

Boarder Worker Office

THE REVIEW

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THE GREAT NORTH SHORE ROUTE!

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THE REVIEW

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THE AVERAGE MAN.

Margaret E. Sangster in Harper's Weekly When it comes to a question of trusting Yourself to the risks of the road, When the thing is the sharing of burdens, The lifting the heft of the load, In the hour of peril or trial, In the hour you meet as you can, You may safely depend on the wisdom And skill of the average man.

'Tis the average man and no other Who does his plain duty each day, The small thing his wage is for doing, On the commonplace bit of the way, 'Tis the average man, may God bless him, Who pilots us, still in the van Over land, over sea, as we travel, Just the plain, hardy, average man.

So on through the days of existence, All mingling in shadow and shine, We may count on the every-day hero, Whom haply the gods may divine; But who wears the swarth grime of his calling, And labors and earns as he can, And stands at the last with the noblest, The commonplace average man.

ONE MERRY

CHRISTMAS.

It was the day before Christmas, and the snow was falling thick and fast. Among the people who hastened along the streets of a large Western city, was a lady, accompanied by two little girls, apparently twins. All were poorly clad, and shivered, as the cold wintry wind rushed down the nearly deserted street.

"Oh! mamma dear," cried one of the little girls, as they were approaching a large shop, where many lovely holiday toys were displayed, "this must be one of Santa Claus' shops."

"Let's go in," pleaded the other little girl, "I do so want to see all the nice things."

"My dear children," said the mother, sadly, "I can get none of the pretty books or toys for you; I wish I could, but, you know, we are very, very poor."

"Well we could just look at 'em, if we can't have 'em," they cried.

"Well, my dears, you shall see them," said their mother, gently.

"Oh! mamma," one of them exclaimed, "I just wish I could have a nice dolly, just like this one, that the lady has just laid down here; why, do you know, mamma, it shuts its eyes just as tight as I do when I go to sleep."

"Ah! Bessie, my dear child," said her mother, "I am afraid you will only be disappointed when you get home."

"No, no, I'm—only just wishing," said little Bessie.

All this time a young girl had been standing near, watching the children and writing in a note-book.

"Come, children," said the mother at last, "we must be going now, it is nearly four o'clock."

The little group passed out, and the young girl followed them.

"Mamma," said Jessie, "what would you like to have for a Christmas present?"

Molly Dean, the young girl who had watched the children in the shop, was closely following them; she hastened her steps that she might hear the mother's answer. The mother sighed as she answered her little daughter's question:

"Ah! my dear, if I could have your papa back again, I would be satisfied. But the sea seldom gives back its dead." She added, a moment later, as if to herself: "Not my will, dear Lord, but Thine."

Molly followed them into an alleyway. The street was dirty and the houses were poor. The children and their mother en-

tered one of the smallest houses. Molly looked about her curiously; she had never been in such a place before, although she was nearly sixteen. Soon she turned and hastened back to the shop. She handed her note-book to a clerk, telling him to have the articles, she had written down, all ready when she returned for them, which, she said, would be in the evening. She also told him she would send some other purchases there, which she would call for at the same time.

"Dear me," she thought, as she hastened homeward, "I wish I could give that lady her husband. I can give the children all they wished for, but her wish I am powerless to grant."

She entered a handsome stone house in the most aristocratic part of the city, and rushed into the library, where a gentleman sat reading.

"Oh, Uncle Dick!" she cried, eagerly, "I've got some work for you to do."

"What is it, my huckleberry?" asked her uncle in a teasing tone, as he pulled her onto his knee.

He was a tall man, whose naturally sad face always brightened when he was speaking to her; for she was his favorite niece. And she thought there never was an uncle like him.

"Well," said Molly, "I want you to put on your big white fur coat (when it's nice and dark). And then you'd better put on a fur cap and some false whiskers, some great long, white ones, and take a nice big sack, and then we'll—but I guess I won't tell you the rest just now."

"Oh! ho! I guess I see! You're going to make a Santa Claus of me."

"Don't ask any questions, but just do as I tell you to," said Molly.

When it was quite dark, Molly and her uncle started out to make their visit.

"What a splendid Santa Claus he does make," thought Molly, as they walked along. They went to "The Star," and Mr. Dixon (Molly's uncle) got a vehicle to take himself and Molly, with their many packages, to the poor little house in the alley.

