

THE REVIEW

VOL. 10. NO 37.

RICHIBUCTO, NEW BRUNSWICK, THURSDAY MAY 4, 1899.

\$1.00 A YEAR

THE GREAT NORTH SHORE ROUTE!

The Best, Surest, Safest, Quickest Route by which to reach purchasers in the North Shore Counties of New Brunswick, is via

THE REVIEW.

The regular news express to the homes of all the people, and most direct line to the pocketbooks of buyers everywhere.

See that your advertisement is ticketed via THE REVIEW.

MARIALO AND MANILA.

Drear and desolate was the aspect, On the Philippine plains, As on the burning streets and houses, The Monatuck her hot shells rains; The Insurgent force was promptly marching

From out the woods in skirmish lines, Advancing quickly from their ambush, When flashing fire before them shines.

They turn and flee with all the swiftness, Of the cowards before the brave; The brave Nebraska men pursue them As their lives they try to save; Thus we see America's bravery, Anglo-Saxon pride and fame, As beneath their gaze we notice Other nations bow with Shame!

Down upon the shallow river Lie the natives cold and dead; Others in the grassy jungle, Found a damp and silent bed; And in she lone forsaken houses A sight of pity meets the eye, How they with fear from home departed When they heard our battle cry!

America stands as proud before them As England after Waterloo; And other Anglo-Saxon victories Show what truth and honour do, Let us hope to see them conquer As they heretofore have done; Let them rule the vast dominions, On which ever shines the sun!

MAGGIE E. FRASER,

Kingston, Kent Co., N. B.

[The above verses were written by a thirteen year old school girl, daughter of Mr. Alex. Fraser, Jr., Kingston, upon reading an account of the above battle.]

THE GRAY FROCK.

The rights and wrongs of the matter are perhaps a little obscure, and it is possible to take his side as well as hers. Or perhaps there is really no question of sides at all, no need to condemn anybody, only another instance of the difficulty people have in understanding one another's points of view. But here, with a few lines added by way of introduction, are the facts as related in her obviously candid and sincere narrative:

Miss Winifred Petheram's father had an income from landed estate of about £5,000 a year, and spent, say, £6,000 or thereabouts; his manor house was old and beautiful, the gardens delightful, the stables handsome and handsomely maintained, the housekeeping liberal, hospitable, almost lavish. Mr. Petheram had three sons and four daughters, but the sons were still young and not the cause of any great expense. Mrs. Petheram was a quiet body, and the two girls in the schoolroom were no serious matter; in fact, apart from the horses, Mildred and Winifred were, in a pecuniary point of view, the most serious burden on the family purse. For both were pretty girls, gay and fond of society, given to paying frequent visits to town and country, and, in consequence, needing many frocks and a considerable supply of downright hard cash. But everybody was very comfortable; only it was understood that at a period generally referred to as "some day" there would be very little for anybody except the eldest son. "Some day" meant, of course, when Mr. Petheram reluctantly died and thereby brought his family into less favorable worldly circumstances.

From this brief summary of the family's position the duty of Mildred and Winifred (and, in course of time, of the two girls in the schoolroom also) stands forth salient and unmistakable. Mildred performed it promptly at the age of 19 years. He was the second son of a baronet and

A. & R. Loggie.

FIELD --- ---
---AND---
GARDEN SEEDS.

Our stock of SPRING SEEDS have arrived and comprise the best varieties of **Wheat, Timothy, Red and Alsike Clover, Peas, Beans, Corn, Turnip, Beet and Carrot.** Also, a choice assortment of Vegetable and Flower Seeds in packages.

NO OLD STOCK!

These are all new and fresh and especially selected as the most suitable for this climate. It would be well to see our stock and get our prices before buying elsewhere. It pays to get the best.

A. & R. LOGGIE.

his elder brother was sickly and unmarried, but, like a wise young man, he took no chances, went on the Stock Exchange, and became exceedingly well-to-do in an exceedingly brief space of time—something, in fact, "came off" in South Africa, and when that happens ordinary limits of time and probability are suspended. So with Mildred all was very well; and it was odds that one of the boys would be provided for by his brother-in-law. Winifred had just as good chances—nay, better; for her sensitive face and wondering eyes had an attraction that Mildred's self-possessed good looks could not exert. But Winifred shilly-shallied (it was her father's confidential after-dinner word) until she was 21, then refused Sir Barton Amesbury (in itself a step of doubtful sanity, as was generally observed), and engaged herself to Howard Jackson, who made two hundred a year and had no prospects except the doubtful one of maintaining his income at that level—unless that is, he turned out a genius, when it was even betting whether a mansion or the workhouse awaited him, for that depends on the variety of the genius. Having taken this amazing course, Winifred was resolute and radiantly happy; her relatives, after the necessary amount of argument, shrugged their shoulders—the very inadequate ultima ratio to which a softening civilization seems to have reduced relatives in such cases.

"I can manage £300 a year for her while I live," said Mr. Petheram, wiping his brow and then dusting his boots; he was just back from his ride. "After that?" "The insurance, my dear!" Mrs. Petheram suggested. But her husband shook his head; that little discrepancy above noted, between five and six thousand a year, had before this caused the insurance to be a badly broken reed.

Harold Jackson—for in him the explanation of Winifred's action must be sought—was tall, good-looking, ready of speech, and decidedly agreeable. There was no aggressiveness about him, and his quiet manners repelled any suspicion of bumptiousness. But it cannot be denied that to him Winifred's action did not seem extraordinary; he himself accounted for this by saying that she, like himself, was an idealist; the boys, by saying that he was "stuck up"; Mr. Petheram, by a fretful exclamation that in all worldly matters he was as blind as a new born puppy. Whatever the truth of these respective theories, he was convinced that Winifred had chosen for her own happiness as that she had given him his. And in this she was most fully agreed. Of course, then, all the shuffling of shoulders in the universe could not effect the radiant contentment of the lovers, nor could it avert the swift passage of months which soon brought the wedding day in sight, and made preparations for it urgent and indispensable.

Married couples, even though they have only a precarious five hundred a year, must live somewhere—no idealism is independent of a roof; on the contrary, it centres round the home, so Harold said, and the word home seemed already sacred to Winifred as her glance answered his. It was the happiest day of her life when she put on her dainty new costume of delicate gray, took her parasol and gloves, matched to a shade with her gown, and mounted into the smart dogcart which Jennie, the new chestnut mare, was to draw to the station. A letter had come

from Harold to say that, after long search, he had found a house which would suit them, and was only just a trifle more expensive than the maximum sum they had decided to give for rent. Winifred knew that the delicate gray became her well and that Harold would think her looking very pretty, and she was going to see her home and his. Her face was bright as she kissed her father and jumped down from the dogcart, but he sighed when she had left him, and his brow was wrinkled as he drove Jennie back. He felt himself growing rather old; "some day" did not seem quite as remote as it used, and pretty Winifred—well, there was no use crying over it now. Wifal girls must have their way, and it was not his fault that confounded agitators had played the deuce with the landed interest. The matter passed from his thoughts as he began to notice how satisfactorily Jennie moved. Winifred's lover met her in London, and found her eyes still bright from the reveries of her journey. To-day was a gala day—they drove off in a hansom to a smart restaurant in Piccadilly, joking about their extravagance. Everything was perfect to Winifred except (small exception, surely) that Harold failed to praise, seemed almost not to notice, the gray costume. It must have been that he looked at her face only.

"It's not a large house, you know," he said at lunch, smiling at her over a glass of Graves.

"Well, I shan't be wanting to get away from you," she answered, smiling. "Not very far, Harold."

"Are your people still abusing me?" He put the question with a laugh.

"They never abused you, only me." Then came the irrepressible question: "Do you like my new frock? I put it on on purpose—for the house, you know."

"Our home," he murmured, rather sentimentally, it must be confessed. The question about the frock he did not answer; he was thinking of the house. Winifred was momentarily grateful to a stout lady at the next table, who put up her glass, looked at the frock, and with a nod of approval called her companion's attention to it. This was while Harold paid the bill.

Then they took another cab and headed north—through Berkeley Square, where Winifred would have liked, but did not expect, to stop, and so up to Oxford street. Here they bore considerably to the east, then plunged north again, and drove through one or two long streets. Harold, who had made the journey before, paid no heed to the route, but talking freely of delightful hours which they were to enjoy together, of books to read and thoughts to think, and of an intimate sympathy which, near as they were already to one another, the home and the home life alone could enable them fully to realize. Winifred listened; but far down in her mind now was another question, hardly easier to stifle than that about the frock: "Where are we going to?" would have been its naked form, but she yielded no more to her impulse than to look about her and mark and wonder. At last they turned a sharp twist, from a long, narrow street into a short, narrow street, where a wagon by the curbstone forced the cab to a walk, and shrill boys were playing an unintelligible, noisy game.

"What queer places we pass through!" she cried with a laugh, as she laid her hand on his arm and turned her face to his.

"Pass through!" We're at home," he answered, returning her laugh. "At home, Winnie!" He pointed to a house on the right-hand side, and immediately after the cab stopped. Winifred got out, holding her skirt back from contact with the wheel. Harold, in his eagerness to ring the doorbell, had forgotten to render her this service. She stood on the pavement for a moment, looking about her. One of the boys cried, "Crikey, there's a swell!" and she liked the boy for it. Then she turned to the house.

"It wants a lick of paint," said Harold cheerfully, as he rang the bell again. "It certainly does," she admitted, looking up at the dirty walls.

An old woman opened the door; she might be said, by way of metaphor, to need the same process as the walls; a very narrow passage was disclosed behind her.

"Welcome!" said Harold, giving Winifred his hand, and then presenting her to the old woman, "This is my future wife," he explained. "We've come to look at the house, but we won't bother you, Mrs. Bridgett; we'd rather run over it by ourselves. We shall enjoy that, shan't we, Winnie?"

Winnie's answer was a little scream and a hasty catch at her gown; a pail of dirty water, standing in the passage, had threatened ruin; she recoiled violently from this peril against the opposite wall and drew away again, silently exhibiting a long trail of dark dust on her new gray frock. Harold laughed as he led the way into a small square room that opened from the passage.

"That's the parlor," said the old woman, wiping her arms with her apron. "You can find your way upstairs; nothing's locked." And with this remark she withdrew by a steep staircase leading underground.

"She's the caretaker," Harold explained.

"She doesn't seem to have taken much care," observed Winifred, still indignant about her gown and holding it round her as closely as drapery clings to an antique statue.

Miss Petheram's account of the house, its actual dimensions, accommodation and characteristics has always been very vague, and since she refused information as to its number in the street verification of these details has remained impossible. Perhaps it was a reasonably capacious, though not extensive, dwelling; perhaps, again, it was a confined and well-nigh stifling den. She remembered two things—first, its all-pervading dirt; secondly, the remarkable quality which (as she alleged) distinguished its atmosphere. She thought there were seven "inclosures"—this term being arrived at (after discussion) as a compromise between "rooms" and "pens"—and she knew that the windows of each of these enclosures were commanded by the windows of several other apparent similar and very neighboring inclosures.

Beyond this she could give no account her first half hour in the house. Her exact recollection began when she was left alone in the inclosure on the first floor, which Harold asserted to be the drawing room, Harold himself having gone downstairs to seek the old woman and elicit from her some information as to what were and what were not tenant's fixtures in the said inclosure. "You can look about you," he remarked, cheerfully, as he left her, "and make up your mind where you're going to have your favorite seat. Then you shall tell me, and I shall have the picture of you sitting there in my mind." He pointed to a wooden chair, the only one in the room. "Experiment with that chair," he added, laughing. "I won't be long, darling."

Mechanically, without considering things which she obviously ought to have considered, Winifred sank into the designated seat, laid her parasol on a small table and leaned her elbows on the same piece of furniture as she held her face between her gloved hands. The atmosphere again asserted its peculiar quality; she rose for a moment and opened the window; fresh air was gained at the expense of spoiled gloves and was weighted with the drawbacks of a baby's cries and an inquisitive woman's stare from over the way. Shutting the window again, she returned to her chair—the symbol of what was to be her favorite seat in days to come, her chosen corner in the house which had been the subject of so many talks and so many dreams. There were a great many flies in the room; the noise of adjacent humanity in streets and houses was miscellaneous and penetrating; the air was very close. And this house was rather more expensive than their calculations had allowed. They had immensely enjoyed making these calculations down there in the country, under the old yew hedge and in sight of the flower-beds beneath the library window. She remembered the day they did it. There was a cricket match in the meadow. Mildred and her

husband brought the dog over, and Sir Barton came in his tandem. It was almost too hot in the sun, but simply delightful in the shade. She and Harold had had great fun over mapping out their £500 a year and proving how much might be done with it—at least compared with anything they could want once they had the great thing that they wanted.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

MANILA.

AMERICAN TROOPS INFLECT GREAT LOSS ON THE ENEMY.

MANILA, April 27 9.45 p. m.—Gen. McArthur's division crossed the Rio Grande today and advanced on Apalit, completely routing the flower of the rebel army. Most of the rebels fled to the Apalit station, where two trains were waiting them. They fled hurriedly, presumably, to San Fernando. The towns of San Vincent and Apalit were burned and evacuated by the natives. Twenty prisoners were captured including a Spaniard.

The American troops also captured a brass cannon and a quantity of arms and ammunition, and the same evening they captured a Maxim gun on the railroad. The fighting lasted from noon until four o'clock. The American loss is one man of the Montana regiment killed and three officers and six men wounded.

The enemy were very strongly entrenched on the river bank near both sides of the railroad bridge. Gen. Wheaton sent Col. Funston across with two companies of the Twentieth Kansas regiment, a couple of privates swimming the swift stream with a rope, under a galling fire, for the purpose of guiding the craft.

The men crossed in squads of twenty and attacked the left flank of the rebels, who scuttled like rabbits, into covered ways and trenches.

The rest of the regiment was compelled to cross the bridge in single file along the stringers. All of the woodwork and much of the ironwork had been removed. The first Montana regiment rolled the Kansas across the bridge.

The first Nebraska regiment, acting as a reserve, attacked the rebels in three lines of trenches, driving them out, killing sixteen and wounding many.

The New Woman

Now enters upon pursuits formerly monopolized by men. But the feminine nerves are still hers and she suffers from toothache. To her we recommend Nerviline—nerve-pain cure—cures toothache in a moment. Nerviline, the most marvelous pain remedy known to science. Nerviline may be used efficaciously for all nerve pain.

CROMWELL'S BIRTHDAY.

LONDON, April 27.—The three hundredth anniversary of the birth of Oliver Cromwell has furnished the occasion for biographies, appreciative articles and portraits in all the papers and celebrations in various parts of the country in honor of the Lord Protector of the British Commonwealth. Dr. Joseph Parker, Minister of the City Temple, this city, took the subject as the theme for his sermon Tuesday afternoon, and delivered an extraordinary oration to a large congregation. During the course of his remarks he attacked the Prince of Wales as a "certain card-playing prince." After eulogizing Cromwell, Dr. Parker said: "When the Prince fails then let the country mourn. We look to princes for noble deeds and a high example. When I see my Prince and my Premier on a race course I do not like it."

These remarks were cheered by the audience, and Dr. Parker proceeded to make a rapid attack on the Sultan of Turkey, during which he said: "The Emperor William may call him his friend, but in the name of God the Father, the Son and the Holy Ghost, I say God damn the Sultan."

AN INTERESTING CASE

Mr. W. G. Phyll, proprietor Bodega Hotel, 36 Wellington Street East Toronto, says:—"While living in Chicago I was in a terrible shape with itching and bleeding piles. I tried several of the best physicians and was burnt and tortured in various ways by their treatments to no avail, besides spending a mint of money to no purpose. Since coming to Toronto I learned of Dr. Chase's Ointment, I used but one box and have not been troubled with piles in any shape or form since."

The Indian, Cassimir was tried on Tuesday at Kamloops, B. C., for murdering Philip Walker, and found guilty and sentenced to be hanged on June 2nd.

Pimples, boils and humors show that the blood is impure. Hood's Sarsaparilla is the best blood purifier that money can buy.

THE LOBSTER COMMISSION'S WORK.

OTTAWA, April 26.—The lobster commission has completed its labors. The recommendations embrace the following: Five open seasons along the shores in place of two seasons at present specified by law.

In the Bay of Fundy and western Nova Scotia, including Halifax, the season is to commence in the middle of December and end May 30.

East of Halifax to Point Mechaud, Cape Breton, and including Canso Straits, from April 1st to June 30th.

In Northumberland Straits from West Point to Carleton Head, Prince Edward Island, and on the opposite New Brunswick shore, from May 25 to August 10.

From Red Point, Cape Breton, to Cape St. Lawrence, from May 1 to August 1. This season will also apply to the Magdalen Islands and North Shore of the St. Lawrence, as far as Labrador.

Around Prince Edward Island, except above mentioned, and the shore of Inverness county, Cape Breton and New Brunswick and Quebec shores north of Chock Fish River, New Brunswick, April 20 to July 10.

Other important recommendations are made, but the most vital is the reduction of the size limit of lobsters from nine to seven inches except in the Bay of Fundy and western Nova Scotia, where the nine inch limit is retained.

The preservation of spawn lobsters is recorded by the commissioners in their report as requiring most rigid enforcement. The commissioners recommend the establishment of a legal distance of two hundred yards to salmon nets within which lobster fishing may not be carried on.

Pain Ceased First Day.

Mrs. Mary O'Dell, Dunn Ave., Toronto, writes: "I have used Milburn's Rheumatic Pills and they cured me of a severe attack of Rheumatism. The pain ceased after the first day's trial of the remedy."

HIS AWFUL FATE.

ELLSWORTH, Kansas, April 27.—An Italian boarding with an Italian and his wife at Kanapolis, was recognized by the woman the other day as an escaped murderer, wanted in Italy for killing a man, woman and children. He had been tracked to South America and only recently came to Kanapolis. Learning that his identity had been discovered and fearing he would be given up, the boarder determined to kill the family. He shot the husband and wife. The wounds did not prove serious and the boarder then slashed the husband about the face and neck with a razor, cutting off one ear, almost severing the nose, cutting two gashes in his throat and killing him. The woman, who was not seriously wounded, gave the alarm. In running the murderer plunged headlong into a shaft at the salt works. The body bounded from side to side, splattering the timbers with brains and blood until it reached the bottom, 1,000 feet below. The head and hands were torn from the body by the force of the fall.

CASTORIA

For Infants and Children.

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

CYCLONE'S AWFUL SWEEP.

ST. LOUIS, Mo., April 27.—A Kirksville despatch to the Globe-Democrat says: A storm that had threatened all the afternoon broke upon Kirksville at 6.30 tonight in the fury of a cyclone. A path a quarter of a mile wide and as clear as a prairie was swept through the eastern portion of the city. Four hundred buildings, homes and mercantile houses were levelled. A heavy rain followed and the people who escaped turned out to rescue the injured. For two hours not much was accomplished, as all was confusion, but by 8 o'clock 25 dead had been taken from the ruins. It is expected the dead list will reach between 50 and 60 and perhaps exceed that. Almost a thousand people were more or less injured. Daylight will be necessary before an adequate estimate of the loss of life and property can be had.

COOK'S NEW BLOOD PILLS.

The consignment of fifty boys from England for Fagan's Home, Toronto, among whom cases of scarlet fever had developed at Quebec, was sidetracked Monday night at Leaside Junction, just outside Toronto city limits, and put in quarantine.