

Board Parks Office

THE CIRCULATION OF THE REVIEW EXCEEDS THAT OF ANY TWO PAPERS ON THE NORTH SHORE COMBINED.

THE REVIEW

VOL. 6.

RICHIBUCTO, NEW BRUNSWICK, THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 29, 1894.

NO. 14

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 Crossing Paths.

Our far diverging lines of life, Have for a moment crossed, To touch, and wind away, and be In the dim distance lost. No chance in all our wanderings Has brought us heretofore So face to face, to pause, and speak, And part, and meet no more.

As passing ships, whose wide-flung sails Are for an instant furled, We hail, and barter words of cheer, Brought from the under-world; With eager question, quick reply, Across the deck we lean; Then part and put the silences Of ocean wastes between.

We turn and watch the fading sail Until our eyes grow dim, And the blue billows melt away On the horizon's rim. How sad it seems! a few brief words, A kiss, a hand-clasp given; Then—paths that cross on land or sea, No more this side of heaven!

Well, let them cross, as cross they may, And let them still diverge, Sundered by leagues of desert land, By mountain or by surge,— We know there is one central spot No travelling feet have passed, Where earth's divergent, crossing paths Shall meet and end at last!

THE CHOSEN BOY AND THE RESCUE.

RUFUS HALL.

When the gun-bark Plover had anchored off the west coast of Australia, and the few settlers who lived ashore opposite to her learned that her captain was in want of a cabin-boy, there were many applications for the berth. But the first lieutenant, Mr. Darrel, who was to choose the new hand, could find no lad to suit him. While he was still waiting to be satisfied David Darrel, his son, a fine, spirited youth of sixteen, was, one morning paddling a small canoe among the rocks, reefs and sandy islets that skirted the shore, as he had been in the habit of doing, now and then, since the vessel came to an anchor, when he noticed four boys on a little island ahead breaking to pieces, with a hatchet and the butts of oars, which they had taken from their own boat, a skiff evidently belonging to another boy who was vainly struggling with them to save his property.

Dave's canoe was a light, swift one, which the lieutenant had bought for him at Sumatra, to enable him, when he had the time, to amuse himself by cruising about the shore of such places as the bark might visit during the voyage.

Urging the vessel swiftly forward, and calling upon the boys to desist from their destructive work he soon reached the island.

The lads there who had been breaking the skiff had not heeded him; the little boat now lay shattered at their feet, and they were about to attack and beat the owner of the destroyed skiff when Dave arrived.

The persecuted boy, not more than fourteen years old, was a Kanaka, or native of the Sandwich islands, slim and straight, with long, black hair and weird, bright eyes.

"Back, there!" shouted Darrel, as his canoe grated on the sand, and he sprang out, confronting the young ruffians.

"He's nothing but a 'Jonah' of a Kanaka!" cried one. "He wanted to go and try to ship as cabin-boy aboard your gun-bark, but they wouldn't take any of us whites there, and we wasn't a-goin' to give this coppery savage a chance for the place. He's no good. Nobody cares for 'Kanaka Jack!'"

"You are mean curs for breaking his skiff," said Dave.

"Are we? Well, you'll see we are curs that can bite as well as bark."

The speaker and his companions were then about to spring past Dave at the Kanaka, when the lieutenant's son, again confronting them, hurled the foremost one against his followers.

"Touch that boy at your peril!" he cried. "Away with you!"

Not daring longer to run the risk of opposing this youthful officer from a war vessel, the young scoundrels took to their boat and sullenly rowed away.

The little Kanaka thanked Dave for befriending him. He said that he had been cast away, months before, from a wrecked brig on this coast. Disliked by the boys among the settlers, he wanted to leave the place, and would be glad to ship aboard the gun-bark.

"Now they been break 'Kanaka Jack's' skiff, him not can earn nothing at fishing any more," he mournfully added.

Darrel took him to the bark and tried to persuade his father to enlist him as cabin-boy. But fearing that the lad's imperfect knowledge of English would hinder his understanding orders, the lieutenant at first objected. His son, however, so earnestly pleaded for the boy that the first officer at last consented to give him a trial.

It was then found that he correctly guessed, if he did not exactly comprehend, what was said to him, and, as he was neat, active and obedient, the captain before many days had passed, told the lieutenant he was very well satisfied with the little fellow. Now and then he was permitted to accompany Dave in his canoe when, being very grateful to his benefactor, he would dive and bring him up presents of beautiful shells from the rocks under the ocean.

