

Board Works Office

THE REVIEW

VOL. 8. NO. 45.

RICHIBUCTO, NEW BRUNSWICK, THURSDAY, JULY 8 1897.

\$1.00 A YEAR

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BY THE POET LAUREATE.

Alfred Austin's Poem on the Queen's Jubilee.

Only a few detached passages were sent to the press in America of the poem written for the Queen's Jubilee by Alfred Austin, the poet laureate. Readers will be glad to see the full text of it:

VICTORIA.

June 20, 1837. June 20, 1897

I.

The lark went up, the mower whet his scythe,
On golden meads kine ruminating lay,
And all the world felt young again and blithe,
Just as to-day,

II.

The partridge shook her covey from her wings,
And limped along the grass; on leaf and lawn
Shimmered the dew, and every throat that sings
Chanted the dawn.

III.

The doe was followed by her new-dropped fawn,
And, folding all her feathers on her breast,
The swan within the reed-mace deep withdrawn
Dreamed on her nest.

IV.

In the green wheat the poppy burst aflame,
Wildrose and woodbine garlanded the glade,
And, twin with maiden Summer, forth there came
A Summer Maid.

V.

Her face was as the face of mid-June when
Blossoms the meadowsweet, the bindweed blows:
Ere as a lily first she blenched, and then
Flushed like a rose.

VI.

They placed a crown upon her fair young brow,
They put a sceptre in her girlish hand,
Saying, "Behold! You are sovereign lady now
Of this great land."

VII.

Silent she gazed, as one who doth not know
The meaning of a message. When she broke
The hush of awe around her, 'twas as though
Her soul that spoke.

VIII.

"With this dread summons, since 'tis Heaven's decree,
I would not alter, even if I could;
But, being a woman only, I can be
Not great, but good."

IX.

"I cannot don the breastplate and the helm,
To my weak waist the sword I cannot gird,
Nor in the discords that distract a realm
Be seen or heard."

X.

"But in my people's wisdom will I share,
And in their valor play a helpful part,
Lending them still in all they do or dare,
My woman's heart."

XI.

"And haply it may be that, by God's grace,
And unarmed Love's invulnerable might,
I may, though woman, lead a manly race
To higher height;"

XII.

"If wise will curb disorderly desire,
The Present hold the parent Past in awe,
Religion hallowing with its sacred fire
Freedom and Law."

XIII.

"Never be broken, long as I shall reign,
The solemn covenant 'twixt them and me,
To keep this Kingdom, moated by the main,
Loyal yet free."

XIV.
T as with grave utterance and majestic mien
She with her eighteen Summers filled the throne
Where Alfred sate: a girl, with a Queen,
Aloft, alone!

IV.

But Love that hath the power to force a part
The bolts, and balk the sentinels, of Kings,
Came o'er the sea, and in her April heart
Folded his wings.

XVI.

Thenceforth more dear than diadem she owned
A princely helpmate, sharer in her trust,
If not her sceptre—since, withal, enthroned by
Time, the just.

XVII.

Scorn of wrong, and lover of the right,
Compounded all of nobleness he seemed,
And was indeed the perfect gentle knight
The poet dreamed.

XVIII.

So when the storm of wrath arose that drove
Scared rulers from their realms, her throne, deep laid
In liberty and trust, calm shelter gave
To Kings dismayed.

XIX.

And stronger grew the bond of love and grace
Betwixt her and her people, while that she
Reigned the glad mother of a royal race.
Rulers to be.

XX.

But Death that deepens love in darkening life
Turned to a pall the purple of her throne.
Then, more than once the maid, the widow-wife
Reigned all alone!

XXI.

"Leave me awhile to linger with the dead,"
Weeping, she sued. "But doubt not that I still
Am nuptialled to my people, and have wed
Their deathless will."

XXII.

"Their thoughts shall be my thoughts,
Their aim my aim,
Their free-lent loyalty my right divine;
Mine will I make their triumphs, mine their fame
Their sorrows mine."

XXIII.

"And I will be the bond to link them all
In patriot purpose till my days be done.
So that, in mind and might, whatever befall,
They still keep One."

XXIV.

