

Board Books Office

# THE REVIEW

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## THE GREAT NORTH SHORE ROUTE!

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## THE REVIEW.

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### THE FLAG OF OLD ENGLAND.

BY HON. JOSEPH HOWE.  
All hail to the day when the Britons came over,  
And planted their standard with sea foam still wet;  
Around and above us their spirits will hover,  
Rejoicing to mark how we honor it yet.  
Beneath it the emblems they cherished are waving,  
The Rose of Old England the roadside perfumes;  
The Shamrock and Thistle the north winds are braving,  
Securely the Mayflower blushes and blooms.

In the temples they founded, their faith is maintained,  
Every foot of the soil they bequeathed is still ours,  
The graves where they moulder no foe has profaned,  
But we wreath them with verdure and strew them with flowers!  
The blood of no brother in civic strife poured,  
In this hour of rejoicing encumbers our souls!  
The frontier's the field for the Patriot's sword,  
And cursed be the weapon that Faction controls!

From the Queen of the Islands, then famous in story,  
A century since, our brave forefathers came,  
And our kindred yet fill the wide world with her glory,  
Enlarging her Empire and spreading her name.  
Every flash of her genius our pathway enlightens—  
Every field she explored we are beckoned to tread;  
Each laurel she gathers, our future day brightens—  
We joy with her living, and mourn for her dead.

Then hail to the day when the Britons came over,  
And planted their standard with sea foam still wet,  
Above and around us their spirits still hover,  
Rejoicing to make how we honor it yet.

### DEGRADATION OF DREYFUS.

FROM SOLDIER TO CRIMINAL—PROCLAIM HIS INNOCENCE.

Although the general opinion in France is that Dreyfus will not have to go through the torture of a second degradation, yet the bare possibility and the fact that according to military law such a procedure is consequent upon the crime he has again been adjudged guilty of, the following details of the degradation ceremonies of January 5, 1895, taken from the European edition of the N. Y. Herald of the following day, will be of interest.

"Je suis innocent. Je jure que je suis innocent!" was the cry raised by Alfred Dreyfus at nine o'clock yesterday morning, as he stood alone, the object of universal execration, in the centre of the court of the Ecole Militaire, hemmed in on all sides by detachments of the army of France.

And from the crowd assembled in front of the building, who could be seen through the iron railings, packed in a dense mass, came a suppressed cry:—"A mort!" Dreyfus had been convicted by a court martial of treachery to his country, had been sentenced to degradation in public, expulsion from the army and imprisonment for life in some fortified place.

### GREAT CROWD AT THE SCENE.

Before daylight, a crowd gathered from all parts of Paris, assembled in front of the entrance to the Military School, hoping for a view of the sinister spectacle through the great doors.

## A. & R. Loggie.

—DEALERS IN—  
Dry Goods, Clothing, Hats, Caps, Boots, Shoes, Hardware, Crockeryware, Groceries and Provisions.

If you are in need of any of the undermentioned articles, we have them at prices that are sure to suit.

### Dry Goods.

Dress Goods, Organdies, Prints, Ginghams, Flannelettes, checked and plain Muslin, Table Linen, Towels and Toweling, Dress Lining and Canvas, Ladies' Undervests, Cotton and Cashmere Hose, Lisle Thread and Tafetta Gloves, Men's Ready-Made Suits, Trousers, Overalls, Liners, Drawers, White and Colored Shirts, Collars, Cuffs, Neckties, Suspenders, Hats, Caps, Men's Cotton and Cashmere Hose, Spring Roller Window Shades, etc., etc.

### Hardware.

We carry an assortment of the ordinary lines of Shelf Hardware, also Shovels, Manure Forks, Hoes, Wire Netting for Window Screens, etc.

### Crockeryware.

We have a good line of Crockeryware including Cups and Saucers, Plates, Vegetable Dishes, Gravy Boats, Side dishes, Teapots, Butter Crocks, Mollasses Jugs, etc., etc.