The Kanakas, who go from the skiff almost from infancy, are wonderfully expert at swimming or diving, and Jack could remain for a minute under water, darting into and out of submarine caves or gliding among the silky tassels of the weeds far down in the deep.

At one time, while out in the canoe with Jack, Dave, thinking he might conclude to take a bath, wore only a light swimming suit, except that he had on his jacket over the thin upper garment.

The weather was very warm, for it was the season of the Australian summer.

Swarms of buzzing flies darkened the air about the numerous ant hills between the coast and the mountains, and the shellfish on the rocks looked as if they had been baked by the heat.

Presently, when close to a long, wide reef, Jack sprang out upon it to procure for his companion some of the beautiful shells called by the Australian natives Irego, which he knew were to be found about fifty yards ahead, where the reef was inaccessible for the canoe on account of its being skirted by low, pointed rocks.

After the Kanaka was gone, as Dave was taking off his jacket, too warm for that sultry day, his midshipman's dagger, in its sheath, slipping from the breast pocket of the garment, fell into the sea. The lad, who was an excellent swimmer, resolved to try to recover the knife himself instead of troubling Jack to come away back and get it for him. Having hastily stuffed his jacket in the bow, he looked about into the clear water, which at this place was about eighteen feet deep, and he could see the red sheath as it slowly sank. In the canoe there was a coil of rope about twenty feet long, with which, by fastening it to a stone, he would sometimes anchor his canoe. As a precaution, he secured one end of this line about his breast and tied the other to the middle thwart of the canoe. Should he be taken with cramp or otherwise be hindered from coming up, after going down, Jack, to whom he now called out, making known his intention, could haul him to the surface by means of the rope. Without waiting for the Kanaka's answer, he dived but, keeping his eyes open as he went down, he was not more than two fathoms down when he was startled at seeing a strange monster emerge from the shadow of a projecting shelf of the reef. Swiftly it swam diagonally upward, working a large pair of hand-shaped flippers or fore-fins as if they were paddles. The big head, the eyes, the flat nose, the distended nostrils, and even the mouth bore some resemblance to those of a savage human being. The animal, fully nine feet long, was of dark color; except about its under part, which was streaked with white, and its body, thick in the middle, tapered to slender proportions toward the crescent-shaped tail.

The boy hurriedly rose to the surface. When he reached it, he watched the singular creature that had alarmed him, and which was now nearly twelve feet away, making for a clump of water-soaked grass that had evidently drifted from some point far up the coast. This grass was close to that part of the line which hung from the canoe with one end of it tied, as already stated, about Dave's breast.

The slack coils between the canoe and the boy lay twisted into numerous turns and bights, a little below the surface of the water. The monster was very near these, when it darted forward with open mouth showing two rows of canine teeth, and caught the clump of grass between its jaws.

"Kanaka Jack," who while nearly a hundred and sixty feet away had, as he gathered the shells, been watching for Dave's reappearance, was now fast approaching that part of the reef opposite to which he had come up.

"Hurry! Unfasten line!" he said to Darrel. "Him dugong—too close to line—fraid get caught!"

Dave vainly tried to untie the line about his breast. The knot having hardened from being wet, was a difficult one, and as he awkwardly tugged at it there in the water, he anxiously watched the creature that Jack had called a dugong.

He had often heard of but had never before seen this strange mammal, which is of the family of the manatee, or sea-cow, which can go on shore as well as in the water, and will eat hay, grass and herbs.

He now swam for the reef, from which, while keeping himself afloat, he had drifted about fifteen feet. The dugong, in a nearly perpendicular position, with its head and its white-streaked breast above the water, but facing a little away from the lad, whom, evidently, it had not yet seen, was quietly chewing the grass, while gently working its big, hand-shaped flippers up and down.

Dave, turning his face from it toward the Kanaka as he swam, noticed that the youth, still rapidly approaching, had dropped the shells he had collected and drawn a small sheath-knife from a belt about his waist.

"What are you going to do with the knife, Jack?" he shouted. "I don't think the fish will attack me."

"No—no—we want to cut line," was the answer. "Hi, hi! Me thought so! You speak too loud and frighten him!"

In fact on hearing Darrel's shout, the monster gave a wild steer and dived as if alarmed, its body becoming entangled among the many submerged bights of the slack line. Two of these bights caught about its form close to its forefins, when up it again came, darting swiftly along, alternately rolling, leaping and plunging, in mad effort to disengage itself from the rope.

There was a length of about twelve feet between the part of the ropes which was around its body and that part which was fast to Dave, while about eight feet of the line extended from the creature to where the hitch had been secured to the thwart of the canoe. As a consequence, the rope soon became taut, when both the boy and the canoe—the latter presently capsizing—were dragged along after the careering animal.

Dave's situation was perilous in the extreme. He was obliged to use his hands and feet vigorously to keep his head above water as he was drawn violently along. Now and then he would be carried beneath the surface by the plunges of the monster. It would only be temporarily, for the animal would come up again with a wild leap. But Dave was becoming weak and faint, from these rude jerks and submersions. He feared that the dugong, when it reached the deeper water ahead, would dive far down, dragging him along under the sea, where he must soon perish. Its course was parallel with the reef, about fifteen feet from it, and away from the Kanaka boy, who, firmly grasping his knife was hurrying along the rocky border to try to attain a position which would enable him to effect the imperiled lad's rescue by swimming out to him and cutting the line.

Presently the dugong, as if conscious that it could not extricate itself from the line by thus speeding on, commenced to swim to and fro in zig-zag directions, now and then rolling, plunging, springing, bending itself almost double and beating the sea to foam with its strong tail.

The Kanaka soon arrived opposite to it. Heedless of his danger, with his knife between his teeth, he swam out into the midst of the foaming waters, which the alarmed dugong, now circling round and round, was constantly thrashing with his flukes. Nimbly dodging these tremendous strokes and narrowly escaping them, he had nearly succeeded in reaching that part of the line which must be cut to free Dave, when the monster, as if frightened, gave one mad leap away from him and slantingly dived. The line, quickly receding from Little Jack, became taut before he could swim to it, and Dave was dragged under the water, which was here about thirty feet deep.

As he was drawn down strange sights met his vision there in the depth. He saw below him submarine weeds, waving their long, drooping fibers, which, illumined by a faint light from above, looked like silver threads. As he sank among these slimy,

glistening meshes, shoals of curious fish, startled in their sea bower, darted round him with big, globular, protruding eyes. Other eyes, evil and staring, seemed to glare at him from the multitude of little creatures—the cephalotes that clung to the holes in the tall, porous rock from which the weeds hung. But the dugong's downward speed after the line became taut had been somewhat checked by the resistance of the overturned canoe, which it had also drawn with it, and which, as the rope was fastened to the middle thwart [seat], would operate as a sort of drag. This would enable Jack, who had dived after Dave, to reach him in about ten seconds.

The Kanaka, as already implied, was "at home" in the water. Down went his agile form, sliding as easily as a dolphin's through the depth, and, with one stroke of his keen blade, he cut the line that held his friend. He soon rose to the surface with the gasping lad, and, still supporting him, he swam with him to the reef.

Dave had been under water nearly half a minute. While, attended by his rescuer, he was recovering from the effects of his late trying experience, fragments of the canoe, which, dragged among submarine rocks, had been crushed, rose near the reef to the sea surface, ahead.

Assisting the tired lad, the Kanaka now proceeded along the reef to its extremity, for the purpose of signaling the bark, which was at anchor a league away. The boys then beheld the dugong, now free from the coils of line, extended on a flat rock that rose a few inches above the sea, not far off. Puffing through its big mouth and nostrils, and with its hand-shaped flippers spread out, it lay as if for a rest after its late exertions. Presently, turning its great head, which had been averted from the lads, it saw them, and instantly plunged beneath the water. Jack now signaled the Plover by waving his kerchief. A cutter came and the boys were picked up and taken to the bark where Dave gave his parent an account of his adventure.

The lieutenant was very grateful to Jack for rescuing his son, and promised to promote him if a chance for so doing should offer. He now realized how fortunate it was that he had chosen for his cabin boy this Kanaka, who, by his own account, had saved the life of his only son.—N. Y. Ledger.

RELIEF IN SIX HOURS.—Distressing Kidney and Bladder diseases relieved in six hours by the "GREAT SOUTH AMERICAN KIDNEY CURE." This new remedy is a great surprise and delight on account of its exceeding promptness in relieving pain in the bladder, kidneys, back and every part of the urinary passages in male or female. It relieves retention of water and pain in passing it almost immediately. If you want quick relief and cure this is your remedy. Sold by W. W. Short.

The Countess Won the Bet.

The latest sensation of the day in Paris is the result of a novel bet made between two leading lights of the fashionable jockey club in that city. During a dinner given in honor of the winner of the grand autumn races the guests began to tell stories of fine horsemanship. An elderly officer present said that he thought the young men of this generation did not ride as well as they did in the good old days. This led to an animated discussion, which ended by Mark Lebaudy offering to bet that he knew a lady rider that could do anything with a horse that any man of this or any generation had done. The old officer accepted the bet, stipulating that the lady should ride her horse into the banquet hall and take a flying leap over the table without disturbing or touching the wine bottles, flowers or anything else on the table. Nobody dreamed that the bet would be accepted. It was done, however, and next evening when the same party was gathered around the festive board the event took place. The world-famous equestrienne, Countess Camilla von Wabibus, mounted on her favorite full-blooded Arabian horse and attired in the regular riding habit, suddenly appeared in the door of the dining-room. With a cheery "Good evening, gentlemen," she gave the spur to her animal, and before the thoroughly surprised and amazed diners had time to collect their thoughts she had been carried over the table in the most graceful fashion by her spirited horse. Not even the filled wine glasses were jarred, and Max won his bet and the crowd did homage to and toasted the dashing equestrienne.

Rheumatism Cured in a Day.

South American Rheumatic Cure for Rheumatism and Neuralgia radically cures in 1 to 3 days. Its action upon the system is remarkable and mysterious. It removes at once the cause and the disease immediately disappears. The first dose greatly benefits. 75 cents. For sale by W. W. Short, druggist, agent for Kent Co. *

SABLE ISLAND.

Description of the Place and an Account of the Animal Population.

(From the Halifax Herald.)

Having made two unsuccessful attempts recently to ship ponies at Sable Island, the government steamer Newfield cannot safely undertake to secure another batch of these animals for sale here this season. The landing is far too rough for boating from the shore to the ship and will not probably afford a favorable opportunity again until next year.

Many men who were waiting to buy a pony from the expectant batch will be disappointed. Two or three countrymen have arranged with Mr. Shand to advise them of the arrival of the animals. The fame of these Sable Island ponies has spread a long distance. Since the government assumed sole management of the island, over a thousand ponies have been sold in Nova Scotia. The destination of many of the number was elsewhere than in the provinces. They are favorably regarded everywhere. A brief notice of the island home of these foreign little creatures and of what information there is concerning their origin may not be amiss.

Sable Island is called the "grave-yard of the Atlantic." It is cordoned with wrecks. These are the known ones, but the unknown are perhaps as many more. New wrecks are coming to light and old ones are disappearing continually.

The island is about 22 miles long and one wide. It is a succession of sand hummocks. The entire substance of the island is loose gray sand. Its shape is a crescent and throughout the centre is a long narrow lake. The concave side of the island is toward the mainland of Nova Scotia. From Whitehead the island is distant about 85 miles. A Portuguese chart of 1505 had Sable Island marked upon it. The Portuguese placed cattle and swine on the island. Then again in 1815 a French expedition with cattle on board experienced continued contrary winds and could not make its destination. Some of the cattle were put ashore at Canso and remained on Sable Island, after which the expedition returned to France. In 1633 there were black foxes on the island. At what time after this the wild horses now found there succeeded the foxes cannot be told. In the first quarter of the eighteenth century a French clergyman named LeMercier sent 100 cattle to Sable Island. His family were to follow and he asked for a grant of the island but refused to pay quit rent and did not carry out his idea of settlement. The cattle were forbidden by proclamation to be hunted or destroyed. Simon D. McDonald, F. G. S., Halifax, read papers on Sable Island before the Institute of National Science in 1883. In the course of his observations the writer remarked: In the immediate neighborhood of the ocean little else but sand is seen thrown up into every variety of drift, or scraped out by the wind into bowl-like hollows, relieved only by the stark timbers of many an unfortunate ship, washed by the waves or thrown high upon the shore, and the unceasing headlong plunge of the breaker, as each in turn rears its green head and breaks in a crest of foam as it rushes up the sloping beach. As we mounted the hummocks and descend into the lake valley the scene changes to that of a Western prairie. Desolate wastes of sand give place to green knolls and waving meadows of tall luxuriant grass, interspersed with wild pea. In the vicinity of the lakes can be gathered in their season wild roses, lilies, asters, strawberries, blueberries, cranberries. Herds of wild ponies dot the valley and hillside. Here and there are fresh water ponds girt with dense, rank grass, where wild duck and waterfowl breed in thousands. Here again is a long barren, known as the "desert," whose sands are as shifting as those of the Sahara, and equally as destitute of vegetation. Thus alternate barrenness and vegetation, fertile valleys and sand hummocks the entire length of the island.

