

Kills the Bugs Feeds the Plant



Pat. in Canada Nov. 8, 1897, and Jan. 25, 1900. NON-POISONOUS. PREVENTS BLIGHT. Bug Death kills Potato, Squash and Cucumber bugs, Currant and Tomato Worms, and all bugs and worms that destroy the leaves of Plants. Bug Death keeps the plant green and growing. It produces a large crop and better quality. Bug Death is in the form of a powder which can be sifted or shaken on to the plants, or it can be mixed with water and put on with a spray. Bug Death is sold in one, three, five and twelve and one-half pound packages. ASK YOUR DEALER FOR IT. BUG DEATH CHEMICAL CO. Sole Proprietors for Canada, St. Stephen, N. B., Canada.

ASSESSMENT FOR LIGHTING PURPOSES.

The following is a copy of the act passed by the Legislative Assembly on April 3rd, 1901 for the inhabitants of the Town of Richibucto for lighting purposes:—

AN ACT TO EXTEND CERTAIN OF THE INCUMBRANCES OF THE PARISH OF RICHIBUCTO TO ASSESS THEMSELVES FOR LIGHTING PURPOSES. Enacted.

- 1. Assessors to annually assess on Parish \$1000 as County Council may authorize. 2. Moneys so realized to be applied to erect and maintenance of such system of lighting Town as County Council may direct. 3. Bounds of Town of Richibucto. 4. Assessment for present year to be \$100.

Whereas, at its last annual meeting the Municipal Council of the Municipality of Richibucto passed a Resolution empowering the inhabitants of that part of the Parish of Richibucto, commonly known as the Town of Richibucto, to provide themselves with a proper system of lighting the said town; and whereas a large number of the residents of said Town of Richibucto are in favor of the introduction of some such proper system of lighting the said Town, and are desirous of being assessed annually to a sum sufficient for such purpose; and whereas the same is hereby enacted by the Lieutenant Governor and Legislative Assembly, as follows:—

- 1. When the Assessors of the Parish of Richibucto are making up the next annual assessment to be levied upon the said Parish, in addition to all other sums that they may be required by Law to levy upon said Parish, they shall annually assess upon the inhabitants of the said Parish who may be assessable within the said Town of Richibucto such sum, not in any one year to exceed one hundred and fifty dollars, as the Municipal Council of the Municipality of Kent may by annual resolution authorize. 2. The amounts by the preceding section authorized to be assessed and levied upon the said Town shall be used for and applied to the erection and maintenance of such a system of lighting the said Town as the said Municipal Council may approve of. 3. For the purpose of this Act the Town of Richibucto shall be included within the following limits: Weldon's Creek on the South; Mooney Creek on the North; the River on the East, and a line drawn parallel with the River, and 275 feet distant therefrom, on the West. 4. Notwithstanding anything contained in Section 1 of this Act, for the present year the sum to be levied upon the inhabitants of the said Town shall be one hundred dollars.

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2. The amounts by the preceding section authorized to be assessed and levied upon the said Town shall be used for and applied to the erection and maintenance of such a system of lighting the said Town as the said Municipal Council may approve of.

3. For the purpose of this Act the Town of Richibucto shall be included within the following limits: Weldon's Creek on the South; Mooney Creek on the North; the River on the East, and a line drawn parallel with the River, and 275 feet distant therefrom, on the West.

Advertisement for Pain-Killer, listing ailments like Cuts, Burns, Bruises, Cramps, Diarrhoea, All Bowel Complaints.

The True Poker Flat. In 1852 Poker Flat produced \$700,000 in gold bullion in a single month and celebrated the event with a triple hanging. Then came the public spasm of virtue which caused the John Oakhursts and the "outcasts of Poker Flat" to depart from thence and die of cold and starvation on the snow bound road to Sandy Bar. There are no "Oakhursts" nor "Uncle Billys" in Poker Flat today, and the stranger makes the slow descent and suddenly by a sharp turn in the trail comes upon the famous camp he finds in that huddle of cabins little to remind him of the Poker Flat of 1852.

The famous slope presents almost a picture of utter ruin. There are but eight persons living in the old town, while a hundred dead ones sleep in the cemetery. Some of the graves are marked with wooden headboards, some with stakes, but many have nothing above them. Nearly all of them were laid to rest without religious rites save a Bible reading by old Charlie Pond, who, though a professional gambler, was selected for the religious office owing to his excellent voice and oratorical ability.

In 1853 and 1854 there were 2,000 souls in Poker Flat and 15 stores, 5 hotels, 3 dance halls and 7 gambling houses. There is but one man left today of that original company. He is an old and grizzled veteran, who delights to tell how in 1856 a circus came to town and sold 1,500 tickets of admission at \$20 each.—W. M. Clemens in Bookman.

