

Board works office

# THE REVIEW

VOL. 12. NO. 31.

RICHIBUCTO, NEW BRUNSWICK, THURSDAY MARCH 14, 1901.

\$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.

### FARMING.

AN INTERESTING LETTER FROM MCNAIRN, KENT CO.

In dealing with the farming community of this county and especially in and around Buctouche one has a large field to work upon, in fact a large area of land, much of it fit for farming with all the necessary fertilizer to open up a grand and glorious part of our noble Dominion.

"Well, farmer Blank, how many years have you been in Buctouche?" "Oh, nearly sixty years; a long time to win lasting and glorious farm fame, were us farmers not so terribly hampered. Oh, yes! this country was once a good place, the land was new, lumber was a good price and plenty of it; now land is becoming too much cropped and timber is a thing of the past, for we have no lumber now only what we old farmers would call fence poles, and for a man to resort to hiring help to haul fertilizer or buy the same, why a man might just as well bundle his traps, for he will be made to pack them to his sorrow and disadvantage soon or late."

Such was the remark made by an old and much respected resident of Buctouche River recently. Still, while the writer concluded that Mr. Blank only expressed the sentiment of dozens of other farmers, there must be some other and stronger force than Mr. Blank's argument brought to bear than the lack of fertilizer in the soil or the fast disappearance of our forests much to the detriment of our farming communities welfare. While this may be an extremely fair dominion and well governed, still the lack of progress does not rest so much with the worn out condition of the soil, as it does in our terribly hampered local affairs. I will take any of the readers of THE REVIEW to a farming district where the farmers are all fairly well educated, and some years ago were in fairly comfortable circumstances. How do we find them of late years? Continually complaining as to the hard times. They have to raise enough to pay their tax and keep up a respectable appearance in the sight of society. But the legislature says when we make laws we do it for the betterment of our farmer. The writer claims that this country is at present under the same bondage that P. E. Island was twenty-five years ago. When one man came into their midst and with lips and life of purity and a knowledge that there was a hereafter, broke the thralldom which surrounded the farmer, and to-day where is there a place of its size imports or exports as much as the Island does? No more the merchant of P. E. I. driving to his home half a man's herd of cattle in payment of half lb tea, one lb tobacco and a barrel of flour. The trouble lies just here. So long as the farmer is oppressed just so long will the retrograde step be seen and felt by all classes, but the money lender and trixter.

For instance let us take the law of Ontario which exempts property from seizure.

## OUR - - CUSTOMERS

All say they have no trouble with and therefore full confidence in the quality of

### FISHERMEN'S PRIDE FLOUR

: : : AND : : :

### FISHERMEN'S PRIDE TEA.

### FISHERMEN'S PRIDE FLOUR

is specially made for family use and capable of making better bread than any other at or near the same price.

### FISHERMEN'S PRIDE TEA

is a brand got up exclusively for ourselves and calculated to suit the most fastidious tea drinkers. Give it a trial and we will guarantee that you will be satisfied.

ASK FOR ABOVE BRANDS AND DON'T BE WITHOUT THEM.

## A. & R. LOGGIE

ure. \$375 worth of property to be left on a man's premises with food for family and stock for thirty days. Nova Scotia: all bedding and wearing apparel, one stove, all tools of his trade and one cow is exempt from debt. P. E. Island: \$50 worth of property and one cow must not be taken for debt. New Brunswick: property to the amount of one hundred dollars is exempt of seizure, but how do we find the law enforced here. The last hen is taken often in payment of the most uncalled for dishonest bills that has ever been my privilege to witness. I will give a few instances, one specially sad, it being a case of a sick man and two motherless children turned adrift to shift for themselves in the face of one of our severe N. B. winters. The case being the buying of a horse of a certain party during the past century and although the farmer returned a better horse to the son, still he was ejected from his home, not so much as a hen left to make him broth which he sadly required.

The writer would like to ask: does civilization civilize, education educate, or legislature legislate? This is only one instance. I could fill the columns of your widely circulated journal for a week with just such instances. Yet people will ask why our people leave and go to other places. As I know a little concerning the laws of other countries and something about the men of other places I can answer the question. The law is attended to in other countries and men are born with souls. Yet every man, woman and child who leave this country leaves the place they took their departure from \$200 poorer, and the farmers who are left behind have to make it up, for men of such calibre will only stop oppressing the poor when the law takes charge of them and let them understand that they have already gone too far.

I will conclude with the following quotation:

And in the world as in the school I say how fate may change and shift— The prize be sometimes with the fool The race not always to the swift; The strong may yield, the good may fall, The great man be a vulgar clown, The knave be lifted over all, The good cast pitilessly down.

Who misses or who wins the prize— Go lose or conquer as you can; But if you fall or if you rise, Be each, pray God, a gentleman.

M. M. J. McNairn, Kent Co., March 5th, 1901.

COOK'S SURE COUGH CURE

### OUR HEROES' GRAVES

## In South Africa to be Identified and Decorated

BY DAUGHTERS OF THE EMPIRE AT CAPETOWN AND IN CANADA

LOYAL CANADIANS ARE ASKED TO CONTRIBUTE TO THE FUND.

In March of last year the Executive of the Daughters of The Empire determined upon assuming the care of the graves of our Soldiers in South Africa. Three reasons seemed to press this work upon us. The first was that by constitution, the Federation is pledged to "cherish the last resting places of our Heroes and Heroines, specially such as are in distant solitary places." The second reason was that we, as Canadian women, seemed to be especially called upon to interest ourselves in this peculiarly womanly office, when so many of our own sons and brothers are laid to rest in the distant and lonely Veldt of South Africa. If a third reason were necessary, it was that as Canada was not the only Colony whose sons were glad for Queen and Country, to go forth to fill these graves, the opportunity seemed a sacred one to draw the women of the Colonies more closely together, through the bonds of a common sorrow and of a common cause precious to us all.

With this object in view we wrote to the ladies of Capetown, asking them to co-operate with us in our efforts, first, to locate the graves and then to take them under our permanent care. To this request our sisters in South Africa responded with true patriotic affection, by organizing committees throughout the colony in the vicinity of the battlefield.

So soon as this was achieved, through the patriotic affection of the Capetown Guild of Loyal women, we put ourselves into communication with the Imperial War Office, for whose additional assistance and consideration we are most grateful, and we are now in a position to state that the graves are being located and that some of them received their first fresh flowers on Christmas eve, when many women and children performed this touching tribute of patriotic love and gratitude.

the same affectionate womanly office will be performed Easter eve, and photographs will be taken for sorrowing ones at home.

The permanent care of these graves has thus fallen to us as part of our work, and we have accepted it as a sacred duty and privilege. We now ask assistance from our Canadian people. We require a fund for the purpose, and we have much pleasure in announcing that the Canadian press has been most generous in coming to our aid.

Her Excellency the Countess of Minto has given the fund her special patronage, and has consented to act as honorary treasurer. The Right Hon. Sir Wilfrid Laurier and the Hon. the Minister of Militia has also given our object their special patronage. Donations may be sent direct and at once to Her Excellency, Government House, Ottawa, and should be marked: SOUTH AFRICAN GRAVES.

Mrs. (Rev.) G. M. Campbell, Fredericton, treasurer of the provincial branch of the Daughters of the Empire, will act as treasurer for New Brunswick of the fund for the Decoration of our South African Graves. All subscriptions to this fund received by Mrs. Campbell will be promptly forwarded to the Countess of Minto, and acknowledged through the provincial press. The children of Canada are specially invited to join in this beautiful idea. If every school boy and girl would send five cents we would have all the money required.

Margaret Polson Murray, Sec. of Executive, Montreal.

Mrs. John Black, Provincial President, Fredericton.

We will be pleased to receive any subscriptions to this fund and the names and amounts of each subscriber will be published in THE REVIEW. Please send in your subscription as soon as possible.—ED REVIEW.

### March and the Lion.

Something better than the old saw The saying about the lion and the lamb in March often proves false, but there is another and a better one which is literally true. When March comes in and finds you taking Hood's Sarsaparilla to purify, enrich and vitalize your blood, you may expect, when it goes out, that it will leave you free from that tired feeling and with none of the boils, pimples and eruptions which manifest themselves because of impure blood in the spring. If you have not already begun taking Hood's Sarsaparilla for your spring medicine, we advise you to begin to-day. We assure you it will make you feel better all through the coming summer.

Some advertisements are misleading. Did you ever read one of that kind concerning Red Rose Tea. The foundation on which the reputation of Red Rose has been built is quality.

Only pure Indian and Ceylon Teas; no handsome Chinas are used in Red Rose Tea.

Green Ceylon Teas are a novelty in the Maritime Provinces. They are being manufactured to compete with Japans and are said to be much superior. T. H. Estabrooks the proprietor of the well known brand of Red Rose Teas has a shipment of these green Ceylons about due in St. John.

SAFE PLEASANT AND EFFECTUAL is that well tried remedy for children. Do not be deceived, get the genuine McLean's Vegetable Worm Syrup.

Many families do, and every family should have Kendrick's Liniment in the house.

For Cough, Horse Ail, Stomach and Fever, use the Granger Condition Powders.

Always use KENDRICK'S LINIMENT.

### A RURAL LONGING.

"Say, our bookkeeper is foolish." "What do you mean?" "Why, he says when he gets old he wants money enough to go out and live where he can see the moon go down behind a hedge."—Chicago Record.

### 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.

### TWO KINDS OF SPIDERS.

From the New York Witness.

Have you ever tried to figure out how rapidly a saloon keeper works a young beginner out of his cash, his character, his clothes and credit?

We know about how long it takes a spider to hang up, high and dry, the silly fly that has entered his parlor.

How often we have heard this said: "I never knew a young fellow go quicker to the dogs." Some go with a defiant and impudent rush; others sink down more slowly, on the sly. Sure ruin in either case.

Ah, the dreadful cost of it all, in broken estates and broken hearts!

Every fresh drink calls for another and another—this is true of the first glass and of every subsequent one. "Give, give," is the law. More and more all along the bitter tramp.

When we think of the destruction of the young, the gilded baits that are laid for them, can our execration of the saloon be too strong?

There are villains who wreck trains for the gain they may gather. And the rum-seller—does he stand any higher? Go ask the broken-hearted mothers and wives of the country; ask the sensitive children of the family.

Ah, the inhumanity of man as shown in our license system!

Here is Robert Burns' epitaph, written by himself at the end of his short run:

Is there a man whose judgment clear Can others teach the course to steer, Yet runs himself life's mad career Wild as a wave? Here pause and through the startling tear Survey this grave.

The poor inhabitant below Was quick to learn and wise to know, And keenly felt the social glow, And softer blame! But thoughtless follies laid him low And stained his name.

Fathers and mothers, what about your own poor son who is going it mad. Have you done your duty? If not, set to work this very hour. God will help you.

Let us keep the boys out of the saloons and the vile places will soon perish of dry rot.

### A PICTURE FROM REAL LIFE.

BY A. P. CAMPBELL.

It was a cheerless winter night. The fierce wind from the north blew the falling snow full into the face of the bloated wretch who forced his way with bowed head and bent frame against the storm that cut to the marrow of his bones.

In the heart of the great city, with its hundred thousand homes, he was all alone. No place to sleep, no home, no friend. God, how the cold clutched at his heart! He must be warmed without and within, or die. There is a saloon just across the street, a warm fire and plenty to drink. Just one drink. How it would warm and cheer him! Just one. He will try. No money with which to buy, he must beg, but he will try. He crosses the street and enters. How cheerful. He hugs the stove a moment and its warmth cheers him on to the attempt. He stands at the bar. Almost within reach are the tempting bottles full of the liquor for which his whole being craves. Oh, how he would love to clutch them one by one and drain them to the last drop. He begins to plead.

"Mister, just one drink. I have no money and no place to sleep. It's a bitter cold night. Just one drink, please, sir!"

"Out, you sot!" The words cut like a knife to his heart "Get out! You are a disgrace to my house!"

He reeled from the counter as if he had been struck. Again he hugs the stove, trying to warm the wretched rags that cover his shivering body.

"Come get away there," cries the bartender. "John, kick this loafer into the street."

John, a burly negro, seizes him by the shoulder, drags him to the door, and kicks him far out upon the pavement. The door is shut behind him, and he is out again in the storm.

The cat purrs upon the window sill and rubs her hairy sides against the panes. The dog warms his cold nose by the fire within; but there is no comfort for him. The wind howls and moans and tugs at his rags, as if it was trying to tear them from him. He draws them closer to his shivering frame and wanders away into the night.

The morning comes, clear, bright and cold. Two blocks away from the saloon door, in a narrow, dark street, he was found half buried by the white drift in the gutter, frozen to death.

Dead! Buried in the potter's field, un-honoured, unwept— Unwept, did I say?

Ah, no. A thousand miles away, in the old homestead, the white-haired mother weeps for her erring, wandering boy, and prays that she may be spared to see his dear face once more. Years ago he wandered away and she has lost all trace of him. Every night since he left she has prayed the good God to help him and bring him back again to the home he used to love so well. But he will never come. Thank God, she will never know that the last night he spent on earth he was kicked from the place of his ruin, a vagabond, into the street. She will never know that with the cry of "Lost! Lost! Lost!" echoing through the chambers of his soul, he sank into the gutter, and his life currents froze where he fell. God be praised, this cup of sorrow she shall not drink!

Young man, take your choice—temperance or intemperance. Temperance is a virtue; intemperance a vice. Temperance brings prosperity; intemperance adversity. Temperance gives joy, peace and comfort; intemperance sorrow, trouble and want. Temperance brings strength of body and mind, a rugged life, a hale old age; intemperance a polluted body, a feeble mind, a wretched life and a besotted old age, filled with a thousand unpeppable woes. Temperance is a blooming flower; intemperance a piercing thorn. Temperance is an orange tree, rich with a crown of golden fruit; intemperance a barren tree withered in leaf and branch. Temperance is a beautiful virgin with an angel's face; intemperance a painted harlot. Temperance is honour; intemperance dishonour. Temperance is divine; intemperance brutal. Temperance is lovely; intemperance hateful. The one makes the heart leap for joy, the other creates a hell in the human breast.

Look upon this sad picture of a wasted life and dreadful death, and then, young man, take your choice.—Temperance Advocate.

If you have a cold do not fail to get a bottle of Hawker's Tolu and Wild Cherry Balsam. It is the only sure cough cure on the market.

Buy a bottle of Hawker's Tolu and Wild Cherry Balsam, only 25c. It will save you a lot of money later on.

The Hon. G. H. Murray, premier of Nova Scotia, delivered his budget speech in the legislature Tuesday, the 5th. The provincial revenue for the past year was \$1,014,000, which was \$65,000 more than the estimates. Coal mines yielded \$413,000 of this in royalty, \$23,000 more than was expected, and \$70,000 more than the year previous. Mr. Murray said the Dominion Coal Company shipped 600,000 tons of coal from Cape Breton to Boston during 1900. The net debt of the province is \$2,713,000. The estimated revenue for the ensuing twelve months is \$949,000, but if the Dominion Coal Company's new shaft is completed, enabling it to ship increased coal to the United States and St. Lawrence ports, the revenue will pass high water mark.

McLEAN'S VEGETABLE WORM SYRUP Safe Pleasant Effectual

## HAWKER'S TOLU OF WILD CHERRY BALSAM.

The Surest Cough and Cold Cure.

Price 25 and 50 Cents Per Bottle.

ALL DRUGGISTS SELL IT.

BE SURE AND GET IT.

Geo. Phillips, I. C. R. ticket agent, says: I was completely cured of influenza cold by Hawker's Tolu.

H. A. McKeown, M. P. P., says: I have used Hawker's Tolu for the last 8 years. It is the best cough cure.

Thomas McAvity says: I have used Hawker's Tolu in my family for over 8 years and find it an excellent remedy for coughs and colds.