

Board of Trade Office

THE REVIEW

VOL. 8. NO. 38.

RICHIBUCTO, NEW BRUNSWICK, THURSDAY, MAY 13 1897.

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Gorra! Begorra!

(Guelph Herald.)

On a fence near his wood pile sat a truly good Grit, Swearing, "gorra, begorra! begorra!" And I said to him, "Pool fellow, why do you sit Swearing gorra! begorra! begorra? Does coming defeat cast its shadow before? Does Hardy's mis-government make you feel sore?"

But the Grit shook his head and still louder he swore, "Oh gorra! begorra! begorra!"

"Now please, Christian friend, will you kindly explain This gorra! begorra! begorra! From a good Grit like you it sounds quite profane, Does gorra! begorra! begorra!?"

"Oh, our party has gone to the dogs, I declare, If George Brown was with us he also would swear, It makes me as mad as any March hare, Oh, gorra! begorra! begorra!"

"But come down to facts, and tell us the why Of this gorra! begorra! begorra? The frown on your face, and the tear in your eye, And this gorra! begorra! begorra?"

"The answer is plain; since the year '52 I've worked for the Liberals right through and through, Fighting Tories and Patrons and others—boo—hoo— Oh, gorra! begorra! begorra!"

"Well, cheer up and tell us the cause of this wail; Oh, gorra! begorra! begorra!"

"I'll tell you, but words are of little avail, Oh, gorra! begorra! begorra!"

"We're licking the hand that gave us the stab, The faithful are snubbed; or foe gets the grab, And the jil plum is given to Patron McNab; Oh, gorra! begorra! begorra!"

A LOVE CHASE.

"To-morrow on the Paris!" cried Carter, dropping his cane on the pavement with a resounding thud.

"Yes, tomorrow, said I, gazing with astonishment on my friend, for my commonplace gossip had apparently perturbed him greatly. "The whole family are going to sail, and they will be away for a year. It's very sudden."

"Sudden! I should say so!" he exclaimed. He looked thoughtfully up the avenue for a moment, then stammered, "Miss Margaret, too?"

"Yes."

Thereupon he hailed a passing cab, and before I could get another word with him he had dived into the vehicle and quickly disappeared with it.

Carter is not a bad fellow. He is exceedingly modest. This is a most unusual characteristic for a young man who is spending a fortune gathered by another's talents, but to so great a degree does he possess it that it seemed to him impossible that Margaret Walcott should look upon him with other than indifference or even repugnance.

"Why, Vandergust," he said to me one Sunday afternoon, when he had dropped in on his way to her house, "it's ridiculous to suppose that a bright girl like that could care for a fellow like me—a fellow who doesn't know anything, who has not a striking point except, money—when there are so many men with brains about."

But, acting on my advice, he actually started to propose that very afternoon.

"Miss Walcott," he began as they sat by the fireplace in the drawing room talking commonplaces, "I'm in love."

"Really! How interesting!" cried the girl, calmly leaning toward him and gazing at him, awaiting the rest of his re-

velations.

There was a long silence, during which Carter carefully drew his left glove on his right hand. Having recovered his courage he continued naively: "I know who it's with. Do you know who it's with?"

"Yourself," she cried clapping her hands as though she had made a wonderful discovery.

"Oh, dear, no! Never!" he stammered "Positively not. You really don't think so, do you?"

"I was just guessing," she replied soothingly.

"Guess again," said he quickly.

"With Vivia Vandergust," ventured Miss Walcott after she had given the matter due consideration, gazing meditatively into the fire, thus unconsciously showing to Carter the fine profile of her face, which showed in the red light of the coals.

"Don't accuse me of it," cried my friend in a deprecating tone that was most uncomplimentary to my charming cousin. "Guess somebody nearer home."

And the foolish fellow kept her guessing the name of every girl in town but the right one until the maid brought in Derby's card.

