

Public Works Office

GET YOUR JOB PRINTING DONE AT THE REVIEW OFFICE.

THE REVIEW

SUBSCRIPTION: \$1.00 A YEAR, STRICTLY IN ADVANCE.

VOL. 3.

RICHIBUCTO, NEW BRUNSWICK, THURSDAY, AUGUST 11, 1892.

NO. 52

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.

The Treasures of the Deep.

What hid'st thou in thy treasure-caves and cells, Thou hollow-sounding and mysterious main? Pale glistening pearls, and rainbow-color'd shells, Bright things which gleam amock'd of, and in vain. Keep, keep thy riches melancholy sea, We ask not such from thee!

Yet more—the depths have more. What wealth untold Far down, and shining through their stillness, lies! Thou hast the starry gems, the burning gold, Won from the ten thousand royal azooses. Sweep o'er thy spoils, thou wild and wrathful main, Earth claims not these again!

Yet more—the depths have more. Thy waves have roll'd Above the cities of a world gone by; Sand hath filled up the places of old—Swarmed o'er grown the halls of revelry, Dash o'er their Ocean in thy scornful play, Man yields them to decay!

Yet more—the billows and the depths have more High hearts and brave are gathered to thy breast— They hear not now the booming waters roar— The battle-thunders will not break their rest. Keep thy gold and gems, thou storay grave— Give back the true and brave!

Give back the lost and lovely—those for whom The prayer was kept at board and hearth so long— The prayer went up through midnight's breathless gloom, And the vain yearning woke 'midst festal song. Hold fast thy buried tales, thy towers o'erthrown, But all is not thy own.

To thee the love of woman hath gone down— Dark flow thy tides o'er manhood's noble head. O'er youth's bright locks and beauty's fiery crown: Yet must thou hear a voice—Restore the dead, Earth shall reclaim her precious things from thee— Restore the dead thou Sea!

The Trap in the Floor.

On the 29th of December, 1845, I was travelling in the south-western part of Virginia, and, owing to the violence of a sudden snow-storm, was belated and forced to pass the night at a little wayside tavern remote from ordinary routes of travel.

I don't mind confessing that I was then a good-looking bachelor on the sunny side of forty, nor that I was what I call a travelling merchant, but most folks dominated a peddler. Now, I am only a superannuated old man, fit for nothing but to tell tales of what happened to him in his younger days.

That was before a network of railroads covered the country, and we "commercial gents" who could afford it travelled in light covered wagons, carrying our goods with us. I had been making a longish stay in Norfolk, laying in my stock, and when my business there was finished, I started west, intending to visit some of the mountain villages and plantations. As I said before I got belated and bewildered by the storm, and stumbling on this little lonely house of entertainment, determined to put up there for the night.

I can't say I was much pleased with the look of things, for a more desolate and lonesome place I never beheld; nor were the countenances of mine host and his wife more prepossessing. I had some valuable goods in my wagon and a good horse, besides some money, so I was worth robbing and perhaps murdering. It was Hobson's choice, however, so I decided to make the best of it; and after a supper of fried bacon and eggs and corn bread, I asked to be shown to my room.

It was truly a wretched affair, that room, being nothing more than a shed attached to the rough boarded cabin dignified by the name of tavern, with a single unglazed window closed by a heavy shutter. It was as cold as the dickens, and after having my packs placed in the room and seeing the door and window securely fastened, I tumbled into bed not examining the condition of the sheets too closely but praying they might be cover enough to keep me from freezing.

up in bed, with my eyes staring wildly at the darkness, and my hair stirring and lifting on my head. A strange feeling possessed me that something uncanny, something dreadful, perhaps deadly, was near me, but I could not see nor hear anything.

After waiting for some moments in that state of intense suspense which follows a sudden shock from sleep, I regained sufficient selfpossession to remember that I had a box of matches in my pocket, and I reached out my hand for my clothes which I had left on a chair by the bedside. Something moist and warm touched it, licking it like the tongue of a dog.

I felt immensely relieved. Of course it was a dog; a dog which had been sleeping under the bed and had crawled out to make acquaintance with the new inmate. I lay down, drew the bedclothes over me, and tried to sleep again; but I could not. The strange, eerie feeling grew stronger by every moment. I could not persuade myself that it was really a dog in the room. I dog would have made some noise. I should have heard it scratching or moving about, but everything was deadly still.

While I lay vainly trying to reason myself into going to sleep, a soft warm touch passed rapidly over my face. What on earth was it? What could it be! Nothing human, I was sure. Now I really must strike a light and see what was in the room.

With desperate determination I grabbed my clothes, got the matches and struck one. As it glazed, I cast a furtive, frightened glance around. What I expected to see I can't say, but something horrible. The match lasted so short a time, it was necessarily a brief survey. I struck another and another, but could see nothing.

There was an end of tallow candle on the unpainted wooden table which did duty for a washstand. But that was at the other side of the room, and to save life I could not summon courage enough to get out of bed. I am ashamed to confess it, but an absolutely paralyzing terror had mastered me. I literally could not stir. I lay still with closed eyes, trying desperately hard to go to sleep, but try as hard as I might that touch roused me again and again.

What was it? I asked over and over. I could not be dreaming. I knew I was not asleep I was broad awake, and every nerve in me twitching and quivering with excitement. And now, as I opened my eyes and looked fearfully at the corners of the room, trying to pierce the shadows as people will do when badly scared in the dark a strange thing happened, which I don't suppose anybody will believe, but it is as true as that I'm living.

The room, as I have said, was intensely dark, but as I looked toward the outside wall it seemed to me that it was not quite so dark as elsewhere. A faint, luminous haze seemed to grow out of the darkness, and as I gazed at it breathlessly, it gradually took form substance, and grew into a pale likeness of a human being, with something, I could not see what, crouching at its feet. I rubbed my eyes hard, and stared at these appearances until I seemed dimly to perceive that the thing crouching on the floor was the shadowy presentment of a dog. At the moment I had fancied I had made this discovery, a long low, mournful howl sounded through the room—the most doleful and lugubrious wail I ever heard. At the same instant, a shadowy hand from the human figure seemed to point to a spot on the floor over which it hovered. Then the apparitions vanished and all was darkness.

As will sometimes happen, extremity of fear now gave me courage. With a desperate determination to fathom these mysteries, if possible, I leaped from the bed, bundled on my clothes, and lighting the candle, I approached the spot where I had seen, or fancied I had seen, these strange appearances. After as close a scrutiny as the wretched light would allow, I found something that looked suspicious.

In the floor, close to the outer wall, a space had been sawed, large enough to admit the body of a man, and the planks fitted in again closely enough to avoid attracting notice, yet so as to be easily raised from beneath. Locks and bars were useless with such a means of ingress, and my late supernatural terrors were succeeded by more reasonable bodily fears. I recalled the villainous countenance of my landlord, the still more repulsive look of his wife, thought of my valuable possessions, and decided I was fairly trapped in a murderous den, where probably, many an unfortunate traveller had perished before me. Just as I made this pleasing discovery, the remnant of candle expired and I was left in total darkness.

I am not a coward, though I don't set up to be a hero, and, like many others

who find themselves in a strait from which nothing but courage and presence of mind can deliver them, I suddenly developed hitherto unknown reserves of those admirable qualities. I resolved that if I must be robbed and murdered, I would at least die hard.

Among the goods purchased in Norfolk was a hunting knife bought on commission for a planter near Staunton. It was a splendid weapon, richly carved handle and sheath, and a short strong blade, sharp and true as Toledo steel. Luckily I had not packed it in my bales, but had packed it in the valise which contained my clothes. I stole like a shadow across the room, trembling lest the creaking of a plank in the crazy floor should betray me, opened the bag and seized the knife. With this in my hand I did not feel entirely defenceless, and with renewed hope and confidence I took my stand close by the trap, determined if my room were entered, to do my best in defence of my life and property, and devoutly hoping that the number of my assailants might be limited to the landlord and his wife.

I waited minute after minute, until my blood, so lately stirred by a sense of extreme peril, grew chill in my veins from excessive cold. Suddenly I heard what seemed to be a stealthy step crunching the snow without. Directly after, the trap was very slowly and softly raised; a long bony hand, holding a tallow candle, protruded through the opening and a grey withered face appeared below, with wildly staring eyes following the light of the candle around the room.

I shrank close to the wall as I could, but I knew I could not remain long undiscovered, and as the light and eyes approached me, I started forward and struck with all my force on the wrist that upheld the candle.

The keen blade cut through bone and muscle, and hand and candle fell with a sickening thud on the floor, and with a single shrill, agonizing scream told that my victim was a woman. I shivered through all my body, and breathless with horror waited in the darkness for an instant attack. I heard nothing however, except a stifled moaning, which gradually died away.

I waited and waited, half frozen with cold and fear. Nothing happened. At last I could stand it no longer, and determined to go to bed at all hazards. Groping about in the dark, I managed to pile my heaviest bales on the trap, so that it could not be opened without noise; then crouching on the bed, I wrapped the blankets around me to keep from freezing and made up my mind to watch till morning.

I thought that night of horror would never end, but, at last grey streaks of dawn shone through the cracks in the window shutters, and I devoutly thanked God it was over and that I had lived to see daylight again.

As soon as I could see clearly, I got up cautiously and removed the bales, shuddering in anticipation of finding the hand I had cut off last night. But what was my astonishment to find neither the hand or the candle, nor even a stain of blood upon the floor; nothing, actually nothing, to tell of last night's horror. Had it then really been only a dreadful dream?

Ah, the knife! I eagerly snatched it up. Yes, there was the red witness plain enough, still wet and crimsoning the blade from point to handle. Yet on turning again to the floor there was no stain there and on close inspection looked solid from end to end.

"Well," thought I, "of all the queer places I ever heard of, this one takes the lead. But for this knife I should be tempted to believe the events of last night only a vivid dream. This, however is indisputable evidence of what happened, and of one thing I am very certain—the sooner I get away from here, the better for my health."

I wiped the knife on the skirt of my coat, and placed it in my bosom, taking very good care to have the handle convenient for laying hold of. I then opened the door, not without many inward misgivings, and called to the landlord to bring out my wagon.

He soon appeared, sullen and dogged as ever, but I saw no change in him since last night. He offered me breakfast, which I at once refused; not for worlds would I have eaten or drunk in that house. I was in a fever of impatience to be off, and after paying his bill in the smallest change I had, and without any unnecessary display of wealth, I stood by and watched him replace my packages in the wagon, and harness the horse. I did not offer to assist him; I was too much afraid of being taken at a disadvantage. I kept my hand on my trusty weapon, and never took my eyes off the surly villain. His amiable helpmate did not make her appearance, and I thought I could give a

shrewd guess at the reason. I made no inquiries after her health, but jumped into my wagon and drove off.

To this day I cannot account for my escape. The fellow must have seen that I suspected him, and must have guessed at the witness to his attempted crime which I carried with me. I can only suppose that he was an arrant coward with all his brutality, and dared not attack me, knowing me to be armed and on my guard; especially after his accomplice was disabled.

It was nearly two years afterward that I was travelling the same road again, and passed by the scene of my memorable adventure. I had, I assure you, no intention of calling, but I found the place so changed that I made sure it no longer belonged to my former friends, curiosity tempted me to stop and ask what had become of them.

Everything about now wore a thrifty and cheerful look, and so did the comely dame who answered my knock. Upon inquiring after the former occupants, I heard without surprise or regret, that they had at last received the punishment they so richly deserved. The disappearance of a traveller who was known and expected in the neighboring town, led to suspicion, and suspicion to search.

And would you believe, sir," continued the good woman, "they found a trap door in that shed room there with a false floor and under it was a deep hole with a traveller's body in it, and the skeleton of another man and a dog, poor thing! They killed him I suppose, for trying to defend his master. And the wicked wretches were put into a jail hung, and we bought the place dirt cheap because it had such a bad name. Some folks say it is haunted, but laws I ain't never need nothing, and I ain't scared of ghosts anyhow."

I did not disturb her comfortable skepticism by relating my experiences in that house, but I believed then as I believe now, that a supernatural warning saved my life on that night of terror.

AN UNUSUAL DEATH-RATE.—At this season of the year there are always many deaths, particularly among children, from Summer Complaint, Diarrhoea, Dysentery, Cholera Morbus, Cramps, etc., but this season the cases seem to be unusually frequent and fatal, and every one ought to know that a sure and speedy cure can easily be obtained by taking a teaspoonful of PERRY DAVIS' PAIN KILLER in sweetened water (hot water is the best) every half hour until relieved. This remedy has never been known to fail. Full directions are with each bottle. It is kept by every respectable druggist. New Big bottle old popular 25c. price.

McDougal Settlement, W. C.

AUGUST 1, 1892.—The weather last week was all that could be desired by the hay makers, many of whom are nearly done; but some, of course, are scarcely under way yet.

Potato bugs were very plentiful, but the Paris green applied in many cases has driven the enemy back. All crops are good generally.

Mr. Landry, Mr. Gagnon and others have been putting new potatoes into the Moncton market for over two weeks, and realizing 30c a peck for them.

The Colborne brothers have their new shingle mill nearly ready for operation, they are full of enterprise and will do well with their mill.

The trustees of this district have engaged Miss Henry, of Moncton, as their teacher for the coming term. The "boys" will again don the war paint. The marns after teaching a term here generally remain for better or worse.

Mrs. Million's Ride.

When Mrs. Million goes to ride she travels forth in state, Her horses, full of fire and pride, go prancing from the gate; But all the beauties of the day she views with languid eye, Her flesh in weakness wastes away, her voice is but a sigh.

For Mrs. Million is in an advanced stage of catarrh, and all the luxuries that wealth can buy fail to give her comfort. She envies her rosy waiting maid, and would give all her riches for that young woman's pure breath and blooming health. Now, if some true and disinterested friend would advise Mrs. Million of the wonderful merits of Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy, she would learn that her case is not past help. \$500 reward is offered by the manufacturers for a case of catarrh in the head which they cannot cure.

Nineteen Chinamen arrived at Halifax Saturday in bond. They have come from China via the Pacific and across the continent, and sailed in the steamer Beta for Havana, where they will work on a plantation.

Drowned at Buctouche.

Captain Camille Daigle was drowned during the storm last Tuesday night near Dixon's point, at the entrance to Buctouche harbor. He sailed in the schooner St. Martins, of which Ben LeBlanc, is captain, and the vessel had just returned from Cape Breton, where a cargo of lumber belonging to Daigle had been disposed of. The customs officers suspected them of being engaged in smuggling from St. Pierre, Miquelon, and were on the lookout for them when the vessels arrived and anchored a mile off shore. According to the evidence of Renaud and Duplessis, two members of the crew, they rowed Captain LeBlanc ashore and then went back for Daigle. When near shore they say their boat was filled by the waves and capsized. They clung to the boat and reached land, but Daigle attempted to swim ashore and was drowned. His body was found yesterday morning in two feet of water, but no bruises were found beyond a slight discoloration on one arm. It is believed the vessel had smuggled liquor on board otherwise they would have sought a safer anchorage near shore. Dixon's point is about five miles from Buctouche harbor. They considered it strange that no money was found on Daigle's person, as he was known to have \$200 on his person when left Buctouche, and must have realized from the sale of the cargo of lumber in Cape Breton.

What Stronger Proof

Is needed of the merit of Hood's Sarsaparilla than the hundreds of letters continually coming in telling of the marvellous cures it has effected after all other remedies had failed? Truly, Hood's Sarsaparilla possesses peculiar curative powers unknown to other medicines.

Hood's Pills cure constipation by restoring the peristaltic action of the alimentary canal. They are the best family cathartic.

Cocagne.

COCAGNE, Aug. 5.—The picnic held at Notre Dame on the 19th and 20th ult., has been a grand success, notwithstanding the bad state of the weather on the last day. Quite a large number of people were present from Moncton and Buctouche. Over \$700 were realized.

A new spire is being built to the Grand Digue R. C. church. It will be from the ground and considerably higher than the old one which is now unsafe.

Misses Mary and Jessie McDougal of Moncton, are boarding at Mr. St. Peter's. Miss Sadie and Master Harry Sears of Campbellton, are visiting their uncle Mr. A. K. Dysart.

Mr. George and Alphonse LeBlanc of Waltham have lately arrived. The bark Dolphin is in port loading lumber for the old country.

Ask Your Friends

Who have taken Hood's Sarsaparilla what they think of it, and the replies will be positive in its favor. One has been cured of indigestion and dyspepsia, another finds it indispensable for sick headache, others report remarkable cures of scrofula, salt rheum and other blood diseases, still others will tell you that it overcomes "that tired feeling" and so on. Truly, the best advertising which Hood's Sarsaparilla receives is the hearty endorsement of the army of friends it has won by its positive medicinal merit.

Buctouche.

Aug. 4.—Miss Mary Girouard, our popular, teacher leaves to-night for a city in the neighboring country where she goes both to take charge of an important school, and as organist of an R. Catholic church at that place.

It is to be regretted that since the departure of Mr. E. Colman the brass band has not been heard. A little of the energy which the members of that society have already shown, would be more than sufficient to keep the things going on to the great satisfaction of all.

