

Board Works Office

# THE REVIEW

VOL. 6.

RICHIBUCTO, NEW BRUNSWICK, THURSDAY APRIL 18 1895.

NO 34

## THE GREAT NORTH SHORE ROUTE!

The Best, Surest, Safest, Quickest Route by which to reach purchasers in the North Shore Counties of New Brunswick, is via

## THE REVIEW

The regular news express to the homes of all the people, and most direct line to the pocketbooks of buyers everywhere.

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### Canadian Streams.

O rivers rolling to the sea From lands that bear the maple tree, How swell your voices with the strain Of loyalty and liberty!

A Holy music, heard in vain By coward heart and sordid brain, To whom this strenuous being seems Nought but a greedy race for gain.

O unsung streams,—not splendid themes Ye lack to fire your patriot dreams! Annals of glory gild your waves Hope freights your tides, Canadian streams.

St. Lawrence, whose wide water laves The shores that ne'er have nourished slaves Swift Richelieu of lilted fame! Niagara of glorious graves!

Thy rapids, Ottawa, proclaim Where Daulac and his heroes came! Thy tides, St. John, declare La Tour, And, later, many a loyal name!

Thou inland stream, whose valms, secure From storm, Tecumseh's death made poor!

And thou small water, red with war, Twixt Bearabassia and Beausjour!

Dread Saguenay, whose eagles soar, What voice shall from the bastioned shore

The tale of Roberval reveal Or his mysterious fate deplore!

Annapolis, do thy floods yet feel Faint memories of Champlain's keel, Thy pulses yet the deeds repeat Of Poutincourt and d'Iberville!

And thou far tide, whose plain yet beat With march of myriad westerling feet, Saskatchewan, whose virgin sod So late Canadian blood made sweet!

Your bulwark hills, your valleys broad Streams where de Salaberry trod Where Wolfe achieved, where Brock was slain—

Their voices are the voice of God!

O sacred waters, not in vain, Across Canadian height and plain, Ye sound us in triumphant tone The summons of your high refrain:—

Sons of the North, to manhood grown, Be loyal, though ye stand alone; Be true and strong that men may know Canadian arms will guard their their own!

CHARLES G. D. ROBERTS. In The True Witness.

## THE ROSE OF PARADISE.

### CHAPTER II.—Continued.

In the *Cassandra's* boat was a stranger who sat beside Captain Leach, talking very gayly, and who I knew could be none other than Mr. Longways, the Company's agent.

So soon as the *Cassandra's* boat had come alongside he skipped up the side like a monkey, and gave me a very civil bow immediately his feet touched the deck, which I returned with all the gravity I was able to command.

Mr. Longways was a lean, slim little man, and was dressed with great care, and in the very latest fashion that he could get in: from which, and his polite, affected manners and grimaces, I perceived that he rarely had the opportunity of coming upon board of a craft where there were ladies as passengers.

After Mr. Longways came Captain Leach, and after him the three great, tall, native chiefs, half naked, and with hair dressed after a most strange, curious fashion. At first they would have prostrated themselves at my feet, but I prevented them; whereupon they took my hand and set it upon their heads, which was anything but pleasant, their hair being thick with gums and greases.

I presently led the way to my cabin, the chiefs following close at my heels, and Mr. Longways walking beside me, grimacing like a little old monkey in a vastly affected manner. Nor could I forbear

smiling to see how he directed his observations towards the ladies, and more especially Mistress Pamela, who stood at the rail of the deck above.

Mr. Longways carried in his hand a strong iron despatch-box, about the bigness of those used by the runners at the Bank, and so soon as we had come into my cabin he clapped it down upon the table with a great noise.

"There!" says he, fetching a deep sigh; "I, for one, am glad to be quit of it." "Why," says I, "Mr. Longways is there then so much in the little compass of that box?"

"Indeed, yes," says he; "enough to make you and me rich men for our lives." "I wonder, then," says I, laughing, "that you should bring it so easily to me, when you might have made off with it yourself, and no one the wiser."

"No, no," says he, quite seriously, without taking my jest, and jerking his head towards the black chiefs, who had squatted down upon their hams nigh to the table—"No, no. Our friends yonder have had their eyes on me sharply enough, though they do not understand one single word that we are saying to one another."

