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A Contrast.
Two men toiled side by side from sun to sun,
And both were poor;
Both sat with children, when the day was done,
About their door.
One saw the beautiful in crimson cloud
And shining moon;
The other with his head in sadness bowed,
Made night of noon.
One loved each tree and flower and singing bird
On mountain plain;
No music in the soul of one was stirred
By leaf or rain.
One saw the good in every fellow-man,
And hoped the best;
The other marvelled at his Master's plan,
And doubt confessed.
One, having heaven above and heaven below,
Was satisfied;
The other, discontented, lived in woe,
And helpless died.

A Change.
With wooing voice and dazzling smiles she glides
Upon the flowery paths we long to follow,
Her glory on the hill's tall crest abides,
Her music murmurs from the bosky hollow;
She pours her vigor in the eager brain,
She nerves the head with loss and wrong to cope,
We mock the warning voice of chance or pain,
Tracing the footsteps of the angel Hope.
But when the weary height seems almost won,
And the old valley that we loved of yore
Lies far below beneath the setting sun,
The radiance lights the golden head no more;
The soft wings droop, the ringing accents falter,
We cling around her feet, we worship yet,
And even as we kneel, we see her altar,
And in her place, back pointing, stands Regret.
—All the Year Round.

WELDFORD, 2ND SEPT., 1891.
To the Editor of The Review:

SIR.—A meeting of the electors of this important centre of intelligence in Kent, was convened to hear what our old friend, H. A. Powell, Esq., had to say on the situation. J. N. Wathen, Esq., was called to the chair, and after referring to the well known reputation of Mr. Powell, both as a professional man and as a politician, and to their own early friendship in the grammar school as Richibucto boys, introduced

H. A. POWELL, M. P. P.
Rounds of applause greeted this evidently favorite son of Kent, who began by referring to his early and intimate associations with the people of his native county, beneath whose green sod lay five generations of his ancestry.

Remarking that this was not a time for indulging in sentiment, he said that this was a most important time in the history of the county. For perhaps the first time in her history, Kent held the key of the treasury in her hand. This was shown well enough from the frantic efforts made by Mr. Blair to carry the county, and he would also say that the opposition was equally anxious to succeed. The question to be answered by the electors was, to which of these parties would they entrust the administration of the public funds? The amounts were not very large. There are many business firms in the Province that handle much larger sums yearly than the revenues of N. B., yet it was most important that the small revenue be made the most of, and that honest and capable men be placed in charge. While admitting that other governments had blundered, he claimed that the administration of Blair was the first in the history of the Province that had persistently perverted the public funds to their own advantage. Blair, on coming into power, had made great professions. The speaker had hoped much from him, but had been bitterly disappointed. In not one single, solitary instance had Mr. Blair fulfilled his promises, and he defied him to prove it in his presence. It was easy for Blair to come and assert before people that had not time to study the public accounts that he had done so, but he (the speaker) had made a special study of these same accounts, and Blair or no one else would dare to assert, before him, that there had been economy in administration of the public funds. True, Blair had cut off the top of the salary, but had wedged in much larger amounts below. For instance, Mr. B. had charged \$2,000 for travelling expenses, and had not paid one cent. The dominion government gave the members of provincial governments passes, and the other roads did the same, and there had not been one cent of this spent. It had all gone into A. G. Blair's pocket, or that of his colleagues. He enumerated a number of instances of this indirect mode of stealing. He then referred to the way in which the Provincial debt was accumulating. The Province had gone into confederation free of debt, and should have remained so. The funds of the Province had been squandered in building a lot of useless railroads. One, the Grand Southern, had been sold for nine thousand dollars. It had cost us \$450,000. The Richibucto and St. Louis was another waste of money, as they all knew. This money had been taken from our schools, and from our roads and bridges, and sunk in the attempts to keep parties in power. The province should not have gone into debt a dollar. It is not like the dominion government, that had many avenues and means of increasing its revenues, and had at the same time great responsibilities. The Provincial revenues were fixed. Blair said that he was only carrying out the engagements of his predecessors in office. This was true to a very small extent. The preceding government had made contracts that would involve the expenditure of \$750,000. They, however, reserved the power to dis-

