

Board Books Office

# THE REVIEW

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## THE GREAT NORTH SHORE ROUTE!

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## THE REVIEW.

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### "JEST OUR JIM."

At school examinations when we set back in the crowd, Watchin' of the hull proceedin's, we was gosh-almighty proud. An' I noticed that his mother had a tear-drop in her eye, An' my own ol' grey-fringed blinkers was not comfortably dry, For the one that graduated at the head of all the school. Wasn't any goldfish swimmin' in the aristocratic pool— No, there wasn't any shy-blue-blooded pedigree in him, For the boy that tuck the honor cake was Jest Our Jim.

An' up yonder in the court-house when he pleaded his first case, An' the jurv got a verdict without risin' from their place, An' the lawyers crowded round him an' the judge came off his seat, For to compliment his talent, I could scarce control my feet; Couldn't hardly keep from dancin' and I wanted fur to whoop At the way he put the lawyers for the plaintiff in the soup, But although he swam in honor an' they made a heap of him, In the heart of his ol' daddy he was Jest Our Jim.

Then when me an' his ol' mother went to hear a famous case, An' we saw him there a sittin' on the bench with solemn face, An' the lawyers were a callin' him "Your Honor" an' "the Court," How we felt our bosoms swellin' an' our sassy hearts cavort! There he sat just like a statue, full o' dignity and law, Jest the very grandest picture of a man we ever saw, An' although our hearts were swellin' full o' pride clear to the brim, I kep' whisperin' to mother it was Jest Our Jim.

## A WOMAN'S MERCY.

"Have you written anything lately?" She knew his great success almost by heart in spite of the question. "Nothing very good. A novel that is selling." "It must be nice to sell. I am trying to write down to that level myself." He looked at her disapprovingly—almost sternly. He had put his heart into the book. "I do not think that is the surest way of success." She laughed scornfully. "Perhaps not—for a genius. But I am not one, as was pointed out by a great critic once." "Probably he would not admit that he was mistaken. Time may have taught him that your idea of a woman was truer than he supposed. Time," he sighed, "destroys a good many of our illusions." "Great critics should be free from illusions." "My illusion of woman's goodness is not quite gone nevertheless. I remember my mother sometimes as well as"—he paused awkwardly. "Other women?" "Another woman. A beautiful woman without mercy," he corrected, looking hungrily at her. "I suppose you mean a woman whom you treated badly and from whom you deserved no mercy?" she said, leaning her elbow on the couch and putting her cheek on her thin hand. There was just the faintest pink flush upon her cheek, and her eyes looked fathomless.

## A. & R. Loggie.

### FLOUR! FLOUR!! FLOUR!!!

The Best Grades of ONTARIO WHEAT FLOUR always kept on hand.

Buy your next barrel from us, and we guarantee you will get Satisfaction.

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## A. & R. LOGGIE.

"My God, how pretty she is!" the man groaned to himself.

"I am sorry—very sorry—to see you looking so fragile," he said, as if he had not heard her question. "May we not have a truce? Let me fetch you a glass of wine—or anything?" She shook her head.

"There is nothing the matter," said she. "Only—only I am not strong and things hurt me. Writing is too much for me, I suppose. If I could write one really good book, one that the great critics"—he rose angrily. "No, no, please don't go. I am not aiming at you now. One that good judges would praise, I mean—I would give up writing and be content."

"The 'good judges?' You want their praise? The men who also dare to condemn?"

"Yes."

"Then—oh, I suppose it's all right. It is just enough. Oh, yes! I know it is just. But it nearly kills me." She laughed rather hysterically. "Absurd, isn't it?"

He looked at her very compassionately. "You are too excitable. Forgive me for saying so, but you have altered very much during this last year. You look overworked, overworried, overwrought. You must rest, or you will never write your great book."

"You know I never could."

"I do not. I said from the first that you had ability—even in the criticism which you—which hurt you" (she dug her nails passionately into her little white palms), "and for which you have taken the fullest revenge in your power."

He smiled a wintry smile and would have looked bitterly at her if he could.

"I don't suppose it hurt you much?" she inquired, with a strange wistfulness. If he had read her as he read women in his books, he would simply have taken her in his arms. But he merely felt a thrill of horror at her revengefulness—a mental shudder that such a soft, fair, small creature should wish to give pain.

"Oh, no, not much," said he. "Not enough to spoil my art, such as it is. My latest lady in a book has caught a touch of you. But even she comes all right in the third volume—at least what would be the third volume in they weren't all in one now."

"Yes," said she thoughtfully. "I understood when I read it. She is a much better woman than I."

"I gathered that you hadn't read the book."

"Oh, that was my—ugliness. Of course I've read it. Everyone has read it. Besides, it is part of my business now to read the books of you great people."

"What! You a critic! For what?"

"The Daily Thunderbolt."

