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THE GREAT NORTH SHORE ROUTE!

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QUESTION.

Why is the king so sad, Father, why is the king so sad?
More than his sire the king is blessed,
The times are fair and the land at rest;
With the little prince on the queen's fair breast,
Why is the king so sad?
He put the woman he loved aside,
He steeled his heart when his true love cried,
And took a princess to be his bride!
And so the king is sad.

Why is the rich man sad, Father, why is the rich man sad?
Fair on the hills his turrets glow,
Broad is the manor spread below,
Garners and wine vats overflow,
Now, why is he so sad?
His truth for a lordly price he sold,
He gave his honor for yellow gold;
It's oh for the peace he knew of old!
And therefore he is sad.

Why is the poor man sad, Father, why is the poor man sad?
Health and freedom and love has he
A vine clad cottage beyond the sea,
Where children clamor about his knee
Yet why is he so sad?
He thought of the rich man's wealth and fame,
He looked on his humble lot with shame;
Into his life black envy came,
And therefore he is sad.

Why is the priest so sad, Father, why is the priest so sad?
Little he knows of worldly care,
His place is found in the house of prayer,
And honor and peace attend him there;
Why is the priest so sad?
He marks how the proud ones spoil the meek,
His heart is hot, but his spirit weak,
And the words that he would he dare not speak,
And so the priest is sad.

Why is the world so sad, Father, why is the whole world so sad?
Every day is a glory sent,
Sunshine, beauty and music blent,
Fresh from the gracious firmament;
Then why is the world so sad?
Alas for the evil ever done!
Alas for the good deed not begun!
Alas for our blindness every one!
By this the world is sad.

THE GREAT MIRAMICHI FIRE.

The spring and summer of the year 1825 were prosperous seasons for the venturesome settlers who had crossed the ocean to make their home in that portion of British North America known as the valley of the Miramichi. The hardships of the pioneers days seemed to be over. The cleared land had already been brought under cultivation, and the few cattle and sheep which had been transported with much difficulty from England had thriven and multiplied in their adopted home. The wide and easily navigable river for many miles above the harbor was dotted with vessels awaiting loads of the lumber for which the country was already noted. In a half-dozen little settlements the chief occupation of the men was the profitable work of hewing forest trees for exportation. For miles in every direction the land was covered with immense forests of pine and spruce wood. The slender spires of the white pine, which often attained the height of a hundred feet, and the slightly less lofty columns of the black spruce were in constant demand for use as masts and yards of vessels; while the timber for both the trunk and roots of hackmatack, or epinette rouge, as the French Canadians styled the Dutch tamarac trees, was deemed essential for the construction of the knees and beams of ships. Nor was there any lack of hardwoods in this favored region. On the contrary, there were natural groves of stately maples, great clumps of black and white ash trees, ponderous oaks and beeches and thousands of graceful birch

trees, for whose bark and wood there were many demands.

Among these greater lords of the forest the silver fir, or firm balsam, was frequently to be found. Although of but small size, it claimed full forest privileges, and, with its symmetrical shape, its rich deep shaded foliage, and its long pendant cones it crowned and ornamented many a gentle slope, or perhaps, in a humble spot, screened itself from the rays of a too ardent sun under the kindly branches of its loftier forest brothers. Drops of aromatic resin exuded from its trunk and branches, and formed in sticky transparent globules on the rough bark.

On the outskirts of the clearing the lesser trees, native to the country, strove to assert themselves. The wild cherry and hawthorn showed in early spring in masses of fragrant white blossoms. The purpled scarlet of the sumach fruit seemed to slowly absorb the heat of the long summer days, and, as autumn approached the scarlet berries of the mountain ash shone among the glossy leaves like veritable sparks of fire.

The thriving town of Newcastle, on the left bank of the Miramichi river, some miles from the mouth, already boasted a thousand inhabitants. On its chief street Captain Harvey, a well-to-do seaman, had built a small frame house for his wife and children. The captain was part owner of the vessel, the Friends-at-Home, of which he had charge, and he made many trips each year between his home and the more southerly ports of the colonies. Freights were good, as the demand for lumber was always in excess of the supply, and as the captain had a tidy interest in the strip of forest from which his cargo was usually procured, he was able to maintain his family in comfort.