A Day Dream of Tennyson.

In the "Life of Tennyson" occurs the following: "A kind of waking trance I have frequently had, up from boyhood, when I have been all alone. This has generally come upon me through repeating my own name two or three times to myself silently, till all at once, as it were out of the intensity of the consciousness of individuality, the individuality itself seemed to dissolve and fade away into boundless being, and this not in a confused state, but the clearest of the clearest, the surest of the surest, the weirdest of the weirdest, utterly beyond words, where death was an almost laughable impossibility, the loss of personality (if so it were) seeming no extinction but the only true life. This might be the state which St. Paul describes, 'whether in the body I cannot tell, or whether out of the body I cannot tell.' I am ashamed of my feeble description. Have I not said the state is utterly beyond words? But in a moment when I come back to my normal state of 'sanity' I am ready to fight for mein liebes Ich and hold that it will last for moons and moons."

The New Rabbit. "Why, where did you come from, Uncle Jasper?" I said to the old darky who had sent the house girl in to tell me that he wanted to see me. "I come fum Decatur, Miss Alice," he said. "I got to Atlanta 'bout two hours ago, but I didn't 'low you was ready to see nobody." "Did you come on the train?" I asked. "No, ma'am; dat I didn't. I come in on de rabbit." "On what?" "On de rabbit. You sholy done heard er de new rabbit dey's got." "Oh," I said, "you mean the rapid transit?" "Yessum, de rabbit transhant. Dat's whut I tol' you. She ain't de color er no rabbit"—bursting into a laugh—"but she sho do git ober de groun' lak one."

A Slander. Greene—They say that Senator Keener is on the make. They even go so far as to say that that new house of his was given him in payment for his vote. Gray—it puts me all out of temper to hear such slanders! It is as far as possible from the truth! I know all about it. It was this way: Some people who were interested in a certain bill bet him that house that he would vote against the bill, and he didn't and won the house. That was all there was about it. The idea of Keener's being open to bribery!

Adjourned Unanimously. Correspondent (approaching Irish sergeant)—I am told, sergeant, that you had a skirmish with the enemy this morning. Sergeant—We did that, ser. Correspondent—And did you come off with flying colors? Sergeant—Floy in colors, is it? Bedad, it wasn't only the colors that was floy in, but every mother's son of us in the bargain.

The Sun. Astronomers tell us that refractory elements like iron, silicon and carbon, perhaps dissociated into simpler substances, are present as vapors in the atmosphere of the sun and that many others of our well known elements, including hydrogen, are also present in this glowing atmosphere, while the heat of the sun's surface and that of the hotter stars is vastly higher than that of the electric furnace.

His Age. Being asked his age, a colored citizen in a Billville district replied: "Well, sah, I some older dan dat pine tree yander. It's bit younger dan dat live oak by de gate en not quite so old ez de house whar I livin at. I ain't much on fingers myself, but you kin count up en see!"

The Scarest He Ever Came to It. "Colonel," she asked, "have you ever been up in a balloon?" "No," he answered, "but I got to talking art to a Boston lady once, an she had me away up in the air inside of two minutes."

Wellington's Endurance. Wellington on one occasion started, Sir Herbert Maxwell tells us, at 7 a. m., rode to a place 28 miles distant, here he had a review and was back at the place from which he had started for dinner between 4 and 5 p. m., says Goldwin Smith in The Atlantic. He galloped 26 miles and back to see whether damage had been done to a pontoon train. He rode 17 miles in two hours from Freneda to Ciudad Rodrigo, where he dined, gave a ball and supped, was in the saddle again at 3 a. m., galloped back to Freneda by 6 and was doing business again at noon. He rose regularly at 6 and wrote till 9 and after dinner wrote again from 9 till 12.

It must be essential to every general and indeed to every man who is bearing a heavy load of anxious business to be a good sleeper. Napoleon was a first rate sleeper; so was Pitt; so was Brougham; so was Mr. Gladstone; so was Wellington.

At Salamanca Wellington, having given his order for the battle, said to his aid-de-camp: "Watch the French through your glass, Fitz Roy. I am going to take a rest. When they reach that copse near the gap in the hills, wake me." Then he lay down and was fast asleep in a minute. In the midst of the critical operations before Waterloo, feeling weary, he laid himself down, put a newspaper over his face and took a nap.

For Exercise Why Not Walk?

