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The Sailer.

All night around her window The weary wind she hears, And ceaseless rain against the pane Beats like impatient tears. "O morning, long delaying, When will thou light the sky, And dawn for me that I may see

My lover's boat draw nigh?" The morning brings the sunshine To sparkling sea and shore The winds are dead, and rain-clouds shed eir heavy tears no more. The boat lies safely anchored, And by the waters blue Two loving hearts that trusted long. Are safely anchored too!

Mission.

A Story for Young People.

Jack lived in a Western city, in a nice broad street, well shaded with elms and and maples. There were gardens attached the houses, many of them well cultivated and laid out in neat flower-beds.

Such a garden surrounded Jack's home, and his sister May sometimes engaged him to work in the flowers with her little hoe and trowel and watering-pot. But Jack was a bad weeder and not to be depended on; for, after bending his back a few minutes in grubbing up dock "pursley" he generally threw down his tools and scampered off to play with "the Beekman boys'

across the street. Jack did not like to have it supposed that he was under the petticoat government, or had anything weak and girlish about him; but he was rather fond of the sweet odors and bright colors of the flowers, and one day in summer he found his sister May, with a large basket beside her, busy tying up small noesgays to send to the sick people in the hospitals and the crippled children in the juvenile infirmary, he thought to himself that, if he were lying ill in one of those wards, obliged to keep quiet all day and to take frequent teaspoonfuls of bad-tasting stuff, it would be very pleasant to have a kind, soft-voiced lady bring him a sweet-smelling bunch

of geraniums. The next day Jack was passing through a low quarter of the town, filled with tenement-houses and swarming with dirty, wild eyed children. Near the corner of Clarke and Mott Streets stood an old, tumble-down frame building, which jutted a little over the sidewalk, and the lower window panes of the first story were on a level with Jack's eyes, as the place was without yard or area. One of the lower panes was broken, and he could clearly see almost everything the room contained. At first it appeared to be vacant; but, as his glance returned to the corner nearest the window, he discovered a little cot, with a stand near its head, holding a cup and spoon and broken glass. The cot was covered with a dingy sheet and ragged quilt, under which lay a little pale emaciated girl, about seven years old. One arm was thrown around a rag dolla dejected looking creature with a bit of old lace tied over her flat head; the other clasped some small object very tightly, which Jack by peering some time through the pane, made out to be a glass bottlestopper evidently a cherished toy. The poor little thing was fast asleep. She seemed weak and spent and her breath came fitfully. Her face was too pale and thin to be pretty--it was scarcely childish; but her hair lay loose on the ragged pillow

Jack turned away from the window and walked along rather thoughtfully for block or two. Then he quickened his pace, and finally almost ran, as he approached the high clean portion of the city where his father's house stood. It was a warm afternoon, and the Shaker chairs were empty all in a row on the piazza, and he could hear his sister May dreamily striking the keys of her Steinway piano. He opened the gate softly and looked about the garden. There were plenty of flowers to bloom, for it was not "mission day." Jack gazed around, uncertain what to choose, until his eye fell on a splendid Jacqueminot rose, which had just expanded its crimson bosom, with two

and shone with a golden tinge.

at the broken window where he stood an try and cautiously push the hat round ty do not attempt to tackle the political

The little girl was still sleeping, for she and the nosegay on the sill inside. After was very weak, and if she woke for a few this was accomplished, he ran away down minutes often, dozed off again before the street, not daring to look back for long. She turned over on her side, and three blocks. her pale face had a faint tinge of color. Every morning for a fortnight Jack con-Jack saw a man smoking and leaning out trived to leave his little gifts for the sick stole round the corner and waited a few last day the little girl was awake, and restminutes. And when he looked again the less from coughing; and she caught sight coast was clear. His heart was in his of him just as he had displaced the hat, mouth as he hurried back, and slipping and gave a glad, surprised little cry. Jack his hand through the broken pane, gently dropped the big Bartlett pear and the open her eyes.

Jack walked away feeling guilty, as if been stealing something. he had done something to be ashamed of. ing at them with a look full of delight.

