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RICHIBUCTO, N. B. DEC. 12, 1901

A SAD AFFAIR.

The united and heartfelt sympathy of the Canadian people goes out to the Hon. A. G. Blair, his wife, and the members of his family in the terrible calamity which resulted in the drowning of his fourth daughter Bessie in the Ottawa River on Friday last. The family had so recently passed through the trial and sorrow occasioned by the comparatively sudden decline and death of another member of the family—Mr. Louis Blair—that this recent calamity comes at a time when Mr. and Mrs. Blair have scarce recovered sufficiently from the former shock to enable them to bear up against the natural sorrow which a sudden bereavement under such peculiarly sad circumstances entails. They are both people of a domestic turn of mind, and their particular delight has been in their happy family circle which, until the death of their son Louis about a year ago, had been unbroken by the ravages of mankind's natural enemy—death. Anyone who has been favoured by the entrée to the Minister of Railways' household could not help being impressed with the fact that this keen man above all others in the present cabinet has the definite grasp of business and the enormous capacity for details, is prouder of his children than of the achievements which his ambition backed by a splendid capacity for hard work have produced. His relaxation from the heavy cares of a huge department which he controls as no other Minister before him has ever sought to do, has lain in a happy home and in a united family circle. His grief is therefore the greater.

To Mrs. Blair in particular goes up the tender sympathy of the people in her bereavement, and at many a lowly bedside have heartfelt petitions been made to the Almighty Father of all, whose promises alone can bind up the broken hearts and wipe all tears away. Nor in this sympathy must we forget the sorrow which has fallen on the relatives of the young man, Harper, who by his unselfish bravery has earned the hero's crown in the kingdom of the blest. It was a sad ending to a happy afternoon's enjoyment which no foresight could have prevented. It has brought home to many a heart the terrible truth that in the midst of life we are in death, which like an unbidden messenger waits to summon us to the great life beyond.

OTTAWA, Dec. 9.—The lobster fishermen of Digby county have been for some weeks working for an amendment of the existing laws prohibiting the taking of any lobsters under 10 1/2 inches. The prohibition, they say, would seriously injure the canning industry. The minister has decided for this season, to allow nine inch lobsters to be taken in the Bay of Fundy generally, and fishing will begin December 15th.

ANOTHER FIASCO.

The opponents of the present provincial administration have on several occasions endeavoured to place the government in fault before the people, and the opposition press, like clackers at a play, have raised the applause over the success with which these malicious efforts had been met. They have on each occasion allowed their malice to obscure their judgment, and their glee has ended in a groan as time after time their efforts at misrepresentation have simply served to bring into prominent light before the people their own malice and incapacity. Last spring when a conspiracy resulted in the sale by the Province, at a nominal price, of vast tracts of valuable timberlands, such papers as the Moncton Times and Transcript, Chatham World and St. John Globe and Sun, frothed at the mouth over the iniquity of the Tweedie Administration, and called down the wrath of the electorate upon this dishonest government which had sold the birthrights of the people for a miserable mess of pottage. And even as they shed their crocodile tears, these organs tuned up for the pæan of victory over the government which they thought assured. But they spoke too soon. The hysteria was wasted energy and the pæan of victory had to be changed into the dirge of defeat, as the truth came out that the local government instead of being in collusion with the lumber conspirators had effectively grappled with the difficulty and had insisted within an hour of the sale on calling off the sale altogether. When the same tracts of lumber land were again offered for sale some weeks later, higher prices were obtained than were ever realized at any previous sale in this province. And the people laughed at the discomfiture of the opposition which had been more concerned over a political gain than over the serious loss to the province which this conspiracy must have been if it had been successful. And we do not hesitate to say it would have been successful if a less courageous Premier than the Hon. L. J. Tweedie had been in charge of the affairs of New Brunswick. And Mr. Tweedie must have smiled grimly as he read the grave charges of acting in bad faith which his determined and successful action provoked.