While we had been conversing I had fetched out a decanter of port and five glasses, and had poured out wine for all hands, which the black men drank with as great pleasure as Mr. Longways and myself.

After Mr. Longways had finished, he smacked his lips and set down his glass with a great air. "And now," says he, with a comical grimace of vanity and self-importance, "let us to business without loss of more time. First of all, I have to ask you, sir, do you know what all this treasure is for?"

I told him yes; that Mr. Evans had informed me that it was as payment for certain aid which the East India Company had rendered to the king of that country.

"And how," says he, very slowly, and cocking his head upon one side—"and how do you think our King Coffee is to make such payment? By bills upon the Bank of Africa? No, no. The treasure is all in this box, every farthing of it; and I, sir, have been chosen by the honorable East India Company to have sole and entire charge of it for more than two weeks past." Here he looked at me very hard, as though he thought I would have made some remark upon what he had told me; but as I said nothing he presently resumed his discourse, after his own fashion. "I see," says he, "that you do not appreciate the magnitude of the trust that hath been imposed upon me. I shall show you, sir."

And without more ado he fetched up a bunch of keys out of his pocket. He looked at them one after another until he found one somewhat smaller than the rest, and with very curiously wrought guards. "Look at this," says he, "there are only three in the world like it. I hold one, King Coffee the other, and the Governor of Bombay the third." So saying, he thrust the key into the lock of the despatch-box.

"Stop a bit, sir," said I, very seriously, and laying my hand on his arm. "Have you very well considered what you are doing? Mr. Evans, the Company's agent said nothing to me concerning the nature of the trust that was to be imposed upon me further than it was of very great value; and without you have received instructions to tell me further concerning this business, I much misdoubt that the Company intended me to be further informed as to its nature."

"Why, look'ee, Captain Mackra," says he, testily, "Tom Evans is one man and I am another, and I tell you further that I am as important an agent as he, even though he does live in London and I in this outrageous heathen country. Even if I had not intended showing you this treasure before, I would show it to you now, for I do not choose that anybody should think that Tom Evans is a man of more importance than I." So saying, and without more ado, he gave a quick turn to the key, and flung back the lid of the box.

I happened just then to glance at the three chiefs, and saw that they were watching us as a cat watches at a mouse-hole; but so soon as they saw me observing them they turned their eyes away so quickly that I hardly felt sure that I had seen them.

Inside of the box was a great lot of dried palm-leaf fibre wrapped around a ball of cotton, which Mr. Longways lifted very carefully and gently. Opening this, he came upon a little roll of dressed skin like the chamois-leather such as the jewellers and watch-makers use, and which was tied all about very carefully with a stout cord of palm fibre. Mr. Longways began laboriously to untie the knot in this cord, and, though I cannot tell why, there was something about the whole business that set my heart to beating very thickly and heavily within my breast.

Mr. Longways looked up under his brows at me with a very curious leer. "Did you ever hear," says he, "of The Rose of Paradise?"

I shook my head. "Then I'll show her to you," said he; and he began unwinding the cord from about the roll of soft leather, the folds of which he presently opened. Then, as I looked down into his hand and saw what lay within the dressed skin, I was so struck with amazement that I could not find either breath or tongue to utter one single word.

### CHAPTER III.

It was a ruby, the most beautiful I had ever seen, and about the bigness of a pigeon's egg.

At the sight of this prodigious jewel I was so disturbed in my spirits that I trembled as though with an ague, while the sweat started out of my forehead in great drops. "For the love of the Lord, put it up, man!" I cried, so soon as I could find breath and wits.

There was something in my voice that must have frightened Mr. Longways, for he looked mightily disturbed and taken aback; but he presently tried to pass it off for a jest. "Come, come," says he, as he wrapped up the stone in the soft leather again—"come, come; it's all between friend and friend, and no harm done."