Was it a wonder that, knowing these facts, I smiled when I saw Carter dash away in a cab after I had imparted to him the news? It was sufficient to send him up the steps of the Walcott house in three bounds when his cab drew up there. Miss Walcott was out. "At tea?" he ventured to inquire of the maid.

"Yes." Here arose a predicament He knew of no less than five that afternoon. But he had heard that she was to be at the Trumpton's dinner that night, and his sole chance of seeing her lay in finding her that very afternoon or following her over Europe.

So he started in at Mrs. J. Anderson Oglesby's and most perfunctorily paid his respects to that energetic woman and her extremely plain daughter. Then he searched every corner of the crowded drawing rooms and took a surreptitious glance into the Butler's pantry.

"Isn't that Miss Walcott yonder?" he said to the young girl who was pouring tea, indicating a mass of black hair that was conspicuous in the crush.

"Why, no," she cried, gazing at him in astonishment. "She has light hair. And besides she left hours ago. I should think—"

The rest of the remark was lost on my friend, who dashed from the room and the house and was off in his cab once more.

He searched in vain for her at the Partridges', the Joneses' and the Van Blunders' and at length reached the house of my aunt, who was on that afternoon performing the arduous physical labor of introducing her daughter to society. Great, indeed, was my cousin's astonishment when Bennington Carter was announced, for she knew that he abhorred teas. But greater still was her amazement when he let fall the hand she held out to him, turned suddenly, craned his neck so as to see over the knot of women about the door and dashed madly from the room.

Carter had seen her at last, but it was only a glimpse as the door closed upon her. He rushed up the stairs to the dressing room and bounded down again to his cab.

"Which way did Miss Walcott's carriage go?" he cried to the man who called his conveyance for him.

"Up Fifth Avenue, sir," replied that astonished man.

"After it!" exclaimed Carter, jumping in and slamming the door.

The bewildered Jehu swung his vehicle around the corner and dashed up the avenue, crowded with carriages. Eight blocks, however, told on the beast, and the driver found it expedient to draw up at the curb and hold a colloquy with his fare.

"So you have lost it, eh?" cried Carter angrily.

"Yes, sir," replied the caddy. He tipped his hat most respectfully in the hope of mollifying the angry man.

Carter threw himself moodily back in the seat and for a time was silent. It was already dark. The pavement was filled with people hurrying home after the day's work. He had visited every place where he could have hoped to find her, yet lost her. Of a sudden he leaned through the window and to the caddy said "Do you see any awnings about here?"

The man pierced the gloom with his eyes and at length pointed meaningly with his whip down a side street to a residence in front of which a score of carriages were gathered and an awning stretched from curb to curb.

"At it!" cried the fare.

Carter quickly ascended the steps of the strange house, boldly passed the servants in the hall, left his coat and hat upstairs

and returned to the drawing room.

"Carter, Carter, Carter?" muttered the overdressed but kindly looking woman who greeted him there, tapping him on the arm with her fan and giving him a hearty shake of the hand. "I'm delighted to see you, Mr. Carter."

"It was awfully kind of you to come," said the slender young girl at her side as he formally greeted her. And when he passed on she whispered to her mother: "I'm sure I didn't send him cards. Why, it's Bennington Carter!"

My friend forced his way through a crowd of people he did not know and muttered imprecations on himself for wasting precious time at such a place. She would never be here. He would slip out at once. What! Could he believe his eyes! Yonder she sat in a cosy corner of the dining room, a tall young man bending over her.

"Why, Mr. Carter!" she cried as he rushed breathlessly up to her.

"How in the world did you happen to come here?" he exclaimed.

"S-sh!" The young man moved away, and she whispered apologetically "Close business friends of my father's. But pray what brought you here?"

"I followed you."

"Shadowed me! That was very polite of you."

"But I wanted you to guess some more," he stammered.

"Oh!" The girl blushed deeply and fixed her eyes on the carpet.

"Be quick," he said.

"Ethel Van Blunder," said she in a scarcely audible voice. She half arose from her chair.

Carter glanced behind him and saw Denby pushing his way through the crush about the tea table. "Oh, hurry!" he blurted out. "You must guess before you sail, or I'll never be hap!"