The best exercise in the world is walking. A person who knows how to walk intelligently can get along without a gymnasium. No other form of exercise brings so many muscles into play and develops them so normally. The most popular games are those in which walking forms a prominent part. Golf, croquet and in a sense cricket and even bicycling merely give an excuse for walking. Every one knows how to walk properly. It is because of carelessness that so many walk badly. The body should be carried erect, the chest well out, the head back, while the arms should swing freely at the sides. The pace should be regulated to one's strength. Every one should walk fast enough and far enough to get the body in a comfortable glow. To get the best results from walking one should give his undivided attention to it. In other words, he should walk for the pleasure of it and not carry worries with him. Excessive walking is injurious. Never walk just after a heavy meal or after violent exercise. And after a walk it is well to rest for 10 or 15 minutes before taking up severe mental work.

Lamb in Either Case.

One of the editors who read the manuscript of Henry Thew Stephenson's "Patron Van Volkenberg" thought that the author might be a good man to know. Accordingly he wrote a pleasant personal letter, inviting a better acquaintance, and, as one of the tests of companionable fitness, inquired whether the author preferred Lamb or Milton.

Mr. Stephenson replied, acknowledging the pleasure the letter had given him and saying: "I do not know whether you ask if I like Lamb or Milton or both or neither. But in either case it's Lamb's best, but in either case it's Lamb's best. Even the reflection on the editor's handwriting could not detract from the editorial approbation of Mr. Stephenson's choice, and the new partnership of minds was immediately formed.—Youth's Companion.

Would Rather Smoke Than Eat.

"One day," writes an American in Havana, "I came across an old Cuban woman sitting disconsolately on a rock near Morro castle. She told me in Spanish that for three days she had had nothing to eat but a loaf of bread and coffee. She looked ill. I gave her a Spanish dollar and followed in her wake. She entered the first cafe she came to and bought a drink and a cigar. I couldn't help laughing to see her as she walked along the street, puffing away at the weed purchased with my money. She seemed perfectly contented. The Cubans, even the women, would rather smoke than eat. They take only two meals a day, breakfast about 10 o'clock and dinner at 4 in the afternoon."

Pigeons' Nests.

A curious preference of certain pigeons for the use of metallic objects in building their nests is noted by M. Maurice Dusolier in The Revue Scientifique. He assures us that several pairs of these birds that he has observed in Paris have raised their young in nests made entirely of hairpins! These articles they collected in the paths of the Luxembourg. The young pigeons grew up normally as they would in a softer nest. M. Dusolier believes that there is a useful suggestion in this for pigeon fanciers, who are often over-anxious, he thinks, to see that their charges have soft material for their nests.

He Went. He—Half past 11; isn't that clock fast? She—I think not. He—Well, I guess my watch is like myself—it is slow. She—But it is not exactly like you. He—Indeed? She—No—it goes.

An Incurable. "If there ever was a terrible child in this world," remarked the worried mother, "he's one." "What's his particular fault?" "Do what I will, I can't break him of the habit of telling the truth right out when we have company."

A man of few words and many deeds is like a garden of many vegetables and few weeds.—Chicago News.

W. C. T. U. COLUMN. "And let us not be weary in well-doing for in due season we shall reap if we faint not."—Galatians 6: 9.

A PRISONER'S LETTER.

A prisoner in a jail in Michigan writes to the Temperance Banner thus: "Will you kindly grant me a little space to give the 'boy readers' a sermon from life? "I was born of honest, respectable, parentage, in the mountains of New Jersey. At an early age we removed to a Western city. At this time I laid the foundation for what I have become—an inmate of a county jail, awaiting trial upon a charge liable to send me to State prison for fifteen years, by acquiring a taste for pernicious books and papers. "Dime novels were my especial delight. As I grew older I acquired the friendship of vicious boys and men, and was familiar with all kinds of vice. Though I did not partake of it, I countenanced it until I became so familiar with it that it lost all of its hideousness for me. This familiarity led me on step by step, until now I see before me the felon's cell and felon's garb at the expiration of a few short weeks. "Boys, ponder over this. A gray haired father, a delicate, praying mother, brought to the verge of an untimely grave by the misdoings of their only and well-beloved son. Boys, I implore you, read not the accursed, vicious literature of the day, it will steal away your manhood, your truthfulness, your self-control and leave you a floating wreck upon the sea of life, like a ship without a rudder or sail, until you will commit some crime and repent when it is too late, as I am doing now. "I beg of you, boys, by your fathers, your praying mothers, your loving sisters, never let one drop of liquor pass your lips. Think over what I have said, and take warning by my example. Take this for a motto: Let cards and liquor alone; be in bed by 9 P. M. and up at 6 A. M.; eat regularly, sleep soundly, exercise moderately, pray constantly, and you will never be behind the gates. Respectfully yours, "PRISONER."

BOYS LOST.

