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THE REVIEW

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VOL. 3.

RICHIBUCTO, NEW BRUNSWICK, THURSDAY, OCTOBER 15, 1891.

NO. 9

CANADIAN STATESMEN AS SEEN IN THEIR HOUSE BY A WIDE-AWAKE REPORTER.

What Manner of Men They Are Who Do Much Talking and Some Legislation in the House of Commons—Curious Notes from the Press Gallery.

A few days ago one of The Hamilton Spectator's young men amused himself by watching from the press gallery, during two or three sittings, the men who run this country. Upon the whole, a pleasant lot of men to look at are these statesmen of ours; there are few ugly or unintelligent faces among them; nearly all are healthy, wholesome, substantial looking citizens, and they make an assembly of which Canadians have no reason to be ashamed.

The speaker, Peter White, and scholarly clerk of the House, Mr. Bourinot, have one thing in common—they are both so bald that it is difficult to decide which is the baldier. The assistant clerk who reads bills and motions volubly in French and incomprehensible English, is also included in the same way; but Deputy Speaker Bergeron—a magnificent rosy Frenchman—has enough glossy black hair to spare for wigs for the other three. Mr. Bergeron presides when the House is in committee. He is a capital presiding officer, and his English is as good as that of almost any English-speaking member.

The ministers do not all sit in the front row of the ministerial side of the house, but are grouped near the speaker's throne. Hon. Mr. Bowell sits in the front row nearest the speaker. He is as aggressive in appearance as in his speeches—a square shouldered man of medium height, with snowy hair and beard and dark, flashing, deep-sunken eyes. Too much work this season has made him ill, but he is seldom absent from the House. The Postmaster general sits near him. Hon. Mr. Haggart is not particular about his personal appearance. He looks like a well-to-do portly shop-keeper taking his ease. His light grey coat is always thrown wide open, and his favorite attitude is to sit down in his chair with one knee against the desk in front, and with his thumbs stuck in the armholes of his white vest. He is a happy-go-lucky fellow; it often wears a pleasant smile. Mr. Haggart has a thick grey moustache, and his hair is gray.

The long, lank, figure of the finance minister sprawls over a chair in the front row. Hon. Mr. Foster's attitudes are angular and ungainly. His favorite position is to sit sideways with one long leg over the arm of the chair, his arms folded, and his tall white hat pulled down over his eyes. Mr. Foster is, perhaps, in his seat longer than any other member of the government, and watches the course of debate more closely than any of his colleagues. Nothing escapes him. Often, long after midnight, when he seems to be asleep under the tip-tilted hatbrim, some incorrect or incautious statement of an opposition speaker will draw forth a caustic or good-humored retort from the ministerial benches. The finance minister has not altered his attitude or negligent repose; but there is no mistaking that peculiar piercing voice of his. Mr. Foster usually dresses in gray—dark gray coat and vest and light trousers, and he sports a very heavy gold watch chain. He is probably the keenest debater and most incisive speaker in the house, and very rarely loses his temper.

Sir Adolphe Caron sits next to Mr. Foster on such times as Sir Adolphe honors the house with his presence. The minister of militia is not as the opposition press assert, be very useful, but he is very pretty. Lately he has been effecting yellowish tweed clothes. A rosebud is always blooming in his button hole, and it is not known how he looks without his monocle. On his left arm he wears a broad crape band, a badge of mourning for the late premier. Sir Adolphe saunters into the house once in a while, yawns, drops languidly into a seat next to Mr. Foster, yawns, throws himself back in a half reclining attitude, stares at the galleries, yawns, perhaps whispers to someone who is near enough to him to be spoken to without exertion, yawns and saunters wearily out. The proceedings of the house don't seem to interest Sir Adolphe much.

D'Alton McCarthy has a seat in the front row, and so has Mr. McNeill. The equal rights leader never speaks except when he has something to say, and it is always listened to with respect.

The minister of justice and the secretary of state are deskmates; they sit in the second row within whispering distance of the minister of finance. Sir John Thompson commands the attention of the house as no other member does. No matter how much confusion and excitement there may be before he speaks, the moment the minister of justice arises there is perfect silence throughout the chamber, and everybody leans forward to listen to him. This is not only due to Sir John's position as leader in the house; it is also a tribute to his weighty worth as a speaker, and the result of the profound respect in which he is held. No man in the House is so generally esteemed as he.

