THE GREAT NORTH SHORE ROUTE!

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REVIEW

The regular news express to the homes of all the people, and most lirect line to the pocketbooks of buyers every where.

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"JEST OUR JIM."

At school examinations when we sot back in the crowd, Watchin' of the hull proceedin's, we was gosh-almighty proud.

An' I noticed that his mother had a teardrop in her eye, An' my own ol' grey-fringed blinkers was not comfertably dry,

For the one that graduated at the head of all the school

Wasn't any goldfish swimmin' in the ristocratic pool-No, there wasn't any shy-blue-blooded

pedigree in him, For the boy that tuck the honor cake was

An' up yonder in the court-house when he pleaded his first case, An' the jury got a verdict without risin'

from their place, An' the lawyers crowded round him an the judge came off his seat,

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 plantiff in the soup, But although he swum in honor an' they

made a heap of him, In the heart of his ol' daddy he was Jest

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,"

sassy hearts cavort! There he sot just like a statue, full o' dignity and law,

we ever saw, An' although our hearts were swellin' full o' pride clear to the brim, I kep' whisperin' to mother it was

Jim.

A WOMAN'S

"Have you written anything lately?" She knew his great success almost by heart in spite of the question.

"Nothing very good. A novel that "It must be nice to sell. I am trying

to write down to that level myself." He looked at her disapprovingly-a

most sternly. He had put his heart into th book.

"I do not think that is the surest way of success."

She laughed scornfully. "Perhaps not better woman than I." -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 illus

"My illusion of woman's goodness is not quite gone nevertheless. I remember the greatest work of the greatest writer my mother sometimes as well as"-he of the age, which he knew wasn't true. paused awkwardly.

"Other women?"

without mercy," he corrected, looking stand you."

hungrily at her. you treated badly and from whom you stand me. I cannot understand myself deserved no mercy?" she said, leaning her elbow on the couch and putting her cheek | the doctors say, and only one of two things | on her thin hand. There was just the faintest pink flush upon her cheek, and her eyes looked fathomless.

A. & R. Loggie.

FLOUR! FLOURII

FLOURIII

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

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

Terms Strictly CASH.

A. & R. LOGGIE.

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

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

"There is nothing the matter," said she. suppose. If I could write one really enough. good book, one that the great critics"—he 10se angrily. "No, no, please don't go. For to compliment his talent, I could I am not aiming at you now. One that good judges would praise, I mean-1 would give up writing and be content."

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

"Yes."

"Yet when they condemn"-

"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, her pale features, and something softened

He looked at her very compassionate-How we felt our bosoms swellin' an' our for saying so, but you have altered very I think." much during this last year. You look overworked, overworried, overwrought. Jest the very grandest picture of a man 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

"I gathered that you hadn't read the at him.

"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

"You wrote that critique?" said he slowly. "I ought to thank you, I sup-"Another woman. A beautiful woman pose, but I confess that I do not under-

"No," she answered sadly, "you do not an angry little sob, "I suppose you mean a woman whom understand me. You never will undersometimes. I am full of wretched nerves she did." can cure me."

"What is that?" he asked eagerly.

"Death or"-

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

He looked at her wenderingly. Was it love or remorse or further revenge that was in her mind? He would have sacri-"Only -only I am not strong and things ficed his life for her if need be, but not hurt me. Writing is too much for me, I his pride. No, no; one rebuff was

> "If happiness were offered, you would strange that he could not read the hero probably throw it aside," he said very sternly. She gave a quick glance and

ed quietly, with the tears very near her tremblingly in knots. 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 stand."

out the disdainful curl on her pretty lips. ly. "You are too excitable. Forgive me | if you could endure them. They are me, that she had resolved to take the bitterest | ing of strangers or mere acquaintances

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

"Did you read 'A Woman's Mercy' in

"It isn't worth your notice." "I will be the judge of that. What is angel.

"Oh, a man and woman, the usual

"What man and woman?" "A critic and a writer." He became alert with interest.

"Tell me about it?" face was very pink now.

"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 continthe third volume-at least what would be ued, "when she was young and fanciful. strong and kind he was"the third volume in they weren't all in There was a woman in it-a bitter, hard, cruel woman-borrowed from some yellow | told him that she loved him?" "Yes," said she thoughtfully. "I un- backed novel-not her own creature realderstood when I read it. She is a much | ly-not even her nasty self"-She paused | stops." again and looked anxiously, appealingly

> "Not her true self-her better self," he | ing. 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 closer. inquiry seemed forced from him, it was so sudden and vehement.

