was too much work to put on a collar, and as for cooking a meal with material all given him—well, he would starve rather than do it.

For the first time in twenty-five years he looked into a mirror on Friday last. What he saw there was his own reflection. He walked out and deliberately stood in front of an approaching train. It ended his life easily.

No exertion on his part was needed, as there would have been if he had used a pistol, rope or poison.

CHURCH SERVICES.

ST. ANDREW'S PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH—Rev. D. Fraser, B. A., Pastor. Rexton, Sunday, 11 o'clock a. m.; Richibucto Sunday, 7 o'clock p. m. Christian Endeavor Society meets at Rexton every Monday at 7.30, p. m., and at Richibucto every Thursday at 7.30 p. m.

ST. MARY'S, (ANGELICAN).—REV. H. A. MEEK, Rector. Aug. 4th, (9th Sunday after Trinity)—Divine Service—Richibucto 11 & 7; Rexton, 3; also Friday 2nd 7.30, Richibucto; Wednesday, 7th, 7, Buctouche.

For the masses not the classes, BEN-TLEY'S Liniment is the family medicine



BEATTIE.—At Medford, Mass., on 19th, ult., to Mr. and Mrs. R. Fred Beattie, a daughter.

DOMINION NEWS.

OTTAWA, July 27.—Notwithstanding that the Ottawa detectives and the provincial detectives decided that the death of Anna Bella Morrison, whose body was found in the Ottawa River, was either suicide or accidental, the coroner jury have rendered a verdict of murder, as follows: "That the woman found in the River was Anna Bella Morrison, and that she came to her death by being struck by some instrument in the hands of some person or persons unknown, no evidence being shown as to when and where she came to her death."

QUEBEC, July 29.—Steamship Manchester Corporation picked up two men in a dory between Cape Race and St. Pierre. They had been three days and three nights without food or water and were exhausted. They belong to the schooner Opie, of Great Bank, Fortune Bay. The men could not have lasted another day.

TORONTO, July 29.—Stone setters at work on the new million dollar structure, struck to-day because the stone is being cut in Chicago by a non-union firm. The contractors will endeavor to secure non-union masons.

MONTEREAL, July 29.—Mrs. Johanna Townner, aged 47, residing at 1706 St. Antoine street, wandered away from home this morning. Later she was found lying in the street unconscious. She was removed in a cab to Hotel Dieu, where she died. Supposed to be temporarily insane.

WINDSOR MILLS, Que., July 29.—St. Francis mill, owned by the Canada Paper Company, was burned to the ground this morning, throwing 125 men out of employment. Loss, quarter of a million dollars; well insured. The fire is supposed to have been caused by friction in the drying room. The company has two other mills here, and can fill all contracts.

GOOD HEALTH IS IMPOSSIBLE without regular action of the bowels. Laxa Liver Pills regulate the bowels, cure constipation, dyspepsia, biliousness, sick headache and all affections of the organs of digestion. Price 25 cents. All druggists.

WOODSTOCK, N. B., July 29.—Information has been received this evening that smallpox has broken out about seven miles from Woodstock, at Red Bridge. Four cases are already reported. John McBride, aged about 42 years, is afflicted. Mrs. Judson Briggs and her daughter have been afflicted with the dread disease but both are somewhat better this evening. Her son is down with the disease now. Clergymen have visited the houses and other neighbors, not knowing the disease was smallpox, and it is feared the disease will spread. Dr. Hand is in attendance this evening. A visitor from Montana is supposed to have brought the malady here.

Book's Penetrating Plasters.

THE PENALTIES OF THE CHASE.  
 "Ma isn't going down to dinner, pa. She is all tired out, and she's gone to bed, and she doesn't want anything to eat."  
 "What tired her?"  
 "Running up and down stairs so many times."  
 "And why did she run up and down stairs?"  
 "She was chasing a moth miller."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

FOREST FIRE IN NOVA SCOTIA.

HALIFAX, July 29.—A forest fire at Ingraham River, St. Margaret's Bay, has consumed over 1,000 acres, and is approaching Indian River. Two more lumber camps have been devoured, and the fire is rushing madly on. All attempts to check it have proved fruitless. Bands of men have been driven before it. Cattle have been killed, and up to yesterday it is estimated that over \$70,000 worth of property has been destroyed.

Two large camps belonging to Mr. Beardmore, the Toronto millionaire, were destroyed with all their contents, and lumbermen had close calls. The fire swept down upon the second camp so rapidly that the men had a very narrow escape. They had to run for their lives.

This forest fire is the largest that has occurred in Nova Scotia for fifty years. The burned belt reaches from Ingraham River to within a short distance of Indian River, and the fire is burning more fiercely than ever. All the season's cuttings have been destroyed, and it is estimated that the loss will by to-night reach \$100,000.

Mr. Beardmore, of Toronto, who will be the largest loser, has been telegraphed for by his foreman.

A thrilling act of heroism, of which youthful George McKee was the hero, is reported to have taken place a few nights ago on Market street, Brighton. On the night in question a horse attached to a carriage containing a lady and child took fright near Western avenue and dashed up the street at a dangerous rate of speed. Many men tried to stop the animal, but were unsuccessful, until Mr. McKee, after taking great risk of injury, brought the animal to a halt.—Boston Post.

