

Board of Trade Office

# THE REVIEW

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RICHIBUCTO, NEW BRUNSWICK, THURSDAY, MARCH 4, 1897.

\$1.00 A YEAR

## THE GREAT NORTH SHORE ROUTE!

The Best, Surest, Safest, Quickest Route by which to reach purchasers in the North Shore Counties of New Brunswick, is via

## THE REVIEW.

The regular news express to the homes of all the people, and most direct line to the pocketbooks of buyers everywhere.

See that your advertisement is ticketed via THE REVIEW.

### Look Up—Fight On.

Oh! soldier brave, upon the field,  
Worn, trampled down, who faint would yield,  
Who scarce the heavy brand can wield  
That gear thee for the fight,  
Look up, look up, repress the sigh,  
Spring to your feet, and flash on high  
Your trusty blade; ring out the cry,  
For God and truth and right!

Fight on, fight on, tho' dark the cloud,  
That all the future seems to shroud;  
Though thunders mutter deep and loud,  
And fierce the lightning gleam,  
The light of God's unchanging day  
Shall pierce that cloud with clearest ray,  
The gathering storm shall pass away  
In His resplendent beam.

The wind will change, the tide will turn,  
The rising sun bring in the morn,  
And hearts with highest hopes will burn  
That now are cold and dead;  
And in the land to which we tread,  
We'll find where all our woes shall end,  
That every foe man is a friend  
Which now we strangle dead.

C. C. C.  
Chatham, N. B., Feb. 22nd, 1897.

### Moth-Eaten.

I had a beautiful garment,  
And I laid it by with care;  
I folded it close with lavender leaves  
In a napkin fine and fair.  
'Tis far too costly a robe  
For one like me to wear."

So never at morn or evening  
I put my garment on;  
It lay by itself under clasp and key  
In the perfumed dusk alone,  
Its wonderful broderiey hidden,  
Till many a day had gone.

There were guests who came to my portal,  
There were friends who sat with me,  
And clad in soberest raiment,  
I bore them company;  
I knew I owned the beautiful robe,  
Though its splendour none might see.

There were poor who stood at my portal,  
There were orphaned sought my care;  
I gave them tenderest pity,  
But I'm nothing besides to spare,  
I had only the beautiful garment,  
And the raiment for daily wear.

At last, on a feast-day coming,  
I thought in my dress to shine;  
I would please myself with the luster  
Of its shifting colors fine  
I would walk with pride in the marvel  
Of its rarely rich design.

So out of the dusk I bore it—  
The lavender fold away—  
And fold on fold I held it up  
To the searching light of day.  
Alas, the glory had perished  
While there in its place it lay.

Who seeks for fadeless beauty,  
Must seek for the use that seals  
To the grace of a constant blessing  
The beauty that use reveals,  
For into the folded robe alone  
The moth with its blighting steals.

### NOBODY'S BOY.

The close of a lovely summer day was drawing near. The yellow sunlight had already begun to fade out of the west, and the birds were warbling their evening song of gratitude and love. Surely, never did earth seem brighter, greener, fairer, a pleasanter place in which to live and be happy. Certainly out in the fresh green country, "so near to nature, a heart," everybody was happy and grateful.

No, not quite. There was one poor little being whose downcast eyes and pale, sad face, told of anything but a light heart. Leaning against the brown railing of the rustic old bridge which spanned the brawling, noisy brook, a boy stood resting, bare-headed, bare-footed and ready to drop from utter weariness.

The most forlorn little chap you ever saw in all your life, far too young to be so friendless and alone. He had taken off

his battered old hat to let the evening breeze cool his heated brow, bathed his swollen feet in the cool limpid water under the bridge, and now they did not ache so sadly. But he had come a weary way that hot day, without a mouthful of food, and now he was not only tired but very hungry also.

He had walked miles, he thought without passing a single farmhouse where he might ask for food. Did nobody live in this pleasant country region? He did not know, poor child, that he had wandered from the main highway, and been all day on a remote woodland road, which did not pass many houses. He was just now coming back to the "big road," as it was called, but so worn out that he almost wanted to lie down and die, just where he was.

