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Gold and Silver.
Along her father's field they strayed,
All flecked with cowslips yellow,
A little dainty gold-haired maid,
A sturdy nine year fellow.
And there love's course they two began,
(Ah, thorny path for treading!)
And vowed when they were maid and man,
The town should see a wedding.
Their curls were blown and blent,
Through wafts of fragrance treading;
"And oh," they murmured well content,
"It will be a golden wedding!"

"'Tis time said he to claim her vow,"
And forth he went and found her;
But she has grown a beauty now,
And half the town were round her.
"I see," said he, "you don't want me,"
Thought tears were ripe for shedding,
"I'm glad your eyes are good," said she,
"Ah, where's that golden wedding?"
He dashed away and left her there,
Such heart-sore tear-drops shedding,
And gossips cried, in blank despair,
"He's spoiled the rarest wedding."

He sailed the seas, he beat the French,
Two-score good years he tarried,
And then he thought that little wench—
I wonder if she's married?"

Next week a bluff old tar rolled past,
The gabled main street treading;
And ancient gossips crowed "At last
We're like to have the wedding!"
She waited for him forty years,
The grey their locks were threading;
And some with smiles and some with tears,
Beheld their golden wedding.

WOES OF WORKING WOMEN
Rev. E. I. Banks Tells Their Pitiful Story.

When the hired advocates of one of the parties, previous to the last presidential election, went to the poorest of England and selected some of the poorest people of the poorest trade in that country, as examples of the fiscal policy of Great Britain, the Citizen proclaimed it hypocrisy, and fraud. It was unfair—he should have taken an average workman of an average business, and then no fault could have been found.

And even so would we declare it to be a fraud were a politician from England to visit some parts of Boston, and picking out examples from the all-too-numerous instance of wretchedly-paid labor, go back to our country and show what a terrible effect the system of protection has on the working classes.

In both cases it would be gross injustice.

A few weeks ago The Citizen gave some instances of the most wretched poverty discovered by the editor of the Arena of this city,—men and women working for some of our largest houses for starvation wages.

Last Sunday Rev. E. I. Banks, of St. John's M. E. Church, South Boston, related a number of cases which came under his own observation—right in our own prosperous city of Boston. The gentleman deserves the warmest commendation for this practical work, for he goes not as a politician, but as a man having the interests of the poor at heart.

Mr. Banks said:—

"It is my purpose at this time to take you with me on a tour of observation tell as plainly and simply as I can, the story of what I have seen and heard and smelled in the white slave-quarters, which are a disgrace to our fair city.

"I shall confine myself at this time entirely to the work of women and children in their own homes. Most of this work is parcelled out to them by middle men who are known as 'sweaters.'

"The sweater takes large contracts, and divides them out among the very poor, reducing the price to starvation limits, and reserving the profits for himself.

"Let us begin near at home with a South Boston case. It is a widow with one child, a little boy scarcely three years old, just recovering from a troublesome sickness.

"The woman has been sewing for a good while for one of the largest and most respectable dry-goods houses on Washington street, a firm whose name is a household word throughout New England. For some time she has been making white aprons, which are hemmed across the bottom and on both sides. The band, or 'apron string,' is hemmed on both sides, and then sewed on to the apron such as I have described, she receives net, \$1.35.

"If she works from seven o'clock in the morning until eleven o'clock at night she is unable to average more than three dozen, for which, after the expressage is taken out, she receives forty cents a day for the support of herself and child.

"Her rent for one little room is one dollar per week. It is idle to say that this firm is compelled to do this by competition, for the material and making of these aprons cost less than ten cents, and the firm retails them ordinarily at twenty-five cents apiece.

"Now come with me a little farther around the harbor to a little attic suite of two rooms, so low that with my length of anatomy I have to keep well to the

middle of the room in order to stand upright.

"Here lives a Portuguese mother and five children, the eldest thirteen, the youngest not yet three, a poor, deformed little thing, that has consumption of the bowels, brought on by poor and irregular food.

"I ask the mother how she earns her living, and she points to a package that has just come in. Picking it up and untying the strings, I find there six pairs of pants cut out and basted ready for making.

Looking at the card we are astonished to find that it bears the name of one of the largest firms in the city of Boston, known especially through its boasting advertisements that all its clothing is made in well-ventilated rooms by well paid labor.

This woman and her little children must finish these pants at the same hour to-morrow, when the messenger from the store will bring a new lot and take these away. She receives ten cents a pair—three pairs being custom made pants!

