

THE REVIEW

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FROM THE TURKEY'S POINT OF VIEW.

(William J. Lampton.)

A turkey sat on the topmost limb Of the very tallest tree, And, roosting high, indulged himself In this soliloquy.

"Perhaps this thing of giving thanks Is what it ought to be, But I am here to say it does Not look that way to me.

"They send a proclamation forth To say that thanks are due For all the blessings they have had, From every point of view.

"Some are but blessings in disguise— And so disguised, gadzooks! The very sharpest eyes on earth Can't tell them by their looks.

"While not a few that come their way Are altogether good, For which they feel they must express Their lasting gratitude.

"They say the whole world ought to take One day, at least, to show Its heartfelt thankfulness, because Such streams of blessings flow.

"And when they've published it abroad For all the world to see, By Jupiter, they grab an axe And make a break for me!

"I, who have never done a thing To any living man; And ask no more than that they let Me do the best I can.

"I fail to see where I come in With all those things that bless, And why I am in any way A form of thankfulness."

"And as to giving thanks myself— Well, really, I don't see Why I should give a single thank, Would you, if you were me?"

CAPTAIN ALBERT D. WOOD.

BRIEF SKETCH OF THE LIFE OF ONE OF RICHIBUCTO'S FORMER RESIDENTS.

The following brief sketch of the life of Captain Albert D. Wood, formerly a resident of Richibucto, is taken from the California Voice, and will be read with interest by many of the citizens of Richibucto and other parts of the county:—

A patient, quiet, kind old man Some eighty years or more. He sits beside the lattice work Outside his cottage door.

In an address, once made to young men, that brilliant young political leader, ex-Governor Russell of Massachusetts said: "By all means make a living, but remember there is something more important than making a living and that is making a life." The two things are entirely different—not antagonistic, but different.

A reasonable competency is desired by all. But let it be remembered that riches are but a means toward an end—not the end. We need to get a better use of the word "rich." He alone is rich who has

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We have a quantity of extra good PRESSED HAY for sale at a moderate price.

A. & R. LOGGIE.

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his fortune in himself. In a mind filled with pure thoughts, in an eye trained to see the beautiful and a heart that has learned to love it. In an ear attuned to catch the melodies and harmonies of life, and a soul that responds to nobility wherever found. These are the only real riches. Stocks and bonds and bank accounts are of value only as they afford opportunities for becoming rich. Beyond that they are valueless.

Hence, we see that success in making a living, cannot be gauged by success in making a living. In a quiet little cottage, built by his own hands, and embowed in trees, among the hills in the northeastern part of this city, there lives a man, who, according to the mercenary standard of the age, would be called poor; but, who, in the appreciation of all things beautiful, true and good; in books, art, nature and in the lives of humanity, is perhaps, one of the richest men in this country to-day. In the truest sense of the word Albert D. Wood has made a success of his life. He is a man of the highest culture. As a ship captain of many years, the spare time of long voyages so commonly squandered by others of his class in card playing, wine drinking and idle dissipation, were devoted by him in study. In this way he acquired a knowledge of several foreign languages. So that to-day, though past the limit of a natural life time, he expresses himself both verbally and in print, in English at once faultless, as well as vigorous. The most modest of men it has been found difficult to gather from him the necessary data of this sketch. But if those who have been helped to a higher appreciation of life and its duties by the example of his own life, so nobly and unselfishly lived; if those who have been the recipients of his bounty in days when wealth was his; if those who have been led by him to embrace the ideals which only can make men and women great; if these could be brought in evidence with what a "great cloud of witnesses" would this man be encompassed. A life long total abstainer and enemy of the liquor traffic, no man has ever given or taken harder blows upon life's field than he. In 1874, as he was about leaving the State for an extended voyage, the Wine Dealers' Gazette published a ballad in jubilation over his departure, of which the following is a sample:

He got in his work in the strongest way, We must say that for Wood, And has well, with his Band of Hope Helped the sailor all he could.

He fetched the legislature too On the local option vote, And—ing his starry topknots, said Now I've got 'em by the throat.

It then looked blue for the liquor men For their wines in glass and wood But the supreme court, in a quiet way, Pronounced L. O. no good.

His most effective work was done, perhaps, as editor of the Rescue, the original organ of the Good Templars of this coast. He also edited the Patriot, state organ of the Home Protective Prohibition party, and later the Censor at Los Angeles, which finally developed into the California Voice. He was also chief projector and founder of the Good Templars' Home for Orphans located at Vallejo, in this state. For the past ten years or more he has been retired from public activity, but has nevertheless, kept abreast with the movements which make for the betterment of mankind, and has contributed in many ways to their advance. He has seen the principles for which he stood almost alone pushed to the front till they have become the fashion.

