

Board Works Office

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THE GREAT NORTH SHORE ROUTE!

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THE MINISTER'S WIFE.

She's little and modest and purty, As fresh as a rose, and as sweet; Her children don't ever look dirty, Her kitchen ain't noway but neat. She's the kind of a woman to cherish, A help to a feller through life; Yet every old hen in the parish Is down on the minister's wife.

'Twas Mrs. Lige Hawkins begun it; She allers her had the idee That the church was built so's she could run it, 'Cause Hawkins is Deacon, you see. She thought that the hull congregation Just marched to the tune of her life, But she found't was a wrong calculation Applied to the minister's wife.

Then Mrs. Judge Jinks got excited, She thinks she's the hull upper crust— When she heered the Smiths were invited To meetin', she quit in disgust. "You may have all the paupers you choose to," Sez she, just as sharp as a knife, "But if they go to church, I refuse to," "Good-bye!" sez the minister's wife.

And then Mrs. Jackson got stuffy At her not coming sooner to call, And old Mrs. MacGregor is huffy "Cause she went up to Jackson's at all. Each one of the crowd hates the other, The church has been full of their strife, But now they're all hatin' another, And that one's the minister's wife.

But still, all the cackle unheeding, She goes in her ladylike way, A-givin' the poor what they're needin', And helpin' the church every day. Our members each Sunday is swellin', And real, true religion is rife, And sometimes I feel like a yellin', "Three cheers for the minister's wife!" —Joe Lincoln in Puck.

A DEPENDENT.

"Mr. Schwartz comes to-night, Anne. See that his room is ready and be quick about it."

Having irritably given her directions, Mrs. Holmes lay back with a dismal groan and languidly picked up the book she had dropped.

With aching feet Anne dragged her way up the stairs to the top floor. It was a small room and not too cheerful and it looked out upon the few dwarfed fruit trees in the back yard and beyond that upon the rear ends of unpainted tenements, where half starved and wholly wretched faces sometimes peered out through the smoke clouded panes.

"I wonder if he'll mind," mused Anne, with a wordless thought of the desolation that so often swept over her own cramped soul as she looked out upon this dreary prospect. "He ain't like a man that's always lived boardin' around. Looks like he ought to have a home somewhere and a mother. He'd be good to one if he had her. He's got good eyes. It's pretty bare in here," she added regretfully.

Then under some sudden impulse she crept stealthily along the dark hall to a bedroom hardly larger than a closet and was back in a moment carrying something carefully hidden under her apron. When deposited upon the dresser, it proved to be a tumbler holding half a dozen glowing carnations.

"They'll make it a little more home like for him," she said. And then she turned to the prosaic work of changing the bed linen, dusting, cleaning and bringing in soap, fresh water and towels.

"May I see the madam?" a hearty voice called from the doorway, and Anne lowered the ash pan and turned to see the new boarder, a big good natured German, bowing gravely toward her.

"I—I'm afraid not," she said. "Aunt Holmes is an invalid, you know. She only sees people when they first come to engage board. Will I do? I can tell you anything, I think, or I can take a message to Aunt Holmes."—But there she stopped

refused, remembering that she was prohibited an audience with the offended aunt.

Her breath came more freely when Mr. Schwartz said: "If I could please be shown to my room. And your dinner hour I haf not learned."

"Dinner's at 6," said Anne with alacrity, "and I'll show you to your room."

As she passed the new boarder at the door he stepped back with a chivalrous movement and held the portiere for her. Anne could not remember any such polite attention in the whole course of her life. It gave her a queer sensation, and she walked somehow with her head a little less bent up the two steep flights and along the winding hall.

"The boarders sit down stairs a good deal," she said, still regretting that cheerless room. "The furnace doesn't heat very well up here, and it's warmer in the sitting room on account of the fire."

Then she turned to her ashes. She made the invalid's toast with unusual care that night and cautioned Kitty about keeping the soup well covered and hot.

At 6 o'clock, in her fresh, white apron, she stood ready to wait on the long table.

Mr. Schwartz was not among the first to obey the summons of the dinner bell. Before he came she had brought in several plates of steaming soup, and Mr. Brown had grunted with disfavor at sight of his and gruffly ordered it away, muttering something about "clam soup every night."

She was hastening to change his plate when Mr. Schwartz entered.

