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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 First Christmas Eve.

Stir up thy might, O Lord, and come,
The world is sick for thee,
Sorrow and sin have reached their sum,
The night goes wearily,
For every Caesar at his wine
Are myriad slaves undone,
Light of the World, arise and shine
From the eyes of Mary's Son!

Stir up thy might, O Lord, and come!
O Lord, make no delay!
For Faith is faint, and Hope is dumb,
And Love hath lost his way.
O Earth put forth the Saviour meek!
Clouds, rain the holy one!
Hope of the world, arise and speak
With the lips of Mary's Son.

Come, come and save the lowly, Lord,
For whom no joy remains,
Thy poor ones, ravaged by the sword
Or done to death in chains.
The childing mother piteous,
The sad child life begun—
O God-love, man-love, feel for us
In the heart of Mary's Son!

Come, just one, come, and with thee bring
Or recompense or doom.
Lo, fountains in the desert spring,
The wildernesses bloom!
Thy foes crouch down with banners furled
Thou dawnest—night is done—
Light of this world and every world,
The maiden Mary's Son!

—Boston Pilot.

TWO XMAS TURKEYS.

Oh, it was glorious Christmas weather—sunshine and blue skies and a nipping frosty air that whisked about, tweaking noses and filling cheeks until they bloomed like peonies.

Church was out, and a stream of people poured along the streets in the merriest humor imaginable, for, bless us all, it was Christmas day, and their hearts were aglow with the spirit of peace on earth and good will toward men.

The youngsters went hurrying homeward with skates slung over their shoulders of the new and glittering pattern especially delighted in by Santa Claus, for fine as the ice was the ringing of the noon-tide bells has called up visions of turkey and stuffing, plum pudding and mince pie which no mortal boy could resist.

As for the little girls in the new hoods and mittens and muffs they had found in the chimney place that morning, between vanity and appetite they stood irresolute at their own front gates, such happy, rosy, chubby creatures that everybody smiled involuntarily on them.

The policemen on the corners slapped their arms about like windmills to keep themselves warm, grinning from ear to ear just because it was Christmas day. And over all pealed the joyous music of the bells in carols that found an echo on every lip.

Even the houses wore a gala air. Wreaths of evergreens hung in all the windows high and low, and the market on the corner was a thing of beauty and a joy forever, with piles of crimson cranberries, golden pumpkins, silver turnips, celery, apples, pears and nuts heaped picturesquely behind its frost etched panes of glass, and the whole framed in graceful festoons of ducks and chickens.

It was a triumph of art. No wonder the passers stopped in spite of their hurry to gaze upon it for the thousandth time and fall to speculating as to what had become of its two crowning glories—the biggest turkey on record and the smallest—which had hung there side by side for a week past in a contrast at once the joke and admiration of all beholders.

Popular belief held that the monster, the 30 pounder, had been purchased by old Ebenezer Green, the rich and crusty bachelor who lived by himself in a big house on the outskirts of the town, for he was the only person who could have afforded to buy it in such hard times. But the

little one! There was hardly more meat on its tiny carcass than on a spring chicken. Who had a family small enough to get a Christmas dinner out of that.

Ebenezer Green had been asking himself the very question as he sat by the fire that noon, now watching the flames leap up the chimney, now turning to glance at the woman who presided over the house-keeping laying the table for his holiday feast—a feast, alas, of solitary splendor! He had been struck all at once at the absurdity of setting such a gigantic bird before a single person, and when he saw a platter half as large as the table taken down from the closet where his mother's blue and white Canton china was stored he fell into a silent fit of laughter.

The woman nodded grimly with a quick appreciation of the situation. "Tis funny, I declare," she said presently, pausing as she reached the door with the great platter in her arms "but the funniest part of it all is that the little feller is cooking this minute next door where they've got six mouths to fill besides their own. 'Tis honest Injun!"

"Next door?" Ebenezer glanced up inquiringly.

"Yes, in the cottage on the east side."
"Why, it's tumbling to pieces. 'Tisn't fit for anybody to live in."

"Well, folks moved in a month or so

cottage in which the other turkey was to end its mortal career. Sure enough, there were unmistakable signs of occupation about it.

The neglected garden had been put in order, the broken gate repaired and rehung, and a general air of neatness gave a new interest and attraction to the little house long empty and unnoticed. The shades were drawn high so as to let in all the warmth of sunshine of the happy holiday, and Ebenezer Green could see what was going on in the room as well as if he had been one of the busy people in it.

Busy they were, for the table was spread with a clean white cloth, and the father with a troop of excited children to help, was at that instant engaged in the thrilling occupation of taking up the children's dinner. The mother, pale, thin and sweet faced, was evidently the guest of honor, as once in the one comfortable chair, with a cushion at her back and watching the proceedings with a charming smile, half amused, half melancholy.

