

# THE REVIEW

VOL. 12. NO. 25

RICHIBUCTO, NEW BRUNSWICK, THURSDAY JANUARY 31, 1901.

\$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.

### REVIEW OF THE PAST CENTURY.

Being requested by different parties to write a short essay on the closing Century in and around Buctouche, I have endeavoured to carefully collect some reminiscences of the wonderful age which we are living in. While the advantages of the past may have had a wonderful effect for the betterment of civilization, still we trust the present may present before our minds the wonders of a present century, while Solomon says there is nothing new under the sun, as will be seen by Professor Hilprect's wonderful discovery of ancient Nippur.

Coming to Buctouche twelve years ago, the accommodations were after leaving Vanceboro travel by train where one could occasionally get out and pick blueberries, while on some parts of the road the train would go at such a rapidity reminding one of Burns' description of "Tam O'Shanter," with conductors and attendants whose early training in regard to culture or refinement had been sadly neglected. After leaving St. John and arriving in Shediac, inquiring way to Buctouche I was ushered into the presence of the Proprietor of the Weldon House, whose genial countenance bespoke the bearing of a man who understood his business. Upon making inquiry as to the transfer of baggage, etc., I was politely told that the mail started for Buctouche on the arrival of the Summerside boat at Point du Chene. Thinking that sounds better, after dinner I sat down to glance over the daily Times of Moncton and await results. I did not have long to indulge in the reveries of a Midnight Dream (a love story by the way) when I was suddenly startled by the announcement, "will be ready to start for Buctouche in ten minutes." Arranging my headgear and making some little alterations in toilet, sound of whoa, there! and all aboard for Buctouche, Cocagne, and several minor names which have slipped my memory, I was escorted and kindly assisted into a mail train, with one young lady, a teacher, I presume, and two gentlemen, together with bundles, parcels and valises as they evidently were commercial travelers, and last of all a ruddy-faced, queer-looking mail-driver, when suddenly with a crack of the whip and gee up there, we set off at break-neck speed after two matched rowan horses, the trunks and one little girl driven by a second party. Never was I so forcibly struck with the wit of the Irish song where it reads, thusly, "and the devil himself was in the wheels behind McCarty's mare," as I was on this occasion, a drizzling rain falling all the way, but I was more than surprised at the number of post-offices along the way, as the genial mail-driver would remark in broken English, "have to deliver mail here," when all three men would get out to carry in the bag, returning more talkative. However, at 4.30 we arrived in Buctouche, delivered the mail Mr. B. H. Foley's, our present genial and accommodating postmaster, was then driven to the hotel, whose proprietor was

## 1901 - - 1901

We are starting the New Year with a larger stock of goods than ever before. If you are looking for WINTER CLOTHING of any-kind, do not fail to give us a call, as we are giving some exceptionally good bargains in Men's Ulsters, Reefers, Underwear, etc.

## LADIES' JACKETS.

We have a few Ladies Jackets left, mostly small sizes, which we will sell very low to clear. (ALL UP TO DATE STYLE.) It will pay you to see them if you are in need of any, as these are genuine bargains.