Sir John's deskmate is a striking contrast to him. Hon. Mr. Chapleau is the most picturesque figure in the house. In appearance he is the stage-statesman par excellence. His face is pale, almost livid in its pallor, long and cadaverous; his black eyes are sunken so deep in their sockets that at a distance you cannot see them unless, in a moment of anger or excitement, they flash balefully from under their heavy grey eyebrows; the nobly-molded head is covered with a mane of long gray hair which sometimes falls forward over the face and is thrown back with a quick imperious toss of the head. The expression of the face is stern and sad, almost saturnine—altogether a tragic face, suggestive of great power, inflexible purpose, terrible experiences; such a face as a leader in the first French revolution might have had. Mr. Chapleau says but little in the house, and when he does speak his voice gives evidence of the sickness which has wasted his frame: it is low and tremulous. But when upon the unlucky wight who would presume upon the enfeebled condition of the secretary of state and venture to attack him. Mr. Chapleau has still the spirit and ability to defend himself, as Mr. Casey can testify. In the house Mr. Chapleau usually sits erect and still as a statue, with his arms folded on his chest. He dresses in black, which heightens the striking effect of his pale face and thick grey hair.

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To the left of the secretary of state sits the baby of the ministry, Hon. Charles H. Tupper, minister of marine and fisheries—Charley Tupper as he is commonly called. Mr. Tupper is not unlike his famous father in figure, but there is none of Sir Charles in his face. He has a bright boyish countenance—large, rather pale, and with a most frank and friendly expression on it. He is seldom bareheaded in the house, but wears a huge brown felt hat with a broad brim. Mr. Tupper seldom sits still for a minute together. He is continually hurrying in and out of the house; plumps himself into his chair, opens his desk with a jerk, and examines a paper or two, closes it with a bang, jumps up and runs at some vacant chair, throws himself into it and chats a moment with the nearest member, and then hurries either to some other vacant chair or out of the house. He does not speak often, but when he does he invariably does good service for the government, for he is a most telling speaker, with much of his father's force and eloquence, and with a good humor which his father lacks. He is very popular in the house, especially of course, on the ministerial side.

Hon. Messrs. Costigan and Dewdney sit in the second row to the right of the minister of Justice—the former, burly and aggressive looking, with typical Irish features, and the latter a large handsome man, with a wealth of iron-grey hair carefully arranged. Neither of these have much to say in the house. The minister of the inland revenue is seldom seen on the streets of the capital unaccompanied by a cigar, nor the minister of the interior without a buttonhole bouquet.

Those who ever saw the late premier would not have to have Hugh John pointed out to them as Sir John's son. He is his father in miniature; the same sloping forehead with the unusual development in the region of the perceptive faculties the same prominence, diffusive and unmistakable nose, the same shrewd alert expression, suggestive alike of a bird and a fox. But John Hugh is a much smaller man than his father was, and is of a sandy complexion. He is a fluent and sensible speaker, and inherits much of his great progenitor's bouhommie, wit and humor. Hugh John will make his mark, not because he is his father's son, but because he has a merit of his own. Already he has the ear of the house whenever he chooses to say anything. That he is independent and courageous was shown in the debate on the immigration policy of the government, when he severely censured the ministry for not having spent more money to promote immigration into the Northwest.

To the left of the speaker the most conspicuous figure is that of Sir Richard Cartwright. He is the real leader of the opposition in the house, whatever he may be outside. With Sir Richard, Laurier doesn't seem to be in it. The knight has his seat about the middle of the first row, convenient to his most active lieutenants, who sit immediately in the rear of him. Sir Richard is a most faithful attendant, and rarely leaves before adjournment, no matter how late the house sits. He is nearly always occupied in writing letters

or reading books and papers, but he seems to have the happy faculty of reading or writing and following the debate closely at the same time. He hears everything and takes notice of everything, and no man is more keen in detecting a flaw in reasoning or a misstatement in a matter of fact. Every now and then he leans back and whispers his instructions or suggestions to the man who is to follow the speaker on the government side. He keeps them all primed; without him they would be sure to flounder. Sir Richard is one of the most incisive speakers and successful debaters in parliament, and a master of the art of saying vitriolic things in strictly parliamentary language and without transgressing the rules of debate. He is a man of striking appearance—bulky, ungraceful, with a massive and well formed head which is half bald, fierce red face, spectacles and gray side-whiskers. He looks what he is—a fighter every inch of him.

At the same desk with Sir Richard sits a most pathetic figure, that of Hon. Alex. Mackenzie. The veteran statesman is very feeble. He is afflicted with what is known as creeping paralysis, which partially robs him of the control of his limbs. It is a sad and affecting sight, that of the premier, who only a few years ago was one of the most rugged and vigorous of men now sitting gray and feeble, bent with weakness, and perpetually shaking with palsy. Mr. Mackenzie never speaks, and he is never seen in his seat at night.