"After Bessie and Jessie had helped their mother wash the supper dishes that evening, they got ready for bed, and then hung up their stockings.

Then the mother called them to her for the little evening talk. They talked of the father, whom the children could not remember. He had been a sailor. And one day he had sailed from port, leaving behind his wife and babies; he had never returned, and, in a few months news came that the Lady Gray, the vessel upon which he had sailed, had been wrecked. A few months later the mother moved to another town. She supported her children by taking in sewing. She resided there about four years, then she went to this Western city.

While the three were busily talking there came a knock at the door. The mother opened it; as she stood gazing out, a man came into the room. He had snowy hair, and a long, white beard. He was dressed in fur from head to foot.

"Santa Claus! Santa Claus!" cried both children.

When Mr. Dixon saw the face of the woman before him he started toward her, then stopped and looked at the children.

"Are there any good children here?" he asked, in a gruff voice.

"Oh! we tried to be good," said Bessie.

"Then," said their visitor, "just tell me your names."

"My name is Bessie, and hers is Jessie, and we're twins. Please, is your name Santa Claus?"

But Santa Claus did not answer. He threw down the great sack he carried, and began to take out the things. First, the provisions, then the toys, and last the clothing and some peanuts and candy. The little girls were shouting and laughing, happy as could be.

Santa Claus, as the children called him, turned at last to the mother, who stood amazed.

"Madam," he said, "your wish was, I believe, that your husband might come back to you again."

The lady looked amazed. "How do you know my wish," she asked.

"Because I am that Christmas present," he cried, as he tore off the false whiskers and wig.

Mrs. Dixon only cried, "Dick." Just then Molly came in. She had been waiting at the door.

"Molly," said her uncle, "this is your Aunt Lucy."

Molly kissed her aunt, then she hugged and kissed the twins. "Oh! to think you are my cousins, and I never knew it."

Mr. Dixon took his little girls upon his knees, and Molly and Mrs. Dixon sat, one on each side of him. Then Mr. Dixon told them the story of the past few years.

He had grasped a floating spar when the vessel sank, and for days he had floated upon the water. Finally a vessel bound for the Indies picked him up. He was

carried from home, instead of toward it, and it was two years before he again stood upon his native shore.

Then Mrs. Dixon related the story of her trials and sorrow. They sat for a long time talking of the strange events.

"To think," cried Molly, "how we've lived right in the same city all this time, and within a half mile of each other."

"Let us thank God," said Mr. Dixon, "for His great love and divine mercy."

They knelt down, and he offered up a prayer for their reunion.

"We must be going," said Mr. Dixon, after prayer, as they still talked. Mrs. Dixon dressed herself and the children in the new warm clothes; they locked the door of the little house, and all entered the waiting carriage. Thus they left the old life of toil and poverty, for one in which they would never know want.

ENTERTAINMENT AT BASS RIVER.

The enjoyment of the Christmas season at Bass River was enhanced by the effectuation thereof of an entertainment and basket social on the evening of Dec. 25th, in aid of the Hall fund. The principal feature of the evening's proceedings was the concert. For the success of this not a little of the credit is due to Mr. Coates, the efficient school teacher at Bass River. Mr. Coates spared no pains in the preparation of the performers for their various parts, and the success of the entertainment abundantly testified to the efficiency of his instruction. Every number on the programme was well executed, and, even if one were disposed to do so, it would be difficult to say that this number or that was inferior to the rest. If special mention should be made, it must be of the school children who are to be congratulated upon the excellency with which they executed their parts.

The following is the programme:—

PROGRAMME.

Song—"Tramp, tramp, tramp," by Scott Starrak.

Recitation—"Six times nine," by Ethel Rogers.

Song—"The Party at Oddfellow's Hall," by Mary Dunlay.

Recitation—"Rule Britannia," by Scholars.

Recitation—"Casablanca," by Mary Murphy.

Solo—"Matilda Buggins," by Fred Robertson.

Recitation—"Xmas at the Poor House," by Bernice Whitney.

Dialogue—"Little Helpers," by Scholars.

Song—"My old Kentucky Home," by Mina Campbell and John Murphy.

Recitation—"How we killed the Rooster," by James Starrak.

Dialogue—"The Rehearsal," by Scholars.

Recitation—"The little boy that died," by Katie Murphy.

Solo—"Sweet bunch of Daisies," by Duncan Robertson.

Recitation—"America," by Alfred McLeod.

Song—"Clap, clap, clap," by Scholars.

Song—"The Land of the Maple," National Anthem.

A sale of baskets, aprons and fancy articles followed the concert. Mr. Joseph Miller, who did the selling, fully sustained his reputation as an auctioneer. About \$60 was netted.

ALABAMA CHIVALRY.

THREE MURDERS AT A CHRISTMAS DANCE.

BIRMINGHAM, Ala., Dec. 28.—Edward Widge, a young miner, attended a Christmas dance at Doloit Monday. Mary Lowe refused to dance with him because he was intoxicated. Leaving the dance hall he armed himself with an axe and swore to kill everyone present. He proceeded to execute his threat by chopping down the dancers right and left. George Murray, who was dancing with the Lowe girl, was killed, his head being split open. Mary Lowe's shoulder was broken and her skull fractured. John Davis's breast was cut open and he can scarcely recover. Someone in the crowd shot Winne and he fell, mortally wounded. Winne was brought to jail here yesterday. He is still unconscious.

The news comes from London that the Grand Duchess Xenia, sister of the Czar has given birth to a son at St. Petersburg. The Grand Duchess Xenia, eldest sister of Emperor Nicholas, is the wife of Grand Duke Alexander, a son of the Grand Duke Michael, who is a grand uncle of the Czar. This babe is her first born. The Czar's two brothers and other sister are not married.

While cleaning a pair of gloves with gasoline in Montreal on Saturday night, Madeline Beaudoin, residing at number 80 Sanguinet street, was badly burned.

The gasoline, it seems, caught fire from the gas jet, and before it could be extinguished, her hands and arms were severely burned. She was conveyed in the ambulance to Notre Dame Hospital.

Mrs. Wm. Messer, Waterford, Ont., says: "I can safely recommend Dr. Low's Worm Syrup to mothers whose children suffer from worms."

COOK'S SURE COUGH CURE.

LETTER FROM THE PREMIER.

SIR WILFRID REFERS TO THE ATTACKS ON MR. TARTE. (Globe.)

MONTREAL, Dec. 29.—The following letter from Sir Wilfrid Laurier to Senator Dandurand was read at a meeting of the Montreal Reform Club last night. It is dated December 26:

"My Dear Senator,—I regret very much that it will be altogether impossible for me to accept your invitation to be present at the meeting of the Club Nationale on Tuesday. Important duties detain me here and prevent my leaving the capital even for a day. You tell me that my presence would be desirable at Tuesday's meeting in order to silence once and for all certain enemies who assume the name of Liberals, and who venture under cover of my name to attack one of the most highly esteemed of my colleagues. Would it not really be giving these attacks an importance greater than they deserve to meet them otherwise than with silence? Is it not the height of absurdity to seek to give them the cover of my name? If I had not had confidence in Mr. Tarte, why should I have taken him into the government? The very character of the attacks which are directed so persistently against him discloses their utter emptiness. The Tories who attack him openly reproach him with acts for which I accept the responsibility. This is not the place to discuss them. The Tories in disguise who in the Liberal clubs wage against him a dishonorable war have nothing more grievous upon which to base their attacks than that he has not always belonged to the Liberal party; that he is in their language a convert. The fact is indisputable. I see in it no ground for reproach. Mr. Tarte is in good company. Mr. Gladstone was a convert when he was led gradually by the inflexible force of his judgement and his spirits to no longer hold the Tory creeds in which he had been trained. The Liberal party was only too happy not merely to open to him its ranks, but to place him at its head. I could cite any number of such examples. I only recall the most illustrious. However, I shall mention another, for it is well known in Montreal. The Liberals of my generation have not forgotten that they never had in their ranks a partisan more active, more valiant, more devoted than Alfred Perry, and yet he was an old member of 1837. When the honesty and the courage which were the basis of his future made it clear to him that he had entered on the wrong path when he took sides with those whom he had opposed so vigorously, was there a single Liberal from Mr. Dorian, the leader of the party, down to the humblest partisan, to reproach him with having, sword in hand, ever stood against the men whose memories are most revered? No. The Liberal party has never been and will never be a party of exclusion and ostracism. Above all, it is a party of progress, open to all intelligences, to all generous sentiments, to all noble aspirations. Nay it is closed only to base jealousy, odious envy and narrow selfishness. I pray the members of the Club Nationale not to give further attention to the petty quarrels by means of which it is sought to divert them from the prosecution of the patriotic work which they have had on hand for the last twenty-five years. Let them return to serious matters, to the discussion of the problems and the questions which concern our country's future, and let them continue their confidence in a man who does nothing by halves, who when an opponent fought me with all the ardor of his nature, who when a friend by my side in opposition supported me with perhaps more ardor still, and who when a colleague in the government has given me the most enthusiastic and most effective support. Accept my dear Senator, the assurance of my most sincere consideration."

