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THE GREAT NORTH SHORE ROUTE!

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

THE REVIEW

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

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THE EMPTY STOCKING.

(From the song.)

A little ragged beggar girl,
Stood shiv'ring in the cold;
Her dress was torn and shabby,
Her shoes were thin and old.

It was the night of Christmas eve,
The snow was falling fast;
She saw the pretty windows,
The stream of sleighs go past.

"I wish I'd lots of money,
I'd have a Christmas tree;
I don't believe that Santa Claus
Thinks much of folks like me."

Just then some others came along
And told her if she will
To hang her stocking near the fire
That she would find it filled.

Then straight went home the little waif,
And did as she was told,
She shivered as she went to bed,
The room it was so cold.

She dreamed of all the pretty things
As hours of night sped by,
Of dolls, and games, and picture books—
The things that rich folks buy.

When morning came, the child went down
The creaking stairs to find
The good things left by Santa Claus;
He was so good and kind.

She climbed with anxious trembling heart
Upon the broken chair;
She found the empty stocking still,
As she had left it there.

And standing by that broken chair,
'Twas pitiful to see
That little ragged beggar girl,
Who had no Christmas tree.

The Creamery Man of Molasses Gap.

A CHARACTER SKETCH.
BY HAMLIN GARLAND.

The tin-peddler has gone out of the West. Amiable gossip and sharp trader that he was, his visits once brought a sharp business grapple to the farmer's wife and daughters, after which, as the man of trade was putting back his unsold wares, followed a time of cheerful talk. It was his cue, if he chanced to be a tactful peddler, to drop all attempts at sale and become distinctly human and neighborly.

His calls were not always well received, but they were at their best pleasant breaks of a monotonous round of duties. But he is no longer a familiar spot on the landscape. He has passed into the limbo of the things no longer necessary. His red wagon may be rumbling and rattling through some newer region, but the "Cooly Country" knows him no more.

The "creamery man" has taken his place. Every afternoon, rain or shine, the wagons of the North Star Creamery in "Dutcher's Coolly" stop at the farmers' windmills to skim the cream from the "submerged cans." His wagon is not gay; it is generally battered and covered with mud and filled with tall cans; but the driver himself is generally young and sometimes attractive. The driver in Molasses Gap, which is a small coolly leading into Dutcher's Coolly, was particularly good-looking and amusing.

He was aware of his good looks, and his dress not only showed that he was single, but that he hoped to be married soon. He wore brown trousers, which fitted him very well, and a dark blue shirt, which had a gay lacing of red cord in front, and a pair of suspenders that were a vivid green. On his head he wore a Chinese straw helmet, which was as ugly as anything could conceivably be, but he was as proud of it as he was of his green suspenders. In summer he wore no coat at all, and even in pretty cold weather he left his vest on his wagon-seat—not being able to bring himself to the point of covering up the red and green of his attire.

It was noticeable that the women of the neighborhood always came out even on washday to see that Claude (his name was Claude Williams) measured the cream properly. There was much banter about this. Mrs. Kennedy always said she wouldn't trust him "fur's you can flog a yearlin' bull by the tail."

"Now that's the difference between us," he would reply. "I'd trust you anywhere. Anybody with such a daughter as yours."

He seldom got further, for Lucindy always said (in substance), "O you go 'long."

There need be no mystery in the matter. 'Cindy was the girl for whose delight he wore the green and red. He made no secret of his love, and she made no secret of her scorn. She laughed at his green 'sunders and the "red shoe-string" in his shirt; but Claude considered himself very learned in women's ways, by reason of two years' driving the creamery wagon, and he merely winked at Mrs. Kennedy when Lucindy was looking, and kissed his hand at 'Cindy when her mother was not looking.

He looked forward every afternoon to these little exchanges of wit, and was depressed when for any reason the women folks were away. There were other places pleasanter than the Kennedy farm—some of "the Dutchmen" had fine big brick houses and finer and bigger barns, and their women were mostly homely, and went around bare-footed and bare-legged, with ugly blue dresses hanging frayed and greasy round their lank ribs and big joints.

"Someway their big houses have a look like a stable when you get close to 'em," Claude said to 'Cindy once. "Their women work so much in the field they don't have any time to fix up—the way you do. I don't believe in women workin' in the fields." He said this looking 'Cindy in the face. "My wife needn't set her foot outdoors 'less she's a mind to."