The big German cast his eyes with friendly interest over the group at the table. There was something hearty and genuine about him, though his gait was a trifle awkward and his shoulders somewhat stooped. But he said, "Pardon, madam," as he withdrew his napkin from too close proximity to Miss Simpkins' plate and "Thank you" to Anne when she gave him his soup. If the hot stuff had not been safely deposited upon the cloth before him, it might have showered upon him in scalding streams, for a "Thank you" to Anne was so unusual as to be absolutely startling. It made her duties through that meal seem almost pleasant, although Miss Simpson complained that the tea was slop and Mr. Brown said it was a pity if he never could get roast beef he could eat.

Anne's cheeks had grown into the habit of burning through the long hours when she served at table. Aunt Holmes was safe out of hearing, and Gladys declined to eat with the boarders, so there was only Anne to face the storming when the cook made mistakes or the marketman failed to bring the best of his stock.

There was only one boarder in the house who treated Anne as if she were of more significance than the dust of the earth. That one was Baby Blossom. Baby Blossom had not learned in the two years of his smiling existence that there are people—overworked, underfed, spiritless creatures—whom it is one's privilege to tread under foot. He had a friendly fashion of cooing at Anne whenever he saw her and holding out his dimpled hands, and when Anne held him hungrily in her tired arms he gave no evidence of knowing that she was sallow and tattered and thin as a rail and that her face was often streaked with tears.

Father Blossom was a "floor walker," in a down town store who talked pompously of "my clerks" and "my establishment," and Mother Blossom was an over-dressed blond who loved card parties better than the gimpled baby.

When, through long evenings, Baby Blossom stared lonesomely at the glow-worm light near his cradle, Anne used to slip in, away from the cruel shafts of Aunt Holmes' tongue, and croon lullabies as she rocked the little chap to slumber.

Now, upon this night of his arrival Mr. Schwartz, being a home loving man, not particularly drawn to the beer saloon or the concert hall, roamed about in Mrs. Holmes' tongue would be fashionable boarding house in quest of entertainment.

In the parlor Miss Gladys, large and imposing, was languidly entertaining a tall collared beau. In the sitting room Mrs. Brown, Miss Simpkins and Miss Rhodes were discussing the trials of the boarder.

Mr. Schwartz slipped into a warm corner with his paper and tried not to hear. Soon, quiet and sweet above the sharp fault finding of the ladies, sounded stray bits of a musical lullaby:

Sleep, little pigeon, and fold your wings, Little blue pigeon with velvet eyes!

It was Anne in the "second story back" lulling Baby Blossom to sleep. And it was Anne who stepped into the sitting room half an hour later with something almost like happiness in her eyes and exclaimed softly, "I've got him to sleep—the little lamb."

The three ladies started at her coldly and a silence fell upon them.

"I'm sorry about your curtains, Miss Simpkins. I'll get them up to-morrow. "I think it is time," said Miss Simpkins dryly, and the gladness died out of poor Anne's eyes.

"Will you have this chair by the fire Miss Anne?" said a sudden voice, and Mr. Schwartz stood looking kindly at her and pointing to his easy chair.

"No, sir; thank you, sir. I've got things to do," said Miss Anne, as she backed out of the room. But what wonder if she dreamed that night of the only soul who, having arrived at years of discretion, had ever regarded her as a grade above the level of the earthworm.

Mr. Schwartz, for some obscure reason, took pains to make covert inquiries about this household drudge in the weeks that followed.

From Miss Simpkins he learned that Miss Anne was a "stifflish thing, who never got the fires made in time. Others informed him that she frequently failed to wash the windows and woodwork properly, that she was often late bringing up water and answering the bell, that she didn't shake the great rugs half hard enough, that she was a poor fool of a creature who often brought Mr. Brown his meat not sufficiently rare, and that, in fact, she was generally faulty and incapable, a poor dependent upon Mrs. Holmes' bounty.

Yet with all the weight of evidence against her, somehow the new boarder only grew the more to pity the harassed creature who toiled for thankless people day after day and often far into the night.

Once he discovered her quieting Baby Blossom in his mother's absence, and there was a light in her eyes that glorified them. In one glance the big hearted fellow seemed to see revealed the woman Miss Anne might grow to be, given a fair share of love and kindness.

It made him want to experiment. In the morning he walked squares out of his way to stop at a florist's. Long stemmed roses he picked out and a bunch of sweet violets. Then he gave directions to the florist and wrote carefully and at some length on a card.