His times of coming to port were eagerly looked forward to by his sons Alexander and Benjamin, who, although but ten and twelve years of age respectively, were the protectors of their delicate mother during their father's protracted absences. The month of September had been specially bright one for the little family, for not only had Captain Harvey been with them for a ten days' holiday, but there had also been unusual commotion and excitement in the village over the arrival of his excellency the lieutenant-governor of New Brunswick, the representative of George IV., in those parts. The Governor had a most genuine interest in the welfare of the sturdy colonists, and was familiar with many phases of pioneer life. During his journey at the Miramichi he not only attended in due pomp and state the homely banquets and receptions which were accorded him, but, putting aside his official robes and demeanor, he would traverse the country-side alone, questioning the farmers, the storekeepers, the day laborers, and testing the street children with simple problems in arithmetic. When a bright faced lad made a correct answer he would ask his name, pat him on the head encouragingly and give him some sound advice on the matter of keeping one's eyes and ears open. He passed one day by Captain Harvey's door. Benjamin was seated on the door-sill, bent double over a much-thumbed dictionary. Alexander, to the best of his ability, was spelling the words called out by his brother, and, in justice to his intelligence, it is but fair to state that the governor himself would have failed to recognize many familiar words in the strange dress in which Benjamin's unpracticed tongue arrayed them. The captain astride a coil of rope, smoked his long black pipe contentedly, and Mrs. Harvey, taking an unwonted rest in the one rocking chair the village afforded, chatted with her husband, her steel needles keeping up a constant click as the sock of grey yarn which she was knitting slowly lengthened.

The governor paused, observed, to enjoy the picture of quiet content; then in a brusque way he began to question the boys, chuckling over the common sense answers they made to his queries. The captain at once rose to his feet and his wife made a low courtesy, but the governor bade them be seated and continued to talk with the lads, who, having caught their mother's low exclamation of "his excellency," surveyed her with wide-eyed amazement.

"Well, my little fellows," said the governor, recognizing that the moment of unconsciousness was over, "and what can I do for such practical youngsters as you?"

"Sir," said Benjamin promptly, "what we want is schools!"

With a laughing promise to the lad that his request should not be forgotten the great man departed as unceremoniously as he had come. He paused a moment at the bend of the road to call back in his gruff voice: "Those boys of yours will come to no harm, captain. Let them keep house by themselves and brighten your wife's cheeks with a breath of sea air."

The captain brought down his hand

with a resounding whack on the shoulder of the lad nearest him. "That's naught but common sense. 'Lisbeth," he said heartily, "You shall sail on the morrow with me, and not a fear need ye have for these big lads of ours, except, maybe, they'll not know you for their mother when you come back so blooming and gay for the breezes will freshen your cheeks, and you shall have as braw a silk gown as I can get ye in Halifax town."

Lisbeth, womanlike, was fearful and timid, but her husband soon gave her no voice in the matter, and in the early morning of October 2nd, the good ship Friends-at-Home sailed down the river with her on board. She was far from being a robust woman, and the exceeding heat of the season had told greatly on her strength.

The summer had indeed been unusually warm. The fields had turned a dull brown where the second crop of hay had been cut. Some of the little springs flowing into the river had dried up, or else showed hallow rills of water in their rocky beds. The leaves of the trees hung languidly to the branches, and a chance breeze would rustle them down in innumerable multitudes. The October days, usually a trifle chilly towards evening, were unchangingly hot. The sun seemed to shine brighter than his wont. For weeks no rain had fallen; but as the crops were gathered safely in, the extreme heat gave the people slight concern, except now and then they longed to lay by a little of the surplus warmth against the approach of the glorious winter months.