But the silly opposition organs have once more allowed their malice to blind their discretion. The St. John Board of Health which is controlled by a couple of tory medicos—Dr. Mayor Daniel and Dr. Wm. Christie—was the instrument chosen for the demolition of the Tweedie administration. In the recent smallpox scare it appears the St. John Board of Health has employed a legal adviser in the shape of the military President of the Conservative Association. Whether the tory and military controllers of the Board of Health employed Col. Armstrong as their legal adviser because he was a military officer or because he was the President of the Conservative Association does not quite appear. However, the legal adviser apparently forgot his law and remembered his politics, for he discovered a mare's nest in the imaginary idea that the Order-in-Council of Dec. 28th, 1900, empowering the enforcement of compulsory vaccination in smallpox districts throughout the province was ultra vires. This interested the tory controlling element of the St. John Board of Health so much that they either forgot to read the Order-in-Council itself, or to read it with understanding eyes. They also forgot to carry out the Health laws which required them to notify the Secre-

tary of the Provincial Board of Health of the existence in St. John of smallpox. They apparently forgot everything, but a chance to fasten the onus on the Tweedie administration of their imaginary inability to enforce compulsory vaccination. And the Opposition press took up the slogan, and called down upon the devoted heads of the members of the local government the wrath of a deluded people. It took Premier Tweedie about ten minutes to rip the legal delusions of the tory legal adviser of the St. John Board of Health into small shreds. And the people laughed once more at the discomfiture of the opposition press. But in their laughter on this occasion is a note of anger at the stupid blundering of an opposition which seemingly exists for the purpose of making itself periodically ridiculous. You can look with confidence for the symptoms every few months. What the St. John Board of Health thinks of its military legal adviser has not been published. It is probably unfit for publication.

MEASURES AGAINST ANARCHY.

The bills and resolutions, all looking to the extermination of anarchy, introduced in the American Senate, will doubtless be followed by others, while there is certain to be a flood of propositions of similar purpose in the House. Nearly all of these are not merely an instant response to the President's treatment of this subject in his message, but are the outcome of much study and thought by their authors since the tragedy at Buffalo last September. From the different ways in which different minds seek to accomplish this common purpose, it is apparent that the subject, repulsive as it is, demands the most serious examination and careful treatment. The only admonition necessary is that amid so many propositions confusion should be avoided, and that united agreement be reached upon a measure so framed as to be effective, while meeting the nicest constitutional tests.

Of the bills thus far presented, that introduced by Senator Hoar seems the simplest and most direct. It specifies death as the punishment for murder of the President "or any officer" of the United States, or of the "chief magistrate of any foreign country," and confers jurisdiction upon the federal courts. This measure assumes the power of Congress to enact such a law. Senator Vest would have the judiciary committee inquire into the constitutionality of such an act and report whether an amendment to the Constitution is necessary. Of similar purport is a resolution offered by Senator McComas, while the bill of Senator Burrows is designed to exclude anarchists through changes in the immigration laws, providing for more rigid inspection of suspicious arrivals and a system of investigation abroad.

The subject is one for sober consideration and action certain to accomplish its purpose rather than for prolonged debate. The people neither of the United States or of this country are anxious to hear anarchy dignified by much oratory. But they would like to see their chosen lawyers put their heads together and devise an effective method of exterminating the foe of all mankind.

HALIFAX, Dec. 9.—Stipendiary Fielding this afternoon imposed heavy sentences on three young prisoners found guilty of larceny. Eli Verge, only 17, was sent to Dorchester for four years for stealing a watch. Arthur Mahoney got two years for stealing \$80, and Joseph Bruce, a liketerm for being an accomplice of Mahoney. As the prisoners were being led away Bruce laughed out in court, was brought back and given three months additional.

AN UNCANNY IMPULSE.

The Strange Desire Many Persons Feel to Court Death.

Much has been written concerning the almost uncontrollable impulse to jump off which many persons experience when standing on a high place. Akin to this impulse is that which seems absolutely to force people to touch a dangerous object. In many cigar stores there are little automatic cutters provided for taking the tip off the cigar by simply pressing the end into a small round opening about the size of the end of one's finger. It is surprising how many men will poke their fingers deliberately into these cutters, although they are perfectly aware that they will have a piece of the flesh nipped off. Any cigar man who has one of these cutters on his case will tell you stories of such people that will surprise you. There seems to be a strong tendency in the human race to "monkey with the buzz-saw."

A phase of this subconscious idiosyncrasy—as it might be called for want of a better name—has been developed by the use of electricity as a mechanical force. Many people have a desire which they hardly can control to touch electric machinery or wires, even when they know that the wires are charged with a deadly current and that to touch the machine means instant death.