When the bell jangled that cold afternoon and Miss Anne hastened to answer it, she stared in blank bewilderment at the name on the long, neat package. She had had precious little "schooling," had Miss Anne, and for a moment she doubted her ability to read plain script.

"Oh, a box from Wade's!" cried Gladys over the banister. "That dear Billy has sent me some flowers!"

"No," said Anne, in a sort of daze, holding the box as if it were some loved, live thing. "It's for me. It says 'Miss Anne Minton' on it."

"You're crazy," said Gladys shortly and a bit angrily, too, for she never had heard Anne so nonsensical. And she snatched the box from Anne's fingers. Then she started, open mouthed.

"Cesar's ghost!" was all she said, but she handed back the box and made no remonstrance when Anne ran up the stairs to her dark back chamber, leaving her work in the basement suspended.

They were trembling fingers that broke the strings and took of the wrappings from the damp, cool box, and when the last waxed papers were folded back and Anne saw the fresh and fragrant flowers she gathered them up and buried her face in them with tears that fell and sparkled, dewlike, on their cool, sweet petals.

There was a sort of choking rapture in her heart when she read on the reverse of Mr. Schwartz's card, in a fine German hand:—

The limit of life is brief— 'Tis the red in the red rose leaf, 'Tis the gold in the sunset sky, 'Tis the flight of a bird on high. Yet we may fill the space With such an infinite grace That the red will vein all time, The gold through the ages shine, And the birds fly swift and straight To the lilies of God's own gate.

She read it over and over, impressed at first only with a sort of reverence for the man who had "learned off" and written a verse like that.

Then through her mind, which unkindness had made dull and unimaginative by a long process of hardening, there began to creep a sense of the beauty and comfort of the lines.

"With such an infinite grace," she repeated to herself, as she stood, a rose on her breast, that night ready to wait on the ungracious circle about the dinner table. And when Mr. Brown wrathfully ordered his plate back to the kitchen she took it with almost a smile, feeling somehow that however ugly life might be on the outside there still lived within, if she were patient and good, a something sweet and fair that would take her like the bird in the poem.

"Swift and straight to the lilies of God's own gate."

Even Mr. Schwartz noticed a sort of transfiguration of her sad, tired face,

though to him she never said a word of acknowledgment or thanks.

Because of her ignorance and a certain sense of awe toward him she felt she could only thank him for a gift so royal by written words, slowly and carefully wrought.

Night after night, when the lights were dim in the boarding house, Anne toiled over her paper and the grammar and spelling book she had borrowed from Willie Brown.

At last the note, written and fastened to Mr. Schwartz's pin cushion, lay waiting his astonished perusal.

He read in careful, uneven letters:

RESPECTED FRIEND—These lines are to tell you how thankful I am to you for the beautiful roses and violets and verse. You could not know how it felt to me to get them, for I couldn't help crying, for it was the first beautiful thing that ever happened to me in my life that I can remember. Your respected friend, A. MINTON.

It was a week after that time that Willie Brown stood on a dark landing of the stairs waiting to make Miss Anne "jump like a scared cat" as she came toiling up the stairs with an armful of wood for Miss Simpkins' open fire.

And jump she did, in a way that sent Master Willie off in a roar of laughter, as suddenly checked when he realized that Miss Anne, having missed her footing and fallen, was lying quite motionless and very blue about the lips, with the heavy chunks of wood upon her.

One great stick, thumping and bumping down the stairs, had brought impatient inquirers to their various doors, but it was Mr. Schwartz who first reached the prostrate woman lying on the landing below.

She tried to rise with his help, but could not. And then Miss Anne dared usurp a privilege belonging solely to Aunt Holmes the pronounced invalid. She fainted dead away.

"It's a sprain or a break," said Mr. Schwartz briefly. "Lead the way to her room, mees." And he turned authoritatively to Gladys, who meekly sped up stairs and along the hall to the narrow room.

"I go for the doctor while you stay with her here," said the big German. But in his brief glance at the clear, bare room he had seen his drooping roses and violets still tenderly cared for though withered and brown.

There was something very like a mist in the honest eyes of Herr Schwartz as he ran with all speed for the doctor a few doors away.

Aunt Holmes irately jerked her imposing person from the luxuries of the sick room and tried in a measure to do Anne's work in the weeks that followed. Unable to accomplish this, even with Gladys' protesting aid she advertised at last for a servant, and then for two, both of whom worked industriously filling the unpaid "dependent's" place.