"Yes, oh, yes. But the criticism hurt passionate girl- terribly. She worried all day over it; she lay awake all night and cried over it; she-she"- Her voice broke, and she brushed away a tear with

"And so she hated the critic?" "She hated the critic, or she thought

There was a long silence. "Did she take her revenge upon himin your tale?" His tone was chilly with

assumed indifference.

hat he was the critic." "And he fell in love with her?"

"When she met him she didn't know

"She meant to, but"-

"Tell me."

"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?"

"Y-es-not exactly-I don't know." Her hands kept opening and closing aim-"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 plead-"My God," he cried, "do I not know

"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 "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

worship in her tone. "But she thought he wasn't?"

"You do not understand," she answer- he was." She tied her handkerchief son according to fashion's latest caprice.

me. I do not understand." up at him with white, drawn face and bit if they will, then release them with a quivering lips and eyes full of pain, "you cordial pressure. This may give the real

tell him that the criticism had nearly end or other of the shake, or they may 'You might read some of my stories- broken her heart? Did she not tell him give the shake rotary. It is in the meetrevenge that a woman could take? Did that the difficulty of knowing just what is she not tell him that she had studied his expected arises. This, however, is what books to find the ways that attracted him | the latest dictates of etiquette decree. most, to make him care for her? Did she A hostess, if a true one, should shake The New Magazine?" she asked sudden- not tell him that she meant him to pro- hands with any and every guest brought pose that she might refuse him? Did she to her house by friends. She should do "No. I'm afraid I didn't. But I not say that she wanted him to care for so on their arrival and on their departure her all the rest of his life?" He stood up and when she meets them again if she deand towered over her like an accusing sires to keep up the acquaintance. When

"Yes," she said with a sob. But"-"But! There is no 'but' to excuse such conduct as that."

"Ah, but she had a lot more to say if man is introduced to a woman, he must he would have heard her. But he cursed | await her pleasure, unless he be a much her and went away-in the tale." "Agnes!" She sobbed uncontrolledly ed. If one woman introduces her husband

"I-don't think I can remember." Her behind her handkerchief. "Agnes, for or brother to another woman, it would be mercy's sake tell me what would she have | natural-indeed almost imperative-for "I should so much like you to," he told him if he had not gone." She look- the latter to shake hands with him, but ed up with a tear stained face.

"She would have told him," she said, bad form to shake hands with him on first steadying her voice bravely and laying introduction. her finger tips upon his arm, "that he had conquered her passion and her wickedness; that she had found out how great and

"Agnes, little Agnes! Would she have

Then she looked up at him, with eyes | who spend their time indoors. brimming over and whispered a word so brokenly that he could scarcely hear. But | fitting it to nourish and strengthen the | he took her in his arms and held her as close as could be, and she tried to nestle of the body. It cures all spring humors

to have known-a woman's mercy." She lifted a flushed, happy face and her-the girl who wrote it—the neurotic, threw a pair of slim, wilful arms round his neck. "No," she whispered, "my dear, dear boy. A woman's love."

CASTORIA

For Infants and Children.

PROVINCIAL PUBLIC WORKS.

THE YEAR 1898.

as it would have been two months ago. ture for 1898, compared with the previous man arose from his bed, put his wife out year, shows a reduction of five thousand of doors, and then proceeded to murder dollars in the year just passed." The total his eleven months old child. He first expenditure for 1898 was \$272,303,54 as strangled the infant and then put its body

against \$277,322.61 in 1897.

counties is as fol	lows:—	
	BRIDGES.	BYE-ROADS.
Albert,	\$ 2,668.57	\$3,118.78
Carleton,	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
Northum'land,	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
West'land,	2,611.41	6,330.80
York,	7,569.76	6,353.57
Sp'cial expenses		304 40
m . 1	A40 000 0F	0=0 10= 0=

\$63,629.85 \$72,165.95 The details of payment on account of permanent bridges contain Lefebvre superstructure, \$2294.02; Kouchibouguac sub

ETIQUETTE OF HANDSHAKING.

structure, \$2217.10, and several others.

