

THE REVIEW

VOL. 6.

RICHIBUCTO, NEW BRUNSWICK, THURSDAY, DECEMBER 6, 1894.

NO. 15

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.

If You Want a Kiss.

(Dr. Mary Walker.)
 There's a jolly fresh proverb
 That is pretty much like this:
 That a man is half in heaven
 When he has a woman's kiss.
 But there's danger in delaying,
 And the sweetness may forsake it;
 So, I tell you, bashful lover,
 If you want a kiss why, take it.
 Never let another fellow
 Steal a march on you in this;
 Never let a laughing maiden
 See you spoiling for a kiss.
 There's a royal way to kissing,
 And the jolly ones who make it
 Have a motto that is winning—
 "If you want a kiss, why, take it."
 Any fool may face a cannon,
 Anybody wear a crown,
 But a man must win a woman
 If he'd have her for his own.
 Would you have the golden apple,
 You must find the tree and shake it,
 If the thing is worth the having,
 And you want a kiss, why, take it.
 We would burn upon a desert,
 With a forest smiling by?
 Who would give this sunny weather
 For a dark and wintry sky?
 O, I tell you there is magic,
 And you cannot, cannot break it:
 For the sweetest part of loving
 Is to want a kiss and take it.

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.

A DELAYED LETTER.

She was full of business, this little girl, as with half closed eyes she stood on the curb opposite the postoffice, a stamp poised on her tongue, which she was about to affix to the envelope she held in her hand. But as she deliberately nipped it between finger and thumb by one corner, at the same time tightly shutting both eyes as though such a performance in some mysterious way facilitated the operation, a lady came along, accompanied by a huge dog, which audaciously waved its thick, bushy tail right athwart the little maid's face, causing her to jump backward into the gutter with a surprised scream. Her alarm was immediately increased to terror at missing the stamp, which she next observed floating away attached to the majestic caudal appendage. She feebly started in pursuit, but as she neared the formidable animal the object of her quest became transferred to the lady's jacket, and before she could reach her side it had dropped on the pavement, whence it was instantly carried away on the sole of the boot of a passerby. After a long, hopeless stare the little one turned round, nervously fumbling the envelope, and retracing her steps till she regained the corner of a side street she sat down on a doorstep and indulged in a good cry. Her wailings speedily attracted a small group of people about her, to whom, after some persuasion, she sobbed out her misfortune, which was flatly discredited by the majority, and those who apparently believed her only manifested their sympathy in empty words. After some time, however, a philanthropic old gentleman passed, who, on learning the source of the child's grief promptly bestowed a couple of pennies upon her, with which she flew to the post-office, purchased another stamp, and keep-

ing a sharp lookout against the intrusion of any more filibustering tails secured it to the envelope, which she carefully covered with both hands till she dropped it into the box.

It was now safe, and she visibly brightened, alas! happily unconscious that she had lost a post and thereby became the involuntary agent of woe and desolation to two fond hearts.

"You are sure there is nothing for me?" said young Cyril Stanley for the third time as with pale face and agitated frame he breathlessly interrogated the rural letter carrier the next morning.

"Quite certain, sir. You can look them over if you like," returned her majesty's subject genially, extending his bundle.

"No, thanks," he rejoined brusquely, and turning on his heel, with clinched hands and a wild look in his eyes, he started off at a fast pace through the fields crossing stile, floundering into ditches and stepping right through the roaring waters of a shallow brook in the most aimless and haphazard sort of way.

"And this is my reward!" he muttered brokenly. "She does not love me, after all. No. A penniless suitor is seldom acceptable. Ha ha!" and he laughed bitterly, recklessly.

An hour later he sneaked through the side door of a stately mansion standing in its own grounds, and after changing his saturated boots and muddy clothes proceeded to the library to be in attendance to a red faced, choleric looking old gentleman who was busily writing letters.

"Oh, here you are at last, scapegrace!" ejaculated the latter in a furious tone as the young man entered. "Where have you been? Always away when I want you. Now then."

The young fellow meekly seated himself at the table without answering and began writing from the other's dictation. "Have you made up your mind?" fiercely interposed the old gentleman in the midst of an important letter.

"Yes, uncle."

Late in the afternoon the family carriage conveyed both gentlemen into town, where a prodigious quantity of luggage had preceded them.

Stopping in the main street, the elder of the two alighted, and, motioning his companion to remain, darted up a narrow court. He was not long away, and as he reentered himself he gruffly asked:

"Do you know what I have been doing?"

"No, uncle," answered the young man in a subdued tone.

"Deposited my will with the solicitor. I have made you my heir. But if you had thwarted me and remained behind I'd have cut you off without a shilling, by—"

And he grew purple in the face from suppressed rage.

They soon reached the railway station, where they took first class tickets to London and left by the evening express a few minutes later.

"Ah, dear fellow, to sacrifice so much for me," murmured Miss Birch the same evening, as she braided her silky hair in front of the oval mirror on her dressing table, her eyes riveted on an open letter lying before her and her face flushed with emotion as she read:

"I would then be virtually penniless and would have to depend upon my own exertions, but if you will become my own darling wife on these terms I will take the step. If you consent it is of vital importance that a letter to that effect, also arranging a meeting between us, should reach me tomorrow morning."

After executing a dainty toilet she stole from the house and hastened toward the Cross Lanes, a favorite resort for lovers.

Lifting her veil she consulted her watch by the clear light of the moon, when a rustling in the hedge startled her, and before she could cover her face a stalwart figure, clad in velveteen and carrying a gun on one shoulder, approached and recognized her.

"Oh, how you frightened me!" she responded. "Are you beginning your rounds?"

"Yes, miss," said the man, with a shrug of the shoulders. "I must keep a sharp lookout now, as the squire and the young master started for Italy this morning. Good night."

He had scarcely disappeared in the coppice before the slender form reeled to and fro several times and then sank down to the damp grass with a groan.

The morning papers, under the heading of "Shocking Affair at Paddington," contained the following paragraph:

"The evening express from Bristol, on entering this station last night, ran into an empty cattle van which by some unaccountable means had been left on the main line. There was only a slight collision, but an elderly passenger received such a

shock to the system, that he expired before he could be removed to the waiting room, where his body now lies."

The evening papers furnished additional details. They said:

"The victim of the deplorable accident reported this morning was Vincent Hope, of The Firs, Hopetown, Wilts, who was on his way to the continent with his nephew. At the inquest a verdict of death from apoplexy was returned. The body will be conveyed forthwith to Hopetown for interment."

Two days later Miss Birch was entranced and mystified by receiving the following telegram.

"Cruel misunderstanding. Your letter just received. Uncle died suddenly in London. Will be with you shortly."

"Why didn't you write me in time, sweetheart?" said Cyril in mild reproof to the blushing Miss Millicent, as, imprisoned in his arms, he kissed her again and again. "I did," was the feeble response.

"But the postmark shows the contrary, darling," he argued. "Who posted it?"

"Little Sallie Waters. I sent her off in good time, and, although I have repeatedly questioned her since the receipt of your telegram, she persists in maintaining that she posted it then—safely. Oh, there she is, carrying the pitcher!"

Cyril strode swiftly toward the little maid, with whom he entered into a conversation, during which some money passed into the child's possession, after which he abruptly left the little one, whose puzzled look presented a curious contrast to the amused expression on his face.

"Do you know to what you are indebted, dearest, for this contretemps which has sealed our happiness with a fortune?" he asked on adjoining Miss Birch.

"Fate!" she answered confidently, with a look of love.

"Ahem! Perhaps, but it selected a very unique instrument, it seems."

"What was it, then?"

"Nothing less than the wag of a dog's tail!"

A WELL MAN.

No more Robust Individual to be found in the Village.

RICHMOND, NOV. 26.—Dr. A. G. McCormick, whose letter respecting his cure from Bright's disease by the use of Dodd's Kidney Pills has recently been published, is now attending his patients and is apparently as robust a man as can be found in the village. During the four months that he was confined to the house suffering from the last stages of Bright's disease, his death was several times reported, and no hopes entertained of his ultimate recovery. His present robust appearance is therefore all the more surprise to residents. It is a safe prophecy that every sufferer from kidney disease in this section will henceforth try the remedial qualities of Dodd's Kidney Pills.

Coal Branch Gleanings.

Mrs. Woods and her son John, who have been spending a few months with friends here, left on Friday, 16th inst., for their home in Peabody, Mass. Messrs. James and Thos. Little left on the same day, their destination also being Peabody.

We were sorry to part with our popular night agent, Mr. Smith, but his place is ably filled by Mr. Jarvis Steeves, of Berry's Mills.

Fred has given up his pupil in "the settlement" and has taken a more congenial one in Harcourt. Sure!

Miss Ethel Kenney, of Bugtown, has recovered from a severe attack of erysipelas.

Billy and Fred were out for an airing on Sunday evening, and presented a fine appearance as they drove down "Broadway."

Mr. Richard Little has moved into his new house. His many friends wish him many happy years in it.

Dame Ramour says we are to have a wedding in our quiet little settlement. You had better secure the bird soon, Johnnie, for we hear that Anthony is coming back, and things might look *lovely* for you, but "This better to have loved and lost than never to have loved at all."

Mr. Harry Cassidy started on Monday, the 19th for "Uncle Sam's" territory.

Mr. Anthony Kenney is confined to the house with an attack of rheumatism.

WHIP POOR-WILL.

How To Cure Dyspepsia.

DYSPEPSIA arises from wrong action of the stomach, liver, and bowels. Burdock Blood Bitters cures Dyspepsia and all disease arising from it 99 times in 100.

A Few Items from Bath, Maine.

CHARLES PARRINGTON'S FALL FROM A SCOW.

Last Friday morning Charles Parrington and William H. Oliver, who reside at Parker's Head, came to this city with an open scow and purchased about seven tons of egg coal at Woodward & Co's coal yard. The two men started down the river with the tide in the afternoon. It was about twenty minutes of four when they passed through the Reach. Both men were in the stream sailing and all went smoothly, till about opposite Bluff Head, which is half way down the river. It was here, Mr. Oliver said, that Parrington dropped his oar and fell overboard; sinking like a rock. After hoping in vain to see his friend arise to the surface of the water, Mr. Oliver took the scow to the shore near the house occupied by Albert Waite. Mr. Oliver arrived at his home in Parker's Head about nine o'clock and told his friends of the sad occurrence. The next morning the scow could not be found and it was supposed that it had drifted down the river and perhaps sunk.

When Mr. Oliver arrived home his friends noticed that one of his eyes was black and blue, which he said was caused by being struck by a branch when passing through the woods. Mr. Parrington was an excellent swimmer and it is thought that he must have been effected by cramps and was thus unable to save his life. The deceased is forty five years of age and leaves a wife and five daughters, who live at their home at Parker's Head.

MYSTERIOUS MYSTICISM.

A Boothbay man the other day related an interesting occurrence in his experience. He was very sick for several days and unconscious. Upon regaining his mind he asked his nurse if he had said anything in the time. The watcher said that one night at 12 o'clock he had said mother three times. His mother was in a distant city and he received a letter from her shortly after asking him if he had been ill. She said that upon the night in question she had heard him call her three times, and heard his step on the walk and thought that he had come home. A gentleman of San Francisco, now visiting Bath, related another similar instance. He and his son are sea captains, and one night while in mid-ocean he awakened at midnight and went on deck telling his wife that he had a presentiment that his son was near him. One vessel was voyaging from New York to San Francisco, and the other in the opposite way. Sure enough he saw his son's vessel and they sailed along together for several hours. He has had two experiences like this. A bluff old sea dog well known in Bath, one whose family has some mediumistic power, is positive his vessel was saved from wreck one night by a communication from a deceased son. While in a Maine city one day he was directed to go to a certain house in Boston. When he got to Boston he found the house and with difficulty gained an entrance. And in the parlor there appeared to him, so he solemnly avers, two people that he has once known but were then with the silent majority.

A NORTH-END HELEN.

It may be gently whispered that there is trouble brewing in a certain part of this town. Full particulars are not given now for obvious reasons, but if a pedestrian crossing the park in the immediate future comes upon a mixture of legs, arms and fists, while two grey heads are being banged together, he will understand the meaning of the above. Of course the old saying is true—