WILFRID LAURIER.

THE WOOD TRADE.

Mr. J. B. Snowball's Wood Trade circular, a copy of which has just been received, shows that trans-Atlantic lumber shipments from the province of New Brunswick fell off from 494 million feet in 1897 to 412 million feet in 1898. The shipments of the past twelve months are still larger, however, than those of 1896, when they were but 386 millions, or any previous year since 1889, back of which the circular does not go. In 1891 the trans-Atlantic shipments from this province amounted to only 253 million feet.

Nova Scotia shipments have also fallen off, from 185 to 143 million feet, but they are also larger than in any previous year of which the record is given, being 123 million feet in 1896, and only 78 million feet in 1891, a year of great depression in this industry.

A feature of the New Brunswick trade in 1898 is that the three northern ports of Miramichi, Campbellton and Dalhousie all show increases, while at all other ports in the province there has been a falling off. As compared with 1897 the showing by ports is as follows:

The largest shipper from the Miramichi in 1898 is J. E. Snowball, who has 25,103,580 feet to his credit, W. M. MacKay coming next with 24,944,666 feet and Richards, Vaughan, Ritchie and Hutchinson each having over ten million feet. The largest shipper from St. John is W. M. MacKay, who is credited with 105,748,157 feet, Gibson being next but far in the rear with 39,374,785 feet and Geo. McKean third with 22,087,230 feet. The province over MacKay is by far the largest shipper. His figures at the ports of St. John, Miramichi, Campbellton, Sackville, Moncton and outports, Shediac, and Bathurst for a total of something like 148 million feet.

Mr. Snowball's circular says: The past winter of 1897-8 was a good one for procuring logs, and the spring was favorable for getting them to market. The present logging season until the middle of December has been unusually mild, with long continuance of rain, and operators through the soft ground and other conditions for logging worse than for many years. The winter operation in this district is light, and the indications are for only a moderate supply of logs.

A feature of this year's business, is, the large decrease in the exports from almost every New Brunswick and Nova Scotian port, showing a reduced shipment from the former province of 82 million sup. feet and from the latter of 37 million superficial feet. The shipment of lower port woods is yet, however, entirely too large for present market requirements, and further curtailment of from 10 to 20 per cent. would give much better results for both shippers and producers.

The prospects of improved markets in the United States, the West Indies and South America are most promising, and if these consume even a limited additional quantity of the smaller sizes (such as

ence.—Life.

ASLEEP SINCE DECEMBER 13.

RUTLAND, Dec. 25.—A peculiar case is reported from Fairhaven, where a 13-year-old girl fell asleep at her desk in school on December 13, and, save for one brief interval, has been sleeping ever since, despite the efforts of a physician to awaken her. The physician is unable to account for her condition. Her parents say that three years ago the girl suddenly fell asleep one day and slept 24 hours.

A few days ago, after all simple remedies had failed, the physician tried an electric battery on the girl. When the current was turned on there was a twitching of the eyelids, then the eyes opened, and she apparently was awakened. Her parents spoke to her, and by the expression of her eyes it was evident that she recognized them. By continued application of the battery she was at length aroused sufficiently to talk, though her utterances were incoherent. After a while however, she again dropped off to sleep, and cannot be awakened.

Mrs. Wm. Messer, Waterford, Ont., says: "I can safely recommend Dr. Low's Worm Syrup to mothers whose children suffer from worms."

THE MEDICAL PROFESSION RECOMMEND DR. A. W. CHASE'S OINTMENT.

Dr. C. M. Harlan, writing in the American Journal of Health, February 10, says:—"Among the proprietary medicines deserving recognition is Dr. Chase's Ointment, a remedy for Piles, Eczematous skin eruptions of all kinds, for which it has been used with marked success and has effected remarkable cures in many obstinate cases which seem to baffle the skillful medical attendant."

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The gasoline, it seems, caught fire from the gas jet, and before it could be extinguished, her hands and arms were severely burned. She was conveyed in the ambulance to Notre Dame Hospital.

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COOK'S SURE COUGH CURE.

HOW STAMPS ORIGINATED.

Sir Rowland Hill, the great English postal reformer, was at one time a schoolmaster. After he had taught for a number of years, his health gave way, and finding a change necessary, he decided to travel.

While traveling in the north of England, in 1834, he stopped one morning at an inn, just as a postman came to deliver a letter. The letter was for the innkeeper's young daughter. She took it from the postman, carefully examined it on both sides, and then asked the amount of postage due.

"One shilling," the postman answered. The girl at once handed him the unopened letter and said:

"I am sorry I cannot receive the letter for it is from my brother, but I have not the money to pay so much postage."

Dr. Hill overheard the conversation between the postman and the girl, and he paid the postage. The girl blushed and seemed greatly confused when the letter was again given to her; and as soon as the postman had gone she told Mr. Hill that the letter was merely a trick between herself and her brother. Certain marks on the wrapper told her all she wished to know, and the paper inside contained no writing.

"We are too poor to pay so much postage," she further explained, "and so devised this method of corresponding."

This incident gave Sir Rowland Hill "something to think about," and he kept thinking until postal reform became the object of his life. He was thoroughly convinced that a postal system that caused even the boys and girls of the land to resort to trickery and deception must indeed be a very harmful one.

He entered the British civil service in 1835, and in 1837 brought forward in pamphlet form "a plan for uniform penny postage." His plan was much opposed, but he labored faithfully, untiringly, and at last convinced the House of Commons that the penny postage system would enrich the government, and be a real blessing to all of the Queen's subjects.

Accordingly, in 1840, it was decided that letters weighing not more than half an ounce should be sent for a penny; and penny postage stamps, bearing an image of the Queen's head, were ordered to be used. In 1845 the penny system was adopted in America.

Sir Rowland Hill received many high honors as rewards for his earnest, successful labors for postal reform. He died at the age of eighty-three years, and is buried in Westminster Abbey.

WOULDN'T BE BOUGHT.

A METHODIST MINISTER REFUSES HIS CHURCH'S SHARE OF A CHARITABLE ENTERTAINMENT.

VANCOUVER, B. C., December 29.—Cheers are rather an unusual sound to be heard in a church, but there was a rousing roar of applause in Homer Street Methodist Church on Sunday evening, when during the course of his sermon, the Rev. Dr. Eby informed his congregation that he had refused to take the \$20 part proceeds of the Savoy Theatre entertainment.

The theatre, which is really a music hall, gave a benefit entertainment and realized \$120, which was given to different clergymen for the poor. Dr. Eby and others refused to touch the "Devil's money." Dr. Eby in his sermon said: "This pretty little theatre is simply one half of a twin institution run by the men who operate the worst vice in Victoria, and have come here to bring in the same money-making, vice-producing tactics, as far as they can, into the city of Vancouver. The other half of the institution is one of the most reputable dens in the city today. This money was a bribe to the clergy to shut their mouths in reference to the villainy already done on the sly, and being prepared for in larger doses when this city is educated to it, and the churches are sufficiently gagged. If I took that money I should feel as if I had sold my Lord very cheaply, and as if I had hanged myself for all work of reform."

PERSISTENCE CURES.—The most chronic case of Dyspepsia or Indigestion will succumb to that all healing power of Dr. Von Stan's Pineapple Tablets. What this wonderful medical discovery has done for the thousands of proclaimed hopeless stomach invalids it can do for you. One Tablet will relieve—and persistence will cure. 25 cents. Sold by W. W. Shott.

Bi-hop William E. McLaren, of the diocese of Chicago, has accepted the mission to Porto Rico to investigate the field there for promotion of the Episcopal Church interests, as delegated to him by the Episcopal Conference in Washington. He will start for the new island possession some time in early spring.

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