"Oh, you can talk," replied the girl, scornfully, "but you'd be like the rest of 'em." But she was glad that she had on a clean collar and apron—if it was ironing day.

What Claude would have said further 'Cindy could not divine, for her mother called her from the door. She generally did when she saw her daughter lingering too long with the creamery man. Claude was not considered a suitable match for Lucindy Kennedy, whose father owned one of the finest farms in the coolly. Worldly considerations held in Molasses Gap as well as in Bluff Siding and Tyre.

But Claude gave little heed to these moods in Mrs. Kennedy. If 'Cindy sputtered, he laughed; and if she smiled, he rode on whistling till he came to old man Haldeman's, who owned the whole lower half of Molasses Gap, and had one unmarried daughter, who thought Claude to be one of the handsomest men in the world. She was always at the gate to greet him as he drove up, and forced sections of cake and pieces of gooseberry pie upon him each day.

"She's good enough for a Dutchman," Claude said of her, "but I hate to see a woman go around looking as if her clothes would drop off if it rained on her. And on Sundays, when she dresses up, she looks like a boy rigged out in some girl's cast-off duds."

This was pretty hard on Nina. She was tall and lank and sandy, with small blue eyes. Her limbs were heavy and she did wear her Sunday clothes badly, but she was a good, generous soul, and very much in love with the creamery man. She was not very clean, but then she could not help that; the dust of the field is no respecter of sex. No, she was not lovely, but she was the only daughter of old Ernest Haldeman, and the old man was not very strong.

Claude was the daily bulletin of the Gap. He knew whose cow died the night before, who was at the strawberry dance, and all about Abe Anderson's night in jail up at the Siding. If his coming was welcome to the Kennedys, who took the "Bluff Siding Gimlet" and the county paper, how much the more cordial ought his greeting to be at Haldeman's, where they only took the "Milwaukee Weekly Freiheit."

Nina in her poor way had longings and aspirations. She wanted to marry "a Yankee," and not one of her own kind. She had a little schooling—got at the small brick shed under the towering cottonwood-tree at the corner of her father's farm; but her life had been one of hard work and mighty little play. Her parents spoke in German about the farm, and could speak English only very brokenly. Her only brother had adventured into the foreign parts of Pine County, and had been killed in a sawmill. Her life was lonely and hard.

She had suitors among the Germans, plenty of them, but she had a disgust of them—considered as possible husbands—

and though she went to their busy dances occasionally, she had always in her mind the ease, lightness, and color of Claude. She knew that the Yankee girls did not work in the fields—even the Norwegian girls seldom did so now, they worked out in town—but she had been brought up to hoe and pull weeds from her childhood, and her father and mother considered it good for her, and, being a gentle and obedient child, she still continued to do as she was told. Claude pitied the girl, and used to talk with her, during his short stay, in his cheeriest manner.

"Hello, Nina! How you vass, ain't it? How much cream already you got this morning? Did you hear the news, not?"

"No; not has happened?"

"Everything. Frank McVoy's horse stepped through the bridge and broke his leg, and he's going to sue the county—mean Frank is, not the horse."

"Is dot so?"

"Sure! and Bill Hetner had a fight, and Julia Doorflinger's got home."

"Vot vass Bill fighting about?"

"Oh, drunk-fighting for exercise. Hain't got a fresh pie out?"

Her face lighted up, and she turned so suddenly to go that her bare leg showed below her dress. Her unstocking feet were thrust into coarse working shoes. Claude wrinkled his nose in disgust, but he took the piece of green currant pie on the palm of his hand and bit the acute angle from it.

"First rate. You do make lickin' good pies," he said, out of pure kindness of heart; and Nina was radiant.

"She wouldn't be so bad-lookin' if they didn't work her in the fields like a horse," he said to himself as he drove away.

The neighbors were well aware of Nina's devotion, and Mrs. Smith, who lived two or three houses down the road, said, "Good-evening, Claude. Seen Nina today?"

"Sure! and she gave me a piece of currant pie—her own make."

"Did you eat it?"

"Did I. I guess yes. I ain't refusin' pie from Nina—not while her pa has five hundred acres of the best land in Molasses Gap."

Now, it was this innocent joking on his part that started all Claude's trouble. Mrs. Smith called a couple of days later, and had her joke with 'Cindy.

