

# THE REVIEW

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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 pocket-books of buyers everywhere.

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### MY AUNT POLLY.

The greenest grass, the sweetest flowers, grew at Aunt Polly's door, The finest apples, miles around, Aunt Polly's orchard bore; Aunt Polly's cows were sleek and fat, her chicks a wondrous size, And Jabez Smith, the hired man, was witty, great and wise. I used to go with Jabe at night, with clinking pails to milk; Sometimes he'd let me feed the colts and rub their coats of silk; And the moon that rose in those days, just behind the cattle bars, Was twice as large as it is now—with twice as many stars.

Aunt Polly was a quaint old soul—a busy bee—by day Hiving the honey up for all, with never thought of pay. How many dawns we watched the sun, uprising in the east, Shake out its banners o'er the hills and drive away the mist! Gold-winged arrows pierced the gloom of valley, wood and nook, Bright flecks of crimson rode the clouds and tumbled in the brook, Gave back with cheer the apple's hue, the pumpkin's and the squash, Till dear Aunt Polly would exclaim, "What a perfect day to wash!"

What steam of incense then would rise from dear Aunt Polly's tub! For sun and sky her heart gave praise with each all-cleansing tub; No skylark's note, no poet's song, more praiseful than the tune She hummed the while her linen white upon the grass lay strewn. Aunt Polly, faithful, gently, entered long since to reward; Her kind old face has slept for years beneath the churchyard sward; For her has dawned another day, more perfect, bright and glad Than when she rubbed the snowy clothes, while I stood by—a lad. —Edith Keeley Stokely, in Youth's Companion.

### THE MAKESHIFT

### OF JONAS KEMP.

BY ANNIE HAMILTON DONNELL.

Clarissa Kemp—late, very late—Clarissa Collins—carried each pot to the back door and averted it briskly. The little heap grew high and unstable. There was a good many pots, and it was quite a distance from the sitting room window to the back door. Clarissa was tired when the stained green-painted shelves were emptied and all the litter swept up. "There!" she breathed with a little gasp of relief, sinking into a rocker, "I'm thankful that job's done with! It's been staring at me ever since I came."

Clarissa invariably spoke of the kay, a few weeks ago, when she and Jones drove from the minister's into the little trim side-yard, as "when I came." Since that day there had been a good many reforms at the Kemp place. The heap of discarded geraniums and fuchsias was only one of them.

"I can't and I won't abide a mess of plants round, littering! There's enough, goodness knows, that's got to litter without putting up with what ain't got to. You've got to water 'em, and you've got to putter with 'em and coddle 'em, and there's always a mussy, wet place under 'em and sprigs and dry leaves, I can't abide 'em if other folks can. Those that like 'em are perfectly welcome—I don't."

Clarissa rocked backward and forward in the capacious, calico-softened chair, commencing aloud. Her comely, middle-aged face had a look of relief upon it. Once only a slight shade of remorse quivered across it and was gone.

## IMMENSE BARGAINS

..... AT.....

## A. & R. Loggie's.

WE cordially invite everybody to call at our Store, examine Goods and get Prices. No trouble to show goods.

## LADIES' COATS

..... AT LESS THAN COST.

We have a few LADIES' COATS left which we propose selling at less than cost to clear. The following is a few of the prices:—

REGULAR PRICE \$	NOW SELLING FOR \$
4.25	2.98
4.45	3.20
5.95	4.47
6.30	4.58
8.60	6.23
8.75	6.30
9.75	6.97
10.50	7.69

We also call attention to our Flannelettes, Flannels, Homespuns, Canton Flannel, Bleached and Unbleached Cotton, Underwear, etc., all of which we are selling at the Very Lowest Prices.

TERMS CASH.

## A. & R. Loggie.

"He'd ought to know I'd do it," she muttered, "and he ought to have got his mind made up by this time. I've given him time enough ever since I came. I told him, ten minutes after, that I couldn't fellowship with a mess of plants. I guess that was good and fair warning!"