The boys in the frame house paid but slight attention to such a trifle as the weather. When the cows and hens had been duly attended to, the stent of wood cutting over, the garden carefully weeded and watered, and their simple food prepared, they were usually ready for a pleasant trip to the woods. Once, when searching for beech-nuts, they found a spray of leaves unusually unlike anything they had ever seen before. The leaves which were shaped like an aspen, showed only the network of ribs and veins. They were bleached to an ashy whiteness, and crumbled at the slightest touch. The lads puzzled their heads in vain. There were no aspens nearer than the Bartibog, many miles away. They found also that the beech-nuts although of full size were dry and tasteless, and returned home with empty baskets. When they awoke next morning, weary and footsore they realized how hot and harsh the ground had been to their bare feet and how the woods had seemed to be full of faint vibrations.

Early as it was there was much stir in the village streets. The boys hurried out only to find that a thick haze enveloped the town. It was not a mist which had risen from the river, freighting the morning air with its dewy breath. The murky smoke of some forest fire had swept through the town. By daybreak it had passed on, and hung in a purple cloud bank above the farther side of the river. There was doubtless a forest fire in the woods near Gaspe in Quebec. In their present dry state the woods would speedily ignite. It was not until the following evening that the terrible truth was realized and the word went from house to house that, unless Providence interfered miraculously, the whole forest wealth of the country would be destroyed.

As yet there was little fear for the safety of the town itself. It was protected by a great clearing between the settled portion and the woods for the settlers had at all times a dread of forest fires, but much anxiety was expressed for the safety of friends in outlying districts.

The 6th of October, 1825, was a never-to-be-forgotten day. The hot parched air was strangling to breathe. Great flocks of birds winged their flight over the town, making for the open coast. Now and then a wild goose, a crow or a lesser bird would fall to the ground, its charred wings telling too plainly the cause of its flight and misfortune. The cows lowed dismally, and when free plunged frantically into the river, where many of them were drowned. The hens and cocks scratched the hot earth uneasily. Every hour or so a terrific explosion was heard. It seemed as if a corps of artillery were bombarding the town, but the cause of the reports was a far more terrible one. The great pines and spruces of the forest, charred to the heart were crashing to the ground, carrying scores of trees with them in their fall. As the day wore on the dread sounds became louder and more frequent. The steady yet fierce snap of the burning branches was constantly to be heard. Far and near the woods seemed possessed of a thousand demons.

There were those who in curiosity ventured near the edge of the clearing, but the showers of red hot pine needles and calcined leaves drove them back, or perhaps a tiny fork of flame would dart from

the moss at their feet. For miles in every direction the woods were aflame. Tall spires of smoke, coiled about by snake like flames, were everywhere to be seen. The conflagration perpetually fanned itself into renewed violence. The tumult of the flaming forest was beyond that of thunder, and the venturesome men who had dared to leave the village hastened back terror-stricken. This might well be the second destruction by fire of which the scriptures has foretold.

Toward evening a rainless thunder storm arose. Mighty gusts of wind bore clouds of living embers into the village streets. Brilliant lances of lightning lit up the already lurid sky, and the thunderbolts of Jove vied with the resounding downfalls in the forest. There came a fearful pause and then, in the ominous hush of the raging elements, the flames with one great leap enveloped the stricken town!

An hour before the last human being had deserted the village, and following the lead of the dumb cattle, had sought refuge in the river—old men, sick women, scores of patients with their children about, a terrified anxious throng!

Captain Harvey's lads were up to their necks in water, watching with fearsome eyes the destruction of the home they had so dearly loved, shuddering as stifled cries arose from animals, that had not been warned instinctively to seek the natural shelter. The lads patted their own cow reassuringly as she lowed uneasily and turned her bloodshot eyes questioningly on them.

The flames rolled through the village tumbling down in an instant the dwellings and the church, which represented so much labor and so many sacrifices. Burning shingles and clapboards fell into the river continually, and many a man saved his life by ducking his head under the water as some fiery missile flew by. The gunpowder and oil and spirits warehouse blew up with a terrible explosion; then with one last frantic burst, the flame seized the lumber piled for shipment on the wharves, and levelled all to the water's edge. The river water grew perceptibly warmer, and then uncomfortably hot. The only safety lay in continually pushing out from the flaming shore.