And so, in the little home amid the hills, surrounded by his books, his faithful collie, Dixie, and the other dumb animals who know and love him, his sole companions, at peace with God and man, in the gathering purple twilight of evening time—

"From the ravage of life and its riot What marvel, he yearns for the quiet That bides in the harbor at last. For the lights with their welcoming quiver,

That throb o'er the sanctified river Which girdles the harbor at last— The heavenly harbor at last."

In olden times the gladiators who went forth to combat in the Roman arena were wont to address the emperor with these words: "We who are about to die salute you."

So may not we, the younger soldiers who stand ready to close the gap and press to a finish the fight so nobly begun by this grand old man—the defender of little children, the brother and friend of

women and the champion of tempted men—may we not turn to him, and will exclaim in paraphrase: "You who are about to live forever we salute."

FIRE IN A MINE IN COLORADO.

TWENTY-TWO MEN ARE DEAD AND SCORES OF OTHERS ARE MISSING.

TELLURIDE, Colo., Nov. 20.—By a fire in the bullion tunnel belonging to the Smuggler Union Mining Company, probably 30 lives were lost to-day. Seventeen bodies have been recovered. The fire, which is known to have been accidental, started early this morning in the buildings at the mouth of the tunnel. At this point is located the upper terminal of the tramway to the company's new mill at Pandora, and it was in the bunk house attached that the fire started. From this it spread to the terminal station which, with its ore bins, machinery and supplies is a mass of ruins.

The day shift of 200 men had entered the mine and reached their stations when the fire broke out. The tunnel acted as a flue and a great volume of smoke poured in and filled the slopes.

About 175 men succeeded in reaching safety by another exit. The fire rapidly burned itself out but the mines were so filled with smoke that it was six hours before rescuing parties could penetrate the slopes where the less fortunate were. Seventeen dead have been recovered from the mine to-night. The engineer, Hugh J. O'Neill, was found alive but is not expected to recover. No list of the dead is obtainable at this time.

TWENTY-TWO BODIES HAVE BEEN RECOVERED.

TELLURIDE, Colo., Nov. 21.—Nearly a hundred men were probably suffocated to death in Smuggler Union in Marshall Basin as a result of the fire which consumed the buildings at the mouth Bullion tunnel. Twenty-two miners are known to be dead and scores of others are either dead or seeking safety in remote parts of mine until the place shall be cleared of foul gases and smoke. The fire broke out in the tramway bunk house at the mouth of Bullion tunnel, the principal opening from which the property is worked, and it spread rapidly to the boiler and engine house blacksmith shop. The tramway terminal with its great ore bunk and several smaller buildings were also wrapped in flames. A strong drought drove the smoke from the burning buildings directly into the mill of the drift uprisings and the slopes connecting with it began to fill rapidly with smoke. In the excitement of trying to control the fire the men in the mine were forgotten and after this was realized the workings were fast filling with dense smoke.

TELLURIDE, Colo., Nov. 21.—Patrick Sinnott, 86 years old, left his house at Chapel Grove on Tuesday morning to go to the woods to cut an axe handle. As he did not return, search was made for him. On Wednesday morning seven men went to look for him but without success. This morning 26 men continued the search and about 9 o'clock they found his lifeless body in the woods about a mile from his house. The body was taken to the home of Peter Scallan, and Dr. Wetmore, coroner, who happened to be attending a patient in that neighborhood, was called in. After making careful inquiry he considered an inquest unnecessary, the man having died from exposure and fatigue. Mr. Sinnott had been known to lose his way on several occasions.

HALIFAX, Nov. 21.—The death occurred very suddenly to-night of Alderman Saul Mosher. He was apparently in the best of health and was out driving this afternoon. He returned home at tea time, but soon after reaching the house complained of a pain in his side, threw up his hands and dropped dead on the floor. He was 61 years old, and leaves a widow and family. Ald. Mosher represented ward six in the city council for the past 18 years. He was a director of the Halifax Fire Insurance Company.

A Sydney despatch says:—"There may be a bridge across the Strait of Canso within a year. At the next session of the House Ross and Ross acting for a company, will apply for legislation to erect a bridge across the Strait of Canso from Port Hastings to a point near Cape Porcupine and for power to build and operate railway and telegraph lines. The company will be known as the Strait of Canso Bridge Company, Limited. It will probably be a steel cantilever bridge. It is stated that the bridge will be constructed in anticipation of a fast Atlantic line."