"Cindy, your cake's all dough."

"Why, what's the matter now?"

"Claude come along 'tother day grinnin' from ear to ear, and some currant pie in his mustache. He had just fixed it up with Nina. He jest as much as said he was after the old man's acres."

"Well, let him have 'em. I don't know as it interests me," replied 'Cindy, waving her head like a banner. "If he wants to sell himself to that greasy Dutch-woman—why, let him, that's all! I don't care."

Her heated manner betrayed her to Mrs. Smith, who laughed with huge enjoyment.

"Well, you better watch out!"

The next day was very warm, and when Claude drove up under the shade of the big maples he was ready for a chat while his horses rested, but 'Cindy was nowhere to be seen. Mrs. Kennedy came out to get the amount of the skimming, and started to re-enter the house without talking.

"Where's the young folks?" asked Claude, carelessly.

"If you mean Lucindy, she's in the house."

"Ain't sick or nothin', is she?"

"Not that anybody knows of. Don't expect her to be here to gass with you every time, do ye?"

"Well, I wouldn't mind," replied Claude. He was too keen not to see his chance. "In fact, I'd like to have her with me all the time, Mrs. Kennedy," he said, with engaging frankness.

"Well, you can't have her," the mother replied, ungraciously.

"What's the matter with me?"

"Oh, I like you well enough, but 'Cindy'd be a big fool to marry a man without a roof to cover his head."

"That's where you take your innin', sure," Claude replied. "I'm not much better than a hired man. Well now, see here, I'm going to make a strike one of these days, and then—look out for me! You don't know but what I've invested in a gold-mine. I may be a Dutch lord in disguise. Better not be brash."

Mrs. Kennedy's sourness could not stand against such sweetness and drollery. She smiled in wry fashion. "You'd better be moving, or you'll be late."

"Sure enough. If I only had you for a mother-in-law—that's why I'm so poor. Nobody to keep me moving. If I had some one to do the talking for me, I'd work." He grinned broadly and drove out.

His irritation led him to say some things to Nina which he would not have thought

of saying the day before. She had been working in the field, and had dropped her hoe to see him.

"Say, Nina, I wouldn't work outdoors such a day as this if I was you. I'd tell the old man to go to thunder, and I'd go in and wash up and look decent. Yankee women don't do that kind of work, and your old dad's rich; no use of your sweatin' around a cornfield with a hoe in your hands. I don't like to see a woman goin' round without stockings, and her hands all chapped and calloused. It ain't accordin' to Hoyle. No, sir! I wouldn't stand it. I'd serve an injunction on the old man right now."

A dull, slow flush crept into the girl's face, and she put one hand over the other as they rested on the fence. One looked so much less monstrous than two.

Claude went on: "Yes, sir! I'd brace up and go to Yankee meeting instead of Dutch; you'd pick up a Yankee beau like as not."

He gathered his cream while she stood silently by, and when he looked at her again she was in deep thought.

"Good-day," he said, cheerily.

"Good-by," she replied, and her face flushed again.

It rained that night and the roads were bad, and he was late the next time he arrived at Haldeman's. Nina came out in her best dress, but he said nothing about it, supposing she was going to town or something like that, and he hurried through with his task and had mounted his seat before he realized that anything was wrong.

Then Mrs. Haldeman appeared at the kitchen door and hurled a lot of unintelligible German at him. He knew she was mad, and mad at him and also at Nina, for she shook her fist at them alternately. Singular to tell, Nina paid no attention to her mother's sputter. She looked at Claude with a certain timid audacity.

"How you like me to-day?"

"That's better," he said, as he eyed her critically. "Now you're talkin'! I'd do a little trading of the newspaper myself if I was you. A woman's business ain't to work out in the hot sun—it's to cook and fix up things round the house, and then put on her clean dress and set in the shade and read or sew on something. Stand up to 'em! doggone me if I'd paddle round that hot corn-field with a mess o' Dutchmen—it ain't decent!"

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

CANCER CAN BE CURED

Cancer is the severest known form of blood disease. BURDOCK BLOOD BITTERS is the most powerful blood medicine known. It cures cancer and all skin diseases. Proof: "My husband had two cancers taken off his face, and another was coming on his lip. He took two bottles of BURDOCK BLOOD BITTERS and it disappeared. I know this medicine is an excellent blood purifier." Mrs. WM. KIRBY Akron, Erie Co., New York.

