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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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Again The Laureate Sings.

Mr. Alfred Austin has written the following verses, entitled "John Everett Millais," and published in the London Times:—

Now let no passing bell be tolled,
Wait now no dirge of gloom,
Nor around purple pall unfold
The trappings of the tomb!
Dead? No; the Artist doth not die:
Enduring as the air, the sky,
He lets the mortal years roll by,
Indifferent to their doom.

With the abiding He abides,
Eternally the same;
From shore to shore Time's sounding
tides
Roll and repeat His name.
Death, the kind pilot, from His home
But speeds Him unto widening foam,
Then leaves Him, sunk from sight, to
roam
The ocean of his fame.

Nor this himself alone He lives,
But by the magic known
To His "so potent art," He gives
Life lasting as His own.
See, on the canvas, foiling Fate,
With kindling gaze and flashing gait,
Dead Statesmen still defend the State,
And vindicate the Throne.

Stayed by His hand, the loved, the lost,
Still keep their wonted place;
And fondly fooled, our hearts accost
The vanished form and face.
Beauty, most frail of earthly shows,
That fades as fleetly as it blows,
By Him arrested, gleams and glows
With never-waning grace.

His, too, the wizard power to bring,
When city pent we be,
Slow-mellowing autumn, maiden spring,
Bracken and birchen tree.
Look! 'twixt grey boulders fringed with
fern,

The tawny torrents chafe and churn,
And, lined with light, the amber burn
(Goes bounding to the sea.

Tell then for Him no funeral knell,
Nor around aisle and nave
Let Sorrows' farewell anthem swell
Nor solemn symbols wave,
Your very brightest banners bring,
Your gayest flowers! Sing! Voices, sing!
And let Fame's lofty joybells ring
Their greeting at His grave!

THE PASSION FLOWER.

BY B. B. DE LUNA.

The gardens are tangled, the ruins are old and gray, hardly one stone standing above another. The bells are silent and covered with moss. Even the grave-stones which mark the resting-places of the dead are dull and dark; the names being almost illegible. All is quiet, all is sad, all is deserted, save in one place, where, climbing on a broken arch glows in unwonted luxuriance the warm brilliance of the passion flower. A thing of life amidst the universal death, a thing of beauty amidst the desolation. Quivering in the wind, burning in the sunshine, whispering in the moonlight. It springs from a grave apart from all the rest, a grave scarcely recognizable as such, save for the fallen stone, upon which can be faintly traced one word—a word which once drove the city mad, a name which lives in song and story, the name "Chonita."

The people shake their heads over the tale even now, and in the soft moonlight evenings the dark-eyed maids lightly touching their guitars, sing with tender paths of Chonita. Chonita, the wondrous dancer, the beautiful, the gay.

Never were eyes so dark and tender, never were lips so red, never was siren more bewitching. With her dainty feet she danced into the hearts of all who saw her. The whole city went mad. Men died with her name on their lips. Still

she laughed and danced. Cruel! Heartless! Yes. But, ah! the most beautiful thing on earth.

The young maids hated her, for their lovers forgot them after one look into her dark eyes. The mothers cursed her, for love of her meant death to their sons. The priests feared her, for, to them, she was the very incarnation of evil; the devil who tempted their disciples to sin. Yet what cared Chonita? Tears, prayers, curses, alike fell unheeded on her rosy ears. One smile from her lips and she set at naught all priestly teachings. One glance from her eyes and the teachers themselves could not resist her.

Dance on little feet! Over the hearts of men, anywhere, everywhere. In all of Mexico there is but one Chonita, and life is short! Dance on, dance on, the waves are not more light. Soon will all be over. The music, the passionate pleadings, the cry from a thousand adoring hearts: "Brava! brava! Chonita! Chonita!" Soon the curtain drops, the lights are out, all is silent. Not for thy beauty, thy wondrous grace, thy cruelty, do they remember thee. Not these the burden of the songs the dark-eyed maidens sing—ah, no, Chonita!

One day there came to the city a stranger. "Americano," the people called him, and he was tall and fair and handsome. He, too, loved her. That was nothing. Was she not the idol of them all? But the moment that she looked into his eyes her heart awoke and so she learned what love was.

