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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

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THE REGENERATION OF A BASHFUL MAN.

There was a decided sensation when the Sterlings moved into our humdrum little town. The "Charles Dickens Club," which several of the ambitious ladies of the Baptist church had organized for the mental elevation of the community, and which every woman in town had joined, not for any desire to be "elevated," but because it was a novelty and "Mrs. So-and-So" belonged to it, forgot to read a single chapter in "David Copperfield," but devoted its entire attention to the discussion of the "new family."

As the Sterling grounds adjoin mine I was enabled at an early date to form an opinion concerning the newcomers, and I became convinced at once that they would prove desirable neighbors, and surely it would be pleasant to have at least one interesting family in the town with whom I might exchange a few words now and then upon some subject other than the well-worn weather affliction, which seemed to be the only topic with which my village acquaintances appeared at all familiar.

Mrs. Sterling brought with her two charming daughters, Phyllis and Genevieve. They had been in town only a few hours when Jane said (I shall be obliged to quote Jane in spite of my scruples) that Mrs. Peabody came to see her under the pretense of making a call, but in reality to enjoy the view of the Sterling house obtainable from our kitchen windows, and on seeing the two young ladies had exclaimed:

"You see if them two don't set their caps for poor, dear Mr. Gay!"

Jane repeats a legend that long ago I incurred Mrs. Peabody's everlasting wrath by not marrying her daughter, Jennie, after raising her hopes to a dizzy height by offering her the protection of my commodious umbrella one day when the amiable Jennie had been caught in a sudden shower far from home, and I had accompanied her to her mother's door, which upon an urgent invitation I had entered, for the first and last time, staying exactly nine minutes by the grandfather's clock in the corner.

I was in my study, overlooking the Sterling piazza, on the afternoon, Mrs. Peabody made her first call on the Sterlings, and the conversation floated recently to my ears on the gentle breeze.

Mrs. Peabody, delighted to pay up a few back scores, began a lengthy account of my failings, and dwelt with particular emphasis on one I had never any reason to believe I possessed—namely, conviction. "He is the laughing stock of the place," calmly asserted the caller, "and is altogether the biggest stick you ever saw. Why, he was in love with a certain young lady in this town—I shouldn't like to mention any names—but he acted like a fool tagging round after her on rainy days with the excuse of lendin' his umbrella," when he was too shy to come to the house."

My hair arose on end, and I grasped the arms of my chair to steady my nerves, or my temper, lest I should throw my inkstand at the offending lady. That my reserved and dignified reticence should be thus interpreted to these strangers drove me frantic; but after all it was foolish to care, when I could so easily disprove all she had said.

But as the days passed I found it anything but easy, for every time I met any of the Sterling ladies, I always felt the

A. & R. Loggie.

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blood leap to my face, and experienced a wild desire to fly, as I thought what they were doubtless thinking of me; but I never failed to raise my hat with studied politeness.

One day while I was looking over my roses I once more became an unintentional eavesdropper. Hearing voices in the adjoining garden, I was about to beat a hasty retreat when I became aware that it would be too late, as the following conversation was well under way:

"Genevieve, dearest, isn't it a pity Mr. Gay suffers so from shyness? His books are charming."

I recognized the gentle voice of Phyllis. "Yes," laughed Genevieve, "he nearly has a fit whenever we meet; he grows purple in the face, really! Socially he is impossible. No doubt he stammers."

The following day I picked a tremendous bunch of great, blushing jacks (they considered me one beyond a doubt), and walked boldly over and rang the Sterling's bell. The white-capped maid who answered my ring showed me by her wide-open eyes that my reputed failing was well known even in that quarter. I left a message that my rose gardens were at the ladies' disposal, and fled.

That morning I had put the finishing touches on my new work, "Roses and their Cultivation," and for want of something better to do I began a novel. Before I had proceeded far I knew it would never see publication, for it was a partly imaginative account of my own affairs, and as I progressed I began to weave a little romance about Phyllis and myself, a foolish thing for an old bachelor to do, of course. Then I decided to wait, at a certain point, and let the situation develop itself.

It developed rapidly the next day. In the morning I received a daintily written note from Mrs. Sterling, expressing thanks for the roses, and inviting me to tea for that evening. I accepted the invitation, it is needless to relate, and it may be of interest to add that I did myself credit. They discovered I was quite equal to such a social function, and I trembled not, neither did I grow "purple in the face and stammer."

Things went merrily for several weeks. I saw my neighbors frequently, and Phyllis and I often talked across the dividing wall from our respective gardens.

Then, when I had rescued my reputation from the clutches of Mrs. Peabody by my own courage and perseverance, that courage failed me at the critical moment.

How was I going to inform Phyllis that I didn't want to be a bachelor any longer? I was sure it was a matter of no consequence to her; I dreaded to appear in the role of an ancient adorer. I'm not so old, after all. I could see Genevieve's mirth ready to break out at any unguarded moment. Mrs. Sterling was evidently sympathetic, but Phyllis—she was different. As my only consolation I finished up that novel with a happy ending, placed it in one of my little blue covers, and buried it away, with many sighs, in a drawer of my desk, with several others similarly bound, and straightway forgot all about its existence.

One day Phyllis begged me to allow her to read the original manuscript of "Roses and Their Cultivation," before it was sent off to the publisher. Delighted to fulfil her wish, I went to my study and seized the desired volume, which I gave to her. Then I hurried to catch the afternoon

train to the city, as I had some urgent business to transact there.

The next day, perceiving Phyllis in the summer house, I went over to see her. Before I had been there six minutes I knew something was amiss. She seemed embarrassed, and although she kept her face turned away, I could see that even her little ears were a deep pink. Her voice, usually so frank and clear, responded to my commonplace remarks in low, hesitating tones.

"Well, Miss Phyllis, did you enjoy the manuscript?"

"Very much," came in scarcely audible tones.

"If you care for it you may have that copy, as I have another I can send to the publisher," I continued, cheerfully.

A pair of startled eyes met mine and a dazed voice repeated:

"The publisher? Surely, O, surely, Mr. Gay, you never intend to publish this!"

She held out my supposed treatise on "Roses," and, shades of my ancestors, on close inspection, I recognized that novel! In my haste I had given her the wrong manuscript!

Phyllis was evidently angry. If ever a bashful man was in a tight fix I was.

I first calmed her anger by explaining the mistake; I told her I had only written the novel for my own amusement, for which imprudence I now humbly apologized; then, blind as I was, I did not notice how sad her face became as I continued: "I never intended you to see it, of course it is all fiction, pure and simple, especially simple. Every word of it fiction."

"Oh! only fiction, Mr. Gay?" she said, a trifle stiffly.

Then my good angel turned a ray of light into my darkened mind, for I answered promptly, with the courage of my conviction:

"It is in your power to make it truth, Phyllis. Will you, dear?"

And she murmured "Yes."

UP IN WINDSOR.

Mr. Cole Discovers the Power of Dodd's Kidney Pills.

WINDSOR, Feb. 20.—The following statement, which Mr. F. H. Cole of this place requests us to publish, is worth of attention from every victim of Rheumatism in Canada.

Mr. Cole's experience fully warrants him in making this statement. "Words cannot describe how I suffered from Rheumatism and Kidney Complaint. I tried every cure that was recommended but got no benefit until I began using Dodd's Kidney Pills.

"Thank God I did use Dodd's Kidney Pills, for they cured me—made me sound and well, in every joint and limb."

Those who suffer the agonies of Rheumatism or Lumbago need do so no longer. Dodd's Kidney Pills will cure them.

President McKinley sent a cheque for \$100 to the fund raised to relieve the suffering caused by the recent storm among the poor of Washington. The British members of the High Joint Commission contributed liberally, and the husband of Julia Arthur, the actress, sent a cheque for \$1,000.

THE PHILIPPINE SITUATION.

SOME FIGHTING STILL GOING ON.

MANILA, Feb. 16, 11.45 a. m.—Four companies of volunteers had been clearing the country in the vicinity of Pateros, ten miles southeast of Manila, and which had been recalled, were followed by the enemy to-day as they retired. On reaching San Pedro, Macati, the Americans made a stand near the church yard and the rebels were driven back.

The Californians again advanced and are now occupying the same ridge, commanding the valley of the river, which they held yesterday. A gunboat near Pasig is clearing the jungle.

A large body of the enemy, presumably reconnoitering, was discovered on the right of Brigadier General King's position, near San Pedro and Macati this morning. The entire brigade turned out and after an exchange of volleys the rebels retreated into the jungle and disappeared.

Since the American line reached the natural defences of Manila no further advance will be made. The American troops are now in camp along the line and in many places they are temporarily entrenched. Occasional brushes take place between small bodies of the enemy and our scouting parties, which is the only excitement. Troops K, and I, of the cavalry encountered the enemy yesterday near Paranaque and exchanged volleys with the rebels. Trooper Wilmer, of K. troop was wounded in the right arm. The United States Armed transport Buffalo last night fired four small shells at the enemy they having been discovered by the use of her search light. The rebels were mounting a battery near Paranaque. The rebels did not reply, but withdrew. The transports Brutus and Tomulus have arrived here from Iloilo. They did not bring any later news except that the American authorities are clearing vessels from there, showing that they have assumed control of the port. The rebels burned all the records before vacating Iloilo. It is rumored that the Philipinos are in sore straits in the interior and are now quarrelling among themselves. It is impossible to confirm this, as all communication with the interior is cut off.

What She Believes.

"I believe Hood's Sarsaparilla is a good medicine, because I have seen its good effects in the case of my mother. She has taken it when she was weak and her health was poor and she says she knows of nothing better to build her up and make her feel strong." BESSIE M. KNOWLES, Upper Wood Harbor, N. S.

Hood's Pills cure all Liver Ills. Mailed for 25c. by C. I. Hood & Co., Lowell, Mass.

A MUSICAL CHAIR.

The following story appears in the Young Woman for January: Madame Melba was quite recently present at a concert given by a fashionable hostess. The great singer's reception upon the platform had been tumultuous. It was followed by rapt silence. At the back of the room servants were creeping in with extra chairs, hardly had she commenced her song, however, when a strange, silvery mechanical riddle made itself heard. The shocked hostess turned her head, scowling for silence. Her immediate neighbors followed, suit, but the tinkle tinkle ran on as regularly as ever. It grew unbearable. Melba sang on, but everyone listened to the mysterious undercurrent, in which their was no harmony, and only vexation. People rose, peered under chair, glared at the walls, the door, the ceiling, each other. On the platform, a figure of reproachful curiosity, stood Melba. While the extraordinary music still galloped on, the search commenced, chairs were upset, boards tapped, pockets examined. At last the sound was traced to its source. Upon a nursery chair, which played a household air when sat upon, squeezed a stout and deliciously unconcerned old lady. The chair was removed and the concert resumed.

A Generous Offer.

We are authorized to offer our readers, prepaid, a free sample of a never-failing cure for catarrh, bronchitis, irritable throat, influenza, and such throat and nasal diseases. There is no mystery about Catarrh, ozone, though its effect is magical. Ointments and washes cannot reach the diseased parts, and have thus proved useless. But Catarrhozone is carried by air directly to the diseased part, and is like a breeze from the pine woods. Write for free sample to N. C. POLSON & Co., Kingston, Ont.

MANITOBA SCHOOLS.

HON. MR. GREENWAY MAKES A STATEMENT.

WINNIPEG, Feb. 16.—Speaking before the Liberal Association here Premier Greenway made the following reference to the school question: "There are people who at the present time are making it their business to cast insinuations at the government's attitude on the matter of public schools. These people did not hesitate to say that the government had weakened in the position it had all along adopted, and to those I wish to say that they never made a greater mistake. It was impossible for the government to keep officials watching at the door of every school, but the one thing the government would and could do was to see to it that if the regulations governing the management of these schools were violated the government grant would be withheld. The government stood to-day where it had always stood since the passing of the public school act. Its aim was to make the people of this province one in education and one in helping to develop the country, and it would brook no interference in carrying out its policy along these lines."

QUEBEC, Feb. 15.—It is stated that J. T. Guite, M. P., for Bonaventure, has recognized that the resignation of his seat in the House of Commons was irregular and he has been persuaded not to make the resignation legal, but to attend the session when he could make it convenient and compatible with his business interests.

MONTREAL, Feb. 16.—At the Ayrshire Importers and Breeders' Association convention here yesterday a motion which was presented by J. Lockie Wilson, was passed, declaring the association unalterably opposed to any further grants or subsidies to companies promoting fast Atlantic lines and calling upon representatives in parliament to use their energies to securing cheaper and faster ocean freight rates by methods such as are in vogue in Great Britain, United States and all civilized countries.

OBITUARY.

[Copied from the Cape Cod Independent.] Alone unto our Father's will. One thought hath reconciled. That he whose love exceedeth ours Hath taken home His child.

These lines of the poet Whittier came to our thoughts on hearing of the death from typhoid fever in Chicago, Jan. 7, of our young friend and relative Mrs. James Parkhill. We remember her as a very dear friend whom we prized and trusted.

Our sympathies go out most tenderly to the husband that early bereft of his cherished companion and to the two motherless children too young to realize their loss. It was fitting that her remains should rest beside her father and sister in the dear cemetery Sagamore where she loved to wander and place sweet flowers upon their graves. Placid, calm and gentle in her life she has passed to her heavenly home and again with the poet we say, "Fold her O Father in thine arms, And let her henceforth be A messenger of love between Our human heart and Thee."

A Generous Offer.

We are authorized to offer our readers, prepaid, a free sample of a never-failing cure for catarrh, bronchitis, irritable throat, influenza, and such throat and nasal diseases. There is no mystery about Catarrh, ozone, though its effect is magical. Ointments and washes cannot reach the diseased parts, and have thus proved useless. But Catarrhozone is carried by air directly to the diseased part, and is like a breeze from the pine woods. Write for free sample to N. C. POLSON & Co., Kingston, Ont.

DIED AT 108.

SALINAS, Cal, Feb. 16.—Parito, believed to be the last Yaqui Indian in California is dead. He was 108 years old according to the record kept in the pioneer days. Parito fought with his tribe in Mexico against the Spanish in 1810, when the Mexicans rebelled against the domination of the Doubs. He took part in the Yaqui rebellion in 1826 and in 1827 came to California.

Parito suffered a stroke of paralysis when in his one hundredth year and two additional attacks last week were the forerunners of the end which was one of terrible suffering for the poor old fellow, who, in his last days was carried back to his youth and the battles of nearly a century ago were re-fought in his feeble mind.

All forms of scrofula, sores, boils, pimples and eruptions, are quickly and permanently cured by Hood's Sarsaparilla.

Healthy, Happy Girls.

OFTEN COME LANG ID PRO. NO APPARENT CAUSE.

The Blood is a Vital Element—It Must Be Kept Pure, Rich and Red—Only in This Way Can Young Girls Attain Perfect Health.

In the early days of her womanhood every girl—no matter what her station in life—should be bright, active, cheerful and happy; her step should be light, her eye bright and her cheeks rosy with the glow of health. But the reverse is the unfortunate condition of thousands of young girls throughout the Dominion. They drag along, always tired, never hungry, breathless and with a palpitating heart after slight exercise, so that merely to go upstairs is exhausting. If a doctor is consulted he tells them that they are anemic—the plain English for which is they have too little blood—and unless a powerful blood enriching, nerve-restoring tonic such as Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People is taken to restore health, decline and an early grave is only too likely to follow.

The benefit which follows the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills in cases of this kind is amply illustrated by the following testimonial from Ida Bookman, of Marksville, Ont. Miss Bookman says: "It gives me much pleasure to acknowledge the benefit I have derived from the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. My health was completely broken down; I became so weak I could scarcely walk across a room. I was very pale, had no appetite and gradually lost flesh until I was merely a skeleton. I was subject to palpitation of the heart, dizziness and violent headaches. I was under treatment from two doctors, but neither seemed to benefit me and I went on in this way for about seven months. Having seen Dr. Williams' Pink Pills recommended I determined to try them. Before I had finished the second box I began to improve and by the time I had used eight boxes I was as well as ever I had been, and had gained 22 pounds in weight. I am grateful for what Dr. Williams' Pink Pills have done for me and freely give this testimony in the hope that it may benefit some other girl suffering as I was."

More pale and bloodless girls have been made bright, active and strong by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills than by any other means. Mothers should see that their daughters entering womanhood are strengthened and invigorated by the use of this great blood making tonic. Sold by all dealers or sent post paid at 50c a box or six boxes for \$2.50 by addressing the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

"I BURNED PARDEE HALL."

THIS CONFESSION IS ATTRIBUTED TO PROFESSOR STEPHENS, ON TRIAL FOR ARSON AT EASTON, PA.

EASTON, Pa., Feb. 17.—The case of Prof. George Herbert Stevens, charged with burning Pardee Hall, Lafayette College, and with having committed various acts of vandalism about the college grounds and building in order to revenge himself against President Warfield, was called for trial this morning. The courtroom was crowded. About one hundred and fifty witnesses have been subpoenaed and the trial will consume the entire week.

A jury was quickly secured. The principal witness to-day was Charles Zimmerman, a former student at Lafayette, who was an intimate friend of the defendant while the latter held the chair or moral Philosophy. He swore that Stephens, after his arrest for desecrating the college chapel, called him aside and confessed the greater crime in these words: "Zim, I burned Pardee Hall."

The confession was made voluntarily, no promise having been made by the Commonwealth that the defendant would not be prosecuted. Zimmerman said that he only urged Stevens to tell all and free his conscience. The witness said that he believed Dr. Warfield had treated the Professor unjustly in causing his dismissal from the college faculty.

The defence will try to prove, notwithstanding Stephens' previous confession of guilt, that the fire was due to carelessness on the part of one of the professors in the biological laboratory in not properly protecting a gas jet. Failing in this, it is said they will argue that Stephens was so wrought up over the treatment he received from President Warfield that he was mentally irresponsible for his acts.

Children Cry for CASTORIA.