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VOL. 3.

RICHIBUCTO, NEW BRUNSWICK, THURSDAY, JANUARY 14 1892.

NO. 22.

An Old Year Reflection.

Another year is dawning,
Perchance another year for thee
Of work; and of waiting,
For the future you cannot see.

Another year of learning
What experience will teach;
Perform well your duties to-day,
For to-morrow you may not reach.

Oh, that mischief elf to-morrow,
How it leads us oft astray,
And though we reap regret and sorrow,
Yet will still be led away.

Then comes the new year with its changes,
If you would leave the record bright,
Think and act in the living present,
For you may sleep ere it comes night.

—Minnie Gray, Toronto.

A TRUE TALE.

"Write!"

The command was far from being kindly given, and the face of Robert Nash, as it bent over the bowed head of his sister, wore a hard, determined look.

"Robert—oh, Robert, be merciful!"

The words were not much, but the tone, and the look accompanying them, should have broken a will of iron.

"I am merciful! For your own good I repeat—write what I bid you! and you will stay here till you do, and I will stay with you, if we starve!"

"But, Robert—I love him so!"

"Love him!" in a voice tremulous with scorn.

"Yes; and it would break his heart to receive such words from me."

"Humph! men's hearts are not made of porcelain, to be broken at will, or by chance."

"You're adamant, Robert; no one knows it better than I, the fatherless and motherless one whom you have tyrannized over since her very birth—may God forgive you!"

The girl broke down here utterly, and her sobs and moans were heartrending. They troubled for a moment even the hard, cold, calculating heart of Robert Nash. He bent, and half tenderly laid his hand on the flossy, flaxen curls of his sister.

"Stella," he said, and his voice was almost gentle, "Stella, little girl, look here! Lift your face, and look straight in my honest eyes."

She obeyed, as, indeed, she dared not do otherwise, for Robert Nash had ruled her with a rod of iron for seventeen years, and she knew only "the law of his moods." The face she lifted to his was like that of a grieved child. There were tears dripping from her lashes, and her lips were white and tremulous.

"Stella," her brother continued, smiling in a cruel way, "I am older and wiser than you. Women never know what is best for them. Our mother felt this when she put your hand in mine, and whispered: 'Obey him always, dear—obey and love him always!'"

At mention of her mother, the girl's sobs broke out afresh.

"If she had lived! oh, if she had lived!" she cried, "a trial like this could never have found me. Robert, for her sake, do not doom me to a life of bitterness and pain. If you loved her—if to-day her memory is precious and holy in your heart, unsay your cruel words, and give me back my Philip!"

Her blue, dilated eyes went up to his, full of pleading, yet powerless, alas! to soften the inflexible determination he did not choose to conceal; and though she clung to his hands, kissing and crying over them, in a perfect abandonment of woe, she could not beat down the fortress of his selfish purpose. He only stood quietly, evincing a willingness to listen to whatever she might have to say; and the hard lines about his mouth never for a moment relaxed or softened.

When she turned from him at last, and laid her head wearily, and in a hopeless sort of way on the table, Robert Nash sat down beside his sister, and said speaking in slow measured tones:

"Give Philip back to you, Stella! I have never taken him from you. You yourself must withdraw yourself from him. You shall not be the wife of a drunkard, since I have power to prevent it!"

"Philip Stanley will never be that—never!"

The girl's heart, was in her voice, and it was proudly triumphant, revealing all her love, faith and trust.

"He is that already, 'if rumors are reliable.'"

"Rumors are never reliable."

"Well, we are wasting time. I know best what is best for you—and you promised to obey me always."

That was enough. Robert Nash knew well the gentle, yielding, faithful spirit, intrusted to his care—and in the utterance of his last words he had conquered. She took the pen he held toward her, and as

one in the sleep, or in the dumbness of delirium, wrote as he commanded:

PHILIP:—Let the old dream go by. Do not seek to know why this must be. You cannot change my will, nor my heart, that has learned so late that it does not, and never has—loved you!

Never yours, STELLA.

All the long night that followed lights were blazing over the house of Robert Nash, save in the chamber where his sister lay in blessed unconsciousness, and where life and death stood face to face through the long, anxious hours. The lamp was shaded there—there was a faint fragrance of garden roses stealing in at the open window, under which, low in the black shadow of the ivy, crouched, shivering, though it was midsummer, the fine, perfect form of Philip Stanley.

Unlike most lovers in romances, he had not gone away in silent submission to his fate; but manlike, and as was his right—aye, even his duty—had gone straightway, though stunned and suffering, to hear, from the only lips whose language he could put faith in, a confirmation of his written doom. But he had been repulsed on the threshold by Robert. Hard words passed between the two, and in the excitement, Robert accused Philip of having, by his dissipated habits, and unworthy way of living, caused the severe illness, if not the death of his sister.

Young Stanley was too shocked and grieved for anger or indignation. Unjust and cruel though the charges were, Philip had but one thought, and that was for Stella.

"Ill!" he whispered. "Dying, perhaps? Oh, Nash, for God's sake, let me go to her."

"Never! Though she were dead, you should not!"

Philip felt himself pushed from the threshold, saw the door closed, and heard the clicking of its bolt.

Afterward he knew that the night came down dewy, and sweet with stars; that there were hasty comers and goers through the iron gate, where her feet had tripped so lightly in the past, and through which it might be she was soon to be carried to her burial; that there were sounds of smothered sobbing from the window overhead—and that the heaven of hope, and the hell of fear, seemed spirits of air that were battling for the possession of his soul.

And the night went by. "She will live!" he heard the doctor say at daydawn to Jack, the gardener, who worshipped his young mistress; and feebly Philip rose from the shadowy couch, where he had suffered, as God would ever know, and silently, in the cool, gray dawn, passed outward and onward toward the barren events of a grand but lonely life.

Once, afterward, Philip Stanley poured the passionate love of his heart, the devotion and worship of his life, out in burning words, which found their way to his lost darling, but which brought back no olive-branch of hope, or even peace.

"Ah, Philip," Stella wrote, "it was cruel of you to make me say again: 'Let the old dream go by!' I am weary let me rest!"

That was all. And Philip Stanley took up his cross, whereon no green thing shone and bore it patiently toward the laurel heights, "behind which there is peace!"

* * * * *

"Just as you please, Robert."

The voice was very low, and very sad.

"Not as I please Stella. Surely it is for you to name your marriage day."

"Long ago I ceased laying the slightest claim to an individual will or wish. I have been in your hands all my life, as clay in the potter's. 'Do with me whatsoever seemeth good in thy sight.'"

She began in a mocking tone, but a helpless helplessness throbb'd through the measures of her voice at the very last.

"Harold is impatient of delay; and, to tell the truth little sis, I'm in desperate need of money."

He even had the heart to laugh, this stern, relentless foe to the peace of the girl before him, standing open-eyed, with his mother's face and form duplicated in the rosy sunset hour against a background of the scenes that mother loved!

"How dare you!" Stella's lips were white with anger. "Never speak of him again. You are not worthy."

Philip Stanley was an artist, and the world called him poor; but to have worn his love openly, would have been better than jewels, Stella thought; and for an instant she was sorely tempted to escape from her prison and fly to her lover though it were

Over hills, and far away
Beyond the mountain's purple rim—
Beyond the night—across the day—

anywhere, everywhere, so that, through all the world, she could "follow him."

She bowed her head, the blood flushing over her fair face until the spirit of temp-

er—whether wisely or not—was again put under her feet. Then she rose paler than before, and staggered rather than walked, to her room.

After this, she submitted quietly to all the wishes of her brother concerning her, and, in the same passive spirit, stood at the altar, and promised to love, honor and obey Harold Morse.

* * * * *

Stella Nash had been growing more and more like her dead mother ever since Philip Stanley's last "good-by" had reached her.

"Short-lived," the neighbors said; but though Stella Nash was sinful enough to wish it might be so, she had no ground for hope.

A year had gone by since the hope and life had gone from her heart with that cruel letter to Philip. She had never fully recovered from the terrible illness that followed so closely, and no one had ever seen her smile since the time when, mistaking Robert for her banished lover, she had called to him, "Philip! Philip! Philip!"

Like one resurrected from the dead, she came back to her old place in her brother's home; sat at his table; sang the old songs for him whenever he wished—in fine, did all her mistaken ideas of duty prompted—even to accepting Harold Morse's blunt proposal of marriage.

"He's a little fast," Robert admitted; "but a good fellow in the main. Rich, too. Can have all the jewels you want, little sis; and that's a deal better than to sit in an attic and sew on buttons for an artist—eh?"

"Stella, dear Stella! do not refuse! Only let me put you and your children in a pleasant home, where his cruelty cannot reach you, and then I'll go away and never look upon your face again."

"If I only knew what was right! Oh, if I only knew!"

The arms of the faded, sickly-looking woman, sitting in the dreary desolation of that tumbling tenement house, in the very worst street of the city, clasped closer the three months' old babe that happily slept; and her two elder children leaning on her lap, looked with eager, asking eyes from her wet face to the face of Philip Stanley.

"And we could have enough to eat just once!" timidly inquired little Mary.

Good God! Stella Nash!—Philip ignored her more recently given title "is it so bad as that! Answer me truly."

"For months we have known continually what hunger means!"

Stella's face flushed crimson at the confession; but Philip, bowing his head over the small hands of her children, whom he loved as few men could, sobbed aloud.

"Hush, Phil!" pleaded Stella, in the long-lost tender tone. "It is wrong that you should suffer for my sake. I sinned deeply—though God knows I meant to do right; and I broke your heart and mine too, dear, dear Philip! Poor Robert! He saw it all at last, and died imploring my forgiveness. He was deceived in Harold; hence you have found me here. But I cannot leave my husband. 'For better or worse' I vowed—"

"Yes, and perjured your own soul, for you had no love to give!"

Philip Stanley's voice was bitter just then.

"Well, it may be I have atoned," Mrs. Morse replied, humbly. "God will judge me kindly I think."

"Forgive me, Stella!" implored Philip. "I am half crazed to-day. But you must let me use a little of the wealth I never sought but which is mine, nevertheless for your comfort. It is so little I ask, Stella, my friend my only love!"

He dared not trust himself longer in her presence. The old spell was too profound upon him. He kissed little Mary so long and so hard that the child gave a frightened cry, and then rushed with no goodbye, into the cold morning air.

For the first time in all their lives, the children of Stella Morse were that day satisfied with their dinner.

They wondered why their mamma should cry so when they had "such heaps of goodies," and the hunger of the past was forgotten, never again, thank God! to haunt them even with a memory.

Late that night the body of Harold Morse was found by the police, and carried to the miserable shelter of the place he once called home.

"Death from drunkenness and exposure," was the verdict of the coroner. But thus had Heaven thrown wide the portals to the fair land of Peace, even here—the fair land where to-day, walk happily, side by side, Stella and Philip Stanley.

* * * * *

Rustic Parishioners.

The Rev. Augustus Jessop, in "Trials of a Country Parson," tells some amusing stories concerning his rustic English par-

ishioners. The mistakes hearers make in interpreting sermons, he says are simply endless and sometimes almost incredible. No invention of the most inveterate storyteller could equal the facts which are matters of weekly experience.

"As you was a-saying in your sermon, 'tarnal mowing won't du without 'tarnal making—you mind that! yer says, an' I did mind it tu, an' we've got up that har hay surprising!"

Mr. Perry had just a little misconceived my words. I had quoted from Philip Van Artevelde, "He that lacks time to mend. Eternity mourns that."

Not many months ago I was visiting a good, simple old man who was death stricken, and had been long lingering on the verge of the dark river. "I've been thinking, sir, of that little hymn as you said about the old devil when he was took bad. I should like to hear that again."

"I was equal to the occasion. 'The devil was sick—the devil a saint would be; The devil got well—not a bit of a saint was he.'"

It seemed necessary to soften the language of the original.

"Is that what you mean?" "Yes! it was that. Well I've been a-thinking, if the old devil had laid a bit longer and been afflicted the same as some on 'em, as he'd 'a' been the better, for it. Aint there no more of that there little hymn sir!"

The Power of Children.

A man was leaning much intoxicated, against a tree; some little children coming from school saw him there, and at once said to each other,—

"What shall we do for him?"

"Oh I'll tell you," said one presently, "let's sing him a temperance song."

And so they did; collecting around him they sang, "Away the bowl, away the bowl," and so on in the beautiful tune.

The poor fellow enjoyed the singing very much, and when they had finished the song he said:—

"Sing again, little girls, sing again."

"We will," they said, "if you will sign the temperance pledge."

"No, no; we are not in a temperance meeting, there are no pledges here."

"I have a pledge," said one, "and I have a pencil," said another; holding up the pencil they besought him to sign it.

"No, no; I won't sign it now. Sing for me."

So they sang again.—

"The drink that's in the drunkards bowl Is not the drink for me."

"Oh, do sing that again," said he as he wiped the tears from his eyes.

"No more," they said, "unless you'll sign the pledge; sign and we will sing for you."

"But," said the poor fellow trying to find an excuse, "there's no table here; how can I write without a table?"

At this, a modest, quiet, pretty little creature with a finger on her lips, came and said:—

"Yes you can spread the pledge on the crown of your hat, and I will hold it for you."

Off came the hat, the child held it, and the pledge was signed and the little ones burst out with

"Oh, water for me, bright water for me; Give wine to the tremulous debauchee."

I heard that man in Worcester Town Hall with uplifted hands and quivering lips say:—

"Thank God for the sympathy of those children; I shall thank God to all eternity that He sent those little children as messengers of mercy to me."—Ex.

City and Country.

The city person, it is well known, is often as much of a "greenhorn" in the country as the country person is in the city. A girl who had been accustomed to certain city squares and exclusive parks, whose high-barred gates were closed at a fixed hour every night, made her first visit to the country. She was being taken through the lanes and fields by her mother, when the sun set.

"Say, mamma," said the little girl, "haven't we got to go in? What time do they close the country, anyway?"

It was a city boy, too, who, when taken with him by his country cousin while he dug some potatoes, watched the process of unearthing the tubers for a moment with great wonder, and then remarked:

"Is that where you keep your potatoes? I should think it would be more convenient to keep them in the barrels, the way we do."

The "country greenhorn" in the city has this advantage over the "city greenhorn" in the country, and he does not put on airs of superiority on all occasions. It was a city boy in the country who, being taken to a peach-tree full of ripe and delicious fruit, and invited to help himself, remarked somewhat loftily:

"No, I thank you. I never eat them until they are canned!"

HUNGRY WOLVES PURSUED HIM. An Exciting Experience of a Canadian Fisherman.

The following story is told in an American paper as a dispatch from Ottawa, and is undoubtedly exciting, but our readers can accept it with the usual "grain of salt."

An enthusiastic fisherman who has just returned from the Ottawa district tells the following thrilling story of his experience with the Canadian wolf.

He and an Englishman, both eager for sport, had gone out from a solitary hotel, some fifty miles above navigation on the Ottawa River, in search of trout. After trying one lake, at which they were unsuccessful, they proceeded through the trackless forest some ten miles away from the hotel, to the headwaters of a chain of smaller lakes in the vicinity. In a few hours they had hooked over four hundred fish, some of them of large size. The coming darkness made them cease the slaughter. The Canadian strung a few of the fish together, but the Englishman insisted upon taking with him a string longer than himself. He had about fifty pounds of fish loaded on his shoulder, when darkness compelled the twain to proceed on the homeward journey. Before they had gone many yards it was pitch dark. The Canadian carried his gun with about half a dozen fish, but the overloaded Englishman dragged behind him his heavy load. The only guide through the forest was by means of "blazes." When they neared the lake they had deserted in the morning, a shrill bark was heard on the hillside over to the left. The Canadian knew what it meant. It was a warning. A wolf had scented the fish. A half-minute afterward the bark was repeated, and then away to the right came a loud ringing whine which told that the signal bark had been heard. The Englishman dropped his fish and asked, hurriedly, "What is that?"

He was told that it meant wolves and business and that he must throw away his fish if he wished to escape a terrible danger. He refused, however, and simply picked up his fish again and quickened his pace. At every step the cries grew more numerous. The pathway had been lost, and the two men were now hurrying through brambles and dense undergrowth toward the lake some five hundred feet away. The Canadian remembered that he had built a small raft of logs that morning and moored it near the shore. If the raft had not drifted, there was still some hope.

He had scarcely paused to urge the Englishman to renewed efforts, when he saw right at his side a pair of gleaming eyes, which frightened him so much that his gun almost dropped from his nerveless grasp. He called to the Englishman to hasten or he would be devoured. As soon as the latter caught sight of the blazing eyes he dropped his fish and rushed through the brush at the heels of his companion. Just then there was a cracking in the bush, and the next moment the wolf came bounding forward. He made a vicious snap at the Englishman and disappeared in the darkness. The two frightened men tore their way along the uneven path, among brambles and vines, until their clothes were in shreds. Just almost at the brink of the lake there was another howl and then a chorus of yelps. From every bush came the gleam of fierce eyes. They were almost surrounded by the savage beasts. The Canadian had only a little bird shot with him, but he fired. The report made an awful noise that resounded through the forest. The animals scattered in all directions affrighted at the flash. But it was only a moment's respite. Again they took up the pursuit, howling and yelping, while their intended victims made slow progress over rocks, logs, and obstructions of all kinds in an intense darkness. When they had reached within a foot of the lake the foremost wolf, a big black beast with snapping teeth, sprang upon them. The animal jumped high and tore away a part of the Canadian's coat collar. He turned as quickly as he could and as the beast dropped to the ground he struck it with the barrel of his gun. The blow drove him off a few feet and then he leveled the remaining barrel and fired. The wolf fell over howling and the fishermen took up their rush for the shore. The other wolves paused for a few moments with their prostrated companion and then dashed after them. Before they could be overtaken, the men had reached the shore and the raft. As they were pushing themselves from the shore, another wolf sprang at them. The Englishman, who had kept hold of his club, came down upon the animal's head with it and hit him a stunning blow. With the aid of the gun and the club the men succeeded in pushing from the shore. All night they drifted on the lake on their frail craft. The wolves hovered around the shore all night and howled. They decamped at daybreak and the two men went back to the hotel with a story to tell.

Fiction and Fact.

There is rarely a circumstance or character invented by the imagination that does not find its parallel in real life. A year or more ago a writer, described in a story the adventures and vicissitudes of an erring lad who ran away from home to follow the sea. The tale was pure fiction, and the author invented for his young sailor a name unlike any he had ever heard.

Soon after the story was published, its author received a pathetic letter from a sorrowing mother, saying that the sailor-boy of the story was her only son, and begging for his address.

"Tell him," she wrote, "if he will only come home I will forgive all the past. I am alone in the world, and if my dear son will but return to me I shall be happy again."

It was hard to write to this poor mother that the sailor-boy of the story, whose name, adventures, and life so closely resembled her son's, was but a creature of the imagination.

"While addressing a jury in a criminal case a few years ago," said a lawyer, "I made up the following story to illustrate the need of coolness and calm judgment before condemning a man."

"A passenger train was pulling, into the station of a small New England town. The engineer had seen many years of continuous service on that particular run, and had never failed to stop his engine at a certain point.

"One day a great celebration was held in the town, and when that train came in, the track ahead of the point where the engine always stopped was crowded with people. No one feared being run over, so great was the confidence in the engineer's ability to stop his engine at a particular spot.

"But alas! on this day the heavy train was not stopped, but the engine forced its way through the dense mass of humanity, killing and maiming a score of persons. At first the crowd stood aghast; and then a great wave of indignation broke forth against the engineer who had done this thing.

"Hang him! Lynch him!" they shouted.

"The engineer stood in the door of his cab, white and speechless—helpless against the fury of the mob.

"Wait!" cried the fireman, "See this!" and he held up a broken bolt. "Here is the cause of the accident—a broken bolt at the throttle!"

"I believe that I won my case on that little bit of fiction, and what do you think! After court had adjourned, a fine-appearing, gray-haired old gentleman came forward, and grasping my hand exclaimed: 'You told that story well! I was in that crowd at the time of the accident, and saw the whole thing!'"

England's Revenue.

The revenue derived by England from customs duties amounted last year to about one hundred million dollars. Only nineteen articles—imported—are taxed, the principal of which are tobacco, tea, rum, brandy and other spirits, wine, curants, coffee, raisins, and a few other articles; tobacco, for instance, paying \$45,000,000, tea, about \$23,000,000, rum, brandy, spirits and wine about \$27,000,000. About \$125,000,000 are collected by internal revenue taxes, on spirits, beer licenses on carriages, dogs, male servants, etc., while about \$65,000,000 are collected under the head of internal revenue from stamps. Taxation in Great Britain goes upon the assumption that luxuries should pay the burden of the taxes, and tobacco, tea, rum and spirits are considered luxuries, and are therefore heavily taxed. If a man has a female servant he does not pay a tax, but if he keeps a male servant he does, the supposition being that a person able to keep a male servant is in better financial circumstances than one able only to keep a female servant. The income and property tax is an important one, producing a revenue of about \$65,000,000. We wish it were possible for our country to reduce the number of taxed articles to nineteen.

No one doubts that Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy really cures Catarrh, whether the disease be of recent or long standing, because the makers of it clinch their faith in it with a \$500 guarantee, which isn't a mere newspaper guarantee, but "on call" in a moment. The moment is when you prove that its makers can't cure you. The reason for their faith is this: Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy has proved itself the right cure for ninety-nine cases of Catarrh in the Head, and the World's Dispensary Medical Association can afford to take the risk of you being the one hundredth.

The only question is—are you willing to make the test, if the makers are willing to take the risk? If so the rest is easy. You pay your druggist 50 cents and the trial begins. If you're wanting the \$500 you'll get something better—a cure!