Then to the winds yet wider was unfurled
The Flag that tyrants never could enslave,
Till its strong wisdom governed half the world,
And all the wave.

XXV.

And, panoplied alike for War or Peace,
Victoria's England furroweth still the foam
To harvest Empire, wiser than was Greece,
Wider than Rome!

XXVI.

Therefore, with glowing hearts and proud, glad tears,
The children of her island realm to-day
Recall her sixty venerable years
Of virtuous sway.

XXVII.

Now, too, from where Saint Lawrence winds adown
'Twixt forests felled and plains that feel the plough,
And Ganges jewels the Imperial Crown
That girds her brow;

XXVIII.

From Africa's cape, where loyal watchdogs bark,
And Britain's sceptre ne'er shall be withdrawn,
And that young continent that greets the dark
When we the dawn;

XXIX.

From steel-capped promontories stern and strong,
And lone isles mounting guard upon the main,
Hither her subjects wend to hail her long
Resplendent reign.

XXX.

And ever when mid-June's musk-roses blow,
Our race will celebrate Victoria's name,
And even England's greatness gain a glow
For her pure fame.

—ALFRED AUSTIN.

A HEROIC ACT.

One fine evening in December I pulled off in the coal company's smart gig to the 3,000-ton tramp steamer Corona, then rolling on the long Atlantic swell just outside the breakwater of Las Palmas harbor, Grand Canary. As the white gig flashed through the clear, green water there was ample opportunity to look at the vessel, and her appearance was by no means pleasing. With her full bows, square quarters, huge upright funnel and rusty

sides, she was not an attractive object, as loaded down to the last inch with nitrate from South America, she wallowed in the long sea slopes that swept round the end of the breakwater. Climbing over the low rail and forcing my way through a pandemonium of swarthy Spanish coal heavers, dealers in fruit and tobacco and vendors of canaries, the latter alternately coaxing and abusing their feathered merchandise in the vain hope of making them sing, I met Captain Cranton.

"She's not exactly a floating palace, but with fine weather will take you home all right, and you can see what a deep tramp is like at sea," said the latter.

Just then a delapidated looking Englishman, clad in greasy dungaree, with a battered engineer's silk cap on his head, thrust on one side a gesticulating Spaniard who was trying to force a bunch of hard bananas and a half dead canary on a grinning fireman and, touching his grimy forehead, asked:—

"Are you Captain Cranton, sir?"

"Yes," said the officer. "What is it you want?"

"I want to see if there's any chance of working a passage home. I'm a boiler maker and have served as fourth engineer. I'm starving here," was the answer.

"H'm! What are you doing in Las Palmas then—deserted, I suppose?" said the captain.

"No, sir. It was this way. I shipped at Liverpool aboard of the Coquimbo to load coal at Cardiff for Rio, and the night afore she sailed I met Tom Stevenson, who served his time at Dunlop's."

"Never mind Stevenson—go on," interjected the skipper.

"Well, we went to have a partin' glass or two—not too much, sir; about a bottle of whiskey aween two of us—an when they turned us out at 11 Tom, he sits in the gutter, and sez he, 'I won't go home till morning.' I sez, 'Don't be a fool, Tom,' and a p'leeceman comes, so I goes off and makes down to the coal tips. It didn't seem quite the right tip, but I sees a big four masted boat with a yellow funnel, and sez I, 'That's the Coquimbo—I knows the ugly look of her.' So I crawled aboard and goes to sleep in the fo'c's'le. When I awakened up, she were rolling heavy tar out at sea, and when I got on deck I says to myself, 'It's another sanguinary African boat.' So it was, and they made me scrape paint, and when we got here the skipper he sez, 'Clear out and be thankful you ain't locked up by the consul,' and I landed without a cent."

The captain hesitated and looked at the man once or twice, while the latter spat calmly on the deck. At last he said half to himself: "The chief wants another hand with that broken down engine of his," then raising his voice: "All right, I'll take you if the chief engineer approves. Go and see him. Mind, I'm not going to sign you on and pay more than you're worth for stamps, but if you behave I'll give you a trifle to go ashore with."