Indeed he had concluded not to try to go any farther that night. At least it was warm enough to sleep out of doors as the birds and rabbits did, so he was about seeking a nook at the foot of a gnarled old tree, when he heard a most welcome sound—the rumble of approaching wheels.

Looking eagerly up he saw a farmer's wagon coming down the road drawn by a pair of stout grays. As it came nearer the farmer reined up his horses, and stopped, staring in surprise at the boy on the bridge.

"Wal! and who be you?" he asked in a gruff yet kindly way.

"I'm a traveller," answered the boy.

"Oh, you be! Goin' to see your friends hey?"

"No sir. I aint got no friends."

"Land's sake! Why who's boy be you then?"

"Nobody's mister."

"What! Haint you got no folks?"

"No sir, not nobody."

"Wal, I vow! Ef that aint a poser?" ejaculated the farmer, his kind heart stirred with pity.

"Wal if you aint goin to see your friends, where was you goin' hey?"

"Anywhere where I can get work sir."

"Oh that's it! Wal, where did you come from?"

"From the city, sir."

"The city! Why it's thirty miles boy! Ye haint walked all that way?"

"Yes I have mister, since yesterday mornin'."

"Wal! that beats me! What's your name youngster?"

"Jim Harris, sir."

"To'able tired like, aint you, Jim?"

"I'm most dead mister!" said the boy piteously. "I'm plum beat out! Say, if you'll let me go home long o' you, and give me somethin' to eat, and a place to sleep to-night, I'll work like a trooper to-morrow to pay for it. I will treat."

"You look like you'd be a master hand at work, you do!" replied the farmer, laughing.

"But Ben Dowden never yet refused a bite and a bed to a hungry dog, let alone a human. Just climb up here into the wagon. We'll fix you up for to-night and to-morrow maybe we'll see, what you're good for."

"I know how to work, mister," said Jim, as the farmer lent him a hand at climbing up to the seat beside him.

"You do, hey?" returned Ben Dowden. "What made you run away?"

"How do you know I did run away?" asked Jim, as he settled himself on the seat with a long sigh of relief.

"Oh I guessed it! Didn't you now?"

"Yes sir, I did!" said the boy almost freely.

"Was you workin' fur anybody?"

"Yes, sir, I was. But I'll never go back, no, not if I see, first! So you needn't try to send."

"Oh, look here now! Don't get scared afore you're hurt!" said Farmer Dowden soothingly. "We ain't heathens out this-a-way, nor boy-hunters, neither. You keep cool till to-morrow, and then you can tell us all about it. I reckon it'll be real Christianity to jest let you do nothin' but eat and sleep, to-night. And ye needn't be afraid o' nobody, while ye are under Old Ben Dowden's roof. Go 'long, Bob! Get up, Jerry! It's time we was to home, ole' chaps!"

The horses obeyed the command and with a slight shake of the reins over their willing backs, they trotted off down the road.

"Mer-y s, Ben! Who is that?" cried the little woman, lifting her hands at the sight of the pale face and forlorn figure.

"Says he's nobody's boy! Looks uncommon like it, I must confess!" chuckled the farmer. "I found him up the road here, 'most starved."

"Starved! Dear! dear! when our very pigs have too much to eat!" said the cozy matron. "Here, boy, come right in, and get some supper! Here, you Billy! Dick! let that cab alone, and run for a pail o' water for mother, right quick!"

The two youngsters playing in the grass jumped up, and came forward, casting curious looks at Jim.

"Never mind him, now!" cried the little mother, marshaling the whole troop before her into the house. "Run for the water, so we can have supper. He's a boy your father brought home. Dear! dear! to think of a poor child hungry in this land o' plenty! There, boy, sit down there," and she brought forward a chair, "and you shall have a wash and a good fill directly!"

In a few moments more Jim found himself seated at the generous country table, with a well-heaped plate before him, and beside it a huge glass of rich, creamy milk—such milk he had never tasted before.

That night he slept in a clean, comfortable bed, in a little room off the big kitchen and the next morning awoke refreshed and comforted.

After breakfast he told his story to his new friends.

It was only the old story of shame and wrong, of the misery wrought by the demon of the rum-bottle.

His father and mother were both dead. His mother, when she died, left him to the care of a cruel step-father, who wreaked all the vengeance of his drunken fits upon the helpless boy.