An electrical engineer in speaking of this strange impulse says: "I have known instances where electricians actually had to turn and run from a machine to prevent giving way to this peculiar influence. Not long ago a man who was employed to sit and watch the switchboard in one of the London dynamo shops fell a victim to the influence. As he felt the desire growing stronger he moved his chair back from the board. Instead of getting used to the work, he became more afraid of it. Each day the desire to walk up and touch one of those switchboards grew stronger. At the end of two weeks the young man resigned his place. He could not stand the strain. It required all his will power to restrain him while on duty, and at night his nervous system was so upset that he could not sleep. He realized that to touch any one of the switches before him meant instant death, and his only safety lay in getting away from the board altogether.

"I have no doubt that many deaths from electric shock are brought about in this way. In an idle moment a person will catch sight of a switch, a wire or some other heavily charged bit of apparatus, and a strange desire to touch it will come over him. In a moment of weakness he gives way to it and the result is instant death. We frequently read of accidental deaths from electric shock when there is no apparent reason why the victim should have touched a live wire. I believe that such cases are attributable directly to this influence."

THE GARDENER.

Soot is an excellent fertilizer for plants, especially for house plants.

In taking up plants for transplanting secure all of the roots possible.

Cultivation in a dry time is most injurious to weeds and beneficial to crops.

If you desire a stocky branched graft, clip the end of the young growth after it has grown six inches or more.

To destroy ants in the lawn it is recommended to dig to the bottom of the nests and fill in the soil again.

Mulching continuously is not advisable with any kind of fruit trees, as it draws the roots too near the surface, so that they lose their hold on the soil.

It never injures a tree or vine to cut out the dead wood at any season of the year. Dead wood may readily be seen at any time, and all such should be cut out.

Young shade trees should be trimmed into shape the first few years after setting out. The beauty of a shade tree depends upon the shape given it when young.

Too many apple trees are too full of twigs and small limbs. They form a dense mass that the sun and air cannot penetrate. Such trees seldom blossom in the center, and if they do the fruit rarely matures.

Sharp.

Bishop Philpotts of Exeter early earned his reputation for saying things. One of the guests at an undergraduate's party in Oxford sang a song much out of tune. Then Philpotts was called upon.

"I haven't a note in my voice," said he. "Well, if you can't sing you must make a speech or tell a story!" declared the host.

"If I am to tell a story," said the future bishop, "I think I should say that I should like to hear — say that song again."

Much later in life he went to pay a visit in Devonshire.

"It's a beautiful place, isn't it?" asked a guest.

"Yes," said the bishop, "but if it were mine I would pull down the house and fill up the pond with it. That would remove two objections."

The Oriental as Advertiser.

We are apt to associate advertising entirely with the bustling life of the western world, but oriental advertisers are not all so sleepy as we imagine. Here are a few samples of the ingenious phrasing with which they catch the public eye:

"Goods dispatched expeditiously as a cannon ball."

"Parcels done up with such care as a loving wife bestows upon her husband."

"We sell paper as tough as elephant's hide."

"The print of our books is clear as crystal, the matter charming as a singing girl."

"Customers are treated as politely as by rival steamship companies."

"Our silks and satins are smooth as a lady's cheek and colored like the rainbow."

He Drew the Line.

"Hold on, there!" called Charon to the new arrival at the ferry over the Styx.

"You wait until the next trip, and I'll take you over alone."

"Why this distinction?" inquired one of the spirit passengers.

"Oh, he's one of those fools that rock the boat, and I didn't want to spoil the trip for the rest of you."

Profession.

"Do you consider acting a profession?" said the young woman who asks very direct questions.

"Yes," answered Mr. Stormington Barnes; "at all events it must be admitted that there are a great many more people professing to than actually acting."

MARITIME PROVINCE NOTES.

MONCTON, Dec. 9.—Habeable, a pacer, owned by T. J. Gallagher, traveller for the Imperial Oil Co., and A. H. McLean, traveller for Empire tobacco, dropped dead at Petitediac this afternoon. The horse had been driven from Moncton to Petitediac to-day and died suddenly after arrival. They had just purchased the horse from T. H. Pugeley, New Glasgow, for \$200.

DIGBY, N. S., Dec. 9.—The wrecked schooner Westfield drifted ashore Saturday night a short distance west of the Bay of Fundy house at Broad Cove. No bodies were found in the cabin. The vessel now is in an upright position. Both spars are standing and the hull does not appear to be badly damaged. Her owner, John Cullinan, arrived here to-day from St. John and proceeded by team to the wreck in company with Mr. Darrill Lewis, mate of the tug Marina. The latter boat endeavored to float the Westfield early this morning, but was unable to get her off the rocks.