Close by the Harvey boys the wife of Mate Hurlbert, of the Friends-at-Home, cowered for safety. With a manly word of comfort Benjamin took from her the two-year-old lass who clung frantically to her skirts, and, placing the wee thing on the cow's broad back, left her in Alexander's charge well out in the stream. Returning, he conducted the fainting woman to the same place of safety, carrying the fortnight-old infant tenderly in his arms. All through the long terrible night the lads relieved her of the care of her children and cheered and supported the terror-stricken creature. A half dozen vessels and boats were burned at their moorings, their flaming fragments adding not a little to the horrors and dangers of the night. Across the river the country smoked and blazed in every direction.

A heartfelt prayer for rain went up from the stricken people, and towards morning there came, first a gentle shower, and then such a steady downfall as made their hearts rejoice. It was nightfall of the following day, however, before the famished creatures dared leave the water, for the fire lingered long in the barren land. There was not a crust of bread to be had and the hunger was the greater for the exposure and the excitement of the past twenty-four hours. Benjamin in his father's name, offered his cow for food, only stipulating that he be allowed first to milk the animal and divide what little milk there might be between the mother and children in his care. It was deep twilight when the dripping victims came cautiously out, and with a zest which they were never to feel again partook of the meat of the fatted animal.

No pen can paint the horrors that ensued. There was neither food nor shelter to be had. There were to be seen only the ruins of their homes or the blackened waste of the devastated forests, where great trees lay cradled in each other's laps, charred and motionless. Each night wicked gleams of flame danced in the tops of the gaunt, denuded trees which still remained standing. Through the week, as help came from chance or providential sources, as ships came up or down on their annual trips, terrible rumors were heard. At last the truth in all its dread significance became known.

Six thousand square miles of country had been swept by the flames, four towns were in ruins; of the settlements in the wake of the conflagration there was not a trace remaining, save the charred bones of those to whom death had come so swiftly. Five hundred men, women and children had met the dreadful death by fire! The wild animals of the woods and the cattle of the inland farming sections

had alike been consumed. The very fish in the streams, poisoned by the ash alkali floated to the surface in their death struggle.

The cause of the great Miramichi fire will never be known. Whether a farmer in clearing his land was unable to control the bush burning he had started, or whether a party of sportsmen carelessly left their camp fire smouldering, will never be revealed. There are those who believe that the great fire began in a score of widely separated places, and the combustion was caused by the sun's rays shining so fiercely on the globules of transparent balsam that the phenomenon of the burning reflector was many times repeated. Be this as it may, it was many years before the valley could lay claim to the title which the eldest Indian inhabitant had given to the beautiful region—Miramichi, the happy retreat.

Late in November the Friends-at-Home came up the once busy river. Captain Harvey, with his arm around his shrinking wife, sadly viewed the blackened barren country. Saving his share in the vessel his property was completely destroyed, and he dreaded unspcakably to land lest word of some terrible accident, or even the news of the death of his lads, should greet him. Close by him stood Mate Hurlbert, scarcely daring to turn his eyes shoreward. It was almost beyond the bounds of possibility that his helpless wife and her babes should have escaped. Mrs. Harvey's quick eyes were the first to discern a little group upon the ash-covered shore, a slight-looking woman with two lads each with a child in their arms.

The joy of the united families would be hard to picture, and the grateful parents, with an appreciation of the dangers passed, which the children could scarce understand, fell upon their knees in mute thankfulness at the sight of the loved ones.

The lads accompanied Captain Harvey and their mother on the next trip of the Friends-at-Home. Their father was to bring a cargo of stores for the relief of the sufferers contributed by the citizens of St. John.

One day as the vessel lay at anchor the lads, sauntering through the streets of the old garrison town, met the governor in all the grandeur of his official uniform. He recognized the lads at once, and on learning that they had witnessed the great fire, which was the talk of the country, he bade them attend on him the following morning. Mate Hurlbert accompanied them on the morrow and in the midst of the ladies and gentlemen of that stately household he told the story of the pluck and kindness of the lads in his own bluff way, while the boys, with manly modest reservations, recounted the perils of fire and flood through which they had passed.

