

Board Works Office

THE REVIEW

VOL. 8. NO. 34.

RICHIBUCTO, NEW BRUNSWICK, THURSDAY, APRIL 15, 1897.

\$1.00 A YEAR

THE GREAT NORTH SHORE ROUTE!

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April.

O winsome sprite, with violet eyes,
'Neath dewy lashes peeping,
With gay delight o'er sunny skies
Thy cloudy drap'ries sweeping—
We'll drink to Spring, the artful thing,
Who waked thee from thy sleeping!
Thy roguish face, so fair, so sweet,
My heart in bliss is steeping,
And love—in truth, companion meet—
Behind the blossoms peeping
Lo, I descry!—But tell me why
Thy sudden thou art weeping?
Cease, cease sweet one, I haste to come
With ev'ry art beguiling,
About thy feet the flowerets sweet
In fragrant billows piling.
O gracious be!—A laugh of glee!—
The little which is smiling!
Thus fits the darling of the year,
Caprice her charms enhancing,
With now a smile and now a tear,
In every mood enchanting!
A blossom there, a blossom here,
Her way through springtide dancing!
—Mabel MacLean Helliwell.

Bill's In Trouble.

(Anon. in Denver Post.)

I've got a letter, parson, from my son
away out west,
An' my ol' heart is heavy as an anvil in
my breast,
To think the boy whose futur' I had once
so proudly planned
Should wander from the path o' right an'
come to such an end!
I told him when he left us, only three
short years ago,
He'd find himself a-plowin' in a mighty
crooked row—
He'd miss his father's counsels, an' his
mother's prayers, too,
But he said the farm was hateful, an' he
guessed he'd have to go.
I know thar's big temptation for a young-
ster in the west,
But I believed our Billy had the courage
to resist,
An' when he left I warned him o' the
ever-waitin' snares
That lie like hidden serpents in life's path-
way everywheres,
But Bill he promised faithful to be care-
ful an' allowed
He'd build a reputation that'd make us
mighty proud,
But it seems as how my counsel sort o'
faded from his mind
An' now the boy's in trouble o' the very
wustest kind!
His letters came so seldom that I somehow
sort o' knowed
That Billy was a-trampin' on a mighty
rocky road,
But never once imagined he would bow
my head in shame,
An' in the dust'd waller his ol' daddy's
honored name.
He writes from out in Denver, an' the
story's might short;
I just can't just tell his mother; it'll crush
her poor ol' heart!
An' so I reckoned, parson, you might
break the news to her—
Bills in the Legislatur', but he doesn't
say what fur.

JACK AND JILL.

From Household Words

"You stupid, stupid little animal!
How in the world am I to go home in this
state? Now be quiet and walk home
properly all the rest of the way, do you
hear, you naughty little thing? Oh! that's
the finishing touch!"
Jack Briscoe, as he turned the corner
of the lane and emerged from the shadow
of the tall hedgerow, just caught a fleeting
glimpse of something white scurrying past
carrying something else which flapped gay-
ly in the breeze, and then he came into
abrupt collision with the owner of those
two "somethings"—literally fell into
her arms.
Then followed an exclamation of "Oh,
dear!" from the one, and "I beg your
pardon" from the other, and each stepped

back a pace or two and regarded the other
in some confusion.

He was a tall, good-looking fellow of
about six and twenty; she was a pretty
girl of about seventeen, flushed with
healthy exercise, hatless, and somewhat
untidy. The hem of her blue merino
frook was torn, and she was holding it up
in festoons; her yellow hair was blowing
about her dainty little head in picturesque
disorder, and her hat—as has been said
before—was nowhere. That is to say, it
was not on her head, nor anywhere with-
in the range of vision at that moment.
Doubtless that was the cause of the anx-
ious glance she cast around as soon as she
had recovered from the shock of the colli-
sion.

"Vanished, of course!" she exclaimed,
in accents of tragic despair. "It will be
in ribbons before I can find him."

"It's being—"
"My hat—Pops has run off with it."
"Shall I pursue and capture the cul-
prit?"

"Oh, if you only would," with a look
that was full of gratitude. "I dare say
he is hiding somewhere close at hand. Oh
—he's actually bringing it back, the dar-
ling!"

A diminutive apparition appeared at the
corner of the lane—a fox terrier puppy,
with a black patch over one eye that gave
him a decidedly roughish, not to say rak-
ish, cast of countenance. He was wagging
his stump of a tail and looking mightily
pleased with himself; and he still retained
possession of the ill-fated hat, carrying it
suspended from his mouth by one of the
upstanding bows of blue ribbon; even in
his short journey round the corner it had
gathered up much dust and grime.

"How did he manage to reach it?"
asked the young man, rescuing it and re-
storing it to its owner. "He couldn't
jump so high, surely?"
"N—no," with a merry twinkle in her
dark eyes. "You see, we were playing—
romping, if you prefer to call it so—I was
sitting on the grass and Pops just jumped
up and grabbed it. There what an awful
tomboy you must think me, Dr. Briscoe!"

"How did you know my name?"
"Oh," coloring up, "I saw you in
church last Sunday, and once or twice in
the town. Uncle told me your name
—my uncle is Mr. Ashford, you know."
"I see."

He was enlightened now. He knew
that Mr. Ashford had a niece staying with
him; but he had never chanced to meet
her before.
"I am on my way to Mr. Ashford's
now," he said, though, truth to tell, he
had not been aware of the fact five min-
utes earlier. "Shall we walk on togeth-
er?"

The girl stole a rueful glance at her
torn frock and maltreated headgear.

"Aren't you ashamed to be seen with
such an untidy creature?"
"Not a bit, was the staunch rejoinder.
"Very well, come, Pops, now you really
must behave properly—mussn't he, Dr.
Briscoe?"

"Of course," a very severe glance upon
the small atom, who was calmly reposing
on the ground at their feet and passing
away the time by gnawing the buttons of
his mistress's dainty little shoe. "If he
doesn't, you must administer chastise-
ment, Miss—By the way, I don't know
your name yet."

"Oh, I'm Jill—Gilberte Grahame, you
know—but I detest being called Gilberte,
it sounds so horrid. Jill's a nice, comfort-
able little name; I like everybody to call
me Jill—you must call me Jill, too."

It was a very unceremonious proceeding
but then it had been an unceremonious
introduction. What two persons could
possibly stand on their dignity after being
precipitated into each other's arms in that
fashion? Jack Briscoe could not; Jill
could not—but then Jill never did. So it
came to pass that, by the time they re-
ached her uncle's house, they were chatting
as easily and unreservedly as though they
had known each other for years; and lit-
tle Pops trotting along by Jill's side as
sturdily as his tired baby legs would per-
mit, felt that somehow or other he wasn't
receiving his proper share of attention.

"I'm going home to-morrow, Dr. Briscoe."
"To-morrow? Back to London?"
Jill nodded assent.

"I've been ruralizing here for two
whole months; quite time my holiday
was over."
"I don't want you to go home, Jill."
There was a ring of earnestness in Dr.
Briscoe's voice that caused Jill to look-up
at him wonderingly.

"Oh, I dare say I shall come back again
some day. Uncle doesn't want me to go,
either."
"And Pops?"
"Oh, Pops is coming, too. Uncle has

made me a present of him."
"Must you really go, Jill?"
"Yes, really and truly; I couldn't stay
here forever, you know. Mother and
father want me, and—" taking a crum-
bled envelope out of her pocket, and gaz-
ing at it with loving eyes, "my sweetheart
wants me—I must go home to him."

Jack Briscoe gave a rapid glance at
Jill's pretty face. She was smiling, as she
thought of something which pleased her;
and before she put the envelope back into
her pocket he saw her raise it to her lips,
and press it against them with a gesture
of infinite tenderness.

There was dead silence after that. Cer-
tain words which Jack had been on the
point of uttering died away on his lips; a
dull sense of desolation overwhelmed him
and he turned his face away that Jill
might not see the sadness and disappoint-
ment that were so clearly written upon it.

"Good-by," said Jill quietly, when he
rose to take his leave. "I shall think of
you so much when I am at home again."
He wondered whether she would or
whether it might be only a pretty, courte-
ous little speech of hers that meant
nothing.

Dr. Briscoe sold his country practice
soon after that, and bought one nearer to
town. Thus it happened that he heard
nothing of Gilberte Grahame for months;
and then he was brought into contact with
her again through a chance meeting in an
omnibus.

She was dressed in deep mourning;
locked pale and sad—altogether different
from the bright, happy-go lucky Jill he
remembered. But her tired face bright-
ened perceptibly when she caught sight of
him, and she leaned forward to shake
hands with him eagerly.

They alighted at the same point, and
walked for a short distance together.
"You have had trouble since I saw you
last?" he said gently, glancing at her
black hat and frock, and then at her wan
face.

Jill's eyes grew wistful; her lips quiv-
ered.
"Yes," she faltered, "my father and
my little brother—they died within a few
weeks of one another."
"Poor child! you have had a hard
time."

"No one knows how hard. Mother and
I are all alone now—with the exception
of Pops," smiling through her tears.
You remember Pops, don't you? Won't
you come in and see him?"

They were at the Grahames' house now
—a neat, unpretentious abode in a quiet
North London street. Jill looked up at
him pleadingly.

"Do come in; my mother will be
pleased to welcome you; we have so few
visitors."

She seemed so genuinely anxious that
he actually did accept the informal invita-
tion, and went indoors with her.

The table was spread for tea, and Mrs.
Grahame and Pops were awaiting Jill's
arrival. Pops gave a series of sharp barks
when Dr. Briscoe crossed the threshold,
and ran to meet him.

The all important Pops was a baby-dog
no longer; it was quite full-grown, it is
true, but just at that stage of transition
when—to the casual on-looker—he ap-
peared to consist of nothing but legs and
neck.

"Isn't he a beauty?" said Jill, picking
him up in her arms and displaying him
for admiration. "Sweetheart was so fond
of him; Pop used to spend hours in his
room when he was ill. Poor Pops! We
both miss our sweetheart, don't we?"
She cuddled him up against her shoul-
der, and the little creature tried to lick
her face with his soft pink tongue to show
his sympathy. Jill laughed, and put him
down on the hearthrug again.

Dr. Briscoe looked perplexed. Some-
thing in the words Jill had just uttered
had put new thoughts in his mind.

"Jill," he said presently, when Mrs.
Grahame chanced to be absent from the
room for a few minutes, "who was Sweet-
heart?"

Jill's eyes grew soft and tender, as on
that day when she had spoken to him of
Sweetheart before.
"That was the pet name my little brother
and I gave one another. Robbie was
my wee sweetheart—I was his. He was a
cripple, you know; and he and I loved
each other so dearly, so dearly!"

"Was it Robbie who was so anxious for
you to come home again when you were
staying with the Ashfords?"

"Yes, poor little man! He wrote me
such a pathetic little letter—I showed it
to you, didn't I?"

"Oh Jill, if you had—if only you
had!"
She raised her eyes, wondering at his
earnestness.

"Why, what difference could it have

made?"
"All the difference in the world, dear.
That day—after you told me that you
were going home on the morrow—I was
on the point of asking you to be my wife.
Then you said: 'My sweetheart wants
me. I must go home to him.' Jill, can't
you understand?"

"I think—I can."
Jill's pale cheeks were rosy now, and
her eyes were bright. She was kneeling
down on the rug, and her fingers were
playing nervously with Pops's silky ears.

"Jill, look up—I want you to tell me
something. It isn't too late, is it, dear
—there is no other sweetheart in the
case?"

"No; I never had any sweetheart save
Robbie."

"And now your Robbie has left you.
Jill, may I be your sweetheart instead?"

Pops uttered a howl of distress at the
momentary maltreatment he was endur-
ing at the hands of his young mistress.
She did not know it, perhaps, but she was
pinching his ear cruelly; he had never
experienced anything like it before.
What was more, she even allowed him to
roll off her lap in a most unceremonious
and undignified fashion. Pops felt hurt
—positively hurt, and he looked at Jill
resentfully.

She did not answer Dr. Briscoe's ques-
tion until he repeated it in an extended
form.

"Jill, I love you so dearly, and I want
you to marry me, to be my sweetheart al-
ways and always; will you?"

She stood up then; and somehow—
Pops never quite knew how it happened
—Jack Briscoe's arms were round her
and Jill's pretty face was nesting against
his rough coat sleeve. Pops tried—tried
hard—to express his astonishment at the
proceedings by a series of yelps and by
prancing round and round in a sort of
magic circle; but neither of them paid
any attention to him, and it was only
when he saw them kiss each other, and
heard Jill say, "Always and always, Jack,
dear," and he began to feel satisfied, and
subsided on the hearthrug with a deep
sigh, which one might take to mean that
it was all very strange, but that, after all,
there were more curious things on earth
than his canine philosophy had dreamed
of.

OTTAWA NEWS LETTER.

OTTAWA, April 6th.—The centre of in-
terest in Ottawa has been momentarily
transferred from the Parliament Build-
ings to the Water Street Hospital where
Monseigneur Merry Del Val, the Papal
Ablegate, who thinks he has come here to
settle the Manitoba School Question and
who Mr. Tarte says has come here to set-
tle the Bishops, has taken up his residence.
The Ablegate arrived from Montreal on
Saturday evening and after a visit to Arch-
bishop Duhamel proceeded to the Water
Street Hospital where apartments have
been provided for him. He will go down
to Montreal to-morrow and when he re-
turns here again will probably occupy
Sir Donald Smith's residence, which has
been placed at his disposal by the High
Commissioner. Monseigneur Del Val is a
most pleasing personality and has charmed
the hearts of all who have met him in
Ottawa. On Sunday night he was given
a magnificent welcome in the Basilica
which was crowded by nearly 5,000 French
and Irish Catholics and where addresses
in Latin, French and English were pre-
sented to him by Archbishop Duhamel,
Mr. A. A. Taitton and Mayor Bingham.
In his reply to the English address the
Ablegate, of course, made no reference to
his mission; but he made an allusion to
the duty of a Roman Catholic to the State
and to the Church which is worth repro-
duction. He said:

"You have expressed the conviction
that your duties as loyal citizens and your
duties as true Roman Catholics go hand
in hand. I fully endorse that statement.
We often hear it said or insinuated that
as loyal subjects of the British Crown Ca-
tholics must be less loyal subjects of the
Vicar of Christ. Every child of the Church
knows how false that accusation or insinua-
tion is. It is a strange thing to say that
any right-minded man should reckon on a
loyalty which would be asked for and
given with a sacrifice of conscience. It
would seem easy, however, now to con-
solidate the duties of a loyal subject of
the Crown and the loyal subject of the
Holy Church, when the Holy See is oc-
cupied by such a Pontiff as Leo XIII, and
the British Empire is ruled by a Sovereign
so esteemed and so beloved as Her Most
Gracious Majesty Queen Victoria. I am
happy to-day to have the occasion of
manifesting on the eve of so memorable
and joyful a Jubilee the special regard
which our Holy Father and Pope has for

Her Majesty."

The Premier, Mr. Laurier, the Hon-
orable R. W. Scott and other members of
the Ministry have paid their respects to
the Ablegate, but is said that little if any-
thing in the way of negotiation or investi-
gation of matters pertaining to his visit
have been touched upon, and that noth-
ing will be done in the matter until after
the conference with Archbishop O'Brien
and other Prelates to be held in Montreal
on Thursday.

The Tariff.

It is now pretty well settled that the
Tariff Bill will not be introduced until
after the Easter recess, and also after the
Provincial election in Nova Scotia has
taken place. There is still a good deal of
speculation as to what the tariff amend-
ments will be like, but the conviction
grows stronger every day that while there
will be a considerable lowering of the
tariff it will be as far as possible done with
a view to encouraging trade with the
Mother Country as opposed to the United
States. Thus the Liberal Party in office
will be able to give another exhibition of
how little the Liberal Party in Opposition
knew about the needs of the best interests
of the Country. For long years Sir
Richard Cartwright, Mr. Charlton and
other shining lights in the Liberal ranks
have been howling for "Commercial
Union," "Continental Free Trade," "Un-
restricted Reciprocity" and half a dozen
other fads, all having in view the develop-
ment of trade with the United States as
opposed to the development of trade with
the Mother Country—which Conservative
Governments always strove to encourage.
It was claimed that nothing could be more
ridiculous than the idea that the Govern-
ment of Great Britain would consent to
tax bread stuffs and food products for the
sake of developing trade with the colonies;
but now it is stated on excellent authority
that the leading feature in the new tariff
bill will be the adoption of differential
duties in favor of Great Britain as against
the United States. It is also said that an-
other feature of the measure will be that
the reductions in the duties on manufac-
turing goods are to be made on a graduat-
ed scale to extend over a period of three
or four years, so that the Canadian manu-
facturer may not be slaughtered outright
but only slowly and surely squeezed to
death.

Trent Valley Canal.

Ottawa is fairly overrun to-day with a
monster deputation, about 600 strong,
which had an interview this morning with
the Government and urged that the Trent
Valley Canal be constructed as rapidly as
possible. The deputation was a most
representative one, every section of the
Trent Valley having one or more repre-
sentatives present. It was pointed out
that the central portion of the canal was
now under construction, and when the
present contracts were completed there
would be about 180 miles of navigation
open; but there are sections of 18 miles
at the upper end and 15 miles at the lower
end which are not yet under contract, al-
though tenders for the Balsam Lake sec-
tion were invited, but afterwards with-
drawn. The Liberal party, in Opposition,
always characterized the Trent Valley
Canal as a political scheme and a wanton
waste of money; but the Liberal party
in power is so different from the Liberal
party in Opposition that it was not sur-
prising this morning to hear the First
Minister, Hon. Mr. Laurier praise the
work and say that there was no question
whatever about the completion of the
work, that was settled. The only ques-
tion was one of money, and he assured his
hearers that the work would be prosecut-
ed just as rapidly as the Government
could afford the money to complete it.
Mr. Laurier said the Liberal Government
had been charged with being "niggardly,"
but he wished it understood that this
charge was without foundation and that
the Liberal Governments are as fond of
spending money as Conservative Govern-
ments can be. This sentiment met with
much applause. Mr. Laurier has history
on his side for every Liberal Government,
Federal or Provincial, since Confederation
has spent more money and got more into
debt than its Conservative predecessor.
The following are those who spoke on be-
half of the deputation: Hon. Geo. A.
Cox; Mr. John Carnegie, East Simcoe;
W. H. Bennett, M. P.; Warden Sneath;
Mayor Sanderson, of Orillia; Mayor
Radhurst, of Barry; Mayor Horrell, of
Midland; Reeve Newton, of Tay. North
Ontario, D. Graham, M. P., George
Thompson, North Victoria, Major Sam
Hughes, M. P., Warden Wood, J. A. Ellis
and J. Austin. South Victoria, George
McHugh, M. P., James Graham, J. D.
Flavelle and R. Bryans. East Peterboro,
John Burnham, M. P., Warden Anderson
and Mr. Lang. West Peterboro, Mr.
Kendry, M. P., Mayor Yelland and Mr.
Meldrum. East Northumberland, Hon.
E. Cochrane, M. P., and Mr. Powers.
West Hastings, H. Corby, M. P., Major
Morrison, W. H. Austin and Joseph Big-
elow. West Northumberland, Reeve Grigg
of Alnwick.

Delaying the Tariff.

In answering to Sir Charles Tupper
last night Hon. Mr. Davies, who was lead-
ing the House, said that it was the inten-
tion of the Government to take up the
Franchise Bill to-day. This means that
the day will be wasted and every other
Government day will be wasted until
after the Easter recess when, and not be-
fore, Mr. Fielding will make his Budget
Speech and take the country into his con-
fidence on the tariff question. The Nova
Scotia elections will then be over and Mr.
Fielding will be free to raise the duty on
bituminous coal and put a duty on Anthra-
cite, except that brought from Wales
which will remain free. This is what he has
promised to do "provided"—there is al-
ways a "provided" in Grit policy—the
people of Nova Scotia heed the threat of
Mr. Fielding and return his friend Mr.
Murray to office. For, Mr. Fielding in-
timated pretty plainly in his Montreal
speech to the coal men that if the Local
Government of Nova Scotia was defeated
all coal, bituminous and anthracite alike,
would be placed on the free list to punish
the people of Nova Scotia and please the
manufacturers and railway companies of
Ontario and Quebec. This is the principle
cause of the delay in bringing down the
tariff; and it is a fair sample of Grit
"statesmanship" that the tariff should be
delayed and the trade of the whole Do-
minion kept in a state of paralysis to suit
the political exigencies of a party of ad-
venturers who did not hesitate to raise a
dangerous "race and religion" cry to get
into power, and are now prepared to make
the tariff of the country, which means the
very life and prosperity of the country, a
mere political plaything to further their
own party ends. The delay in formulat-
ing the Government tariff policy means
that there will probably be a smaller fall
trade this year than last, and that it will
be nearly another year before business
men will know "what they are at."

Length of The Session.

It now looks very much as if Parliament
was camped out in Ottawa for the whole
summer and a good part of the fall.
When the House met two weeks ago there
was reasonable ground for supposing that
with anything like promptitude on the
part of the Government in bringing down
its tariff policy the business of the session
could be practically concluded by the
tenth of June so that Mr. Laurier may go
to England to represent Canada at the
Jubilee ceremonies. But, all that has been
changed by the prolongation of the de

bate on the address. There is no doubt
now that Mr. Tarte made his attack on
the Bishop a week ago to-night for the ex-
press purpose of provoking a discussion on
the school question which would prolong
the debate until Friday night. Then the
Franchise and Superannuation Bills have
been given precedence over the tariff for
the purpose of having an excuse for post-
poning the introduction of the tariff
measure until after Easter. There are
only three Government days before the
Easter recess—to-day, next Friday and
the following Tuesday. These can easily
be talked out on the Franchise Bill, so
that there is really no possibility of Mr.
Fielding making his Budget Speech before
Friday, 23rd April, four weeks and one
day from the meeting of the House. The
programme, it is said, is to try to get the
tariff bill through by the first week in
June and then ask for an adjournment of
the House until 15th July, by which time
Mr. Laurier can be back from England.
This adjournment will, if agreed to, will
cost the country \$100,000, but what is
\$100,000 to an "economic" Grit Govern-
ment? Should there be no adjournment
Mr. Laurier will probably not go to Eng-
land, and Britain's greatest colony will be
unrepresented by her First Minister on
the occasion of Britain's greatest celebra-
tion. If the House adjourns until 15th
July and then starts in on a new session
it will be September or October before
prorogation.

Delving the Tariff.

In answering to Sir Charles Tupper
last night Hon. Mr. Davies, who was lead-
ing the House, said that it was the inten-
tion of the Government to take up the
Franchise Bill to-day. This means that
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be nearly another year before business
men will know "what they are at."

Von Miner—Smithers is really a re-
markable amateur magician. I saw him
transform a tall, stiff hat into a crush hat
last night.

Van Wither—Is that so? How did he
do it?
"Sat on it, I think."—Cincinnati Com-
mercial Tribune.

Playwright (in excitement)—They are
calling for the author. What shall I do?
Stage Manager (who has seen the crowd)
—You'd better slip out of the stage door
and make your escape while there is time,
—Philadelphia North American.

K D C The Mighty Curer for Indige-
tion