James Leary, a stevedore working on the hay steamer Cunaxa, fell into the hold of the vessel at 12.30 on Monday, injuring himself very badly about the chest and head. The injured man was removed to his home, Brussels street, in a coach.—St. John Gazette.

MONCTON, N. B., Dec. 10.—Alphonse T. LeBlanc, I. C. R. travelling passenger, who has been quarantined for the last three or four weeks for smallpox at Amqui, has been released and passed through here this morning to his home at Dupuis Corner.

Seymour Buskirk, aged 18, working at a picking machine in Humphrey's wool len mill, met with a serious accident last evening. He turned off a belt and got up on top of the machine to fix something, when the cover gave way and he fell on the cylinder, which is filled with sharp iron teeth. The machine, which is carried along by its own force for some time, had almost stopped, otherwise a frightful accident would have occurred. As it was the front of his left leg was picked full of holes by the teeth of the machine, and a hole was punched through the knee cap and into the knee joint. The injuries, of course, are of a very painful and serious nature.

Bentley's Linctum relieves Neuralgia.

HALIFAX, Dec. 10.—The hatches of the steamer Hackney, which has her cargo on fire, were taken off to-day and an attempt made to locate the flames. The workmen were driven from the hold and dense clouds of smoke poured forth. The hatches were quickly replaced and the injection of steam was renewed. Firemen with lines of hose are standing by the vessel. The fire is more serious than was at first supposed.

Vigorous Womanhood

Make Perfect by Dr. Chase's Nerve Food—A Common Sense Treatment which Does Exactly What is Claimed for it.

The happiness of every home depends very largely on the health of the wife and mother. If she is nervous, peevish and irritable, worried by the little cares of every day life, and tormented by pains and irregularities that are sure to accompany a rundown system, there can be no happiness in the home for husband and children.

Too many women are victims of nervous exhaustion, and do not know it. They suffer from indigestion and dyspepsia, nervous headache, and sleeplessness, and drag themselves about the house feeling languid and tired out. You can be healthy and vigorous if you follow the advice of Dr. Chase, the famous Receipt Book author. He would not deceive you, and his treatment never disappoints. Dr. Chase's Nerve Food is intended for just such cases as are here described. By supplying to the thin, watery blood and weak, exhausted nerves the very materials of which nature constructs new nerve cells and new bodily tissue it gradually builds and certainly reconstructs and revitalizes the weakened and debilitated nervous system, cures nervous headaches and dyspepsia, and permanently overcomes weakness and irregularities. 50 cents a box, all dealers, or Edmansor Bates & Co., Toronto.

The Review \$1.00
The Montreal Daily Herald 3.00
And a Splendid Picture of King Edward VII. .50
Total \$4.50

ALL FOR \$1.75
This is the greatest combination offer ever made by any Canadian journal, and we are anxious to secure the exclusive privilege for the district. The Daily Herald is one of Canada's great papers. Established in 1861 it has long been the leading Liberal paper of Eastern Canada. It is now a great family newspaper, giving full news of the world, and also devoting much space to matters of peculiar interest to the family. Its commercial intelligence is complete and reliable. THE KING'S PORTRAIT is the best ever published in Canada, and will make a handsome addition to the walls of every home. It is produced by a new process, and is not one of the flimsy colored portraits so common. At the regular price of The Herald is \$3.00 a year, the address of our offer is self-evident. ADDRESS ALL ORDERS TO THE REVIEW PUB. CO., RICHIBUCTO, N. B.

POLA LOVED HIM.

Samoan Boy Who Wanted to Own a Portrait of Stevenson.

After Mr. Stevenson's death so many of his Samoan friends begged for his photograph, which was soon exhausted. One afternoon Pola came in and remarked in a very hurt and an aggrieved manner that he had been neglected in the way of photographs.

"But your father, the chief, has a large, fine one," said Pola. "But that is not mine. I have the box presented to me by your high chief goodness. It has a little cover, and thgo I wish to put the sun shadow of Tusitala, the beloved chief whom we all revere, but I more than the others, because he was the head of my clan."

"To be sure," I said, and looked about for a photograph. I found a picture cut from a weekly paper, one I remembered that Mr. Stevenson himself had particularly disliked. He would have been pleased had he seen the scornful way Pola threw the picture on the floor.

"I will not have that!" he cried. "It is pig faced. It is not the shadow of our chief." He leaned against the door and wept.

