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Murmurs.
Why wilt thou make bright music
Give forth a sound of pain?
Why wilt thou weave fair flowers
Into a weary chain?
Why turn each cool gray shadow
Into a world of fears?
Why think the winds are wailing?
Why call the dewdrops tears?

Voices of happy Nature,
And Heaven's sunny gleam,
Reprove thy sick heart's fancies,
Upbraid thy foolish dream.

Listen: I will tell thee
The song Creation sings,
From humming-bees in heather
To fluttering angels' wings:

Alone did angels sing it,
To the poor shepherds' ear,
But the sphered Heavens chant it,
And listening Ages hear.

Above thy poor complaining
Rises that holy lay;
When the starry night grows silent,
Then speaks the sunny day.

O leave thy sick heart's fancies,
And lend thy little voice
To the silver song of Glory,
That bids the world rejoice!

Strange Disappearance!

(A STORY OF CHICAGO.)

Being under a strict promise not to mention what I am about to relate until I had permission from my friend, and that permission having now been given, I hasten to tell of a most peculiar occurrence that has been known only to a few.

Chicago is a city where they build their structures after the style of the Tower of Babel; or, in other words, they try to reach the sky or heavens. Some of their buildings rise seventeen and eighteen stories in the air.

Last year I first went to Chicago, and with a companion called to see a friend, who was engaged in the construction of a large building.

We found him in the seventh story. He was a young man, bright, energetic, and a great athlete. He also was in the habit of playing practical jokes.

When we reached the room where he was in he had just leaped upon the window sill in order to lower the sash, on account of a storm coming up, and he told us he would be with us in a minute.

As he reached the sash he turned and begged us for mercy's sake, to catch him and pull him down or he would be pitched out.

We simply laughed, thinking he was trying to fool us.

He pleaded, and pleaded, and the more he pleaded the more we enjoyed it.

He seemed as if he could not move, and looked as if he were trying with all his power to resist falling out.

My friend turned to me and said—
"Jim's playing his part well. He ought to go on the stage."

"He is indeed," I replied; but he won't get the laugh on us this time."

I had no sooner said this, than—great powers!—with one unearthly yell, Jim dashed out of the window to certain death; for we could see no way in which he could escape it after such a frightful fall.

For over a minute we stood, looking horrified at each other, not knowing what to do, and not being able to move or speak.

With a simultaneous cry of distressed horror, we made a rush downstairs for the street, to find our poor, mangled, dead friend.

Down we ran, almost falling at every step, until we reached the street; but there, to our utter amazement, we saw nothing of our friend, and there was no commotion.

The pedestrians were walking as usual, as if nothing had happened.

Near by was a policeman, and we hurried up to him and asked him if he had seen a man fall out of the window a few minutes before, and what he had done with him.

He looked at our frightened and death-like countenances and said—
"What's your game? Are you crazy, or trying to have me?"

"Our friend has fallen from the seventh story window of that building, and we want find his body," we persisted.

"Better go home and go to bed and get up sober," sneered the officer, who would not believe our statement.

We waited about the place till night, more or less questioning different persons, the policeman on beat eying us suspiciously whenever he saw us.

We scarcely slept that night, but talked and wondered over the mystery.

The next day we returned to the building and made more inquiries, but to no purpose.

The last time Jim had been seen was when he was going upstairs to that fatal room.

We then went to the house where he

lodged, but they had no information to give us. He had not been taken home, and they had not seen or heard from him since the day before.

"Ben, what does it mean?" said my friend addressing me.

"I don't know," I replied. Let's go to police headquarters and try to find out."

When we reached there and told our business they looked at us in amazement and suspicion, and assured us that no such accident had taken place, or they would have heard of it long before.

We did not know what to do, for no one believed our story. So we left, sad and sick at heart.

"Ben," said my friend, "we both saw Jim fall out of the window, did we not?"

"Most assuredly we did, for it could not have been an hallucination," I replied.

Days passed but no tidings of Jim could we get.

At last we again presented ourselves at police headquarters, and suggested that as Jim had been missing for more than two weeks, something should be done.

They listened to us, but would not believe anything about his having fallen out of the window.

The chief delegated a detective to look up the matter, and he accompanied us to the building.

When we arrived there he got up to the window sill and looked out, and said—
"No one has fallen out such a distance without being instantly killed; and if any one ever did fall out he would have been found. But what is this? Come up here!"

We both got up on the window sill and looked out. He pointed to a lot of telegraph wires that ran past the window some three storeys below.

"Look! do you see how those wires are bent?" he asked.

We did look, and saw the wires bent as if some heavy body had come in contact with them.

"Gentlemen your story may be true, after all. It's getting interesting. Now let's investigate, and see if he struck those wires; and, if so, what has become of him."

About twenty or thirty feet from where the wires were bent stood an old frame house that had escaped the great fire of 1871.

We then went to the house in question, and by means of a ladder made a thorough examination of the roof, but could discover nothing.

We were about descending, I being the last.

Before leaving I took another look at the wires and roof, and saw something in the water gutter at the edge of the roof.

I picked it up, and to my surprise I found it was a masonic jewel, and upon examination, discovered Jim's name engraved upon it.

I called the officer and my friend back, and told them I had discovered a clue, and showed them the masonic jewel.

We then came to the conclusion that when he struck the wires with such force the rebound had thrown him upon the roof.

But where did he go then?

We made a diligent search and interrogated people in the house but could get no information.

"Well," said the officer, "this is a mystery—as great a one as I have ever known. Of course he must be somewhere—living or dead. But where? How could he get away from here without anyone knowing it? We have asked every one, but to no purpose. We will try again and see what we can glean."

After further questioning and cross questioning, and not being able to discover anything new, we were about leaving when a beautiful, intelligent-looking young lady appeared, whom we had not before seen.

"Who is that young lady?" asked the officer of another of the inmates.

"Oh, she is old Doctor Simmon's daughter, that lives up in the garret!" was the answer. "Her father is a queer old man, and never goes out of the house, and she only goes out to get something to eat. They have lived here for years. The doctor owns the house, and lets out all but the garret, where he and his daughter live."

"Well we must examine her, for formality's sake at least; but I don't suppose she knows anything about your friend," the officer said to us, as he turned to the young lady and continued: "Miss, did you see, or do you no anything about an accident a gentleman met with here about two weeks ago?"

The young lady stopped, looked frightened, and her face flushed to such an extent as to make it noticeable to every one standing around as she answered—
"I—I—do I have to answer?"

"Yes, you will have to answer," replied the officer, with an eager look. "What do you know?"

"I—I—don't know. I cannot tell."
"Now look here, miss, you must answer, or I shall have to lock you up until you do."

"I—I—am afraid. My father—"
Here she stopped again.

I then spoke to her in a kind way, and told her that the gentleman who had met his death was my most particular friend, and that I would like to get information in regard to him, and that no harm could come to her father if she told all she knew.

"He—is—not dead!" she stammered.

"What! Not dead?" we cried. "Where is he?"

"Upstairs with my father, who is attending him. He is too weak to move."

At this we made one bound to the stairs, the young lady calling after us not to harm her father.

We pushed into the room, and there we found our friend lying on a comfortable couch, with an old, decrepit man bending over him in the act of administering some medicine.

The old man did not seem surprised at our abrupt entrance, but turning to us with his finger on his lips, motioned us to retire.

It was done in such a commanding way that instinctively we backed out, and he followed.

When the door closed he told us to speak in whispers, for the gentleman was very sick.

He then told us in his own peculiar way, that during one afternoon, a little over two weeks before, he and his daughter had been startled by a loud crash in the loft above the room they were sitting in; that a large piece of the ceiling had broken through; and on looking up they had been horrified at seeing a man's arm hanging through the opening.

Upon going up to investigate he found the gentleman who was now lying in the room, and supposed he was dead.

He, with the assistance of his daughter, had brought him down and, after a careful examination concluded that life was not extinct. He being a physician, though not having practiced for a number of years, decided that, as Heaven had sent him a patient, it was his duty to try and save his life, and so he had devoted all his time and skill to accomplish that object.

Now, he was satisfied that with the most tender and proper nursing the patient would recover, though no one could be allowed to see him for several days, for fear all chance of recovery would fail.

And this was the reason he had so positively forbidden his daughter to say anything about it, even to the people in the house.

The mystery was now solved. Jim had struck the telegraph wires in falling from the window, and the rebound had thrown him through the open window of the doctor's loft, which had been left open to let in some air.

There is nothing more to be told, except that in due course of time Jim recovered; that the fall so miraculous, elevated him from a bachelor to a benedict; and that the doctor's handsome daughter and Jim's gentle nurse is now Mrs. Jim.

A Beau of 1829.
When grandpa went a-wooing,
He wore a satin vest,
A trail of running roses
Embroidered on the breast.
The pattern of his trousers,
His linen, white and fine,
Were all the latest fashion
In eighteen twenty-nine.

Grandpa was a fine-looking young fellow then, so the old ladies say, and he is a fine-looking old gentleman now. For the past score of years he has been a firm believer in the merits of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. "It renewed my youth," he frequently says. "It is the only blood-purifier and liver invigorator guaranteed to benefit or cure, or money promptly refunded. It cures liver disease, dyspepsia, scrofulous sores, skin eruptions, and all diseases of the blood. For lingering coughs and consumption (which is lung-scrofula in its early stages) it is an unparalleled remedy."

People who use arsenical preparations for their complexion, do so at the risk of their lives. Ayer's Sarsaparilla is guaranteed free from any injurious drug, and is, therefore, the safest as well as the most powerful blood medicine in the world. It makes the skin clear.

Knights of Labor.
The Knights of Labor aim to protect their members against financial difficulties, etc. Hagyard's Yellow Oil protects all who use it from the effects of cold and exposure, such as rheumatism, neuralgia, lumbago, sore throat and all inflammatory pain. Nothing compares with it as a handy pain cure for men and beast.

Minard's Liniment cures La Grippe.

Breathes Like an Engine.

(N. Y. Herald.)

A medical phenomenon was exhibited by Dr. Edward G. Janeway to a clinic of three hundred students at the Bellevue Medical College. It was a robust healthy man, whose normal respiration has been for the past three years at the rate of 162 a minute, instead of the natural normal rate of 18 a minute.

The man's breathing was so hard and harsh that everyone in the large lecture room plainly heard it, and it sounded not unlike a small steam engine.

The discovery of the case was largely due to an accident. About a week ago a large ruddy looking man walked into the college dispensary breathing so loudly and quickly that everyone was startled and gathered quickly about him to learn his trouble. He said between breaths—for he could not articulate more than three or four words without stopping to breathe seven or eight times—that he was Michael B. McCarthy, proprietor of the West End Hotel, at No. 101 West street, and wanted to know if the doctors could not cure his rapid breathing and reduce it to the normal rate. His throat, he said, was raw from the rapid respiration, but otherwise he felt all right.

"I was formerly on the police force in Boston," he said. "One day late in the fall of 1889, I was going home from the station house and was riding on the front platform of an electric car. The car suddenly swung round a curve at the corner of Charming and Dover streets and I was thrown from the platform, landing on the street on the back of my head and shoulders. I became unconscious when I reached home and remained so for ten days. When I came out of the unconscious state I immediately began to breathe like a steam engine under high pressure, and I have continued doing so ever since."

"I can do no hard work, I get out of breath so quickly, and once or twice a month I fall suddenly unconscious and remain so for several hours. Sometimes I breathe so fast the doctors cannot count the breaths."

Dr. W. B. Green, Dr. Janeway's assistant, made a careful examination of the man and decided that not only was the man no sham, but that a case unknown to medical records had been found. He subsequently had McCarthy meet Dr. Janeway, and as a result McCarthy attended the clinic.

After a careful examination the doctors said his trouble was due to an injury to the medulla oblongata caused by the fall from the car. The nerves which control the respiratory organs had been shattered and had lost all control of the lungs.

Teaching Patriotism.
(By a School Teacher.)

I have small faith in that man's patriotism who cries down his own people and his own town. We have all heard of the people who are extremely solicitous for the salvation of the heathen and neglect the common morals of their own families. The tendency is not by any means confined to religion. Men who would most hotly resent being called unpatriotic will say to you: "This town has not the least public spirit, it is the most dead and alive place, the greatest place for gossip, one-horse town, etc."

Wonder if they ever thought what the Psalmist meant when he said: "If I forget thee O Jerusalem, may my right hand forget her cunning."

If a man does not love his own town which he has seen, how can he love his country which he has not seen? In a most decided sense patriotism begins at home. Teach the children that their first duty is to the place where they were born. Teach them something of what we have to be proud of. Make them understand that a common man is better off here than in most other places. I wish we could more justly point with pride, as the politicians say, to our country school houses, our roads, and some other things, but it is well to impress it upon the young that patriots do not necessarily stand still and point with pride to what somebody else has done. We have had so much done for us that we almost forget that we are in the world to do for ourselves, not to grumble at wrongs and imperfections, but to set about making things better. What right have we to find fault because everything was not done for us? We have no reason to mention wrongs except as we try to right them. No important duty is performed for our country by an indiscriminate criticism of the present order of things. So far from showing strength and independence, it shows weakness. It takes a strong mind to see the good and have faith in the possibility of improvement in spite of the bad.

The most useless man for the country is he who sumps up his politics by saying: "Both the great parties are corrupt; it is hard choosing between them; I let politics alone." Teach scholars that they have no more right to let politics alone than they have daily labor alone.

Double Life.

Man hath two lives; the one of patient toil,
Of ceaseless travail with the stubborn ground,
Of battling with the burly sea's turmoil,
With stubborn metals and the anvil's sound:

The other is a maze of vision'd things,
Infinitely filled up with shapes ideal;
Of gentle thoughts or wild imaginings,
Of shadeless bliss, or terrors grimly real,
And all the winged spirit may conceive
Of human happiness or heavenly wonder.

O, blest is he who best can interweave
This earthly toil with images sublime;
And dwell mid common things such glories under!

Most hapless he who wracks his weary time
In each apart, and rends these lives asunder.

A DETROIT MIRACLE.

A GREAT TRIUMPH FOR CANADIAN MEDICAL SCIENCE.

Particulars of One of the Most Remarkable Cures on Record Described by the Detroit News—A Story Worth a Careful Perusal.

DETROIT, Mich., Jan. 29th, 1892.—A case has just come to light here, the particulars of which are published in the Evening News, which will be read with considerable interest by all Canadians, as it records the remarkable achievement of a Canadian medical discovery, which has already, in its own country, won great and enduring fame. At this added triumph there is no doubt the fellow countrymen of the proprietors will rejoice, as it sheds lustre on Canadian science. The story is told by the News as follows:—

The following paragraph, which appeared in the News a short time ago, furnished the basis of this information—a case that was so wonderfully remarkable that it demanded further explanation. It is of sufficient importance to the News' readers to report it to them fully. The following is the paragraph in question:—

"C. B. Northrop, for 28 years one of the best known merchants on Woodward avenue, who was supposed to be dying last spring of locomotor ataxia, or creeping paralysis, has secured a new lease of life and returned to work at his store. The disease has always been supposed to be incurable, but Mr. Northrop's condition is greatly improved, and it looks now as if the grave would be cheated of its prey."

Since that time Mr. Northrop has steadily improved, not only in looks, but in condition, till he has regained his old-time strength.

It has been hinted to the writer of this article, who was acquainted with Mr. Northrop, that this miraculous change has been wrought by a very simple remedy called Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. When asked about it Mr. Northrop fully verified the statement, and not only so, but he had taken pains to inform any one who was suffering in a similar manner when he heard of any such case. Mr. Northrop was enthusiastic at the result in his own case of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. It was a remedy that he had heard of after he had tried everything he could hope to give him relief. He had been in the care of the best physicians who did all they could to alleviate this terrible malady, but without any avail. He had given up hope, when a friend in Lockport, N. Y., wrote him of the case of a person there who had been cured in similar circumstances by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. The person cured at Lockport had obtained his information respecting Dr. Williams' Pink Pills from an article published in the Hamilton, Ont., Times. The case was called "The Hamilton Miracle" and told the story of a man in that city who, after almost incredible suffering, was pronounced by the most eminent physicians to be incurable and permanently disabled. He had spent hundreds of dollars in all sorts of treatment and appliances only to be told in the end that there was no hope for him, and that cure was impossible. The person alluded to (Mr. John Marshall, of 25 Little William St., Hamilton, Ont.) was a member of the Royal Templars of Temperance, and after having been pronounced permanently disabled and incurable by the physicians, was paid the \$1,000 disability insurance provided by the order for its members in such cases, for years Mr. Marshall had been utterly helpless, and was barely able to drag himself around his house with the aid of crutches. His agonies were almost unbearable and life was a burden to him, when at last relief came. Some months after he had been paid the disability claim he heard of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills and was induced to try them. The result was miraculous; almost from the outset an improvement was noticed, and in a few months the man whom medical experts had said was incurable, was going about the city healthier and stronger than before. Mr. Marshall was so well known in Hamilton that all the city newspapers wrote up his wonder-