"I've guessed," she said demurely.

"I'm very glad to see you, Mr. Denby."

"I've followed you all over town," exclaimed Denby, totally oblivious of the presence of his despised rival. "But at last!"

"I'm so sorry," she said, moving toward the drawing room. "I'm so late now that really I must be going. But, Mr. Carter, I really forgot. Let me remind you that we expect you to dinner at 7. You can tell me all about it then."—New York Sun.

MR. AND MRS. BOWSER.

Mr. Bowser Makes an Early Spring Tonic to Tone up the Family.

"Well, a package came up for you this afternoon," said Mrs. Bowser after dinner the other evening. "I suppose it's another of those sort?"

"When did you ever know of my running after fads?" demanded Mr. Bowser, as he turned on her.

"A hundred times. I'll wager it's something for your liver or kidneys, or lungs—something you bought of an Indian doctor on the street."

"Mrs. Bowser," said he, after a turn about the room, "you are probably aware of the fact that this is early spring?"

"Yes—very early."

"And that after the cold weather, heavy food, overheated rooms, etc., the human system requires toning up?"

"And you have something to tone?"

"I have. I have a feeling of lassitude. So have you. If allowed to run any length of time, bilious fever would be the result—bilious fever, and perhaps death. The impending calamity must be averted. It can easily be done, and in this package is the means to do it. In three days we will feel like new human beings. I am going to prepare a family tonic."

"But I don't want any of it," she firmly replied.

"Then you needn't take any. If you want to look like a walking saffron bag by the time the first birds come I have no objections. As for me, I propose to take care of my health. I have here a lot of roots which I bought direct from a farmer. Roots make root beer, Mrs. Bowser, and root beer is the greatest tonic on earth. Every doctor—"

"But what do you know about roots?" interrupted Mrs. Bowser.

"Roots! You just show me a root I can't tell you the name of! I may not be much of a farmer, but when it comes down to roots I'm right on deck with any of 'em. That's what we want, Mrs. Bowser—a barrel of root beer—creamy, fizzy, delicious spring and summer tonic. That's what made Methuselah live to be 874 years old, and that's what'll keep us dancing from morn till night."

"I can't make it, and I know you can't, and I wish you'd give it up. There's a risk of being poisoned."

"But I can make root beer, and if you are afraid of it don't touch it!" he vigorously replied. "I need a tonic and pro-

pose to have one. As this is the cook's night out, I'll slip into the kitchen and begin operations. Have we a large kettle around?"

"I presume so, she said, as she looked over the contents of the package. "You seem to have several sorts of roots here?"

"Certainly. Root beer can't be made of one root, can it?"

"I don't think I ever saw any roots like these before. That looks like the root of a Scotch thistle, and this one—"

"Mrs. Bowser, I am running this root beer business!" he interrupted, as he stood her aside. "I get the roots, make the beer and take all the chances of being poisoned. If you have any more sarcasm go out and talk to the lamp post!"

"What are you going to put into the beer to make it work?"

"How work?"

"Why, it's got to ferment or it won't have any life to it. I believe they use yeast, but we haven't got any."

He suddenly remembered to have heard about yeast in connection with root beer, but vexed at his own stupidity, he wouldn't give in.

"People who want yeast in their root beer can have it," he said, as he stirred up the fire anew. "I am making root beer to please myself."

He had a dim idea that an hour's boiling ought to extract all the virtue from the roots, but not being sure of it he kept the fire going for two, and every time the mess in the kettle thickened up he poured in more water. At length he decided that the stuff was ready to ladle into the tub to cool, but the work wasn't half finished when Mr. Bowser made up his mind that it wasn't fit for a pig to drink. He wasn't going to admit it to Mrs. Bowser, however, and he was sitting around and wondering how he could get out of it without loss of prestige when she reappeared and asked:

"Is the beer all right?"

"How could it be otherwise?" he replied.