"In order to finish the six pairs in the twenty-four hours, she must get to work at six o'clock in the morning and improve every available moment until eleven or twelve in the evening.

"Her wages for this tremendous strain that is wearing her very life away is sixty cents! Her rent for these two little attic pockets is \$1.50 per week. She has only one bed for herself and her five children.

"Let me give you the record of the six families found in the same tenement.

Family No. 1 are Italians. The wife and mother is finishing cheap overcoats at four cents a piece. She has two finer coats lined with handsome satin. Of these she can only complete five a day, and receives eight cents a piece. They are three in family and they pay \$1.50 per week for their one room. I asked about her husband and a neighbor woman remarked contemptuously, 'he is no good.'

No. 2 These are Poles. The woman makes knee pants grammar school boy size, and receives sixteen cents a dozen pairs. Two dozen is as many as she can do in a day.

"No. 3. They are Italians here, and are at work at knee pants. This woman receives sixteen cents a dozen pairs for most of them, but for some extra nice ones she gets eighteen cents a dozen. She has two dozen brought to her from the sweater's shop every day about two o'clock. She works from two o'clock in the afternoon until ten at night, and from six in the morning till noon the next day to complete her allowance, for which she receives from thirty-two to thirty-six cents. The rent is \$1.75 per week. She has two children.

No. 4. This woman makes men's pants at twelve cents a pair. Formerly when she was stronger, she could drive herself through six pairs a day, but now with a little babe to look after, she can only get four pairs done. The room is intolerably dirty, but how can you have the heart to blame her.

"No. 5. Polish Jews. The woman makes knee pants, working from seven in the morning till ten at night, and nets from twenty-seven to forty-four cents a day.

No. 6 are Italians. This woman is an expert seamstress. She is finishing men's coats at six cents a piece, and with nothing to bother her, working sixteen hours a day she makes fifty-four cents. The rent for this narrow little back room is \$1.35 per week.

Crowded quarters, poisonous air and filthy clothing, makes sickness a common guest in such places.

There has been quite a controversy recently as to where the new United States postal uniforms for the Boston carriers were made. I settled this question to my own satisfaction during the past week, when in company with Dr. Luther T. Townsend, of the Boston University, and two other gentlemen, one of them being an Italian interpreter, I climbed the rickety stairs of an old North End tenement house, and found the pants of these same uniforms being made by an Italian woman at nine and a half cents a pair! They received them from a Jewish sweater.

One of these women says that by beginning at 4 o'clock in the morning and frequently working until twelve o'clock at night, she can make six pairs of these pants a day. She has five children, the rent is \$2.00 per week.

I have my notebooks full of many other cases of the same general character as those already related, but the same wicked scale of prices runs through the making of other clothing.

Some of the men for whom the above clothing is made in these terrible places, are very prominent politicians, and usually head the list when a subscription is made for the purpose of relieving the distress in Ireland caused by heartless landlords.

A Tyrant's Doom.

In Queen Ann's reign a soldier belonging to a marching regiment that was quartered in the city of W—, was taken up for desertion, and, being tried by a court-martial, was sentenced to be shot. The colonel and lieutenant-colonel being both in London, the command of the regiment had devolved of course on the major, who was accounted a cruel and obdurate man. The day of execution being come, the regiment, as usual upon those occasions, was drawn up to witness it; but when everyone present, who knew the custom at these executions, expected to see the corporals cast lots for the ungracious office, they were surprised to find it fixed by the major on the prisoner's own brother, who was a soldier in the same regiment, and was at the moment taking his last leave of the unfortunate culprit.

On this inhuman order being announced to the brothers they both fell down upon their knees; the one supplicated in the most affecting terms that he might be spared the horror of shedding a brother's blood, and the other brother that he might receive his doom from any other hand than his. But all their tears and supplications were in vain; the major was not to be moved. He swore that the brother, and the brother only, should be the man, that the example might be the stronger, and the execution the more horrible.

Several of the officers attempted to remonstrate with him, but to no purpose. The brother prepared to obey.

The prisoner, having gone through the usual service with the minister, kneeled down at the place appointed to receive the fatal shot. The major stood by, saw the afflicted brother load his instrument of death, and this being done, ordered him to observe the third signal with his cane, and at the instant to do his office, and dispatch the prisoner. But behold the justice of Providence! When the major was dealing his fatal signals for the prisoner's death, at the motion of his cane, the soldier, inspired by some superior power, suddenly turned about his piece, and shot the tyrant in a moment through the heart. Then, throwing down his piece, he exclaimed:—

"He that can show no mercy, no mercy let him receive. Now I submit. I had rather die this hour, for this death, than live a hundred years, and give my brother his."

