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FAIR LA CADIE.

O! La Cadie, fair La Cadie, Child of misfortunes past, Thy lands, once stained by weeping blood, Rejoice in peace at last.

Over the wilds of an eastern sea Flows ever the restless wave, Its rugged voice re-echoes loud, O'er many a nameless wave.

Thy moss-strewn sands, O! La Cadie, Smile on a sunlit sea, A wealth of beauty they unfold Vast as infinity.

Thy verdant hills and valleys fair Have kissed a thousand tears, As each succeeding joy or pain Gave life to hope or fears.

The fitful flash, and cannon's crash, The groan, and the sabre's gleam, Disturb no more thy tranquil shore, Peace now endures supreme.

The voice of fame, proclaims thy name, And bards in verse enshrine The pathos of unhappy days, Strewn on the waste of time.

Thy fields a golden harvest bear, And woodlands amply crowned, Sufficient unto winter's needs All blessings here abound.

Come, not, thou fearful guest of war, So Scotia's hills of green, Where lived the fair *Gregoria— Beloved Evangeline.

—WILLIAM VAN BUREN THOMPSON.

*It is stated on good authority that Gregoria Romonia Antonia, a native of Spain (whose remains rest in the ancient burial ground at Annapolis, N. S.) accompanied her husband on the battlefield of Waterloo. She rests far from the orange groves of Andalusia, where once her youthful beauty commanded homage."—MacVicar's History of Annapolis Royal, p. 116.

THE ADVISER.

"Jim," said Vera to her brother, "walk on in front with Miss Aldgate and Ethel. I want to talk to Mr. Aldgate." Aldgate had taken his sister to lunch with Vera's people at Richmond, and they were now making their way back to the station. Vera, her brother and sister were going to see them off.

Aldgate was one of those young men who pose as cynics and men of the world on the slender basis of twenty-two years' idleness and an amatory disappointment. Unfortunately, he was hampered with a very soft heart and a considerable fund of sentimentality; this made his cynicism a very heavy burden to bear at times, but he held on hard and did his best.

On this occasion this would-be cynic was not the least of a misogynist not to be flattered at Vera's remark. Though rather an iceberg, she was a distinctly pretty girl.

"This," said he, "is a great honor." "I've got something on my mind," said Vera, "and I want to ask your advice about it. You're so clever."

"I infer," said Aldgate, pleasantly amused, "that you're going to ask a great favor."

"What do you think of this bangle?" asked Vera, holding up her wrist for inspection.

"Charming," said Aldgate. "It was given me by the man next door."

"And Mr.—er—Standish?" "My fiance doesn't know yet."

"Which is well for your opulent neighbor."

"My opulent neighbor wants to marry me."

"Wisdom as well as wealth," murmured Aldgate.

"Well, what am I to do?"

A. & R. Loggie.

WE have just received a full assortment of

READY-MIXED PAINT, WHITE LEAD, Blue, Black, Yellow and Red PAINTS, VARNISH, OIL WOOD STAIN, KALSONINE, WHITING, Raw and Boiled PAINT OIL, TAR, PITCH, OAKUM, etc., etc.

We have also on hand some very pretty designs of **WALL PAPER**; also, **SPRING ROLLER WINDOW SHADES** AND **CURTAIN POLES.**

Call and see our Gents' Neckwear—all new stock and latest styles. Men's Soft Felt Hats at lowest prices.

A. & R. LOGGIE.

"Whatever you want to," answered Aldgate, with discernment.

"But I want your advice."

"Which of them do you like best?"

"I don't care that for either of them," said Vera, snapping her fingers.

"Then the case stands like this: Standish, whom you don't care for, and sentiment, vs. Man Next Door, whom you don't care for, and money. Cancel Standish and the Man Next Door, and that leaves sentiment vs. money."

"It's no use my pretending to be sentimental when I'm not," said Vera, pettishly.

"Of course not."

"Then, don't you think I should be a fool not to accept this one?"

"If you don't care for either of them, I can't see why you should hesitate."