allow the grants, by appending the clause that they should not be paid till they had been again approved by the house. Blair had assumed the responsibility, and it was a weak cowardly trick to come and now try to father the fault on another. But, admitting that the old government was responsible for the amount named, the present indebtedness is nearly four millions, when the present engagements are carried out. It will be evident that Blair has sunk the province in debt at least three millions. What had he to show for it? A lot of railroads that were not paying and never would pay expenses.

Mr. Blair had attacked Mr. Phinney for leaving him. It ill behooved the hero of the Leary scandal, the Balmco draft, and the infamous Northumberland deal, to impugn the reputation of J. D. Phinney, a man whose shoe he was not fit to blacken. Mr. P. could not have done otherwise than he did. There are two railroads running parallel to each other, only in some places, five miles apart, and Blair, for political purposes, was building another in between. The outrage on the province was gallantly resisted by Phinney, and for that reason alone had Blair forced him into opposition. He need not refer to the Northumberland deal. The simple facts were that Blair had taken \$29,000 of our money, and bought up Tweedie & Co. About the Balmco draft. This purported to have been expended on the public roads of St. John. There were no vouchers, and he, as one of the committee of public accounts, insisted on Balmco being sent for. He came, and stated that he had never received a cent of the money. He offered to tell under oath who got the money, and how it was used. Blair had jumped up in a great flurry, and would not allow him to be sworn. Was this the action of an innocent man? Did not Blair stand self confessed as the man that took the money?

On the eve of an election, Blair had broken the first rule of the constitution, which says that no money shall be spent without the consent of Parliament. Blair had, on the eve of an election, donated eight thousand dollars to the Tobique Valley road. This outrageous conduct has been the remote reason that forced him to adopt the railway act that he declared himself against time and again.

Mr. Powell closed amid loud applause. The champion of the Weldford grits had been getting very restive under Mr. Powell's exposure of Blair's politics, and, being called on, he made a few remarks, in which his argument seemed to be that of Pat when he contended that an Irishman was as good as another and a great deal better. He seemed to think that, while he admitted Blair had stolen, he claimed that they would all do it. And that one boulder was as good as another and a great deal better. He was, however, anxious that the boulders at Ottawa should be turned out at once. He claimed Powell had supported the shore road, and therefore could not complain as it was the most useless of all. Mr. Delaney closed a witty and original, if not very logical speech amid rounds of hearty applause.

The audience then called for Carlyle, who was asked by the chairman to speak. MR. CARLYLE said that he was not intending to speak, and that after the legal lore of Mr. Powell and the natural eloquence of Mr. Delaney, could not hope to interest them. The situation reminded him of an incident that took place at this station some years ago. A dapper little Englishman got out of a train and putting his eyeglasses to his optic, he exclaimed: "Aw! By George, you know! What do you raise in this blasted country?" The speaker pointed to a group of lumbermen just going to the woods, strapping fellows, all over six feet, and answered: "Men, sir! We raise men! Look at them!" And Kent, if poor in any other respect, could well feel proud of the men (and women too) that she had raised. Among them all was none that stood higher than J. D. Phinney and H. A. Powell. They were all aware that Mr. Blair was counted a clever man. They had seen Mr. Phinney measure swords with him when the advantage of position was all on the side of Blair, and they had seen Phinney come well in the encounter. They could contrast the many candid manner in which the matters under discussion had been dealt with by Mr. Powell to-night, and the manner in which Mr. Blair shirked the questions at issue, and labored to make them swallow what their good sense told them was not true.

We had heard Mr. Blair talk ancient history, and Hanington talk modern war, Powell talk legal lore, and Phinney talk mathematics, but perhaps there was room still for a few words of common sense, devoid of all eloquence or rhetorical ornament. Mr. Powell thought that the fact of the revenues being small lessened the importance of the subject. He thought differently. This was a question involving more than money. Our fathers had, by blood and battle, won us the right to govern ourselves, and the legacy was a precious trust that we should jealously guard. To allow the guardians of the public interest who violated their trust to go unpunished, would be an example that would be far-reaching in its consequences. The matter, however, narrowed down practically to this point. Whether it was best to vote for Leger or Gogain. On the banner borne by Leger might be inscribed, Leary Scandal, Balmco Draft, Northumberland deal, Tobique donation, O'Brien award of ten thousand dollars. He asked them as Christian men could they condone and become partners in these frauds. To vote for and sustain knowingly the man who committed them was to become a partner in the crime. There was no way out of this conclusion. If there were even a reasonable doubt there might be an excuse, but the frauds were not denied. Mr. Blair and his friends say they did this, but defend it because it was, they say, necessary for them to keep power. If you sustain them you become an accessory and a partner.

Now on the banner carried by Gogain we can see the simple legend, chosen by the opposition and given by Mr. Powell, Honesty and Economy. It might be argued that when the opposition got into power they would be quite as bad as the Blair party. Fortunately we have an answer to that in the fact (well known) that in one case Blair and Blair alone is the government. In the other, that such men as we know Phinney and Powell to be, will insist on having their sentiments respected. With Phinney and Powell in the government, we have the best possible guarantee that we shall have, at least, honest government. Their character, which is known to all of us, is the best guarantee that they can give. It was argued that the Blair party was strong in the house, if not in the county. He could contradict that statement. He had been told by several men, now nominally supporters of Blair, that if there was a change in the leadership of the opposition they would at once join it. This was an indication that they were not very fond of Blair. He could and would give the names if necessary, as the conversation was not a private one, and he understood that they had said the same to others. Another matter he referred to unwillingly, but it was fast becoming an important factor in this contest, and should be dealt with. Mr. Blair raising a religious cry in the county. He (the speaker) had heard the French people harangued in their own language, which he spoke and understood fairly well, and the words used were such as were calculated to awake the very bitterest feelings. The men starting this cry did not belong to Kent, but there were members of the Blair party in Kent using it. This was the more unfair because the Phinney party had always been opposed to this cry. They were well aware of the record of both Mr. Phinney and the speaker in this matter.

At the conclusion of Mr. Carlyle's remarks, which were well received, Mr. Powell explained that he had not voted for the shore line, and had lost support in consequence. The meeting closed with cheers for Gogain Phinney and Powell. C. C. C.

An Incident.
Sir John Thompson moved the adjournment of the House.

Sir Richard Cartwright. Before the motion is carried Mr. Speaker, I desire to say a word or two with respect to an incident in the debate yesterday. The House will remember that an offer was made to me across the floor, by the hon. Minister of Inland Revenue, that I should appoint a couple of persons, if I liked to investigate the names of the persons who had subscribed a testimonial to him. I desire to say, explicitly, that I made no reference to the Minister of Inland Revenue, or to the testimonial presented to him, because I did not regard the testimonial presented to him as coming substantially within the lines of my resolution. It may have been—I was not aware of it until he mentioned it himself—that there were a small percentage to those who subscribed to his testimonial who would have been embraced in the resolution that I moved; but I do not think myself that his was a case similar to the others, nor do I believe that he was influenced to the detriment of the service by the subscriptions that he might have received. Therefore I did not then deem it necessary, nor do I think it necessary now, in any shape, for the clearing of the hon. gentleman's character from imputations—which I beg to say I did not at all level at him—that any investigation should be made. It was very proper of him to offer it, but I, for my part, did not intend to include him within the scope of my remarks.

Mr. Costigan. Mr. Speaker, I think after the statement made by the hon. gentleman (Sir Richard Cartwright) it is proper that I should express my gratification that he has made this statement. Not only do I consider it satisfactory to myself and my friends, but I think it is one of those instances that every man in this Parliament must feel pleased at the occurrence of. I think it is a pleasant thing that the hon. gentleman, occupying the position he does on the other side of the House, and during a session of Parliament of considerable excitement and acrimony, should have the fairness to make the statement freeing me from any charge of having been improperly influenced on account of such testimonial. I thank him for the very candid expression he has given, clearing me from any imputations which might be made.

A Shot-Proof Car.

When the Czar travels in Russia the precautions taken for his safety could not be greater if he were in the enemy's country. A battalion of infantry is detailed for every two miles of distance, and allowing 500 men an effective force of each battalion, every spot of ground on both sides of the track is covered by sentinels within easy reach of each other. The Czar is suddenly whirled off to the station, accompanied by the chosen twelve of his body-guard, without pomp or circumstance, swiftly and silently. The Czar always travels in a train of five carriages. His carriage is built in a peculiar style.

The windows, while ample for light, are high, so that a person sitting down is invisible from the outside, and the sides of the car are fortified with plates of steel concealed in ornamental woodwork, but amply strong to resist a bullet. There are two sentry boxes in the carriage, one at each end, and each looking out at an opposite side from the other. The guardsmen on duty in these apartments are shut in from any observation of the interior of the carriage, but at intervals of two feet the whole length of the saloon are electric buttons communicating with the guard chambers, as well as with the two carriages, one containing the suite and the other, in the rear, occupied by the guardsmen not on duty. So far, therefore as the train itself is concerned, the Czar could not be more secure in St. Petersburg.

The train speeds to its destination without a halt, except on account of accident. At a distance not less than five miles ahead is a pioneer train, in which the Imperial Director of Railways and the chief engineer of the particular railway on which the Czar is travelling always ride. As the pilot train whizzes by, the reserves along the line rush to arms and guard the sides of the railway, waiting until the Imperial train is passed, so that the spectacle is presented of continuous lines of soldiery for hundreds of miles. Arrived at the end of his journey the Czar is escorted to the quarters intended for the imperial family.

The streets are guarded by special constables in the attire of citizens. Every property owner has been called upon to supply one or more of these men at his own expense to do duty when the sovereign makes a public appearance. The constables average one in ten of the crowd that throng the streets, and being in ordinary dress, they can mingle with the people, note what is said, and perhaps do something that will obtain them regular employment among the secret police. With one-tenth of the population engaged as spies upon the remainder, with troops enough concentrated to withstand a formidable siege, and his faithful guardsmen dogging every step, the Czar goes through the forms of a visit to the arctic capital of Russia or whatever city he may choose to honor.—Philadelphia Telegraph.

A Petrified Salmon.

Henry Benson, of Haven Hill, Lassen County, Cal., has in his possession a specimen of petrified salmon. The former fleshy parts resembled crystallized and variegated quartz, retaining in part the yellowish color of the salmon, and what was formerly the skin is now a sort of porcelain as hard as pure white flint. The texture of the entire specimen is that of the hardest quartz. It was found on a hillside at about 1500 feet altitude from the floor of "Big Valley," and was evidently petrified at the point where found. This would indicate that the salmon formerly inhabited the ancient rivers, the beds of which now form part of the strata of the Sierra Nevada mountains, and in which ancient channels now lie the rich deposits of California's gold.

These ancient river beds, as is well known, are found at various heights above the sea level, and in some places but a few hundred feet below the crests of the highest ranges, and perhaps hundreds of feet below the present formation of the surface of the earth, and running entirely independent of any present formation. To determine with certainty that this salmon inhabited these ancient rivers would be an interesting fact, as it would fix at a much later date than is now generally supposed, the geological period when, by mighty upheavals, these old river courses were changed and obliterated from the face of the earth, and gigantic mountains formed in their stead.—St. Louis Republic.

Hard to Please.

A sample from the Montreal Witness: Country people in general do not use nearly so much sugar as do their friends in town, but they require far more iron, and coarse woolen cloth, so our rulers reduced the duty on sugar for the good of townspeople, but keep the duties unnecessarily high where they will squeeze the poor farmer. Hitherto good brown sugar has been largely used for preserving purposes throughout the country, and in a great many farmers' homes, refined sugar was scarcely ever used, while the more tasty city folk use the refined article, so our tricky Government still charge a duty on all brown sugars that are fit for human use, which the Yankee farmers get duty free. Again, a great many Canadian farmers, especially in the poorer sections, get their sweetening from the maple, which they use either as sugar or syrup, and not a few sell more or less to city folk, so a duty on sugar acted like "the thing called Protection" to these farmers, but it would never do to continue giving these poor farmers such an advantage.

Insanity and Tea Drinking.

During the examination at the Waltham Abbey Petty Sessions of a woman who is charged with the wilful murder of her two children, a statement of some importance was made by the divisional surgeon of police, Dr. G. Fulcher, with reference to the habits of the prisoner. From some writing paper which was found on her, it was evident that the poor woman had meant to perish with her children, having been driven to this extremity by the belief that her children were hopelessly ill, and that she was being slighted by those from whom she had been accustomed to receive kindness. Dr. Fulcher found on examining her that, with the exception of a "weak heart," her physical condition was good, but she had been suffering for some time with headaches, palpitation and sleeplessness. On being interrogated with regard to tea drinking, she said she had been in the habit of taking a large quantity, that she had given it up, but had recently resumed the habit in consequence of her troubles. Dr. Fulcher was of the opinion that the prisoner was the subject of melancholia, and he expressed the belief that the taking of tea in excess tended to undermine the constitution. The powerful effect of alcohol in excess as a nerve poison is a matter of daily experience. That many of the ailments from which women suffer are at least aggravated if not excited by the excessive indulgence in tea—not an infusion, as it ought to be, but as a decoction, is equally well known; and, although we are not prepared to admit that this habit would actually induce a condition of melancholia, there is little doubt that in a woman of neurotic temperament, especially if her food were deficient in quantity and of poor quality, the use of this beverage in excess would be one of the factors in producing and perpetuating a condition of mental instability. It would be well if those to whom the frequent cup of tea from the pot—which has a permanent place at so many firesides, and has become almost a necessity, as they think—recognized fully the pernicious effects of this over-indulgence, effects that are only surpassed in importance by those of the occasional "drop of gin," of which so much is heard in the outpatient departments of our hospitals.—Lancet.

Athletes Die Early.

Have you been reading the mournful figures about the early decay of our college athletes and all other violent sports? These figures tell us that they (like sinners) do not live out half their days. In their excessive push and effort they strain, burst and die. On the lapel of their coats there are golden medals, to be sure, but inwards they are broken up and "give out." Now college students all cost a great deal of money, and it does seem the height of madness to be filling their heads with knowledge, such as it is, and their bodies with killing pains. It is a misuse of good money. Remember then (and be wise) that athletes die under thirty, and if they live longer they are for the most part lame ducks. What does this teach us? That moderation is wise, excess foolish. And this applies at all points. Taking care of our bodies is a religious duty. We once heard a hearty young fellow say that he had been four nights in succession at dances without sleep night or day. You can easily guess what became of him. He went down. Life is a hard struggle at best and needs much common sense at every step. A tough, sound body, and cultured mind are too valuable to be frittered away and ended at thirty. Go in for ninety. It is possible and profitable.—N. Y. Witness.

An Exciting Scene.

An exciting scene took place in the I. S. C. barrack's yard at 2 o'clock this afternoon. A bull, which Stanley Chase, butcher, was leading down Queen street with a rope, became wild, and escaping, dashed through the barracks gate. Heading at once for the upper end of the yard, the pet bear, chained to its post, soon met its view; and with a snort of rage the bull rushed madly at bruin.

Bruin proved no match for his antagonist, being butted, tossed in the air, and overturned without inflicting any punishment whatever on the bull. Had the soldiers not come to the rescue when they did they would in a very short time have been mourning the loss of their pet; and even then it was with great difficulty that the bull was kept off. So violent was it that no one could approach any ways near, not to say, take hold of it; and it became necessary to shoot down the animal. A rifle shot, fired at a distance of ten or fifteen yards, took the bull in the mouth and sent him staggering. A second shot took effect in the brain and laid him dead.—Fredericton Gleaner.

ALL SORTS.

Failures of hatters are nearly always due to the fact that they cannot get ahead.

"What does 'Good Friday' mean?" asked one schoolboy of another. "You had better go home and read your 'Robinson Crusoe,'" was the withering reply.

Czar of Russia (just out of bed)—What has become of my undershirt?

Valet—Please, your Majesty, the blacksmith's putting fresh rivets in it.

A.—Is land dear in Italy?

B.—No, but the ground rents are awful.

"What's the cause of that?"

"Earthquakes."

Lucas Paez, an aged resident of Barcelona, in Spain, is the head of a family of 297 persons. He has 39 living children—sixteen daughters and twenty-three sons.

"You will ask Papa, will you not? Or must I?" "Oh I have seen him. Fact is he made the suggestion that it was about time for me to propose.

"Can I read your paper?" asked the man in the rear seat, who was on his way to the fair and wanted to get posted. "I don't know whether you can or not," replied the Boston man ahead of him, "but you may try if you choose," and it took the brakeman, the news agent, and the conductor to separate them.

Gladstone is comparatively a poor man and the occasional literary work he does for the magazines and periodicals is not the result of any desire to add to his established fame as a writer.

"Mabel," said a teacher last week at a London school "spell kitten."

Mabel—"K-double-i-t-o-e-n."

"Kitten has two i's then, has it?"

Mabel—"Yes, ma'am, our kitten has."

"What do you call your dog?" was the question asked of a very large man who was followed by a very small pup. "I don't call him at all," was the reply. "Ven I want him I visse."

Peter Czartan, a Hungarian peasant, was born in 1539 and died in 1742, aged 185 years. Thomas Parr, "the oldest, oldest man," died in London in 1735, aged 152 years, and a Countess of Derry lived to be 165 and cut three sets of teeth.

"Begorra, but I have got the best of that murtherin' railway this time, anyhow!" said an Hibernian who had a grudge against the company in question. "How is that Dennis?" asked a bystander. "I've got a return ticket, and faith, I'm not coming back at all!" was the triumphant reply.

J. Cholmondeley Phipps (*en tour* over the plains). "When I gaze around, don't you know, over these boundless rolling plains, stretching on every side to the horizon, without a vestige of human habitation I am positively filled with awe."

The total number of stars, which some knowledge may be obtained by the optical appliances now available, according to Professor Lockyer, is from 40,000,000 to 50,000,000. Of these only about 6,000 are visible to the naked eye, equally divided between the two hemispheres.

A newspaper in the Gipsy jargon, the Romany tongue, is soon to be published in England with the idea of making it the organ of the wandering people. It will be edited by George W. Smith, the "king" of the English gypsies, who counts upon getting 20,000 subscribers for it.

Fangle.—"How did you happen to tell Mrs. Fangle that you go to Europe twelve times a year, when you have never crossed the ocean at all.

Cumso.—"She must have misunderstood me. I merely told her that I go over the Atlantic Monthly.

"I thank you for the flowers you sent," she said, and then she pouted, blushed, and drooped her pretty head; "Forgive me for the words I spoke last night. Your flowers have sweetly proved that you were right." And then I took her hand within my own And I forgave her—called her my own. But as we wandered through the lamplit bowers, I wondered who had really sent the flowers.

A professor had been lecturing one evening upon color blindness, and at the conclusion of his remarks, a collier, who had evidently not grasped his lucid explanations, came to him and asked if he would solve the mystery. "Certainly," said the professor. "What is this color blindness then?" asked the collier. "Well," replied the learned gentleman, holding up a piece of red-colored glass, "supposing that, when you looked at this, you imagined it was green—that would be an instance." "That's color blindness, de yer say?" replied the man, with a look of disgust. "If yer axed me, I would call it downright ignorance!"