"He kep' a saloon, down by the river," said Jim, "and me and some more boys used to wash bottles down cellar. He beat us and starved us, and hardly give us a rag to wear. He used to beat me to make me drink. But I promised mother, afore she died, that I would never touch a drop, and I never will! I'll die first! He said he'd beat me to death, that man did, ef I didn't drink. I expect he'd 'a done it—there wasn't nobody to take my part, and so I couldn't stan' it. I jest run away, bound to go where I could get work and grow up a good, decent man."

"Wal, I kind o' think you are tellin' the truth," said Farmer Dowden.

"'Tis the truth, every word of it," put in Jim, firmly.

"I guess I'll have to keep ye along a spell," went on the good farmer. "Mother and me's been talkin' it over, and we sort o' think—how would you like to stay here, and live 'long 'o us, awhile?"

"Like it? Oh, mister, I'd jest be the happiest boy in the world if you'd let me!" cried Jim. "Wouldn't I work! You jest try me, and see! My! to live in a place like this would be fine!"

The farmer laughed at the boy's eagerness, and said:

"Wal, I need a handy boy round here, sometimes. These fellows," patting the curly heads of Dick and Billy, "are too small to be good for much, yet awhile, without its mischief. I don't 'low you know much about farmwork, either."

"No, sir. But I can learn," said Jim earnestly.

"We'll give you a try at it, anyhow. As long as you behave well, you can stay, and help round for your board and clothes until you're big enough to earn wages."

"All right, sir! I count on stayin' a good, long while," said Jim, feeling that he was no longer a friendless, "nobody's boy."

He did stay, and soon became quite a help on the farm. He loved the free, fresh air, the green fields and blooming orchards; he loved to feel the gentle sheep, and frisky pigs and calves—indeed, there was not a living creature on the place that he did not love and treat kindly, therefore he made friends with them all.

He is on the farm yet, growing up into a useful, industrious, honorable young farmer. Ben Dowden did a noble deed when he saved this one friendless boy, and already Jim has amply repaid him.

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**Kruger's Idea.**

Pretoria, Feb. 26.—President Kruger has appealed to the Volksraad to pass the proposed law, placing the high court of the South African Republic virtually under the Volksraad.

This the president declares, is necessary in view of the persistent attempts of Cecil Rhodes to undermine the Republic.

The Chief Justice of the High Court and his associate justices have issued a declaration, that the proposed law with its new oath would interfere with the independence of the court.

### Letter From Sullivan.

CALAIS, Me., Feb. 24.—A friend of Jno. E. Sullivan who resides in Calais recently received this communication from the condemned man now languishing in Dorchester jail awaiting the sentence of death on March 12:

DEAR FRIEND—There is no spot on earth that is so lonely and none so cheerless as a prison cell. Away from all the world with its busy hum and business hustle is had enough but in a cell with granted prison door and an outside door which when closed, makes my room look like a modern dungeon, is even worse than a case of ordinary imprisonment.

