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WHAT IS IN A NAME.

By S. HOUSTON LIVINGSTON.

Mr. Joseph Smithkins was postmaster of a little village called Blythevale somewhere in the state of New York. The principal features of the village were its three hotels, a weekly newspaper and the post office where Mr. Smithkins held forth.

Mr. Smithkins was of a literary turn of mind, and had written several poems and short stories and had succeeded in getting them published in a respectable magazine. He afterwards collected them in a book-form and published them under a non-descriptive title at his own expense. Although the receipts from the sales of the book were not very large still they encouraged him to further efforts, and, shortly before our story opens, he had written another book and had published it, this time under his proper name, and had also taken out a copyright for it. This was a long story and he had spent much time over it. It was published by Van Bute Bros., New York city, who had also published his former effort.

The morning on which the incidents narrated here commenced he was sitting in a room of the little building used as a post office reading a letter he had that morning received. It was from his publishers, and read as follows:

"Your book 'Bonnie blue-bell' is selling very well and we would like to buy your copyright of it. Please come here and see us about doing so.

The public seeing the name J. Smithkins on the book, think it is the latest work of the famous author, James Smithkins, (who is at present in Europe), and we think that is partly why it is selling so well, and we would caution you against deceiving any person who may credit the book to the famous author, as doing so would very likely hurt his sale.

Yours truly,

VAN BUTE BROS.

Smithkins was delighted. His book was selling so well that the publishers wanted to buy his copyright. Still there was a mental pang for him in the thought that it was so only on account of his name being mistaken for the greater author's. But he rejoiced in the belief that there must be some real merit in the story for if there were not the public would have discovered its mistake ere this. He decided to go to the post office in charge of his wife, a thing he often did when he left the place for a day or so, and to go to New York that day by the eleven o'clock train, which was due at Blythevale station in something over an hour. Accordingly he locked up the place and went across to his house about one hundred yards distant.

As he crossed the doorstep of his dwelling the idea struck him to tell his wife nothing about Van Bute Bros. wanting to buy the copyright of his book, but to keep it to himself, and spring the news upon her as a pleasant surprise when he had completed his bargain with the publishers and had returned home.

His wife, a rather pretty, dark complexioned young woman, was cooking in the kitchen.

"Well Bertha," said he, "I am going to New York by the eleven o'clock train. Where is my valise. I want to put some clothes in it as I may be away some days." She looked up, a little surprised. "What is taking you away so suddenly," she asked. "You did not say anything about it this morning; is it business, is it something about your book?"

"Yes," he replied "but wait till I come back and I'll tell you all about it. I want to give you a surprise."

"I hope it will be a pleasant surprise," she answered "but I'll wait 'till you come

back. Don't stay away too long" she added.

For the next hour they were engaged in making preparations for his departure. Of course he had to put on his best clothes and then there was his valise to pack while every few minutes he would have to run over to the post office to attend to people whom he would see waiting outside the door of that building. All this of course took up some time, so that despite his wife's assistance, it was five minutes to eleven when, having unlocked and locked his valise for the last time and given his last parting advice to his wife, he stood in the doorway preparatory to bidding her good by. There was a very loud kiss then two 'good byes' were spoken and he was gone. On board the train, he began to think about his book. What price would he put on his copyright? He had a very remote idea.

He stopped thinking, to listen to the talk of two gentlemen, who were sitting in a seat ahead of him.

"Yes," said one, 'Bonnie Blue-Bell' is a first class story. Smithkins stories always are first class. But this one does not seem to be written in quite the same style as his previous tales are. Did you notice that or perhaps you haven't read the book.

He held a book in his hand and Smithkins saw that it was a copy of his story. "Yes," answered the other gentleman, "I read it and liked it very much, but I did not notice the difference you speak of." They talked a while longer about the book and Smithkins perceived that they were under the impression that it was written by the famous author. He would have liked very much to tell them that he was the author of the book, but he remembered the caution which the publishers in their letter had given him and did not do so.

The scene at the depot in New York when the train arrived there about half past three that afternoon, rather bewildered Smithkins who was unaccustomed to be in such a crowd and to the noise, bustle and seeming confusion. He soon collected himself however and managed to get a cab, and later an hotel.