No recollection of our boyhood days is more vivid than that of the loss and rescue of two boy friends. The lads disappeared one morning in a mysterious manner. They were seen playing in an unfinished house just before noon. Failing to return to their homes for dinner, surprise was expressed. Inquiry was made in the neighborhood without avail. Evening came. No boys. Friends were thoroughly alarmed. A search was begun. Neighbours volunteered to help. All night long they scoured the vicinity. Morning dawned. Still no boys. The whole town was aroused. Searching parties went out into the suburbs. "Boys lost!" The words trembled upon a thousand lips. Bells tolled slowly in church spires. The neighbouring woods was visited. The river was dragged. Telegrams were sent to near-by towns. Hours passed. The search was fruitless. Two families were almost distracted. At last, late in the afternoon of the second day, a workman went into the unfinished house. He heard a feeble cry. It was the voice of a child. He ran to a clothes-closet which opened off the rear hall, and, trying open the door, found the two lost boys. They were lying upon the floor with their faces close to a crack which admitted a ray of light and the small measure of air which had sustained life these many hours. Gently they were lifted up and carried home. This pen cannot describe the happiness in two homes, nor the wave of joy that swept over the town as the bells pealed out the glad announcement of rescue. But every town has its lost boys. Your town has. Perhaps your home has. And that loss concerns more than that of the body. It is the loss of the soul. Lost to God! Lost to hope! Lost to heaven. Why does not the knowledge of the condition of our boys alarm, arouse, and send us almost breathlessly to the rescue? Lost! Shall this be their eternal condition? It need not be. It should not be. It must not be! Arise ye! Christ our father, mothers, brothers, sisters, teachers, pastors, friends! Boys lost! Let the cry be sounded out. Let it echo through your soul until you are aflame with zeal to save them. They can be saved! They can be saved. To the rescue! To the rescue!—Epsworth Herald.

OWEN SOUND, Aug. 15.—Bakeman John Lancaster died at the General and Marine Hospital yesterday as a result of injuries sustained in the wreck of the way freight on the Owen Sound division of the C. P. R. last Saturday. The remains will be taken to Havelock in a handsome casket supplied by the C. P. R. Company. Lancaster is the third to lose his life as a result of the accident. Fireman McAnlay is improving and will probably recover.

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

MONDAY, THE ELEVENTH DAY OF NOVEMBER, next, at the hour of one o'clock in the afternoon, all the right, title, use, possession, interest, property, claim and demand whatsoever, either at law or in equity, of Patrick Harnett, of, in, to, out of or upon the following lands and premises:— All that certain lot of land situate in the Parish of Weldford, in said County of Kent, bounded and described as follows: Beginning at the North West angle of lot No. 12, granted to one Dixon Currie in Block Q; thence North 8° and 30 minutes west 20 chains; thence north 81° and 30 minutes east 25 chains; thence south 8° and 20 minutes east 20 chains, and thence south 81° and 21 minutes west 25 chains to the place of beginning, containing 50 acres more or less. Also all that certain lot of land containing three quarters of an acre more or less, situated in said Parish of Weldford, near Molus River, on the southerly side of Harley road, bounded as follows: On the west side of the Walker road so called, leading from the Harley Road to the farm granted to John Walker; on the south side of the Walker farm so called; on the west by the brook east of Alexander Campbell lot so called, being the said lot of land conveyed by James Porteous and wife to Patrick Harnett by deed dated the Thirteenth day of May A. D. 1896, and registered in Book O, No. 2, of Kent County Records at Page 280. Together with all the buildings, improvements thereon and appurtenances to the same belonging. The same having been levied and seized under and by virtue of an execution issued out of the Supreme Court against the said Patrick Harnett. AUGUSTE LEGER, Sheriff of Kent County. Sheriff's Office, Richibucto. August 6th, 1901.

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 TUESDAY, THE NINETEENTH DAY OF NOVEMBER, next, at the hour of one o'clock in the afternoon, all the right, title, use, possession, interest, property, claim and demand, whatsoever either at law or in equity of the estate of George K. McLeod, of, in, to, out of or upon the following land and premises:— All that certain piece or parcel of land and premises situated in the village of Konchibouguac in the Parish of Carleton, in the County of Kent, New Brunswick, on the westerly side of the Post Road leading to Chatham, described and bounded as follows:— Beginning at a stake near the said Post Road leading to Chatham and running southerly following said Post Road to the road leading to the mill, 90 feet, thence westerly following said road leading to the mill to a small brook 262 feet, thence northerly following said small brook, 90 feet, thence easterly to the place of beginning 252 feet, containing half an acre more or less, together with buildings and improvements thereon and appurtenances to the same belonging. The same having been seized and taken under and by virtue of two warrants issued by the Secretary of the Municipality of Kent County at the instance of the Collectors of rates and taxes for the said Parish of Carleton against the said estate of George K. McLeod for non-resident County and school taxes for the years 1899 and 1900. AUGUSTE LEGER, Sheriff of Kent County. Sheriff's Office, Richibucto. August 13th, 1901.

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