In the meantime Miss Anne herself lay quiet and alone in her cold little room. Yet she was neither cold nor lonely, for down in her heart burned a new gladness, hardly defined or recognized, yet filling her solitude with music and all the space about her with warmth and comfort.

There were fresh carnations by her bedside always now, and under her pillow a precious store of little messages—kind enquiries and good wishes—all written in a slanting German hand.

When she could sit up, she borrowed a warm wrap of Gladys and spent her time peacefully darning and mending for the cousin and aunt below. When Aunt Holmes raged against the time it took to mend broken ankles, Anne only said, with a strange gleam of gladness. "The doctor says I can hobble down stairs in a week or so."

And although that meant taking up the old life speedily, the life of abuse and hardship, there was one thought that down in the common ground of the sitting room she might see the honest, friendly face that for her held all the light in the big, gray world.

It was dusk of a chilly evening, and the boarders had not yet gathered about the friendly fire down stairs, when Mrs. Holmes' petulant voice shrilled out: "If you're ever going to come down, Anne Minton, you'd as well come now. Guess you're as able to slave as we are, and the sitting room lamps want lightin'."

Herr Schwartz, coming in with snowflakes on his great coat, halted at the newel post, turned, and then stepped quietly into the fire lighted room.

When his listening ear caught the first sound of the slow limp at the head of the stairs, he was up the flight in three leaps, helping the slender figure down.

"Wilkommen! Wilkommen!" he said in the hall, taking both her hands in his hearty grasp.

"What does that mean?" Miss Anne asked, her face lighting up gladly.

"That is welcome!" exclaimed Herr Schwartz, "Wilkommen! That is the German's welcome to his good friend—his American friend."

"How good you are!" said Anne, and all the story of her gratefulness, her new zest in life, seemed to breathe in the words. "I—I never was happy before. I never had a friend. I didn't know what it was to"—And then she stopped. Confused and quick tears welled to her eyes.

"You haf been what they call the unter bog in the fight," he said. "I haf seen it. I haf watched. I know. And my heart has melted for you, beholting your patience and loving service to all, who loved you none at all in return."

In his heat and earnestness Herr Schwartz's talk grew more and more broken, but Anne understood him, and her pale face flushed. She steadied herself with one hand against the door, and seeing this he led her to the big chair by the fire, so carefully, so tenderly, that quiet tears gleamed again in her great dark eyes.

Herr Schwartz looked at her in a moment, then held out a strong, impulsive hand. "I haf not much to offer you, but what I haf and am iss yours," he said. "Will you take it, my good Mees Anne? This hand knows how to work for those it loves, and you I love; yes, dearly, dearly."

When Aunt Holmes, drawn by some deep instinct, softly opened the sitting room door, she nearly fainted at the sight she saw. Anne, Anne, the dull, the incapable, holding Herr Schwartz's ample hand and looking as if all the sparkles of the star had stolen into her eyes.

"What does this mean, Mr. Schwartz—Anne?" she demanded in righteous wrath.

Mr. Schwartz made her his gravest bow, though his face was radiant. "It means, my dear madam, that Mees Anne here iss tomorrow my wife, and we go out to build our home place together."

And the audacious boarder, before her very eyes, laid a protecting hand upon the head of Miss Anne, the dependent.—New York Tribune.

TWO PICTURES.

One Rich, Bright and Cheerful; the Other Gloomy, Dark and Muddy.

Forty-five samples of colored cloth are shown on the Diamond Dye sample card, from which can be produced over one hundred good, solid colors. Every dyed sample is full, rich, brilliant and fast, showing just what any woman of ordinary intelligence can do with Diamond Dyes. This is picture number one.

The common imitation dyes, and dyes composed of soap grease as a principal ingredient, show but a dozen or fifteen colors, and so imperfect in color tone and power that the small collection looks gloomy, despondent and sickly to any individual with a taste for the beautiful. This is picture number two.

To those in doubt we say, send your address to Wells & Richardson Co., Montreal for a color card of Diamond Dyes; it will be sent free.

The Diamond Dyes being the easiest to dye with give all the grand results in beauty and fastness of color that the heart can possibly desire.

SALMON DISAPPEARING.

The main rivers of the northern Pacific coast, from Oregon to Alaska, have been lavishly supplied with salmon. Now, according to the United States fish commission, just arrived at San Francisco from Alaska, the Alaska salmon will disappear if there are not efforts made to propagate the fish and restock the waters. Congress will be asked to establish hatcheries in those streams. Last year the output of the Alaska packers was 1,000,000 cases of 48 pounds each, or 48,000,000 pounds of canned salmon. This year there will be a great falling off. Besides the wholesale overfishing, in all the main rivers from Columbia to the Yukon, there is another cause that tends to diminish the number of salmon; it is the hordes of ravenous "sea lions," the big seals that feast upon those fish. As we have said before, Congress should protect the salmon and let the seals go?—Bangor Commercial.

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria. When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria. When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria. When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.

LAURIER BANQUETTED.

PRESIDENT M'KINLEY ENTERTAINS THE CANADIAN VISITOR.

WASHINGTON, Nov. 12.—Sir Wilfrid Laurier, Canadian premier, Sir Louis Davies, the minister marine of Canada, and the other officials who are taking part in the Behring sea negotiations, were entertained at dinner by President McKinley at the executive mansion last night.

The list of guests was confined to gentlemen. The guests assembled in the blue parlor shortly before eight o'clock, where President McKinley met them. Premier Laurier and the President led the way to the private dining room, where the table, simply adorned with white chrysanthemums, was set. The Marine band was present and played throughout the dinner.

The guests were: Sir Wilfrid Laurier, Sir Louis Davies, the secretary of state, the secretary of the treasury, the secretary of war, the attorney-general, the secretary of the navy, the secretary of the interior and of agriculture, the secretary to the president Hon J. W. Foster Hon. C. Hamlin, Dr J S Gordon, Hon R W Day, a assistant-secretary of state Hon. J. A. Casson, Prof D Wentworth Thompson, Mr. James Macoun.

HEALTH'S PARADISE.

Regained After Twenty Years' Torture From That Dread Disease, Catarrh.—Hon. Geo. Taylor of Scranton, Pa., Tells the World What Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder Has Done For Him.

I was a martyr to catarrh for twenty years—tried every known remedy, but got little or no relief. Was troubled with constant dropping in the throat, terrible pains in my head, and my breath was very offensive. I was induced to give Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder a trial, and the result was magical. The first application cleared my head instantly. I persisted in its use, and to-day I am a cured man, and it affords me pleasure to lend my testimony. Sold by W. W. Short.

KILLS HIS SISTER'S LOVER.

CARSON, Nevada, Nov. 12.—The entire State was startled at the murder late Wednesday of Charles A. Jones, United States District Attorney, by Julian Guinan, the 16 year old son of a well known local physician. The statement of the youth, who is now in jail, is to the effect that immediately prior to the shooting he had observed his sister talking to Jones, with whom his father had forbidden association. When he saw Dr. Guinan approaching, believing trouble to be inevitable, when the two men should meet, the boy procured a Winchester rifle, and stationed himself at a window, for the purpose, he says, of protecting his father. Upon encountering Jones, Dr. Guinan said: "This is the last time I shall ever warn you against keeping company with my daughter."

Jones jeered at the doctor in comment upon his warning and slipped his hand into his right pocket. Julian states that having often heard his father threaten to kill Jones, and having been informed that the District Attorney always carried a revolver, which he believed from Jones' motion, was about to be drawn, the boy fired at Jones in anticipation of an attack upon his father. Jones fell forward dead the bullet from the rifle having entered above his right eye and passed out the neck behind. Miss Guinan seeing Jones fall, threw herself upon him and embraced his dead body.

A Cool Head.

A clear, bright brain, a cool head free from pain, and strong, vigorous nerves are requisite to success in modern life. MILLBURN'S HEART AND NERVE PILLS invigorate and brighten the brain, strengthen the nerves, and remove all heart, nerve and brain troubles.

It was at dinner, and there had been chicken, of which the little daughter of the house had partaken with great freedom.

"I want some more chicken," said Frances.

"I think you have had as much as is good for you, dear," replied Frances' mamma.

"I want more." And Frances pouted. "You can't have more now; but here is a wish bone that you and mamma can pull. That will be fun. You pull one side and I'll pull the other; and whoever gets the longer end can have her wish come true. Why, baby, you've got it! What was your wish, Frances?"

"I wish for some more chicken," said Frances, promptly.

She got it this time.