George McKee is a son of Mr. Hamilton McKee, of Fredericton, and is well and favorably known, particularly as an athlete. It is learned that George was dragged upon his knees for almost the length of a block, but pluckily held to the bridle and brought the runaway to a standstill. He was pretty badly shaken up but not seriously injured.—Gleaner.

BOOK'S SORE COUGH CURE

NEW YORK, July 28.—Elizabeth McCormick, 24 years old, is dead at the German hospital in this city. She is known to be a member of a Canadian family, her father, it is said, being in the Canadian customs service. Her sister is believed to be in a convent in Boston and she left letters addressed to a man in St. Dunstan's college, Charlottetown, P. E. I. At the hospital she said she had taken a drug. Miss McCormick came to this city about three months ago, but recently was out of employment and in low spirits. She was taken to the hospital from a boarding house where she had a room.

The Whole Story in a letter:  
**Pain-Killer**  
 (PERRY DAVIS')  
 From Capt. F. Love, Police Station No. 5, Montreal:—"We frequently use PERRY DAVIS' PAIN-KILLER for pains in the stomach, rheumatism, sciatica, foot bites, chilblains, erysipelas, and all afflictions which a befall men in our position. I have no hesitation in saying that PAIN-KILLER is the best remedy to have near at hand."  
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Cases of Queer Revenge.

In England, where men have more time for everything, including revenge, some queer methods of playing even have come into the courts.

Albert Bewdley of Leeds had a dog that howled at night. A naturalist next door did not like it, but had no legal recourse.

One day ants of the minute red variety began to overrun Bewdley's house. Nothing that could be done headed them off. They grew worse and worse. He had made up his mind to break his lease and move when one night he heard a noise in his dining room. Slipping down, he found the naturalist emptying a bag of ants on the floor.

In court the naturalist paid damages, but he did it smilingly.

Rowley, the late English violinist, was hard to beat on his perseverance against one who had incurred his ill will.

Rowley had a quarrel with a horse dealer named Brant. It was a trivial matter, but Rowley took the next house to Brant, set up a piano, bought a cornet and proceeded to make insomnia for Brant.

After one or two assault cases in court Brant moved. Rowley bought out the next door neighbor and followed with piano and cornet. Brant went to law, but found he could do nothing. Failing, he took a detached house. Then Rowley hired brass bands and organs and assailed him. This was actionable, and Rowley paid £1,000 for his revenge.

The Golfer's Pun.

At a recent auction sale one of the paintings had for a subject a gayly attired golf girl making a long drive. The bidding on this opened very brisk—\$80, \$95, \$70 and finally \$72.

"Seventy-two, two, two, two!" cried the auctioneer.

"Fore!" shouted some one in the rear.

With the exception of the golfer in the front row, who immediately "ducked," the joke passed unnoticed.

"Four," repeated the auctioneer. "Do I hear five?"

He did not hear "five," and a cold sweat broke out on the brow of the last bidder as now, for the first time, the possibility of having to buy that picture occurred to him. Seventy-four dollars for making a pun! He made a solemn vow then and there that he would never attempt another as with a sickly grin he thought of unpaid bills. The attendant was standing at his elbow; the auctioneer had raised his hammer. "One—two—th—"

"Five!"

The ordeal was past. The auction proceeded, with the crowd unaware that the punster had received proper punishment.

For the benefit of those who do not play golf a diagram of the pun is furnished. "Fore" is the warning shouted by the player when about to drive.

How Accidents Become Habits.

As to our mannerisms, says a writer in the Baltimore Sun, at first they are accidents, and afterward they become habits. It is singular how easy it is to convince a credulous public that a misfortune is a gift, just as an eccentricity is a mark of genius. Your correspondent knows a lady who was asked in marriage by several gentlemen (for where one pastures others will follow), although she was neither beautiful nor clever nor rich, but because she was affected with a trembling of the lids. In her inmost heart she who addresses you believes the trembling began with nervousness, but it was universal, and after a little what was curious began to be regarded as fascinating. At any rate I know a well established, portly lady, married to a man who secured her, not without difficulty, whose only sorrow is the necessity of keeping up the girlish habit which procured her a spouse. He is not a sentimentalist, but he wants what he paid for. He married her because her eyelids trembled, and not unnaturally he wishes to be possessed of the same treasure.

Not Entirely Alone.

As he entered the car he saw at a glance that there was one seat with a young lady in it, and he marched straight down the aisle, deposited his overcoat, sat down and familiarly observed:

"I entirely forgot to ask your permission."

"That's of no consequence," she replied.

"Thanks. Just arrived in the city, I presume," he ventured to remark as he glanced at the bundles and grips on the floor near by.

"Not exactly."

"You're all alone, eh?"

"Almost, but not quite. My husband is the conductor on this car, the motor-man is my cousin and my father and a brother are in the seat back of us."

"Aw! Aw! I see," gasped the man, and the floor of the car suddenly became so red-hot that he lit out without another word.

Babies In Greenland.

The bed of the baby Eskimo is not always one of elder down. There are times of famine now and then when the condition of the ice makes hunting impossible, and old and young starve to death. Cases have been known on both shores of Baffin bay where babies have been eaten by starving adults, but infanticide in Greenland is unknown because of a belief that the spirit of a murdered infant turns into an evil spirit called Anglak that forever haunts the entire village and brings endless misery and distress.

When a friend is in trouble, don't ask, "Can I do anything?" Do something.

Do but half of what you can, and you will be surprised at your own diligence.