At this unexpected event nobody seemed to be sorry; and some of the chief citizens, who came to see the execution, and were witnesses of all that passed, prevailed with the next commanding officer to carry both the brothers back to prison, and not to execute the first prisoner until further orders, promising to indemnify him for the consequences as far as their whole interest could possibly go with the Queen.

This request being complied with, the City Corporation, that very night, drew up a most pathetic and moving address to their sovereign, humbly setting forth the cruelty of the deceased, and praying her majesty's clemency towards the prisoners. The queen upon the perusal of this petition, which was presented to her majesty by one of the City representatives, was pleased to promise that she would inquire a little further into the matter. On doing so, she found the truth of the petition confirmed in all its particulars, and was graciously pleased to pardon both the offending brothers, and discharge them from her service, "For which good mercy in the queen," says a chronicle of that period, "she received a very grateful and most dutiful address of thanks from the loyal city."

The "Baby" Costume.

The "Baby" costume is one of the most charming little dresses I have ever seen for a girl's simple evening attire. It may be worn at home or at a small party, and even in a ball room would not be too plain, for its simplicity is its greatest elegance. It is one of many lovely creations of a French house in New Bond street and deserves a very careful description. The skirt and bodice are made of plain white crepe de chine. Round the hem of the skirt is a frill of gauze ribbon of bright green with stripes of satin in it of the same color. The bodice is plainly gathered to the neck in baby fashion, which gives the name to the dress. Then the green gauze ribbon which is exceedingly wide, is brought from the side seams folded, and crossed in front and tied behind with a large bow with long ends. The same gauze ribbon taken in its whole width is gathered on for the sleeves, which are beautifully light looking. Thus one has an exceedingly elegant, simple-looking dress, which can be made of very costly or very inexpensive materials, and yet which can never look ordinary—for ordinary people would fail to see or feel the cachet that lies in so plain a costume, and would want something much smarter or

gaudy. I think we owe a debt of gratitude to those people who, being exceedingly tasteful themselves help us by creating really lovely things to educate their own taste, and I also think we owe it to our home people, friends, and the public generally to make the best of ourselves, to hide our defects, and to enhance our advantages. Does this strike you as vanity? It never does me, but as much a social duty as to behave one's self at dinner-table, or elsewhere. Some people by neglecting the most common little attentions to their toilette, make themselves into positive eyesores, and by their manner seem to think they have achieved some great moral victory. On the contrary, I think it is the worst possible compliment they can pay to Providence, the Creator of everything lovely, and fail to see virtue in studied ugliness.—Dominion Illustrated

Minard's Liniment Cures Burns, etc.

The Song of a Star.

Over the lanes of the country,
And over the streets of the town,
The night, with its pain or its pleasure,
To hovel and palace came down
And a star in its ebony tresses
Through a window resplendently shone,
In the dark little room of an attic,
Where a poet sat watching alone.

The candle was low in the socket,
The hearthstone was fireless and grey,
And a packet of poems rejected
On the floor at the feet of him lay.
He thought of his dream of ambition
That was dust with the dead evermore,
And he heard in the cold and the silence
The growl of the wolf at the door.

The window was grimy and broken,
But the beam of the star through it stole
And went with its radiant glory
To the depths of his sorrowful soul.
And so with a bit of a pencil,
As the candle went out at his side,
He wrote on his last scrap of paper,
A song of the star ere he died.

His grave in the city of slumber
Has a laurel hung over the stone,
For the words that he wrote in an attic
In castle and cottage are known.
But from where he is, happy in heaven,
With God and the angels afar,
Does he smile or frown, when we praise it,
His beautiful song of a star?

"Is a Husband Worth Having?"

Our spirited contemporary, Woman, has been asking its readers, as a "prize" conundrum, "Is a husband worth having?" since the question has arisen it is satisfactory to note that the three winning correspondents all answer in the affirmative. Being married, also, they speak with connoissance de cause. In fact, the great majority of answers quoted more or less confidently pronounce that—taking one thing with another, subject to exceptions, remembering also how society is organized it is on the whole rather better to have a husband than not.