While I leaned over the rail, smoking and watching the foam crawl past—crawl is the proper word—the chief officer came along, and in reply to my query, said:— "What kind of a boat is she? Well, you can see—about as hard an old tramp as was ever launched into the German ocean. Besides, we've been knocking about for months, and there's shells and grass on her a foot long. The engineer says his mill is all to bits too." Subsequent experience proved that this description was by no means exaggerated.

Turning out early next morning, I climbed to the poop—for the Corona was, of the usual well deck build—and could see nothing but an azure circle above and a sweep of sparkling, foam-flecked sea below, piled into ridges by the fresh trade breeze, across which the steamer slowly rolled.

One glance at the water without looking at the log dial, was sufficient to show that she was only going six knots. So, climbing down the narrow, steel runged ladder, I made my way forward over the slippery iron deck, dodging the sprouts of water which gushed in through the scuppers at every roll, to look for the chief engineer. Passing the engine room door, the thumping and clanging that floated up were quite enough to tell of worn out journals and general out of linedness to one who could interpret it. I found the chief in his room, rubbing his hands with the inevitable ball of waste and said:— "What kind of mill have you got?"

"Weel," he said—for most marine engineers are Clydesdale men—"there'n't be war jobs afloat, but I havena seen yin. Man, do ye no hear her clack-clackin and wheeze-wheezin? There's a third o' the tubes in the port boiler plugged and a leakin', fey by the firemen canna keep steam w' they dirt o' coals."

Now, a Clydesdale man is rarely satisfied with his engine and would burn gold if he could get it, so I did not think too

much of this outburst, but had only to understand that the engine was not what he would have called an "A 1 mill."

Soon afterward the already strong breeze began to freshen up, and when the sun sank, a glowing orb of copper beneath a tagged edged bank of dark clouds, leaving a brassy yellow glare glowing across threatening sky and angry water, it was evident we were in for bad weather.

The seas were rapidly growing steeper and breaking more sharply, while the heavy steamer flung herself about as if she would shake the masts out of her, with water and spray already flying in all directions.

For some hours I hung about under the lee of the "dodgers," or canvas screens, chatting with the mate and trying to evade the stinging spindrift which lashed our faces like a whip from time to time. At last, as the poop disappeared to the top of the hand wheel in a rush of water, the mate, shaking the water from his sou'-wester, said:—

"If she jumps any more, the chief will be allowing her down. He's an awful old heathen over that broken down engine of his, and the second says he sits and talks to it in bad weather. Anyway, the sooner we get this hooker home the better."

Speak that night was difficult, for every now and then, as the steamer lifted her stem clear of the sea, the whole poop shook to the heavy vibration of the whirling propeller, until, knowing what ship it was and bad rivets are, I sincerely wished myself out of it.

In the morning I found the water pouring in over either rail, while all around was a wild, drifting, crested sea. Some of the cargo had drifted, and the ship lay down to it and wallowed, as only a tramp can, showing her bows up to foremost into the big ridges that rolled upon her. The chief said:—

"Man, the auld mill's turning half speed but we'r baun back sterrun first tae Las Palmas."

Then misfortunes began to arise. Something got adrift on the forecastle head and clanged about. It may have been an unshackled chain or anchor lashing. Three men, watching their time and clinging to the rail when a heavy sea came on board, crawled forward. I was watching them from the bridge, and I saw an unusually large wave rising ahead—a wall of glittering green water, curling over into foam at the summit. The captain waved his hand to the men and they grasped the rails. Next moment the bows disappeared deep in the sea, and when the steamer slowly lifted a streaming forecastle out of the ocean only one remained clinging, half drowned, to the rails, while as the vessel rolled heavily down and the sea poured out I saw his companion clutch at the bulwarks, miss them and disappear beyond all hope of rescue in a smother of foam.

The other poor fellow lay washing about the deck beneath with broken ribs, and as three or four seamen crept forward to go to his aid Mack came up with a long face to say that more of the tubes in the port boiler had burst and that the water was pouring out under the grates from a leak in the back end. He said:—

"I have scalded both hands an feet trying tae pit in the patent stoppers, but there's that much steam an hot water flying round it canna be done."