Night after night she danced, each time more wonderfully than the last. Ah! how they loved her, adored her. But she heard no longer their shouts of praise, she cared not for the lights, the music. She danced but for his eyes, his love. Alas, Chonita!

The days passed quickly—ah, so quickly! Then over the sunny land broke the dark storm of war. Awakened from their dreams, forgetting love, their idol, all save their country, Mexico's sons responded to her call. At the first whisper of the coming strife, the stranger, too, hastened away; his country also demanded aid; and with him, but all unknown to him, went Chonita, for love's sweet sake.

Disguised as his servant, her lovely face darkened with dyes, her beautiful hair cut short, through all the hard times that came she followed him. Her little feet that had danced so merrily rested in the stirrups night and day. Many a time her life stood between him. Many a time her hand, once covered with jewels, showered upon her by the passionate sons of her native land, turned aside their flashing swords lest they should harm him.

Naught did she care for peril or privation. All would she bear, though reared like a tender flower. Only to be near him, to look upon him, even if all unknown. Only to hear from his lips the careless praise a master gives a servant. She, the adored; she, whose kisses he had once begged for, Ah, well! Soon it would be over, soon she would tell him. Then he would know how she loved him. Then she would be happy. Wait, wait! Alas! alas! Chonita!

Already, though she knew it not, he had forgotten her and the days gone by. Already there had crept into his heart a love more pure, more holy. A maiden of his own land had won him with her gentle ways. A maiden whom, when Texas should be free, he would call his wife. A maiden with eyes as blue as his own, whose feet had always trodden sedately. He had never really loved before; ah, no!

Chonita watched him jealously. In the brief times of peace, when the war for a little space lulled its fury, she would hold his horse for hours before the little house covered with vines, patient, though her eyes burned. All for love's sweet sake. Ah, Chonita! love is cruel! Many have died of it for thee!

At last she saw the maid. Saw him linger and kiss her at the door, while the silver moonlight flooded the garden. The days were never the same after that. The woe-camp wearied her. Ah, she longed for the old city! She longed for the lights, the music, the applause, the roses showered at her feet. She longed to dance fiercely, madly; to dance till her brain should reel, and she should fall exhausted, unconscious. Patience, Chonita; soon comes the end!

There came a night of horror. At last the walls were down, and over the fallen stones poured the invaders. Into the thickest of the fight she followed him. Many times she threw herself between him and the flashing death. Many a time her hand was stained with the blood of those who had kissed it. Many a time she forced back the hungry steel that threatened him. Weary and wounded, all, all for him, hoping that shot or shell would still her aching heart. Chonita,

Chonita! who would know thee now?

Suddenly she saw in the hands of her countrymen the maid he had kissed. He could not reach her, and they were dragging her away. Chonita's eyes glowed. If she were gone the old love would return. She would kneel at his feet, show him her wounds; ah, surely then he would remember. The devil whispered in her heart, and for a moment she listened willingly. Then she saw the anguish on the face she loved, and with one last despairing look, she sprang forward. Fiercely she fought them back, freeing their captive. She dragged her to a place of shelter, and standing before her defended her with the fury of a lioness until help could reach them.

Was it for this she had left her home? Was it for this she had suffered? Her eyes were blinded, she grew dizzy, her strength faltered. Courage; they are coming! A dozen hands are on her; cheery voices sound in her ears; strong arms support her. Too late! too late! Beyond their praise or blame she lies wounded unto death by those who would have died for her! Farewell, Chonita!

Little feet, dance no more; thou must be quiet now through all eternity. Lips, thou dost not feel the kisses of anguish which he, knowing all too late thy faithfulness, showers upon thee. Eyes, thou canst not raise thy dark, fringed curtains to see the tears he sheds for thee. Ah, Chonita! low lies thy head! Never more will the old city ring with thy name. Never more will thy laughing face lure men to love thee! Yet in the soft moonlight evenings shall be sung the story of thy love, for thou wert faithful. Not for thy beauty, thy wondrous grace, thy cruelty, do they remember thee, but for thy death for love's sweet sake. Sleep well, Chonita!