The horses found wild here have been considered by Dr. Gilpin and others to resemble the wild horse of Mexico. It is generally thought they were landed from some Spanish wreck. They are small, but strong and active and show a power of endurance almost surprising, notwithstanding the inclemency of winter without other shelter than that afforded by the hillocks of sand. The English rabbit has at different periods been very numerous and threatened at one time to overrun the island. But to their misfortune the Norway rat landed from an old vessel and in a short time became so numerous that they nearly annihilated the rabbits and then turned their attention to the stores on the island so that during the winter the staff were without bread for some months. In the spring the government sent a detachment of cats to look after the rats. The

cats killed the rats and then finished the remaining rabbits. In a short time the cats became so wild and numerous as to be a source of danger, when dogs were sent to hunt the cats and with the assistance of shot guns in the hands of the staff the cats were finally extirpated. Again the island was stocked with rabbits, when the snowy owl found his way thither, and being so delighted at his find, disappeared and in a few days returned with his friends, who remained long after the rabbits were extinct, and still shows his kind remembrance by making periodical visits.

Until 1814 herds of wild hogs roamed the island, which became exceedingly fierce often attacking the cattle. But during a severe winter all perished. Since that time the species has not been allowed to range the island, since owing to their proclivity to hunt bodies in the sand, and devour those found in the landwash, they became objects of horror and disgust.

The Dominion government has had the control of the island for a long period of years now. The object mainly is one of humanity—beacon lights to warn ships away, and life-saving apparatus to succor life and properties. The wild ponies are preserved. The breed has been improved in recent years, and only a certain number of ponies are exported from time to time. Canadian foxes are to be placed on the island shortly. It is probable before long a submarine cable will connect the island with Whitehead. Then it will always be known when there is a smooth landing and, beside that, a cable might, perhaps, be the means of floating many a good ship.

A powerful wrecking steamer located at Canso could reach Sable Island four hours after a vessel struck. In the case of the steamer Nerito, which recently went ashore there it is said the vessel could undoubtedly have been hauled off by a tug anywhere within twenty-four hours after the accident. As it is, a company is forming in New York to attempt to float the steamer yet. The Nerito was not driven ashore by a tempest, but was gently carried there by currents when the weather was foggy. Many of the wrecks that occur at Sable Island arise from the same cause.

Beyond Comparison.

Are the good qualities possessed by Hood's Sarsaparilla. Above all it purifies the blood, thus strengthening the nerves; it regulates the digestive organs, invigorates the kidneys and liver, tones and builds up the entire system, cures Scrofula, Dyspepsia, Catarrh, and Rheumatism. Get Hood's and only Hood's.

Hood's PILLS cure all liver ills, biliousness, jaundice, indigestion, sick headache, &c.

Swallowed by an Alligator.

Edward Rowland enjoys the distinction of being the only person living who was swallowed by an alligator. The saurian swallows his prey whole and digests it at leisure, and it is to this characteristic that Rowland owes his life.

When a boy his parents owned a winter home near Sanford, Fla., which is near Dennis Creek, where there are still more alligators than can be found any where else in Florida.

At the time mentioned it was literally swarming with the huge reptiles and the largest ever killed was secured here, one measuring over fifteen feet in length.

Young Rowland had gone with his parents to a point on the St. John's river, near the mouth of Dunn's creek, and had wandered away from them. Suddenly a huge 'gator emerged from a small lake and started towards a creek, coming immediately past the place where the boy was seated on the bank kicking pebbles. The child started to run, but stumbling, fell head first immediately in front of the reptile, which swallowed him at once.

Young Rowland's screams were heard, and the parents reached the scene just in time to see the disappearance of their son down the huge throat of the saurian. The father, never dreaming that the boy was not killed, shot the alligator, the ball fortunately striking him in the eye and penetrating the brain.

The feet of the boy were protruding from the mouth of the dead alligator, and with the thought of only obtaining his remains for burial, the reptile was cut open. There were signs of life, and after several hours of hard work the father succeeded in resuscitating the boy, the only injury being in his ankles, which had been crushed by the reptile's teeth when he was in the throes of death.

Since that time Rowland has been a cripple, but only to the extent of having to wear steel braces on his ankles.

K. D. C. Pills tone and regulate the liver.