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# THE REVIEW

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## THE GREAT NORTH SHORE ROUTE!

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## THE REVIEW.

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### My Country, When I Think of Thee.

(Montreal Witness.)  
My Country, when I think of thee,—  
Of all thou art, and art to me,—  
My heart exults with rapturous thrill  
New aspirations brace my will.

(Refrain.)  
Canada, I'd die for thee!  
Canada, so fair, so free!  
This heart its crimson tide shall pour,  
E'er liberty shall leave thy shore!

Thy murmuring streams, thy whispering trees,  
Thy woodland music on the breeze,  
In childhood made my heart rejoice,  
And soothed me as my mother's voice.

(Refrain.)  
O'er gleaming lake and wooded glen,  
O'er verdant hill and flowery plain,  
The beauty of the scenes I see  
More firmly binds my heart to thee.

(Refrain.)  
Thy yellow fields of ripening grain,  
Thy cattle feeding on the plain,  
Thy fruit trees bending on the soil,  
Shall bless thy stalwart sons of toil.

(Refrain.)  
The axe, resounding 'mid the pine,  
The pick, re-echoing in the mine,  
And the rich yield of stream or strand,  
Shall prosper thee, thou favored land.

(Refrain.)  
Thy rolling trains, from sea to sea  
Connect each clime and industry,  
Each smiling field and city fair,  
And animate thee everywhere.

(Refrain.)  
What nation is more blest than thou?  
With freedom, truth, morality,  
High-minded women, fair and pure,  
And men whose courage doth endure.

(Refrain.)  
For thee our fathers fought and bled,  
Where Wolfe and Brock so nobly led,  
Shall we, their sons, do less than they  
To guard thee, land of liberty?

(Refrain.)  
Then raise the British banner high,  
No other shall above us fly;  
Canadian hearts shall loyal stand  
To their Queen and native land.

(Refrain.)  
CANADIAN.  
Victoria, B. C.

## THE TWO PEACHES.

Though the son and grandson of government employees, I had no more than fairly got settled in the same career than I resigned my position on account of two peaches.

I was a regular chip off the old block, and my father thought nothing could equal a government career. So, after I had graduated, no one urged me to do anything but take a subordinate place in my father's department. I did not feel strongly drawn toward another vocation, and I submissively started on the uninteresting highway of bureaucracy. I was a diligent fellow and well disciplined, for I had been taught from my cradle to respect superior officials and to defer to those in authority; so I was noticed by my chiefs and rapidly passed the first grades of clerkship. When I was 25, my director, who was fond of me, gave me a place in his office, and I became the envy of my comrades. They already spoke of me as a prospective superior clerk and predicted a bright future. It was then that I married. My wife was a beautiful girl, and what is better, very good and affectionate, but she had no fortune. That was a grave fault in the eyes of the little world of clerks in which I lived. They were very positive. They regarded marriage only as a business transaction, and they invariably took for a rule that "if the husband provides the breakfast, the wife must provide the dinner." But my wife

and I between us had hardly enough to sup meagerly. Everybody said I had done a very silly thing, and more than one blunt colleague in my department declared briefly that I was a fool and had wilfully put my foot in it. Nevertheless my wife was very sweet and lovely, and by living modestly and with great economy we succeeded in making both ends meet. Though my lack of foresight was still condemned, the society people of the place designed to continue inviting us.

My chief was rich and delighted in being conspicuous, priding himself on making a fine appearance in the social world. He frequently received; gave elegant dinners, and from time to time issued invitations for a dancing party to the families of his employees and to the prominent people of the town. My wife was not well, some months after our marriage, and though I would have much preferred to remain at home with her I was obliged to go alone to these entertainments, for my chief would not allow any one to decline his invitations—his subordinates must even assume themselves according to his orders.

One night, there was a grand ball at the directory, and of course, whether I would or no, I had to don my evening clothes and go.

While I put the finishing touches to my white cravat, my wife gave me numerous suggestions: "It will be perfectly lovely. Do not fail to see everything so as to tell me afterward. The names of the ladies who are there, the toilets, and the supper menu—for there is to be a supper. It seems that they have ordered a great many delicacies from Chevet—some rare fruits; I heard of peaches that cost 3 francs a piece—oh, what peaches they must be! Do you know, if you were good, you would bring me one."