The eldest boy, a tall lad of 12, who did the chores at the market, filled the glasses with water fresh drawn from the well. Two gleeful little girls danced in with dishes of potato and turnip, and a brace of chubby youngsters in much patched trousers trotted after with the bread and butter, proud to assist in the serving of

hold of the apartment he bent a fixed stare upon the table, where there were flowers and silver and cut glass, and on the side table, smoking hot and browned till he crackled all over, loomed up the mighty outlines of the prize turkey. For one man!

All at once the oddest idea popped into the head of that one man. If he had stopped to think about it, nothing would have happened, and the prize turkey never would have played a part in a story. But for once in his life the old man acted upon the spur of the moment. He hurried out into the hall, put on his coat and hat, opened the door, slipped back into the dining room and took up the platter from the table.

Oh, but that was a monstrous bird! Thirty pounds? Fifty! Old Ebenezer fairly staggered under its weight as he cautiously picked his way over the ice and snow toward the cottage door, and he couldn't even spare a hand to knock. The toe of his boot managed to make a good, sound rapping, however—a sound so unwonted that the father ran hastily out, with the children trooping in his train.

"Good-day," gasped the visitor, quite out of breath with his luculean efforts. "Good-day and wish you merry Christmas! You don't know me, but I'm your

groaning under the weight of the good things on it. The little boys ate till they could barely see.

The little girls were nearly distracted between admiration of the pink roses nodding in the tall vase on the festive board and astonishment at the pudding when Mr. Green set it to blazing in burning brandy.

And the father and mother wondered how their neighbor had ever got his reputation of being stiff and proud. Never had so delightful a guest descended into their modest household before.

They all put in and washed up the dinner dishes afterward. The father washed and Ebenezer Green wiped, wishing the directors of the bank could see him, and the young feet tripped briskly to and fro until everything was in its place, clean as clean could be. It was a real frolic.

Then they dressed up around the fire. The big logs had come from Mrs. Green's cellar not many minutes before Jimmy had worn a path through the snow to the house next door. It was story telling time, and in the cheery glow on the hearth the father poured out his soul and told how he had been thrown out of work by the closing of a factory; how hard he had tried to find another place, but to no avail and how all they had to live upon was the sum his dear wife earned by sewing and

plaid baby cheek pressed close to his own, wrinkled and seamed with the cares of the world, and when the chimes rang out at midnight soft and clear the old man bowed his head, and for the first time in many a year he breathed a little prayer.—Buffalo News.

LIFE BECAME A BURDEN.

THE WONDERFUL NARRATIVE OF A PATIENT SUFFERER.

The After Effects of La Grippe Developed Into Inflammation of the Lungs and Chronic Bronchitis—After Four Years of Suffering Health is Almost Miraculously Restored.

From Le Monde, Montreal.
Mrs. Sarah Cloutier, who resides at No. 405 Montcalm Street, Montreal, has passed through an experience which is worthy of a widespread publication for the benefit it may prove to others. Up to four years ago, Mrs. Cloutier's health had been good, but at that time she was attacked by that dread scourge, la grippe. Every fall since notwithstanding all her care to avoid it, she had been afflicted with inflammation of the lungs, which would bring her to the very verge of death. This was followed by bronchitis for the rest of the year. Her bronchial tubes were effected to such an extent that it was with difficulty she could breathe, and a draught of outside air would make her cough in the most distressing manner. "There was," said Mrs. Cloutier to the reporter, "a constant rattling sound in my throat, and in the state I was in death would have been a relief. I could not attend to my affairs nor to my house, and had it not been for my niece, on whom I relied, I cannot say what would have become of me. It was in vain that I tried the numerous remedies given me by various doctors, and when I think of all the money they cost me I cannot but regret I have ever tried them. I had read frequently of the cures effected by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and I felt that they must contain the truth, for if they were unfounded none would dare to give the names and addresses of the persons said to be cured in the public manner in which these are given in the newspapers. I decided to try Pink Pills, and none but those who were acquainted with my former condition can understand the good I have derived from their use, which I continued until I felt that I was completely cured. As a proof that I am cured I may tell you that on the first occasion of my recovery I walked for two miles on a up hill road without feeling the least fatigue or the least want for breath, and since that time I have enjoyed the best of health. Last fall I was afraid that the inflammation of the lungs to which I had been subject at the period of former years might return, but I had not the least symptom of it, and never felt better in my life. You can imagine the gratitude I feel for Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and I recommend them to all who will heed my advice, and I do not think it possible for me to say too much in favor of this wonderful remedy, the use of which in other cases as well as mine has proved invaluable."

A depraved or watery condition of the blood or shattered nerves are the two fruitful sources of almost every disease that afflicts humanity, and to all sufferers Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are offered with a confidence that they are the only perfect and unerring blood builder and nerve restorer and that where given a fair trial disease and suffering must vanish. Pink Pills are sold by all dealers or will be sent by mail on receipt of 50 cents a box or \$2.50 for six boxes, by addressing the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont., or Schenectady, N. Y. Beware of imitations and always refuse trashy substitutes alleged to be "just as good."

One of the remarkable accomplishments of the ancient Peruvians, who excelled in engineering, agriculture, mining, weaving and about every other art of civilization, was trepanning, which is so difficult and hazardous that recovery follows only about a fourth of the modern operations. The great Mutiz collection, temporarily in the custody of the Bureau of American ethnology, contains about 1000 specimens of prehistoric Peruvian skulls, of which 19 are trepanned, and 8 give indications of subsequent recovery. A young female seems to have survived a series of operations resulting in an aperture in the skull 4 inches long and an inch wide, which was covered by a silver plate.

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. *



LITTLE JOANNIE SETS A TRAP FOR SANTA CLAUS.

ago, respectable looking, but I guess they are about as poor as can be. He's out of work, and helps about the house handy as a woman, and she takes in sewing. There's a parcel of children, and I don't believe they ever have a good square meal among 'em. Think of 'em sitting down to-day to that mite of a turkey!"

And Ellen chuckled at the picture. "How do you know they have that turkey?" demanded the old gentleman, more impressed than he would have liked to own by the curious coincidence which had kept the fowls still near neighbors.

"The boy told me that brought ours last night. It seems he chores for the market sometimes, and they gave him the little turkey when they found there wasn't any prospect of its being bought. But, land's sake!—I smell something burning." She hurried off in a flutter of anxiety. A Christmas dinner of all dinners to be spoiled.

Her master rose and slowly crossed the hall. He had been a handsome man in his day, and though his hair had whitened and his shoulders bowed under the burden of years he was still an imposing figure. He had few acquaintances in the town and was regarded with awe, principally on account of his wealth, which was reputed to be fabulous, but not a little because of a somewhat reserved and haughty air.

He made his way deliberately toward the sitting room, a spacious, comfortably furnished apartment, with windows looking out upon the shabby, weather beaten

such a feast.

And last of all the father appeared in the doorway enveloped in a big white apron, to be greeted by an uproarious shout of delight. For he bore on a platter—oh, me, such a tiny platter!—the crowning splendor of the day, the turkey, done to a turn and smelling more delicious than ever a turkey smelled before as the whole family unanimously agreed. There was gravy, too, in a tunny china pot with a large handle, and who brought that in, feeling the importance of the occasion to the utmost, but the baby, toddling along as gravely as a judge, deep anxiety in her blue eyes. And cider! A whole quart in the big white pitcher—extravagance which could only be justified by the recollection that it was Christmas day.

And now the father laid aside the apron. The cook vanished, the head of the house appeared. He led the pale mother tenderly to the table, and the children followed, prancing to their places around the large table, which no one thought bare or poorly set forth. There came a pause for a moment—the little heads, brown, black and flaxen, were bent silently over the plates while the father asked a blessing and thanked God for his goodness in keeping them all together and giving them so many comforts. And then he took up the carving knife as he gazed anxiously at the turkey. The revel was about to begin.

Ebenezer Green turned away with a sigh. The bell had sounded in his own dining room, and standing on the thresh-

hold of the apartment he bent a fixed stare upon the table, where there were flowers and silver and cut glass, and on the side table, smoking hot and browned till he crackled all over, loomed up the mighty outlines of the prize turkey. For one man!

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And the wife in her turn told how brave and patient he had been, with a loving glance that made him blush with pleasure.

And Mr. Green promised that he should have something to do by New Year's day and gave his word upon it, feeling for the first time how much happiness a rich man has the power to create.

Then it was his turn. The children gathered by his knee to drink in breathlessly his tales of travel by land and sea of strange countries he had seen and people he had known—queer, quaint people in far off places, whose custom and history sounded like the most entrancing of fairy tales. The baby drew nearer and nearer and finally climbed upon his knee, listening with her great blue eyes wide open. When it was her bedtime she laid her cheek upon his in a soft caress.

"She loves you," she said, and in a burst of laughter was led away—not far, for the house was very tiny. Her childish voice could be heard prattling on while the elder sister made her ready for bed, and then the group outside fell into silence while the little one knelt beside her crib and murmured the dear familiar words of her "Now I lay me down to sleep."

Oh, that was a happy Christmas day! As it drew toward the close Ebenezer Green lingered in his sitting room, bare and empty after that he had left so full of love and cheerful content. The fire leaped and flared and threw its rich light into the shadows round his chair. He felt the baby arms still round his neck, the dim-