There was a brief consultation and it was decided to draw the fires in one boiler while the firemen did their best to raise enough steam from the remaining one to keep the ship head to sea.

"Mind, Mack, if she falls off in this sea it's all up. Be quick," said the captain, to which the chief answered briefly:—

"I have been in a hot furnace afore, an I can gang again. There'll be no time lost." So the rest of the day and all night we lay to. Every man at his post, while with ventilators torn up, hatch covers ripped off and water gurgling about deep in the holds the Corona swung to the heavy Atlantic sea in imminent peril.

Next morning a steady clang and clatter floated up through the stockhold gratings, and a fireman, wiping the sweat from his sooty face, came up to say that the chief wanted me below to see how repairs were done at sea. The chief engineer, looking gaunter and grimmer than ever, was swathing in sacks opposite the front of the port boiler, which, although the fires had been drawn, was still almost in blue heat. His third was trying to persuade him not to enter the furnace himself, but the chief shook him off.

An acrid smell of charring wood floated out of the three feet flues, and then, while we held our breath, the chief slowly crawled down the hot furnace and disappeared into the dark boiler, while a fireman followed him along the wing flue.

For some minutes there was a clattering of hammers, and then a nerve-trying silence. We listened with hearts in our mouths, but only heard the hammering of the runaway engines and the vibrating of the plates as a heavy sea struck the ship. Then a smothered cry came from the flue, "For God's sake get me out!" and, leaning forward, two firemen dragged the engineer forth, blackened and burned, after which he promptly collapsed into a dead faint, while a fireman went into the other flue at the risk of his life, and, making fast a rope, his comrade was hauled out.

Presently the chief gasped and sat up, holding out a hand on which the flesh was peeling from the bones in rags. "I can do nae mair," he said. "I's a boilermaker's job. An we canna drive the ither boiler at that rate any longer. It's no safe the noo. She'll fall off in the trough of the sea when the engine slows—an roll over. Lord have mercy on us!"

Just then a delapidated greaser came in from the engine room, and I recognized the man who was working his passage. "You should have sent for me before," he said. "Give me the tools."

"What dae ye ken about calking?" asked the chief roughly.

"I was the best boilermaker in Hartlepool before I took to drink," was the quiet reply.

"Give him the tools. It's neck or nothing the noo," said the chief.

The stranger carefully wrapped his hands in the sacks and then, with a hammer slung round his neck, crawled into the black mouth of the flue, pushing a flat engine lamp before him.

The red glare of the boiler lamps fell on anxious faces, dripping with sweat and smeared with soot, all turned toward the yawning mouth of the flue, and as I watched I could plainly feel a tiny artery pulsing as if it would burst beneath my ear. Then the tap of the hammer ceased, there was a clatter, as of something dropping in the combustion chamber and with a low hiss, as of water on hot metal, the dim light went out.

"He's dropped his lamp. Get in, some of you, and bring him out," said the third engineer. And while four firemen struggled to be first to undertake the dangerous work the chief staggered across the stokehole, and, turning a wheel, the sharp clang of the brass rams pumping up the half empty boiler rang out across the silence.

The seconds dragged slowly past in anxious suspense, while only a rustling sound and a sour smell of charring wood and smoldering cloth drifted out of the black furnace. Then there was a shuffling along the plank, and the firemen fell out a limp heap amid the coal below.

"I'm done; take hold!" he gasped. And his comrades seized a shriveled, blackened hand that lay upon the deal plank, rimmed round with a smoldering sleeve. A moment later they hauled out a ghastly object with charred clothing, singed hair and blackened face and laid it, with the features distorted in a sightless spasm of pain, carefully upon the floorplates.

"Poor fellow! I'm afraid he's gone. Get those fires started," said the third engineer, kneeling down and lifting the unconscious form in his arms.

Presently the relighted fires roared and crackled, and while the half hours crept slowly by and the finger of the steam gauge steadily mounted the scale the third engineer, surrounded by such firemen whose duties were over, knelt on the coal, bathing the blistered face and hands with the healing oil and trying to force a few drops of spirits between the clenched teeth. At last, just before the change of the morning watch, the burned and blackened lids fell back and the eyes opened.

A faint smile crept over the scorched face, softening away the stamp of pain, and the voice of the dying man sounded hollow and strange as he spoke in low gasps. "I've earned my passage—anyway—the leak's stopped. Mine's been a hard—hard life—it's finished now—good-by."

Then the weary eyes closed forever on this world. There is little more to be told. With steam from both boilers the Corona was able to keep ahead to sea until the gale broke and a faint, watery sunlight streamed down between lines of whirling clouds and shone across the foaming ridges below.

again—that even the "drunken sailor-man"—can occasionally die in a manner of which his countrymen have no cause to be ashamed.

Though he could never put it into words poor Jack has got the feeling in him which a poet has expressed:—
But once in a while we can finish in style—
For the ends of the earth to view.
—Temple Bar.

Buckets From The Well.

Set down the bucket and draw a single bucket-full of water from your well. By looking at and tasting it you know the condition of all the water in the well. A man doesn't need to talk long on a subject in which he is interested in order to show you his real character. You can form a pretty correct opinion of him often in ten minutes. On the same principle you are frequently able, from the occurrences of an hour, to judge of the history of years. This is Nature's way of teaching large truths by samples.

For instance, here are two or three short sentences taken from a letter, which in all does not comprise more than a hundred words; yet they point out what went on during twelve years of the writer's life.

"Sometimes," he says, "I had an awful pain and distress in the stomach, which no medicine that I took relieved. I had a sour taste in the mouth and pain after all I ate. There was also a sense of fullness and tightness at the chest, and I was constantly belching up wind. From time to time I consulted a doctor, who gave me medicines, but I got no better. In this manner I continued to suffer for twelve years."

Now think a minute what this means. Healthy people cannot understand it at all; but most of us have undergone pain enough, some time or other, to help us to fancy what such a long and weary stretch of it must be. It is like a cold rainstorm that never ceases; like a corpse in the house that is never removed; like a screeching noise in the ears night and day; like the knowledge of an enemy following you every step you take, and standing over your bed when you try to sleep; like—but what's the use! No illustration can adequately set forth what it means not to get a well day for a dozen years. It is worse than a sharp fit of illness, which lasts a few weeks, and then ends in recovery or in death—a thousand times worse.

Well, the letter says that after almost half an average lifetime of this, a customer came into the writer's shop and told him of a remedy which she had the best of reasons for believing in, as it had cured her husband of the same kind of disease. He procured it, and soon realised its virtues. It had power to reach the very source of his malady. The wearing, exhausting pain became less, and soon returned no more; what the doctors, with all their experience, failed to accomplish was done by this medicine—so easily that it seemed like the act of one who, by some strange power, says to an evil thing, "Depart!" and it vanishes.

Having gratefully announced his recovery, the writer of the letter adds:— "Since then I always keep this medicine in the house. When any of my family are ill we resort to it, and it never fails us. You can publish my statement that other sufferers may hear of it. Yours truly, (Signed) William Parry, Pork Butcher, 435, New Chester Road, Rock Ferry, near Liverpool, December 20th, 1892."

Another man tells a similar story—the history of eight years instead of twelve, to be sure. Yet eight years are quite enough to be filled with physical and mental distress. Pain in the chest sides and stomach; the eructation of sour, frothy water; being so inflated with wind that he was obliged to loosen his clothing; loss of appetite and sleep, and the uselessness of all medical treatment, etc.—this is the substance of what he was called upon to pass through.

He, too, at last heard of this medicine and used it. "Now," he says, "I am altogether a new man, and my health is better than ever. (Signed) Charles Appleyard, Ledsham, near South Millford, Yorkshire, February 9th, 1893."

So run the stories of illness and recovery—thousands of them in England—thousands of them everywhere. The same dreadful indigestion and dyspepsia (the curse of the race) and the same cure in every case in which it has been tried—Mother Seigel's Curative Syrup.

Doan's Kidney Pills.

Doan's Kidney Pills act on the kidneys, bladder and urinary organs only. They cure backache, weak back, rheumatism, diabetes, congestion, inflammation, gravel, Bright's disease and all other diseases arising from, wrong action of the kidneys and bladder.