## A. & R. LOGGIE

Mr. McManus, ordering supper which was very nicely got up. I received the message that the late Mrs. Foley and daughter requested me to come to their home, as they were acquainted with my folk, so I returned to spend a very pleasant evening, afterwards resuming my journey. But how unlike to-day the Buctouche of twelve years ago. While we have the same postmaster who has attended to his duties as postmaster and general merchant for upwards of forty years and is still beloved by all his patrons, how the close of the past century has brought such wonderful advancement into the lap of the present one. A city store stands opposite where business is being carried on by Mr. J. D. Irving, electricity taking the place of kerosene oil. One of our old landmarks, Mr. J. C. Ross, who was then doing business, but now is about retiring. Mr. Anthony Grattan, who too has seen the advancement of time, has a fine large store, a three storey hotel, whose proprietor, A. Gorman, is fully equipped to cater to the wants of the public and especially summer tourists. Mr. Iseor LeBlanc, who is a general country merchant, has watched the progress of the little town. Mrs. Boudreau has very successfully built a name for herself in fashionable millinery circles and is a favourite among her own sex in fitting them up with fancy headgear which even the most fastidious has to admit is tastefully arranged. Passing along by private dwellings, small stores, magistrates and lawyers offices, with which Buctouche is well supplied, we notice Dr. Landry's office and pharmacy; also Dr. King who has a large practice, we wend our way past blacksmith shops, carriage factory, churches, schools, etc. The large finishing factory of Thomas Knowlan is very noticeable, as is also the boot and shoe factory combined with tannery of J. H. Powell, starting up a smart industry in the west end of the town. The manufacturing establishment of Mr. McLaughlin would well repay one their leisure moments in visiting, while the public may depend upon receiving all the attention which its accommodating owner and equally courteous clerks can give. We take a survey of the premises: The roller mills which reduce wheat into flour under the Hungarian process, turning out 25 barrels per day; three run of stones for buckwheat; barley mill and bone crusher where green and dry bones are crushed into poultry food to accommodate the farmer; carding mill with two sets of cards, one for white and one for black wool; butter factory, where the beautiful gilt edge is nicely done up; the

saw mill which is across the railway track is one of the smartest in the County; it combines all the finishing machinery which is necessary to suit the market, is driven by a 100 h. p. Robb Armstrong engine, one of the latest improved; he also has in connection a fine general country store of good substantial goods, which the country may rely upon. Such is Buctouche at the beginning of the present century, after having been raised twice from the ashes of former grandeur since my first visit.

Next letter will be upon the country and resources to keep all this moving.

M. M. J. McNairn, Kent Co., Jan. 22, 1901.

### This is what They Say.

Those who take Hood's Sarsaparilla for scrofula, eczema, eruptions, catarrh, rheumatism or dyspepsia, say it cures promptly and permanently, even after all other preparations fail. You may take this medicine with the utmost confidence that it will do you good. What it has done for others you have every reason to believe it will do for you.

Constipation is cured by Hood's Pills. 25c.

### HIS FUTURE SECURED.

Parke—That boy of mine is smart. During his last year at college he made enough at poker to pay all his expenses, and now he is teaching me.

Lane—Indeed. What business are you going to put him into?  
"None. He'll never have to work."—Detroit Free Press.

### Spinal Pains.

Weak back, pains in the side, number their victims in thousands. Only very powerful and penetrating remedies will reach these distressing complaints. Nerviline is as sure to cure them as anything in the world can be sure. One drop equal in pain-subduing power to five drops of any other. Potent, penetrating, persistent in action, these express the qualities of Nerviline. Druggists everywhere sell it.

### THE SOCIETY REHEARSAL.

"Gracious, Lillian! What costly and extravagant furnishings!"  
"But, Harold, we may be rich some day, and of course we shall want to act as if we had always had things."—Chicago Record.

## MARITIME PROVINCE NOTES.

Dr. Murray of Sussex, and Dr. Myers of Moncton, located a mild case of small pox Wednesday at Goshen, about 9 miles from Penobscus. The victim was one of a mill crew that came from the eastern end of Westmorland county, under the management of a Mr. McKay, about ten days ago.

Sleigh bells jingled for the first time in Yarmouth streets last week. Think of that. New Brunswick could have supplied them with the beautiful long before that and with tons of it too, and never have missed it.—Railway News.

Fredericton has opened a free public reading room. The scheme is a good one and might be followed with profit by many other places.

According to the financial statement of the town of Amherst, published a few days ago, the amount expended to enforce the Scott Act in that town during 1900 was \$344.39, while receipts from fines were only \$140. The act does not flourish in Amherst to any great extent. A blind man could visit the town and soon learn this fact.

Moncton Times: Mr. A. Hilson, formerly I. C. R. station agent at Moncton, is now located at Kimberley, B. C., and is employed with the North Star Mining Co. Mr. Hilson likes the country very well and intends remaining where he is at present for a few more years at least. Mr. Hilson's friends will be glad to learn that he is doing very well.