The rockers took to sudden creaking as if pleading in Jonas' behalf. In the sunny windows the green shelves looked bare and lonesome. There were little round circles, smaller and larger, side by side along their lengths, where the pots had stood. The biggest circle of all spoke pathetically of Jonas' pet cactus that bore the dainty pink flowers among its spines—that "Alwidly" had set store by. Alwidly was the wife that had driven from the minister's into the trim yard first. Even Jonas was hardly fonder of plants than Alwidly had been.

"There's some sense to having windows to sit by that you can see out of," mused Clarissa contentedly, gazing on the strip of meandering roadway stretching bleakly away up hill. "Now I can see the people passing—there's Deacon Pottle coming a'ready! I can tell its the deacon by the way the horse wags his head and meeches along down the hill. Seems to me I'd have a creature with some kind of spirit to him. Why no; it's Jonas—as I live!"

With a sudden accession of nervousness Clarissa Kemp snatched a rug and hurried to the back door. Jonas and the old horse were turning into the lane. She could hear the pound, pound of clumsy hoofs on the hard clay. She threw the rug over the heap of broken plants and waited to pull down one corner across the tiers of interlocked earthen pots beside it.

"I don't want it to come on him all in a heap," she murmured. "Jonas has to have time to get used to things. He ain't a sudden man, Jonas ain't. I've found that out since I came."

Then she hurried back to the rocking chair by the window. Jonas was just plodding past.

"Why, ain't you early, Jonas?" Clarissa called, a little breathless with hurrying. "It's only three o'clock. I wasn't looking for you back till supper time."

"Yes, I am early—whoa, back, Dennis, wh-o-a!—but the town meeting ris' early. We got through our doings sooner'n we expected to. They appointed me moderator."

Jonas' voice had a ring of modest pride in it. Clarissa laughed appreciatively. "I should say you'd moderate splendidly, Jonas," she said, "but I shouldn't 've supposed you'd 've moderated so fast!"

The old horse started up and went staidly on toward the barn, with the trail of Clarissa's laughter in his wake.

"Clarissa's a real humorous woman," pondered Jonas; "she's got all of it that Alwidly didn't have. Whoa, back, Dennis!"

If Jonas noticed the unswidly heap under Clarissa's rug on his way back to the house he said nothing about it. It was not Jonas Kemp's way to say things.

In the trig little sitting room the bared shelves and the unwonted inflow of sunshine across them appealed dumbly to him, and Jonas answered as dumbly. His seamed old face turned doggedly away from the windows, and the pain on it was only visible to the saint, sweet face of A.

wilda looking out of the daguerretype on the wall. Clarissa's keen eyes did not see it.

Twenty years divided Jonas and Clarissa Kemp, and Clarissa was not young. She had tailored and stitched away all her young years in her small village shop before she came. It had been seven days' wonder to Clarissa's friends and twice thrice that to Clarissa herself, that she had locked her shop door and gone to the minister's with Jonas Kemp.

After supper that night Jonas did his chores and took down his pipe. Clarissa permitted no smoking indoors—pipes were even worse than a mess o' littering plants. You could abide the smell of flowers, but tobacco—faugh! So Jonas had his evening smoke under the stars, or rainy nights, sitting on the saw-horse in the woodshed. Alwidly had "liked" the smell of his pipe. Heaven forbid the gentle little prevarication!

When Jonas went in again at early bedtime the heap of pots and bruised plants was cleared neatly away, and Jonas had the rug, well shaken, under his arm. He spread it with precise painstaking in exactly its place on the sitting room floor.

"I found it out by the back door, Clarissa," he said gently.

"Um-m-m," mumbled Clarissa, a little taken aback. And that was all that was ever said about the plants.

After that, if Clarissa had not been occupied continually with keeping the house "unlittered" and most spotlessly prim, she would have taken notice that Jonas stayed a good deal—somewhere out of doors. He spent rare minutes only in his old place beside the sitting room window. And passers-by—if there had been any passers-by—on the grassy cross road that ran past the old, unpainted Kemp barn would have looked curiously at the big barn windows. There were two of them and both were a-bloom with red geraniums and gay with purple and crimson fuchsias. Rough deal shelves stretched behind the cobwebbed panes, and every one was brightly tenanted.