"Well, I'm glad of it. I think you really need a spring tonic. When are you going to begin drinking it?"

"Right off now," he said, as he rose up and entered the house for a cup, and walked out to the tub.

The first swallow of the stuff almost lifted Mr. Bowser off the ground, but he knew that Mrs. Bowser was closely watching him and he made no sign. The second made his hair curl, but bracing his feet and trying hard to look pleased, he exclaimed:

"Ah! that goes right to the spot. That's the genuine stuff I've been aching for!"

"Good, is it?" queried Mrs. Bowser.

"Next thing to Nectar! I've tasted forty different kinds of root beer, but this—"

"What is it?" she asked, as he humped himself up like a calf in a snowstorm and bulged out his eyes.

"But this beats 'em all!" he finished with a great effort and sat down beside her. "In the morning I'll barrel it up and have my own nectar on tap."

Mr. Bowser lied about that. He meant to upset the tub and spill every drop before he went to bed and lay it to the cats, but he didn't propose to go back on his own root beer with Mrs. Bowser watching him; but then a sudden spasm seized him, and he grew white and groaned:

"Say! I believe I've been poisoned by that infernal stuff!"

"No! Why, you said it was nectar!"

"Nectar be—hanged! I'm doubling up with pain in my stomach! Gee Whizz! What shall I do?"

"Mr. Bowser, root beer never hurts anybody," she said, with her hands on his back. "Didn't you fall from a tree while out in the woods?"

"Fall! Tree! Woman, am I a fool? I tell you I'm a dead man! I must have stepped up some poisonous root with that confounded swill! There it comes again. Great Scott!"

Mrs. Bowser got him into the sitting room and on the lounge. A mustard plaster was laid across him, the camphor bottle was held to his nose, and she rubbed his feet and hands alternately, and dosed him with brandy. She insisted that he must have had a sunstroke or tumbled off the fence or over a log, and twice she offered to go out and bring him a quart of nectar if he felt thirsty. He simply groaned in reply, and now and then fetched a shiver which made his toes crack.

It was midnight before the pain disappeared, and he fell asleep, and Mrs. Bowser roused him up and got him to bed. Next morning he seemed to be all right, and as they sat down to breakfast she foolishly said:

"When I went out to look at your root beer this morning I found four dead cats lying around. Don't you think you made some mistake somewhere?"

"I do, madam," he promptly replied. "You were opposed to my making it. You wanted to see me fail. When my back was turned you threw arsenic or strychnine or something into the kettle, and I just escaped death! This is the limit Mrs. Bowser—the dead line. I will telephone to my lawyer to come over and arrange things, and to-morrow you can start for your mother's—for your mother's on the afternoon train!"

Mainly Adverse.

NEW YORK, May 6.—In the six chief newspapers of this city there was not one word of favorable editorial comment on the tariff bill reported to the Senate. The two journals that uphold high protection—the Sun and the Tribune—were silent editorially the following morning and confine their Washington correspondence to a summary of the provisions of the bill. The Times, the Herald, the World and the Journal all criticize the measure sharply on various grounds. They condemn in particular the imposition of the duty on hides, the surrender to the Sugar Trust in the sugar schedule, the duty on anthracite and the changes in the wool schedule. As advocates of a revenue tariff they find mocking satisfaction in the resort of the Senate Committee to increased taxes on beer and tobacco, and in the levying of a duty on tea to supply the income that protection will not yield. They commend these as a shifting to the Democratic position, and they approve the abandoning of the retroactive clause.

Of the afternoon papers the Republican Mail and Express was as silent as was the Tribune. The Post commends the bill as likely to yield revenue, but by the means that tariff reformers have long urged.

The most significant editorial of all is that in the bitterly partisan Republican Press. In substance it likens the Senate Committee to the man that fell among thieves at Jericho and was stripped of his clothes and goods. It fiercely assails the abandonment of the modification of the provision for reciprocity, the abandonment of the retroactive clause, and the ad valorem tax in the sugar schedule.

Patent Report.