But to this I answered not a word, but began walking up and down the cabin, so affected by what I had seen that I could neither recover my spirits nor regain my composure. The more I thought over the business the less I liked it; for if anything should now happen to the stone, and it should be lost, every suspicion would fall upon me, since I was possessed of the knowledge of the value of that which was given into my charge. I could not but marvel at the foolish and magpie vanity of Mr. Longways that should thus lead him to betray to an unknown stranger what even I, though so ignorant of the value of such gems, could easily perceive was a vast incalculable treasure such as would make any one man rich for a whole lifetime; and even to this very day it is a matter of admiration to me why the East India Company should have put such a man in a place of important trust, the only reason that I can assign being that no better man could be found to take the agency in that place.

"Look'ee," said I, turning to him suddenly, "have you told of this jewel, this Rose of Paradise, to any one else?" "Why—," says he, and then he stopped, and began gnawing his nether lip in a peevish fashion. "Come, come," says I, "speak out plain Master Longways, for this is no time for dilly-dalling."

"Well," says he, blurring out his words, "I did say something of it to Captain Leach, who, I would have you know, is a gentleman, and a man of honor into the bargain."

"And tell me," said I, paying no attention to his braggadocio air, "did you show the stone to him also?" He looked up and down, as though not knowing what to say.

"Come, come, sir," said I, sternly, after waiting for a moment or two and he not answering me—"come, come, sir, I should like to have an answer, if you please. You will recollect that this trust now concerns not only you, but also myself, and if anything happens to the jewel I will be called upon to answer for it as well as yourself; so, as I said, you will answer my question."

"Why," says he, "Master Captain, and what if I did? Do you mean to impeach the honor of Captain Leach? I did show it to him one day when we stopped along the beach for water, if you must be told; but I can promise you that not another soul but yourself has seen it since I gave King Coffee my written receipt for it."

I made no more comment, but began again to walk up and down the cabin, vastly disturbed in my mind by all that I heard. Nothing could be gained by blaming the poor fool, who all this time sat watching me with a mightily troubled and disquieted face. "Sir," said I, at last, turning to him—"sir, I do not believe that you know what a serious piece of folly you have committed in this business. By rights I should have nothing more to do with the matter, but should leave you to settle it with the Company as you choose; but my instructions were to deliver the stone at Bombay, and I will undertake to do my part to the best of my power. I have nothing of blame to say to you, but I must tell you plain that I cannot have you longer about my ship; I do not wish to order you to leave, but I will be vastly obliged to you if you can return to the king's town without longer stay."

At this address Mr. Longways grew very red in the face. "Sir! sir!" he cried "do you dare to order me, an agent of the East India Company, to leave one of that Company's own ships?"

"That," said I, "you must sit to suit your own taste."

"Very well!" cried he; "give me a receipt for the stone and I'll go, though I tell you plain that the Company shall hear of the fashion in which you have been pleased to treat me."

I made no further answer to his words, but sat down and wrote out the receipt, specifying, however, the manner in which The Rose of Paradise had been shown both to Captain Leach and to myself.

For a while Mr. Longways hotly refused to accept it in the form in which it was writ, but finding that he could get no better, and that he would either have to accept of it or retain the stone in his own keeping until some further opportunity offered for consigning it to Bombay, he was finally fain to take what he could get, whereupon he folded up the paper and thrust it into his pocket, and then left the cabin with a vast show of dignity, and without so much as looking at me or saying a word to me.

He and the chiefs got into the great canoe, and rowed away whence they had come, and I saw no more of him until about a week afterwards, of which I shall have more to say further on in my narration.

### CHAPTER IV.

I did not go upon deck immediately after Mr. Longways had left the cabin, but sat there concerned with a great multitude of thoughts, and gazing absently at the box that held the treasure, and at the empty glasses with the dregs of the wine in the bottom.

Just in front of me was a small looking-glass fastened against the port side of the cabin in such position that by merely raising my eyes I could see the cabin door from where I sat.

In the upper part of the door was a little window of two panes of glass, which opened out under the overhang of the poop-deck.

Though I do not know what it was, something led me to gaze up from where I sat, and in the glass I saw Captain Leach looking in at that window with a mightily strange expression on his face. He was not looking at me, but at the iron despatch-box upon the table, and I sat gazing at him for about the space of eight or ten seconds, in which time he moved neither his glance nor his person. Suddenly he lifted his eyes and looked directly into the glass, and his gaze met mine. I had thought that he would have been struck with confusion, and for a moment it did seem as though his look faltered, but he instantly recovered himself, and tapped lightly upon the door, and I bade him come in without moving where I sat.