The governor's stern eyes filled with tears as the story progressed, and Alexander added gratefully: "And 'tis to you sir, we owe our mother's life, for she was far too frail for such exposure; but now, thanks to your excellency's command, she waxes daily more hale."

"And what, sirs," said the governor, bowing low before the unconscious heroes of the occasion, "can the county do to serve such citizens as ye promise to make?"

The boys looked at each other, and with one accord made answer, as the elder had on a former occasion, "Sir, it can give us schools."

Many fine men have represented the throne of Great Britain in Canada, but none have taken a greater interest in the establishment and maintenance of her educational institutions than did the viceroys of 1825. Through his instrumentality the Harvey boys were given the best education attainable in the colony, and in the course of time, both graduated from the university which his excellency shortly after founded; but it is a question if the gowned and capped students who now frequent the ancient halls have ever heard of the brave lads whose heroic action entitled them to a place not far removed from that of the illustrious founder of a more famous university.—Mrs. C. F. Fraser, in Boy's Own Paper.

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The Grim Reaper Foiled.

THE MARVELLOUS VIRTUES OF PAINE'S CELYERY COMPOUND CONQUER AND BANISH A LADY'S TROUBLES.

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Twelve years of misery and agony from female, kidney and stomach troubles! Physicians were utterly perplexed and unable to cure the lady! In a time of gloom and despondency the magic virtues of Paine's Celery Compound bring joy and new life! These are the leading facts in the following statement made by Mrs. G. Stone, of Eganville, Ont.

"For more than twelve years I was afflicted with kidney, stomach and female troubles, and had been attended by five doctors, and tried medicine after medicine without any good results.

"My sufferings a year ago from the kidneys and stomach were dreadful. I was in such a state that I thought I could not live, and conclude there was no use trying other medicines.

"I was advised, however, to try Paine's Celery Compound, and finally decided to give it a trial. Before I had finished the first bottle I had improved very much, and after the use of a few more bottles I had not been so well for long years, and am now altogether a different person. The use of Paine's Celery Compound also banished my nervousness. I can therefore recommend Paine's Celery Compound to any one suffering from kidney, stomach and female troubles."

"A great honor is reserved for Sir, Julian Ponceforte, which was not conferred on any of his diplomatic colleagues. According to the regulations he would retire in 1898, but Lord Salisbury has extended his term of office at Washington, for twelve months. Neither Lord Dufferin, Elliott nor Thornton obtained such an extension. It is a very great compliment to Ponceforte, who deserves it, as he has proved altogether the right man in an especially perilous epoch."

Why Barnum Got Lind.

Here is a curious story about the famous Swedish songstress, Jenny Lind.

Goldschmidt, the Swedish cantatrice's accompanist, had gone to America to seek his fortune. It had been a hard parting for he loved the singer (he afterwards married her), and the result was disappointment. He was about to return home when he met Barnum and complained to him of his ill-luck. Barnum was equally unhappy. He had tried everything—"circus, violin, virtuosos, dancers, educated apes, learned lecturers"—but all in vain. Then Goldschmidt suggested that he knew a singer in England who might be a good card in America.

"A singer? Pah! What's her name?" said Barnum.

"Jenny Lind."

"That's no name," retorted Barnum.

"But she sings beautifully."

"Good thing for her, but no business for me."

"But she's the greatest singer in England."

"Better still for her; but we'll talk about something else," said the prince of managers.

After a while spent in talk on other subjects, Goldschmidt returned to the attack. Barnum broke in impatiently, "leave me in peace with your singer. We have as many singers as there are sands on the seashore."

"Pity," replied Goldschmidt carelessly, "Perhaps after all something might be done with the Swedish nightingale."

Barnum leaped to his feet. "What's that? Swedish?"

"That's what they call her in England."

"What is she called?"

"The Swedish nightingale."

"The Swedish nightingale!" Write at once to Miss Jenny Lind. I will engage her for 100 concerts; \$50,000 down, free voyage, and living for three persons. At once!"

"But my dear friend, you haven't heard her!"

"Hear her! What do I know about music! Swedish nightingale! Immense! And you, unlucky wretch, have waited till now before telling me!"—Chicago Chronicle.

Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria.