

Board Storks Office

# THE REVIEW

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RICHIBUCTO, NEW BRUNSWICK, THURSDAY AUGUST 23, 1900.

\$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.

### WHEN ALL THE WORLD IS NEW.

If you were a little girl again, Mother Mahone, Mahone, What would you do the long, long day, Playing alone, alone? If I were a little girl again, And fairy folk were true, If paper dolls and human hearts And all the world were new, Ah, listen, listen, little one, I'll whisper what I'd do: To the violet's lip I'd put my ear And hush my heart that I might hear The secret of its sweetness. I'd search beneath the fungus shelves For glimpses of goblins, gnomes or elves; I'd run a race with the laughing brook, Or chase it to some witch-kept nook, Whose spell would stay its fleetness; I'd hide in the haunt of the mocking bird Till I learned its melody word for word, Full length upon the grass I'd lie, Content beneath the changing sky In that one day's completeness, If I were a little girl again Even as you, as you, If fairy folk were truly folk And all the world were new, I'd just be happy, little one, Till the long, long day was through. —St. Nicholas.

### 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.

### WOMAN'S BALLOT.

BY JOEL SWARZ, D. D.

Why need we fear for native land When women join us at the poll? Since we well know her pure, white hand Will vote her conscience and her soul.

Why stand and tremble in suspense At prophecies of coming doom? Since we well know her moral sense Will vote her altar and her home!

Nor will the ballot stain her hand Pervert her nature, change her heart And ruin home and native land If in their zeal she take this part!

And not less loyal, not less fair, With this strong weapon in her hand, Her vote will reinforce her prayer For God and Home and Native Land Steubenville, Io.

### THE COST OF RUM.

[W. C. T. U. Medal Contest Recitation.] BY J. HOWARD MOORE.

Men and women stand before there public to-day and pencil the cost of rum. They estimate the Niagara of money that month after month and year after year leaps into the great black abyss of appetite. They compare it with the banks. They show how in just nine months the whole banking capital of the country would be swept down this horrible vortex. They tell how the value of all the mines would be swallowed up in little more than a twelve month—how the mills and factories would go in four months and the telegraphs in five. They picture shivering, starving thousands thronging great cities whose principal industry is the manufacture and barter of alcoholic flames. They tell how poverty catterwauls in the dark places of the republic, while three million dollars

# WANTED!

## 200 tons Blueberries

DELIVERED AT OUR STORE IN RICHIBUCTO FOR WHICH WE ARE PREPARED TO PAY THE HIGHEST MARKET PRICE.

Also, we want all the people of Kent County to know that we have a stock of Men's, Youth's and Boy's Ready-Made Clothing, Flannelette Shirts, Summer Underwear, Cotton Hose and Neckties; Ladies' Cotton Hose, Ladies', Misses and Children's Cashmere Hose, Ladies' Gloves, and a splendid line of Boots and Shoes which we wish to clean out to make room for fall goods. Below are a few of our prices:

20 Pieces FLANNELETTE	at 5c per yd.
20 " " "	from 6c upwards.
GREY COTTON	" 31-2 "
20 Pieces Shirting Gingham	" 6c "
Men's Cotton Hose	" 7c "
Ladies' " "	" 7c "
Men's Shirts	" 20c "
" Liners	" 18c "
" Drawers	" 18c "

It is useless to attempt to give anything like a price list in this small space, but we would be pleased to have you call at our store and we will show you the goods and quote prices.

## A. & R. LOGGIE.

every day from January to December is burned up in worse than beastly lusts. Thousands of such scorching truths flash incessantly from platform and pen until it seems the syllables would blister the frozen consciences of the people of this country. Yet men move on as unaffected by the frightful facts and phenomena about them as the drowsy somnambulists of actual dream.

But the finances of the rum scourge, appalling as they are, are infinitesimal. Look not to the cash balance alone if you would find the hideous total of rum. Consider the woeful train that follows this frightful outlay. With one hand the liquor business steals its millions from the pockets of poverty, and with the other it sows its myriad woes. It ruins character, engenders vices of vilest dye, desolates love and home, blights youth in its promise and woman's bloom, parboils body and brain, crowds prisons, peoples poorhouses and mad asylums, debauches the ballot, bribes justice and legislation, incubates riots, assassinates law, poisons and heathenizes society—what has the abomination not done? It has been indicated for every offense in crime's black catalogue, and convicted on every count. Sum up multiplied villainies! Count the cost of a human tear as it scalds down the cheek of agony and multiply it by rivers. Count the cost of ruined homes and lives laid waste, multiply them by millions, and these into centuries. Go ask the wife, whose bridal roses have turned to weeds, as she sits to-day blasted and forsaken—ask her what rum has cost. Ask the mother whose darling boy, once pure and promising and holy, now rolls and grovels in the gutter of shame—ask her the cost of rum in the gilded effigy of trade. Ask the orphan that shivers and sobs on the stranger's doorstep. Ask the maniac in his delirium. Ask the drunkard. Yes, ask the inebriate what rum has cost; ask him in the calm of sobriety when penitence claws at his conscience; ask him as he sits amid desolation, looks back over a blasted life and mourns for the night have been; ask him on the bed of delirium when suspicion creeps along every nerve. See him as he writhes and groans and grapples! What slimy shapes crawl o'er his fevered limbs or gibe at him from the blue corners of his chamber! What ghastly forebodings dance in the haunted hollows of his soul! What storms of horror rage along his imagination! What pangs shoot every sensory! If there is in the wide world one scene that would sicken and horrify the pitying

heart, it is the inebriate in the last throes of dissolution. Would you find death in all its tragedy? Go not to the bedside of disease as the last rays of mortality fade; go not to the culprit as he stands on the scaffold and scans the parapets of eternity; go not to the maiden, bleeding and forsaken, as she drowns her affection in the wild sea waters. Go to the hovel; go to the home of the drunkard; stand by the bedside of the dying inebriate; see that life whose morning, perhaps, was roseate with hope, floundering away into eternal darkness. No blessings girdle the contorted brow. No vigils mourn the flickerings of his dying heart throbs. No requiem save widows' wails and orphans' woes rising in helpless and hopeless lamentation.

Count the cost of rum if you will—yes, count it if you can—but count it not in the mockery of dollars!

### WHISKEY IN INDIA.

BY THOMAS B. WADLEIGH.

Many years ago, before I ever thought of going to India as a missionary, I heard that the American Indians applied the terms "fire-water" and "bug-juice" to the whiskey that was made in this country. I was not so blind that I could not see the reason why the former term was used, but when it came to the latter, I was in the dark, and I had to go to poor heathen India for light on the subject. I am naturally a very inquisitive person, and wherever I have been, I have cultivated the habit of inspecting places of interest, simply for the sake of acquiring knowledge.

Poona, is a large city, situated one hundred and nineteen miles inland from Bombay. Three miles from Poona there is located a distillery, which is owned and run by the British government for the purposes of revenue. This concern, known as the Mundwa distillery, was under the personal supervision of a government inspector, who happened to be a very good friend of mine. One day I intimated to him my desire to visit the distillery, as I had never seen the process through which the material goes while being distilled. He kindly acceded to my wishes, and, on an appointed day, we drove out to the damnation factory.

When we entered, I said to him, "please show me what you distil the liquor from." He took me to a large bin, which was filled with the Mawra fruit from the Gajrat country. This fruit looks a good deal like a lot of prunes or dates, and is

sometimes eaten raw. My friend picked up a large handful and began to eat it. He gave another handful to me, requesting that I follow his example. I have learned from the monkey to examine things before I submit them to my ivories for grinding, and it is a good thing for me that I did on this occasion. I broke open some of the fruit, and to my great surprise and horror, there ran out all over my hands a lot of bugs which, in size and appearance resembled those which are a pest in so many homes.

I said to my friend, "Do you know what you have been eating? Look at that!" I exclaimed, as I brushed them off, "I didn't eat any of them," he replied. "You didn't," said I; "just break open what you have in your hand." He reluctantly did so, and was greeted in the same way. I said to him: "You mean to say you take that rotten fruit and put it into those large vats and boil it down? How much bug-juice do you suppose there is in that whiskey when it is done?" My friend looked rather dismayed, and I remarked that I had heard that the red man in America called whiskey "bug-juice," but that I never before knew what it meant. I was glad I went to the distillery that afternoon, and felt that my curiosity had been richly rewarded by the knowledge which I had gained.

### An Extended Experience

Writes a well-known chemist, permits me to say that Putnam's Painless Corn Extractor never fails. It makes no sore spots in the flesh, and consequently is painless. Don't you forget to get Putnam's Corn Extractor, now for sale by medicine dealers everywhere. Substitutes are everywhere offered as just as good. Take "Putnam's" only.

### AFTER THE BLACKS.

NEW YORK, Aug. 15.—A mob of several hundred persons formed at 11 o'clock tonight in front of the home of Policeman Robert J. Thorpe, 37th street and 9th avenue, to wreak vengeance upon the negroes of that neighborhood because one of their race had caused the policeman's death. The negroes fled in terror into any hiding place they could find. The police reserves, numbering 400, were called out, and they, with the regular police, fought the mobs. The mob of white men, which grew with great rapidity, raged through the district and negroes, regardless of age or sex, were indiscriminately attacked, scores being injured.

It took the combined efforts of the reserves, with as many more policemen on regular patrol duty to restore order. Clubs were used until the policemen were almost exhausted. Revolvers were emptied into the air and in one or two instances, fired at the upper stories of the negro tenements, from which the negroes defensively fired bricks, paving stones and other missiles. That many negroes were not killed outright is marvellous.

The trouble grew out of the death of Policeman Robert J. Thorpe, of the West 37th street station as the result of a murderous assault by a negro early Sunday in 8th avenue and 41st street. Thorpe was attempting to arrest a negress when Arthur Harris and another negro attacked the policeman with razors. He died the following day.

TRIED AND TESTED FOR OVER FIFTY YEARS by patrons of the retail department of The Baird Company, Limited, and prescribed by physicians as the best remedy for all Summer Complaints, Fuller's Blackberry Cordial.

Fuller's Blackberry Cordial at all dealers. Use Fuller's Blackberry Cordial. Chronic Diarrhoea and all Summer Complaints are speedily cured by Fuller's Blackberry Cordial. The children's friend. Nothing equal to this well tried remedy.

The work opening the tombs of the German Emperors buried in the Cathedral of Spices began Thursday, with the permission of Emperor William.

Children Cry for CASTORIA.

### PEKIN IS RELIEVED.

THE NEWS AT LAST CONFIRMED IN LONDON.

TORONTO, Aug. 17.—The China Inland mission authorities to-day received a cablegram from Shanghai, confirming the report of the massacre of eight missionaries in the province of Cheh Hiang. Three of them were women from the United States. They are Mrs. Ward, Nebraska; Miss Manchester, New York and Miss Desmond, Minneapolis. The following missionaries who were sent out from England are reported murdered: G. F. Ward, Mrs. Ward, Mr. and Mrs. D. B. Thompson, Miss Sherwood, Miss Thergood.

LONDON, Aug. 18.—"Pekin was relieved on the night of the 15th." This message was received last evening at the Imperial customs office in London from the commissioner of customs in Che Foo. It is the only official message that has reached England in confirmation of the earlier reports, Admiral Remy's despatch not having arrived in time for publication in London in the morning papers. The Post, which is the only paper printing the Che Foo message, says: "To-day is not only a day of national rejoicing; it is also a day of congratulation for all the powers of the world." Proceeding to discuss the probabilities of a cessation of hostilities, the Post assumes that the United States is willing to abandon any idea of further aggressive action but it questions the disposition of Germany and the other powers to agree to such a course. The Berlin correspondent of the Post says he learns that no informal request for an armistice has yet reached the powers and it is improbable that any such request would be granted. Other papers comment guardedly upon the general situation owing to lack of definite news when the editorials were written. Most of them advocate a stern inquisition regarding outrages and punishment of the leaders, even if they have to be pursued all over China. The Graphic in a paragraph apparently inspired says there is no reason to believe that any of the powers will repudiate the previous understandings to respect the integrity of the empire and the dynasty, adding that the proposal to land a British force at Shanghai originated not with the British Government but with the Chinese who at the same time urged that this should not be done if likely to lead to international complications. "This," says the Graphic, "disposes of the story that the Viceroy of Nankin changed his mind under the influence of consuls. Her Majesty's government we believe, have no intention of contesting the rights of France or the United States to land troops should either think it necessary."

LONDON, Aug. 17.—The first definite announcement of the relief of the legations came from Berlin: "The allies have entered Peking without fighting. The legations are relieved and the foreigners are liberated." Such is the despatch received from the German consul at Shanghai and given out by the Berlin Foreign office at 1 p. m. to-day. The collapse of the Chinese resistance is explained in a despatch from Shanghai as being due to the failure of the Chinese to flood the country below Tung Chow. The earthworks connected with the dam at the Pei Ho were unfinished and the canal at Tung Chow was full of water, facilitating boat transport when the allies arrived.

### COOK'S NEW BLOOD PILLS.

### KARL CREELMAN IN AUSTRALIA.

Mr. Geo. J. Barrett, of Fredericton, has a short letter from his friend Karl Creelman, Truro, who started in the spring of 1899 upon a bicycling tour around the world. Creelman was at the time of writing, June 20th, at McKay, Queensland, Australia. He was then in quarantine as the citizens were afraid of the bubonic plague, Creelman having been in the infested districts of Sydney, Brisbane, Bundaburg, and Rockhampton. He was well and had little fear of the plague. He writes that there is not as much cycling in Australia as in Canada but that the wheelmen there are very enthusiastic.

### MINISTERS AT HOME.

MONTREAL, Aug. 18.—Hon. Mr. Tarte, Minister of Public Works, returned to the city this morning from Paris, coming up from Rimouski on the English mail train. Although he left Liverpool two days ahead of the other ministers on the Lake Superior he arrived at Rimouski an hour behind Sir L. H. Davies and Hon. Messrs. Fielding and Blair, who were on the Parisian. The latter remained on board and arrived at Quebec this morning, coming to this city by special train on the government road. They arrived shortly before noon and left soon afterwards for Ottawa. Mr. Tarte also left for Ottawa this morning. He refused to give any interviews, even to his own party organs. The other ministers say their trip was only a pleasure one and they decline to talk politics or discuss the elections. They say the relations among the ministers are of the most cordial kind and scout the story that they went over to bring back Mr. Tarte.

The election rumors seemed to amuse Mr. Blair considerably. He said that the matter had not even been discussed yet, especially as the cabinet had been scattered so long. In any case he was not apprehensive of the result, but there was yet time for another session before dissolution. He would like to be with Sir Wilfrid Laurier on his present tour, but could not decide on his future movements before arriving at Ottawa and conferring with his colleagues. With regard to the stories concerning Mr. Tarte, Mr. Blair added that he had intended returning with the other ministers and did not do so solely because there was no more accommodation on the steamer.

IT IS NONSENSE to say that because you have a bad cough you are going to have consumption, but it is safer and better to cure it with Adamson's Botanic Cough Balsam than to let it run. 25c. all Drug-gists.

### FISHERMEN DROWNED.

SHELDIAU, Aug. 18.—The town is greatly excited over news which has reached here of the drowning of two men near Cape Bald yesterday afternoon. Full particulars have not yet been received, but it is known the victims were a man named Arseneau, whose home is in P. E. Island, and T. R. Conmeau, a resident of Cape Bald, N. B. They were fishermen and were out in an open boat taking up their lobster traps. The water was rough and broke in over the stern, swamping the boat. It filled and sank, taking one of the men down to death. His companion managed to grasp the oars as they floated near him and, by their aid, he managed to keep above the surface for fully half an hour. His situation was desperate. He tossed about on the water several miles from shore with, apparently, no hope of rescue. Another lobster boat came to his assistance but just as it neared the man struggling for his life, he sank exhausted. The news spread quickly though definite particulars were not given. Grappling for the bodies was begun but so far without success.

Travellers' headaches are quickly relieved by Milburn's Sterling Headache Powders. They do not upset the stomach or weaken the heart. Price 10c. and 25c. at all dealers, or by mail. The T. Milburn Co., Limited, Toronto, Ont.

Smallpox, typhoid and pneumonia are raging in Cape Nome. The authorities at Dawson have instituted a quarantine against all persons coming from that place. The Metis lumber Co. a new lumbering, shipping and electric light organization with a capital of \$85,000, are applying for letters patent with head office at Grand Metis.

## CASTORIA

For Infants and Children.

The Food of the World. It is on every wrapper.

# EVANGELINE BUTTER COLOR,

THE BEST IN THE MARKET! WE GUARANTEE IT IN EVERY PARTICULAR! SAFE, SCIENTIFIC AND SATISFACTORY.

Put up in fifteen and twenty-five cent bottles. Ask your merchant for it and TAKE NO OTHER. It will please you better than any other.

THE CANADIAN DRUG CO., Ltd.,

St. John, N. B.