### Harness.

We have some exceptionally good values in Driving Harness, Double Work Harness, Pails and Breaching, Express Pads and Breaching, Collars, Hames, Bridles, Reins, etc., etc.

### Boots and Shoes.

We have a very nice assortment of Boots and Shoes which we are selling at prices really the lowest.

Ladies' Dongola and India Slippers in black and tan.  
" " " " Laced Boots,  
" " " " and buttoned Boots.  
" Laced Boots from the coarsest to the finest.  
Men's " Dongola and India Laced and Congress Boots  
" " Shoes,  
Boy's, Youth's, Misses', Children's and Infant's Boots all very cheap.

Also a complete line of GROCERIES and PROVISIONS.  
You will make no mistake if you buy from us as you are sure to get everything at the lowest price. If you are looking for bargains, give us a call.

### A. & R. LOGGIE.

CURSED BY JOURNALISTS.

The square were lined by a double line of troops forming an immense rectangle. In the centre was stationed General Darras, commandant of the Sixteenth brigade of artillery, on a bay horse, and behind him two colonels, motionless as statues. The assemblage seen from outside in the dull light of a winter morning presented a gloomy aspect.

As the first stroke of the hour rang out amid the silence which reigned, General Darras raised his sword, and the words, "Carry arms!" came sharp and clear as a pistol shot. There was a rattling of firearms for an instant, and all was silent as before. Every one looked on with bated breath.

Suddenly at a corner of the building appeared the condemned man, escorted by four artillerymen and a brigadier. He was marched to the centre of the ground and stood in front of General Darras. Captain Dreyfus was in full uniform, and as he stopped his escort fell back four paces, leaving him alone in the midst of the vast assemblage.

The clerk of the council of war read the sentence. After an instant of silence General Darras, fixing his eyes on the culprit, pronounced the formal condemnation:—"Dreyfus, you are unworthy to bear arms. In the name of the President of the Republic we degrade you."

The voice of the officer trembled slightly with emotion. That of the condemned was perfectly clear and firm as he replied:—"I am innocent. I swear that I am innocent! Long live France!" And from afar came the cry of the crowd, "A mort!" followed by profound silence.

### Old Man's Evidence.

Mr. H. S. Barnes, of Rat Portage, speaks in no uncertain terms of Dodd's Kidney Pills.

Rat Portage, Sept. 18.—No old gentleman in Rat Portage is better known or thought of than Mr. H. S. Barnes, father of ex-mayor Barnes, of this place.

### ALL ABOUT THE TRANSVAAL.

SOME INTERESTING FACTS AND FIGURES ABOUT THE BOER AND THE COUNTRY HE LIVES IN.

The South African Republic, also known as the Transvaal, was originally formed by part of the Boers, who left the Cape Colony in 1835 for Natal, but quit that colony on its annexation to the British Crown. In 1852 the independence of the Transvaal was recognized by the British Government.

Silence reigned again as Dreyfus continued his march until he came in front of the body of journalists, three hundred in number. Then for the last time Dreyfus shouted:—"You will tell the whole French nation that I am innocent!"

This time there was no collective reply, but "curses, not loud, but deep" were heard among the fourth estate. The crowd outside once more called for the death of the traitor.

The prisoner having marched all round the ranks, was escorted to the prison van, which was waiting for him, and driven to the prison of La Sante, where he had yet another ordeal to undergo.

The whole proceedings did not last over a quarter of an hour. While the prison van was being driven off, the troops were formed in line and marched off the ground to the strains of the band of the Thirty-ninth regiment of artillery. Within another five minutes the building and its surroundings had resumed their ordinary aspect.

The examination of Dreyfus by the anthropometrical department occupied about ten minutes, and took place in a special room, apart from the other criminals. Dreyfus maintained absolute silence but appeared perfectly composed. In the photographic room several full face portraits were taken of him in his mutilated uniform. Here also he maintained strict silence.