Below will be found the only complete up-to-date record of Patents granted to Canadian Inventors, which is specially prepared for this paper by Messrs. Marion & Marion, Solicitors of Patents & Experts, Head Office, Temple Building, Montreal, from whom all information may be readily obtained:—

CANADIAN PATENTS:

55,656—Hy. L. Miller, Kingsbury, P. Q., Butter Boxes.

55,657—A. H. Durant, Montreal, Chemical Extinguisher.

55,665—J. Tisdale & F. Larkins, Hamilton, O., Dust pans.

55,666—Kate H. Gilmore, Hamilton, O., Face steamer.

55,669—A. LeBlanc, St. Jovite, Q., Sleighs.

55,671—M. Power, Toronto, O., R. R. Track Cleaner.

55,682—J. R. Brown, Harrison Hot Springs, B. C., Rock Drill.

55,689—H. Good, Conostogo, O., Wood saving fire back.

55,890—A. Tetrault, Montreal, Harvester.

55,698—J. Yauil, Calabogie, O., Boom chain hook and link.

AMERICAN PATENTS:

581,308—John D. Browne, Car Advertiser.

581,658—Wm. H. Chapman, Electric Motor controller.

581,539—Charles O. De Lap et E. D., Mills Woven wire Gate.

581,405—Francis G. Gale, Spring Bed.

581,580—Edouard Lemire dit Gacher, Machine for making magnifying glasses.

581,598—Emile Levesque, Type writer.

581,371—George M. Ross, Injector.

The office of assistant general manager of the Canadian Pacific has been abolished, and Thos. Tait has been appointed manager of the company's lines east of Fort Williams.

In his address at the opening of the Anglican Synod at Winnipeg the Archbishop of Rupert's Land suggested that the Protestant denominations take steps to secure joint religious instruction in the public schools.

A young man named Harvey Kinsman, committed suicide by shooting on Thursday afternoon at Ladner's Landing, on Fraser River, twelve miles from New Westminster. Deceased was twenty-four years of age and was employed at the Wellington Farm Creamery. The only reason for the deed, as far as known, is that the deceased had had some trouble with the machinery at the creamery.

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WORDS FROM THE HEART.

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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, always 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.

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

Munyon's Pile Ointment positively cures all forms of piles. Price 25c.

Munyon's Blood Cure eradicates all impurities of the blood. Price 25c.

Munyon's Female Remedies are a boon to all women.

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 parts.

Munyon's Asiluna Remedies relieve in three minutes and cure permanently. Price \$1.

Munyon's Vitalizer, a great tonic and restorer of vital strength to weak people. \$1.

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.

Kelly's Confession.

SOMERSWORTH, N. H., May 6.—Joseph E. Kelly, the confessed slayer of Cashier Stickney, has made some matters plain in regard to the killing of Stickney, which have heretofore puzzled the officials. To a Somersworth official who visited the jail yesterday, Kelly said that he originally intended to chloroform Stickney.

Thursday he went to the bank at noon, disguised, and had with him a bottle of chloroform and straps to bind him with, also a wooden box in which to carry off the money. Miss Swazey's presence in the bank prevented his carrying out his plans.

On the day of the murder he got the Berwick post office stamps on a forged order. He had with him a large parcel containing an overcoat, hat, pillowslip and iron bar, which he asked the cashier to put in the vault. It was too large to get underneath the wicket, and Stickney opened the door to receive it. Kelly then rushed in and committed the deed. Having no need to use the iron bar, he threw it in the wood close by, where it was found yesterday by William H. Rich.

This new confession disproves the theory that he reached underneath the wicket and struck the cashier with a blackjack. The chloroform and wooden box have been found at his room in Berwick.

Dingley Bill Will Pass.

NEW YORK, May 6.—A Washington special to the Herald says the reconstructed Dingley tariff can pass the Senate just as it came from the committee. The Herald's correspondent, after a poll of the Senate, finds that 45 Senators will vote for the bill as now shaped, a majority of two as the Senate is at present constituted.