Sackville Post: Rev. Mr. McLatchy, the newly appointed Baptist minister, arrived in Sackville Saturday evening from Albany, New York, where he has been stationed for a number of years. He occupied the Main street pulpit Sunday morning and evening, and preached at Bethel in the afternoon. The reverend gentleman speaks with a great deal of force, and will probably soon become very popular with the members of the church and congregation. His style is free and easy, yet he can be very impressive when he so desires. Mr. McLatchy is stopping at the Wry House, where he will remain until after the arrival of his wife.

The restaurant conducted by Henry Gallant on Main street, Moncton, was burglarized last Wednesday night and cigars and cigarettes valued at \$30 stolen. Entrance was effected by cutting out a panel of the back door and removing a bar.

Moncton Transcript: Mr. J. R. Fraser of the I. C. R. stores department, Thursday received a telegram informing him of the death of his mother, which occurred at 4 o'clock that morning at Shubenacadie, at the advanced age of 92 years. Deceased had been ill about a year. She was highly respected by all who knew her. She leaves one son, Mr. J. R. Fraser, of Moncton, and one daughter, Mrs. McLean of Shubenacadie, with whom she resided.

A Summerside paper says: A girls' hockey club has been organized in Summerside with the following officers: Mary E. Wright, President; Ethel Hunt, Vice-President; May Sharp, Sec'y-Treasurer. They play in the Crystal rink every Tuesday and Friday afternoon, and for the present, at least, they do not invite spectators. It is expected, however, that the club will develop into one of our most athletic institutions, and from what we hear of the style of their playing we would warn our male clubs to look out for their laurels.

The Moncton Times says: Though the end was not unexpected, many friends will hear with regret of the death of John Donald, son of Mr. John Donald, I. C. R. engineer, which occurred at an early hour Friday morning at the home of his parents on Archibald street, in the 24th year of his age. The deceased was a most exemplary young man, of a quiet, unassuming disposition. He was some years ago employed in the Times office; he was afterwards employed for about five years in the I. C. R. round house and then went to the United States where he was taken ill and obliged to return home a year ago last June. He was a member

of Court Moncton of Foresters and the funeral took place on Sunday under their auspices.

A young Monctonian in Boston, writing home to his parents, says: "Well, our good old Queen has passed away. It makes a person feel kind of gloomy at first; it almost felt the same to me as if it were one in the family. The Americans up here always down the British in everything; but they seem to respect the good old Queen when she is passing away."

A. McKim & Co., the well known advertising agents, were burned out in the Board of Trade building fire at Montreal, but the following message received at St. John Friday assures their many patrons that they are still open for business at a new stand:

"All books and records saved. Have taken offices in new Star building, and doing business as usual."  
McKIM & Co.

### How to Cure a Corn.

It is one of the easiest things in the world to cure a corn. Do not use acids or other caustic preparations and don't cut a hole in your boot. It is simply to apply Putnam's Painless Corn and Wart Extractor and in three days the corn can be removed without pain. Sure, safe, painless. Take only Putnam's Corn Extractor.

### THE QUEEN'S WILL NOT YET OPENED.

COWES, Jan. 25.—The correspondent of the Associated Press is informed that the Queen's will has not been opened, and that, according to present arrangements, it will not be opened until after the funeral, its details being unknown to the royal family. There is no truth in the statement that King Edward and Emperor William knelt by the bedside of the Queen and swore to preserve peace.

A significant feature of all the death-bed scenes has been their absolute naturalness and the absence of false or dramatic elements.

According to a rumor circulating at Osborne, King Edward desired himself to be styled His Imperial Majesty, in order to emphasize the fact that he is Emperor as well as King.

To-day (Saturday) the local volunteers and the forces in the vicinity will pass through the chapelle ardente. After these will pass the correspondents of the leading papers of the world.

A very remarkable feature of all the proceedings is the intense martial air which prevades them. The naval parade off Spithead is to be the greatest, if possible, the world ever saw, and the military arrangements at Windsor will eclipse anything of the kind ever attempted.

To night Grenadiers are mounting their silent guard over the coffin, with guns reversed and arms crossed and heads bent. The silence is unbroken save by an occasional shuffle from the soldiers in changing their uneasy position.