He did as he was told, and sat down upon the chair which Mr. Longways had occupied only a few moments before. I confess that I was both frightened and angry at finding him thus as it were, spying upon me, so that it was a moment or two before I trusted myself to speak.

"Sir," said I at last, "sure this voyage hath been long enough for you to know that the courtesies of shipboard require you to send a message to the captain to find whether he be disengaged or no."

Captain Leach showed no emotion at my reproof. "Captain Mackra," said he, quietly, "I do not know what that gabbling fool of an agent has or has not said to you, but I tell you plain he hath chosen to betray to me certain important matters concerning the East India Company, and that in yonder despatch-box is a large ruby valued at nigh three hundred and fifty thousand pounds sterling."

I may confess that I was vastly amazed at the value of the stone, which was far greater than I had conceived a notion of, but I strove to show nothing of my sentiments to my interlocutor.

"Well, sir?" said I, looking him straight in the face.

He seemed somewhat struck aback at my manner, but he presently laughed lightly. "You take the matter with most admirable coolness," said he; "far more than I would do were I in your place. But at least you will now perceive why I chose rather to come to you of myself than to send a messenger to you where a matter of such delicacy was concerned."

"Well, sir?" said I.

of which lieth upon his mind. So from the very moment that Captain Leach uttered his last speech I conceived the darkest and most sinister suspicions of his purposes, nor from that time did I trust one single word that he said, or repose confidence in any of his actions, but was ready to see in everything something to awaken my doubts of his rectitude. Nor did these sentiments arise entirely from his words, but equally as much from my having discovered him, as it were, so prying upon my privacy.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

### THE KENT CASE.

#### A Visit to the Works of the British North American Note Company.

OTTAWA, April 8.—A visit paid yesterday to the works of the British North American Bank Note Printing Company in whose employment is Mr. G. H. Kent, the report of whose recovery from Bright's disease with all its accompanying horrors of swollen limbs, convulsions, coma, and fearful pains, has been the cause of so much discussion in the city, showing that he is still in the enjoyment of the health which he has gained by a judicious use of Dood's Kidney Pills. For a man who may be said to have had one foot in the grave, and whose health was despaired of, he presented a remarkable picture of health and vigour, and pursued his work at the heavy presses with any indication of weariness. He is loud in his praises of the remedy which cured him.

#### About Women.

The man who can write love letters without making an ass of himself has kept the matter very quiet.

When age is in question women are not of a forgiving disposition.

As every bride is beautiful it is a mystery where all the plain married women come from.

Patti is said to have lost a note or two from her voice, but her pocket book is still intact.

The sermon is always short to the woman who wears a new bonnet to church for the first time.

Sunday is spoken of as a day of rest but not by men who have to read the Sunday papers to their wives.

The name Queen Victoria got with her husband was Wetlin. It's a good name for a reigning queen.

Husbands of actresses have other men to manage the latter, it being unnatural for husbands to manage their own wives.

Why teach a girl to speak several languages when as a wife she can talk her husband baldheaded with one?

It's the woman who has a brown plush sacque on who can quickest tell a sealskin sacque when she sees it on another woman.

Dr. Mary Walker says she has refused dozens of offers of marriage. She must have visited several insane asylums.

It is not good to marry for riches, but the husband of an heiress is seldom obliged to get up at five o'clock in the morning and build the fire.

A Texas woman set a speckled hen on a dried-apple pie and in three weeks the hen hatched 14 nightmares with blue ribbons on their tails.

A woman lecturer who is appearing before the lyceums has for her subject "What Tires Us." She must be lecturing on the duds.

## A Happy Choice.

### AFTER 25 YEARS

A Wise Mother Chooses the Right Medicine, and Her Son Tells of Its Wonderful Effects.

GENTLEMEN.—In the spring of 1891 I got a bottle of B.B.B. for my mother, who had been troubled for 25 years with Sick Headache. I got it from Mr. H. Paxton Baird, of Woodstock, N.B., who gave me two other medicines to take home and let my mother take her choice. Fortunately she chose the B.B.B., and I returned the other bottles. She used it for three months and had no Headache since. We are sure it was B.B.B. cured her as she took no other medicine.

