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# THE REVIEW

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## THE GREAT NORTH SHORE ROUTE!

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### 'Poleon Dore.

W. H. DRUMMOND IN "CANADIAN."  
You have never heard of de young Napoleon Dore?  
Los' hees life upon de reever w'en de lumber drive go down?  
W'ere de rapide roar lak tonder, dat's de place he's goin' onder.  
W'en he's try save Paul Desjardins, 'Poleon he'sef is drown.

All de winter on de Shaintne, tam she's good, and work she's plaineer, But we're not feel very sorry, w'en de sun is warm hees face,  
W'en de mooshrot an' de beaver, tak' some leetle swim on reever,  
An' de sout' win' scare de snowbird, so she fly some col'er place.

Den de spring is set in steady, an' we get de log all ready,  
Workin' hard all day and night too, on de water mos' de tam.  
An' de skeeter w'en dey fin' us, come so quickly nearly blin' us,  
Biz-Biz-Biz. All aroun' us, till we feel lak sacredam.

All de sam' we're hooraw feller, from de top of house to cellar,  
Ev'ry boy he's feel so happy, w'en he's goin' right away,  
See hees fader an' hees moder—see hees sister an' hees broder,  
An' de girl he spark las' summer, if she's not got mariee.

Wall, we start 'im out wan morning, an' de pilot geev us warning,  
"W'en you come on Rapide Cuisse, ma frien' keep raf' she's head on shore,  
If you struck beeg rock on middle, w'ere de diable is play hees fiddle,  
Dat's de tam you pass on some place, you don't never pass before."

But we'll not 'fink moche of danger, for de rapide she's no stranger,  
Many tam we're ronnin' troo it, on de fall an' on de spring.  
On mos' ev'ry kin' of wedder dat de Bon Dieu scrape together,  
An' we'll never drown nobody, an' we'll never bus' sowing.

Dere was Telesphore Montbriand—Paul Desjardins—Louis Guyon,  
Bill McKeever—Alek Gauthier, an' hees cousin Jean Bateese,  
'Poleon Dore, Aime Beaulieu, wit' some more man I can't tole you,  
Dat was mak' it bes' gang never run upon de St. Maurice.

Dis is jus' de tam I wish—me, I could spik de good Ang-lish—me—  
For tole you of de pleasurement we get upon de spring.  
W'en de win' she's all a sleepin', an' de raf' she go a sweepin'  
Down de reever on some morning, w'ile le rossignol is sing.

Ev'ry t'ing so nice an' quiet on de shore as we pass by it,  
All de tree got fine new spring suit, ev'ry wan she's dress on green,  
W'y it mak' us all more younger, an' we don't feel any hunger,  
Till de cook say "Raw for breakfas'," den we smell de pork an' bean.

Some folk say she's bad for leever, but for man work hard on reever  
Dat's de bes' t'ing I can tole you, dat was never yet be seen,  
Course dere's oder t'ing ak tak' me, fancy dish also I lak me,  
But w'en I want sometin' solid, please pass me de pork an' bean.

All dis tam de raf' she's goin' lak steam-boat was got us towin'  
All we do is keep de channel, an' dat's easy workin' dere,  
So we sing some song an' chorus, for de good tam dat's before us,  
W'en de w'ole biz—nesse she's finish, an' we come on Trois Rivieres.

But bad luck is sometim fetch us, for beeg strong win' come an' keteh us  
Jus' so soon we struck de rapide—jus' so soon we see de smok',  
An' before we spik some prayer for ourseff dat's fightin' dere,  
Roun' we come upon de beeg rock, an' it's den de raf' she broke.

Dat was tam poor Paul De-jardins, from the parish of St. Germain,  
He was long way on de fronte side, so he's fallin' overboard,  
Couldn't swim all de man say, but dat's more, ma frien', I can say,  
Any how he's look lak drownin', so we'll crow him two, t'ree oar.

Dat's bout all de help our man do, dat's 'bout ev'ry t'ing we can do  
As de crib we're hangin' onto balance on de rock itseff,  
Till de young Napoleon Dore hem I start for tole de story,  
Holler out, "Mon Dieu, I don't lak see poor Paul go drown he'sef."

So he's mak' beeg jump on water, jus' de sam' you see some oder,  
An' he's pass on place w'ere Paul is tryin' hard for keep afloat,  
Den we see Napoleon keteh heem, try he's possibil for fetch heem,  
But de current she's more stronger, an' de eddy get dem bote!

O, Mon Dieu! for see dem two man mak' me feel it cry lak woman,  
Roun' an' roun' upon de eddy, quickly dem poor feller go,  
Can't tole wan man from de oder, an' well known dem bote lak broder,  
But de fight she soon is finish—Paul an' 'Poleon go below.

Yass! an' all de tam we stay dere, only t'ing we do is pray dere,  
For de soul poor drownin' feller, dat's enough mak' us feel mad,  
Torteen voyageurs, all brave man, glad get any chances save man,  
But we don't see no good chances, can't do no t'ing, dat's too bad.

Well, at las' de crib she's come way off de rock, an' den on some way,  
B'imeby de w'ole gang's passin' on safe place below de Cuisse,  
Ev'ry body heart she's breakin', w'en dey see poor Paul he's taken  
Wit' de young Napoleon Dore, bes' boy on de St. Maurice.

An' day after, Bill McKeever see de bote man on de reever,  
Wit' deir arm aroun' each oder, mebbe pass above dat way—  
So we bury 'em as we fin' 'em, w'ere de pine tree wave behin' 'em,  
An' de Grande Montagne he's lookin' down on Marcheterre Bay.

You can't hear no church bell ring dere, but le rossignol is sing dere,  
An' w'ere old red cross she's stannin', mebbe some good ange garden  
Watch de place w'ere bote man sleepin', keep de reever grass from creepin'  
On de grave of 'Poleon Dore, an' of poor Paul Desjardins.

### The Blind Archer.

[A Conan Doyle in the London Speaker.]  
Little Boy Love drew his bow at a chance,  
Shooting down at the ballroom floor;  
He hit an old chaperone watching the dance,  
And, oh, but he wounded her sore!

"Heh, Love, you couldn't mean that!  
Hi, Love, what would you be at?"  
No word would he say,  
But he flew on his way,  
For the little boy's busy, and how can he stay!

Little Boy Love drew a shaft just for sport  
At the soberest club in Pall Mall,  
He winged an old veteran drinking his part,  
And down that old veteran fell.

"Heh, Love, you mustn't do that!  
Hi, Love, what would you be at?"  
This cannot be right!  
It's ludicrous quite!  
But it's no use to argue, for love's out of sight.

A sad-faced youth in a cell all apart,  
Was planning a celibate vow,  
But the boy's random arrow has sunk in his heart,  
And the cell is an empty one now.

"Heh, Love, you mustn't do that!  
Hi, Love, what would you be at?"  
What an impudent thing,  
To make game of a King!  
"But I'm a king also!" cried Love on the wing.

Little Boy Love grew pettish one day,  
"If you keep on complaining," he swore  
"I'll pack both my bow and my quiver away,  
And so I shall plague you no more."

"Heh, Love, you mustn't do that!  
Hi, Love, what would you be at?"  
You may ruin our ease,  
You may do what you please,  
But we can't do without you, you sweet little tease!"

### FOR LOVE'S SAKE.

It was Jack Mansfield's wedding night, and as the young fireman drew his easy chair to the hearth after supper and put his slippers feet on the shining bar of the fender he gave a sigh of satisfaction. His eyes danced with pleasure as he watched his pretty, quick handed little wife clear the table, and when the cloth had been folded away in the drawer and the lamp set on its little woolwork mat in the mid-

dle of the snow white deal he cried.  
"Come along, Nellie!"  
The young wife brought a low stool and sat at his feet, and, giving him one loving look of joyful trust, she clasped her hands on his knee and rested her cheek upon them as she gazed into the fire.

For some moments neither of them spoke. Truth to tell, they were too happy for words. Nellie found pleasant pictures of the future in the mystic caverns of the fire, and, as for Jack, he just gazed his fill at the only picture in the world, he cared to see—the face of his wife, glorified in the firelight, which changed her curly hair into a halo of ruddy gold. But presently with an effort, the young husband spoke:

"Nellie, my girl, this is even better than our hopes promised, isn't it?"  
He allowed his eyes to glance gleefully round the trim kitchen, flashing back the sparkles of light from the glass and china on the dresser, and then brought them swiftly again to their center of attraction, the blushing face resting on his knee.

She did not answer, but she glanced back at him, and he was satisfied.  
"Tell me, Nellie dear," he said next, "you have quite got over that old fear?"  
Again she did not answer, and he went on:

"There is danger in every life, dear heart. Many wives send their men to sea and do not see them again for months. The flames are not crueler than the waves, Nellie."

"No, Jack," she said. "I will try to be brave, but—"  
"But!" he exclaimed, with a glad laugh. "We mustn't begin our married life with 'buts,' Nellie, dear. Tell me if anything troubles you and we will get rid of it at once."

"Oh, Jack, I don't like to tell you especially to-night. But you know as well as I do how Jim Travers wanted me. I can't get his face out of my mind. It looked awful in the church to-day!"  
Jack Mansfield looked grave.

"You'll have to put all such notions out of your mind, my girl," he said quietly.  
"Jim and me's been chums for years. We couldn't both have you, and he's the sense to know that the choice was for you. Don't go and think hard of poor Jim, as lost to you!"

Nellie stared at the fire and said nothing. The mass of red coal cracked and fell together, involving the fiery caverns in ruin, and a column of sparks fled up into the dark chimney.  
Then, sudden and swift, the peace and joy of the new home was shattered by an awful cry from the street—  
"Fire! Fire!"

Nellie started up as if a shot had pierced her heart, and Jim sprang to his feet.  
"So soon!" gasped Nellie, with her hand pressed tightly against her heart.  
"Be brave my girl!" cried Jack. "Now's the time to prove what stuff you're made of!"  
"Fire! Fire!" came the cry again from without.

Nellie ran and fetched her husband's boots just as a thundering rap sounded on the door and hasty footsteps clattered on the pavement.  
It was the work of a moment for the young fireman to kick off his slippers and plunge into his boots. Then seizing his coat and hat from the door, he paused for a moment to clasp his young wife to his arms.

"Nellie!" he whispered, "it is the call of duty, and where duty is there God is too."  
Then he tore himself from her clinging arms and was gone.

Left alone Nellie's newly found courage as quickly deserted her, and, sinking into a chair, she folded her arms on the table and let her face fall forward upon them. She did not cry, but her whole body trembled pitifully, and every time the awful cry sounded in the street she winced as if a whip lash had struck her quivering flesh.

Scarcely five minutes had passed since Jack left her—though if time had been measured by agony it might have been five hours—when a loud cheer sounded in Nellie's ears, followed by the thunder of hoofs and wheels. She sprang to her feet and rushed to open the door just as, with a roar and a rattle, the fire engine went sweeping past. There was a flash of scarlet and gold and flaring lamps, and showers of sparks steamed from the hoofs of the horses, but Nellie only saw two faces—the faces of two of the helmeted firemen.

One was the face of Jack Mansfield, her husband, who smiled and waved his hand reassuringly to her as the engine whirled past. The other was the face of Jim Travers, her rejected lover—a dark and gloomy face, with white, set lips and an expression of bitter despair. He, too, looked at her, and the glance that leaped

from his dusky eyes made her quickly cover her face with her hands.  
The sound of the madly whirling wheels came to her, muffled by the distance, but the rush of feet along the pavement still went on, and looking up again, she was aware of a stream of hurrying people passing her door.

"Only in Flint street. Can't yer see the red in the sky? I'm a-goin to have a look at it. Come along o' me, Nell. Yer'll be frighted to death at home."

"Nellie ran into the house and in another moment she had thrown a shawl over her head and joined the woman in the street. The stream of people was lessening, so they hastened their steps, noticing as they ran that the glow in the sky had deepened from a faint rose color to blood red, and that now and again tongues of fire and sudden fountains of sparks sprang upward to the pall of saffron smoke which overhung the roof tops.

Fear and excitement made Nellie's heart beat heavily as she ran, and when they had traversed the length of several streets and reached the outskirts of the swaying crowd which surrounded the burning building she felt as if she must fall. But in a moment the faintness passed, and she was able to look about her.

The building was a lofty one, at the corner of the street—an oil and color shop—and the fire seemed to have taken possession of the upper rooms and the roof.

The whole of the top story was in flames, and the firemen were working to keep the fire from creeping lower. Running around the upper story there was a narrow iron balcony, and her first glance upward showed Nellie the form of a stalwart young fireman balanced upon the rail of this balcony, while he backed with might and main at some burning wood-work which extended to the floor beneath him.

With a shudder, she recognized Jack. In the glare of the fire the rail he stood on looked like a bar of red hot iron, and so precarious was his footing that it seemed to the watchers below that a single slip must precipitate him to the pavement or into the sea of fire within the house.

Nellie was almost choked by the wild beating of her heart as she watched her husband's gallant attempts to save the lower part of the house from the danger which threatened it. Every stroke of the keen hatchet seemed to strike a blow at her. When would the piece of blazing timber give way? When would Jack step down on to the swaying ladder?

Suddenly a ruddy flash of light from a shadowed corner of the little balcony caught her eye. It was the reflection of the flames cast back from a brass helmet. There was another fireman on the balcony and he was creeping cautiously nearer and nearer to Jack. Was he going to his help, or—Nellie's heart stopped beating for an instant and seemed frozen with a sudden horror. The face of the second fireman was exposed to the glare of the flames, and its expression was awful to look upon.

It was the face of Jim Travers.  
A strange murmur rose from the crowd—an uncertain sound, such as the sea sometimes makes before a storm, when the wind quickly rises and as quickly dies away again. Nellie knew that the people around her were watching Jim's sly approach, uncertain of his intentions. For herself, she was in no uncertainty. She had seemed despair in his eyes, and now she saw murder and revenge in his movements. She would have shrieked aloud to warn Jack of his danger, but horror contracted the muscles of her throat, and the cry was stifled in her heart.

Stealthily Jim crept nearer to the unconscious Jack. His hands shot out toward the feet so unsteadily balanced on the glowing rail, and sick with terror, Nellie covered her face with her hands. She heard an awful cry go up from the crowd, and a strangled scream tore its way through her throat as she looked up again and saw that Jack no longer stood upon the rail; that the blazing woodwork had been cut away, and a crouching figure was creeping stealthily back along the balcony.

Then a black wave surged up before her eyes, hiding the blaze of the burning building; a roaring, as of many waters, sounded in her ears, and she sank into a gulf of darkness.

When she returned to consciousness, Nellie saw that she was at home. Then she became aware of a strong arm clasping her. Lastly, she knew that a loving face was looking down at her with anxious eyes—the face of her husband.

"Jack," she said, "are we both dead, and—is it this heaven?"  
Then he smiled at her.  
"No, no, dear heart," he cried, "we're alive, and you'll soon be hearty, please

God, and this is home."  
Nellie felt as if her senses were leaving her again. But Jack kissed her, and the kiss did her so much good that she sat up.  
"I thought you had fallen into the fire and been killed, Jack!" she said.

"What, me?" he cried. "No, no, lass. That was Jim, poor chap, and he did it all for love of you, Nellie."  
"Oh, Jack, what do you mean? I thought he was creeping along the balcony to throw you into the fire because I married you instead of him."

"He came to save my life that you might not lose the man you loved best," said Jack Mansfield gravely. "I didn't know he was there till he seized me round the waist and pulled me down from the rail to the balcony. If I hadn't struggled he might have been more careful. But when he sprang to my place on the rail he cut too carelessly at the timber and slipped and fell into the fire."

Nellie was now weeping bitterly.  
"Oh, Jack, Jack, how wicked I have been!" she cried, "and what a grand man poor Jim was! And we never knew it—we never knew it!"  
"Shall I tell you what he said in that moment while I was struggling to get back to my place on the rail?" asked Jack.

Nellie could not speak for her sobbing. So Jack went on:  
"He told me not to risk two lives—that his own was of no value to him or to anybody, but that I must live for your sake. Then he said: 'Jack, let me have your place. It is for dear love's sake!'"

**Does Your Husband or Son Drink?**  
If your Husband or Son is addicted to the use of Liqueur, Morphine or Tobacco, purchase of your druggist a bottle of Hill's Chloride of Gold Tablets. They are guaranteed to cure or money will be refunded. Tablets may be given secretly in tea or coffee and the free use of stimulants allowed until voluntarily given up. Price \$1.00 per package. If your druggist does not keep them, send direct to The Ohio Chemical Works, Lima, Ohio. Book of particulars and testimonials free.

**Condition of Woman in the United States.**  
(Literary Digest.)  
It is a coincidence which may or may not be significant, that the above-named subject is treated simultaneously in a French and American magazine from precisely the same view-point. M. J. Chailley-Bert in the third article of a series on the subject, in the *Revue pour les Jeunes Filles*, reviews the situation impartially on statistical grounds; Miss Susan B. Anthony, in the May number of the *Arena*, follows the same course with the partizanship of an eye-witness.

The "condition" or "status" is in each instance, however, considered from the standpoint of progress toward suffrage. According to French ideas, the women of America have been, like love, insatiable. They commenced by demanding their rights in the family, then in education, then in various social situations, then in public, and finally in politics. Their program necessitates a complement—a fulfillment. The late Henry Ward Beecher is quoted as to the keynote of what this fulfillment must be: "The question of suffrage for woman dominates all others; one could almost say suppresses all others." The women themselves, or at least a faction among them, believe this, and it is to this very point that they have for a long time devoted their best energies. Recalling the various national assemblies since the famous one at Seneca Falls in 1848 and the international congress at Berlin in 1896 and reviewing the part of woman in the Civil War, both the objective point and the plan of campaign are indicated, not omitting the monster petitions of which "it is not certain that all the signatures were sincere."

Miss Anthony goes further back to the causes. Fifty years ago woman in the United States was without a recognized individuality in any department of life. No schools provided for her education beyond the rudiments. The women of a family were kept closely at home working day and night to educate the boys of the family. When a boy was twenty-one a fixed sum was paid him as wages, or he was free to carry his labor where it would receive the greatest reward. No such arrangement was made with the girls of a family. They continued to work without wages until they married, when the services were transferred to the husband. Food, shelter, and usually a scanty supply of clothes were considered ample reward for these services. We quote a paragraph which will doubtless seem strange to many who have unconsciously lived on through such injustice as to a foreigner:

"No wages the woman might earn outside belonged by law to the husband. No

matter how drunken or improvident he might be, no matter how great her necessities or those of her children, if her employer paid the money to her, he could be prosecuted by the husband and compelled to pay it again to him. . . . Where, however, the daughters received property, it passed directly into the possession of the husband, and all rents and profits belonged to him to use as he pleased. At his death he could dispose of it by will, depriving the wife of all but what was called the 'widow's dower,' a life interest in one third of what was by right her own property. She lost not only the right to her earnings and her property, but also the right to the custody of her person and her children. The husband could apprentice the children at an early age in spite of a mother's protest, and at his death could dispose of the children by will, even an unborn child."

After a continued pitiable showing of what are sometimes known as "good old times," Miss Anthony proves that a radical revolution has taken place in the legal status of woman. She traverses the same ground as M. Chailley-Bert, from the first Woman's Rights convention "called just forty-nine years ago at Seneca Falls, N. Y., by Elizabeth Cady Stanton and Lucretia Mott." "Suffrage," she declares, "is the pivotal right, and if it could have been secured at the beginning, women would not have been half a century in gaining the privileges enumerated above for privileges they must be called, so long as others may either give or take them away."

In the mean time our French neighbors, our author tells us, are awaiting results in order to note what their effect may be.

**NEURALGIA TORMENTS.**  
Thousands Could Tell the Same Story of Misery that William Davidson Tells—And Thousands Have Today the Same Song of Rejoicing—Cured by South American Nerveine.

"I suffered untold misery for over three months from neuralgia of the stomach. Physicians did their best to help me, but all attempts were baffled. I saw South American Nerveine advertised and resolved to try it. The first bottle gave me great relief, and after I had used six bottles I was completely cured of this 'terrible disease.'" William Davidson, Theford, Ont. Sold by W. W. Short.

**The Susceptibility of Butter to Taints.**  
A little joke which forcibly illustrates the susceptibility of butter to flavors is told by a lady reader of the *Farmer's Advocate* as follows: "One evening in April two visiting ladies were taking tea at our house, when one remarked, 'What a delicious grass flavor your butter has?' while the other friend—a farmer's wife—knowing that no pasture was yet obtainable, also remarked upon the peculiarly pleasant taste of the butter. I did not consider it necessary to make an explanation, but knew at once the secret of the mystery. A few evenings before last churning some oranges came home to be made into marmalade, and knowing the habits of brothers, of which I have several, I placed the package inside the churn for safe keeping. They were not there long, and the churn was, as usual, scalded well before turning in the cream, yet the peculiar orange flavor was easily perceptible in the butter." Unfortunately, all the flavors that come in contact with butter are not harmless as orange.

**Bronchitis Cured.**  
MESSRS. T. MILBURN & Co. Toronto, Ont.  
DEAR SIRS,—I have used Hagar's Yellow Oil for my children when they had bronchitis and always with great success. I use it also for sore throat, and can say there is nothing to equal it as a sure cure.  
MRS. JAMES O'BRIEN,  
Huntsville, Ont.

**Marchand Assumes Control.**  
QUEBEC, May 27.—Premier Marchand and his cabinet took the office yesterday afternoon. The cabinet is as follows:  
Marchand, Premier and President of the Council.  
Archebauld, Attorney General.  
Duffy, Treasurer.  
Robideaux, Provincial Secretary.  
Dechene, Agriculture.  
Turgeon, Colonization and Mines.  
Shehyn and Guerin without portfolio.  
Archebauld is a legislative councillor, but will resign his seat in that chamber in favor of A. L. Rainville, Montreal, and seek election in St. Louis ward, the seat now occupied by Rainville. Dr. Marcell will be Speaker of the Upper House and Jules Lessier of the Lower.

**Children Cry for**  
Pitcher's Castoria