Next morning about ten o'clock he called on the publishers to settle about selling them the copyright. He asked the Janitor for Mr. Van Bute and was told to step into the elevator which he did. He had never been in an elevator before and accordingly when he found himself ascending he felt slightly timorous but was getting accustomed to the feeling when the apparatus stopped. He stepped out and was shown into a room where the Junior member of the firm of Van Bute Bros. was sitting absorbed in the morning papers.

He looked up when Smithkins entered. After closing the door behind him Smithkins had paused as if uncertain whether to advance or not but when the other looked up he stepped forward to introduce himself.

"I am Smithkins of Blythevale," said he, "author of the book Bonnie Blue-Bell which you are publishing."

The publisher reached over the desk to shake hands with him and said: "good-morning Mr. Smithkins. Take a chair. I suppose you got our letter?"

"Yes," replied Smithkins. "Well," continued the other, before we go into any details of the contract, which I suppose you called to see about, I would like to ask you if it is generally known around that village—what's its name—oh yes Blythevale—is it generally known around Blythevale that you are the author of this book?"

"No," answered Smithkins it is not generally known, in fact if my memory serves me aright there is no person in the place that is aware of the fact."

"You are sure?"

"Yes, perfectly."

The publisher had watched Smithkins closely while questioning him thus and was satisfied that he spoke the truth.

"All right," said he, "now we will get down to business."

Accordingly, they did so. Poor Smithkins knew almost nothing of the matter they had on hand, and the publisher soon discovered this, and used the knowledge to his own advantage. At length after some discussion he offered the author one thousand dollars for the copyright which Smithkins accepted.

"Now," said the younger Van Bute, "I would have liked to have had the contract drawn up and signed right away, but my brother is out of town just now, and I do not want to close the bargain with out it first having his approval. I expect him back in a day or so, and if you will kindly wait 'till he returns we will have the whole matter concluded then."

Smithkins was rather disappointed to hear this as he had hoped to return home that day, but he replied that he would stay, and, after some further conversation,

left the place. Happening, a little later, to go into a bookstore to buy a newspaper, he had the pleasure of hearing a customer asking for the 'Bonnie Blue-Bell,' but it cost him some pain of mind to hear it designated as "the latest story by James Smithkins the famous writer."

Why, he asked himself peevishly, could they not talk about the book with out mentioning by whom it was written? There was James Smithkins getting all the credit of his book, while he the real author, who needed the advanced reputation which it would give him was still unknown. If it were not for the importance which the publishers seemed to attach to the fact that the public was in ignorance of its mistake, he felt he would immediately have taken steps to undeceive that venerable body. But, he reflected, the publishers were probably right, and such a course would it was altogether likely succeed in ruining the sale of the book and what need he care anyway, the publishers owned the work now, or would in a day or so, and then he would have the money for it; as for fame—well, some day the public would discover its mistake and then they would see that there were two Smithkins, who could write fiction; Yes, he would be famous.

Then he pictured the delight of his wife when he told her of his bargain with the publishers. He spent the rest of the day dreaming of fame, and would occasionally leave off doing this to conjecture what he would do with the money which he would receive for the copyright, and which to him seemed quite a little fortune.

Next day and the day after he went back to the Van Bute establishment, only to find on both occasions that the elder brother had not returned. On the third day, however, the Janitor told him that Mr. Van Bute was back. So he took another trip in the elevator and was shown into the same room as before. The younger Van Bute was sitting reading, as he had found him on his first visit.

"How are you, Mr. Smithkins," said he on recognizing him, "take a seat." So saying, he resumed his reading.

In a few minutes he put down his paper and turning to Smithkins said: "about your book Mr. Smithkins, my brother came home yesterday and he refused to agree to the contract which I made with you, I am sorry," he went on glibly "but he is the real head of the firm, and I cannot overrule his decision." A look of pained surprise came over Smithkins face as Van Bute finished speaking. He became very pale. The publisher saw and felt sorry for him.

"What—what did he object to?" he asked hoarsely "perhaps I could fix it so he would agree to it."

The publisher looked at him curiously, hesitatingly, then he picked up a paper and, turning the leaves to a certain place, he handed it to Smithkins, his thumb on a certain paragraph. It was a sheet called the 'Literary Gazette' and Smithkins read:

A LITERARY COINCIDENCE.

A book has lately been published called 'Bonnie Blue-Bell' by J. Smithkins. This book is not, as the confiding public fondly imagines, by the well known writer James Smithkins, but by Joseph Smithkins, a country postmaster, an ambitious, but unknown aspirant in the field of literature. We quote the following from the 'Blythevale Enterprise' a weekly newspaper printed in the authors native village:

"Bonnie Blue-Bell," a book lately issued by a publishing house in New York, is the work of a Blythevale citizen, Mr. Joseph Smithkins, and not of the better known author, Mr. James Smithkins, to whom we credited the book when we reviewed it last week. We beg Mr. Smithkins pardon for the mistake, and at the same time take the opportunity to congratulate him on producing a work of such superior merit. In case anybody doubts our statement, we will add that we stand prepared to prove it any day of the week.

Smithkins face was drawn and white, as he finished reading, and handed the paper back to Van Bute.

"And is this why you have refused to draw up the contract?" he asked.

"Well, to be honest with you Mr. Smithkins, it is. You see we were relying on the public continuing in ignorance of who the author really was, to sell the book; but now that this article has come out, I think, to speak in plain words, that the sale of the book, is ruined."

"I'll stay here for a day or so yet," replied Smithkins after a short silence; perhaps the book may yet continue to sell; on its merits you know," he added wistfully.

There was something pathetic in the man's look and manner, and the publisher was touched by it. He could hold out no hope to him that what he wished for would occur, but thinking to turn the subject, said: "We will pay your expenses from

Blythevale and back; but by the way" he added, "some one must have known of your connection with the story, or that paragraph would never have found its way into print."

This was the very thing of which Smithkins was just now thinking.

"I have it," he exclaimed suddenly "it must have been Bill Hartmann; he is a storekeeper in Blythevale," he explained and was in the post office one day while I was writing the story. A sheet of paper with the title of the book written on it, happened to fall on the floor and Bill picked it up, and asked 'what was I trying to do now,' I put him off with some evasive answer (for I did not want to let any of them know I was writing stories,) and since then he has said nothing to me about it, and I thought that he had forgotten all about it. But he couldn't have done so."

"That is probably the very man who has ruined your book, though he undoubtedly thought he was doing you a good turn," said the publisher.

"Well, I'll come back to-morrow," said Smithkins "and see if that paragraph has done my book any harm, I suppose you will know by to-morrow will you?"

"Yes," was the answer. "Good morning."

Next day he came again and the publisher told him that several book sellers had cancelled their orders given a day or so before and that it was an assured fact that the paragraph in the Literary Gazette had hurt the book's sale very much.

When he went back to his hotel he received a letter from his wife, asking him what was keeping him so long in New York, and urging him to return home as soon as possible. He answered it by taking the train for Blythevale, and that afternoon about one o'clock, found him homeward bound.

He remembered with regret the golden surprise he had expected to give his wife, and the picture he had drawn of the great sale of his book, and the fame he had hoped some day to obtain. These things had been suddenly snatched from him, and all he would receive in their place was a cheap notoriety; perhaps not that. He felt as if he would like to kick Bill Hartmann all around Blythevale; then he smiled at himself. The train arrived at Blythevale station at five o'clock that evening. A happier mood took possession of him as he passed one familiar object after another on his road towards his home, and when his wife's pretty smiling face greeted him at the door, his gloomy feelings entirely vanished. "Welcome back," she cried, kissing him, "and what has kept you away so long?"

"Not very much," he replied, half playfully and half regretfully.

"Oh well you can tell me about your trip after a while; come now and have some supper; I know you must be tired and hungry."

During the meal she chatted pleasantly giving him all the news of the place, and he told her some little incidents that had happened to him while he was away, never touching however on anything in connection with his book. After supper they adjourned to the little parlour.

"Well Bertha," he asked, "how did you get along with the post office; did you have any trouble?"

"No, not a bit," she answered; "Oh," she continued suddenly, "I completely forgot to tell you something that happened about your book while you were away."

His face took on an eager expression. "The afternoon you left," his wife went on, "Mrs. Doolittle, the clergyman's wife, came in and she began to talk about your book, but mind you, didn't the horrid thing give the credit of the story to some other Smithkins that I don't think anybody ever heard of except her; well, I wasn't going to stand that you may depend, so I told her it was my own husband wrote the book and no other Smithkins. Well, she wouldn't believe me first, but I convinced her after a time, for I was bound that you should get the credit of it. Then she told me that everybody thought that this other Smithkins was the author of the book and that I had better send a letter to some newspaper or get you to do so, telling who the real author was; why what is the matter," she broke off suddenly, for Smithkins was gazing fixedly at her, an agonized look on his face.

"Oh, nothing," he answered, "only a headache, but go on with the story."

"Well, I called on the editor of the Blythevale Enterprise that afternoon and told him about the matter. I had a little trouble to convince him of the mistake, but I did so and he explained it all in the paper next day—why, what makes you look so, dear, did I not do right?"

Smithkins felt that his cup of bitterness was running over, but he bore up bravely. "Yes, dear," he replied, "you did per-

fectly right," and he bent and kissed her.

But though "Bonnieblue-bell" did not make him famous, still it served to enhance his reputation as a novelist and the next story he produced was tolerably successful. But he never let his wife know how she had hurt the sale of "Bonnie blue-bell."

DARK CLOUDS ROLLED AWAY.

One of Death's Agents Subdued.

Paine's Celery Compound Brings New Life to a Roxton Pond Lady.

The medicine that can rescue and save a human being after the best efforts of medical men prove unavailing should merit the careful consideration of every sick and diseased man and woman. Such a medicine is a boon to the world, an anchor of hope, protection and joy to those who have been told that they are in a hopeless condition and incurable.

Up to the present, medical science has devised but one remedy that fully meets the wants and desires of all sufferers. This wonderful medicine is Paine's Celery Compound, to which thousands in Canada to-day owe life and good health.

Here is a statement from a lady, Miss Marilla A. Bullock, of Roxton Pond P. Q., a sufferer from liver trouble, that is in every way sufficiently strong to convince the despairing, despondent and doubtful. She says:

"I think it a duty and a pleasure to write and tell you what Paine's Celery Compound has done for me, a sufferer from liver trouble.

"Two years ago I had a very bad attack of it, and called in a doctor who relieved me of the trouble, but I still remained weak and ailing, and had another and more severe attack. I was under the doctor's care for four months, and received very little relief.

"I was very weak, not able to sit up more than a few minutes at a time. A little milk taken at meals would distress me, and I was nervous and could get but little sleep.

"Hearing what Paine's Celery Compound has done for a friend, I gave up doctoring and used your medicine. I have taken six bottles and have received much good. I am able to eat a good meal. I sleep well, seldom lie down during the day, and can drive six miles over rough roads without getting tired."

Has a Portfolio Now.

FREDERICTON, June 11.—The act passed at the last session of the Local Legislature providing for the appointment of a minister of agriculture has been brought into force by proclamation, and this afternoon Hon. C. H. LaBillois, M. P. P., for Restigouche, was sworn in head of the department before Governor McClellan, Deputy Provincial Secretary Tibbitts reading the oath of office.

Mr. LaBillois will have to appeal to his constituents for confirmation, and it is understood the new election will take place toward the end of the present month.

The government has appointed H. J. Fowler, registrar of deeds for Kings Co., vice Taylor, deceased.

The government has passed an order-in-council guaranteeing the bonds of the New Brunswick Cold Storage Co. for seven years to the extent of \$150,000. A central storage house is to be built at St. John, with branch houses at Fredericton, Sussex, Chatham and Moncton.

The St. John Board of Health communication with respect to tuberculosis was referred to the Solicitor General, who will advise with the St. John board. The Province will be divided into districts, each subject to the inspection of a veterinary surgeon.

Those Worrying Piles.

One application of Dr. Agnew's Ointment will give you comfort. Applied every night for three to six nights and a cure is effected in the most stubborn cases of blind, bleeding or itching piles. Dr. Agnew's Ointment cures eczema and all itching and burning diseases. It acts like magic. 35 cents. Sold by W. W. Short.

The fatalities from famine and plague in China are appalling. The famine north and east of Szechuan is causing many deaths. A traveller who has just returned from there reports having seen numbers of dead bodies lying unattended to. In one large town half the population had perished from starvation and the fever that follows in its wake.

Notes From the Capital.

Editorial Review:

That the wise governor of N. B., who selected St. Anne Point as the future seat of Government for his province made no mistake, is more and more evident as time rolls on. Not only from the standpoint of defence and military strategy, but for convenience of situation, as well as beauty of surroundings, does Fredericton occupy a most commanding position. So much is this the case that a political man of prominence who lives here has a prior claim to the position of premier. While not always acted on yet this fact is admitted on all sides.

At present the beauty of the town is enhanced by the sight of the full flowing river. So wet has been the season that now, at a time when the spring freshets are in ordinary years over, the river is as high as is usually the case when the ice runs.

While the heavy rains of the past month have been most disastrous to the farmer, they have yet been of immense advantage to the lumbermen, and the log crop is now well garnered. It is said to be the largest ever taken in the booms. The great river is filled with lumber floating loose or rafted. There is a noticeable falling off in the size of the logs since the writer first gazed with admiration on the sheer booms, now universally used. While it looks absurd to say that the action of the water it is floating in will make a log float upstream, yet it is strictly according to the laws of nature. Forces the most opposite can by the use of the intellect be made to accord, and forces of the same kind can be made to produce the most diverse results.

Speaking of logs naturally makes one think of the lumber king of N. B.—the far-famed Gibson. This gentleman may well be classed high in the ranks of nature's noblemen. Not only a king of finance, but he is a king of men in the generosity and public spirit of his general conduct. It looks almost like a work of magic and the history reads like a fairy tale, when we are told that the large saw-mills and foundry as well as the immense cotton mill were built and owned by a man, who, only a few years ago, was a laboring man seeking a job in the saw mills of his native town. His life shows us what potentialities are often hid in homely guise, in men of sombre mould. Kent County has furnished her quota to the citizens of the Celestial City, and a worthy quota they are. Cyrus F. McKendrick, manager of the Victoria Mills, R. Potts, surveyor for J. Morrison & Co., W. A. Black, insurance broker, not to speak of J. D. Phinney, who is looked on as the coming man for York, furnish a contingent of which no county need to feel shy in acknowledging. Robt. H. Atkinson Esq., T. Lyons and some other young people of Kent Co. parentage, work in Marysville, and Rev. Jos. Sellers, so well known in Kent, ministers to the Methodist congregation of Gibson. All seem to like their surroundings and to be doing their work in life well.

Politics seem to be of secondary interest to the weather. No such a spring was ever seen in York before. There is practically nothing done yet on the farms, and the prospects are of the worst for the farmers. When we say farmers we mean the whole people. The farmer has one consolation, he can't suffer alone. If he is injured the whole community suffers with and through him. We are, it is true, all linked in an endless chain and are all connected, yet the farmer seems to be the hook by which that chain is hung to the golden door of national happiness.

C. C. C.

Fredericton, N. B., June 4th, '97.

Canadian Women Consume Millions of "Kets"

Millions of packages of Diamond Dyes are used by the woman of Canada every year. The sale of these household friends is increasing so fast that at times the manufacturers have difficulty in filling the orders that pour in from the wholesale and retail trade.

The enormous and fast increasing consumption of Diamond dyes indicates immense popularity, due of course to quality, strength, brilliancy and fastness of colors. Diamond Dyes give colors that last till the materials are worn out. Every color is true to name, the results are always pleasing and satisfactory, and they are sold at the same price as the common imitation dyes.

When buying package dyes for home dyeing see that your dealer gives you the Diamond Dyes, the only guaranteed dyes in the world, the only colors that give you value for your money and time.