JONATHAN A. GREEN, Hatfield, N. B.

There is said to be a large store of wealth for the province of Quebec in the deposits of chrome or chromic iron, which have been recently discovered at Coleraine, Black Lake, etc., in the Eastern Townships, in such quantities as to cost very little for the mining, while large quantities of it have already been exported to Europe and the United States.



Mr. Editor:

Please pardon me for again assuming to say a few words through your columns.

I think N. R. N. is very unmannerly for the way he tried to criticize me in his last letter. For instance he says, "If W. H. L. is the same W. H. L. who is getting up the 'farce' which will make everybody 'roar' with laughter, we are not surprised at his blunders." I would just say for the benefit of N. R. N. that it is the same W. H. L. and I am not afraid to own to it. But what has that got to do with it? That is the way N. R. N. has of getting out of it, by trying to throw a slur at the writer. And if it be true what the people say, N. R. N. is running under an assumed name. Of course I do not know anyone by the name of N. R. N., therefore I do not know who you are, but if it is the same person whom the people think it is, I am not surprised at him not wanting to tell his name when asked.

When I wrote the first article on N. R. N.'s paper I did so in order to praise him, but that gentleman(?) did not seem to take it in that spirit. He, behind the hedge, as it were, has fired some very disparaging epithets at me. Is he the assassin striking in the dark? Does he preach what he practices? And as I said in my last letter that N. R. N. said that Christ comes two years before the resurrection, I will quote from his writings REVIEW Feb. 28th, '95, "But as his descent to the air takes place quite a while before he appears with all his saints, it is more than probable that two years will scarcely pass away without the calling of the saints out of their 'chambers,' to escape the 'indignation.'" I understand by his above writing that Christ comes quite a while before he appears with his saints, when I first read it I understood by it that Christ comes two years before the resurrection, but I see he comes quite a while before, and you have two years to prepare in. But I read in the Bible that when Christ comes his saints will meet him in the air at his coming. It would seem to me that N. R. N. to read the following:—1 Thes. 4, 14-15; Rev. 20, 4-6; Luke 14, 14; Acts 24, 13-15; John 5, 25-29; Can. 12, 2. The above quotations go to show that when Christ comes his saints will meet him in the air. I can't find where N. R. N. finds that Christ's descent takes place quite a while before he appears with his saints.

W. H. L.

Kingston, April 6th, 1895.

### A Pleasant Theme.

Rev. Henry Helzinger, Neustadt, Ont.,: "It is a pleasure to me to write a few lines about your dyspepsia medicine—K. D. C. and if the English language were as easy to write as the German, I would like to say a good deal more. I used your medicine, and can say it is just what I wanted and needed. My sour stomach and heart-burn after eating, and that gas which came from the stomach, is gone, and I am able to take cold water again, before I had to take the water hot on account of stomach trouble. I recommend K. D. C. to our people where I can, and to everyone who knows what a weak stomach is."

W. H. L.

### Detective Ryan's Clever Scheme.

Jennie Atwood, who was removed from No. 663 Eighth avenue, Brooklyn, to the insane pavillion at Bellevue Hospital, was discharged from that institution yesterday. Frank Atwood, who was united in marriage to the young woman less than three weeks ago, is locked up in the Raymond Street Jail, charged with grand larceny.

The young woman complained to the police that Atwood had stolen her purse, containing \$300 and notes for smaller sums, and had disappeared. Detective Sergeant Ryan took the case. A bright idea struck him.

He had the woman play inane, and took her to the asylum on suspicion that her husband would visit her. He gave out a story that she was grieved because he had left her, and incidentally mentioned that the patient wore several thousand dollars worth of diamonds and that she had \$2,200 in the pocket of her dress.

He told the hospital authorities to hold Atwood when he came to see his wife. Atwood took the bait, and the woman will appear again on Monday.

Henry Ward Beecher once informed a man who came to him complaining of gloomy and despondent feelings, that what he most needed was a good cathartic, meaning of course, such a medicine as Ayer's Cathartic Pills, every dose being effective.

Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria.