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THE GREAT NORTH SHORE ROUTE!

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The following ode was read by Rev. A. B. O'Neill, C. S. C., at the conclusion of the exercises in connection with the Lefebvre Memorial at St. Joseph's college Thursday evening in honor of the Queen's Diamond Jubilee:—

What limits to the glory and happiness of our native land if the Creator . . . should grant to her a long sojourn upon earth, and leave her to reign over us until she is well stricken in years.—Rev. Sydney Smith, in June, 1837.

A jubilant song for a feast nique, a chorus to girdle the sphere With a melody blended of praise and love for a monarch whom all revere!

Hail to the Monarch by Heaven allotted Fullness of years for the longest of reigns! Glory to her whose escutcheon unblotted Proudly we boast as the century wanes!

Up from each heart to her Blessings impart to her, Foremost and best among rulers terrene; Deep as our care for her Breathe we our prayer for her: Long live Victoria, God save our Queen!

A maiden, she knelt at the altar step while the century still was young, New-sceptred queen of an ancient realm, of races from heroes sprung; And her soul took flight on the wings of prayer to a friend she had early known,

True wisdom to learn from the King Eterne, at the foot of the Great White Throne. Twelve lustres have sped since the gracious morn when the crown first circled her brow,

And the maiden-queen of that bygone day is Earth's oldest of monarchs now; For the Lord hath granted her people's quest, and, prolonging our sovereign's sway, He hath blessed again her unrivalled reign with a glory shall live for aye.

Hark to the salvos, from ocean to ocean, Booming their thunderous tributes of glee; List to the joy bells in rhythmical motion Flinging their riot out, gladness and free! Banish all care to-day, Sorrow forswear to-day,

Blithe be our accent and festive our mien; Louder than gun or bell Still let our chorus swell. Long live Victoria, Empress and Queen! Six decades enthroned, and she still reigns on, each year but disclosing new worth In the woman supreme, the widowed queen of the mightiest race on earth:

Six decades, how often hath history's Muse dipped her pen in the sunlight of fame, With pride to enroll on the century's scroll Victoria's lustrous name. Her rule spans an era of constant growth of the race to a higher life, Of justice and right taking rank of might, of peace superseding strife.

Of the reign of law, of the triumph of mind over earth, air and sea, And of progress swift amid Error's drift towards the truth that will make us free. Chant then her praises in fond jubilation! Canada, Austral Land, India, all—Tuned to one key beats the heart of the nation, Throbbing responsive to Loyalty's call. Homage unfeigned to her, Love unrestrained to her, Worthier ruler the world has ne'er seen; Round the whole sphere for her Echo our cheer for her: Long live Victoria, God Save the Queen!

Studyard Kipling's "The Widow at Windsor." Ave you, eard o' the widow at Windsor With a hairy gold crown on 'er 'ead? She 'as ships on the foam—she 'as millions at 'ome, An' she pays us poor beggars in red. There's 'er nick on the calvary 'orses, There's 'er mark on the medical stores—An 'er troopers you'll find with a fair wind be'ind That takes us to various wars, Then 'ere's to the widow at Windsor, An' 'ere's to the stores an' the guns,

The men an' the 'ors.s what makes up the forces Of Missis Victoria's sons.

Walk wide o' the widow at Windsor, For 'alf o' creation she ows; We 'ave bought 'er the same with the sword an' the flame. An' we've s'aled it down with our bones. Hands off o' the sons of the widow, Hands off o' the goods in 'er shop, For the kings must come down 'an the emperors frown When the widow at Windsor says "Stop!"

Then 'ere's to the lodge o' the widow, From the pole to the Tropics it runs—To the lodge that we tile with the rank an' the file, An' open in form with the guns.

We 'ave 'eard o' the widow at Windsor, It's safest to leave 'er alone; For 'er sentries we stand by the sea an' the land Wherever the bugles are blown. Take 'old of the wings o' the mornin' An' flop round the earth till you're dead; But you won't get away from the tune that they play To the bloomin' old rag over 'ead!

Then 'ere's to the sons o' the widow Whenever, 'owever they roam, 'Ere's all they desire, an' if they require, A speedy return to their 'ome.

MY GREATEST DISAPPOINTMENT.

"It is the Fat Man's turn now to tell a story," said the 90-pound fellow, who was presiding over a recent Saturday night "Smoke talk," and I knew in a second I was the vic'im. You see I was the only person present who could tip the scales at 200. The topic was "My Greatest Disappointment." Being a newspaper man, of course my life has been replete with disappointments. All newspaper men's lives are. And to be called upon to pick out at a moment's notice the "greatest," disappointment of my life rather staggered me. Most men 'stagger' at a smoke talk,—but I'm not talking of that sort of a stagger.

In a twinkling, after wiping the dew of inspiration from my lips and lighting a fresh cigar—in a twinkling, I say the greatest disappointment of my life loomed up before my mental vision like a mountain. It was as clear as the bottle of ale that adorned the table in front of the presiding officer. And this is the story that the "Fat Man" told:—

My greatest disappointment occurred when I was a mere lad. I have grown some myself since then, but I couldn't have been more disappointed if I had weighed a ton. My father owned a 100 acre farm in the wilds of Maine—a farm that had a 100 acre mortgage upon it. He plowed and planted, he sowed and reaped—but he couldn't raise that mortgage. It worried him. I can see now that it ought to have worried the man who held the mortgage, instead of my father. Perhaps both were worried—one because he would lose the farm, and the other because he thought he would have to take it back! But that's neither here nor there.

The mortgage was all my father thought of from morning until night, and from night until morning. "It stuck in his crop"—in fact in all his crops, if I may be allowed the expression. That mortgage was talked about so much that even the family prayers teemed with it. My infantile mind could not grasp the full importance of the subject, but I knew it was something that caused my father great anxiety, and the desire to lift his burden took possession of me. All sorts of projects rattled round in my mind in a befogged condition,—but the mortgage still hovered over the farm.

Many years ago, yea, many years before I was born that part of Maine was inhabited by Indians. But the progress of civilization, aided by white man's gun drove them away, and log cabins succeeded their wigwams. It was an unchangeable rule among the various Indian tribes when driven from their homes to bury their valuables under trees and rocks, where they thought the "palefaces" could not find them. All places where such treasures were buried were carefully marked by peculiar Indian signs that no white man could interpret.

Now, about the time I was puzzling over ways and means to help my father pay the mortgage, an Indian appeared in the neighborhood, saying that a tribe of which he was a descendant had hidden a pot of valuables on an island of the Kennebec and that he had come to find it. Accompanied by the owner he went to the island. He soon found a marked tree, at the foot of which he said the valuables were buried; but alas! he was too late. The waters of the old Kennebec had "gullied" away the marshy earth until the great tree's foundation had almost entirely disappeared, the tree had been held in place by a few inland roots, and

under the spot where the Indian expected to find riches, flowed ten feet of black murky water. My friends, if that Indian was here to-night he would probably tell you that that was his greatest disappointment.

A few weeks after this incident, I was walking beside a little trout brook in my father's pasture, when my attention was attracted to a large flat rock a few feet away, upon which were peculiar marks, while near the centre was the perfect likeness of a woman's foot, cut into the hard surface to the depth of half or three quarters of an inch. I was greatly amazed and reclining on the rock I studied that imprint until sundown. Then, like a flash, the thought came to me that some Indian treasure was under that rock. If I could find it perhaps I could pay off the mortgage!

I went home fully resolved that on the morrow I would find out what was under that rock. But after supper I heard father say that the mortgage was due the next day, and that he supposed it would be foreclosed. Then I resolved that I would return to the rock that very night, and perhaps I would have a grand surprise in store for my father in the morning.

The family retired at an early hour, and when I thought all were sound asleep I quietly crept out of bed and put on my clothes; cautiously I raised my chamber window got out upon the roof of the shed and dropped to the ground. It was a clear, moonlight night, and everything was still as death. Securing a crowbar, pickaxe and shovel, I started for the pasture and the rock, my heart beating against my side like a blacksmith's hammer against an anvil.

In a few minutes I reached the rock. How clear and distinct was the imprint of that foot! How crafty must have been the Indian who made it! How confident I was that I should find "gold and silver and precious stones" beneath that stony surface!

A few minutes' investigation with the crowbar demonstrated that the rock did not extend far into the earth. I dug away the soil about the edges, inserted the bar, placed a "skid" behind it and began to "pry." A few pulls and the rock was loosened—a few more and by degrees it was raised fully a foot on one side. Putting a prop under it, I got down upon my knees and took a peep.

And what a glorious sight! Six pots of gold and silver, all huddled together as snug as kittens in a clothes basket—shining with dazzling splendor! I took them out one by one; I filled my cap, my pockets, my hands with the precious metal; I danced, I laughed, I shouted, I cried! My, my, what a glorious sight I had! How happy I was! That mortgage would be paid in the morning!

Back to the house I ran, the coins jingling a merry tune in my pockets. I pounded and kicked the front door, and shouted at the top of my voice. Everybody came rushing out to see what was the trouble, my father asking if I was crazy, or had the cholera. Somehow I told them of my discovery, showing them the contents of my pockets to prove that I was telling the truth.

The entire family accompanied me to the pasture, and there under the foot-marked rock were the six pots of gold and silver, just as I had left them. We danced and howled around that rock like Indians around a pale-face burning at the stake. Then back to the house we went, carrying the six pots—six good-sized pots of gold and silver! We counted the coin, and found that we had over \$6000—enough to pay that mortgage and buy half a dozen 100-acre farms.

The night air was chilly, so we built a roaring fire in the big kitchen fire-place gathered about the old brick hearth and sat there for hours planning what to do with our fortune. We would redeem the mortgage; we would improve the farm, we would buy horses, cows, sheep and pigs, and at least 1000 hens; we would build a new house, painted white with green blinds, and a new barn so that every time it rained, the hay would not get wet—and then we would all wear store clothes instead of "home-spun" stuff.

And the rock with the imprint of a woman's foot—the rock which had so long guarded the six pots of coin, should be polished and used for a door-step! We were still planning, planning, planning—we were still planning, when the greatest disappointment of my life, the greatest shock I ever had before or since, came like a thunder clap out of a clear sky; all my bright hopes were blasted, all my bright visions vanished, and the six pots of gold and silver disappeared in the millionth part of a second. This was all caused by the voice of my father. He shouted: "Come, come, why don't you wake up! It's half-past seven!"

Buctouche. JUNE 24.—A Jubilee Service was held in the Methodist Church on Sunday. Appropriate hymns were sung by the choir.

Rev. Mr. Ramsay left Monday morning for Conference, which is being held at Fredrieton York Co.

Mrs. Wm. Campbell and Master Clarence of Ottawa are visiting Judge and Mrs. James.

The Ladies of the Methodist Church are making preparations for their Tea and Fancy Sale which is to take place on the church ground on July 1st. Refreshments of all kinds, including ice cream Fruit, Confectionery and Lemonade will be served on the grounds. Tea from 4 till 7. A good time expected, and as it is a holiday it will be a good chance for friends at a distance to spend the day at the sea side.

Mrs. Alexander Peterkin died Monday morning about 5 o'clock. The funeral took place on Wednesday. Mr. Harvey Wilbur of Woodstock, Mrs. Peterkins brother visited her on Saturday. His old friends here were pleased to see him.

Miss Cora Smith returned from a very pleasant visit to St. John and Moncton.

Mr. and Mrs. B. S. Smith are receiving congratulations on the birth of a son.

Some of the young folks of our town are practising for a concert to take place about the middle of July.

Mr. Jack Vans has returned from St. John.

A NOVA SCOTIA CASE.

Suffered without help—Eighteen Years getting worse—Cured by Dodd's Kidney Pills.

BRIDGEWATER, N. S., June 21(Special)—There is no man in this town better known than J. S. Morgan, tinsmith, who for eighteen years had been going from bad to worse without help until at last he got hold of the right treatment. He says:—"It began with the backache, pains in the limbs, and finally settled down as rheumatism. I was a cripple and after I ran down greatly in weight the doctors said it was Diabetes. About a year and a half ago I quit everything else and took Dodd's Kidney Pills. Have taken twenty-three boxes, and have regained my weight, health and strength! I am perfectly cured."

Bay Du Vin Notes.

As you have not heard from this vicinity of late I thought I would send a few items.

The weather is mild and changeable but favorable to the farmers.

Quite a number of the young men are employed in the bark peeling business and a considerable number, rafting.

Miss Julia Lynch was visiting Mr. Patrick Flynn's last week.

Mr. and Mrs. Mathew Rigly were visiting Mr. Samuel Rigley's on Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. John Flanagan were visiting friends at Laketon Sunday.

Mr. Tim. Quinn was visiting Mr. Patrick Flanagan's some weeks ago.

We must congratulate Mr. and Mrs. Patrick Flanagan on the birth of a baby boy.

Miss Bridget Flynn was visiting Mr. Thomas McAfferty's on Sunday.

Miss Janie McDonald has returned home from Portland Maine, and her many friends are glad to see her in their midst again.

We are sorry to hear of the departure of our teacher, Miss Flanagan.

"Only nervous" is a sure indication that the blood is not pure. Hood's Sarsaparilla purifies the blood and cures nervousness.

Likely to Lead to an International Dispute.

DULUTH, Minn., June 24.—Gold has been discovered on Oak Point Island, at Rainy Lake, which will, undoubtedly, lead to an international boundary dispute between Great Britain and the United States. According to the maps of the geological survey the island is in Canadian territory, but according to the wording of the treaty of Ghent the island is a part of the State of Minnesota. Canada has issued patents to several valuable mining locations on the island, and vigorous protests are being sent to Washington by American prospectors. The miners throughout the Rainy Lake district are considerably wrought up over the matter, and there is a probability of trouble unless something is done. The way things now stand the United States loses entire control even of her waters in Rainy Lake, as, according to the geological survey, the United States

cannot get a boat into the Rainy Lake without first going into Canadian waters. The Three Hundred Islands boundary dispute is of minor importance compared to this.

A Cure for Chiblain's.

DEAR SIRS,—I used Hagyard's Yellow Oil for chiblain's the winter and found it most effectual. It relieves the irritation almost instantly, and a few applications resulted in a complete cure.

F. L'ESTRANGE, Port Sydney, Ont.

Harcourt.

JUNE 22.—Mrs. A. Ferguson who has been spending several months with her daughter in Ipswick, Mass., returned home last week.

The Methodist and Presbyterian Sunday Schools are holding their annual picnic at Mortimore to-day.

Mrs. (Rev.) W. F. McClure left for her home in Dartmouth N. S. on Friday last. She intends remaining several days.

Mrs. Beck of Elgin, Albert Co., is visiting her sister Mrs. E. Keswick.

Mr. H. Wathen, member of the Adog-wassook Fishing club left for the club waters at Tweedie Brook on Saturday last.

Miss S. M. Bailey left by accommodation train yesterday for Laurencetown, N. S. She intends remaining several weeks.

A number of the citizens are attending jubilee festivities out of town. Amongst those who left yesterday for Chatham and Newcastle were: Mr. & Mrs. W. G. Thurber, Rev. Mr. & Mrs. F. O. Freeburn, Mr. Harry Wathen and Mr. William Nicholson. Mr. J. L. Wathen went to Richibucto, Mr. H. J. Humphrey to Halifax, Mr. R. McMichael to St. John.

The Evangelists, Messrs. Gaskin & Humbert, known as the "Beulah Workers" have continued their camp-meetings for another week. Owing to wet weather the people throughout the country have been unable to attend thus far. It is hoped they will come on from the adjoining districts this week. Meetings will be held until after Sunday.

Mr. Havelock Smith of Grangeville and Miss Janie Livingston of Mortimore, were married at Moncton on Friday last. They are residing at Grangeville.

The garden party held by the ladies of the Presbyterian Church, on the grounds of Mr. Jas. Brown, Tuesday last, was quite a success. Although the weather was not very favorable everything passed off quite pleasantly.

Mr. Harry Wathen freight agent of Campbellton is spending part of his vacation here.

Mrs. J. Morton of St. Nicholas River is visiting her daughter Mrs. B. McLeod.

JUNE 21.—Messrs. Gaskin and Humbert the Evangelists, propose to continue their regular evening services throughout the present week.

Mr. Harry Wathen, of Campbellton, spent Sunday in here; also Mr. James McKee, of Kent Jet.

This evening, McKelvie, of Rockland, West. Co., delivered in the Methodist Church, an interesting and well attended lecture, in the interests of the Bible Society.

On Wednesday last, the ladies of the Presbyterian Church served tea on Mr. James Brown's lawn. Mr. Brown kindly allowed them the use of his grounds for the purpose. Though somewhat a novel idea, the supper was very successful, despite the fact that the weather was unfavorable.

Mrs. J. K. McLure left on Saturday to visit friend in Nova Scotia.

Mrs. James Brown is visiting some friend in Chatham and New Castle, accompanied by her mother, Mrs. Bremner.

Miss Stella Bailey left to-day on a trip to Annapolis, N. S.

Rev. Mr. Freeburn and wife also left today to spend a few days in New Castle.

The Head Master.

GENTLEMAN,—I have found great satisfaction in the use of Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry, and consider it invaluable in all cases of diarrhoea and summer complaint. It is a pleasure to me to recommend it to the public.

R. B. MASTERTON, Principal High School, River Charlo N. B.

Notes From Lorn Settlement.

As I have never seen any notes from our little village I thought it would not be out of place to pen a few lines.

The weather has been very wet and the farmers are getting along very slowly with their seeding.

The hay crop promises to be very light

but any grain that is sown looks well.

The remains of Miss Annie Brown arrived by express last Friday night and were buried in the Methodist Burying ground on Saturday. The funeral was largely attended, over twenty carriages being in attendance. Much sympathy is felt for the bereaved friends.

Our school which is under the management of Miss Edith Price is progressing rapidly we are glad that she is going to remain another term with us.

Our friend Mrs. Ann Little who has been suffering from an attack of bronchitis is we are pleased to learn slowly recovering.

Our Sunday School is under the management of Mrs. Welch and is progressing. Rev. Mr. McClure held service in the school house here 1st Sunday.

A pie social is to be held in the school house here next Thursday the proceeds go to buy books for the Sunday School. All are cordially invited to attend.

Miss Etta Howard is expected home soon to take part in a very important event.

DAISY.

How To Avoid Wasting Time and Money.

A word at this time to the ladies of Canada may be the means of putting them on their guard, so that time and money may not be wasted.

There are certain dealers and store-keepers whose life-object is the making of large profits on every article they sell. These dealers are now endeavoring to sell adulterated and imitation package dyes for the same price as the honest dealer asks for the reliable and never-failing Diamond Dyes.

Few ladies have the inclination to spend time or money to experiment with worthless and poisonous ingredients put up to outwardly imitate the marvellous Diamond Dyes. If you want good work you must use the best dyes. Years of thorough testing proclaim the fact that Diamond Dyes are the strongest, brightest and most economical; they are the only dyes in the world that are specially warranted. Each packet, when directions are followed, will give satisfactory and astonishing results.

The Dainty Paris Woman.

Paris has its share of rain and wet pavement, but the Parisienne never wears rubbers, never seems to wet her feet, and certainly never bedrags her skirts. Neither does she ask for any patent lifters—ingenuity, a twist of the hips and a finger are enough. Skirts rain or shine are made to be lifted, and jupons are so constructed that the skirt may be properly and becomingly raised. There is no question at all of modesty to be considered for the jupon is quite as proper an item of street apparel as is the jupe, and more conspicuous.

The real Parisienne lifts her skirt high—as high as may be comfortable to carry—and then she gives herself a little shake to make sure the dainty lace-edged petticoat is hanging evenly about her ankles. It shows self-consciousness and lack of skill to look down to see if the petticoat is there, but if doubt exists, it is safer to do so. Then she apparently tips-toes across the street, the gait being sufficiently running and heels a trifle high, so that she hardly touches the mud. Fashions change in lifting the jupe. Last year a cluster of what dressmakers call "godets" were held in each hand, and a dreadful superfluity of material was lifted high on each side. Now the dress makers are putting those godets in another place, and the skirt is lifted from the back. The approved way seems to be to pause a moment while one hand is abstractedly fingering the folds at the back of the skirt. Then, with a quick outward movement—a suggestion of the first figure in a skirt dance—the drapery is lifted and brought to one side on the hip. This gives a long lingering effect, extremely nice if the wearer has a proper figure.

Notes From Coal Branch.

Although the weather has been very wet the farmers are nearly through seeding.

Our teacher held her public examination last Friday two of the trustees being present. The children are progressing rapidly.

Quite a number of our young men have returned home.

Miss Minnie Sullivan teacher at Grangeville paid a visit to friends in Coal Branch last Saturday.

Mr. Robert Brown who has been absent in the U. S. for the past few years is again among us.

Our popular Station Master spent Sunday in Harcourt.

JACK.