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**THE GREAT NORTH SHORE ROUTE!**

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**"How Bateese Came Home"**

BY W. H. DRUMMOND.

(By special request we republish the following poem):

When I was young boy on de farm—dat's twenty year ago  
I have wan frien' he's live near me, called Jean Bateese Trudeau,  
An' often when we were alone, we like for spik about  
De tam dat we was come beeg man, wit' moustache on de mouf.

Bateese is get it on hees 'ead, he's too moche h'educate  
For mak' de farmer habitant, he better go on State—  
An' so wan summer h'evening, we're drivin home de cow  
He's tole me all de whole biz-ness, jus' like you 'ear me now.

"Wat's use mak' foolish on de farm, dere's no good chances left"  
An' all de tam you be poor man—you know dat's true youseff  
We never get no fun at all—don't never go on spree—  
Unless we pass on 'noder place, an' mak' it some mon-ee.

I go on Les Etats Unis, I go dere right away,  
An' den mebbe on ten, twelf year, I be rich man some day,  
An' when I mak' de large for-tune I come back, I s'pose  
Wit' Yankee wife from off de State, an' monee on my clothes.

I tole you something else also, Mon Che Napoleon—  
I get de grande majorite for go on Parliament.  
Den built fine house on bord'l'eau near w're de church is stan',  
More fuer dan de Presbytere, when I am come rich man."

I say, "For w'at you spik like dat, you mus' be gone craz-ee."  
De's plaineite feller on the State more smarter dan you be,  
Beside she's not so heal'tee place, an' if you make l'argent  
You spen' it jus' like Yankee man, an' not like habitant.

"For me, Bateese, I tole you dis, I'm very satisfy,  
De bes' mosh don't leev too long tam, some day bigosh he die,  
An' s'pose you got good trotter hoss, an' nice femme Canadienne,  
Wit' plaineite on de house for eat, w'at more you want, ma frien'?"

But Bateese have it all mak' up, I can't stop him at all,  
He's buy de seconde class tiquette for go on Central Fall,  
An' wit' two t'ree some more de boy, w'at tink de he do,  
Pass on de train de very next week, was lef' Riviere du Loup.

Waal, mebbe fifteen years or more since Bateese go away,  
I fin' meseff Riviere du Loup, wan cole, cole winter day,  
De c'ick h'express she's come, hooraw! I s'pose you got soon she can,  
An' beeg, sw. ll' feller jump of car, dat' boss by neeger man.

He's dressin on de premiere classe, an' got new suit of clothes,  
Wit' long moustache dat's stickin out de noder side hees nose,  
An' fine gole watch chain, nice portmant-eau, an' very good h'overcoat,  
Wit' beaver hat—dat's Yankee style—an' red tie on hees t'roat.

I say, "Hello! Bateese, Hello!! Com-ment ed va Mon Vieux"  
He say "H'excuse to me, ma frien', I tink I don't know you."  
I say "Dat's very curious t'ing, you are Bateese Trudeau,  
Was raise on jus' same place wit' me, 'bout fifteen years ago?"

He say, "Oh, yass, dat's sure enough, I know you now fire rate;  
But I forgot mos' all ma' French since I go on de State.  
Dere's 'noder t'ing, keep on your 'ead ma frien', dey mus' be tole  
Ma nam's Bateese Trudeau no more, but John B. Waterhole."

"Hole on de Water's fony nam' for man wat's call Trudeau?"

Ma frien' dey all will spik like dat, an' I au tole him so.  
He say "Tradeau an' Waterhole she's jus' about the sam',  
An' if you go for leev on State you mus' have Yankee nam'."

Den we h'invite him come wit' us "Hotel du Canada"  
Were he was treat mos' h'every tam, but can't tak' "Whiskey blanc",  
He say dat's heest strong for man, jas' come off Central Fall,  
An' "tabac Canayen" bedamme! he won't smoke dat at all.

But fancy drink like Colling John! de way he put it down—  
Was long tam I don't see dat—I tink he's goin' to drown—  
An' fine cigar, cos' five cent each, an' make on Trois Rivieres!  
L'enfant! he smoke beeg pile of dem— for money he don't care!

I s'pose meseff it's t'ree o'clock when we are t'roo dat night.  
Bateese, his father come for him, an' tak' him home all right.  
De ole man say Bateese spik French w'en he is place on bed,  
An' say bad word—but very nex' day forget it on hees 'ead.

Waal all de winter w'on we have snow, dat's ver'y swell,  
Bateese Trudeau du' Waterhole go dere for mash de gell  
He say he have beeg tam, but when de spring is come encore,  
He's buy de premiere classe tiquette for go on State some more.

You 'member w'en de hard tam come on Les Etats Unis,  
An' plaineite Canayen go back for stay deir own Contree?  
Waal, jus' about dat tam again I go de- vers du Loup  
For sole me two-t'ree load of hay—mak' leetle visit, too

De freight train she is jus' arrive—onlee ten hour delay—  
She never carry pasengaire—dat's wat dey always say—  
I see poor man on shor caboose, he's got him small valise,  
Bigosh I nearly tak' de fit—it is, it is Bateese!

He knew me very well dis tam, an' say Bonjour, mon Vieux,  
I hope you know Bateese Trudeau was h'educate wit' you?  
I jus' come off de State for see ma fam-ilee encore,  
I bus' meseff on Central Fall—I don't go dere no more.

I got no monee—not at all—I'm broke it up for sure;  
Dat's lucky t'ing, Napoleon, de brakeman Joe Latour,  
He's broder-in-law de frien' of me call Camille Valiquette,  
Conductor too's good Canayen, don't h'ax me no tiquette."

I tak' Bateese with me once more "Hotel du Canada",  
An' he was glad for get de chance drink some "Whiskey Blanc".  
Dat's warm him up, an' den he eat mos' h'ev'ryt'ing he see—  
I watch de whole biz-ness meseff—Mongee! he was hongree!

Madame Charette, wat's keep de place, get very much h'excite  
For see the many pork an' bean Bateese put out of sight.  
Du pain doré—potatoo pie, an' 'noder t'ing be dere,  
But we'n Bateese is get him t'ree—dey go I don't know w're.

It don't tak' long for tole de news "Bateese come off de State,"  
An' purty soon we have beeg crowd like village she's en fetes,  
Bonhomme Maxime Trudeau heseff, he's comin' wit de pries!  
An' pass him on de "Room for Eat," w're he is see Bateese.

Den h'ev'rybody feel it glad for watch de embrasser,  
An' bimbeby de ole man spik, "Bateese, you here for stay?"  
Bateese he's cry like small babbee, "Ed J'eux restet ici"  
An' if I never see de State I'm sure I don't care—me."

"Correc'!" Maxime is say right off, "I place you on de farm  
For help your poor ole fader—won't do you too moche harm.  
Please come wit' me on Magasin—I s'x you up, b'dow,  
An' den we're ready for go home an see de familie."

Waal, an' when de ole man an Bateese come off de Magasin  
Bateese is los' hees Yankee clothes—he's dress like Canayen,  
Wit' bottes sauvage—Ceinture fleche—an' coat wit' capuchon,  
An' spik Francais au naturel—de sam' as habitant.

I see Bateese de oder day—he's works hees fader's place,  
I tink meseff he's satisfy—I see dat on hees face.  
He say "I got no use for State, Mon cher Napoleon,  
Kebeck she's good enough for me—H'ax- rive pour Canadain."

It all came about through listening at the parlor door. Eavesdropping is always a reprehensible proceeding, and when indulged in by a person who has good grounds for believing that the person's

own self forms the topic of conversation likely to be overheard, the practice becomes altogether unpardonable. Without desiring in the least to justify the breach of good manners committed when I, Emma Summerford, applied my ear to the keyhole of our best room door on a certain important occasion that happened quite recently, I am constrained to think, nevertheless, that there was some little excuse for my behavior.

You see, it was like this. Harry Butterfield, the son of Col. Butterfield, of the British army, was desperately in love with me, and I hope I am not overstepping the bounds of maidenly modesty by admitting that I was very fond of him in return.

Harry and I first met at a dance given by a mutual friend, and as, in the manner of the story books, we fell in love with each other at the start, we were not slow in finding out how to strike an acquaintanceship. Harry was an only son, and I a sole surviving daughter, so that we had something in common outside the affection that drew us together.

Harry lived with his father, a military officer retired on half pay at Kensington, and I resided with mine in a little villa at Chappam; but although the distance separating our two abodes was great, Harry generally managed to spend three or four evenings a week on the Surrey side of the Thames.

My papa had formerly been in business in the Barbican, but having "made his pile" he sold off his horses, with the exception of a favorite gray mare, and bought the aforesaid villa, which henceforth became our home.

Harry was connected with a riding school at Knightsbridge, and consequently knew something about horses, so that on the evenings he visited us he used to spend part of the time conversing with my papa about matters equine, while the remainder (considerably the larger portion) passed in my company discoursing of love.

One evening, after working himself up to the requisite pitch of passion, Harry made me a proposal of marriage. Although I had long seen it coming, of course, I pretended, in a woman's regular way, that his offer had quite taken me by surprise, and notwithstanding the fact that I was dying to say "yes" I assured him that I could not possibly give him an answer for at least a week. As I expected, he was so pressing, however, that I consented without further delay, and fell into his arms in the usual manner, while he whispered vows of eternal constancy and so on. It was all very delightful, I can assure you, and when it came to a prostrated ending, and Harry had taken his leave in the way common to lovers, I retired to rest the happiest girl in Chappam.

Harry had told me before going that he had some little business with my father in the morning, and said he would seize the opportunity thus afforded of getting papa's consent to our marriage. When, therefore, the bell rang early next day, and Harry was admitted and shown into the parlor, where papa was reading the auction news in the morning paper, of course I knew what his errand was.

It is a trying time for a woman when her lover is pleading for her hand to a possible obdurate parent. Not that I thought my papa, with his well-known regard for my welfare, would offer any insuperable objection to our union, but being an only child, I knew it would cost him a pang to part with me, and I was also well aware that he would never give his consent until assured of Harry's competency to maintain a wife.

I was therefore naturally anxious as to the result of the interview, and when it began to get unduly prolonged, I was quite on thorns. My solicitude at length became so great that I left the house-keeper's room, where I had been vainly endeavoring to fix my attention on some preserves that required tying down, and stole on tiptoe along the passage leading to the parlor where my father and Harry were engaged.

The door was just ajar, and without really thinking that I was indulging in an unladylike action, I bent my head forward and listened. Harry was talking.

"She enjoys pretty good health, I suppose?" he asked, inquiringly.

"Capital," was my father's answer. "Never had an hour's illness since the day she was born."

It was kind of papa to say this, but of course his statement was not literally correct. Everybody has illness at some time or other in their lives, and I was no exception to the rule. As a child I had had whooping cough, measles and the croup, among other infantile complaints, to say nothing of headache and de douloureux since I had grown up. But I suppose it was because I always made a practice of

keeping my ailments as much as possible to myself that papa—who would not willfully deceive, bless him!—thought I had never been ill. As I say, it was kind of him, and I quite appreciated his motive. I was just about tripping away on thus discovering that the interview had not ended, when Harry again spoke.

"Is her appetite good?"

It was certainly a strange question, and I could not see that it was at all a necessary one, but I confess I do not understand men's ways. Papa answered my lover's query by saying that I took meals regularly, and seemed to enjoy them, which I must admit was a fact. Curiosity now made me stay for Harry's next inquiry.

"Has she any temper?" he asked almost directly.

It was preposterous! Temper! I soon should have, if inquiries such as this were persisted in. In fact, it was only papa's answer: "Not the slightest!" uttered in his most assuring manner, that prevented my developing something of the kind at once. As it was, the blissful frame of mind in which I had been wrapped since the previous evening was as the meteorologists say, decidedly inclined to give way.

Although feeling that I had heard enough, I thought that, as I had listened to so much, I might as well hear a little more. I had not long to wait.

"I really must say," Harry went on, "that there are one or two points about her of which I don't altogether approve."

I had quite developed a temper now, which even papa's response could not assuage.

"Well," returned my parent, "of course, I don't pretend that she's perfection, but, take her altogether, she won't be easy to beat. All the same, I should like to hear what you consider her faults!"

Yes indeed, and so should I. Wild horses would not make me go away from the door now.

"Well," said Harry, commencing his criticism with a deliberation that made my flesh crawl, "she is passable about the head and face, I admit, but her neck seems to me unduly long, and her shoulders have the appearance of being a trifle too broad!"

"Broad shoulders are by no means a drawback, Master Harry," he said, "for they enable her to accomplish a great amount of work."

Yes, it was true. A lot of labor did fall to my share and had done since my poor mother's death three years previously. But I went at it cheerfully and without complaint. Work, even to the point of exhaustion, became a pleasure when performed for an appreciative father, but it never could be so when done on behalf of an unsympathetic husband. (Husband! Thank heaven, Harry Butterfield was not that yet!)

"And then, you know," went on my lover—save the mark!—"her figure is somewhat disproportioned, and she is decidedly fat!"

It was a gross libel! Although not in the least addicted to tight lacing, I could assert with absolute accuracy that my last new blouse was only 18 inches round the waist, and I was quite comfortable in it! To call me stout under such circumstances was a cruel untruth. I felt that my love was fast giving away to an altogether different emotion, and it would need but little more to turn the scale entirely. Strangely enough it was my father who applied the last straw.

"Look here," papa said, after a momentary pause, "I'm sure you only need to get used to her to appreciate her value. Take her a month on trial, and if, at the end of that time, you don't like her, let her come back again!"

This was more than I could stand. The idea was monstrous, and how my father could suggest such a thing quite passed my comprehension. Its effect upon me was magical. Throwing propriety, good manners and everything else to the winds, I rushed into the room.

"It shall not be! I exclaimed passionately; I will never be a party to such a shameful transaction, and then deeming that the occasion eminently warranted the proceeding I threw up my arms and went off into a fit of hysterics, winding up with a dead faint.

When I came around I was lying on the sofa with Harry bending anxiously over me. Papa had gone for a doctor.

"Thank heaven! you are recovering," said Harry as I opened my eyes.

"Would that I had died," I groaned.

"Pray do not talk like that, Emmy," said Harry. "How can you give utterance to such a wicked wish?"

"There is nothing to live for," I murmured mournfully.

"Nothing! no one!" asked Harry, looking into my eyes.

"Nothing, no one," I answered, repeating his words.

"You are ill, Emmy," he said, "or you would not talk in this strange way."

"I am not ill," I said rising from the sofa to prove the truth of my statement.

"Look at me for a moment, Harry Butterfield, I continued, facing my lover fearlessly, and let me hear first hand what you think of me. Am I passable about the head and face? Is my neck unduly long? And do you consider my shoulders broad and my figure fat, eh? Answer me to my face sir, for I know that is your opinion of me!"

"Emmy, you talk in riddles, which I cannot understand."

"Is not your opinion of me what I just stated?"

"Certainly not, my dearest."

"Did you not give expression to those sentiments when talking to me of my papa a little while ago?"

"I certainly used those or similar terms, but not in connection with you, my pretty," said Harry, smiling.

"Of whom were you speaking, then?" I asked, a faint light beginning to break in upon me.

"Why the gray mare, to be sure, which I think of purchasing for our use when we are married."

I fell into Harry's arms, as I saw my stupid mistake, laughing and crying by turns. As soon as I was able, I told him all about my eavesdropping, what I had heard, and the construction I put upon it. Then I gave over crying and we both laughed together, and were thus employed when papa and the doctor came. The latter did not think I needed physicing when he had examined my tongue, so we all went into lunch, and Harry took occasion to inform me that papa had given his consent to our union, and all the financial part of the business was settled to his entire satisfaction.

Thus my little comedy of errors came to a happy ending after all; and when, a few weeks later, Harry and I were united in the bonds of matrimony, it was by my express wish that the gray mare was used to drive us to church.

**IT NEVER FAILS.**

How to Find Out the Age of Any Person.

One day there came to the court of a king a gray haired professor, who amused the King greatly. He told the monarch a number of things that he never knew before, and the King was delighted. But finally it came to the point when the ruler wanted to know the age of the professor, so he thought of a mathematical problem.

"Ahem!" said the King. "I have an interesting sum for you; it is a trial in mental arithmetic. Think of the number of the month of your birth."

Now, the professor was sixty years old and had been born two days before Christmas; so he thought of 12, December being the twelfth month.

"Yes," said the professor.

"Multiply it by 2," continued the King.

"Yes,"

"Add 5."

"Yes," said the professor, doing so.

"Now multiply that by 50."

"Yes."

"Add your age."

"Yes."

"Subtract 365."

"Yes."

"Add 115."

"Yes."

"And now," said the King, "might I ask what the result is?"

"Twelve hundred and sixty," replied the professor, wondering.

"Thank you," was the King's response.

"So you were born in December, sixty years ago?"

"Why how in the world do you know?" cried the professor.

"Why," retorted the King, "from your answer—1,260. The month of your birth was the twelfth, and the last two figures give your age."

"Ha! ha! ha!" laughed the professor. "Capital idea! I'll try it on the next person. It's a polite way of finding out people's ages."—Exchange.

**160 Armenians Massacred.**

CONSTANTINOPLE, Mar. 26.—In consequence of the troubles at Tokat, in the Sivas district of Anatolia, Sir Philip Currie, the British Ambassador, has sent to the Porte the strongest remonstrance that has yet been addressed to the Government in an official communication. The official report of the affair said that fifteen Armenians and three Mussulmans were killed, but the embassies have received reliable information that fully 100 Armenians were massacred. The people were killed while in church. During and after the massacre the Armenian quarter of the city was given over to pillage.

**MUNYON'S VICTORIES**

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**WHAT THE PEOPLE ARE SAYING.**

Mr. Mathew Connelly, a well-known railroad man residing at Point St. Charles, Quebec, Can., says:—For four years I was a sufferer from chronic rheumatism. I had severe pains in my back and loins. I tried several doctors but only grew worse. My appetite was gone and I became a wreck of my former self. For a week before I used Munyon's Remedies I could not walk. After using his remedies for two weeks I was completely restored to health.

Munyon's Headache Cure stops headache in three minutes. Price 25c.

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Munyon's Catarrh Remedies never fail. The Catarrh Cure—Price 25c.—eradicates the disease from the system, and the Catarrh Tablets—Price 35c.—cleanse and heal the tablets.

Munyon's Asthma Remedies relieve in three minutes and cure permanently.

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A separate cure for each disease. At all druggists, mostly 25 cents a vial.

Personal letters to Professor Munyon, 11 & 13 Albert street, Toronto, answered with free medical advice for any disease.

Munyon's Rheumatic Cure seldom fails to relieve in one to three hours, and cures in a few days. Price 25c.

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Munyon's Cold Cure prevents pneumonia and breaks up a cold in a few hours. Price 25 cents.

Munyon's Cough Cure stops coughs, night sweats, allays soreness, and speedily heals the lungs. Price 25 cents.

Munyon's Kidney Cure speedily cures pains in the back, loins or groins, and all forms of kidney disease. Price 25 cents.

Munyon's Nerve Cure stops nervousness and builds up the system. Price 25 cents.

**He Was The Man.**

[From the Cleveland Plain Leader.]

The train was passing through Kentucky, when a wild-eyed man suddenly entered the car. Rushing up the aisle he called out:

"Has anybody in this heah cah got any good whiskey?"

"What's the trouble?" inquired a passenger.

"Trouble, sah?" echoed the wild-eyed man, "why, that's a man who b'longs in the forward cah a-dying sah."

At this startling point a portly gentleman hastily opened up his travelling bag and drew forth a large flask.

"There," he said, "there's some of the best whiskey that ever saw the light of old Kentucky."

The stranger grabbed it, unloosened the stopper, passed his hand across his mouth, and then hastily tipping up the flask, took a tremendous long pull.

"You ah suttently amighty fine jedge of good liquor, sah," he gravely remarked to the owner of the flask, as he screwed on the top and handed it back. "I disremember tassin' anythin' bettah in that line, sah."

"But your dying friend?" gasped the flask owner.

"The gentleman I alluded to, sah, was indeed dying—dying of thirst, sah."

"And you—" cried the flask owner.

"Am the dying man, sah."

Backing away with a sweeping bow he added:

"Again I make yo' my most profound obligations, sah."

**Bronchitis Cured.**

Miss Maggie Griffin, 37 Metcalfe Street, Toronto, writes: "After having bronchitis and cold so badly that I could hardly speak, and could not find any remedy to relieve me, I decided to try Norway Pine Syrup. It made a complete cure, and I highly recommend it to all."