The new barn which Rev. Father Michaud got built at his Model farm at Pointe à Jerome during the second part of last month (106x48 ft.) already contains 80 tons of first-class hay saved in the best condition.

Mr. Anselme Jaillet, Mr. J. D. Irving's popular clerk arrived here last night from Cocagne Bar, where he had gone to enjoy fishing.

All the people are looking forward to the 22nd and 23 of this month, when the annual picnic will take place. The usual great crowd from every part of the county is expected.

Mr. Pius Michaud who graduated at St. Joseph's College in the commercial course some time ago received the license of 1st class at the examination of the Normal school at Fredericton. Mr. Michaud studied two years in the High school and Normal school in the capital.

A Wonder of Science.

One of the most delicate surgical operations ever performed in San Francisco was that to which A. Baehm, a patient at the City and County hospital, was subjected recently. The operation was remarkable in that an endoscope, or small electric light, was used during the process. This was thrust into the thoracic cavity, and by its illumination the action of the heart and lungs was plainly visible. This is the first case reported on the Pacific coast where the electric endoscope was used in difficult surgery with beneficial results.

Baehm was afflicted with an abscess which had formed in the pleural cavity and attacked the left lung. The operation was an exceedingly dangerous one, and in order not to shock the patient no mention of the intention of the physicians was made to him.

The sick man was quickly anaesthetized and the inflated breast was exposed to view. A discoloration on the left side showed that the trouble lay under the tissue in that direction, and Dr. Ellinwood began operations at once by making two deep incisions crosswise, from which the blood spurts in streams. Several of the larger blood vessels were necessarily cut, but these were quickly ligatured, with Dr. Stillman's assistance.

The flaps of flesh were laid to one side, exposing the third rib to view. This rib was resected for three inches, and when it was cut away a dark and bloody opening was revealed, through which the thoracic cavity and the space between the lungs could be seen. Dr. Hirschfelder inserted the endoscope through the opening in Baehm's breast and the light was turned on, illuminating the interior of the cavity with remarkable distinctness.

The heart worked slowly, owing to the effect of ether. The aorta dilated and fell with every heart beat. The lung was also plainly visible. During the one hour and a half consumed in making the operation the action of the heart was distinctly visible, and the unusual sight was the subject of much comment upon the part of the operators and spectators.

When the process was completed and every vestige of pus removed, the endoscope was withdrawn and the opening in Baehm's breast closed. The operation was a highly successful one in every particular and Baehm's condition shows that he is gaining strength.—Electricity.

Worth Ten Dollars a Bottle.

Any person who has used Polson's Nerviline, the great pain cure, would not be without it if it costs ten dollars a bottle. A good thing is worth its weight in gold, and Nerviline is the best remedy in the world for all kinds of pain. It cures neuralgia in five minutes; toothache in one minute; lame back at one application; headache in a few moments; and all pains just as rapidly. Why not try it to-day? Large bottles 25 cents, sold by all druggists and country dealers. Use Polson's nerve pain cure—Nerviline.

After Buried Treas.

VICTORIA, B. C., July 15.—The little British Columbia schooner Eliza Edwards, and the San Francisco yacht Hayseed, Gislter master, have started to Cocos Island for the biggest stake on record—something in the neighborhood of \$6,000,000. The island was inhabited many years ago by pirates, and millions are supposed to have been hidden. It is claimed that all the treasure is buried in one cave, and that the pirates covered up the entrance by blowing down the hill with powder. The San Francisco treasure hunter has leased Cocos Island for five years from the Costa Rican government, and is in possession of a chart supposed to show the location of the "fortune fair" within twenty feet. So confident are the members of both parties that the treasure will be found that arrangements have been made by each to charter a steamer to carry away the gold, silver and precious stones.

Nicholas River Notes.

Miss Minnie Dobson, who was seriously ill for the past few weeks, is recovering.

Patrick Handrahan and John Brown have been engaged for the past week hay making on the Holder farm.

Miss Lizzie McLean, who has been teaching school at Mill Creek for a number of years is home spending her vacation. Rumor says she is going back to the Creek ne'er to return.

Mr. Andrew Little and Miss Ethel Little have returned home after spending a pleasant week visiting friends in Coal Branch.

Miss Mary McLean is visiting her many friends in Molus River.

Miss Ella Wright, of Portland, Me., is the guest of Mr. A. Stohart. SKIFFER.