He looked at her in mute astonishment, for the Thunderbolt had called his book the greatest work of the greatest writer of the age, which he knew wasn't true.

"You wrote that critique?" said he slowly. "I ought to thank you, I suppose, but I confess that I do not understand you."

"No," she answered sadly, "you do not understand me. You never will understand me. I cannot understand myself sometimes. I am full of wretched nerves the doctors say, and only one of two things can cure me."

"What is that?" he asked eagerly.

"Death or—"

"Or?"

"I have forgotten—happiness, I suppose." That was what the specialist said, but she interpreted it as love—this man's love!

He looked at her wonderingly. Was it love or remorse or further revenge that was in her mind? He would have sacrificed his life for her if need be, but not his pride. No, no; one rebuff was enough.

"If happiness were offered, you would probably throw it aside," he said very sternly. She gave a quick glance and read his mind.

"You do not understand," she answered quietly, with the tears very near her eyes. "You misjudge me, now and always."

He bent a little towards her and just touched her sleeve with her hand.

"Is there any way—any possible way—in which I can understand?"

Daintly touches of pink stole out on her pale cheeks, and something softened out the disdainful curl on her pretty lips.

"You might read some of my stories—if you could endure them. They are me, I think."

"Then you are very nice—lately, but"—He hesitated and stopped.

"Did you read 'A Woman's Mercy' in The New Magazine?" she asked suddenly.

"No. I'm afraid I didn't. But I will."

"It isn't worth your notice."

"I will be the judge of that. What is it about?"

"Oh, a man and woman, the usual thing."

"What man and woman?"

"A critic and a writer." He became alert with interest.

"Tell me about it?"

"I—don't think I can remember." Her face was very pink now.

"I should so much like you to," he pleaded.

"Well, she was a would be writer, a poor, sensitive, neurotic creature, like me—only not so nasty"—she paused for contradiction, but he was silent.

"She wrote a book once," she continued, "when she was young and fanciful. There was a woman in it—a bitter, hard, cruel woman—borrowed from some yellow backed novel—not her own creature really—not even her nasty self"—She paused again and looked anxiously, appealingly at him.

"Not her true self—her better self," he suggested gently.

"Not according to my tale. Well, the book went off fairly well for a first venture, but a great critic lashed the heroine mercilessly."

"You own the heroine was bad?" The inquiry seemed forced from him, it was so sudden and vehement.

"She meant to, but"—

"Tell me."

"When she met him she didn't know that he was the critic."

"And he fell in love with her?"

"He said so."

"Did she like him—Agnes?" His face was still cold, but his voice was almost fierce in its eagerness.

"In the story she did."

"But when he told her that he was the critic?"

"I didn't say that he told her."

"But he did, didn't he?"

"Yes, in the story."

"So she hated him?"

"Yes—not exactly—I don't know." Her hands kept opening and closing aimlessly.

"Anyhow she resolved upon revenge?"

"Yes, a sort of revenge."

"A sort of revenge!" She shrank and quivered at the scorn of his voice.

"You should read the story," she pleaded.

"My God," he cried, "do I not know it?"

"Then I should like to hear." But she knew he had hardened his heart.

"Well, she resolved to let him go on liking her"—

"A sort of revenge."

"She made herself as attractive as she could. She wasn't very pretty, you know merely a 'small, pale, big eyed'—"

"For God's sake!" he cried fiercely and hoarsely.

"Well, somehow she made him like her, and she"—

"Hated him all the time?"

"No—o—not altogether—in this tale."

"Then he proposed to her?"

"Yes, he proposed to her."

"Lamely enough, but earnestly." There was the rage of a caged animal underneath his quiet voice.

"Oh, no! Not lamely at all, honestly and manfully and lovingly. He was a splendid character—in the tale." It was strange that he could not read the hero worship in her tone.

"But she thought he wasn't?"

"No. She thought he was. She knew he was." She tied her handkerchief tremblingly in knots.

"Agnes! You are trying to play with me. I do not understand."

"No," she said passionately, looking up at him with white, drawn face and quivering lips and eyes full of pain, "you do not understand. He did not understand."

## PROVINCIAL PUBLIC WORKS.

### THE REPORT OF THE COMMISSIONER FOR THE YEAR 1898.

In the report of the Commissioner of Public Works, Hon. Mr. Emmerson, presented to the Legislature on Wednesday, there is much information of public interest and value, though the politicians will probably consider it not so valuable as it would have been two months ago.

The general statement of the expenditure for 1898, compared with the previous year, shows a reduction of five thousand dollars in the year just passed. The total expenditure for 1898 was \$272,303.54 as against \$277,322.61 in 1897.