To tell the truth the issue is not encouraging. As the first prize winner says, "This momentous question would have been laughed to scorn fifty years ago." We might put it more strongly all round. Fifty years ago it would hardly have been safe for a respectable journal to propound the query unless in joke. Twenty years since no one would have replied seriously. At the point we have reached nobody is much surprised; the answers are many and grave, and their purport is by no means decided.

Remembering that women are by nature conservative; very slow to adopt new ideas in others, this hesitating tone seems significant. It's rather alarming to speculate how the question will be treated ten years hence. Ladies who reply fail to grasp the abstract view, as might be expected. They all declare that a good husband is worth having, and a bad one decidedly not. These, however, were not worth a question—they speak for themselves. Probably women will be more logical in the years to come; but goodness only knows to what conclusion more accurate reasoning will bring them.

The W. C. T. U. meets the first Wednesday in every month, at 3 p., at the residence of Miss Mudge.

To Cure Warts.

It is now fairly established that the common wart, which is so unsightly and often proliferous on the hands and face, can easily be removed by small doses of sulphate of magnesia taken internally. M. Colrat of Lyons has drawn attention to this extraordinary fact. Several children treated with three-grain doses of Epsom salts morning and evening were promptly cured. M. Aubers cites the case of a woman whose face was disfigured by these excrescences, and who was cured in a month by a drachm and a half of magnesia taken daily. Another medical man reports a case of very large warts which disappeared in a fortnight from the daily administration of ten grains of salts.

The Complexion.

"Is it true," asked a reporter of a well-known physician, "that girls are now drinking goats' milk to improve their complexions?" "Undoubtedly," said the physician, promptly, "and it is also true that they are indulging in lettuce juice, asses'-milk, cream, glycerine, camphor, poultices, arsenic, patent nostrums of every variety, and chemical masks." "You don't say?" "Yes I do. They try everything on earth except the fundamental requisite. I have had an extensive experience in treating cases of skin trouble with women, and am still surprised at the ease with which they are befuddled by all sorts of quack medicines and devices. Last spring I had a girl under treatment whose stomach was almost ruined. She had been taking an infernal compound which was expected to make her arms plump. She was not an idiot, either." "But do you think that goats' milk improves the complexion?" "My dear sir, don't you understand that none of these things improve the complexion directly? It may be possible to improve the general health so much by the use of goats' milk that the complexion is benefited, but that will only follow where goats' milk is suited to the system. Very many people don't drink milk at all. Rubbing the milk on the face is the wildest sort of folly. I will tell you how every woman may get a good colour—by systematic exercise, regular meals, and seven hours' sleep every night. Sounds kind of ancient doesn't it?" "A little jaded." "Well, it's the only receipt known to us, and it will never fail. Let any woman try for herself and see."

Beware of Pickpockets.

Strangers who visit London for the first time are surprised to see notices prominently displayed in the omnibuses, railway stations, &c., "Beware of Pickpockets." One would naturally imagine that these warnings to the unwary would have a salutary effect on the depredations of the light-fingered gentry, but, strange to say, the result is exactly the reverse. This fact was recently explained to the writer by a member of the profession, who was rendered unusually communicative by refreshments of a liquid character.

"Yer see, gov'nor," he began in a hoarse voice, "them there notices is as good as a hinvisible hindex to us, tellin' where a bloke carries the rhino. As soon as the country cove with a few quid about 'im catches sight o' them words, 'Beware o' Pickpockets,' he claps 'is 'and on the pocket where his brass is stowed away, and saves us a 'eap o' trouble in huntin' all through the cloaes for them."

The Duke and the Poachers.

The Duke of Wellington is said to have been an excellent landlord, paying great attention to the welfare of his tenants on his Strathfieldsaye estate. Once some poachers went after the game in his preserves. They were surprised by a keeper who was killed during the fight that ensued. The men were all caught and punished according to law. When the Duke heard of the affair he ordered his preserves to be thrown open, saying that he would not have his men murdered and other folk transported for the sake of a "parcel of birds and some paltry game."

Discouragements of Inventors.