QUIRT QUAKER REPLY.

In a certain county where Quakers were numerous, says the San Francisco Wave, the entire body on one occasion gathered together for one of their periodical meetings. After the exercises of the morning a public luncheon was held, at which all the friends attended. The conversation turned to matrimony.

"Bridget, said an unmanly youthful member of the society, speaking across the table to an elderly maiden lady, "wilt though tell me why thou hast never married?" "Certain, Friend William," replied Bridget, in a voice audible over the room, "'tis because I am not so easy pleased as thy wife was."

Catarrh is a Disease

Which requires a constitutional remedy. It cannot be cured by local applications. Hood's Sarsaparilla is wonderfully successful in curing catarrh because it eradicates from the blood the morbid influences which cause it. Sufferers with catarrh find a cure in Hood's Sarsaparilla even after other remedies utterly fail.

Hood's PILLS are prompt, efficient, always reliable, easy to take, easy to operate.

THE DANGER.

"No," said the confident youth, "I shall not trudge along in the beaten track. I shall not devote my mind to hum-drum duty."

"What are you going to do?" asked Senator Sorghum.

"I'm going to strike away from the beaten path. I'm going to leave foot-prints on the sands of time."

"Well you want to be careful."

"I have energy and ability."

"Yes but you want to be careful too. Trying to leave foot-prints on the sands of time has been the cause of a lot of people's getting stuck in the mud."

GOODS FOR KLONDIKE.

CANADA WILL DO ALL POSSIBLE FOR TRAVELLERS TO THE GOLDFIELDS.

TORONTO, December 22.—The Globe's Ottawa special says: The Minister of Customs has received a letter from the Secretary of the Treasury at Washington, inquiring if travellers on the way to the Alaskan gold fields by way of the Lynn Canal and the Yukon will be afforded bonusing privileges for their goods passing through Canadian territory. The Minister of Customs replied that it was the desire of the Canadian Government to afford every possible facility for the convenience of those using our territory to reach Circle City or other points in Alaska. At present, however, owing to the great distance between Lake Bennett and such places as Circle City—about 700 miles—it would be impossible to keep track of the goods, but so soon as responsible transportation companies were doing business a bond could be taken from them and the object accomplished in that way.

In the meantime, however, in order to accommodate the Washington authorities as much as possible, Mr. Paterson suggested that the duty on goods for Alaskan territory going in by way of Lakes Bennett and Tagish should be paid to the Collector of Customs at Tagish, who would give a receipt and certificate to the traveller, which, upon presentation to the Canadian Collector of Customs at Fort Cudahy, should entitle the traveller to a refund of the amount of duty, on the collector at Cudahy seeing that the goods passed out of Canadian territory. This arrangement would be, of course, the most satisfactory of any that can be devised, as it gives the traveller a very slight amount of trouble and no delay at all. As the Washington authorities have facilitated the operation, of the Canadians for landing the goods at the head of the Lynn Canal, the Customs Department here are not only willing but anxious to do anything possible in return.

CANADA'S NEW MINISTER OF JUSTICE

Sir Oliver Mowat's Successor in the Laurier Cabinet, Hon. David Mills, with Fifth Members of Parliament, Praise the Virtues of Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder.

No one suffers the inconveniences of Catarrh more than the public speaker, Hon. David Mills. The coming Minister of Justice, says over his own signature that Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder gave him immediate relief. People everywhere use it. John McInnis, Washa Bridge, N. S., says: "Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder did wonders for me." It relieves in ten minutes and permanently cures catarrh, cold in the head, sore throat and tonsillitis. Sold by W. W. Short.

THE HIGHLANDMAN'S PRAYER.

Good and gracious Providence, help all the McDonalds, all the Macdonald's children for a thousand years lang syne. Be gracious pleased to send us rivers of whiskey, the finest of whiskey, and mountains of potatoes and breads and cheeses as big as the hills of Strathmoor; and likewise furthermore send us floods of water so that there will be plenty for man and beast; and moreover likewise send us tobacco and snuffing as numerous as the seas on the sandshore, and swords and pistols to kill all the Grants and Macphersons lang syne. Bless the wee strik and make him a big coo by next Martinmas; end put the strength of Samson into Dougald's arm, mak' him able to bring forth kail and corn and lang kail and corn. Providgous, bless the soo and mak him a big bore by martinmas next and mak him the father of big families of soos and pigs and bless all the bairns C— Duncan and Rory and Flora and young Rory, and glorious days for evermore, and oh, don't forget the melodious on the Macphersons.