But passers-by were few, and Clarissa never passed by. Her way, when she went abroad, was by the wider main road that ran uphill and down again to town. Clarissa never went to the barn. Jonas Kemp and the cows, the great barn cat and Dennis were the only ones that saw the red geraniums blooming bravely in the barn windows—unless who can tell?—unless Alwidly saw them.

Another thing Clarissa might have noticed was how long the old pipe lay untouched on the kitchen mantel. Jonas went out to his evening smoke night after night—without it! If it had been his way to say things he might have said that when one's plants had been destroyed ruthlessly one must replace them somehow even if one must buy them with the tobacco one misses filling the old pipe with. And that would have explained the times of late that Jonas had driven alone to the little city down the river and come back, past Clarissa's window and Clarissa's curious eyes, with a queer, humpy load, "in be hind."

"Humph! Now I wonder whas Jonas's got all tucked in behind," Clarissa would muse, eyeing suspiciously the humps. "Tisn't grain and tisn't critters—live ones anyway. And he couldn't 've got 'em if they were alive, not without my knowing where the money had gone to."

But Clarissa had not put her curious thoughts, into questions, and the times of being curious and the knobby, covered loads, "in behind" Jonas had gone by together. She was very busy all the late summer and early fall sewing rags for her gay new carpet was to transfigure the dull little corner parlor where nobody went and nobody wanted to go.

One afternoon, as she sewed, she heard Jonas, plodding feet tap slowly on the walk and Jonas' heavy breath keeping time to the taps. What in land of goodness was Jonas coming in that time o' day for! It was so unusual that Clarissa let the strip of red and yellow rags slide out of her lap and curl like a brilliant serpent at her feet. Jonas "came in" so seldom lately, except to his meals. She hardly saw his unsmiling old face from morning to night, for she had formed the habit of setting his dinner out on the meal chest in the porch and letting him eat it alone. Her own dinner she could "pick up" on the run, and it saved such a pile of litter and me-s that way.

Jonas plodden in. He looked bent and feeble.

"You aren't sick, are you, Jonas?" Clarissa asked a little anxiously.

"Oh, no—no, I guess I ain't sick, Clarissa. I guess not," answered Jonas, dully. He crossed to the mantle and took down his pipe and blew the dust from it. A little glint of eagerness crept into his eyes—it was so much like shaking hands with an old friend again.

"Where are you going to?" "Just for a little smoke, Clarissa—jest for a little smoke."

"Radd of goodness—at two o'clock in the afternoon! Jonas Kemp, you aren't losing your faculties, I hope!"

Jonas peered up at the old clock above him and then at the afternoon sun riding across the heavens. He looked dazed. The pipe slipped through his fingers unnoticed and lay in two pieces on the bare floor.

"I guess I got mixed up, Clarissa; I thought 'twas after supper," he explained with an apologetic attempt of laughing. "I guess I'll go out and wait a spell till 'tis."

But at supper time Jonas did not appear. Half-past five, six, half-past six—still no Jonas. At quarter of seven Clarissa was frightened. Dim forebodings tugged at her heart-strings till they vibrated dismally.

"I'll go hunt Jonas up," she said briskly, shutting her ears to the sound. "It's just as likely as not he's fallen sound asleep somewhere. He's getting real old, Jonas is."

She went through the porch and carriage house and then with quickened steps up to the barn. It was a new trip, up over the stony path, for Clarissa, and the stones hurt her feet.

"For the land o' goodness' sake!" she cried shrilly at the barn door. The flowers in the windows—row on row of them—danced dizzily before her eyes. In Clarissa Kemp's and Clarissa Collins' life she had never been so astonished.

One of the windows was raised a little, and the breeze crept in and set all the bright flowers nodding, friendly-wise at her.

Row on row, shelf on shelf—for the land o' goodness' sake! But how cozy and homelike they looked! How pleasant the weathered old barn looked!

Then Clarissa went in. As long as she lived—and the Collinses came of a long-lived race—she never forgot the things she saw that afternoon in Jonas Kemp's barn. The strip of carpet by one of the windows, the broken chairs set about Alwidly's mother's spinning wheel, the light of the sun through the geranium leaves and, dimly, on the haymows behind and on all the cobwebs and cobwebs—and Jonas there asleep. Clarissa saw them all. She saw them over and over again till she died.