YARMOUTH, Nov. 21.—Wm. Law, M. L. C., lingered on until 12.30 to-day, when he passed away. He was a native of Belfast, Ireland, and came to Yarmouth in 1847, being then a lad of 14 years. He learned the trade of a tailor and resided in Oxford, Mass., for about six years,

where he married Miss Mary A. Brown, by whom he had four children, Bowman B., Ernest, William E., and Annie M. Earnest died several years ago, and Willie died in infancy. Mr. Law returned to Yarmouth and after carrying on business in his own name for some years, embarked in the general grocery business with Geo. H. Porter, the firm name being Law & Porter, at Milton. The business rapidly grew and the firm moved to town, where it was largely extended, embracing auction and commission, ship owning and insurance agencies. Mr. Porter subsequently retired and the now familiar firm of Wm. Law & Co. was inaugurated, Bowman B. being admitted a partner. The business has grown until now it is one of the most extensive in the maritime provinces. Mr. Law was largely interested in ship owning and at one time was ship's husband for no less than fourteen large vessels. He has held many positions of trust and was at the time of his death president of the Mountain Cemetery, in which he took a deep interest, donating a magnificent fountain a few years ago in memory of his wife, who died in 1892. He was also largely interested in nearly every enterprise in the town, having investments in the local banks, insurance offices, street railway. He was first elected to the house of assembly in 1886, and was re-elected by large majorities at every election since until 1900, when he accepted the position in the legislative council made vacant by the death of L. E. Baker. He was 65 years of age and leaves a widow (his second wife), one son and one daughter.

MOSCOW, Nov. 22.—D. P. Kent, of Sussex, has been engaged by the I. C. R. to bore for water and has commenced work a short distance above the city, along the northern division in the vicinity of the railway's present reservoir. The railway is seeking a water supply of their own in consequence of the city supply giving out during the long drought this fall. The I. C. R. is the city's largest consumer and if they should get a supply of their own it would mean a big loss to the city's revenue from water. The railway consumes about 20,000 gallons per day, which means the payment into the city treasury of between \$7,000 and \$8,000 a year. Mr. Kent's being engaged by the I. C. R. to sink a number of wells is an intimation that the city may lose its largest water consumer and there is likely to be some move made to induce the railway to continue its contract with the city.

YOU MAY NEED Pain-killer at any time in case of accident. Cuts, bruises and sprains, as well as all bowel complaints. Avoid substitutes, there's only one Pain-Killer, Perry Davis'. 25c. and 50c.

REV. IRL R. HICKS IS NOT DEAD.

Notwithstanding a widely current rumor that the Rev. Irl R. Hicks was dead, he never was in better health, and never did a harder and more successful year's work than that just closing. He has just completed his large and splendid Almanac for 1902 and, with his staff of able helpers, has brought his journal, Word and Works, justly forward into international reputation. For a quarter of a century Mr. Hicks has grown in reputation and usefulness as the people's astronomer, and forecaster of storms and the character of coming seasons. Never were his weather forecasts so sought after as now, his timely warning of a serious drought this year having saved the people from loss and suffering. Millions of bushels of wheat were harvested through his advice to plant crops that would mature early. The American people will certainly stand by Prof. Hicks, when it costs them so little and the benefits are so great. His fine Almanac of 200 pages is only 25c. and his splendid family journal is only one dollar a year including the Almanac. Sent to Word and Works, Pub. Co., 2201 Locust St., St. Louis, Mo.

LIKE SOME HENS.

"Are they good to eat?" asked the visitor, looking at the pet raccoon. "That's about all they are good for, miss," replied the young man who owned the animals. "It costs me mighty near half a dollar a day to feed 'em."—Chicago Tribune.

MARITIME PROVINCE NOTES.

HALIFAX, Nov. 21.—Arthur Flemming, who lives on Columbia street, Cambridge, and who is employed in the building which is being built in Post Office Square, was struck on the head Saturday afternoon about 3.45 by the elevator which is used on the outside of the building to raise bricks and mortar, and was instantly killed. Flemming was standing on the staging at the sixth floor leaning over the fall where the elevator drops and looking down. The elevator, which was above him, began to descend and before he could be warned of his danger the car struck him. The emergency hospital ambulance was summoned, but the man was beyond hospital aid when it arrived.

AMHERST, N. S., Nov. 21.—B. James Lawson received a cable announcing the death of London, England, this morning of his eldest brother, William T. Lawson. No particulars have been received. Deceased was the eldest son of the late Rev. David C. Lawson, of Westmorland, N. B. He had resided in London for the past 18 years, for the first 12 as resident buyer for T. & E. Kenny, of Halifax, but for some years had been in business on his own account as a member of the firm of Conlhard, Lawson & Co. He spent a few months in Westmorland and Amherst during the winter of 1894 and expected to visit here again during the present year. His wife, nee Nellie Longborough, of London, survives him. The other surviving members of his family are his mother, at Westmorland Point; B. James, in Amherst; Alfred, in Boston; Rev. George C., at Isaacs' Harbor, and Mary, wife of Rev. A. S. Lewis, Aylesford. William Lawson, of the St. John Globe, is a cousin of deceased.

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ROYALTY DRINK

RED ROSE TEA!

The Tea used by the Duke and Duchess of Cornwall and York during their stay in St. John was RED ROSE—the gold label. All grades of Red Rose have the same distinguishing characteristics, and whether it is the gold label or any other, it is good Tea—better than other Teas at the same price. Are you drinking Red Rose Tea?