SAFE, PLEASANT AND EFFECTUAL is that well tried remedy for children. Do not be deceived, get the genuine McLean's Vegetable Worm Syrup.

Many families do, and every family should have Kendrick's Liniment in the house.

For Cough, Horse Ail, Stoppage and Fever, use the Granger Condition Powders. Always use KENDRICK'S LINIMENT.

### NOT COMPELLED TO.

Miss Antique—Oh, Mr. Sourdripp, do you think that the mistletoe tradition is beautiful?

Mr. Sourdripp—What is it?

"Why, when a man sees a girl under the mistletoe he has the right to kiss her."

"Umph! The beautiful part of it is that he doesn't have to."—Baltimore American.

McLEAN'S VEGETABLE WORM SYRUP  
Safe Pleasant Effectual

### FOREVER CLOSED TO VIEW.

HOW THE BODY OF ENGLAND'S QUEEN WAS COFFINED.

COWES, Jan. 26.—With a pathos and solemnity such as seldom marks the passing from daylight into darkness of the coffin, the royal family yesterday took a last loving look at the features of the dead Queen. About ten o'clock in the morning the shell was brought into the bedroom, where were waiting the King, Emperor William, the Duke of Connaught, Sir James Reid and the royal ladies. The latter having retired, Sir James Reid with reverent hands, assisted by three trusted household servants and in the presence of the King, Emperor and Duke removed the body from the bed to the coffin. In death the face was lovelier than in the closing days of life. Not a trace of the ravages of disease was visible. The servants having retired, Queen Alexandra, the princess and children were recalled and with lingering steps and stifled sobs they passed slowly before this white robed and peaceful figure. At the foot, never moving stood the King. When the mourning crowd had passed there remained only the son and grandson with the dead. Emperor William wept even more bitterly than the royal ladies. Finally he also retired and the King was left alone. Sir James Reid beckoned to the servants with the coffin lid and asked for the King's instructions. For a few seconds the King stood speechless, stricken with emotion. At last "farewell." Then he said, "close it finally; it must not be opened again." Thus the remains of England's greatest ruler were forever closed from human view. Reverently the coffin was borne into the dining room. Officers and men from the Royal yacht stood guard around the coffin over which the King, Queen and Kaiser gently laid the robes of the Knight of the Garter placing at the head a diamond crown beneath which lay the royal ensign while hanging above was the Union Jack. At the altar was the rector of Whippingham, who read a portion of the funeral service, in the presence of the Royal family. The Emperor William covered his face with his hands. The grief of the Princess Beatrice was pitiful. After the benediction each placed a wreath upon the coffin and then all retired. It is said the Queen's will has not been opened and that according to the present arrangements it will not be opened until after the funeral. It is untrue that the King and Emperor William knelt by the bedside of the Queen and swore to preserve peace. A significant feature of all the death-bed scenes has been their absolute naturalness and the absence of false or dramatic elements. To-night Grenadiers are maintaining their silent guard over the coffin with guns and arms crossed and head bent. The silence is unbroken save by an occasional shuffle from the soldiers changing their uneasy position.

## CASTORIA

For Infants and Children.

The family signature of *Chas. H. Fletcher* is on every wrapper.

SEATTLE, Wash., Jan. 25.—Advices from Dawson and the Yukon valley report that that section of Alaska has just passed through the coldest weather recorded since the white men inhabited that country. The climax was reached on Jan. 16, when the thermometer at Dawson fell to 68 below zero. A message from Forty Mile Tuesday said that it was 78 below. The coldest record before was in 1896, when it was 67 near Forty Mile. The average for the seven days ending January 16 at Dawson was 58 below zero. All the time a dense fog hung over the entire valley.

Home Work—profitable—congenial—easy—on new plan. Be your own workmaster in your own home! Send your address on post card and we will send you particulars. People's Educator, Dept. C., 107 St. Paul, Minn.

# HAWKER'S STOLU OF WILD CHERRY BALSAM

It will cure any cold. Price 25 Cents.

## HAWKER'S CATARRH CURE.

A positive cure for Catarrh or Cold in the head.

### THE CANADIAN DRUG CO., ST. JOHN, N. B., SOLE AGENTS.