Radiant, beautiful as herself, there grows on the grave of Chonita the passion flower. Never drooping, never fading, year by year it climbs higher under the cloudless skies. 'Tis the soul of the maiden, which, not pure enough to enter Heaven, was yet, by virtue of her love and faith, saved from eternal punishment. The sun and the south wind kiss it lovingly, and its beauty is unsurpassed. But some day the blossoms will wither and fall to the ground. Then will the soul of Chonita enter Heaven, and her sins be forgiven her.—Leslie's Illustrated Monthly.

Across The Continent.

SAN FRANCISCO, Cal., August 28.—The most remarkable feat ever attempted in connection with cycling was inaugurated at noon to-day with the spectacular start from the business office of the San Francisco Examiner of the first relay in the Examiner Journal transcontinental bicycle relay express. Miss Clothilde Devaney, a diminutive maid of seven years, and her little brother, aged five, the most youthful tandem team on record, were the first couriers to receive from Col. Shafter, U. S. A., the morocco pouch containing the graven golden plate addressed to the commanding general of the department of the east, and a letter from Postmaster McCoppin, of San Francisco, to Postmaster Dayton, of New York. The pouch also contains a parcel prepared for the signatures of the various Governor's through whose states the couriers will pass. These officials will be in waiting at convenient points on the route. In Cleveland, Ohio, Major McKinley will place his autograph upon the parchment. The pouch has been carefully designed, with the view of causing no decrease in the speed of the riders.

This undertaking is under the patronage of the U. S. authorities, and the courier's enjoy their protection. The War Department is especially interested in the experiment. The Post Office Department has instructed its officers to assist the couriers in every way possible, and carefully note the distances covered and the time occupied. The route selected is commonly called the northern route, and follows the line of railroad through Nevada, Utah, Wyoming, Nebraska, Iowa, Illinois, Ohio and New York. The riders selected are men of national reputation for speed and endurance.

Think It Over.

Have you ever heard of a medicine with such a record of cures as Hood's Sarsaparilla. Don't you know that Hood's Sarsaparilla the One True Blood Purifier has proved over and over again that it has power to cure, even after all other remedies fail. If you have impure blood you may take Hood's Sarsaparilla with the utmost confidence that it will do you good.

Hood's Pills assist digestion. 25 cents.

Peterkin's Suit.

Some twenty years ago—I do not know how many exactly, but it was some time during the war—I heard a story which a soldier was reading in a newspaper to a little group around him, to their great enjoyment. I shall tell it only in brief though, I remember well, the filling in was a good part of it, which will be missing in my recital.

Mr. S. C. Peterkin was a prosperous youngish man of business who got ahead in spite of his constitutional modesty. This was in his way in society more than in trade: he was afraid of women more than men. For a long, long time he had set his heart upon a lovely young lady, whose sweetness was like her name, which was Violet. He had often called upon her, and resolved again and again that he would make her an offer of his heart and hand, but as often that heart failed him. Through the whole of the evening he would sit and

"Gaze upon her as a star Whose purity and distance make it fair," and come away without making any progress in his suit. At last he became alarmed by the fact that the dashing Captain Latham, of one of the Sound steamers, was often at the house when he called to see his charmer, the charming Violet. At last he could not bear the suspense any longer, and he ventured, with much hesitancy and awkwardness but with do-or-die determination, to ask her if she would be his. With remarkable coolness, she replied:

"You should have spoken long ago, Mr. Peterkin; I have been engaged to Captain Latham for some time past, and we are to be married very shortly. I am sorry to disappoint you, but we will be as good friends as ever, and you must come to see me just the same. The captain will always be glad to have your company."

Peterkin went away sorrowful. But a brighter day soon dawned, for within three months after they were married the captain fell off the steamer in a fog on the Sound and was drowned. Now Peterkin took heart. He would have the widow.

A year of mourning wore slowly away. He kept his eye on the widow, but would not insult the memory of the dead by proposing until a decent interval had passed. The year ended, and he laid his heart again at the feet of Violet. She heard him quietly, and quietly remarked, "My dear Peterkin, I am sorry to disappoint you again, but for the last six months I have been engaged to Dr. Jones. It was hard to make up my mind between him and his friend the handsome Lawyer Bright, but Dr. Jones was so good to me while I was sick in the winter after my husband's death that I promised him I would be his at the end of the year."