When he was taken back to the depot he once more protested his innocence.

### THAT WEAK BACK.

Can be strengthened and the chronic pain removed by prompt application of one of those old English Remedies, Dr. Cook's Penetrating Porous Plasters. Hundreds of testimonials as to their curative qualities have been forwarded unsolicited to the company by persons who have been wonderfully relieved by their use.

### LOOKING FOR IT.

There is a patent lawyer in town who has a number of very bright children, so bright, indeed, that their fun-loving "dad" is invariably forgiven for telling "what my boy said" to the men in his office. Here is the latest:

"I've got a tool chest out at my house that would make a carpenter sick with envy. I've been buying tools for it for 20 years. Of course I never let the youngsters touch it."

"The other day my wife went up stairs and found 'Bookie' my youngest, 24 years old, monkeying with that chest. He had the lid up and his head thrust in under it."

"'Bookie,' said my wife, 'what are you looking for?'"

"And the youngster, knowing he had been caught, looked up and with a twinkle in his eye said:

"'Lookin' for 'twouble!'"

annexed by the British Government against which in December, 1880, the Boers took up arms, and a treaty of peace was signed March 21, 1881.

According to the convention ratified by the Volksraad, self-government was restored to the Transvaal so far as regards internal affairs; the control and management of external affairs being reserved to Her Majesty the Queen of England, as suzerain.

The area of the Transvaal is 120,000 square miles, or about the same size as the combined areas of the States of Pennsylvania, New York, Massachusetts, New Jersey, Connecticut and Vermont.

The seat of the government is Pretoria, with a white population of 10,000. The largest town is Johannesburg, the mining centre of Witwatersrand gold fields, with a population of about a 100,000, including suburbs. The population consists of about 51,000 whites, 1000 Malays, 4800 Coolies and Chinese, 42,000 Kaffirs and 3000 of mixed races.

The Republic has no standing army, with the exception of a small force of horse artillery of 32 officers, 79 non-commissioned officers and 289 men, all able-bodied citizens being called out in case of war. There are three foot and six mounted volunteer corps, numbering about 2000 men, subsidized by government. It is estimated on good authority that in case of war the country can send at least 60,000 well-armed men into the field.

In 1884 the value of the total output of gold in the Transvaal amounted to \$51,000,000, and last year, 1898, the output was valued at no less than \$58,000,000.

There are altogether 190 gold mines in the Transvaal. At present gold sums up nearly the whole wealth of the Transvaal. The Republic is now the largest gold-producing country in the world.

To his native servants the Boer is a hard but just master. Consequently the Transvaal is not troubled with the "labor problem," as other South African States are. The colored labor supply in the mines is both plentiful and well controlled.

Gold at present is the chief mineral of the country. But silver is worked near Pretoria. There are great coal fields in the southeast, and iron deposits are abundant. The Transvaal thus possesses every condition requisite for immense wealth: Gold, coal, iron, a rich and well-watered soil.

Though British enterprise has made the Transvaal, the Boer will allow to no alien any ordinary political rights.

Millions of dollars are invested in the Transvaal gold mines. No less than about \$5,000,000 worth of mining machinery is imported every year. British capital is largely and chiefly invested in the mines. It is said that in case of war with Great Britain the Boers would blow up the gold mines. This would mean the destruction of immense fortunes.

The total railway mileage of the Transvaal in 1898 was 874 miles, with 270 miles under construction and 252 miles projected. The various lines connect the Republic with the Orange Free State, Cape Colony, Natal and Portuguese East Africa (Delagoa Bay).

Johannesburg is 714 miles from Port Elizabeth, 1014 from Cape Town, 666 from East London, 483 from Durban and 396 from Delagoa Bay.

### THE SHATTERED DREAM OF LOVE.

(St. Louis Globe-Democrat.)