Mr. Laurier—bland, sleek and debonaire—sits in the front row nearer to the speaker than Sir Richard. He is very careful with his toilet, and always looks as if he had recently emerged from a band box. His gray coat and trousers are creaseless, his waistcoat is of the snowiest white, and the flower in his button hole is always fresh and fragrant. Upon Mr. Laurier's face rests forever the lambent glory of a smile, and his sweet purple-lips seem always to be asking for a kiss. He is just the loveliest man, so all the ladies think; but, alas! he grows bald apace and the hair of his head is rapidly becoming little more than a fringe. What there is of it is utilized to the very best advantage. Mr. Laurier seems to be content to leave the direction of the opposition in the house to Sir Richard mostly; he evidently doesn't bother himself much about the details of leadership. But he is no mere popinjay, though he is fond of looking pretty, and you may be sure he makes the weight of his authority felt whenever he feels it necessary to do so. It is said at Ottawa that Mr. Laurier's theory is, that a man to be a successful leader must be the most popular man of his party, so that he may win as well as hold followers; therefore, whenever there is any disagreeable work to be done Mr. L. keeps in the background and lets his subordinates do it all. Whether this is so or not, it is certain that the leader of the opposition is well liked on both sides of the house, and he seems to deserve his popularity, for he is as courteous and affable as he is eloquent—and that is saying a great deal.

At Sir Richard's left sits John Charlton—grizzled, square-headed and very talkative—and Mr. Mulock, a large, full-bearded, handsome man, who is even more talkative than Mr. Charlton. Behind Sir Richard, within easy reach of his whispers, are Patterson of Brant, Cameron of Huron, Mr. McMullen and Mr. Casey. Mr. McMullen divides with Mr. Mulock the distinction of being the most pertinacious questioner in the house, but neither of them can be as exasperating as McMullen, whose voice is a perfect imitation of the sound produced by the operation of sharpening a saw with a file. Mr. Casey is a wreck. The sad and solemn visage of Mr. Bain, of North Wentworth, looks from the fifth row back.

There are not seats enough on the ministerial side to hold all the ministerialists, and some six or eight of them are obliged to find seats on the opposition side. Among these exiles is the great Nicholas Flood Davin, the poet-statesman-journalist historian-pioneer of Pile-o'-Bones, N. W. T. Nicholas is justly proud of his personal appearance, and almost as proud of his oratory; but what he most prides himself on is his bow to the speaker when he retires from the chamber. No other member can approach Nicholas in the mingled dignity, grace and ease of his obeisance. And Nicholas knows it. So, whenever he sees a lady enter the gallery, the Pile-o'-Bones statesman somehow attracts her attention, and then jumps up out of his chair, advances to the door opposite the speaker, makes his bow to that dignity and retires. In a minute he returns, and, resuming his seat, eagerly scans the face of the lady to ascertain what impression his Chesterfieldian bow has made upon her. If it had not been for Brer Davin probably 10 per cent. of the members of the House would have been

prostrated with ennui and homesickness months ago. He tends to liven up things.—Hamilton Spectator.

An Unknown El Dorado.

How many Americans have heard of the state of Guerrero? It is one of the richest mining regions in Mexico, and it is said that the soil is a crust of silver and gold. Here the mines were first worked by the Spaniards, and the country contains hundreds of abandoned mines today. It lies on the Pacific, and is only partially known. It had one mine which produced 495,000 ounces of silver in a few months, and it is surrounded by great states which are now being for the first time carefully investigated.

Oaxaca, just below it, is now being penetrated by the Mexican Southern railroad, and this will bring a vast gold bearing region into the market. The state is one in which President Diaz was born, and it is the one which will be on the Tehuantepec ship railway, if it is ever completed. It has vast acres of good land, and I know a half dozen American capitalists who expect to make their fortunes out of the coal fields which they say have been discovered in it.

Coal brings about twenty-six dollars a ton in the City of Mexico, and there are said to be fine iron deposits in near proximity to these coal fields. The climate of all this part of Mexico is very fine, and the capitalists who would buy some of the agricultural lands along this route would make a fortune. The public lands are worth from twenty to forty-five cents an acre, and they will raise coffee, sugar and all kinds of grains.

This new railroad will, and does already tap the mining regions of the state of Pueblo, which contains both silver and gold, one of the finest specimens of gold ever brought into the City of Mexico is shown to an American business man there by an Indian from this state a few months ago. It was a nugget of solid gold as big as your fist. The American entered into a contract with the man for the development of the region where it was found, and he travelled with him on horseback for several days, when the Indian told him he had forgotten the place. This was of course a lie.—Cor. St. Louis Globe Democrat.