So poor Peterkin retired once more; the widow Latham became Mrs. Dr. Jones, and so remained, while the discomfited Peterkin wished the doctor might take enough of his own pills to make an end of him.

Time passed on. Peterkin was walking down Broadway one day, while not very far ahead of him he saw two men, one of whom he knew to be his hated Dr. Jones. A large flat stone was being hoisted to the coping of a new building; the rope gave way; it fell and instantly killed the two men. Peterkin rose to the emergency of the moment. For the dead he could be of no avail. His thoughts were on the widow. He turned; he ran, he flew, to her abode. When she entered the room where he awaited her he began:

"My dear Mrs. Jones, I bring you dreadful news. I was walking on the street, when I saw a stone fall from a house upon your poor husband, and he is dead; but you must let me comfort you. I beg you now to be mine, my Violet, at last."

"Dear Mr. Peterkin, I am so sorry! but when Dr. Jones and Mr. Bright were both begging me to marry, I took the doctor, and promised Mr. Bright, if anything happened to Jones, I would certainly be his. So you see I am engaged. I am sorry, for I do think a great deal of you, my dear Peterkin."

Peterkin was very calm and self-contained. He said, "And will you promise to be mine when that lawyer is no more?" "Certainly I will, with all my heart and soul."

"Then come to my arms, my Violet, for the same stone that killed the doctor was the death of Bright, and you are mine at last."—Editor's Drawer, in Harper's Magazine.

Women who are weak and nervous, who have no appetite, and cannot sleep, find strength and vigor in Hood's Sarsaparilla.

A Continental Reputation.

Paine's Celery Compound and its Thousands of Advocates.

Go where you will over the whole North American continent, you will hear Paine's Celery Compound spoken of; and in every village, town and city you will find some, who, through the Compound's power, have found health and new life.

People delight in telling others what Paine's Celery Compound has done for them. No wonder that there are tens of thousands of ardent enthusiastic missionaries all over the continent speaking good words about Paine's Celery Compound, to those who are in need of a healing and curing medicine. The friends who have spoken for and recommended Paine's Celery Compound, have done more to advance the reputation of earth of earth's best medicine than all the newspaper articles ever published.

The great majority of diseases that end in misery and death might be quickly cured if sick people could only be induced to use Paine's Celery Compound.

The wonderful medicine has a noble record of cures—an array of testimony that is truly magnificent and astonishing. The Rheumatic, dyspeptic, nervous, sleepless, weak, run-down, and those tormented with blood diseases are soon made strong by Paine's Celery Compound. Even if your physician has doubts about your case, Paine's Celery Compound will surely and certainly give you the bloom of health and long years of happiness.

Let your druggist or dealer know that you must have "Paine's" as imitations cannot meet your case.

Consolitoquisation.

Kismet! Whatever is, is best! It was fated that North Grey should yearn for active sympathy and should despise cold justice.

That hyphenated, double-barrelled mediocrity, Queens-Sunbury, had to hit Wilnot with cold sympathy from both barrels.

The Conservative leaders have been declaring ever since they ran against cold but active justice on June 23rd that there was nothing in the world the party wanted so much as a spell in opposition. The electors of North Grey and Queens-Sundury seem to be of the same opinion.

Perhaps they are both right. It was the demon of discord that helped the Conservatives out of office, as it was the demon of indefiniteness that helped the Liberals into power.

The Tory imp would have dominated the party as long as it remained in power. Out of office he is powerless, he cannot set the party squabbling over the Premiership, the patronage or the policy. In opposition they have no need to worry about offices, and every man can have a policy to suit himself.

To-day the party stands united by the bonds of common misfortunes and common hopes.

Yesterday's defeat was almost necessary to convince some of the party that they are beaten.

Then how much worse it might have been! All good Conservatives admit that Mr. Paterson is almost too good to be a Liberal. Suppose Blair had been elected and Paterson had not been returned to watch him!

Imagine the disastrous effect upon the happily re-united happy family at the left of Mr. Speaker if Clarke Wallace had come home with the scalp lock of Mr. Paterson at his belt, and Mr. Foster had come back with no more hair than that with which he went on the war path.

The victorious have would have demanded nothing less than the chieftainship of the tribe. The twoimps of mischief would have winked at each other across the floor of the House.

