

SONG OF THE BUSINESS MAN.

Ah, the dreamers see it clearly; we are
voluntary slaves,
And a cruel master mocks us while we dig
each other's graves.

We can hear him daily, hourly, as he cries
in accents stern,
"In the market men must murder and be
murdered in their turn."

So the struggle still continues; 'tis the
way the money's made;
And the social students tell us murder is
the life of trade.

But we know they teach an error, 'tis a
savage way to live,
Trampling down our weaker brothers, con-
scious of the pain we give.

'Tis a sacrilege to say that manhood must
be bought and sold
For a piece of crumpled paper or a paltry
sum of gold.

But the rules of trade are rigid, and to
wring the hard earned prize
From the hands of needy toilers, honest
men must close their eyes.

I despise myself, for Mammon makes a
menial of me,
And I long to be a dreamer, for a dream-
er's life is free.

No, the dreamer cannot stoop to play the
trader's petty part,
But his treasures they are richer than the
trophies of the mart.

He can hail the glorious dawning of the
nation's better day,
While the trader delves and toils and
wears his little life away.

Oh, I long to see the visions that the hap-
py dreamers see;
But I must not nurse the fancy; it can
never, never be.

No, I cannot rise while Hunger's phantom
fills my soul with dread;
I am bound by tender ties; my wife and
children must be fed.

There are thousands pledged to rob them,
I must fight as others fight,
And I dare not be a dreamer, though the
dreamers see aright.

Yes, the dreamers are the prophets; God is
just; there is a cure
For the woes that crush the wealthy, for
the miseries of the poor.

Upward, onward, are the watchwords;
standing still is being blind;
Bravely keep abreast of progress; cringing
cowards lag behind.

There is purer, holier incense than the in-
cense of bays and burs;
There are higher laws to live by, there are
higher truths to learn.

Sordid souls are pleased with dollars;
courtiers lick the feet of kings;
Noble natures find perfection in the great,
ideal things.

Oh, I long to see the visions that the hap-
py dreamers see;
And I long to be a dreamer, for a dream-
er's life is free.

We may proudly wear the laurels won in
competition's game;
We may idly sport in splendor while the
millions live in shame.

But our gains are common plunder; and
perhaps when we are dead
Those we love, our children, will be forced
to beg their bread.

Truly, I am tired of scheming; tired of
toiling in the mart;
And the sight of sorrow grieves me—I
have still a human heart.

Upward, onward with the dreamers; with
the dreamers let us pray
For complete emancipation, for the na-
tion's better day.

—John T. Broderick.

HE SAVED HIS MONEY.

WHAT ECONOMY IN ALL THINGS CAN DO IN
LESS THAN EIGHTY YEARS.

(From the Syracuse Herald.)

Victor Williams, who is reputed to be
worth nearly \$200,000, and whose mort-
gages, leases and contracts blanket many a
farm in the towns of Lyme, Lorraine and
Cape Vincent, walked into Watertown
from Three-Mile Bay, where he lives with
his nephew and "does chores for his
board," last Wednesday, carrying slung
across his arm a well-blackened pair of cow-
hide boots, in which were stowed away
big rolls of greenbacks, aggregating many
thousands of dollars, besides other securi-
ties rivaling in value the contents of many
a country bank vault.

The old capitalist had been on a collect-
ing tour among the farms of the men-
tioned towns, gathering in the interest on his
mortgages and stuffing it into his bootleg
bags and coming to Watertown deposi-
ted his gatherings in the vaults of certain
of the city banks, after which he started
out to walk back to the farm, leaving early
that he might reach home in time to take
care of the farmer's stock.

In appearance the old man, who must
have passed his eightieth birthday, is sug-
gestive of anything but a capitalist, as his
cowhide boots, which he always carries
with him on his trips, are suggestive of
anything but the depositories of money
and securities. He wears, winter and
summer, a well-patched pair of brown
denim overalls stuffed into a pair of long-
legged rubber boots, while his faded coat
is belted around his stooped and bent body
by a piece of clothesline with an iron ring
in lieu of a buckle. His grey hair pro-
trudes from beneath a low-drawn Scotch
cap, and his shrewd and wrinkled visage
is framed with a fringe of grey beard. His
eyes, in spite of his 80 years, are as keen
as a hawk's and he never for an instant
allows his glance to wander from his boot-
leg banks.

This little, bent and shabbily dressed
man has made every cent of his wealth by
industry, frugality and strict economy,

and every penny of his possessions has
been honestly accumulated. He was born
on a little rocky farm near the Burnt Rock
schoolhouse, in the town of Lyme, some
eighty years ago, and after attaining his
majority worked for neighboring farmers
in summer and taught district schools in
winter for several years, but eventually
gave up the wielding of the birch and
spent his life up to a few years ago as a
farmhand in unrelenting toil, often work-
ing in the field for the scant wages of the
"hired man" on farms he could have own-
ed in his own name simply by foreclosing
the mortgage which he held thereon and
which reposed in his cowhide boots.

As he received his board and got his
"washing and mending," done gratuitous-
ly on the farms where he toiled, he was
able to save nearly every cent of his wages.
The first dollar earned by him he still
keeps, and has kept ninety-nine out of
every one hundred, he says earned since.
Like many another man, he found that
the hardest struggle was to save the first
\$1,000. Since that was saved and its
interest commenced to pile up, the rest,
he says has been easy.

A few years ago he gave up working
among the farmers for wages, and has
since lived with his nephew near Three
Mile Bay, but has by no means been idle.
Periodically he slings his pair of cowhide
boots across his arm and starts out on a
collecting tour, taking along his papers
and making new leases and contracts as
occasion requires. He has never, it is said
paid a lawyer a cent, always securing a
compromise in any difference which has
arisen between himself and his tenants.
As he owns no farms in his own name,
only holding mortgages, &c., he is little
bothered by the tax gatherer. He is said
to have very decided opinions regarding
the income tax law and the taxation of
mortgages.

Just what disposition Victor Williams
will make of his wealth when he arrives
at the end of his accumulating, none of
his friends has the remotest idea. He
never married, his entire attention having
always been concentrated upon the ac-
cumulation of wealth and he has but few
living relatives. It is said by those most
familiar with the eccentric old man that
it is his purpose to set apart the greater
part of his wealth for the building and
endowing of an agricultural college, to be
located near Watertown, while others
maintain that the building of an industrial
school, such as that erected by the benefi-
cence of the late Thomas S. Clarkson at
Potsdam, is his cherished object. To a
kinsman he is said to have once stated
that he would set aside a certain sum to
erect a monument, which should be sur-
rounded by a figure copied after himself,
bearing slung across the arm a pair of
boots. To another friend here he is
alleged to have once said that more than
\$100,000 has passed through his bootleg
banks during the years in which he has
used them for garnering and carrying
wealth.

MR. FRANK DODGE

Says his Life was Saved by Dodd's
Kidney Pills.

TORONTO, Feb. 27.—Mr. Frank Dodge,
of North Maupsg, Ont., has been visit-
ing here recently. He is a splendid specimen
of Canadian manhood standing more than
six feet high "in his stockings" erect and
muscular.

"I was a different man two years ago,"
said he to a friend to-day. The truth is
I would have died of Kidney Complaint,
if it hadn't been for Dodd's Kidney Pills.
"I had been treated by physicians and
had taken various remedies without get-
ting any better. I read of Dodd's Kidney
Pills, and decided to try them. I did so,
and was thoroughly cured in a couple of
weeks."

LARGEST SCHOONER EVER BUILT.

One day last week there was launched
from the shipyard of H. M. Bean, at
Rockland, Me., the largest schooner ever
built, the five-masted schooner John B.
Prescott. The Prescott was built for the
coal-carrying trade, and will carry 4,300
tons. Some of the vessel's dimensions are
as follows: Length of keel, 282 feet;
breadth, 44 4-12 feet; depth, 21 feet;
length of deck from taffrail to the forward
side of the bow chock, 320 feet; entire
length over all, from the jiggerboom to
the end of the jibboom, 410 feet. The
five masts are of equal length, 112 1/2 feet.
The topmasts are 56 feet, and the jibboom,
77 feet. The vessel's cost is about \$83,
000. Captain Crowley, of Taunton, Mass.,
will command her. He is one of the chief
owners.

NATURE'S DIMPLES.

Disappear, and Beauty Fades Under
the Shadow of Torturing Skin
Troubles. But Dr. Agnew's Oint-
ment is a Quick and Safe Healer.

The unceasing torment of an itching
skin, which is the natural consequence
and outcome of such skin diseases as tet-
ter, salt rheum, ring worm, eczema, ulcers,
blotches and other skin eruptions is al-
layed in an instant with one application
of Dr. Agnew's Ointment, and in a very
few days the most stubborn cases give
way to its magic healing power and leave
the skin whole, perfect, clear and as soft
as a baby's. It will cure piles in from
three to five nights.

Dr. Agnew's Liver Pills are the cheap-
est made. 20 cents for forty doses. Sold
by W. W. Short.

W. C. T. U. COLUMN.

"And let us not be weary in well-doing
for in due season we shall reap if we faint
not."—Galatians 6: 9.

SAVE THE BOY.

Once he sat upon my knee,
Looked from sweet eyes into mine;
Questioned me so wondrously
Of the mysteries divine;
Once he fondly clasped my neck
Pressed my cheek with kisses sweet;
O my heart! we little reck
Where may rove the precious feet.

Save the boy! Oh, save the boy!
To the rescue swiftly come;
Save the boy! Oh, save the boy!
Save him from the curse of rum!

Once his laugh, with merry ring,
Filled our house with music rare,
And his loving hands would bring
Wreaths of blossoms for my hair.
Oh, the merry, happy sprite!
Constant, ceaseless source of joy;
But to-night! O God, to-night,
Where, oh! where's my wand'ring boy?

Midst the glitter and the glare
Of the room where death is dealt,
Scarce you'd know him, but he's there,
He who once so reverent knelt
At my knees and softly spoke
Words into the ear of God;
Oh, my heart is smitten—broke!
Crushed, I bend beneath the rod.

Oh, this curse that spoiled my boy!
Led him down and down to death;
Robbed me of my rarest joy,
Made a pang of every breath.
Mothers, fathers, hear my plea!
Let your pleadings pierce the sky,
Pray and work most earnestly—
Let us save our boys or die!

ENGLISH STATESMEN ON THE
LIQUOR TRAFFIC.

"The great plague of drunkenness is a
national curse, calamity and scandal."
A Government should so legislate
as to make it easy to do right and diffi-
cult to do wrong. . . . Gentlemen,
you need not give yourselves any trouble
about revenue. The question of revenue
must never stand in the way of needed
reforms. Besides, with a sober popula-
tion, not waiving their earnings, I shall
know where to obtain the revenue."

Right Hon. W. E. Gladstone.
"Drink, the only terrible enemy whom
England has to fear."—Duke of Albany.

"Drink is the mother of want and the
nurse of crime."—Lord Brougham.
"If I could destroy to-morrow the de-
sire for strong drink in the people of
England, we should see our taxes reduced
by millions sterling. We should see our
gaols and workhouses empty. We should
see more lives saved in twelve months than
are consumed in a century of bitter
and savage war."—Right Hon. Joseph Cham-
berlain.

"Luxury, my lords, is to be taxed, but
vice prohibited. Let the difficulty in the
law be what it will, would you lay a tax
upon a breach of the Ten Commandment?
Government should not, for revenue,
mortgage, the morals and health of the
people."—Lord Chesterfield.

"Drink is a poison in politics as well
as in society."—Right Hon. Sir William
Harcourt.

"WHAT WILL MOTHER SAY."

BY MRS. M. M'GREGOR, VICTORIA, B. C.

Another victim has been added to the
long list of those who have been ruined
by strong drink, and yet another example
has been given of the frightful havoc
wrought in our midst by the soul-destroy-
ing curse legalized by our rulers. It is of
course only an old story, but is none the
less terrible on account of its daily, al-
most hourly, repetition. In the present
instance however, there is a sad pathos
added to the tragic story, owing to the
youth and previous respectability of the
unfortunate man; besides the fearful la-
ment, when reason and sobriety had re-
turned. "Oh, what will poor mother say?"
To his gaoler also was uttered the terror-
stricken cry. "Oh, God, sir, do not say I
did it," when his murderous deed was
made known to him.

In the city of Vancouver, a young man
frenzied with drink, his brain maddened
with indulgence in liquor, "ran amuck"
in the streets, and shot down the first un-
fortunate that crossed his path—a poor
offending Indian. Then, in his blind
foolish rage, he struck right and left, in-
juring severely those who happened to be
in his way, till at length he was captured
and placed securely behind prison walls;
nor is he likely to leave them again, ex-
cept to stand tribunal of justice, and in
all probability receive the dread sentence
of doom. Late that night, when asked if
he knew what he had done, the above
words were uttered; but remorse was un-
availing—the crime had been committed.
"What will mother say?" Alas! alas!
what can the heart-broken mother say:
what can she do but weep till the sad eyes
grow dim, and the grey hair becomes many
shades whiter, with the long nights of
tears, thinking over the miserable fate of
her unhappy son—the boy whom she once
cradled in innocence!

The victim has gone down in the dark
waters of that maelstrom which has swal-
lowed up unnumbered souls, and is still
drawing into its awful vortex the helpless
ones who sail out in reckless self-confidence
towards its fearful brink. Walter Sang-
ster is only another illustration of one not
wholly bad, nor yet entirely lost to better
feelings, who has bartered honour, self-re-
spect, and the best attributes of high and

Left Prostrate

Weak and Run Down, With Heart
and Kidneys in Sad Condition—
Restored by Hood's Sarsaparilla.

"I was very much run down, having
been sick for several months. I had been
trying different remedies which did me
no good. I would have severe spells of
coughing that would leave me prostrate.
I was told that my lungs were affected,
and my heart and kidneys were in a bad
condition. In fact, it seemed as though
every organ was out of order. I felt that
something must be done and my brother
advised me to try Hood's Sarsaparilla. I
procured a bottle and began taking it.
Before it was half gone I felt that it was
helping me. I continued its use and it
has made me a new woman. I cannot
praise it too highly." MRS. SUMMER-
VILLE, 217 Ossington Avenue, Toronto,
Ontario.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Is the best—in fact the One True Blood Purifier.
Sold by all druggists. \$1. six for \$5.

Hood's Pills are purely vegetable, re-
liable, beneficial. 25c.

noble manhood to the enemy of souls, in
order to gratify the craving of a deluded
appetite. What plummet of earth has
ever sounded the depths of remorse in the
newly awakened conscience, when rum
has lost its power, and the gnawing re-
collection of what might have been for-
ever haunts the memory. Who can voice
the deep torpor of despair which echoes
in the words addressed to the young man's
companions, "Boys take warning by me,
let whiskey alone." It ought, to stir to
its core the heart of a Christian commu-
nity and rouse it to one more vigorous ef-
fort to shake off this legalized curse upon
our nineteenth century civilization, and
to banish forever that which is drinking
the heart's blood of our nation, and drag-
ging down, in many instances, the very
flower of our land.—The Templar.

LEFT HIM TO DIE.

Bright's Disease Pronounced Fast
Hope by Physicians—South American
Kidney Cure is the Life Saver.

A traveller for a well known western
manufacturing firm was so hale and
hearty that the possibility of his contract-
ing kidney trouble was farthest from his
mind, but through constant exposure
Bright's disease, that most insidious of
ailments laid hold of him. He doctored
for months—physicians gave him but a
short time to live. A friend who had de-
rived great benefit from South American
Cure recommended it to him. When he
had taken seven bottles all signs of the
disease had left him, and to day he is as
well as ever Sold by W. W. Short.

PERISHED IN THE STORM.

Information has reached Chatham of a
most distressing occurrence at Miscon.
During the storm on the night of Thurs-
day the 9th Adolphe Sivret and Edward
Vibert, both of Miscon, were returning
from Shippegan mill when they lost their
way. Vibert started ahead to find the
road and got separated from his companion
and going ahead gave the alarm. A search
party set out but could not find Sivret,
though they secured one horse. The
search was continued all Friday and till
Saturday morning when the body was
found on the ice about 100 yards from
Eel Brook factory, beside a clump of
ice. He had taken the flour off his sled
and made a shelter with it and some
pieces of boards. After detaching his
horse he had lain down in his shelter and
perished. The body when found was
frozen stiff. The horse was found near
by, alongside one of the factory buildings
not much the worse of its experience.

TORONTO FIREMEN TESTIFY.

M. McCartney, Lombard Street, Fire
Hall, Toronto, dated March 4th, 1897,
states—"Am subject to very painful con-
ditions of costiveness and other troubles
resulting therefrom, but I am glad to say
that I have found a perfect remedy in Dr.
Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills. I trust this
may be of benefit to others."

AN EGOTISCAL BEAU.

(San Francisco Wave.)

Lord Palmerston was very vain of his
appearance and success with the fair sex,
and never quite gave up his flirtations
with young married ladies. Remonstrat-
ing with him on this habit, one of his de-
voted relatives, a lady, began by describ-
ing it as ungentlemanly; it was also, she
said, contrary to all religion; finally, she
urged, "it can never answer." As to the
first point, madame, Palmerston replied
"that is a question of opinion. I think it
most gentlemanly. As to religion, I ad-
mit the practice of the churches differs.
As to its not answering, your ladyship
misapprehends the facts, for it never
fails."

**CURE ALL YOUR PAINS WITH
Pain-Killer.**
A Medicine Chest in Itself.
Simple, Safe and Quick Cure for
CRAMPS, DIARRHOEA, COUGHS,
COLDS, RHEUMATISM,
NEURALGIA.
25 and 50 cent Bottles.
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Ready-Made Clothing.

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" CAPE CLOTH,
" COAT CLOTH,
" UNDERWEAR,
DRESS GOODS—ALL STYLES,
LADIES' RUBBERS,
" OVERSHOES,
" BOOTS AND SHOES,
CHILDREN'S UNDERWEAR,
FLANNELETTES,
BLUE, GREY, WHITE & RED FLANNEL,
SLEIGH ROBES,
MEN'S GLOVES,
" MITTS,

MEN'S ULSTERS,
" OVERCOATS,
" BOOTS, SHOES & RUBBERS,
" RUBBER BOOTS,
LUMBERMEN'S BOOTS,
" STOCKINGS,
BOYS' ULSTERS,
MEN'S AND BOYS' CAPS,
" " UNDERWEAR,
" TOP-SHIRTS,
WOOL BLANKETS,
FLANNELETTE BLANKETS,
LADIES' GLOVES,
" MITTS,

Men's Fur Coats, Ladies' Fur Collars and Muffs,
Men's Fur Caps.

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Tickets, Visiting Cards, Wedding Cards, Wedding
Invitations, executed with neatness and despatch.