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ONE SOLDIER DEAD.

A fair young mother calmly read, While one hand rocked the cradle bed Wherein her firstborn slept away The twilight of a summer day. She carelessly the paper turned Till "Latest War News" she discerned; "Our loss was small," despatches said—"A skirmish, and one soldier dead."

They troubled not to give his name, Or e'en the troop from which he came: For who, rejoicing in success, Cares if there be one private less? Only a soldier lying there, With blood upon his sunny hair, With no kind friend to raise his head Or treasure the last words he said.

O, happy mother, do you know That not so many years ago That soldier was a baby, too, With face as sweet, and eyes as blue As those within your cradle there, And knew a mother's tender care, Who now must sit alone and weep Because he wakes not from his sleep?

And other thousands also said: "Only a private soldier dead," Without a passing thought that he Might one of nature's nobles be, Or that the words that line contained Would wreck a life that yet remained. His mother waits for him in vain, For he, her only child, is slain.

—Jean Paul Wayne, in Chicago Post.

A BETTER UNDERSTANDING.

They were out at the ninth hole. The sun was hot, and they sought to escape the heat under a maple near the pond. Not far away their caddies, on the teeing-ground, made imaginary drives with imaginary success. While they chatted, Miss Macy pounded the turf idly with her driver.

"I do like you," he was saying. She smiled, but skeptically. "I like you," he continued, curiously, "in spite of myself and yourself."

"What an odd Mr. Carter!" smiled Miss Macy. "This is a novelty."

"I'm afraid it's more than that—an impertinence. Yet, I'd hate to have you look on it that way."

"Oh, I don't. Rather an idiosyncrasy, isn't it? Explain it, please, Mr. Carter. Friday is so tedious."

"For you it is—with a gay Saturday and Sunday in prospect. But for me, with the prospect that Saturday and Sunday I shan't get a word or a look—twenty men chasing around after you—"

She only struck the turf a bit harder. "Now that you've insisted you like me—and it's Friday—you must tell me why," she said, inexorably.

"You are not quite ready for that, Miss Macy."

"How do you know?"

"If I were to tell you, you'd simply hang my scalp in your chateleine with the rest, and sleep—while I tossed in wretchedness."

For a moment she made no reply. "Tell me, then, why you don't like me," she said at length.

"That's rather more serious. I confess I hardly dare."

"At your age?"

"Perhaps I need such a taunt. At all events I will tell you. I see you young, clever, beautiful—all that is easily said. Doubtless other girls are all that; though I should award you the apple, bough and all. But even that doesn't explain it. Frankly, it's because I love you. After all, why should I hide it?"

She fingered the playthings on her chateleine as if she really were counting scalps. The figure amused her; but her lips were set in a defiant smile.

A. & R. Loggie.

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A. & R. LOGGIE.

"I hope your paradox isn't going to be silly." She lifted her eyebrows patiently as she spoke.

"No, only rude. At 40—since you have kindly reminded me of it—one sees more than youth and wit and grace in life. There's another word. I'm afraid you haven't spelled it yet, Miss Macy—"

"Go on—"

"I've need of your encouragement. Well, I see you here the centre of all attraction—every last one of us tagging at your heels—"

"They said at dinner last night you were certain of the open championship."

"You shall not upset me," he continued, determinedly. "All the girls are jealous—all their mothers enraged. You are a despot, Miss Macy, clearly enough. You can stand no end of handicapping, and hole out ahead. But there's another side to it."

"Now for it!"

"I see your mother here, too, a lovely lovely woman. I love her, too. And I see her suffer every day, more than I suffer in my life. She ought not to be here an hour; she ought to be in Mackinac but she stays here just because you want to be here, and she won't separate from you. If you thought of her first—forgive me for saying so—you wouldn't stay in Glen Lilyn an hour. You are angry now."

She rose smiling, but dangerously. "Not a bit; we can't sit here all day, can we? Hershie, tee my ball. I'm glad you've suggested I should temper courtesy with thoughtfulness, Mr. Carter. I do spend too much time on the links—just to be obliging—and too little with mamma. Let's go back by the pond. It's quicker."

"I have offended you, of course."

"You couldn't offend me—except by tedious repetition. You have redeemed your paradox. I feared, for an instant, it would prove inane."

After the first of the sting Miss Macy's chagrin was admirably sheathed. On Saturday and Sunday she found, it is true little time to give to Carter; the bevy of men was too importunate. But her smile was gracious when he could catch her eye, and with every good golfer tagging at his heels to catch his form and marvel at his work on the green, Carter himself had enough to do. If a leisure moment did intervene, he put it in happily at the side of Mrs. Macy, whenever her hay fever left her a normal interval.

Monday morning Carter went up to Lake Forest to dedicate a course; he was authority about Chicago. When he got back to Glen Ellyn, Tuesday, the Macys had disappeared. There was no end of pique over it; all the fellows were upset. Everybody except Carter was mystified. He was only astonished; and after finding no scrap of a word—not even from Mrs. Macy—uneasy. Recalling many little courtesies, he certainly had some cause to feel aggrieved.

And Duncan Carter, at 40, got excited and frightened. The tournament was only two weeks away. The whole West looked to Carter to wrest the championship from Shinnecock Hills, and to the consternation of Glen Ellyn, Carter himself suddenly vanished. The great golfer shed his scarlet coat and his amazing stockings, and, attired in a hopeless gray, naunted the steamship offices. Every sailing list was put at his disposal. He used the wires freely; he exhausted the

capabilities of the telephone; in vain. The two sweetest women on earth were swallowed up.

Still it was incredible that with so appalling a case of hay fever Mrs. Macy had gone anywhere except to Mackinac, and with a stern confidence that he must be right Carter took the Manitou, determined to find the Macys.

When morning dawned on the Straits he fully expected to see the Macys on the wharf. It was a rude shock to his confidence to hunt the island over and find no trace of them. Hurried excursions to neighboring points and diligent inquiry among the Chicago colony utterly failed to reveal the missing couple.

The afternoon he started for Chicago Carter was thoroughly depressed. Going down the boat stopped at Harbor Springs. He had already searched the bay resorts; yet he stood on deck, a lonely man among a jolly hundred, anxiously scanning the features of every dainty woman on the wharf with the persistence of a desperate longing.

Not until the passengers were shipped and the whistle blown did he surrender his last hope. And then, standing on the deck as the boat came around—the harbor receding—by heaven! who was that on the pier? Mrs. Macy waving her handkerchief.

Chicago men think quick. It was a long way to the captain, but Carter covered it in great leaps, through groups, over tables, down flights and up hatchways.

"No," cried the captain. "I'll give you \$500!"

"Not for five thousand! I won't put back for the President of the United States!"

Carter saw that he meant it; he was gone before the tar could finish. Flying astern like a sea-gull Carter sent the tourists clustering in the saloons and thronging the decks crazy.

"He's a detective!" "Lost his wife!" "Left his wife!" "Lunatic!"

Meantime Carter was breaking every record from bow to stern. Passengers on the upper deck saw a lithe active fellow flung off his coat and cap and spring upon the taffrail. He balanced an instant. What was it but a hazard? Didn't he take bigger ones every day to win a round? It was a marvellous spring far out and away from the churn of the screw, and, turning easily, plump he went on a header into the dancing bay. What beats the grace of a perfect dive?

Every lovely girl in sight screamed in fright and admiration. The band broke in the middle of a bar. The harsh gong sounded "man overboard!" and the crew dashed to quarters. But the leader of the orchestra, with the masterful grip of a Thomas on his rattled blowers, striking happily up "Put Me Off at Buffalo," calmed the passengers, and Carter, bobbing along, shook the water from his mane like a lion and struck easily out for the pier. The men cheered briskly.

The crew of the steam yacht rounding Harbor Point saw the affair, and its tiny brass cannon boomed with the sullen ferocity of a skye terrier.

The jolly boat went over in a trice, and the passengers of the receding Manitou saw the crew of the yacht pull up beside the swimmer before the steam launch was half way to him. There was an instant's confab before he would climb into the

boat. Whether it related to the fare or the destination they could not tell, but we may.

"Why, certainly; yes; but I'm for Harbor Springs pier. Whose yacht is that? Mr. Davis's? The Witch? Oh, well, I don't mind, if you're going in anyway," said Carter, climbing into the boat. "I'll be hanged if this bay isn't colder than the lake."

Shaking hands with Davis on the yacht it transpired the two men were Chicagoans and they disappeared for an instant, to fit Carter out with ducks and a yachting cap and a pea-jacket. By this time the yacht was steaming up to the pier. It was a tremendous reception. The wharf was crowded. But Carter spied Mrs. Macy the minute he landed.

"Lucky I saw you, Mrs. Macy," he smiled, bowing.

"Mr. Carter! Saints above! Was it you who jumped from the Manitou? Merciful heaven! Come right over to the Kensington. What possessed you? Do you feel drowned, or anything?"

"Not a bit," declared Carter, nettled at the curious crowd about them. "But I've been looking over this whole infernal peninsula for you," he continued, edging away from the crowd with her. "That is, for you and Kate. I jumped off to see her."

"But, Mr. Carter! Kate just got aboard the Manitou for Chicago. She's on the boat. Didn't you see her?"

"See her? See who? Kate? Well, if I'm not the—"

"Oh, Mr. Carter!"

Carter looked at Mrs. Macy hard for an instant while he tried to figure out the true situation.

"She went down with Mrs. Mattson to get a few things for me; she's coming right back on the return trip. Isn't it too bad?"

But Carter had resolved. He turned to the clerk.

"When is there a train for Chicago?"

"There's one leaves Petoskey for Chicago in 30 minutes."

"Where's the Petoskey?"

"Just across the bay."

"Have I got to swim to catch that train?"

"Not at all; the steam launch is just ready to start. I'll hold it for you."

"Do, and I'll bless you. Mrs. Macy, I've got to see Kate pretty soon, or go crazy. Understand? I'll meet her at the boat when it gets there. Good-bye."

The Manitou backed up to the Rush street docks in Chicago next day, and Duncan Carter stood by at the gangway in his pea-jacket. When Kate Macy tripped fastidiously down the slivered plank a nautical-looking gentleman caught her eye.

"Mr. Carter!"

"With apologies."

"Where on earth did you come from?"

"Traverse Bay—if that's on earth. Caught the train. How do, Mrs. Mattson. Why did I jump? Just to shake hands with your mother. This way—I've got a carriage."

They all went to the Auditorium. Carter didn't get much of a chance to talk until after dinner. Happily, Mrs. Mattson was considerate. When her business agent arrived to talk over real estate matters Carter and Miss Macy found themselves vis-a-vis with nothing to say.

"I can't understand," she persisted, "why ever you did such a crazy thing. Suppose you had been drowned? You used to be truthful—even brutally frank. Tell me why you jumped."

"Just to apologize."

"To whom?"

"To you."

"What for—telling the truth?"

"For daring to tell it."

"I am grateful to you."

"Now don't freeze me. You're colder than Traverse Bay, Kate—I—if I didn't—if I hadn't thought so much of you I couldn't have done it."

"If I weren't grateful, do you suppose I would have followed what you pointed out to me? Or that I'd be sitting here with you now, considering how stupid you usually are?"

"Was I right, then, Kate, in hoping that—confound it, I'm scared to death, Kate—but I love you, oh, Kate, I love you!"

DEATH OF LORD HERSCHELL

AS THE RESULT OF A FALL ON THE ICE. WASHINGTON, Mar. 1.—Lord Hershell, one of the high joint commissioners, from Great Britain, died here at 7.30 o'clock this morning.

Lord Hershell was lord chancellor of Great Britain and was sent to the United States because of his eminent attainments to take a leading part in the negotiations designed to settle all existing differences between the United States and Canada. During the wintry weather when side-walks were slippery he fell heavily as he was about to get into his carriage and broke one of the pelvic bones. He seemed to be progressing favorably towards recovery and was in good health comparatively until about 7 o'clock this morning when he was suddenly stricken with heart failure. Dr. W. W. Johnson was summoned and responded at once. He saw at a glance the case was a desperate one and called Dr. Maddox in consultation. The two doctors, two nurses and Lord Hershell's two secretaries, W. Cartwright and M. Williamson, were with him when he died.

Farrer Hershell, first baron of that name, one of the high joint commissioners from Great Britain, on the Anglo American Canadian joint commission, recently in session at Washington, was born Nov. 2, 1837. He was a son of the late Rev. Ridley Hershell, of London, and Helen, daughter of William Mowbray, of Edinburgh. He married in 1876 Agnes, third daughter of Edward Leigh Kindersley. There is one son and two daughters living.

Baron Hershell was a privy councillor, a knight grand cross of the Bath, Doctor of Civil Law, Doctor of Laws, a Deputy Lieutenant for Kent and Durham, a Justice of the Peace, Captain of Dean Castle, Chancellor of London University, and was appointed British member of the Venezuela and British Guiana boundary arbitration tribunal in 1897. He was knighted in 1880 and was created a peer in 1886.

The deceased was educated at London University, where he graduated Bachelor of Arts with classical honors. He became a barrister of Lincoln's Inn in 1860, queen's counsel in 1872, bencher of Lincoln's Inn in 1872, recorder of Carlisle from 1872 to 1880, solicitor general from 1880 to 1885 and was Lord High Chancellor in 1886 and from 1892 to 1895. In politics Baron Hershell was a liberal and he represented the city of Durham in the House of Commons from 1874 to 1875. He took part in the so-called round table conference on home rule, the first meeting of which was held in his house. On the appointment of a royal commission to inquire into the working of the metropolitan board of works, Lord Hershell was unanimously elected president. In 1887, during his absence in India, Baron Hershell was elected alderman on the London county council but he declined to fill the office. Lord Hershell was a man of small stature, of florid complexion and wore the side whiskers which are usually characteristic of the English barrister after his elevation to the bench.

OTTAWA, March 1.—The news of Lord Hershell's death came as a great shock to the community. Flags were half masted to his memory. Sir Louis Davies left for Washington this afternoon to attend as the representative of the Dominion Government to the transmission of the remains to England. Lady Hershell is now on the Atlantic and will not learn the sad tidings of her husband's death until her arrival in New York.

Something for Nothing.

A trial bottle of Catarrhzone and inhaler, prepaid, sent free to anyone who sends his address within one week. Catarrhzone is a sure cure for catarrh, bronchitis, irritable throat, fetid breath and kindred diseases. How can we afford to do this? Because we know a trial of this pleasant and efficacious remedy never fails. Washes, snuffs and ointments have proved unavailing, but Catarrhzone will cure you. Write N. C. POLSON & Co., Kingston, Ont.

Cholly Chumpleigh—"I'm not a man with one idea." Miss Coldeal—"No? Why don't you try to get one?"

COOK'S NEW BLOOD PILLS.

No trouble getting the children to take Dr. Low's Pleasant Worm Syrup. It always does its work effectually without any cathartic to be given afterwards. Price 25c.

MOOSE HUNT IN WATER.

AN EXCITING ADVENTURE OF THE HON. JOHN COSTIGAN.

Hon. John Costigan, who under Sir John McDonald's regime was secretary of state and minister of customs. While the Hon. John Costigan occupies a foremost rank among Canadian politicians, he is equally at home in trapping a bear or an otter in the depths of the New Brunswick wilderness, or guiding a bark canoe on the fretful surface of the big forest lakes. When a young man he was noted for his strength and to day although 64 years old thinks nothing of carrying a sixty-pound pack, with a birch canoe on top of that over the carry from Mud to Tower Lake in the Tobique country. In his long experience Mr. Costigan has had several exciting adventures. He was once paddling up the east side of Island Lake accompanied by a friend, when a rifle was accidentally discharged, the bullet narrowly missing Mr. Costigan and ploughing a big hole in the canoe. It was only by desperate exertions that they were able to reach the shore before the canoe sank beneath them. On another occasion he had walked on snowshoes many miles from camp when a snowstorm set in, followed by a gale of

WIND AND BITTER COLD.

Thinking to shorten his return to camp Mr. Costigan struck out on a beeline across the ridges. The travelling was very heavy and the falling snow so obscured the natural landmarks that he lost his way and found himself at nightfall totally exhausted and without food or fire. He was on the point of giving himself up for lost when he happened to find a sable bait in his pocket. This he ate, and it seemed to give him renewed strength and courage. He made another attempt to face the blast and was fortunate enough to strike a lumber road, by which he reached the camp. Mr. Costigan says that it was the sable bait that saved his life.

On another occasion he was paddling up Long Lake with an Indian named Tom Bear, when a large moose charged down on them and made for the canoe. The Indian became confused as the moose approached and jumped over the side of the canoe to swim across. The moose seeing this started

AFTER THE INDIAN

and was gaining rapidly on the Redskin when Mr. Costigan fairly lifted the canoe out of the water and hastened to his rescue. When the moose was within a few feet of the Indian Mr. Costigan dealt it a blow over the head with his paddle. Just then the animal struck bottom and Mr. Costigan fired. The animal was mortally wounded and fell dead on the shore. Mr. Bear as reason for his flight said: "By tunders, John, I'm not so good Cat'olic as you. Sartin, I t'ought if one got to go you was de bes' man." He had several other exciting experiences.

DR. CHASE'S PREPARATIONS

HAVE MERIT

For piles, Eczema, Salt Rheum, Pin Worms and all skin diseases Dr. Chase's Ointment is a positive cure. It is recommended by Dr. C. M. Harlan of the American Journal of Health.

Dr. Chase's Catarrh Cure with blower included will cure incipient Catarrh in a few hours; Chronic Catarrh in one month's treatment.

Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills are the only combined Kidney-Liver Pill made and will positively cure all Kidney-Liver troubles.

VICTORIA FEARS ASSASSINS.

LONDON, March 1.—It is understood that Queen Victoria has practically decided to abandon her projected visit to the Riviera. She had arranged to start March 8.

This change of plans is not due to any friction with France, but because of the constant personal attacks by which her advent has been heralded in the Nicolis Journal.

Remembering the assassination of the Empress of Austria, it is feared that these attacks may incite some half-demented person to make an attempt on the Queen's life, the mere shock of which might prove fatal at her advanced age.

The Queen is loth to give up her holiday and may reconsider her present determination, which is to remain at home, Should she adhere to it the loss to the Riviera hotel keepers will be enormous, as the bulk of the intending English visitors will follow her example.

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