And then again, I am not only incarcerated here for a certain period of time with hopes of regaining my liberty, but I am here for a few days and I can count the hours when I will be taken from here and asked to say "good bye" to all the world and then mount the scaffold and die. Judge Hanington says so and the order must be obeyed. I am as innocent as a child unborn of the crime of murder, but what does that matter? The crown wanted a victim and I was the only available man. Concerning my trial, I have only to say that if public opinion ever took a hand in a public prosecution it was in my particular case. However, as I write from behind these dark stone walls, I only do so to let the public know that I am not satisfied with the manner in which the criminal law of Canada is administered in this country. I make this complaint as one who has been tried and found guilty of murder in the supreme court of Westmorland county. My complaint will not alter the present state of affairs but it will go down to future generations as a sort of protest against the mock trial system which is such a curse to our country at the present time. I have been asked by several newspapers of late to give a short sketch of my life, which I now gladly do. I was born in Westmorland county in 1860, and when quite young I went to school to Mr. Friel, father of Jas. Friel, barrister at Dorchester. I got a common school education, but I regret to say that I did not put my services to any profitable use. I went to work in a saw mill, after which I went on the I. C. R. as a section man, but grew tired of the business and again went milling. I soon took a notion to go railroading again and got employment as a brakeman, but owing to the dull times I went to the State of Maine, where I worked for over a year in the saw mills, but wanting to see more of the world, I shipped on board the Anna S. Brown, then commanded by Capt. McGrath, of St. Stephen. The Anna Brown was bound for Newark, N. J. When I reached my destination, I shipped in the United States navy in the ship "Boston" and made two voyages almost around the world. When I arrived in New York I was sent on board of a torpedo boat as deck hand, which position I held for six months when I was promoted to pilot on board the torpedo boat David Bushell, then a new boat for the engineers. After sometime I grew tired of harbor life and just then the Apache Indians broke out and went on the war path in Arizona, and I was sent to Arizona with some others attached to the 2nd cavalry, I being reserved as a bugler and courier. I had quite a varied experience and witnessed a great deal of brutality and genuine butchery. I stuck to the cavalry till the Indians were subdued and returned to their respective reservations. Then we were sent back to New York, where I gave up the trumpet and shipped on board of one of the anchor line boats running between New York and England. I made two voyages, after which I shipped on a small steamer named the "Dundee" running between England and the East Indies and China. I made four voyages in her when I was taken ill with the fever and sent to the hospital. After my recovery I returned to my home and being advised by my parents to reside in Canada I went to work in the mills in Westmorland county and in Nova Scotia, and have recommendations in my possession from all the firms with whom I have ever been employed. And now I would like to say that in all my travels in the different foreign countries where I have gone, I never saw the inside of a prison cell and was entirely unknown to the officers of the law until I was arrested at Calais, Me., on a charge of being implicated in the Meadow Brook tragedy. Since my arrest I have not asked for public sympathy nor have I any idea of doing so now. Moreover, I know that the whole force of public opinion has set in against me and that it militated against me at my trial and even the judge who presided over the court was prejudiced against me. The daily press of Canada were both one sided and unfair and did much to prejudice public minds against me. The statement made by Mrs. McAnn, of St. John,

was false but the crown officers allowed it to go against me without being honest enough to state that it was untrue. (Sullivan here assails the testimony of Steeves, McKim and others.) The McKims, the McAnns the Steeves and the Greens have told their stories and upon their testimony an innocent man goes to death. I have not called upon anyone to sympathize with me and have tried to be a man of manly bearing during the hours of my trial, but there comes a time in the history of one who is in grief when their hearts will despair, and when their courage will ooze from them. That is my position at the present time. I freely forgive all my enemies and hope that God in his great goodness will forgive them also. I am called upon to offer up my life on the scaffold on the charge of murder that is false and has no foundation in fact or in law. I feel sorry to leave behind me in disgrace an aged father and a loving mother whose old heart is sore on account of her erring son. My dear sisters whom I love with all my heart will have to bear all the disgrace that a vagabond brother has brought upon them. God bless and keep my sisters and make them able to bear the name of their brother without murmuring too much. And my poor mother!

Weep, my poor mother weep,  
Let tears fall fast and free,  
They will help to ease your troubled heart  
Of woe and agony.

Weep for the loss of your son,  
Whom you will see no more,  
He's bound down in iron fetters strong,  
And his heart with grief is sore.

I wish to thank the Springhill Tribune for its many friendly references to me and I candidly say that the Tribune was the only newspaper published in the Maritime provinces that attempted to be fair in the discussion of my trial. I will now say good bye to all the people. Sincerely yours,

JOHN E. SULLIVAN,  
Dorchester Jail."

### Postmaster in Trouble.

OTTAWA, Feb. 24.—A serious fraud on the Post-Office Department, involving the important question as to the efficiency of the checking system at headquarters, has been discovered. Mr. C. N. Paquin, postmaster at St. Cuthbert, Que., has been in the habit since last October of issuing money orders payable to himself or his brother in Montreal and then drawing the money out at the Montreal office. He commenced with five or six hundred dollars, and finally ran up to \$2,100, which is the amount he now owes. The discovery was accidental. Mr. Chillas, assistant inspector at Three Rivers, was in the Montreal money order room one day when he overheard a clerk say: "I have certified to \$2,000 from the one office."

Mr. Chillas said: "What office?"

The reply was "St. Cuthbert."

"Where are they?" exclaimed Mr. Chillas.

"Just gone," was the reply.

Mr. Chillas rushed to the bank and got there as Mr. Paquin was handing the money orders to the teller. He seized them as they were reached across the counter. No arrests have yet been made, though the matter is in the hands of the Department of Justice. Paquin's system was to raise money in this way from week to week, each week remitting to the department to cover the previous week's orders, but always being a week ahead and always \$2,100 behind. He keeps a general store and has property which is expected to be good for the amount of the defalcation. On one occasion he used the Louiseville office to draw on.

### A True "Ghost" Story.

This is a true English ghost story of an unconventional kind. A young lady arrived late at night on a visit to a friend. She awoke in the darkness to find a white figure at the foot of the bed. While she watched, the bedclothes were suddenly whisked off and the apparition vanished. After an anxious, not to say chilly, night, the visitor went down with little appetite for breakfast. At table she was introduced to a gentleman, a very old friend of the family, who had, she learned, also been sleeping in the house. He complained of the cold. "I hope you will excuse me," he said to the hostess, "but I found it so cold during the night that, knowing the room next mine was unoccupied, I took the liberty of going in and carrying off the bedclothes to supplement my own." The room, as it happened, was not unoccupied, but he never learned his mistake.—San Francisco Argonaut.

Bob Fitzsimmons says he has had a dream that he is going to whip Corbett. He says he always has a dream when he is going to do his man.

K D C cures Dyspepsia.

## MUNYON'S IMPROVED HOMOEOPATHIC REMEDIES

POPULAR WITH THE PEOPLE BECAUSE

THEY ACT INSTANTLY

Giving Relief From Suffering After the First Two or Three Days.

THEY CURE PROMPTLY

Even in the Most Obstinate and Aggravated Cases Where All Other Remedies Have Failed.

THEY CURE PERMANENTLY

Thoroughly Destroying Every Trace of Disease by Their Action on the Kidneys, Liver or Blood and Nerves.

THEY SAVE DOCTOR'S BILLS.

No Guess Work, No Experimenting.—Munyon's Guide to Health will Describe the Nature of Your Disease and Tell What to Take—Every Mother Can Become the Family Physician—A Separate Cure for each Disease—Every Remedy Has Plain Directions, so There can be No Mistake—Sold by All Druggists, 25 Cents a Bottle—If You are in Doubt as to the Nature of Your Disease Consult Munyon's Specialists.

Mr. John West, 1044 St. Lawrence Main Montreal says: "For years I suffered from rheumatism which penetrated my whole system. During wet weather I was often confined to the house a complete cripple. I was treated in England also here, by the best doctors and took many so-called rheumatic cures, but they did me no good. After using one bottle of Munyon's Rheumatism Cure the pain has absolutely disappeared. It has worked wonders for me. I cheerfully recommend it to all sufferers."

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

Munyon's Dyspepsia Cure positively cures all forms of indigestion and stomach trouble. Price 25 cents.

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 Vitalizer restores lost powers to weak men. Price \$1.

Munyon's remedies at all druggists, mostly 25 cents.

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

### South Branch.

Miss Annie Thomas, of Boston, is visiting relatives here.

Mrs. Robert Sinton, who has been ill with la grippe, is improving.

Our school is progressing, under the management of Miss Grogan, of Kouchibouguac.

Mr. John Cochran, of this place, and Mr. Johnson Murray, of West Branch, who have been in Bathurst for the past few months, have returned home.

Miss Cameron, of Kingston, is spending a few days with her friend Sherena Doherty.

Mr. James Thurott is home from the lumber woods.

Miss Bell Hudson is in Main River at present.

Mrs. David Cochrane broke her arm by slipping on the ice a few weeks ago.

Mr. H. A. Meek, preached in the hall Tuesday night.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles McDonald spent Sunday in Kouchibouguac.

The Misses Beers have gone to Boston for the winter.

Miss Jessie Mitchell is still in Kingston.

Miss Minnie Mitchell who has been in Amherst for the past few months, is expected home shortly.

R. N.'s trip west has not materialized, DICK & DREHONY.

K D C is marked prompt and lasting in its effects.