Paul and Wyatt taught the world how to spin one hundred or more threads at one operation; but years elapsed after these early inventions before they came into general use. Paul worked his own machine for many years; but when he died they were broken up and sold, and the world continued to spin on the foot-wheel. The tardy realization of the value of these inventions was due primarily to the opposition of the hand operatives to the introduction of anything in the nature of improved machinery. The guilds were strong and determined in their refusal to operate or tolerate new devices for dispensing with hand labor. Poor John Kay, after inventing his fly-shuttle, was compelled to close his mill at Leeds by the riotous hostility of the hand weavers. Learning that he was also engaged in devising machinery for spinning, a mob broke into his house and destroyed everything it contained, and would have killed the inventor himself had not friends smuggled him away in a wool-sheet. We need not be surprised at the blind brutality of these ignorant workingmen. They looked upon the inventor as an enemy planning to take the bread from their mouths. But what shall we say of the manufacturer who stole the patents of Kay, without recognition of the service his genius had done them? And what shall we say of the government who permitted this man, in old age, without recompense for inventions that added untold millions to the wealth of his country, to seek refuge from persecution in France, there to die in abject penury.—Popular Science Monthly

ALL SORTS.

Admiral Duncan addressed his officers, who came on board his ship for instructions previous to the engagement with Admiral de Winter, in the following words, "Gentlemen, you see a severe Winter approaching. I have only to advise you to keep up a good fire."

In Europe the fame of America as a lecture field is great and widespread. A writer in the Detroit Free Press says: "I have before me a letter from a Parisian friend, a gentleman of some literary note in his own country, who informs me that he is learning English by the aid of a small text-book and a dictionary, without any other instructor, and he adds, 'In small time I can learn so many English as I think I will to come to the America and to go on the scaffold to lecture.'"

A lady in Paris was out of all patience and spirits at hearing nothing but French day after day. One morning she heard a cock crowing, and exclaimed, "Thank God, there's somebody who speaks English."

Couldn't Promise.—"You will let me go to your wedding, will you not?" said one girl to another companion. "Upon my word I couldn't promise. My folks are in such a rage about my wedding, that I am not sure they will let me go to it myself."

A couple of our countrymen, who had not been long in America went into an inn and called for dinner. It happened that there was placed on the table a dish of horse-radish, grated. Pat, thinking it was something to be eaten with a spoon, put a large spoonful in his mouth. The tears immediately filled his eyes and rolled down his cheeks, his companion, seeing this, asked—"Pat what's the matter?" "Ah! me boy," answered Pat, "I wuz thinkin' av me poor ould grandfather that was hanged in ould Ireland." But Mick soon filled his mouth with the sauce, and as the tears gushed from his eyes also, Pat says—"An' what's the matter wid you Mick?" "Ach, begorra! I wuz just thinkin' 'twas a pity it wuz that you waznt' hanged along wid yer grandfather." Dublin Paper.

The Jews.

The Jewish population of the globe, as compiled from the tables of Professor Jurascheck for 1890, drawn wherever possible from official data and corrected by Dr. G. Dalman, probably the best authority on this subject, is distributed as follows:—Total for Europe, 6,301,550; total for Asia, 294,000; total for Africa, 507,500; total for America, 285,200; total for Australia and New Zealand, 16,000. This makes a grand total of 7,404,250 Jews on the globe, which figures are doubtless the most complete and accurate ever collected.

The division of the Jews into Spanish, German and North African has in a large measure lost its significance, having given way to other lines of demarcation based upon religious standpoints and teachings. At present the Jews are divided into the conservatives and advanced.

The movements and transformations of Jewish religions in recent decades have been the product and outcome of their political, social and commercial emancipation, which began with the French Revolution and has been practically established everywhere except in Russia and which, by bringing Jewish life, ideas and ideals in contact with Western civilization and culture, have affected materially the traditional thought of Judaism. This contest showed that if the Jews were to take their standing in the modern world on an equal footing with their Christian neighbors a departure from Talmudic traditionalism, while yielding nothing of Mosaic inspiration, would be absolutely indispensable, while way beyond these are many who have given us faith in the supernatural altogether. They are frequently characterized by a radicalism and socialism that makes them distinctive of the highest and the very fundamentals of modern society, the State and religion. They are strongly represented in the advanced and dangerous movements of the day. Having given up the landmarks of the fathers they have failed to secure new anchors. All, however—the Talmudists, the Mosaisms, the Rationalists—see that in the adoption of the peculiar phase of Judaism they represent the theological and ethical salvation of the world.

MRS. ROBINSON, Hopewell Corner, writes: Dear Sir, I have used your British Liniment for one year, and must say it surpasses all the Liniments I have ever used for Sore Throat, Lame Back, Pains in the Side, and all complaints for which a Liniment is needed. I had a pain in my side so bad that I had to give up work. I gave my side a good bathing with your Liniment and it gave me immediate relief so that in twenty minutes I was able to go about my work.