"Jonas!" she called softly, after a minute or two. "Jonas, its supper time—Jonas!"

She went up to him and prodded his shoulder with her thimble finger—Clarissa nearly always wore her thimble, to have it "handy."

"Jonas!" She tilted his drooping old face toward her and the light. It was twisted and white.

"Oh, he's got a stroke—Jonas!—Jonas!—he's got a stroke!" Clarissa cried wildly.

Jonas opened his eyes and looked at her in an unacquainted, troubled way.

"It's pleasant—out here," he murmured thickly. "The plants—don't take 'em away!"

"Jonas, dear Jonas, you must get right up and come into the house with me—me, Clarissa, Jonas. Don't you know Clarissa?"

"I know somebody—Alwidly," murmured Jonas, trying to smile with his

twisted lips. One arm hung limp beside him, and he touched it curiously with his other hand.

"It doesn't belong to me," he said. After a little while his mind grew quite clear again, and then he pleaded to stay with his flowers.

"Couldn't I lay in bed out here, Clarissa?" he asked timidly. "Just till I feel better? The plants 'ill miss me—an I like it out here—I like it out here—like it out here."

Again and again he mumbled it wistfully.

The tune Clarissa's heart-strings were wailing almost broke her heart.

She got help at a neighbors, and they took Jonas home. He was dozing all the way. It was almost a day later when Jonas fully awoke.

"Ain't it—pleasant—out here—in the barn, Clarissa?" he whispered happily. "I like it out here—don't you?" "Yes," Clarissa said brightly. "I like it 'out here,' Jonas."

The green-painted shelves had back their old tenants and new tenants, row upon row. The windows opposite Jonas' bed were full of geraniums and gay purple and red fuchsias, and the cactus was there that Alwidly had loved. Her mother's spinning wheel stood on a strip of carpeting near Jonas. How pleasant it looked "out there!" How the sunshine filtered through the geranium leaves and made dancing traceries on the wall. A sprig of the sun leaves lay across Clarissa's face, and Jonas smiled at it like a pleased child.

"Clarissa," he whispered eagerly, "can't we stay out here always? I like it out here."

Clarissa's eyes fell on a tiny litter of dry leaves under a window.

"Yes, Jonas," she smiled, "yes, we'll stay 'out here' always. I like it, too."—Country Gentleman.

### SAD DEATH OF A WAYWARD ST. JOHN GIRL.

### RUINED NEGLECTED AND FINALLY BEATEN TO DEATH.

BOSTON, Jan. 27.—Jas. Sutherland, formerly of Halifax, was arraigned in the municipal criminal court this afternoon charged with manslaughter. The complaint alleges that he caused the death of Josephine Cornell, alias Bianche, Ryne, formerly of St. John, N. B., who was found dead at 177 Chambers street last Saturday. Her death, the document states, resulted from bruises and other injuries caused by Sutherland. The girl came here when 18 years old. She was a handsome girl at that time. Her father came here 17 years ago with his family to take a position in the Boston and Maine freight sheds. He remained here several years but finally returned to St. John with his family, all except Josephine and another daughter, now dead, later on the death of an aunt, kept the house for her uncle, Jas. Connell, of Portland Me. She did not stay there long, but returned to Boston where her life was not it should have been. Her father came at once and tried to get her to mend her ways, but his efforts were fruitless. He has been notified at St. John of her death and is expected here to claim the body. An examination of the body was made by Medical Examiner Harris showing that death was the result of fractures of the ribs and internal injuries. It has been proved that the woman has been neglected while suffering from wounds, and lack of food greatly weakened her system long before death. It is said Sutherland was a drinking man and was intoxicated when he beat her so badly.

### QUEEN VICTORIA DISTURBED.

LONDON, Dec. 27.—The Queen is deeply concerned over the ritualistic dissensions that have arisen in the Church of England and which have become so bitter as to involve the highest ecclesiastics in the controversy over confessionals and high ceremonies.

She has communicated to Lord Salisbury her desire that before any legislation is attempted by Parliament a thorough understanding should be reached between the government and the bishops so that any proposed change may be effected with the least possible friction.