O, yes, yes, yes. Amen!

FOUNDER OF DAWSON CITY.

MR. LADUE IN OTTAWA ON KLONDIKE BUSINESS.—G. T. R. ENTERPRISE.

OTTAWA, Dec. 22.—Mr. Joseph Ladue, the Klondike pioneer and founder of Dawson city, returned to Ottawa yesterday. With him are Mr. John B. Riley, ex-United States Consul-General in Canada; the Hon. M. Weed, of New York, and Mr. Thos. M. Conway, of Plattsburgh, N. Y., all connected with the big mining enterprise known as the Joseph Ladue Mining Company, in which Mr. Ladue's mining and real estate holdings are vested. They will be in Ottawa for the balance of the week, probably, on business with the department of the Interior, chiefly concerning the issue of patents for the Ladue property.

When Mr. Joseph Ladue was in Washington the other day he was consulted by Secretary Alger in regard to the sending of a relief expedition from the United States to Dawson City. Mr. Ladue counselled the United States authorities to send their relief expedition in by the Dalton trail; the route by which he himself will return to Dawson City in March.

Ironwood, Mich., Dec. 22.—Mr. W. L. Green has returned from Skaguay, where he spent the summer. Mr. Green says that work on the horse and cable tramway along the Skaguay and Dyea trails has been begun. A large sawmill and manufactory is being erected at Lake Bennett, which will supply all the boats necessarily next summer. The company's safes at Dawson are filled with millions of dollars' worth of gold are packed away on the shelves in sacks, tin cans, etc. Twenty-five Yukon miners who came to Seattle in the steamer "City of Seattle" with Mr. Green brought over a million dollars in drafts and a hundred thousand dollars in gold dust and nuggets.

WINNIPEG, Dec. 22.—Mr. Wm. Prentice, a wealthy sugar refiner from Vancouver, B. C., was in the city yesterday on his way to New York. Mr. Prentice stated that the merchants of the terminal city were piling up large stocks in preparation for the Klondike business.

TORONTO, Dec. 22.—The management of the Grand Trunk Railway, in anticipation of a big rush to the Yukon early in the spring, has arranged to send a special car over all parts of their system, for the purpose of disseminating information as to the Yukon and the best methods of reaching it. The car will be in charge of competent persons whose work will be to stop at all important places along the line, hold meetings, exhibit views, and give data. The date when it is expected to commence the tour has not yet been fixed, but a time table giving all particulars will shortly be published.

LOS ANGELES, Cal., Dec. 22.—J. E. Perring, until recently president of the New England Whip Company, started from this city with a party of fifteen others for a new gold field in the North-West Territory. The new gold field is said to extend over fifteen miles along the tributary of the Stickeen, and to be richer than the Klondike country. In one of his letters to parties here concerning his discovery, Dawson, after whom Dawson City was named, says that the region gives every indication of abundance of gold, but that it is even more inaccessible than the Klondike, there being but one way to get in and that extremely dangerous. The winters are more severe than on the Yukon and of longer duration. The nearest trading post with the outside world is several hundred miles distant. Those who left yesterday have been quietly preparing for the trip for several months, keeping everything secret as they wish to get in before any excitement causes a rush. The party will leave San Francisco to-morrow for Victoria, B. C., by steamer, from there they go to Fort Wrangell and thence overland by the Stickeen river to their objective point.

'CORONA' SAILS NORTHWARD.

TACOMA, Wn., Dec. 22.—The steamer "Corona" sailed to-day for Skaguay and Dyea, and way-ports. She was compelled to refuse freight and second-class passengers because of lack of accommodations. The "Corona" will carry to the north two hundred passengers, fifty percent of whom are prospective miners, and eight hundred tons of general merchandise.

The New Woman

Now enters upon pursuits formerly monopolized by men. But the feminine nerves are still hers and she suffers from toothache. To her we recommend Nerville—nerve-pain cure—cures toothache in a moment. Nerville, the most marvellous pain remedy known to science. Nerville may be used efficaciously for all nerve pain.

CASTORIA
The Family Remedy
Signature of Dr. J. C. Ayer