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RICHIBUCTO, N. B., JUNE 24, 1897

CANADA AND THE VICTORIAN ERA.

Of all the remarkable national features that have characterized the sixty years which have elapsed since the accession of Queen Victoria to the throne of Great Britain, none possesses a greater interest or deeper importance to Canadians than the growth and rapid development of this fair Dominion.

Now, we have a grand federation, stretching from the Atlantic to the Pacific ocean, covering three million five hundred thousand square miles,—larger than the United States without Alaska and nearly as large as the whole continent of Europe.

The Jubilee celebration in St. John ex-celled anything in the way of a public display ever attempted in that city, and reflected the highest credit on all concerned.

Our splendid canal system in the west, with our magnificent lakes and rivers, providing means for internal navigation afford facilities for the vast enlargement of our trade and commerce, the growth of which already within the last sixty years, has been marvelous.

Our agricultural, mining, lumbering and fishing interests attract the attention of the civilized world, while our splendid educational systems, our schools and colleges, our churches and philanthropic institutions and other enterprises that make for the betterment of the people, are well calculated to enlarge the aspirations of our own sons and daughters, and attract the very best class of immigration from the overcrowded portions of the British Island and the less prosperous countries of the European continent.

While there may be, and doubtless are, local causes of complaint, Canadians generally have good reason to be contented with their lot and proud of this grand Dominion.

The lines are fallen unto us in pleasant places; yea we have a goodly heritage.

THE QUEEN.

There is a pleasure in speaking and in writing on this subject that begets a danger—the danger of saying too much. The editor, who in these days of gushing sentimentality succeeds in writing a short, pithy and appropriate article will be a marvel. A vast number of the gushing articles written on this occasion so unique in history has been of a character quite injurious to the good name of the Gracious Lady whom we all so much respect and love.

The Government has done many things to which she was strongly opposed. The highest possible honor, however, must be in these very cases be given her. She has never come in conflict with her ministers since her marriage to the great and good man to whom the success of the first twenty-five years of her reign was largely due.

The Queen has been a model, constitutional sovereign. The will of the British people has never been thwarted by her. This is the best and highest praise possible to a British ruler.

The fame of Queen Victoria, however, does not depend on politics. It stands on a much more secure and enduring base. It will be remembered long after all interest in the questions which absorbed attention in her reign has ceased, that this woman at the highest pinnacle of human grandeur was a loving respectful daughter, one who honored her father and mother, that she was a loving, true wife, one who fulfilled to the letter with an honest, loving heart, her marriage vows, one who loved, honored and obeyed her husband, that she was a model mother and gave her children habits of industry and attention to all the duties devolving on them, while she retained the love of the wives and husbands of her children, a task in which many good women have failed.

In all respects as woman, wife, mother, sovereign, she has won the affections and loyal regard of British subjects throughout her world-wide empire, who, on this her Diamond Jubilee, join if possible, more earnestly than ever, in the fervent prayer,

GOD SAVE THE QUEEN.

As we go to press the news reaches us that the Jubilee celebration in the great Capital of the Empire with its teeming millions has been a great success. The weather was in every respect favorable to the great and imposing display. The decorations were universal, not only in the wealthy and more aristocratic quarter but in the streets and byways occupied by the poor and distressed whose love and affection go out to their good Queen.

Her Majesty took her appointed place in the procession and after the ceremony at St. Pauls which passed off most satisfactorily, returned to Buckingham palace. Everywhere her appearance aroused the utmost enthusiasm.

The Jubilee celebration in St. John ex-celled anything in the way of a public display ever attempted in that city, and reflected the highest credit on all concerned. The leading wholesale and retail establishments were handsomely decorated. King Street was especially resplendent in gay colours. The polymorphian, society and firemen's processions were much admired, while the military display was to many, the most interesting feature of the celebration. Everything passed off in the very best manner, and the immense concourse of people thoroughly enjoyed themselves.

SHIPPING NEWS.

Port of Richibucto.

ENTERED.

June 16—Sch. P. & E. Small, Peters, Charlottetown, bal. June 18—Sch. Avon, Leet, Port Mulgrave, N. S., barrels, A. & R. Loggie. June 19—Sch. Maggie Roach, Irving, Charlottetown, bal.; Sch. Matilda, Haines, Baddeck, C. B., bal. June 21—Sch. Favourite, Weston, Charlottetown, bal.; Sch. Raeburn, McLean, Perth Amboy, anthracite coal, J. & W. Brait.

CLEARED.

June 16—Barquentine Ganbetta, 279, Hellum, Preston, Eng., deals, J. & T. Jardine; Sch. Champion, Orr, Summerside, lumber, J. & T. Jardine; Sch. Eddy, Malley, Baddeck, C. B., lumber. June 17—Sch. Favourite, Weston, Charlottetown, lumber, E. Walker; Sch. Catherine, Gerrier, Arichat, C. B., lumber. June 18—Sch. Lochiel, Wright, Summerside, lumber, J. & T. Jardine. June 18—Sch. P & E Small, Peters, Sydney, C. B. lumber, J. & T. Jardine; Sch. Avon, Leet, Port Mulgrave N. S. June 19—Sch. Maggie Roach, Irving, Charlottetown, lumber, D. McAlmon. June 21—Sch. Tartar, Irving, Glass Bay, C. B. lumber, Keady Lanigan; Sch. Two Brothers, Byers, Halifax, alwives.

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LOOKED LIKE A SKIN.

HOW MORRISSEY AND SCOVEL BEAT A PAT STRAIGHT AND THREE ACES.

Raises at the Proper Time and of Correct Amounts Did the Trick—Morrissey Got \$1,000 Out of the Pot, Scovel Got the Rest and the Others Got Left.

The passing of the Crystal saloon. Gone, but not forgotten. Erected in 1798. Razed only a few days ago. The Crystal saloon, which adjoined the Frear House, was for over 40 years the principal and about the only rendezvous for sporting men in this city. It was the resort of such well known men as John Morrissey, John Daly, Colonel Jim Scovel and others. Stories have been told of plays of faro when the limit was the sky, and where the checks were piled on a card as high as the ceiling.

Many good stories are told of big games played in the Crystal. One of the best is of the great poker game in which the late John Morrissey and Colonel Jim Scovel were the two important players. It was nearly 80 years ago. It was a bleak December night. This was before Scovel was sent to the United States senate by the Jerseysites, and when Morrissey was at the height of his prominence. It was a six handed game of draw. The game had been lagging on for three hours without any excitement. Morrissey was about \$5,000 winner. Scovel was a loser of about half that much. The play which made this story came up about 2 o'clock in the morning. John was the dealer, Scovel sat to his left and was the first man to speak. It was a \$20 "jack."

"Pass," said the big colonel, never looking at his hand.

The next man did the same as Scovel, but the player who followed him opened it for \$120, the size of the pot. The next man stayed, the next passed, and when it came to Morrissey he tilted it \$300. It was now Scovel's turn. There was \$320 now in the center. Scovel was a poker player of the old school. He would lay down fours as quickly as the amateur would draw four cards to an ace when it cost \$100, and he would play a three card flush if the pot was worth winning at all. Scovel looked at his hand when Morrissey had finished putting in the checks. He stared at John for a few moments, all the time fumbling his checks, and then in a cool way went down in his inside pocket and pulled out a large wallet.

"I'll raise you \$810," Jim said. The man who had opened the pot saw both raises, for he sat with a nice pat straight in his hand, and the next fellow put in \$1,170. Morrissey was non-plussed when it came to him. It was at least 15 minutes before he put in the \$810.

"I'm in so much I might as well stay," he remarked, as he picked up the deck. "How many, Jim?" "Three," answered Scovel, "and see that they are good ones."

"Oh, I've got you beat," chirped John, as he dealt out the required number.

"I'll play these," was the answer of the man who held the pat straight.

"That's a good thing," said Morrissey, looking in a surprised way at the man.

"Give me two," was the order of the next man, and he got them.

"Well, I only want one, and I don't need it at that," remarked Morrissey, as he took the top card.

The man who had opened was one of those fellows who are always afraid of a one card draw, and he merely chipped 25 cents. The next man was there with three aces cold, and he threw a \$50 greenback in the center. It was now Morrissey's turn. He had "skinned" his hand off two or three times.

"Five hundred better," said he, without moving a muscle.

During the play Scovel had been leaning back in his chair watching his opponents. The "gallery," which is the name used for the spectators who congregated around the table, was more excited than the players. The center of the table was piled with bills.

"It seems like a shame," exclaimed Scovel, "but I'm going to raise you \$2,500, John," and sitting the action to the word he counted off that amount in bills and threw it in the middle.

The man with the pat straight passed without hesitating, and the next with three aces concluded that his hand wasn't worth \$3,000 more, so he, too, dropped out.

"How about splitting the pot, Jim?" asked Morrissey.

"Never," replied Scovel, "but I'll let you take your last raise out."

"Make it \$1,000," said Morrissey, "and I'll go you."

"All right," said Scovel. "What'd you have?" "A lalla-pa-loosa," answered big John, and threw his hand to Scovel. There was a jack of hearts and a deuce, tray, four and five of diamonds.

Scovel turned his hand over and showed the jack of diamonds, queen of hearts, jack and seven of clubs, and ace of spades; he had a solitary pair of jacks. Talk about consternation. The man who had passed on three aces made the air blue, and the pat straight fellow fell unconscious. Scovel treated the house and took a cab to Albany. "If I had only thought you was bluffing," said Morrissey, "I'd have sent you to Philadelphia on a freight train."

There was \$5,071 in the pot, which Scovel won with a pair of jacks.—Troy Observer.

The great wall of China is 1,500 miles long and traverses high mountains, deep valleys and, by means of arches, wide rivers. The foundations and corners are of granite, but the principal part is of blue bricks. The last official account of the population of China gives a total of upward of 400,000,000.

The waste land of the United Kingdom, including mountains, heath and common, is estimated at 40 per cent.

TEA AND FANCY SALE

The ladies of St. Andrews Presby-terian Church, Kingston, intend holding a sale of Useful and Fancy articles, and Tea on Thursday the 1st day of July next.

The sale will begin at three o'clock. Tea will be served from five to seven o'clock.

A refreshment table well supplied with reasonable dainties will also be provided.

Crow's Nest Extension.

OTTAWA, June 17.—The question of who shall build the line between the western terminus of the C. P. R.'s Crow's Nest Pass Line and the Pacific Ocean or Okanagan Lake, is still lively.

All last evening Messrs. Heinze and Warfield, with other representatives of the Columbia and Western Railway were in conference with the representatives of the Vancouver, Victoria and Eastern Ry. C'y, and it was understood that an arrangement had been arrived at. It was stated that the representatives of the latter company a-keed \$65,000, and an undertaking that the line should be built to Vancouver; to allow the Heinze syndicate to have the charter and bonus if any. Whatever the terms, a meeting of the Railway Committee was specially called for this morning to consider the Columbia and Western Railway bill. It is stated that some of the parties to the agreement repented between night and morning.

But though Messrs. Heinze and Warfield were present after twenty minutes' wait there was no quorum, and the few members present left. It is stated on high authority that, so far, Council has not even considered the bonus question.

VICTORIA THE GREAT.

BY ALFRED AUSTIN, POET LAUREATE.

The dew was on the summer lawn, The roses bloomed, the woods were green, When forth there came, as fresh as dawn, A maiden with majestic mien.

They girt a crown about her brow, They placed a sceptre in her hand, And loud rang out a nation's vow, 'God guard the lady of the land!'

And now the cuckoo calls once more, And once again June roses blow, And round her throne her people pour, Recalling sixty years ago.

And all the goodly days between, Glory and sorrow, love and pain; The wifely mother, widowed Queen, The loftiest and the longest reign.

She shared her subjects' bane and bliss, Welcomed the wise, the base withstood, And taught by her clear life it is The greatest greatness to be good.

Yet while for peace she wrought and prayed, She bore the trident, wore the helm, And, mistress of the main, she made An empire of her island realm.

So gathering now, from near, from far, From rule whereon ne'er sets the day From Southern Cross and Northern Star, Her people lift their hearts and pray,—

Longer and longer may she reign, And through a summer night serene, Whence day doth never wholly wane, God spare and bless our Empire Queen.

CHURCH SERVICES.

PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH.—Services will be held on Sabbath first as follows viz:—Kingston, at 11 a. m., Richibucto, 7 p. m.

ST. MARY'S, (ANGLICAN).—Sunday, June 27th, 2nd Sunday after Trinity. Divine service, Buctouche, 10.30, (special Jubilee service) Kingston, 3.15, Richibucto, 7; also service on Friday evening in Richibucto, 7.30 p. m. H. A. Meek, Rector.

METHODIST SERVICES.—Rev. W. Lawson, Pastor, preaching next sabbath, 11 a. m., at Richibucto, 3 p. m., Molus River, 7 p. m. Kingston, 7 p. m. Friday, Mill Creek, Sabbath School at Richibucto, 3 p. m. Kingston, 2 p. m.

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Having made arrangements with the Direct Importers, Manufacturers, and Wholesale Dealers, we are in a position to sell to the city local trade or ship ANYLINES OF GOODS ordered to country dealers at lowest wholesale prices.

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Wholesale Wine and Spirit Merchant, LLOYD'S BLOCK 1 & 3 UNION STREET, ST. JOHN, N. B.

Sheriff's Sale. HIGH HEELS IN EGYPT.

Slippers seem to be in High Favor With Cairo Women. It is hard to find a neat, well fitting shoe in Cairo, because the woman of the fellah class goes barefooted and the woman of the harem wears slippers. Egypt has no middle class of a size to count for anything. The shoe, when one discovers it, is too broad for the foot of a European. It is round toed and without an instep, for the use of a splay footed generation. It has either no heel or else one that puts the "common sense" models to shame. It is a clumsy adaptation of its European prototype, useful, probably, but certainly not ornamental.

The slipper is a different thing. In its lowest state it is bright colored. It is a thing of the soil and seems a part of the foot that has shuffled along in it for centuries. The chiffer slippers worn by the women of Cairo are a vivid red or yellow. They are very loose, but are too flexible to be altogether awkward. They have soles almost as thin as paper and no heels. To walk in them is an art that can't be learned in one generation, but needs to be developed through heredity, for they are always trodden down at the back, and it takes toes as clever as fingers to hold them in position.

But Egyptian women can jump as nimbly as others from exercise to extreme, and every mother's daughter of them who can afford it wears still like Louis Quinze heels. The women of the wealthier classes are odd sights in their battike, black cloaks and white yakmaks, tilting through the streets with a liberal display of pink silk stockings and blue satin slippers that look fitter for a ballroom. Feet are all that a veiled woman can display, and she makes the most of them. In the narrow streets that lead from the muski one may see in a ten minutes' walk any morning stockings and slippers of all the hues of the rainbow. The slipperless silk cloaks that are universal for outdoor wear are not conveniently short to display black slippers embroidered with gold, white slippers beaded with blue yellow satin slippers with white lacrosettes and dozens of red silk slipper, with black beading. In Matarieh, Helouan and other suburban villages, where many of the pashas keep their harems, so that their wives may not buy out the jewelers' Lazzaris of Cairo, the display of footgear is even more striking.

The women who have the largest fortunes invested in stockings and slippers are not apparently young and are often rather than not of unyielding figures. The feet of Egyptian women are not small, and these gay slippers are apt to be in big sizes. They are frequently soiled and spotted, for the streets of Cairo are dirty, but they add to the picturesque-ness of outdoor life and to one's appreciation of the ingenuity of women.—New York Tribune.

Among the achievements of science is the production of petroleum from linseed oil by distillation under pressure. Two theories have been held as to the origin of petroleum. One is that it is of vegetable, the other of animal origin. It is not unlikely that it may be a combination of both. Animal and vegetable oils filter through the ground and might by changes in the chemical laboratory of nature produce this substance. At all events, the fact is significant and interesting, especially as several petroleum hydrocarbons have resulted from the experiments as noted.—New York Ledger.

Bunkoed. The elephant trumpeted loudly. "What's the trouble?" asked the chimpanzee.

"Somebody's worked the shell game on me," replied the pachyderm as he threw away the bag of empty peanut shells which had just been handed to him.—Philadelphia North American.

The Real Estate Man's Pet Story. Opdike (discussing their new flat)—The real estate agent said that my wife and I could have the flat for \$25 a month, but that he would charge any one else \$30.

Fatherly.—That was the offer he made me and my wife when we thought of taking it.—Brooklyn Eagle.