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THE GREAT NORTH SHORE ROUTE!

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"TOMMY."

I went into a public 'ouse to get a pint o' beer, The publican 'e up an' sez, "We serve no readcoats here." The girls be'ind the bar they laughed an' giggled fit to die, I outs into the street again, an' to myself sez I:

O it's Tommy this an' Tommy that, an' Tommy go away; O it's "Thank you, Master Atkins," when the band begins to play. The band begins to play, my boys the band begins to play, Oh, it's "Thank you, Master Atkins," when the band begins to play.

I went into the theatre as a s'bre as could be, They give a drunk civilian room, but 'adn't none for me; They sent me to the gallery or 'round the music 'alls, But when it comes to fightin', Lord! they'll shove me in the stalls.

For it's Tommy this, an' Tommy that, an' "Tommy, wait outside;" But it's "special train for Atkins," when the trooper's on the tide, The troopship's on the tide, my boys, etc.

O makin' mock o' uniforms that guard you while you sleep, Is cheaper than them uniforms an' they're starvation cheap; An' hustlin' drunken sodgers when they're goin' large a bit, Is five times better business than paradin' in full kit.

Then it's Tommy this an' Tommy that, an' "Tommy, 'ow's yer soul?" But it's "Thin red line or 'eroes" when the drums begin to roll, The drums begin to roll my boys, etc.

We aren't no thin red 'eroes, nor we aren't no blackguards, too, But single men in barracks, most remarkable like you, An' if sometimes our conduct isn't all your fancy paints, Why, single men in barracks don't grow into plaster saints.

While it's Tommy this an' Tommy that, an' "Tommy, fall be'ind;" But it's please to walk in front, sir, when there's trouble in the wind, There's trouble in the wind, my boys, etc.

You talk o' better food for us, an' schools an' fires an' all; We'll wait for extra rations if you treat us rational, Don't mess about the cook-room slops, but prove it to our face, The Widow's uniform is not the soldier-man's disgrace.

For it's Tommy this, an' Tommy that, an' "chuck 'im out, the brute!" But it's "Savior of 'is country when the guns begin to shoot; An' it's Tommy this, an' Tommy that, an' anything you please; An' Tommy ain't a bloomin' fool—you bet that Tommy sees!

—RUDYARD KIPLING.

A PAIR OF GLASSES.

People driving up the avenue on a Sunday on their way to the park would nod towards the Murray mansion and say: "There's a house that cost more than any other house in the city," and a few of the knowing ones would add: "Yes, and the owners of it don't enjoy it a little bit." Pity 'twas 'twas true. John Murray came and went day after day when in town with no more apparent care for the elegant brown stone pile and its exquisite landscape surroundings than if it belonged to a stranger. Mrs. Murray swept through the halls and entered her carriage waiting at the porte cochere as if there were only dirt under her feet, and as if the coach-

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.

Terms Strictly CASH.

A. & R. LOGGIE.

man and footmen in chamois tights and high hats were drivers of oxen. She was a proud woman, people said, and a vain woman, and some whispered an unhappy woman.

Time was when John Murray's first thousand dollars was put snugly away as a nest egg. Katherine Bliss wore on her finger one ring, a twist of gold and silver wire, her only jewel. Then she had two gowns, a gingham one for week days, a chambray one for Sunday; then her shoes were often so old she wished her dresses were longer; but she was happy. She sat on the arm of John Murray's chair in the firelight from the fireplace in her grandfather's house, and had told him that she would love him with all her heart, with all her soul, and with all her strength, for ever, and would wear this little twisted ring all her life afterwards.

But that was very long ago, and the diamonds that blazed on Katherine Bliss Murray's fingers left no room for the twisted bit of wire.

They had drifted very far apart. The first thousand had been a mere drop in the bucket to what followed, and with increasing wealth came greater ambitions, came forgetfulness of those trifles that once had seemed like the principal things in life, came worry and some sorrow, and a gradually growing indifference.

There were many days when Mr. and Mrs. Murray did not meet. Strange how people would drift apart, though under the same roof. Mr. Murray would breakfast alone, lunch at the club, come home to find Mrs. Murray had dined out—and when she was at home ten chances to one he would be dining out.

But one day Mrs. Murray did not dine out. It had been raining, and she had stayed indoors reading the latest book. Suddenly a terrific pain manifested itself in one of her eyes, a neuralgic pain that drove her with her face to the pillow and her maid to the telephone for the physician.

"You must see an oculist at once," the doctor said, and on the morrow Mrs. Murray drove down to a famous man's office to have her eyes examined.

"It's a local strain, that is all," the great man said. "Your eyes have never been properly focussed; in fact, you never had correct vision."

"Why, doctor!" "No, you will see the difference when your glasses are finished."

"Must I wear glasses?" "Yes, certainly."

But it was three weeks before Mrs. Murray wore glasses. The pain came to both eyes, and she lay in her darkened room for many days, unable to open her eyes. The loneliness of illness is a terrible thing. True, a hundred and one dear friends came to one's door, but one cannot see them; one does not want strangers about when one is suffering.

One evening Mrs. Murray had been lying silent for a long time, and then she said to the nurse:

"Is Mr. Murray home?" "Yes, madam."

"Ask him to come in."

"Where are you?" he said, groping in the darkness. "Oh, hear you are. How are you?"

"My eyes are paining me terribly, and I was so lonesome."

"I'm to wear glasses," she said at last. "How do you suppose I shall look with glasses?"

"You look well in anything," he said, just as he used to say those things. "You are still young; but I am old. I'm shocked sometimes when I notice how grey I am."

"Why, John, you are not grey." "It is kind of you to say that," he said, and there might have been a touch of bitterness in his tone.

Mrs. Murray's eyes grew better and stronger, and the glasses came. She put them on and walked to her window. Far down the avenue she gazed, a growing conviction in her heart that what the oculist said was true. She had never seen. She could read the street sign at the corner she recognized a friend far down the avenue. She looked over the glasses and then through them, then she took them off.

"You may dress me now, Adele." "Now I will see how I look," she said. She looked in the glass. "Adele, why in the world have you put all that colour on my face and she started back in horror.

"It is no more than madam always wears," said the pert Adele. "Madam orders me to put it on and often says 'more.'"

"Well, never mind; you may go." When the maid was gone Mrs. Murray very carefully removed from her face all hint of artificial colour, and, truth to tell, she could hardly meet her own eyes in the glass.

"I suppose I have looked disgraceful at times," she said to herself. Then she went down to find "John." She was going to ask him how he liked her with glasses. He was sitting on the verandah as she passed softly through the hall. How seamed and lined his face was as his head rested against the chair. And the grey above his brow! She had not believed him when he said he was grey.

How old he looked! how tired! It was strange she never noticed it before. Poor John!

She was about to speak, when a glint of sun shone through the vines and rested upon his face.

Suddenly memory took a turn, and again she saw him sitting in front of the old fireplace, his face upturned to her as he put a little twist of a ring upon her finger and said:

"You will love me always?" And she had answered yes. She remembered her words. Softly she stole through the hall, flew up the stairs to her room. She pulled the rings from her fingers and opened a little box of keepsakes. There it was. She slipped it on her finger and went down the stairs.

"Are you tired, John?" she asked, sitting down upon the arm of his chair. "and how do you like my glasses?"

"Why, I didn't hear you coming out. The glasses are very becoming. Can you see well with them?"

"Wonderfully well. I've seen things to-day I never saw before," and her voice trembled a little.

"What have you seen, dear?" "I see that I have been a foolish woman, John, in more ways than one. It was the glasses that did it at first, and then I kept seeing more and more, and

"And what?" "You have been wearing yourself out

alone; I have been selfishly living for myself. Our home has become the loneliest place on earth for us both—and I have been to blame." There were tears in her eyes now. "But we will change it now, won't we?"

He was holding her hand and turning the little ring about with his thumb and finger.

"We might be happier, I suppose," he said. Do you remember the night I gave you that ring?"

"Yes." "And you remember what you promised?"

"I do." "Can you say it now?"

"With all my heart, with all my soul, with all my strength."

And the passers-by, if they could know would never say that home was not the happiest in the world.

And this goes to prove that blessings often come in affliction's guise.

PEABODY, MASS.

MARCH.—Seeing nothing from our quiet little town for some time, I felt as if we were left out in the cold. We have had a very cold and disagreeable winter, having lots of snow storms, especially since March came in.

A very pleasant surprise party was held at J. Baldwin's, Salem, last week. During the evening Mr. Baldwin was presented with a handsome Morris chair. A very enjoyable evening was spent.

Miss Hattie Warman spent last week in Bangor, visiting her brother and sister in that town.

We hope the next night Bert calls in South Salem he won't have to wait so long in the rain. Have patience young man, a faint heart never won a fair lady.

Quite a number of our young lady friends contemplate spending the summer in the Provinces, and one in particular does not intend to return. We wish you every happiness Katie in your new cottage.

We are glad to state that Mr. Jas. McKay has recovered from his recent illness so as to be out again.

Miss Minnie Baldwin, who has been spending the winter in Salem, will return to Brunswick, Maine, in a few weeks.

A basket social was held at Provincial Lodge, Salem, Wednesday evening. A very pleasant evening was spent and quite a large sum of money realized.

Miss Mary Graham has returned to Peabody again, after spending the winter in Everett.

Mrs. Gilman, accompanied by Miss Minnie Campbell, of Revere, spent Wednesday with Miss Helen Campbell of this town.

Mrs. Smith and her daughter Alice spent Sunday with Mrs. E. S. Baldwin.

We hope the next night Rory has a date in Peabody he won't have to carry an umbrella.

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 solicited 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.

OF COURSE HE KNEW.

Average Woman: "How can I know which is poisonous ivy and which isn't?"

Average Man: "By looking at it, of course. How else would you know? One has three leaves and the other five. Every man of sense knows that, and I don't see why women shouldn't."

"Yes, I know, my dear; but which kind is the poisonous kind?"

"Why, you goose, the three-leaf, of course—or the five-leaf, I forget which."

RELIEF IN SIX HOURS.—Distressing Kidney and Bladder Diseases relieved in six hours by the "SOUTH AMERICAN KIDNEY CURE." This new remedy is a great surprise and delight on account of its exceeding promptness in relieving pain in the bladder, kidney's back and every part of the urinary passages in male or female. It relieves retention of water and pain in passing it almost immediately. If you want quick relief and cure this is your remedy.

Sold at Short's Drug Store.

The maple sugar harvest in Vermont is believed to be a total failure this year, and if the worst fears of the sugar-makers are realized, the industry will be crippled for many years to come. The injury to sugar orchards was done last summer by an army of caterpillars, and this spring trees are found to be sapless.

THE RESOURCES OF KENT COUNTY—LUMBER, FISHERIES, MINES.

Editor Review:

SIR.—There is, it cannot be denied, in this County a general disposition to disparage the natural advantages of the country—only fit for Indians, too cold, and a hundred other epithets are applied to one of the finest regions on the wide continent of America. Not only from the young and foolish do we hear such expressions, but also from men old enough to know better if God had seen fit to gift them with the ordinary human being's power of observation. As for some of our young people who go for a few years to the States and there fill various menial positions as hewers of wood and drawers of water to rich Americans, and come back to air their superior knowledge of men and things, for they have seen Boston you know, nothing better can be expected. They forget, or more likely never knew enough to know that the meanest trait a human being can develop is a scorn for the country of his birth or the religion of his fathers. He may, and sometimes good men do. * * * His position in regard to both, but if he revile either, he cannot be a really good man. More of the nobility of human nature has been called out by the sentiment we call patriotism, than by any other known to human nature. The writer begs that the foregoing may be his excuse for intruding on the valuable space of THE REVIEW, and begs to say:

1st.—That Kent possessed almost unequalled resources in lumber is well known. Going anywhere over the County we see the remains of immense forests now destroyed by fire. The writer remembers when the forests of Kent were a source of amazing wealth. That they were destroyed, is a sad commentary on the intelligence of the bygone or fast-going generation, who took no care to save their daily bread from burning up before their eyes. That with care and skill, these forests can in the course of time be largely renewed in value will be shown by the writer in a future communication. It has been done in other countries and can be done in our own.

2nd.—While the fisheries of the County have not been so utterly destroyed as are the forests, yet they are in a fair way to go also. This will also be dealt with at a convenient time.

3rd.—While it was known for years that coal was to be found in Kent, and the coal veins at Mr. Beers and at Mr. Simpsons had been worked, and excavations had been made in Cocagne and Harcourt, people had bored with poor success and less skill. The coal found on the Coal Branch was however a kind known as lignite. It will burn freely but will not keep. If left in the air a few months it will all go to dust and become worthless. The coal of Cocagne and Shediac was of same quality and the seams were of same thickness as those of Queens Co., i. e. from fourteen to twenty-two inches, averaging about sixteen inches. It was generally thought that there was no seam in Kent of thickness and quality combined to pay. While in the West the writer had an extra favourable opportunity to study the coal problem which is of great importance there. He was sent to make reports on several mines and so was obliged to study the matter attentively. Coming back to N. B. he noticed that the hill south of the Coal Branch river was of an entirely different character from the hills ordinarily found in Kent. It is in fact, evidently the continuation of mountain range. It extends from Mr. Bigley's for nearly a mile up the river. Continuing the investigation he found that this hill was a continuation of the mountain range that extends from Cape Breton through Pictou, past Springhill, Maccan and Joggins Mines, and appears in N. B. in Albert Co., and then again in Westmorland near the city of Moncton. This is of course only an outline and we are making no effort to trace the curves and breaks in the chain.

The writer was particularly struck by the resemblance of Mount Carlyle, as the hill in question is now called, to the hills around New Glasgow, N. S., and it seemed to him that all the conditions of great coal mine were here present. Obtaining the advice of competent experts, he found his judgment was backed up by the best skill in America. Hearing that James Murray and George Robertson had found coal of quite a different quality from the stuff known as Coal Branch coal, he got some of the coal and had it tested and analyzed. The assayer pronounced it a coal of the best quality, and quite different from the other. Securing the lands, and the license he went to work, and for a year and a half in spite of all possible discouragements, he stuck to his task, till now we in Kent can claim that we have a mine showing the very best quality of

coal in all the Dominion. As we get farther into the cliff the quality of the coal improves or the seam thickens, so that now a large proportion of the coal is mixed albertite and hard bituminous. The portion containing the former will melt into a kind of oil and blaze like a candle. From the way the seam is thickening, that is an inch to each eight feet we go in, there seems no doubt but that we are on the edge of one of the greatest coal mines in America. We had a cropping of 14 inches, Springhill had only 11. Their seam deepened 3 inches to 100 feet, we gain an inch to 8 feet. And now at almost the beginning, a man can dig a ton and a half of coal a day worth \$4.50 at the mine.

C. C. CARLYLE,

Mount Carlyle, Mar. 25th, 1899.

FARMERS AND DAIRYMEN.

FREDERICTON, March 30.—The Farmers' and Dairymen's Association elected the following officers this morning: President, John McLaughlan, West Glassville; vice-president, Geo. J. Dickson, Chatham; secretary, Jos. R. Taylor, Taylor Village; corresponding secretary, W. W. Hubbard, Sussex; treasurer, Bliss M. Fawcett, Sackville; county vice-presidents: Restigouche, S. Stewart; Gloucester, John Kenny; Northumberland, Clifford Galoway; Kent, Michael McLaughlan; Westmorland, S. E. Goodwin; Albert, W. A. West; Kings, O. W. Wetmore; Queens, Fred J. Purdy; Sunbury, W. M. Thurnrott; York, Isaac Peabody; Carleton, Elisha Slipp; Victoria, David Currey; Charlotte, Harold Dalwaiu; St. John, J. M. Donovan.

A resolution was adopted favoring a provincial grant to the St. John exhibition, and the appointment of a committee to wait on the government to urge that assistance be given. Geo. E. Searle, of Chatham, and John Kenny, of Gloucester county, were appointed a committee for that purpose. The balance of the forenoon session was occupied with discussion of "The Business of Horse-Raising." H. B. Hall, of Gagetow, read a valuable paper on the subject, and Dr. G. M. Twitchell, of Augusta, delivered an instructive address.

At a public meeting last evening Prof. Robertson and Hon. H. R. Emmerson made addresses.

ONLY FOUR BOXES

Of Dodd's Kidney Pills Were Needed to Cure Mr. Willis.

Woodstock, Ont., Apr. 3.—There are many Woodstock people who owe their good health, and others who are indebted for their lives, to Dodd's Kidney Pills.

Among the former is Mr. Masa Willis, 295 Dundas Street, who has recently made his story public.

"For several years," says Mr. Willis, "I have suffered from Kidney Troubles, pain in the small of my back, etc. I got slight relief from some of the various medicines I used. My son, who was cured by Dodd's Kidney Pills, urged me to try them. I did so. I have used four boxes and can safely say I am cured."

R. M. Springer, who is now in Edmonton, B. C., is the inventor of a new scheme for gaining access to the Klondike. A company has been formed under the title of the Chicago and McKenzie River valley Transportation, Trading and Mining Company with a capital stock of \$1,000,000, who promise trips from Chicago to the Klondike in a sleeping car, with a diner attached. The company proposes to run a train of cars from Athabaska Landing, 100 miles north of Edmonton, to Fort McPherson, far above the Arctic circle. The chain of lakes and rivers will furnish a roadbed of ice for seven months of the year. It is expected to make the trip which is over 1,800 miles in length, in ten days. The cars will be boat shaped so they will float if the ice breaks, and so that in summer they may be lifted from the runners and used as boats. The company, it is said, has been granted a site at Edmonton and bonus of \$10,000 as an object to build the shops there.

DR. VON STAN'S PINEAPPLE TABLETS.—A gentle tonic that increases the gastric juices, regulates the bowels, assists Nature in digesting the food, which gives the nutriment that makes good rich blood and nerve force, builds up the broken walls that disease has bombarded, forces the enemies of health to capitulate and sue for a truce. 35 cents. Sold at Short's drug store.

The Liberals of Brockville, Ont., met in convention and nominated Mr. W. H. Comstock as the candidate for the coming election to the House of Commons to succeed the late Hon. J. F. Wood.