The Queen has used the bishop of Winchester, who has her confidence, as her medium in her episcopal diplomacy. Meantime the controversy is waging fiercely, and England is getting politically as well as religiously involved in the crusade against high church practices.

### DR. CHASE'S PREPARATIONS HAVE MERIT.

For piles, Eczema, Salt Rheum, Pin Worms and all skin diseases Dr. Chase's Ointment is a positive cure. It is recommended by Dr. C. M. Harlan of the American Journal of Health.

Dr. Chase's Catarrh Cure with blower included will cure insipid Catarrh in a few hours; Chronic Catarrh in one month's treatment.

Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills are the only combined Kidney-Liver Pill made and will positively cure all Kidney-Liver troubles.

### BRITISH MILITARY ATTACHE.

LONDON, Jan. 27.—The British government has decided to create a permanent post of the British military attaché to its Embassy at Washington. The United States government will previously have to be asked whether such a step will be agreeable to it and will have to give an affirmative answer. The first British military attaché at Washington will be Capt. Arthur N. Lee, of the Royal Artillery, formerly stationed at Halifax, who accompanied the American forces through Cuba and Porto Rico as military attaché.

### LOOK'S ANODYNE LINIMENT.

### INTERCOLONIAL RAILWAY.

PROSPECTS LOOK CHEERFUL, MR. POTTINGER SAYS. (Montreal Witness.)

Even a Liberal Government, which promised the country a business administration, may be unable to make the Intercolonial Railway, which has been the white elephant of Confederation, pay its way, especially as ardent Liberals, who professed to be concerned only for the recognition of righteous principles in the government of the country, exert a constant pressure upon those in authority for the bestowal of places on the system for which there is no sort of fitness; but Mr. D. Pottinger, the general manager, who was seen at the Windsor Hotel to day, says that the business shows a marked improvement under the new arrangement as to the connection with Montreal, and that he believes the near future will disclose still more favorable conditions. Mr. Pottinger would not go the length of saying that the deficits which had marked the running of the road would be wiped out in the future, but he certainly thought that all the conditions were favorable for a steady improvement. They were now getting new passenger and freight locomotives built to order—by the five and ten and twenty, while there had been given an order for a hundred freight cars. The business outlook for the road was hopeful, while the actual business being done was most encouraging.

With regard to Montreal, Mr. Pottinger said that the office of freight traffic manager might be considered to be permanently abolished. The Grand Trunk and the C. P. R. have such officials in Montreal, but that is only because Montreal is their headquarters. They have not such officials in Toronto, although Toronto is an important city. They have in such places as Toronto and in all other cities and towns where such are needed, district freight agents. That is what we have in Montreal, and this officer, Mr. Hartwell, who, by the way, is most experienced, has all the needed power with regard to the making of contracts and the fixing of rates which the higher placed official would have. The same thing applies to the passenger business. The district agent is sufficient for what business may be obtained. There is no reason why the Intercolonial should not show an expanding business, and this we may confidently expect, although expectation should be moderate with respect to the question of making both ends meet. That would be, in any case, a matter of time. A vigorous policy is being pursued; we note the possibilities of expansion, and we are providing for an increase all along the system by obtaining adequate rolling stock of the latest pattern.

### 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. 25 cents each. Sold by all druggists, or sent post paid for same price by the Cook Chemical Co., Fredericton, N. B.

### LADY LOVES BEAUTY.

Dr. Agnew's Ointment stops Skin Itchings—Leaves it Lily-White and Healthy.

Skin diseases of every nature, from the mere pimple on the flesh to the most distressing eczema, salt rheum and tetter, are quickly, pleasantly and permanently cured by Dr. Agnew's Ointment. In disease where outward applications make a cure Dr. Agnew's Ointment never fails. One application gives instant relief. Sold by W. W. Short.

### DR. AGNEW'S OINTMENT STOPS SKIN ITCHINGS—LEAVES IT LILY-WHITE AND HEALTHY.

Dr. Agnew's Ointment stops Skin Itchings—Leaves it Lily-White and Healthy.

Billy—"Does your mother give you anything if you take your medicine without crying?" Billy—"No; but she gives me something if I don't."