I remonstrated. I showed her that the thing was impracticable, and how difficult it would be for a man in a dress suit to put such fruit as a peach in his pocket without the risk of being seen and pointed out. The more I objected the more bent upon her whim did she become.

"On the contrary, nothing could be easier. In the midst of the crowd coming and going to supper, no one would see you. Take one as if for yourself, and then hide it adroitly. Don't shrug your shoulders. Perhaps it is only a bit of childishness, but I long for one; ever since I heard of those peaches I have had a wild desire to taste them. Promise to bring me one at least."

How could a man give a downright refusal to the woman he adored? I ended by murmuring a vague promise and then hastened away, but just as I turned the handle of the door she called me back. I saw her big blue eyes, bright with longing, turned upon me, and she cried once more, "Do you promise?"

The ball was very fine; flowers everywhere, elegant toilets and excellent music. The perfect, the president of the tribunal, the officers of the garrison, and all of the department clerks were there. Our chief had spared nothing to give brilliancy to this entertainment of which his wife and daughter did the honors most graciously. At midnight, supper was served, and the dancers filed into the dining room in couples. I followed, trembling, and scarcely had I entered before I saw the famous peaches sent by Chevet occupying a conspicuous place in the center of the table.

They were indeed magnificent! There was a pyramid of them in a china basket carefully arranged with grape leaves, which brought out the appetizing color of their velvety skins where deep red shaded into greenish white. From seeing them one could easily imagine the fragrance and delicate flavor of the luscious rosy pulp. My eyes caressed them from afar, and I thought of the joyous cries that would greet me on my return if I succeeded in carrying home a sample of this perfect fruit. They were exciting general admiration, and the more I gazed at them the more did my desire take the shape of a fixed purpose. I determined to have one or two. But how? The waiters kept a watchful guard over this rare and costly delicacy, our host having reserved for himself the pleasure of offering his peaches to certain guests. From time to time, at a sign from my chief, the butler would daintily take one, cut it with a silver knife, and present the two halves on a Sevres plate to the designated person.

I watched this performance greedily, and with fear saw the pyramid fall in. However, the contents of the basket were not exhausted. Perhaps the order had been strictly executed; perhaps the peaches had been arranged with forethought. At any rate, when the banqueters, recalled by the orchestra's playing a prelude, hurried back to the dancing hall, there were

still half a dozen beautiful peaches nestling among the green leaves.

I followed the crowd, but it was only a false sortie. I had left my hat in a corner—a tall hat, which had bothered me considerably during the entire evening. I went back with the pretense of getting it and as I was, in a way, one of the household, the servants did not mistrust me. Besides, they were busy carrying out the dishes and glasses used by the guests, and at a certain moment I found myself alone near the sideboard.

There was not an instant to lose. After a furtive glance to the right and left, I approached the basket and made two of the peaches quickly roll into my hat, where I covered them with my handkerchief; then very calm and dignified in appearance though my heart was beating frightfully, I left the dining room, carefully pressing the opening of my hat to my breast, and holding it there by means of my right hand, which, thrust inside of my vest, gave me a very majestic, almost Napoleonic bearing.

My scheme was to cross the ballroom cautiously, to steal away, and once outside to carry home victoriously the two peaches wrapped in my handkerchief.

It was not so easy as I had fancied. They were about to commence the cotillon. All around the large hall there was a double line of men and elderly ladies, hemming in the circle formed by the chairs of the dancers, while in the centre there was a wide, empty space, where a few couples were waiting.

I timidly made my way through groups of people; I squeezed between chairs with the suppleness of a snake; I trembled each moment for fear that a rough jog of my elbow would change the position of my hat and the peaches fall. I could feel them rolling around inside, and I grew hot to my ears and the roots of my hair. At last, after much care and maneuvering, I reached the inner space just as a new figure was being organized. A lady is placed in the centre and the gentlemen circle about her with their backs turned; she holds a hat and places it upon the head of the man with whom she wishes to waltz.

I had hardly taken two steps when the director's daughter, who was leading the cotillon with a young counselor of the prefecture, cried:—"A hat! We need a hat!"

At the same moment she caught sight of me with my stovepipe against my breast. I met her glance and my blood froze.

"Ah!" she said to me, "you have come just in time, M. Herbelot. Quick, your hat."

Before I could even stammer out one word, she had taken my hat, so hastily that the peaches forthwith rolled upon the floor, carrying my handkerchief and two or three grape leaves with them.

You can imagine the tableau. The dancers laughed in their sleeves at my theft and discomfiture; my chief frowned and grave men whispered and pointed their fingers at me, while I felt my knees grow weak. I longed to sink through the floor and disappear.

The young lady pressed her lips together to keep back her laughter, and while returning my hat said, in an ironical voice:—"Pick up your peaches, M. Herbelot."

Shouts of mirth then resounded from all parts of the room—even the servants held their sides. Pale, haggard and tottering, I fled, overwhelmed with my disgrace and so confused that I could hardly find the door. With a dead weight at my heart, I hurried away to tell my wife of my disaster.

The next day the story was all over town. When I entered my department, my comrades received me with, "Herbelot, pick up your peaches." I could not venture into the street without hearing mocking voices murmur behind me, "Peaches."

The place was unbearable, and in a week I handed in my resignation.

An uncle of my wife had a farm near my native village, and I begged him to take me for an assistant. He consented, and we moved to Chauteraine. I went to work resolutely, rising with the dawn and never pitying myself. It would seem that I was more fitted for agriculture than for pen pushing, for in a short time I became an enthusiastic farmer. The property did so well that our uncle, at his death, willed it to us.

I worship peaches, for to them I owe my happiness. Without them I should have remained a weak subordinate, trembling at the slightest frown from a perfect and being but one of the already too numerous throng of clerks who find it difficult to make both ends meet.—San Francisco Argonaut.

Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria.

### The Pluck of Bobbie Burns.

If we are to learn any good thing from Burns's life, says Arthur Warren (Ladies Home Journal) it is a lesson of pluck, and though not enough has been made of this aspect of Bobbie's character, it was shown in his thoroughgoing belief in the soundness of his literary judgement. I was on the point of saying "his professional judgement." But we must remember that literature was not a profession with Robert Burns. He did not abandon farming in order to become a poet, but in order to become a gager in the excise department and thereby to earn a steady income for his family. His poetry made him famous enough, but it brought him very little money. The revenue that his pen earned him amounted to less than five thousand dollars all told. I have spoken of his pluck. Well, here was a young fellow born with a gift of song he had to follow unaided. He was poor; he had to get his education as best he could; he had to work hard at the hardest kind of un congenial employment; he felt the promptings of a poet for years before he burst into song, and his lot was cast in a hard grained community where poetry was but lightly valued, and where a fellow who wrote verses was bound to be classed among the ne'er-do-wells. But he was not deterred from his faith in his own powers. He stuck to his farming in order to make a living, and he developed his poetic genius in order to gratify his love of song. No amount of hardship—and he encountered a great deal of it—drove him from the great object of his life. It is literally true that he often composed verses while he was guiding the plow. And his plowing was none the worse for that. There was not a better plowman than he in all Ayrshire.

### A Terrible Condition in Midsummer.

#### Paine's Celery Compound a Fortifier and Builder

I have no ambition, vim or energy these days, I feel all gone, listless, despondent and miserable, and I often wish that this weary, weary life was o'er. The above declaration and humble confession is made at this particular season by young and old who are out of gear physically, and as a consequence, are easily prostrated by the prevailing hot weather.

It is suicidal for sickly men and women to attempt to pass through the terrible heat of summer without the aid of such a health and strength builder as Paine's Celery Compound.

Weary, sick and used up people, who complain of languor, lassitude, want of buoyancy, mental depression, fatigue by day, require the toning effects of such a medicine as Paine's Celery Compound.

The use of this great stimulating, and health-building remedy soon restores mental and bodily vigor, and gives that true health and strength that can combat all the dangers that beset us in July.

Paine's Celery Compound to-day is doing a mighty work for thousands of half dead people. Letters received daily from every part of Canada show that the great medicine has rescued people from the grave, and is giving them a new life.

Reader, we counsel you to give Paine's Celery Compound an honest trial if you would be well, vigorous and happy during the most trying months of the year.

### The Canadian West.

WINNIPEG, July 24.—Mr. Bostock, one of the British Columbia members of parliament who has been endeavoring to bring it about, writes that the proposal that members of the boards of trade in Toronto, Montreal and other cities should take an excursion through the Kootenay, is likely to be carried into effect.

Yesterday's attendance at the Winnipeg Industrial exhibition was a record breaker. This morning when the tickets were counted it was found twenty-two thousand people had passed through the turnstiles. The exhibition has attracted people from all quarters, and many visitors find it difficult to get a place to sleep, so severely is all accommodation taxed.

The final games in the Manitoba cricket tournament, in which teams from all districts played, took place to-day. The championship trophy was won by the C. P. R. team of Winnipeg, which in the final game defeated Portage La Prairie.

Winnipeg is rejoicing to-night over the victory of her rowing club crews at Lake Minnetonka. The Winnipeg oarsmen won all the chief events at the Minnesota regatta, capturing to-night the Sir Donald A. Smith thousand dollar trophy by winning the senior four. The Winnipeg oars-

men will next week go to Brockville to compete in the Canadian championship events and from there to Saratoga to row in the national regatta.

### The Herbert Fuller Tragedy.

HALIFAX, N. S., July 23.—The inquiry held at the instigation of Consul General Ingraham into the Herbert Fuller tragedy was concluded this evening. The "star chamber" proceedings adopted from the beginning were persisted in to the end. The evidence, however, it may be stated, developed nothing particularly new in addition to what has already been sent. The testimony of Seaman Thomas Brown was the most important, for he swore positively he saw Mate Bram kill Captain Nash with an axe, and he afterwards heard cries and groans from the captain's wife. Brown also gives a fairly reasonable excuse for not making it known at the time. He was afraid the mate would kill him if he disclosed this, but he communicated to one of the crew, and said as soon as he reached port he would tell it all. It was through this man's imparting the information to Spencer, who told Monk that led to the mate being placed in irons. The more the matter is investigated the clearer it becomes that Mate Bram alone did the killing.

Mate Bram does not seem able to reconcile some of his statements, but persists in his assertion that he is innocent of the crime. He saw no one do the killing but thinks it was Brown. He bases this opinion on the ground that nobody else but Brown could have done so. Many people think Bram committed the awful act solely for the prospect of financial gain and that this for the time had actually crazed the man. On the recommendation of the medical examiner, the city stipendiary begins an investigation tomorrow at noon. It is expected this will not have proceeded far before it is discovered that the magistrate has no jurisdiction and then the matter will be dropped and all concerned conveyed to Boston. All have expressed a willingness to go including Bram, who sensibly says that he is in the hands of the law and objection would only mean delay. It is likely a warrant will be sworn out by the United States consul or some one acting for him and this will be the authority on which the men will be taken.

Young Monk was released to-night, on the recognition of his father, Frank H. Monk, who has given a pledge to produce his son in court to-morrow.

Steward Spencer, who is entitled to as much credit as young Monk, thinks it hard, and with apparent good reason, that Monk should be free while he is kept in a cell. The bodies of Captain and Mrs. Nash went forward to-night, for Maine.

HALIFAX, N. S., July 23.—Monk, in his statement to-day, said shortly after he heard the noise in the room which the captain was, he heard the captain's wife cry: "Oh, oh!" He heard no noise from the second mate's room, and it is, therefore, certain Brandberg was the first victim.

Lester Monks, the Harvard student who took charge of the vessel after the tragedy and sailed her to Halifax, in an interview published in the Halifax Herald, says:—"I was not one whit relieved, I can assure you, when the full conviction that Bram was probably the author of the diabolical butchery dawned upon us later, followed by the discovery that he was playing fast and loose with us in sailing the vessel."

"I did not pretend to know a great deal about navigation, but it did not take me long to discover what he was after, and with that knowledge came the determination to take things fully into my own hands and head the barque for the nearest port."

"I was for a time in doubt as to this, but finally decided that St. John, N. B., would probably be the best port for us to run to. The first mate had suggested that we should try to make the Bermudas, but this was a foolish proposition as the prevailing wind at the time was dead against that course."

"I knew enough about navigation to be able to approximately determine our position and course, and the sequel proved that I came pretty near it, only that I had pointed the ship a little too high north to make St. John."

"At one time, when I felt sure that we were at least 100 miles from shore, one of the seamen declared that he could sight land ahead, but I gave little attention to this and kept on my course."

"I am afraid that just about that time my long loss of sleep and rest, and the mental burden that lay so heavily upon me made me just a bit reckless, and I was

at most ready to run the risk of letting the vessel go ashore, so eager was I to end the awful agony and once more place my feet upon dry land."

### Laurier at Montreal.

MONTREAL, July 24.—Premier Laurier and his colleagues, Messrs. Tarte, Geoffron and Fisher, will be given a reception at St. John's to-morrow on the occasion of the public meeting called in the interest of Mr. Tarte, who is seeking election in lieu of Mr. Frs. Bechard, raised to the Senate.

The premier will go out in the morning and on his arrival will be presented with an address of welcome by Mayor Ocan, after which he will be escorted by a procession to the wharf for a sail up the Richelieu River, all yachts available turning out for the occasion. The speech making will take place in the afternoon at the driving park. In the evening the ministers will be entertained by Hon. F. G. Marchand, M. L. A., leader of the Local opposition.

The Liberals are contesting the following seats held by Conservatives in this province: Pontiac, Terrebonne, Montclair, Three Rivers and St. Maurice, Champlain, Montmorency, Sherbrooke, Beauharnois, Nicolet, St. Antoine and St. Ann divisions of Montreal and Jacques Cartier, leaving but three seats on which a decision has not yet been arrived at—Stanstead, Compton and Dorchester. General corruption and bribery is alleged, but in the seats of the Three Rivers district undue clerical influence will be specially alleged.

OTTAWA, July 24.—The other day in making the round of his department Mr. Tarte entered one room, the draughtsmen's, ahead of his deputy and found a dozen clerks gathered round one of the last issues of a Paris illustrated paper looking at "something good." Another had his feet cocked upon a table reading the morning paper, while of the fifteen clerks in the room only one was at work. Not knowing the new minister the gentleman who was resting his feet so early in the day returned his salutation coolly, but when the deputy entered and introduced Mr. Tarte the chagrin on his face may be imagined and the others were equally thunderstruck.

The appointment of Mr. Justice King, of the Supreme Court of Canada, as British commissioner in the arbitration of the Behring Sea claims for damages was made by an order-in-council at the request of the British government and in pursuance of the act passed last session by the Canadian Parliament, and the doubt raised in some quarters of the ratification of the order-in-council by the new government is not well founded. Judge King will be our commissioner. The commission meets at Victoria, B. C., shortly.

Answers have been received at the department of militia from many of the deputy adjutants general throughout Canada in reply to the request of the department for their opinion of the desirability of holding camps of instruction in September. The opinions are divided, but many of them are opposed to September camps. All the answers, however, are not yet in.

An official list of members of the House of Commons, first session, eighth parliament, has been issued subject to correction.

Mr. Edgar's new chair as Speaker has been placed in the House of Commons. It is made of oak and upholstered in green plush. It is handsomely carved, having the Canadian coat of arms on the back, and the uprights are surmounted by carved lions holding in their paws the shield of Britannia.

The Premier left for Montreal after holding council for an hour and a half. Sir Richard Cartwright intends to leave to-night for the west.

Cold water to a Thirsty Soul.

Rev. Isaac Baird, Templeton Cal., well known in Canada: I have tried K. D. C. and also the Pills, and find them just the thing—vastly better than what the Doctor ordered. The very first dose of K. D. C. helped me and now that miserable headache I have suffered from for a month, I never mean to be without K. D. C. again; no medicine I have ever taken worked like it; it is like cold water to a thirsty soul. This is the second time I have tried K. D. C. and there is no failure or disappointment.

K. D. C. bring solid comfort to those suffering from sick headache and that oppressed feeling. Test its merits now. Free sample to any address. K. D. C. Co., Ltd., New Glasgow, N. S. and 127 State Street, Boston, Mass.

K. D. C. for heartburn and sour stomach