ful discovery in detail, and it was thus as before stated, that Mr. Northrop came into possession of the information that led to his equally marvelous recovery. One could scarcely conceive a case more hopeless than that of Mr. Northrop. His injury came about in this way: One day nearly four years ago, he stumbled and fell the complete length of a steep flight of stairs which were at the rear of his store. His head and spine were severely injured. He was picked up and taken to his home. Creeping paralysis very soon developed itself, and in spite of the most strenuous efforts of friends and physicians the terrible affliction fastened itself upon him. For nearly two years he was perfectly helpless. He could do nothing to support his strength in the least effort. He had to be wheeled about in an invalid's chair. He was weak, pale and fast sinking when the timely information came that veritably snatched his life from the jaws of death. Those, who at that time saw a feeble old man wheeled into his store on an invalid's chair, would not recognize the man now, so great is the change that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills have wrought. When Mr. Northrop learned of the remedy that had cured Mr. Marshall in Hamilton, and the person in Lockport, he procured a supply of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills through Messrs. Basset & L'Honnemieu, 95 Woodward Avenue, and from the outset found an improvement. He faithfully adhered to the use of the remedy until now he is completely restored. Mr. Northrop declares that there can be no doubt as to Pink Pills being the cause of his restoration to health, as all other remedies and medical treatment left him in a condition rapidly going from bad to worse, until at last it was declared there was no hope for him and he was pronounced incurable. He was in this terrible condition when he began to use Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and they have restored him to health.

Mr. Northrop was asked what was claimed for this wonderful remedy, and replied that he understood the proprietors claim it to be a blood builder and nerve restorer; supplying in a condensed form all the elements necessary to enrich the blood, restore shattered nerves and drive out disease. It is claimed by the proprietors that Pink Pills will cure paralysis, rheumatism, sciatica, palpitation of the heart, headache, and all diseases peculiar to females, loss of appetite, dizziness, sleeplessness, loss of memory, and all diseases arising from overwork, mental worry, loss of vital force, etc.

"I want to say," said Mr. Northrop, "that I don't have much faith in patent medicines, but I cannot say too much in praise of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. The proprietors, however, claim that they are not a patent medicine in the sense in which that term is used, but a highly scientific preparation, the result of years of careful study and experiment on the part of the proprietors, and the pills were successfully used in private practice for years before being placed for general sale. Mr. Northrop declares that he is a living example that there is nothing to equal these pills as a cure for nerve diseases. On inquiry the writer found that these pills were manufactured by Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont., and Morristown, N. Y., and the pills are sold in boxes, (never in bulk by the hundred) at 50 cents a box, and may be had of all druggists or direct by mail from Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., from either above addresses. The price at which these pills are sold makes a course of treatment with them comparatively inexpensive as compared with other remedies or medical treatment. This case is one of the most remarkable on record, and as it is one right here in Detroit and not a thousand miles away, it can be easily verified. Mr. Northrop is very well known to the people of Detroit, and he says he is only too glad to testify of the marvelous good wrought in his case. He says he considers it his duty to help all who are similarly afflicted by any word he can say in behalf of the wonderful efficacy of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. If any of the News readers want any further information, we will sure Mr. Northrop would willingly oblige them, as he has the writer in relating these facts to him.

Hall's Hair Renewer contains the natural food and color-matter for the hair, and medicinal herbs for the scalp, curing grayness, baldness, dandruff, and scalp sores.

ALL tobaccos except the finest Virginia have a pungent effect upon the tongue and will smart it if the smoking is long continued. Some of them even will blister it, or at least destroy its outer skin at the point where the smoke impinges upon it. The "Myrtle Navy" is entirely free from this defect, which, together with its true full flavor makes it a great favorite with smokers.

Minard's Liniment for Rheumatism.