There's a woman in the case. She is a lady no longer young, and who thus had no objection to being an "old man's darling," and so the little bags of candy which he gave her were always received with a smile, until a rival appeared. Now the rival was likewise old, but he had the spirits of youth in his sometimes rheumatic frame, his tongue was more flippant than that of the gentleman who had been admiring this lady so long, and so with the fickleness of woman, she smiled more broadly upon the new friend than upon the old. In fact she turned a decidedly cold shoulder on the old one. The old one knew that from the nature of the case, his rival meant only to toy with the affections of his chosen one, so he took his pen in hand to write a few lines to let his rival's wife know that he was well, but that she should keep an eye on her husband, making the letter most explicit in its terms. But, as is well known Satan favors his own, and when that letter was delivered at its destination the rival was at home, suspected at once its nature, and promptly confiscated it. As he read it and realized the catastrophe that he had so barely escaped, his anger boiled up like molasses candy on a red hot stove and his wrath became most violent. First he visited his inamorita, keyed himself up to the tornado point, and then started out to slay the man

who had attempted to set his wife on the war path. Now it happened that the old suitor had been nursing his wrath in the same way and at about the same time he started out to annihilate that meddler with his suit. Each expressed his determination to thrash the other. As the elder man passed the Police Station, heading north the other swung around Music Hall in swift pursuit. So the former came out on Front St., from Elm, the latter entered Front from Centre, the leader entered Commercial from Terry while the other started up Front. Just as the latter passed the Times office the former struck Front Street again through Arch. Both were in a hurry and both looked fierce. So far they haven't collided and suspicious rumor says that neither cares to meet the other. And the intriguing woman—she is sad; not because the danger threatening her suitors, but because the candy no longer comes and no admiring tongue expresses sympathy when her rheumatic pains made her a sufferer.

HARD LUCK FOR A BATH YOUNG MAN.

Our boys are telling a story of a Bath young man which if true was hard luck indeed. The story goes to say that a certain Bath man who has been paying attention to a south end young lady, called at her home the other evening. All was dark and rainy outside and he was glad to get inside where it was warm and pleasant. Now the young lady has a brother who does not like his sister's choice. He had been up street that night and came home feeling in an unpleasant mood, and finding the young man in the parlor, ordered him to go out. This was of course rather hard on the caller, and he inquired the reason. The brother did not feel like making explanation so he caught his sister's visitor just by the collar and a portion of his trousers and threw him into the street. He then went back, got the young man's coat, hat and cane and threw those after him. Then he slammed the door. Our boys say that the young man picked himself up out of the muddy road, and gathering up his belongings, he simply remarked, "Well, I'll be—" and then wended his way homeward.

Au revoir,
 P. H. T.

Men of Genius.

Medicine is ill adapted to men of genius. One-sided brains find their vocations best in other callings. This is what we infer from the meaning now understood by the term genius, that is, where special intellectual faculties are developed to a phenomenal degree. Genius is said to be synonymous with degeneracy, i. e., to compensate for the exceptional qualities of certain parts of the brain there is necessarily a deficiency of others. A genius excels in certain attainments and is exceptionally dull in other respects. Talent has a very different meaning. It is the quality of a "level-headed" brain, and is, to a great extent, acquired, while genius is said to be spontaneous. Galileo, Edison, Darwin, Watts, Pasteur are said to be men of talent, while men of genius are Napoleon, Dr. Johnson, Charles Lamb, Handel, Sallust, Seneca, Byron, Wagner, Luther, and, according to Lombroso, most of the great men of history were not balanced mentally. Thus:

Bacon, philosopher—megalomania, moral anesthesia. Balzac, writer—marked epilepsy, megalomania. Caesar, soldier writer—epilepsy. Beethoven, musician—amnesia, melancholia. Cowper, writer—melancholia. Alexander the Great, soldier—alcoholism. Moliere, dramatist—epilepsy. Charles Lamb, writer—alcoholism, acute mania, melancholia. Mozart, musician—epilepsy, hallucination. Heine, writer—melancholia, spinal disease. Dr. Johnson, writer—chorea. Malbran—epilepsy. Newton, philosopher—amnesia. Ampere, mathematician—amnesia. Chopin, musician—melancholia. Coleridge, writer—alcoholism, morphinism. Mahomet, theologian—epilepsy. Handel, musician—epilepsy. Schiller, writer—epilepsy. Richelieu, statesman—epilepsy. Tasso, writer—alcoholism, melancholia. Savonarola, theologian—hallucinations. Luther, theologian—hallucinations. Schopenhauer, philosopher—melancholia, omphiphobia. Napoleon, soldier—folie d'acoute, pseudo-epilepsy. Comte, philosopher—hallucinations. Pascal, philosopher—epilepsy. Renan, philosopher—folie du doute. Swift, writer—paralysis. Shelley, writer—hallucinations. Bunyan, writer—hallucinations. Swedenborg, theologian—hallucinations. Loyola, theologian—hallucinations. J. S. Mill, writer—suicidal impulse. Linnaeus, botanist—paralysis.—The Omaha Clinic.

HAWKER'S LIVER PILLS, contain no mercury, are purely vegetable, safe, sure and effective. Do not gripe, small, easy to take. Sold everywhere.

China and Japan.

LONDON, Nov. 30.—The correspondent of the Central News at Tokio telegraphs: "Details of the fall of Fort Arthur are beginning to arrive. The number of Chinese killed in the engagement was about 2,000 most of whom were slain during the cannonading of the place on November 20. Statements that there was further excessive slaughter of Chinese, although it would have been excusable in consequence of the mutilation and torture of Japanese soldiers, are absolutely denied by the Japanese officer in command.

"During the attack upon Port Arthur a large force of Chinese from Foo Chow and beyond Kinehow attacked the latter place. The Japanese garrison repulsed them after severe fighting, with heavy loss to the Chinese. The Japanese loss was 200 killed and sixty wounded, including several officers."

Boston, Nov. 30.—A special to the Herald from Shanghai says: "England is evidently preparing a coup de main with the view to protecting her interests in China. There can be no doubt she resents the manner in which she is being excluded from the discussion of possible terms of settlement between the belligerents and she has arranged for a naval demonstration at Chusan on Dec. 1. The Alacrity, Pigmy and Redpoll have left here with sealed orders. They go to join Vice-Admiral Fremantle's flagship Centurion and the other war vessels under his command. This is being done as a measure of precaution lest the Japanese should carry the war into southern China now that winter is arriving and the northern approaches to the empire will become ice bound and difficult. The central provinces especially the province of Anhui, are pouring troops southward to Canton where Li Hung Chang's brother, Li Hang Chang, is viceroys. The denunciation of Li Hung Chang by the censors continues. They declare he is entertaining rebellious designs and indeed this looks probable enough. He is being guarded by his own soldiers at Tien Tsin, while outside the city trusted imperial troops are watching him.

St. Petersburg, Nov. 30.—The Novoe Vremya says the irreconcilable position assumed by Japan renders it incumbent upon European powers to demand from her an explanation.

LONDON, Nov. 30.—The Standard today says: "China must take her misfortune seriously. She cannot afford to palter with a triumphant enemy. If the United States succeeds in the praiseworthy efforts towards negotiation of peace it will deserve the thanks of humanity. We advise Japan to stay her hand. She can retire from the contest with unstained laurels and with the maximum advantage that external forces will permit her to reap."

LONDON, Nov. 30.—A despatch from Che Foo says the terms of peace between Japan and China have been very nearly completed through the intervention of the U. S. government and that a feeling of security is now strong. Many foreign ladies are returning to Peking.

Found Hidden Gold.

KNOXVILLE, Tenn., Nov. 22.—A large amount of gold has been found in an Indian mound in Union county, 25 miles from this city. A week ago a Cherokee woman named McDonald, a granddaughter of Chief McIntosh, one of the famous chieftains of his tribe, appeared in the neighborhood with a map showing the location of a large amount of hidden treasure. She claimed that half a million dollars had been buried there by her grandfather. People were disposed to treat her as a crank, but finally the owner of the farm on which the treasure was located agreed to open the mound for half of the treasure, if any was found. Three workmen commenced excavating and early yesterday morning they found \$16 worth of gold dust and nuggets in a jar. Later they unearthed an iron box containing \$30,000 worth of the precious metal. The Indian woman claims there is a great deal more to be unearthed. Over 2,000 people gathered in the neighborhood of the mound and fifty armed men are guarding it.

Unqualified Commendation.

Rev. T. Watson, Colborne, Ontario, writes:—"K. D. C. has produced in me a wonderful change, almost from the first time of using. My indigestion is all gone, and my general health is much better than it has been for years. K. D. C. has my heartiest and unqualified commendation. I believe it to be all its makers claim it to be."

Free sample of this wonder-working remedy, mailed to any address. K. D. C. Co., Ltd., New Glasgow, N. S. Canada, and 127 State St., Boston, Mass.

Men and women of sedentary habit should use K. D. C.