"I am so afraid about Frank—my fiance, you know. He may come here from the North and make an awful scene, or I shouldn't be surprised if he were to—well, to do something foolish. Anyhow, I know he wouldn't keep quiet about it; men are so beastly."

"Yes, they are very fussy about these things," remarked Aldgate with a smile.

By this time they had reached the station, and by some miraculous chance found a Metropolitan train about to start. Aldgate helped his sister in, and Vera's brother and sister stood back.

"Well, what am I to do?" asked Vera, leaning into the carriage.

"Whatever you like. If you want to be sentimental, stick to Standish. If you want to be practical, keep the bracelet and marry the Man Next Door."

"And you advise me to be practical?"

"I never said so. Remember, it's rather rough luck on Standish. Not that I believe in that kind of thing myself, but he may have foolish, sentimental ideas."

"What would you do if you were in my place?"

"We won't raise any hypothetical cases," said Aldgate, hastily.

"Surely you wouldn't be sentimental like all these idiots," said Vera, looking at him admiringly.

"Great Scott, no," replied Aldgate, catching hold of his receding cynicism.

"I don't think I could be accused of being soft-hearted, or any rot of that kind."

"Well, then, you advise me to throw overboard? I'll write to him at once. That really is the only reasonable thing to do, as you say," said Vera, as the train began to move out of the station.

"Er—yes," replied Aldgate, from the window. Then, as the pace of the train quickened, "Oh! Miss Freeman—" but Vera and her brother and sister had already turned their backs and were walking down the platform.

Left alone with his sister, Aldgate began to feel uncomfortable about the advice he had given. He was pleased certainly, at having added another stone to his reputation for cynicism, but here again his soft-heartedness stepped in, and he began to feel rather sorry for Standish. Again, although he had been flattered at her consulting him, yet, being of a rather clear-sighted nature, he could not help seeing now that she had not set so much store by his advice in particular as that she wished to find someone to back her up in what she had already made up her mind to do.

"Confound it!" he thought; "why the deuce can't she manage her own affairs

without dragging me into them. I don't want to think that I have made the poor devil miserable."

By the time the train had reached Hammersmith, he had worked himself into a most uncomfortable state of mind, in which he pictured Standish blowing out his brains in despair, or drifting, a pallid corpse, upon the river. By Latimer Road, he couldn't stand it any longer and determined to go back to Vera and revoke his advice. He told his sister he was going back to Richmond for something he had left. Disregarding her surprise, he jumped out and made his way to the other side, where he booked a ticket to Richmond. He had to wait twenty minutes for a train, and, during this interval he remembered that he had only got enough money with him to get back to Richmond, so had to give up his intention of taking a cab from the station to Vera's house.

The train seemed hours in reaching its destination, and he began to wonder if he would be in time to catch Vera in before she posted the letter to Standish. He walked very quickly in consequence up the hill from Richmond station to the house. It was very hot, and his collar developed an artistic crease across the middle, and that didn't improve his temper. The servant who opened the door told him that Vera was out; she had gone on the river, said the maid, with her sister, her brother, and a gentleman.

Aldgate naturally surmised that the Man Next Door was the gentleman, and decided to try to reach Vera before she could accept any offer. He thanked the servant hurriedly, and ran most of the way to the towpath, where he hired a boat at Messum's. Luckily, he was a regular customer there, and was able to get his craft "on tick."

It being a fine Sunday, the river was very crowded. Aldgate had done a good deal of sculling at Oxford, but his boat was rather a tub, and what with that and having to look over his shoulder continually to avoid running into pleasure parties, his progress was very slow. His collar gradually developed into a clammy pulp, and he had to take it off. By the time he reached Teddington Lock he was in far from a sweet temper, and was addressing the most uncomplimentary remarks to himself about collars, tubs, pleasure parties and Vera's love affairs in particular.

He decided to take his boat over the rollers, as being a less lengthy proceeding than going through the lock. In front of him was a group of Cockneys, whom he mentally anathematized as criminal idiots for pulling their boat quickly and calmly over the rollers when he himself was in a tearing hurry. He brought his craft up to the rollers with a rush, and, jumping out hastily, wetted himself nearly up to the knee. This filled him with a blind fury against the hitherto inoffensive Cockneys, one of whom—a lady—remarked "Oo-er!" at his mishap, with unnecessary emphasis. Aldgate set his teeth and, with three heaves, had his tub up at the top of the rollers. The gentlemen in front of him, half-way down the other slope, noticed his haste and with diabolical cunning stopped to mop their heated brows.

"It's uncommon 'ot, Alf," remarked one, with a wink; and Alf paused to arrange a curl under a fearful and wonder-

ful cap with a steel shield on the front of it.

"Do you mind moving on?" asked Aldgate, with a dangerous calm.

"Shoot yer cuffs, Ba-artie!" said a lady in a red yachting cap, irrelevantly.

"Oo-er!" remarked another, epigrammatically; "you ought ter buy the bloomin' rollers, you ought."

"I did not speak to you madam," returned Aldgate; "it is not my custom to converse with ladies to whom I have not been previously introduced."

"Alf" did not thoroughly understand this, but he felt it to be a deeply-veiled insult.

"You talk to 'er," he said, threateningly, "an' I'll wipe yer over the bloomin' ear'ole."

"That," said Aldgate, "is a proleptic use of the epithet," and refusing to wait further, he gave his boat a shove. It ran away from him down the slope, and before he could stop it crashed into the stern of the boat in front and smashed the rudder, which the Arries had not removed. At the same time it caught "Alf" neatly in the calf of the leg and upset him into his own boat.

"Alf" was a man not of words only, but of deeds. He umped out on to the side of the rollers and aimed a round-aim blow at Aldgate's "ear'ole." Aldgate parried with his right, and, feeling the rollers to be no suitable place for boxing, took "Alf" by the scruff of the neck and pitched him into the river. "Alf," however, was resourceful, and clung tenaciously to Aldgate's legs, with the result that our cynic followed him into the shallow water by the rollers. By this time quite a crowd had collected and a man in a check suit offered five to one on "the turf," for whom, in his present condition, this was a decided misnomer.

The two combatants crawled dripping from the water. "You pay for the boat!" yelled "Alf," and the whole of his party joined in hurling highly colored invectives against Aldgate, who gave them his card, and after much difficulty got his boat afloat and sculled away towards Kingston, followed by the florid witticisms of an ingenious crowd.

Then it seemed that the whole of Aldgate's acquaintances had decided to spend that day on the river, for though on the way up to Teddington he had seen hardly anybody that he knew, now almost every second boat that he passed contained friends of his, mostly of the fair sex. The combined strain of pulling a heavy tub against stream in drenching clothes and of trying to decide what expression to assume to give the idea that his soaking state was the result of an act of heroism, proved too much for Aldgate, and he there and then registered a solemn oath never again under any circumstances whatever to give advice about other people's love affairs.

Eventually he overtook Vera's party by the Willow, where they were having tea. They did not see him at once, so he moored his boat, landed and made his way among the crowded tables, trying to look dignified in no collar and a drenched and muddy serge suit. He touched Vera on the shoulder. She gave a scream when she saw him, which attracted the attention of the whole of the tea-garden to his condition.

"What on earth have you been doing?" she exclaimed, without evident sympathy.

"I have been trying to catch you up," said Aldgate, feeling an intense desire to take up the author of his trouble and shake her. "I've got something important to say to you."

"Well, what is it?"

Aldgate looked meaningfully at the other members of Vera's party, who were scanning him with the utmost amusement.

"I say, Aldgate, you look a bit of an outsider," said Jim. "Turn round and let's have a look at your back view." Jim was eighteen and no tact ever prevented him from conscientiously showing when he was pleased.

"Jim," said Vera, imperiously, "go with Ethel and get our boat ready. Frank, you can go and pay the bill."

Vera was one of those who are born to command, and acquiesce cheerfully in the designs of nature.

"Did you say 'Frank'?" asked Aldgate, when the others had gone.

"Yes."

"Then that is—"

"My fiance."

"He is your fiance?" inquired Aldgate, with meaning.

"Well, yes. You see, when I got home I found he had just come back from the North, and wanted me to go on the river with him. And I think I've rather changed my mind about what I'm going to do."

Aldgate noticed the absence of the bangle on her wrist.

"Have you sent it back?" he asked.

"No. I haven't actually made up my

mind what to do, but I really am rather glad to see Frank back; he looks rather nice sunburnt. Wouldn't you advise me to keep him after all?"

"That's what I've come to do."

"Oh, I am glad, because I think that will be best. What made you change your mind?"

"Oh, I don't know," returned Aldgate, "I think it would be rather foolish to act hastily."

"It wasn't sentiment?" asked Vera, mischievously.

"My dear Miss Freeman, I hope I haven't sunk so low as that yet. Sentiment is the privilege of the lower middle classes; it is—"

"Oh, please don't be cynical," laughed Vera. "You really don't look the part. What have you been doing?"

"Allowing myself to be dragged into other people's affairs," said Aldgate, with annoyance.

"Other people's affairs seem to be very dirty," said Vera, with amusement.

"Your gratitude to me for taking all this trouble is touching," returned Aldgate.

"Did 'ums get wet, then?" purred Vera.

"Hang!" said Aldgate, and made his way to his boat. He was very much annoyed with Vera.

His journey back to Richmond could hardly be classed as a pleasure trip; he passed the same band of Cockneys, who made unsparring use of the opportunity for picturesque and descriptive phrase, thus making him the cynosure of all eyes.

Messum's man discovered that the prow of Aldgate's boat had been badly damaged, and this was put down on his bill. On the way to the station he suddenly remembered that he had accepted an invitation to a dinner-party for that night. He had not enough money for a wire, and his hostess had not forgiven him to this day for not letting her know. To cap all, the train was very full, and he got into a second-class carriage, and Aldgate had not enough money to pay the difference. Amid indignant looks from his fellow-passengers he gave his name and address to the scathing official, who took advantage of the situation to hazard unnecessary theories in explanation of Aldgate's appearance.

The crowning blow came when the enraged cynic went to bed that night, and read on a card hung on the wall by a moralizing landlady, and irrelevantly illustrated by an impossible red-breast on an improbable tree, that "It is best to obey the voice of Conscience."

* * * * *

A year later Aldgate went to a dance at the Freeman's and met Standish—now Vera's husband.

"You are the man," said Standish, "who advised my wife to marry me instead of taking Smith."

"Yes," replied Aldgate, proudly; "and I did an unselfish action in giving that advice. Nearly got drowned over it."

"Pity you didn't," returned Standish, in a tone fraught with meaning.

Later in the evening Vera introduced him to the Man Next Door. "So, it was you," said Smith, "who prevented Vera from marrying me."

"I gave her that advice," replied Aldgate, "and, from what I hear from Standish, you ought to be very grateful to me."

"Standish!" said the Man Next Door, bitterly, "how could she be happy with Standish? The brute doesn't understand her. I wish interfering idiots wouldn't go about giving advice;" and he turned on his heel and made for the billiard room.

"It's all your fault," said Vera to him after supper; "I knew I should never get on with Frank, and you would make me have him. I hope you're pleased with your work."

"And it was for this," thought Aldgate, in the cab, on the way back, "that I sacrificed my reputation for cynicism."

And, before he undressed, he tore down the framed motto from above his bed and hurled it at the opposite wall, where it broke a picture.

Example is Better Than Precept.

Those sententious proverbs, or old saws, which are used as prefixes to all of the Hood Sarsaparilla advertising in thousands of papers throughout the country, are evidence of a new and original style of display advertising both pleasing and effective. The Hood firm is to be congratulated on so cleverly adapting such wisdom as has filtered down through centuries. Another charming thing about this Hood advertising is the unique type they are using.

John Magor of Montreal a prominent merchant is dead.

HOOD'S ANODYNE LINIMENT.

INSANE ASYLUM ACCOUNTS.

A SQUABBLE IN THE LEGISLATIVE COMMITTEE MEETING.

FREDERICTON, April 13.—Robert Marshall, secretary of the asylum commissioners, appeared before the public accounts committee this morning and explained one or two accounts, particularly with relation to the payments of private patients. The bill of W. F. Pest, \$275, for analysis of the stomach of a patient who suicided was challenged, but Mr. Marshall explained that Mr. Best was a specialist and the commission had no resource but to pay the bill he presented. Mr. Marshall explained that where possible all asylum supplies were purchased by tender. Fuel costs \$5,000. W. C. R. Allan was the only tenderer for drugs. It has been found more advantageous to buy dry goods and clothing at retail for cash. Mr. Marshall explained that lubricating oil is now being purchased by the barrel at a great saving.

From this quite a discussion ensued on the McAvity account. Mr. Humphrey said it was in the vicinity of \$2,000 for a year and many of the sales were at retail prices. He thought such a large account, with such good security as the province of New Brunswick, should carry a good round discount over retail prices. He had no desire to go further into the accounts, particularly as a remedy in several particulars had been applied.

Mr. Tweedie, who came in at this point demanded that Mr. Humphrey if he had any complaint to make should formulate charges that could be investigated.

Mr. Humphrey replied that he was not harshly or unadvisedly criticizing any accounts, but was going over the report, making mild criticisms with a view to having remedies applied in the future.

Mr. Tweedie—Mild criticisms by you when published in the Sun appear as grave charges and give impression that something is wrong. We want admission that all is right or an investigation with parties here.

Mr. Humphrey—I cannot certify all is right in a large account of \$2,000, much of it at retail.

Mr. Tweedie—A good deal of it is wholesale.

Mr. Humphrey—Some items are, but generally the account is at retail prices.

Mr. Tweedie—Well, you specify what is overcharged and we will have an inquiry.

Mr. Humphrey—We have already fully gone into the account, and I do not want to take it up further, but I repeat retail prices have been charged.

Mr. Tweedie—I ask you to make a specific statement.

Mr. Humphrey—I am not prepared to go to the account more fully, as to do so would necessitate an expert, which I am not prepared to furnish.

Mr. Tweedie demanded that the clerk take down his demand for specific charges and Mr. Humphrey's refusal.

This was done and the asylum accounts then dropped.

No serious criticism was offered to any public works accounts this morning, but the account is still before the committee.

The corporations committee considered the electric section of the Carleton light bill, giving the new company power to acquire the business of D. W. Clark & Sons. With few amendments this feature of the bill passed. The new company acquires the right to run electric or other horseless carriages in all parts of the city and Lancaster, subject to regulations of the city and municipal councils.

The municipalities committee at great length considered the Milltown incorporation bill.

Premier Emmerson to day said he had received many telegrams and letters protesting against any change in license law that would permit the sale of liquor in St. Martins or Carleton. The premier declared he did not know of any proposed amendments along this line and said the government had not considered any.

The Lieutenant Governor gives a state dinner to-night, the guests to be a number of members and their wives.

HEART DISEASE RELIEVED IN 30 MINUTES.—Dr. Agnew's Cure for the Heart gives perfect relief in all cases of Organic or Sympathetic Heart Disease in 30 minutes, and speedily effects a cure. It is a peerless remedy for Palpitation, Shortness of Breath, Smothering Spells, Pain in Left Side and all symptoms of a Deceased Heart. One dose convinces.

Sold at Short's Drug Store.

In Toronto on Monday W. H. Hicks, was fined \$25 cost for practicing medicine illegally. It came out in the evidence that Hicks who had a clerical appearance admitted to one of his patients that he was an L. L. D. and it is stated that at one time he was pastor of the Metropolitan Church, Washington, where President McKinley now attends.