Once in the land of the benighted Red Neck lived a youth, upon whom the settlement of his fellow-townsmen, after twenty-one years' deliberation, had crystallized in the agnomen, "No 'Count Jim."

"No 'Count Jim" Simpson was a dreamer; so one day he packed his worldly possessions in a red bandanna and sauntered away toward the distant world to seek his fortune.

Optimism could have said of his recommendations to success that he had a sturdy constitution and a badly shattered dream of love. To most of life's realities he was not yet awake.

To a far city, weary and well-nigh famished, Jim Simpson came bewildered, at nightfall. The stars above him were the only familiar things he saw, and beneath their reassuring light he laid down him in a lumber yard to sleep. The chill of autumn he defied from the folds of a day-old Sunday newspaper, but the sensation of hunger awoke him at an early hour, and his wants could not be supplied from the classified columns. The tooth of the wolf bit deep, but it brought him to a realization of his condition, which lay between a more or less speedy journey to the farther shore and the acquisition of a job. He secured the job and fought blindly, tooth and nail, toward a distant goal he had glimpsed in his dreams.

Sometimes he lost because he mistook the reflection in the muck heap for the true radiance of the star. Some days he passed in the leftus land of Bohemia, but by and by he felt again the pangs of the wolf, and he leaped to a seat in Congress.

Red Neck heard and was proud of itself, and on the day we celebrate it sent Jim Simpson a pressing invitation to be present as orator of the occasion. Being a kindly soul, with the germs of poetry not entirely eradicated, he accepted.

They met him at the "depot" with a brass band, which a just Providence had inflicted upon Red Neck in punishment for its manifold sins. Red Neck was tolerably pleased with Simpson and eminently so with itself. The orator wore his hair rather too long to suit Red Neck taste, but he possessed that faculty of genius for appearing a kindred spirit in any company, so all went well.

The wife of a Red Neck county farmer sat in the doorway of a Red Neck store nursing a Red Neck baby—the sixth. In days gone by she had been a Red Neck belle, and had married a Red Neck beau. She was the sometime of just Jim Simpson's Red Neck affections. Her husband had inherited the farm, and together they had retired thereon to raise produce and patriots. On infrequent occasions they came to Red Neck to dispose of their produce, buy supplies and permit the head of the family to "load up" on Red Neck whiskey. On each succeeding visit the observing of Red Neck noted a decided advance in the couple toward that truly countrified appearance which rural citizens inevitably acquire. She—her name was Annie, wife of Peter Wilson—grew "broad and red and stout," while Pete grew stoop-shouldered and thin, and a wisp of hay-like whisker came upon his chin, streaked with the stain of tobacco, wherewith it was constantly irrigated.

Annie observed as she clambered to the wagon seat beside her "wobbly" spouse that a procession, headed by a brass band, was coming toward her down the principal street. Her mules, bowed down with the weight of mortgaged years, would not run away, even from the horrors of the Red Neck brass band, so she resolved to wait until the crowd passed.

The clerk who handed in her purchases told her that it was Jim Simpson being escorted to the "depot;" "did she remember Jim?"

"Did she remember?" A lump rose in her throat as she recalled Jim Simpson, her childhood's lover and dreamer of fond and foolish dreams. She had cared for Jim. Yes, but Pete was "steady" and better supplied with the world's goods, so she had tearfully declined to wait for Jim, and had strangled the one bit of poetry in her otherwise prosaic existence for the sake of the rod we worship. The tide of memory gave up the relic of her early reading, and she found herself repeating a stanza from "Locksley Hall":

As the husband is the wife is;  
Then art mated with a clown,  
And the grossness of his nature  
Will have weight to drag thee down.

She wondered as she waited what would Jim say to her, and if there would be anything like a scene. She mildly replied there would, and taking off her gingham sunbonnet she smoothed down her sun-burned tresses.