During the afternoon Jack rode his velocipede only three times around the ed everything clean, and made even that block, and then rather languidly. It did not give him the usual pleasure. At tea Before he reached the corner house he time his mother asked him if he was not remarked that something unusual was feeling well. She had remarked his fail- taking place. The entry-door stood wide ure to ask twice for his favourite jelly- open and a group of poor people was going cake. He was planning to run back to in. A bit of white gauze, with a soiled Clarke Street early in the evening, and ribbon, was hanging limply from the doortake a peep at the child's mother through bell. The hole in the window had been the broken window. She might be a mended with a piece of white paper pasted drinking, disreputable woman, who ne- over it, and the ragged curtain was decorglected the sick child; and in such a case ously drawn down. it would be necessary to take his own mo- Jack felt something seize his heart, and ther into confidence at once, for Jack had he stopped and stared, and then tears the greatest faith in her power to "fix rushed into his eyes. He knew what had

burning in her room and the curtain had been lowered; but a few inches of the the boy recovered, and then he followed, lower pane remained uncovered It gave half-mechanically, two or three of the him a view of a woman bending over the neighbors who were going in. There in fire. A bowl of something hot stood the middle of the mean room stood a little steaming on the table by the child's bed- coffin-a plain pine box, with the lid off. side, and in a cracked cup were placed Inside lay a peaceful child's face, surround-Jack's flowers. The little girl lay with her large eyes intently fastened on them. She had plucked away a single geranium leaf and one rosebud, which were pinned in the front of her night-dress. Twice clasped in her wasted fingers. she coughed while Jack stood there, and there was a painful throbbing in her neck by the coffin, weaving back and forth and and her delicate temples. The woman left the fire and came and bent over the child; and, though Jack could not hear what she said, he felt easier in his mind. He saw that she was not a drinking woman, nor ugly and cross. She had an honest, freckled face, kindly in spite of her towsl- she not me own : but me sister's. And

His father had given him a dollar to buy stamps for his albun from a boy he knew, who had connections in Tasmania and other out-of-the-way parts of the globe. Jack's thought was to save enough money out of his regular allowance for the stamps, windy. I moved her bed close to the winand spend his dollar in fruit for the sick dy, to give her air. She had such a ketchchild. He knew the cough must make in' in her breath all summer past. And it her throat husky, and then a bunch of grapes or an orange would be very grateful. nice grapes and peaches. Heaven bless Jack would'nt have had the Beekman boys get hold of this for the world. If he had belike till toward the last, when the poor engaged in a game of fisticuffs with another darlin was took worse; and she seemed to boy, and had come out ahead, he might be among the howly saints and angels, have crowed as lustily as a young cock smellin' them flowers. And she held 'em that has damaged his adversary's plumage; in her hand till the last, and kep' a-holdbut his good deeds were carefully hidden ing 'em when she lay dying. And she under a bushel, for he had before his eyes the fear of being called namby-pamby.

of all the rosebuds and carnations in the them with her last breath, till the chokin' beautifuf buds growing close beside it. garden; and when May came out to gather came on; and when that passed she lay He broke them all off hastily and ruthlessly some for the parlor vases, she was surpris- quite as a lamb." in boy fashion, and then selected some ed to find the beds quite bare. On his pansies and some heliotrophe and migno- way down the street, Jack stopped at a nette, and surrounded the whole with a fruit-store, and bargained five minutes sheath of sweet-scented geranium leaves. with the old woman who kept it over a He finished without being caught by fine bunch of white grapes. He finally May, for which he was thankful. It was bought the rich, juicy cluster, and wrapped also lucky that none of those Beek- it in a bit of white paper. He approached man boys were at that moment playing the window very cautionsly, and, to his "tag" and "hop-scotch" in the street. sorrow, saw that, as the day was cool, the Jack tied his bouquet with two or three sash had been lowered and the air excluded blades of grass, and wrapped it in a bit of by an old straw hat, carelessly thrust in at paper that he picked up on the sidewalk. the hole; but the hole was large and the You have guessed already what Jack hat was loose, and, as he stood there, feelmeant to do. In ten minutes he was back | ing quite discomfited, it occured to him to

of an open window across the way; so he child, and to escape detection. But the tossed the bouquet as near the sleeping bunch of pansies, and was off in a hurry, chlid's face as he could withoutwaking her. covered with shame and confusion of face. She made a slight movement, but did not He hated to be caught in the act of doing a kindness, and felt almost as if he had

For several days he did not go near the His heart beat fast and his face was quite place. Many things were happening at flushed. It was several minutes before he home just at that time. His sister May could muster courage to again steal round was going to be married, and he himself You teach me to look on defeat with conthe corner; and then he cast only a hasty was to be sent away to school. There were glance at the broken window. But it was clothes to be fitted and many things to get sufficient to show him that the little in- ready; besides a great rain-storm had beatvalid was awake, and that she had taken en and bruised the flowers. One bright the flowers in her thin hand and was gaz- morning, early in September, Jack rose feeling rather conscience-stricken, for he Jack went away feeling older and more had just been dreaming of the little sick important than he had ever felt before in girl. The garden was glowing with salvias And shows everything in a soberer light. his life. This was the best secret he had and scarlet geraniums, and in the middle ever had. If the Beekman boys knew, of one large bed a cluster of the pure they would call him a spoony. But the white St. Joseph lily had opened, and the "You're a useless encumbrance—a cent's Beekman boys should never know. He blossoms were lifting up their faces to the decided not even to tell his sister May. sunshine like a choir of singing angles. If he ever revealed it to any one it would He rejected all the red flowers he had "Where ignorance is bliss, 'tis folly to be be to his mother, in one of their confiden- gathered, and for some reason chose only tial talks; but for the present he meant to a handful of these white ones, which he revel in the luxury of keeping it all to carried to his room and kept in water unhimself, while he watched over the little til after breakfast. Then with two fine sick girl like a guardian angel in trousers peaches in his pocket, he wended his way to the familiar street.

The rain of the previous night had washpoor, shabby quarter look almost cheerful.

happened, and he was so sorry, so penitent, When he got back there, a light was his very heart felt sore and bruised with ed with reddish golden hair Jack remembered so well. Jack saw with a great heart-throb that a bunch of withered flowers, the last he had brought her, were

> The woman he had seen at the fire sat holding an apology for a white handkerchief to her eyes. She was the only mourner and there was a scrap of black crape in her cap.

"She was all I had," Jack heard her croon to herself, "and me a widdy. And I promised me sister on her dying-bed how That night Jack had a bright thought. I'd do for her as if she was mine. Poor dear! Oh! I mind the day when I comed home airly from me work, and found her laughin' and her eyes shirin'. Some kind sowl -Heaven bless him !-had dropped a handful of flowers through the broken was a lad as brought the flowers and the him! And he brought them every day saved all the withered ones, and made me promise to lay them in her coffin; and The next morning Jack made a sacrifice there they be. She blessed him as brought

The poor woman broke down and sobbed violently, burying her face out of sight. Then Jack stole up to the little coffin, and reverently laid his branch of pure white lilies on the child's breast.

Engineers have now thoroughly investigated that part of the English channel which it is proposed to bridge. The water has been sounded near both shores and is found to be much shallower than was expected, so that there will be considerable saving in the estimated cost. The engineers having vindicated its commercial feasibilijust so far that he could deposit the fruit and strategic phases of the question.

To My Old Pipe.

[Our own poet, who is an inveterate smoker, has the following eulogy to his "old pipe."]

My darling old pipe, you're a dear friend When filled to the brim with the sweet,

soothing weed, You can ease all my sorrow, my grief and

And bring sweet relief to poor tired brain. When tired and worn by the toils of the

And tortured by crosses I've met on the You bring me tranquility, solace and Change turbulent thoughts to a sweet, bit--"

When oft I'm defeated in life's trying And feel sorely tempted to give up the

restful calm.

And gird up my loins for another at-

If in anger I'm tempted a rash act to do,

Your soothing influence at once sets me

Some may deprecate you and scornfully worth of clay "

Leave such their opinions-they know not the prize-

There are others who think that to smoke And rank the tobacco with whiskey

When ever tobacco was "father of crime."

There are always some people quite ready And feel self-sufficient their neighbors to But such "big feeling" folk seldom get much regard. And the sound of their voice is their only

reward. If we all should agree with this overwise And admire their wisdom as they themselves do,

They'd soon have us kneeling before their And worshipping them as if something ners. As the mother is so are her sons great shrine

But enough! To his pipe let the smoker While I have tobacco, tobacco I'll burn; remorse and pity. It was some time before Though I can't fill the pantry or credit's

I'll always endeavor to fill the old pipe.

Saturated with Nicotine.

In an iron cot in the overcrowded Gouverneur Hospital yesterday an eighteen-year-old lad lay dying of that simple yet hideous complaint, tobacco poisoning. The tiny cigarette was hastening him to the grave and the doctors had given him up. They did not expect him to live over

William B. Bird was his name. He looked like an opium fiend and his face, hollow and wrinkled, looked like a man of sixty rather than that of a youth in his teens. With suffused cheeks and open mouth he lay on his back, staring into vacancy-a dreadful spectacle, a sermon to parents who criminally permit their children to use the tiny doses of poison. The night before he had been violent in his delirium, but when I saw him he had grown too weak for violence. The most powerful stimulants were vainly used upon him and the probabilities were that he would die without ever regaining consciousness. Outside of his violent and dreadful end there was nothing remarkable or uncom-

mon about young Bird's case. He learned to smoke cigarettes before he was a dozen years of age, and the habit so grew upon him that he could scarcely live without a cigarette in his mouth. He was in the habit of consuming several packages a day, went to sleep with a lighted eigarette in his mouth and smoked half a dozen before getting up in the morning. -N. Y. Herald.

Spaniard to raise upon a base which would of itself lift it far above the highest building in Chicago-an iron globe of a thousand feet diameter, with the map of the world displayed on it in brilliant colors, the lines being illuminated at nights, and with a spiral railway first inside and then out, from south pole to north, some four miles long. The site of Chicago being flat is peculiarly well fitted for the display of such a building. This structure would outdo the pyramids in magnificence.

soup herbs.

Armed with Alarming Argument.

It was in the Far. Far West. The barkeeper had been crossed in some way during the afternoon, and was in ill-humor. Up stepped a thirsty citizen, and rapped He took the sled into the road, impatiently on the bar.

"What shall it be, jedge?" asked the mixer of drinks.

"Well," said the "jedge," "make it a gin cocktail with a bit of mint in it."

"That ain't what you want," answered the bar-keeper; "you want whiskey straight, you do."

"No, I don't," persisted the "jedge;" "I tell you I want a gin cocktail with a

"No, you don't jedge; no you don't. You're goin' to have whiskey straight; and mor'n that," he added, trying the keen edge of his bowie knife on his thumb nail, "you're goin' to drink it out of a tin dipper.

The "jedge" admitted the force of the argument, and changed his mind.

This recalls another story of an eastern Or speak bitter words that I'd afterwards man, accustomed to the luxuries to be had at Delmonico's, who dropped into a restaurant in a Nevada mining town for dinner. The head waiter, who was also junior proprietor of the establishment, accosted him with,

"Well, colonel, what'll you have?" "Beefsteak and mushrooms," answered

the "colonel," as "peart" as possible. "Guess not," said the waiter, who felt

that he was being "guyed." beefsteak, with mushrooms, right away." to discover your own weak points, just

"I don't want to make no trouble yer ing stairs. But point me an instance, or tell me a know, but I don't allow no man to quarrel with his vittles in this ranch." With that he took a six-shooter from his hip-pocket, cocked it, and holding it in a suggestive way, added, "Hash is what you're goin' to eat."

The "colonel" had hash.

A Mother's Influence.

It is hard for a young mother, who has not yet overcome the wayward tendencies of her own youthful nature, to realize the influence she exerts over her little ones. She is constantly surrounded by critical imitators who copy her morals and manwho is dainty and refined in her manners, and does not consider it necessary to be one woman in the drawing-room and an entirely different person in her every-day life, but who is a true mother, and always a tender charming woman, you will invariably see her habits of speech and perfect manners repeated in her children. Great, rough men, and noisy, busy boys, will always tone down their voices and step quietly, and try to be more mannerly when she stops to give them a kind word or a pleasant smile-for a true mother will never fail to say and do all the kind, pleasant things she can, that will in any way help to lift up and cheer those whose lives are shaded with care and toil. The mother of to-day rules the world of to-

An Ocean Paradise.

The island of Hogolen, in the Polynesia, is an immense coral atoll, 130 miles in circumference, having four entrance pass- bor said: "Why, that is a very old anages. On the reef and within it are 70 islands, four of which, near the middle, are high basaltic masses about 30 miles each in circumference, magnificently fertile, yielding spontaneously many valuable products, situated in the midst of a rock-bound lake 90 miles long by half that width. This unknown ocean paradise has been for ages an arena of combat between two hostile races, one coppercolored, inhabiting the two western of the great interior isles, the other upon the two eastern, a darker people with long, straight hair. The two tribes are supposed to number over 20,000.

A Baby With Horns

of Boon Bridge, Waught county Minn., ried and settled down in a home of your The designs offered for iron towers for has given birth to the most remarkable own." "But I don't know any girls to London and Chicago have either been ser- montrosity ever heard of in in that State. get married to," whined John. "Lock vile imitations of the Eiffel (itself no mir- The people who have visited the house about and get acquainted with some; that acle of beauty), or have varied for the call it the devil. The mother, when she is the way I did when I was young. How worse. To this rule there is one exception, saw it, went into hysterics and had to be do you suppose that I ever got married?" which for originality and majesty of design sent to the asylum at St. Peter a hopeless inquired the old gentleman. "Well." has no parallel. This is the design of a lunatic. The devil was born four weeks ago, and has developed so rapidly that it weighs 22 pounds. Its display of intelligence is simply wonderful, and exceeds that of children from 12 to 18 months old. Its body is covered thickly with auburn hair about two inches long. It has two horns, and a tail like that of a cat, and feet which are partly like those of a man and partly like those of a dog-

" Never put off till to-morrow what you can do to-day," said an advising mother to her little son. "Well, then, mamma, To make a superb soup, use the proper let us eat the raspberry pie that is in the cupboard," was the reply.

ALL SORTS

A boy took it into his head That he would exercise his sled.

And fast and furious he slode.

And, as he slid, he laughing cried: "What fun upon my sled to slide."

And as he laughed, before he knewed, He from that sliding sled was slude.

Upon the slab where he was laid They carved this line: 'This boy was slade.'

Always in haste-the letter h.

The road to matrimony is a bridal path. The span of life is from a nurse to an

Trousers obtained on credit are breeches

Verdict of a Texas jury in a horse-steal

ing case: mustang. When will the alphabet be shortened?

When U and I are one. There is something saddening about a

pair of scissors. Alas! they meet but to But few men can handle a hot lamp

chimney and say there is no place like home at the same time.

No man ought to complain if the world measures him as he measures others. To measure one with his own yardstick may be hard, but it is fair.

Don't despise a woman because she can't "Guess not? Why not? Bring me a drive nails or hang pictures. If you want "Look here, stranger," said the waiter, carry a 6x4 mattress down a narrow wind-Deaf and dumb people enjoy practising

> on the cornet. They get all the advantage of the blowing and the pleasures of a distorted face under full pressure, without being obliged to hear the music. An elderly resident of Newton was approached by an agent for a cyclopædia.

"I guess I won't get one," said the elderly resident; and frankly added: "I know I never could learn to ride one of the An old lady, visiting the Antiquarian Museum in Edinburgh, the other day, on

inspecting the old weapons very earnestly, and failing to find what she was apparent and daughters. If a family of children ly looking for, asked a visitor if he could are blessed with an intelligent mother, tell her whereabouts they kept the Axe of the Apostles."

No spectacle can be more sad or heartsickening than that of a man or woman who is the slave of passion or appetite. who avoids every form of self-denial, who is devoted to pleasure and abhors duty. Whatever be the condition of such a person, whether he be rich or poor, learned or ignorant, coarse or refined, he is but a pitiable specimen of dwarfed humanity.

The S. P. C. A. apparently has no call to go to Georgia. A colored engineer on a train in that State saw a cow on the track the other day; whereupon he stopped the train, got out with a shovel in his hand, and striking the beast on the back, yelled, "Git off dar, d'ye heah? Git off, or I'll squirt steam all over yer!"

An old Scotch lady who had no relish for modern church music, was expressing her dislike for the singing of an anth m in her own church, one day, when a neighthem. David sang that anthem to Sau. To this the old lady replied : "Wes, weel, I noo for the first time understan why Saul threw his javelin at Dav., when the lad sang before him."

The judge decided that certain evidence was inadmissible. The attorney took exception to the ruling. "I know, you. honor," said he, warmly, "that it is projer evidence. Here I have been practising a the bar for forty years, and now I want know if I am a fool?" "That," quieta replied the court, "is a question of facand not of law, and so I won't pass up on it, but will let the jury decide."

"Now, John, said a father to his gawky Mrs. Sarah A. Morris, a respectable lady son, "it is about time that you got marsaid John, pitifully, "you married mother and I've got to marry a strange girl."

> An old darkey, who was asked if in his experience prayer had ever been answered, replied: "Well, sah, some pras is an sud and some isn't. Pends on what you axes fo. Just arter de wah, wen it was mighty hard scratchin fo de cullud breddern, 1 'bsarved dat wenebber I pway de Lord to sen one o Marse Peyton's fat turkeys fo de ole man, dere was no notice took of de partition; wen I pway dat he would son de ole man fo de turkey, de matter was tended to befo sun up nex mornin, de .d sartin!"