

The Review.

Best Advertising Medium in North
Eastern New Brunswick.

Subscription \$1.00 per annum; if not paid within three months, \$1.50. Advertising Rates: \$1.00 per inch 1st insertion, 50 cents per inch each continuation. Yearly rates made known on application.

Professional Cards \$5.00 per year. Yearly advertising payable quarterly. Transient advertising payable in advance. Notices of Births, Marriages and Deaths inserted free. Verses accompanying death notices will be charged for at regular rates.

Correspondence or any subject of general interest is invited. Items of news from any place will be thankfully received.

We do not hold ourselves responsible for opinions expressed by our correspondents. All communications must be accompanied by the writer's name in confidence to ensure insertion.

LEGAL NEWSPAPER DECISIONS.

1. Any person who takes a paper regularly from the Post Office—whether directed to his address or another, or whether he has subscribed or not—is responsible for the pay.

2. If any person orders his paper discontinued he must pay all arrears, or the publisher may continue to send it until payment is made and collect the whole amount, whether it is taken from the office or not.

RICHIBUCTO, N. B. AUGUST 15, 1901

A BASELESS CONTENTION.

(St. John Telegraph.)

There are some people in this world so contentious and so impervious to the influences of reason that they are ready to dispute the most self-evident proposition. One may admire the courage of the man who stubbornly holds to the view that two and two make five; but it would be impossible to have the same feeling with respect to his judgment. In time he becomes a nuisance. It is not our disposition to apply this line of illustrative argument in any personal sense to the case of our Tory friends who display so much readiness to question everything which points to the success of Liberal administration; but we say unhesitatingly that it is hard to be patient with some of their contentions.

To anyone who has approached the subject with an open mind it must seem in the last degree absurd to be told that a substantial reduction in the scale of customs duties does not mean a lowering of popular taxation. We have no other form of taxation by the federal authorities than customs duties, and when these are cut down the government has done all that can be done to reduce the burdens of the people. Out of the fund thus accumulated are paid practically all the charges which the government has to meet. There is, of course, the impost on spirits and tobacco, which goes into the general treasury; but in dealing with the question of taxation it is usual to omit excise from the calculation.

It is to be observed that our contentious Tory friends do not deny that the rate of taxation has been reduced. They have the boldness to admit that much, and then pass on to argue that inasmuch as the lowered rate has produced a larger revenue therefore the government has increased the burdens of the people. To put the case on a practical and domestic form we have given the homely illustration of a grocer who cuts down the price of sugar from fifteen pounds for \$1 to twenty pounds, and is then told by the consumer, who buys more sugar than he did in previous years that the cost of the staple has really been increased. Applying the illustration to taxation—which it fits precisely—we have maintained that when the government has lowered the scale of duties it has done all that it can to decrease the burdens which are imposed upon the people.

But the application of this apparently unanswerable illustration is disputed by Tory journals, although in so doing they run their heads blindly against a stone wall. They argue, for example, that Mr. Foster reduced taxation by \$3,000,000, when, in 1894 he cut down the rate of duties on sugar

Suppose, however, that in 1895 and 1896 there had been an importation of sugar so much larger than in 1894 that the total revenue from that source had been increased beyond that of preceding years, would our Tory friends have maintained that taxation on sugar had not been reduced? We fancy not. But, if the volume of taxation is to be made the test that would be the logical conclusion to which they would be driven. Therefore, we hold that what was accepted as a reduction by Mr. Foster should be regarded as a reduction by Mr. Fielding.

No amount of hair splitting or juggling of words and figures can alter the indisputable fact that the Liberal tariff of 1897 involved a very considerable reduction in the rate of taxation. Good times succeeded, however, and in their prosperity, the people of Canada have seen fit to import very much more than in 1896. As a result they have contributed more to the public revenue than under the Foster tariff; but no sane man would say that because of this unforeseen fact the government can fairly be charged with having increased the burden of taxation. The burden of taxation in the last analysis is the rate of customs duty, and no one can deny that the rate has been reduced.

Glowing stories are reaching London, says a recent cable, as to the mineral wealth of Eastern Siberia. Americans are working with considerable success in the District of Sretensk, where a future profitable output is practically guaranteed. American experts working in the gold fields of Siberia and Mongolia declare that both countries contain deposits of wonderful richness, but lying far within desert regions, where transportation is difficult. Americans are also beginning to take a hand in developing the Siberian copper mines, which are believed to be the most extensive in the world. R. M. Gallaway, president of the Merchants' Bank of New York, who has travelled widely in Russia and Siberia, says that the mineral wealth of the latter country is stupendous, and has at yet been developed only in the smallest degree. The lack of railways, he says, alone prevents Russia from becoming the most serious competitor of the United States. The most valuable mineral fields are not capable of development until transportation has been provided. "If the Russians," says Mr. Gallaway, "had half the energy and enterprise of the Yankees the entire country would speedily be honeycombed with railways. The mass of the people is incredibly ignorant and poor, the agriculturists are unskilled, and the artisans are wasting an opportunity unequalled in any country in the world. Siberia possesses a tract of country 1,200 miles long and 300 broad, all virgin soil, black loam ten feet deep, similar to that of the Dakotas, and capable of growing the finest wheat. Given exportation facilities these lands would produce crops that would completely change the aspect of the existing international grain markets."—Journal of Commerce.

The Canadian Commission to the Glasgow Exposition just home reports the Exhibition a splendid success in every way, and states that Canada has a right to be proud of the prominence and excellence of her two groups of exhibits. As to the prospects of increased trade, the commissioner said that a comparison of prices showed that there was in Scotland a great market for Canadian farm products. The prospect for manufactured articles were not as wide. It was found, for example, that certain lines of iron-made articles could not compete with those of

Scotch and English manufacture. With certain other lines, however, it was different. There was certain to be a large trade in carriages. As a result of the Canadian share in the Exhibition, a Toronto firm has now an order for carriages to be sent to Johannesburg, South Africa.

BUTOUCHE HORSE RACES.

The races at Buctouche on Saturday, the 17th inst., on the Jubilee trotting park promises to be a grand success and the best ever held there. The track is in good condition and the management are spring no efforts to have a good day's sport. In addition to the horse races a 2.40 class, purse \$100.00, and a green race, purse \$50.00, there will be a two mile bicycle race and a matched boat race between Clovis Chase's boat Heuler and R. Conrad's boat Maraboo for \$50.00 aside. All the events will be well contested.

The management of the track have engaged the M. & B. Railway train and will run an excursion from Moncton to Buctouche on the day of the races, leaving Moncton at 10.15 and returning immediately after the sports.

The following are the entries received up to this date.

2.40 CLASS.

Little Rock, Maxime L. Cormier, Buctouche.

Little Dick, Dr. Tozer, Rexton.

Levi H., John Robertson, Bathurst.

Robert Wood, P. Melanson, Shediac.

Maud H., Geo. Hopkins, Springhill.

Jock, J. P. Leger, Bathurst.

Black Morris, P. Delahunt, Moncton.

Royal Prince, W. H. Irving, Buctouche.

GREEN RACE.

Trilby, W. E. Trites, Salisbury.

Doubtful, R. A. Irving, Buctouche.

Frank, Jas. Thompson, Richibucto.

Aberdeen, Chas. Cook, Shediac.

Detsy, J. A. Irving, Buctouche.

Peter the Great, Blair Melanson, Shediac.

Prince, Adolphe Melanson, Rexton.

Royal Prince, Pascal Hebert, Rexton.

Charlie, R. C. Johnson, Moncton.

Sunrise, P. Delahunt.

Come one and all and don't miss an enjoyable outing and a grand day's sport.

OFF FOR THE WEST.

OVER 2,000 MEN LEAVE ON THE HARVEST EXCURSION—A BUSY SCENE.

(St. John Telegraph, 12th)

The west will greet the east and, metaphorically speaking, Canada's prairie land will extend the "glad hand" to Acadia while the former's vast wheat fields, as it were, will make the introduction, for it is probable that never before in the history of our northwestern domains has such an extensive influx of lower province young men journeyed westward to assist in garnering the huge grain crops awaiting their onslaught this autumn in Manitoba and the adjoining territories.

All Saturday the depot was headquarters for big and little parties of waiting men, who in appearance looked eminently fit to grapple with a good day's work, and whose apparent desire to start on their journey hinted at no misgiving or fear that they might be unable to cope with the future prospects.

During the day the C. P. R. general offices and ticket office were thronged with inquiring excursionists, while later, with the necessary pieces of pastboard in their pockets, they moved stationward to make their first advance to the west.

Men not only from the city but from the surrounding provinces were also prospective passengers, which boat and train kept steadily hurrying to the rallying point in St. John, so that finally, when the three special trains left the city last evening they bore, all in all, 2,534 men.

One hundred and fifty came in from Fredericton and something over 200 from north of McAdam, while the Prince Rupert brought 239 from Nova Scotia points. The Boston express had 300 from outlying country districts. The train from Halifax which was three hours and 25 minutes late, brought 600 additional from Nova Scotia, who, at Moncton, were left and later picked up by a special, which brought them to St. John.

The C. P. R. officials did not at first anticipate such a rush, and, accordingly, did not make preparations for its handling such numbers; but under the circumstances managed the unlooked for business with rapidity and skill. They had only prepared accommodation for 1,000 excursionists, and the effort which they put forth to adequately meet the emergency is certainly creditable.

Another excursion train of 600 will leave next Saturday.

Those officials in charge of the three specials and single regular train bearing the harvest excursionists to the Northwest, were Messrs. W. H. C. McKay, Arthur Kerr, W. D. Howard and Wm. Simonds.

The Bride at Last Said "Obey."
In telling about "Some People I Have Married" in Ladies' Home Journal the Rev. D. M. Steele says: "Being an Episcopalian, I always use the formal printed service of the prayer book. In this the greatest stickler is 'obey.' One day a couple came to me, bringing as witnesses the parents of both bride and groom. Everything proceeded smoothly to the point 'love, honor and obey,' when the bride refused to say the last. I repeated it and waited. Again she refused, and I shut up my book.

"Then there was a scene. They talked it over, and the more seriously they argued and discussed the more stubbornly she refused. The parents became angry, the groom excited and the bride hysterical. To humor her, he joined in the request to have me leave it out. But I liked the fellow and decided that a little sternness from me in the present might be a favor to him in the future. So I told them I had no authority to change it and would not do so. I tried to show the foolishness of her objection, but it was no use.

"Finally I said to him: 'Well, this household must have a head somewhere. I will leave it out for her if you will say it.' Then it was his time to refuse, which he did. He gathered up his hat and started for the door, when, presto change, she sprang after him, led him back by the hand, looked meekly up at him and said it."

A Winning Touch.

"Darling!" The strong, manly voice was low and intense as the handsome face bent over the fair, bowed head by the fire.

"Darling," he went on eagerly, "there are others here observing us. I must see you a moment alone."

For an instant the listener was quiet, and not a curl stirred on the lofty brow. Then the blue eyes were raised to the beseeching dark ones.

"Yes, what is it?" was the low reply.

"I will!"

A slight red flush mantled the neck and cheeks of the speaker, in striking contrast to the cool, calm dignity displayed in every movement of the half reclining figure in the big plush chair.

"The fact is," he went on, mustering up courage, the first embarrassment giving place to a little more self-confidence, "I have come to ask you something I never expected would pass my lips, especially after the last sum I borrowed from you. Darling, will you lend me \$10?"

Jack Darling laid aside his paper.

"Of course, old man," he cried heartily. "Let's first get a drink." And the two passed out of the clubroom together.

A Last Resource.

A lady was recently reading to her young son the story of a little fellow whose father was taken ill and died, after which he set himself diligently to work to assist in supporting himself and his mother. When she had finished the story, she said:

"Now, Tommy, if pa were to die, wouldn't you work to keep mamma?"

"Why, no," said the little chap, not relishing the idea of work. "What for? Ain't we got a good house to live in?"

"Oh, yes, my dear," said the mother, "but we can't eat the house, you know."

"Well, ain't we got plenty of things in the pantry?" continued the young hopeful.

"Certainly, dear," replied the mother, "but they would not last long, and what then?"

"Well, ma," said the young incorrigible after thinking a moment, "ain't there enough to last till you get another husband?"

Ma gave it up.—London Answers.

Book's Penetrating Plaster

BAY DU VIN MAN DROWNED AT SEA.

The Chatham World says:—Mr. Wm. A. Williston, of Bay du Vin, bade good-by to his son Patterson, about a month ago. The young man was going to the United States to seek his fortune. Nothing has been heard from him since, but Mr. Williston has received a letter from New York stating that his son had been washed overboard from a steamer, name not given, in which he was employed as fireman, and drowned. This is the third death in Mr. Williston's family in four months. Mr. Williston received a letter from Jas. Clark, fireman on the same steamer, who writes from New York, Aug. 5th: We arrived in port last night after having a very rough time. There was a young man by the name of Patterson Williston washed overboard and drowned last Friday night. He was my fellow fireman. He came up on deck after watch. The captain and I were the last that saw him. We looked among his clothes and found a little book with Wm. A. Williston, Bay du Vin, N. B., written in it, so supposed you to be his father, although he never told anyone where he came from. He was very quiet, never speaking of home or any particular place, only I heard him say once his mother was dead. If he be your son I am very sorry for you all."

Children Cry for CASTORIA.

CHICAGO, Aug. 12.—The Record-Herald says: "The George H. Phillips company has found itself better off by \$134,000 than it thought, by the discovery of two errors in the books, found since the firm suspended business. One was an error of an even \$100,000. The firm deposited in the bank \$133,000 in cash, for which it received 'credit by the bank, but which appeared on the books of the firm as a deposit of \$33,000, another mistake of the bookkeeper was the failure to credit the firm with \$34,000 of warehouse receipts deposited in the bank early in April. The deposit of these receipts was the same as a deposit of cash, and the failure to account for them caused a reduction of the working capital of the firm by that amount. A statement will be made to day by Mr. Phillips of the affairs of the firm, and it is probable that the firm, reorganized, will resume business to-day."

LEXINGTON, Va., Aug. 12.—Assistant Postmaster, John G. Pole and his family, while attempting to cross the mountain stream about six miles from here were swept down by the waters of a cloudburst yesterday afternoon and his wife and three daughters, aged from one to eight years, drowned. Mr. Pole and a daughter about three years old escaped. The bodies were recovered.

The Whole Story in a letter:

Pain-Killer

(PENNY DAVID)

From Capt. F. Lova, Police Station No. 5, Montreal: "We frequently use PENNY DAVID'S PAIN-KILLER for pains in the stomach, rheumatism, stiffness, frost bites, chilblains, cramps, and all ailments which beset men in our position. I have no hesitation in saying that PAIN-KILLER is the best remedy to have near at hand."

Used Internally and Externally.

* Two Sizes, 25c. and 50c. bottles.

DO YOU GET YOUR Job Printing DONE AT THE Review Office?

All kinds of JOB WORK done at this office with
Neatness and Despatch.

Send us your Order and be convinced
of the GOOD SATISFACTION GIVEN.

ADDRESS:
THE REVIEW,
Richibucto, N. B.

Four Bears at a Shot.
A number of years ago Mr. Withee was presented with two fine hounds, and, wishing to try their training and their grit, he took them out to do a little bear hunting. The first morning Withee let the dogs out for a run while he was getting the breakfast, expecting them to be back in a short time. When breakfast was over, the dogs had not returned, so, taking his gun, Mr. Withee started out in the direction they had taken. After traveling about a mile the faint barking of dogs could be heard, and it was then plain why the dogs had not returned. They had scented game and were in pursuit. The sound of the barking led him far up the side of a mountain, and soon he came in sight of the dogs standing around the upturned roots of a tree.

Mr. Withee crept up cautiously until within about 15 feet of a cave that was near by, and then a black, shaggy head could be seen just above the roots. Taking good aim, he fired his .44 caliber and awaited results. After several minutes he went up to the cave, and what he saw there gave him a shock from which he has never recovered. Two bears lay dead, and two more were so stunned that a few quick passes with a knife settled them.

For the four bears Mr. Withee received \$29 bounty, \$27.50 for their hides and \$42 for the bear oil, making \$89.50 for one day's hunt.

All For Love.

It was a runaway match. The young couple had nothing to live on but love, and they grew thin on it, for the butcher, baker, etc., heartlessly refused to barter any of the necessities of life for a bit of love, and the landlady wouldn't accept even a large slice of it for rent.

At last they were reduced to such extremities that starvation stared them in the face. When starvation does this, it is so to say, "puts you out of countenance."

"Oh, George," wailed the young wife, "what shall we do? I am so hungry!" "Alas, I know not, darling!" he sighed fondly but sadly, toying with her luxuriant tresses.

"But I know, George!" she suddenly exclaimed after a pause. "Sell my hair!"

"What!" he almost shouted, with a horror stricken face. "Sacrifice your lovely golden locks! Ruthlessly cut off the greatest ornament a woman can possess? Never! Never! I will starve first!"

"But, George," she assured him, "it does not require cutting off. See!"

And she detached the glistening 3 guinea switch from her head and laid it in his hand.

That night the young couple supped luxuriously, but still he was not happy.

Lighting Up the Coliseum.

The Romans have the hideous habit of periodically lighting the Coliseum during the tourist season with Bengal lights and, what is more amazing still, usually succeed in making a financial success of it, although no one was ever known to go twice.

There is the additional abomination in these days of a big brass band and a chorus of 100 voices in an invocation to the Flavian amphitheater. The effect is tremendous, but somewhat stunning to those who are accustomed to their Coliseum empty and flooded with peaceful moonlight, where pictures from the past rise with the clearness of second sight, and no sound is heard but one's own breathing or the song of the nightingale. Contrast with such a scene the red, blue and yellow Bengal lights, the smoke, the confusion, the hundred shrieking throats and the clang of the brazen instruments! Imagination shrinks and curses the Roman of today with whom such a thing is possible. But is it his fault? As I said before, it is a great financial success, and the Italians certainly do not patronize it. Query, Who does?—Rome Letter in Pall Mall Gazette.

How They Broke Up.

An amusing story is related in "Canadian Savage Folk" of the manner in which an adjournment was taken by a mass meeting. A missionary who had started a school among the Indians met with opposition, and the meeting had been called in support of the rival scheme.

There were several speakers who denounced the school in existence. We replied vigorously, showing the efficiency of the school and denouncing in turn the methods adopted by the opposition. An Indian chief produced some specimens of work done at the school, and several speakers supported the work as it was being done. The climax was reached when a gentleman rose and said:

"I move the whole thing bust!" The chairman put the motion.

"It is moved and seconded that the whole thing bust!" The audience sprang to their feet and, waving hats, yelled "Busted!" and made for the door. Thus ended the first and last opposition in that matter.

Pride of the Riding Academy.

Rowell—There goes illustration on horseback. He is a living illustration of the saying, "A merciful man is merciful to his beast."

Snaflle—In what way? Rowell—Don't you see? He lets his weight rest on the horse only once in a while. The most of the time he is in the air, going on or coming down.

Some men never amount to much because they get into the habit of frequently beginning life anew.

The world owes every man a living, but doesn't furnish a collector.—Denver Times.

E. W. Howe

This signature is on every box of the genuine
Laxative Bromo-Quinine Tablets
The remedy that cures a cold in one day