While every one shakes hands, not every one knows the etiquette of the cere-"No, She thought he was. She knew mony, which changes from season to sea-Friends of course may shake hands as "Agnes! You are trying to play with often and in whatever manner it pleases them best to do so. They may grasp each "No," she said passionately, looking other's hands heartily, hold them for a do not understand. He did not under- old fashioned "pump handle" shake, or the high lateral movement that means "Did she not refuse him? Did she not nothing but that a simpleton is at one

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 older man or one particularly distinguishwere he a mere acquaintance it would be

Abril Showers.

Wash away the filth and waste that have

accumulated during winter. In like manner Hood's Sarsaparilla ex. gives instant relief. It is for internal as pels from the blood impurities that have well as external use. No family should "I-I-I don't know. The-the tale been deposited during the season when there has been but little perspiration and 25 cents, large bottles. Sold by all deal-"But our tale, dear?" There was some- perhals constant confinement in impure ers or to be had by mail by sending to thing in his voice she was past describ- and vitiated air. It is a boon to tired mothers, housekeepers, teachers and others

> It gives the blood richness and vitality, nerves, muscles and all the great organs and banishes that tired feeling.

> 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 Hungariaus 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, benefits. 75 cents. but will come in small groups.

FIEND IN HUMAN FORM.

THE REPORT OF THE COMMISSIONER FOR QUEBEC FARMER NAMED BOUCHER ROASTS HIS CHILD ALIVE IN KITCHEN STOVE.

In the report of the Commissioner of MEGANTIC, Que., April 5.—News of a Public Works, Hon. Mr. Emmerson, pre- | dreadful domestic tragedy has reached sented to the Legislature on Wednesday, here. A farmer named Boucher, living there is much information of public in- on the seventh range of Inverness, on terest and value, though the politicians | Monday had a quarrel with his wife over will probably consider it not so valuable some trivial matter. The quarrel ended for the time being, and the couple went The general statement of the expendi- to bed. In the middle of the night the into the stove. After a little while, the Separate statements give details of the father, who is charitably supposed to be expenditure of \$63,629.85 on bridges insane, went to the stove, and taking out erected under special supervision during | the babe's half consumed body, threw it the year, and \$1,920 83 is added for road into a snow bank near the house. The machines; also the expenditure on bye- coroner has been notified and will hold an roads. The expenditure in the various inquest to-morrow. Meanwhile the murderer is under guard in a neighbor's house, whither he fled after committing the awful deed. He reached there in his bare feet, accompanied by his other children, who, half dressed, were paralyzed with fright. Boucher's wife is completely prostrated by the tragedy.

> HONORING THE BRAVE FELLOWS. Washington, April 6.—With the full honors of war upon the crest of the southern slope of Arlington cemetery this afternoon, the nation, represented by President McKinley, members of the cabinet and other high dignitaries of the government, the commanding generals of the army and other distinguished militia organizations of the District of Columbia and a concourse of fifteen thousand people placed a last tribute of honor and respect to the 336 officers and men who gave their lives in distant battle fields for the country in the war with Spain and who to-day are ministered into the silent army that sleeps in the last bivouac of the brave. The spot selected is a new addition to the cemetery looking out upon the broad sweeping Potomac; to the right rise the ramparts of old Fort McPherson, to the left are countless graves of heroes of the

A QUEBECER'S CONFIDENCE IN DR. CHASES CATARRH CURE-GIVES RELIEF AT ONCE, HE SAYS.

Danville, P. Q., April 9th, 1898. EDMANSON, BATES & Co., Toronto.

Dear Sirs, - Enclosed find \$1 for \frac{1}{2} dozen boxes of Dr. Chase's Catarrh Cure. Please send them at once. Every patient ising it says "It is an excellent cure, gives relief at once.

JAS. MASSON, Gen'l Merchant. Danville, P. Q.

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

'Yes, I know the quotation,' replied the apitalist, 'about its being easier for a camel to pass through they 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

'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 ANO. DYNE.

Cook's Anodyne Liniment is the original Anodyne. It is composed of the most rare and costly drugs. Cook's Anodyne be without a bottle in the house. Price Cook Chemical Co , Fredericton.

RHODES GUARANTEL. 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 "Oh, Aggie, Aggie," he cried, "I ought It is the best medicine money can buy to Cairo railread. 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.

> 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

Sold at Short's Drug Store.