Now Tupper and Foster and Clarke Wallace can smoke the pipe of peace.

Whatever is, is best.

—Montreal Star

LONDON, August 27.—Burglars are the great terror of Mme. Adeline Patti's life at her beautiful Welsh residence, Craig-y-Nos castle, and to foil possible marauders a unique system of warning has just been established at enormous expense. All the window shutters are fitted with electric bells, which start ringing at the slightest touch, which by the same machinery a gun

is fired and a number of fierce dogs are let loose in the grounds. Special watchmen are moreover told off every night on "rounds" duty. Up to the present these defences have never been called into play, the nearest approach to a night alarm being on the occasion of the visit of a well-known journalist, who rang the bell at 2 o'clock in the morning for a brandy and soda. Then there ensued a demonstration worthy of a comic opera. One of the features of Craig-y-Nos is the great Orchestra which stands in the billiard-room, and which plays more than 100 operatic airs. Mme. Patti frequently warbles to the accompaniment of this wonderful clockwork band, and guests are invariably invited to choose their favorite tunes from a printed menu of the musical fare.

Revival of Trade.

Reports from the United States support the fact that trade interests have vastly improved recently and that the business outlook for the future is encouraging. This will be welcome news for the people of Canada, since our own trade interest will be stimulated and improved. In nothing has this improvement been more shown in a marked way than by the increased sales of Putnam's Painless Corn Extractor. Times being dull everything not absolutely needed became a luxury, and its sale became stationary. Now it is different. Sales have increased vastly, doubtless as it has proven the only safe, sure, and painless remedy for corns, and wise people will use no other.

Her Twenty-First Child.

TORONTO, Ont., August 8.—Mrs. William Gillivray, whose husband is in the Corporation employ, gave birth to a child on Wednesday last. Mrs. Gillivray is sixty years of age, while her husband has reached life's allotted span of three score years and ten. The child, which is a girl, is healthy and promises to live. It now weighs ten pounds. It is Mrs. Gillivray's twenty-first child. She has been married twice. She had eighteen children by her first husband, whom she married when she was only fifteen years of age. He has been dead a good many years. She was married to Mr. Gillivray five years ago, and has borne him three children. The second child is dead but the first is still living.

A Latter-day Othello.

Mose Johnson—I s'pose yo' knows I was engaged to Miss Snowflake. Las' night I bought her an engagement ring, an' jess as I was goin' up her front steps I looked throo de blinds, an' dar I seen Abe Hardcase a huggin' an' kissin' her. I immi-jitly drew mah razzar an' rushed into de parlor, an—

Deacon Jackson (interrupting)—An' carved dem?

Mose Johnson—No; an' made Abe buy de ring ob me fob twenty-five cent mere dan I give fob it.—Punch.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., Aug. 27.—Last night Mrs. Jas. Hutchison burned her four months old baby to death and fatally burned herself, death resulted this morning. Her husband had been out of work for some time and their destitute circumstances is supposed to have impaired her mind.

OTTAWA, Aug. 27.—There was little of interest in the House to-day. Sir Charles Hibbert Tupper spoke for several hours, reviewing the political history of nearly every member on the government side. The debate was left in the hands of the opposition, who were given a free hand to fire off their ideas, and at 10.30 a Speaker announced that the address had been carried without division.

Hon. Mr. Fielding, minister of finance, laid the newly prepared estimates on the table of the House. As compared with the estimates brought down by the late government, a decrease of \$82,761, is shown in the amount to be expended on account of consolidated fund, and an increase of half a million dollars on account of capital expenditures. This increase is entirely made up in increase of money required for redemption of debt. In the aggregate amount there is therefore but little change. In the matter of civil government there is a decrease of \$8,587, and a slight reduction in the cost of administration of justice. There was also a decrease in the amounts charged for legislation, public works, miscellaneous. There was a slight increase in pensions, superannuation and provincial subsidies. The only change in the expenditure on harbour and piers in which the Maritime Provinces are interested is an increase of \$3,300 in the vote for the Seaside wharf in Nova Scotia and \$2,500 for Gardner's Creek wharf, New Brunswick. The appropriation of \$2,000 for Bant Church wharf, New Brunswick, is dropped.

Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria.