

THE REVIEW

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THE GREAT NORTH SHORE ROUTE!

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A Broken Heart.

A little china figure
On a little bracket sat,
His little feet were always crossed,
He wore a little hat;
And every morning, fair or foul,
In shine or shadow dim,
A pretty little housemaid came
And softly dusted him.

She took him up so gently,
With such a charming air,
His china soul was melted quite,
He loved her to despair.
All day he sat and thought of her,
Until the twilight came,
And in his china dreams at night,
He breathed her little name.

One day while being dusted,
In his joy he trembled so,
To feel her little fingers, that,
Alas! she let him go.
In vain she tried to grab him back,
Fate willed it they should part;
He fell against the fender edge
And broke his little heart.

She gathered up his fragments,
And she told a little lie,
Expounding to her mistress how
The cat had made him die.
And on the following morning, when
The shutters back she thrust,
She spoke his little epitaph:
"There's nothing less to dust."
—Pall Mall Magazine.

My Mysterious Lady.

You want to know why I gave up being a detective. Well, I will tell you, though it is a sad story.

You know, sir, that I had a daughter—as fine a girl as you could wish to see. All the young fellows around sought her notice. Well, she got a bit spoiled, and then she fell in love with a good-for-nothing, lazy fellow, and when I objected, grew angry.

One day she went away, with never a line to say where she had gone.

One day the great Langton case made a sensation in the world. It was a case of wholesale robberies committed in railway carriages; purses, watches, bags and other things had been taken from people in the most clever manner.

One thing we knew—that most of the robberies had been committed in first-class compartments, on elderly people, and often in the night trains; this made our chances of discovery more likely.

One day, as I was walking up and down the platform at Paddington Station, I noticed a tall, elegant-looking woman, who was evidently going by the same train as myself. She wore a thick veil, so I could not see her features, but she was very dark, with black hair.

Her walk seemed familiar to me, and I tried to recollect where I had before seen her, but could not remember, try as I would. She appeared to be quite young, not more than seven or eight and twenty, and was dressed in plain black.

I got into a first-class carriage, and it was with a peculiar sensation of surprise that I found myself opposite my friend of the platform. There was only one other person in the compartment, an old lady surrounded with luggage of all sorts, bags, baskets, and what not.

At last a sweet voice broke the silence. "Can you tell me, sir, how long we stop at the next station?"

I gave a start—that sweet, musical voice thrilled me strangely. In a moment my memory flew to my long-lost daughter. How like, and yet unlike; voice and figure were as hers, but here a brunette beauty, with her dark skin and black hair, while my girl was as fair as a lily.

"You will only have three minutes at the most, madam," I answered; "it is a small station, and few get in or out." She never lifted her veil, but I could see she was watching me with unusual interest.

I had asked to be permitted to open one

of the windows, but my lady companion had implored me not to do so, as she was suffering from neuralgia, I could say nothing farther, but inwardly cursed her malady.

I pulled out my watch. In half an hour we should be at our next stopping place. The tall lady in black had drawn from her pocket a little bottle of strong smelling stuff for her faceache; she seemed in great pain, and used the remedy very freely. The already stuffy air of the carriage grew still more stifling, a peculiar odor floating around me. It was of no use, I must open that window—I felt myself dropping off—I must make haste, or—I knew no more.

When I was once more conscious I was still in the train. The old lady was asleep as before, but the tall lady in black was gone.

Looking out of the window, I saw we were some way past our last stopping place. I had actually slept through all the bustle of the lady's departure and the noise of the station.

I put my hand to pull out my watch. Lo! it was gone, with my purse. With a groan I cursed my stupidity. I actually had had the noted robber in my very clutches and had let her go.

As soon as we came to our next stopping place, I at once telegraphed description of the lady to all likely places and then took the train back to the last station.

It was about four o'clock when I reached the place. Madam had alighted on that very platform just two hours before. It was necessary to act cautiously. I inquired of the ticket collector if a lady, tall, and clad in black, had passed out through the gateway that afternoon.

He thought a minute and then said "Yes." He said she had carried a small portmanteau and refused assistance; he thought she went the road to the village, but was not sure. I walked away, after first taking care to alter my appearance, so that she would not recognize me should I overtake her.

That she was in the village somewhere was pretty certain, unless she was driven to Calford station, a distance of ten miles. Into the postoffice I hurried and telegraphed particulars and orders. It was now 5 o'clock, the lady might have driven to Calford and got off by train half an hour ago, and then all would be up.

I would go to the village inn and get a meal. I waited until my tea came up, and asked the girl who brought it if they had many visitors in the house.

"O, no, sir; only a lady beside yourself—a tall lady in black she be. I just took her some tea a few minutes ago, and she is a beauty, sure enough."

"Is she fair or dark?" I inquired, carelessly.

"For the life of me, sir, I couldn't have told you until half an hour ago. She came in all muffled up like, had neuralgia, sir, she said; but when I took her some tea she was undressed and looked lovely, just like a picture."

She had told the waitress she was suffering from neuralgia; I would pretend to be the village doctor, just dropped in for a chat with the landlady, then hearing of her suffering, inquire if I could do her any good.

I went straight to the door and knocked. A sweet, musical voice told me to enter; my heart beat—it was the voice of my traveling companion. I pushed open the door, and stood before a tall graceful woman—a woman with beautiful blue eyes and golden hair.

I staggered and clutched at the door handle to keep from falling, and she sat there looking at me with her dear blue eyes, the eyes that I had not seen for seven long years.

"Lizzie," I gasped, "my Lizzie."
"Do not touch me," she said, hoarsely.
"You have no daughter now; the Lizzie you loved died seven years ago."

I stood back a little from her, but my whole being broke into one pleading wail, "Lizzie—O! Lizzie, you loved me once. What made you leave me? Who drew you away from home that awful day, seven years ago?"

Presently she freed herself from my arms, and, white and trembling, sat down again in her chair.

"Lizzie," I said, "you know what I am, what my business is?"

"Yes, you are a detective, and for weeks past you have been hunting to shame and imprison your own daughter. I took those things from you, not because I wanted them, but because I was mad at the idea of my own father hunting me down. But you should have had your things again. I meant to send them back with a daughter's love."

"Who did you go away with, Lizzie?" I asked. "Was it Mark Stacey?"

"Mention no names. It is over and past, but my husband has drawn me with him to ruin. You can give me up to justice now, it will be better than the life I am leading now."

"Lizzie," I said, pleadingly, looking at her with all my heart in my eyes, "will you give up him and your present life, and you and I go to a new country and begin life afresh?"

"While I live, I am his. I live for him, steal for him; one day, perhaps, I shall die for him."
Without a word I kissed her, went silently from the room and out into the darkness.

A few days after, I sent in my resignation. I had been untrue to my country, so could not remain in her service, but I never saw my daughter again.—London News.

From the Terrors of Dyspepsia.

Rev. L. E. Roy, St. Jovite P. O., "When I commenced using K. D. C. I had been suffering for several years from dyspepsia; I tried several remedies which gave me little or no relief. I got relief as soon as I commenced the K. D. C. and now I am well and feel like a new man. I can highly recommend K. D. C. to sufferers from that terrible disease, 'Dyspepsia.'"

Not only is K. D. C. a prompt reliever but it cures Indigestion. Try a free sample and Pills. K. D. C. Co., Ltd., New Glasgow, N. S., and 127 State street, Boston, Mass.

Concerning Your Age.

Most women and many men, after they have attained a certain age, are disinclined to give a satisfactory answer regarding the number of years they have passed. In France, which is reputed the most courteous country in the world, the sensitiveness of persons who are no longer young is almost universally respected. Even in the courts of justice a way is sometimes found to escape the necessity of a frank avowal. A lady whose appearance indicated that she had left her fortieth year behind, was not long ago ordered by the president or judge of a court, where she was a witness to tell how old she was.

"ty-two years, Monsieur le president," she murmured.

The judge merely smiled at this very indefinite reply and pressed her no further.

In the courts of Germany, where no laxity of any sort is allowed, the case is quite otherwise.

A woman at Berlin recently declared, while under oath in court, that she was 25 years old. The official birth record was looked up by some prying official, and it was ascertained that she was over 30. The woman was prosecuted for perjury, beyond a doubt, she deserved to be, and given a term of imprisonment.

In spite of warnings, however, some people will probably continue to conceal their age, when there is no such solemn motive as an oath to compel them to state it truly.

A witty lady not long ago remarked in company, when the delicate question of age was under discussion:

"Oh, you know I have my way of making myself out younger than I am without telling an untruth."

"Well, I put the sin all upon the questioner. You see, when one of my old friends asks me how old I am, I answer: 'Oh, I'm older than you are, my dear, as much as a year.' By the way, how old are you?" And then she always knocks off more from my age than I should ever dare to myself."

A Life Saving Medicine.

I was attacked severely last winter with Diarrhoea, Cramps, and Colic and thought I was going to die, but fortunately I tried Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry and now I can thank this excellent remedy for saving my life.

Mrs. S. KELLETT, Minden, Ont.

WOMEN'S CHRISTIAN TEMPERANCE UNION COLUMN.

All Communications to this Column should be Addressed to Mrs. J. SEVENSON, Secretary W. C. T. U., Richibucto.

Women's Christian Temperance Union Richibucto, will meet every fortnight at the residence of Miss Odle. Meetings on Thursday at 3 p. m. Mothers' meetings will be held every fortnight on alternate Wednesdays, at the same place and hour. Mothers are requested to attend.

But if that evil servant shall say in his heart, my Lord delayeth his coming.—Matthew 24, 48.

And shall begin to smite his fellow servant and to eat and drink with the drunkard.—Matthew 24, 49.

The Lord of that servant shall come in

Children Cry for

a day when in an hour he is not aware of.—Matthew 24, 50.

And shall cut him asunder and appoint him his portions with the hypocrite; there shall be weeping and gnashing of teeth.—Matthew 24, 51.

A Fatal Inheritance.

A sad story illustrating the law of heredity is told by Dr. F. Horton, of the Isle of Wight, England:—

A bright little girl joined a juvenile temperance society, and was very earnest in getting her young friends to join. But her crowning achievement, on which she had set her heart, was getting her father to sign the pledge. He was a confirmed tippler, but he loved his child, and to please her he signed. The man went away and broke the pledge, but the little maid would not be discouraged, and in a few weeks she induced him to sign again, and this time he kept it.

When the child grew to be a girl of seventeen she was one day invited out to tea by some of her friends, who thought her a fanatic on the subject of temperance, and had concerted a plot to have a joke on her. When the first cup of tea was round and she had tasted it, she burst into laughter which was almost maniacal. They asked her how she liked it. She said 'Very much.' 'Do you know what is in it?' they said. 'No,' she answered, but whatever it was I will have some more.' They had put rum in the tea, and the girl took some more, and that night she was carried home drunk, and from that night she never could be kept from the drink. She wandered away to Portsmouth, and there she ultimately died an outcast on the streets. The little maid had saved her father, but the virus of the father's sin was in the child's blood, and she perished through that taint.—Christian Herald.

Neglected Convictions.

If a man is false to the feeblest conviction that he has in regard to the smallest duty, he is a worse man all over ever after. We cannot neglect any conviction that we ought to do without lowering the whole tone of our character and laying ourselves open to assaults of evil from which we would once have turned, shuddering and disgusted. A partial thaw is generally followed by intense frost. An abortive insurrection is sure to issue in a more grinding tyranny. A soul half melted and then cooled off is less easy to melt than it was before. And so dear brethren, remember this, that if you do not swiftly and fully carry into life and conduct whatever you know you ought to be or do, you cannot set a limit to what some time or other, if a strong and sudden temptation is sprung upon you, you may become. "Is thy servant a dog, that he should do this thing?" Yes! But he did it. No mortal reaches the extreme of evil all at once, says the wise old proverb; and the path by which a man is led down in the depths which he never thought it was possible that he should traverse, is by the continual neglect of the small admonitions of conscience. Neglected convictions mean sooner or later, an outburst of evil.—Dr. MacLaren.

Two More Victims.

One of the most brutal murders recorded in the history of crime occurred in St. Louis recently. A young married man, son of a Granite Mountain millionaire, with an income of \$20,000 a year, came home to his parental residence in a drunken frenzy, and his beautiful little three year-old boy left its toys to greet its papa.

With a brain crazed with strong drink and the poison of cigarettes, he drew his revolver, after abusing his patient wife for a while, and shot her three times, and then sent two deadly bullets through the curly head of his innocent child. The fiend then ran to the nearest police station and gave himself up, trying to explain it as an accident. The whole community is shocked at the inhuman and atrocious crime, but the poison that furnished the maddening drink that caused the brain and caused the fiendish assault, one on each of its business as usual, provided it says its license fees for the privilege of coining money out of human blood. The blood of this innocent wife and child, is first upon the soul of the murderous husband and father; but indirectly, though not less really, it is upon the city that authorizes the saloon and legalizes the sale of intoxicating and murder-producing drink.

When the people come to realize their responsibility in this matter they will rise in their might and abolish the saloon.—Christian Evangelist.

Druggists say that their sales of Hood's Sarsaparilla exceed those of all other. There is no substitute for Hood's Sarsaparilla.

Pitcher's Castoria.



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