Separate statements give details of the expenditure of \$63,629.85 on bridges erected under special supervision during the year, and \$1,920.83 is added for road machines; also the expenditure on by-roads. The expenditure in the various counties is as follows:—

	BRIDGES.	EYE-ROADS.
Albert.	\$ 2,668.57	\$3,118.78
Charlton.	2,985.44	5,391.86
Charlotte.		7,280.38
Gloucester.	1,728.89	4,393.07
Kent.	3,706.06	4,319.87
Kings.		6,126.09
Madawaska.	3,903.72	2,840.81
Northumberland.	8,404.49	6,758.86
Queens.	11,926.74	5,861.45
Restigouche.	4,831.94	3,541.26
St. John.	6,034.68	4,115.61
Sunbury.	1,660.49	3,326.85
Victoria.	3,052.04	2,033.29
Westland.	2,611.41	6,330.80
York.	7,569.76	6,353.57
Special expenses		304.40
Total.	\$63,629.85	\$72,165.95

The details of payment on account of permanent bridges contain Lefebvre superstructure, \$2294.02; Kouchibouguac substructure, \$2217.10, and several others.

## ETIQUETTE OF HANDSHAKING.

While every one shakes hands, not every one knows the etiquette of the ceremony, which changes from season to season according to fashion's latest caprice. Friends of course may shake hands as often and in whatever manner it pleases them best to do so. They may grasp each other's hands heartily, hold them for a bit if they will, then release them with a cordial pressure. This may give the real old fashioned "pump handle" shake, or the high lateral movement that means nothing but that a simoleon is at one end or other of the shake, or they may give the shake rotary. It is in the meeting of strangers or mere acquaintances that the difficulty of knowing just what is expected arises. This, however, is what the latest dictates of etiquette decree.

A hostess, if a true one, should shake hands with any and every guest brought to her house by friends. She should do so on their arrival and on their departure and when she meets them again if she desires to keep up the acquaintance. When a girl is introduced to a married woman, the older woman must always take the initiative, and if she be good natured and cordial a handshake will follow. When a man is introduced to a woman, he must await her pleasure, unless he be a much older man or one particularly distinguished. If one woman introduces her husband or brother to another woman, it would be natural—indeed almost imperative—for the latter to shake hands with him, but were he a mere acquaintance it would be bad form to shake hands with him on first introduction.

**April Showers.**  
Wash away the filth and waste that have accumulated during winter.

In like manner Hood's Sarsaparilla expels from the blood impurities that have been deposited during the season when there has been but little perspiration and perhaps constant confinement in impure and vitiated air. It is a boon to tired mothers, housekeepers, teachers and others who spend their time indoors.

It gives the blood richness and vitality, fitting it to nourish and strengthen the nerves, muscles and all the great organs of the body. It cures all spring humors and banishes that tired feeling.

It is the best medicine money can buy for all diseases caused by impure or impoverished blood. You should begin taking it to-day.

Mr. Zoltan Van Rajes, the Hungarian, who has been in Ottawa for some time negotiating with the Government to place a settlement of Hungarians in the North West, left for Winnipeg on Saturday. Mr. Van Rajes says he has concluded arrangements with the Interior Department and that 500 or 600 families will be brought out this year. They will not arrive in large parties like the Doukhobors, but will come in small groups.

**RHEUMATISM CURED IN A DAY.**—South American Rheumatic Cure, for Rheumatism and Neuralgia, radically cures in 1 to 3 days. Its action upon the system is remarkable and mysterious. It removes at once the cause, and the disease immediately disappears. The first dose greatly benefits. 75 cents. Sold at Short's Drug Store.

**HOPE FOR THE RICH MAN.**  
"Why do you hoard your wealth?" said the tramp who was trying to make a loan. "You cannot take it with you when you die."

"Yes, I know the quotation," replied the capitalist, "about its being easier for a camel to pass through the eye of a needle than for a rich man to enter the Kingdom of heaven. But I'm not dead yet," and he stepped in his carriage and rode away, but not before the philosophical tramp had retorted:

"Don't worry about it. Some rich men are so small they can easily pass through a needle's eye, so heaven will be cram jam full of rich men."

**THE SOOTHING, HEALING ANODYNE.**  
Cook's Anodyne Liniment is the original Anodyne. It is composed of the most rare and costly drugs. Cook's Anodyne gives instant relief. It is for internal as well as external use. No family should be without a bottle in the house. Price 25 cents, large bottles. Sold by all dealers or to be had by mail by sending to Cook Chemical Co., Fredericton.

**RHODES GUARANTEE.**  
LONDON, April 6.—The St. James Gazette this afternoon announces that Cecil Rhodes has now obtained a guarantee from the German government upon the capital of the German portion of the Cape to Cairo railroad. German financiers have agreed to provide the capital, and Germany has also agreed to guarantee a certain portion of the interest upon the German cross line from Dar-Os-Salaam, twenty-five miles south of Zanzibar, which is to tap the Cape to Cairo railway.

**CASTORIA**  
For Infants and Children.

The fac-simile signature of *Dr. J. C. Hutchinson* is on every wrapper.