On came the parade; Jim Simpson bowing right and left, and sweeping aside the ten years' absence with the hearty "Hello, Bill!" and smile of genuine recognition to some old-time friend.

He was now opposite the Wilson wagon, and Annie leaned forward, her lips half forming a welcoming smile. Jim Simpson, with electrifying instinct, smiled at the woman on the wagon seat and clucked at the baby in her lap, but in neither action was the remotest trace of recognition.

Annie's ample bosom heaved with tumultuous feeling, and her florid face grew white with pain. All the poverty, the dullness of her life, smote her with tidal force, and a mist rose before her eyes that swallowed up Red Neck and all the world in folds of somber gloom.

With a mighty effort she gathered up the reins and shook them to start the mortgage-laden team. The wagon lurched creaking forward, and Pete tumbled backward upon his progeny and provisions in the wagon bed, but he only muttered a smothered curse, and slumbered on.

The woman, with a white, drawn face, drove onward in the gathering gloom, her mute lips forming over and over those saddest of all sad words, "It might have been."

DR. A. W. CHASE'S CATARRH CURE... 25c.

### LARGEST VESSEL EVER BUILT.

STEAMSHIP OCEANIC ARRIVES AT NEW YORK.

New York, Sept. 13.—The great steamer Oceanic, of the White Star Line, was sighted east of Fire Island at 8 o'clock this morning. She left Queenstown at 12 45 p. m. last Thursday, and estimating she will reach the Light Ship at 10 o'clock, the time of her passage will be about six days, two hours. It is probable that, owing to her great draught, she will not attempt to cross the bar till high water, which is at half-past one this afternoon at Sandy Hook, so her appearance in the Upper Bay can hardly be expected before 3 o'clock. The time made by the Oceanic may be considered very good, as heavy gales have been reported on the Atlantic during the passage, and compares favorably with that of the swiftest of the ocean greyhounds in such weather. As compared with ocean records, however, there are a half dozen steamers on the Queenstown route westward which are ahead of her. The best is that of the Lucania, 5 days, 7 hours and 26 minutes, and the Teutonic, 5 days, 16 hours and 31 minutes; the next following being the Campania, Umbria, Majestic and Etruria. The Oceanic is the largest vessel ever built. Her dimensions are 704 feet long, 72 feet beam and 68 feet depth, with draught, light, of 22 feet and, loaded, 32½ feet. She registers 17,000 tons. Her engines were designed to develop 45,000 horse power. Her coal capacity is about 6,000 tons. She consumes about 500 tons of coal daily. The ship has two funnels, each of twenty feet in diameter and 80 feet above the fire grates. Her passenger accommodation is for 625 cabin and 1,000 steerage, and she carries a crew of 450 men. It was cabled when she sailed from Queenstown on the present trip that she had on board 2,044 souls. So much larger is she than the other White Star steamers that the line built a new dock on North River to accommodate her.

The Oceanic's displacement is 30,000 tons. Compared with the Great Eastern, the greatest ship ever built before her, she is 24 feet longer and with a horse power over 37,000 greater. The Great Eastern, which was built on the Thames in 1869, measured 680 feet long, 88 feet beam and had a draught of 30 feet. She registered 19,000 tons and her engines developed 7,650 horse power. The North German Lloyd liner Kaiser Wilhelm der Grosse, the next larger in size, built two years ago, is 648 feet long, 66 feet beam and 26 feet draught. She registers 14,000 tons and has 30,000 horse power.

### "An Empty Sack Cannot Stand Upright."

Neither can poor, weak, thin blood nourish and sustain the physical system. For strength of nerves and muscles, there must be pure, rich, vigorous blood. Hood's Sarsaparilla is the standard preparation for the blood and its many remarkable cures, and the fact that it does everybody good, who takes it, prove it is just what you need if you are weak and languid.

Hood's Pills do not grip. All druggists, 25c.

### COOK'S ANODYNE LINIMENT