He Knew the Class it Belonged To.

The old professor is a little near sighted and the boys thought they would fool him. They got some pieces of cloth and fixed them up in the shape of a most wonderful bug. Then they got some real bugs and brought the whole lot to the professor.

He examined first one and then another and gave the popular and scientific names of each, together with a little talk about the peculiarities of each, and the boys appeared grateful in the extreme.

Then he came to the cloth bug. He looked at it in a puzzled way for a moment and then went to the cabinet for his microscope, but the boys had removed it. He came back to the table adjusted his glasses, and scrutinized the bug more closely than before.

"Is it a rare specimen, professor?" asked one of the boys, innocently.

The professor said he couldn't remember that he had ever seen it like before.

"Still," he said, looking extremely wise, "I notice certain peculiarities that convince me that I know the class to which it belongs."

"But you wouldn't care to give the bug a name, would you?" asked the spokesman, while the others tried to look solemn.

"Why, yes," said the professor blandly. "From such an examination as I am able to make without a microscope I should class it as a humbug."

Then the boys looked at each other and solemnly filed out without answering the professor's invitation to call again when they secured another rare specimen.—Chicago Tribune.

Proved in Court.

It is a little strange, perhaps,—and yet not so very strange when one comes to think of it,—that the truth of a thing is not always the better established because it has stood the test of a legal examination.

A colored man of rather doubtful appearance applied to a coal-dealer for a position as driver, says the Washington Post. On being asked for references, he mentioned one of the dealer's old hands, who was called in and questioned as to the applicant's honesty.

The referee rubbed his chin meditatively for a moment, and said: "Honest? Well, boss, dis yere man's honesty has been proved befo' de court. He's been tried seven times for stealin', and escaped every time."

And the man expressed surprise that this strong testimony did not secure him employment!

Too Suspicious.

Among the passengers on a railway train was a young mother, with a pretty baby not more than four or five months old. Sitting in the seat behind her was a stout, rather severe-looking old gentleman. The brakeman announced that the train would wait ten minutes for lunch at one of the stations, and the mother, noticing that the old gentleman did not offer to rise, and that nearly all the other passengers were about leaving the car, turned and said politely:

"I beg your pardon, sir, but would you be willing to watch my baby while I go out and get something for my lunch-basket? I don't think she will wake while I am gone."

The gentleman glanced over the top of his magazine at the sleeping child, and said rather gruffly, "Very well, madam."

When the young mother had been gone five minutes, the old gentleman pulled out his watch, and kept on looking first at the watch and then at the sleeping child every thirty seconds for the next three minutes.

Then he raised his window, and looked up and down the station platform, after which he stepped to the door, his face red with annoyance.

"All aboard!" shouted the conductor.

Hastening down the aisle the angry passenger seized the sleeping child, ran swiftly back to the door, and jumped from the car. A policeman chanced to be standing close at hand.

"Here! here!" shouted the old gentleman; "a young woman dressed in black deserted this baby ten minutes ago. She can't have gone far. Take it—quick!"

He thrust the screaming child into the policeman's arms, and jumped back upon the moving train.

"I was a little too smart for her," he said, as he resumed his seat, panting with indignation. "I don't know what ought to be done with these unfeeling persons who try to palm off their own flesh and blood on—mercy on us, what does this mean?"

Well might he ask, for there, coming hurriedly in at the car door of the vestibule train, was baby's mother.

"I am very much obliged to you," she said, as she hurried forward. "I saw a friend in the other car and—why, where's my baby? Who has my baby? Where is she? My baby?"

"Pray be calm, madam," said the old gentleman, as he rose to his feet, and began pulling vigorously at the bell-rope.

"How can I be calm when I don't know where my baby is? Where is she? Tell me instantly!"

"In just a moment, madam," as the train slackened its speed. "The policeman will take care of it and—"

"The policeman? What policeman? What do you mean? Oh, I shall go crazy!"

The conductor now hurried into the car, inquiring sharply who had rung the bell.

"It was just a little mistake," explained the old gentleman, in great confusion; "I—I—well, I didn't think this lady intended returning to the car, and I—I—well, I gave a thousand pardons, madam, but I gave the child into the charge of the depot policeman. That's all."

"All!" cried the terrified and indignant mother, while a number of sympathetic ladies gathered around her.

The conductor consented to run back to the station, and the baby was rescued just as it was being transferred to the patrol wagon. The old gentleman kept judiciously out of sight for the remainder of his journey.

The Limits of the Steam Locomotive.

The most experienced railroad men feel that the possibilities of steam practice are nearly reached—much greater speed is not attainable. A maximum of ninety miles an hour, with a running speed of sixty to seventy, is all that can be hoped for under the very best conditions which can be provided. The limitations are numerous and they are well known to all engineers. The maximum speed of which a locomotive is capable has not been materially increased in a number of years. The schedule time has been shortened principally by cutting down grades, straightening curves, filling up ravines and replacing wooden structures by permanent ones of iron and stone; by the use of heavy rails, safer switches, improved methods of signaling, the interlocking switch and signal system, the abolition of grade crossings; in short, by improvements in detail and management which permit a higher speed on a more extended section of road because of greater safety and the greater degree of confidence inspired in the engine driver.—Frank J. Sprague in Forum.

K. D. C. restores the stomach to a healthy action, send for a free sample to K. D. C. Company, New Glasgow, N. S.

THE WORLD OVER.

An Iowa man who recently died at the age of 87 was the father of 31 children. He was married three times.

K. D. C. is guaranteed to cure any case of indigestion, send for free sample to K. D. C. Company, New Glasgow, N. S.

The largest steer in Illinois, and probably in the world, weighs 4,500 pounds and belongs to a Macoupin county farmer.

Reports from North Dakota and Minnesota indicate great damage to the crops from rain. Much of the wheat is soaked, and will be saved at much loss.

K. D. C. relieves distress after eating and for a free sample to K. D. C. Company, New Glasgow, N. S.

A writer in the Chicago Herald comes to the defence of Harley, Wis., which has been designated as the wickedest town in the world. He admits that Harley must make some strides towards a higher moral plane before it can properly be classed as a model for young and aspiring towns to copy, but still it is not as wicked as some others, Batte City, Mont., for instance.

Parnell, if one may believe the Boston Globe's correspondent, loved and sought in marriage a Providence girl twenty years ago, but her stern father, a millionaire by the way, would not approve of the match, as the suitor was without a calling. The Irishman's affection was reciprocated, and the separation brought sorrow to two hearts.

Shipments of produce from P. E. Island are unusually heavy. A gentleman from the island says he never knew of such large shipments so early in the season. The crops are equal to the expectations and prices are up to the average, notwithstanding the McKinley bill.

Edmund Yates cables the New York Tribune that Mr. Gladstone on Thursday morning and afternoon posed as a High Churchman at Trinity College, Generalmond, of which he was one of the original founders. He took up a parable on behalf of the clergy, whom he enthusiastically eulogized, and then rushed off to Newcastle to take part in a gathering of his radical followers, where the dissolution of the Church of Wales was one of the chief items.

The latest heroine is sister Margaret Frances, of St. Victor's Convent, near Montreal. The convent contained a large number of deaf-mute children as pupils, but had no fire escape, although the children were lodged on the sixth floor. At an hour in the morning when sleep is the soundest, Sister Margaret, in charge of the sixth floor dormitory, awoke to find the room on fire and the children flocking around her. The stairway was on fire, and the would-be rescuers who came from the neighborhood had no ladders. A worse lookout for escape could hardly be imagined; yet this one woman saved the children and herself too. She gathered them in the corner of the building farthest from the flames, and, making a rope of clothing, lowered her charges, one by one, to the ground. She kept at her work for half an hour, until the last child was safely landed; then slipped down the rope herself, with her hands and arms blistered by the heat and the hair singed from her head, and fainted when she reached the ground.

Thomas Deer, a well known and respectable citizen, who resides at 18 Brunswick lane, told the following sad story to an Evening Mail representative this morning. A short time ago Mr. Deer received word from his married daughter in England, that her husband, Thomas Bristow, had died and that she intended coming to Halifax with her four children. Three weeks ago the mother and children arrived here in a steamer. While on the passage out the steward of the ship became ill and the doctor ordered a number of passengers to be vaccinated, including the eight year old daughter of Mrs. Bristow. Some vaccine taken from a cow on board was injected into the girl's arm this was done on Saturday, the boat arriving in Halifax the following Monday. On Tuesday the child became very ill and continued to grow worse and a doctor was called in who pronounced it a case of diphtheria. The house was placarded and Mr. Deer and his four sons were not permitted to enter the house for days. As the child was not improving, but still growing worse, under the doctor's treatment, another medical man was consulted. He at once decided that the case was not diphtheria but that the vaccine had poisoned the child's arm, developing into erysipelas which extended to the throat and finally resulted in the child's death, which occurred on Saturday.—Halifax Mail.

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