"I have nothing else, Pola," I protested. "Truly, if I had another picture of Tusitala I would give it to you."

He brightened up at once. "There is the one in the smoking room," he said, "where he walks back and forth. That pleases me, for it looks like him." He referred to an oil painting of Mr. Stevenson by Sargent. I explained that I could not give him that. "Then I will take the round one," he said, "of tin." This last was the bronze bas-relief by St. Gaudens. I must have laughed involuntarily, for he went out deeply hurt. Hearing a strange noise in the hall an hour or so later, I opened the door and discovered Pola lying on his face, weeping bitterly.

"What are you crying about?" I asked. "The shadow, the shadow!" he sobbed. "I want the sun shadow of Tusitala."

I knocked at my mother's door across the hall, and at the sight of that tear stained face her heart melted, and he was given the last photograph we had, which he wrapped in a banana leaf, tying it carefully with a ribbon of grass.

TOO GOOD TO BE WELL.

A Hospital Doctor's Experience With an Out Patient.

There is an interval of silence; then a sudden peal as the accident bell is heard, and the next moment an agitated parent is seen running down the passage with a child tucked under the arm, its bare legs streaming behind it in the wind of its mother's rapidity.

"What's the matter, missis? Has she swallowed some poison?"

"No, sir; it ain't that," she pants; "but I'm that scared I don't know 'ardly which way to turn."

"Well, but what's happened? Has she hurt herself?"

"No, sir; and 'er father 'e's that upset 'e couldn't do nothink, else I ain't used to runnin like that, and 'e'd 'ave brought 'er up, but 'e says as 'ow 'e daren't touch 'er, and I've run all the way, and me 'cart'—"

"Come now, missis, just tell me quietly what's the matter with the child."

The patient, a pretty little thing of 4, looks inquiringly at her alarmed parent; there seems to be little the matter with her.

"It's all very well yer a-sittin here and a-tellin of me to be quiet," cries the mother. "If yer 'ad children of yer own yer wouldn't like ter see 'em die afore yer eyes. Oh, dear, oh, dear, and there ain't only two more and the baby!"

The doctor in despair examines the little girl, but fails to discover anything wrong. "Now look here," says he firmly, "I can't find anything the matter with your child, so you'll have to go away unless you tell me why you brought her up to the hospital."

"Well, doctor, we was all a-bavin our tea a minute ago as it might be, and 'er father was eatin a nice bit of tripe as was over from dinner, when Susy, that's 'er, says as 'ow she loved God and was goin to 'eavin when she doied. What! in tones of horror. 'Ain't yer going to give 'er no medicine?"

Dwarf Trees.

To dwarf trees as the Chinese do you must follow their methods. They take a young plant, say a seedling or a cutting of cedar when about two or three inches high, cut off its taproot as soon as it has enough other rootlets to live upon and replant it in a shallow pot or pan, allowing the end of the taproot to rest upon the bottom of the pan. Alluvial clay molded to the size of beans and just sufficient in quantity to furnish a scanty nourishment is then put into the pot. Water, heat and light are permitted on the same basis.

The Chinese also use various mechanical contrivances to promote symmetry of growth. As, owing to the shallow pots, both top and roots are easily accessible, the gardener uses the pruning knife and the searing iron freely. So that the little tree hemmed on every side eventually gives up the unequal struggle and, contenting itself with the little life left, grows just enough to live and look well.

How Symbols Look to the English.

There are many quaint old restaurants and inns around London, and some of their signs are very curious, writes a London correspondent to the New York Times. Among these is one known popularly as the Goose and Gridiron. In reality it is the Swan and Harp, which are the well known symbols of the Company of Musicians. The Angel and Steelyards, as another one is known, really represents Justice holding her scales. The Bull and Bedpost shows a bull fastened to a stake ready to be baited, and the Ship and Shovel is a memento of Sir Cloudesley Shovel's naval exploits.

Some Laughs.

An American traveler in Europe remarks the Italian laugh as languid, but musical, the German as deliberate, the French as spasmodic and uncertain, the upper class English as guarded and not always genuine, the lower class English as explosive, the Scotch of all classes as hearty and the Irish as rollicking.

Said an Irishman, "If a Yankee was cast away on a desolate island, he'd get up early the next morning and sell every inhabitant a map of the place."

Many a man spends half his time anticipating tomorrow and the other half is regretting yesterday.