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NO 7

THE GREAT NORTH SHORE ROUTE!

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A Literary Curiosity.

Happy that man may pass his life Who's free from matrimonial chains: Who is directed by his wife Is sure to suffer for his pains.

What tongue is able to unfold The falsehood that in woman dwells, The worth in woman you behold Is almost imperceptible.

Adam could find no solid place When Eve was given him a mate, Till he beheld a woman's face, Adam was in a happy state.

For in the female race appear Hypocrisy, deceit and pride, Truth—darling of a heart sincere— In woman never can reside.

They're always studying to employ Their time in malice and lies, Their leisure hours in virtuous joy To spend, ne'er in their thoughts arise.

Destruction to those men, I say, Who make the fair their chief delight, Who no regard to women pay Keep reason in their sight.

Thus sings some musty, fusty, involuntary old bachelor; but by reading every first and third lines and second and fourth lines a result more like the truth will be discovered.

ON A HORSELESS CARRIAGE.

The Story of the Paris-Bordeaux Race Told by a Rider on the Winning Carriage.

One of those who rode in the winning carriage has written for Figaro a spirited account of how the race was run and won. The contestants in the coming race will not be compelled to press on in the night, but there will doubtless be incidents fully as exciting as those described by Edouard de Perrodil, who writes as follows:

I took part in the race of the automobiles from Paris to Bordeaux, and back in carriage No. 16, the winner of the first prize. The story is worth telling under the circumstances.

Nothing noteworthy occurred on the way to Bordeaux. The pace was 25, 30, 41 and even 50 kilometers (a kilometer is equal to about 0.62 of a mile) an hour on the down grades. After passing Blois night fell, black as ink. The whole population was on the lookout, and from time to time one passed groups of people waiting along our route. The cyclists were legion. They, too, were massed along the road, with their bobbing lamps they resembled a gathering of shadows, about which flickered here and there the wild-of-the-wisp. How cold it was! A wind which blew steadily full in our faces turned us to ice.

As day broke one had plenty of time to watch the efforts which the sun made to break through great banks of gray clouds. Towards ten o'clock the weather again became superb. After leaving Coude-Verac the automobiles simply flew. In this way we passed without a stop Ruffec, Angoulême and Libourne, and we entered Bordeaux in triumph.

I only joined it again at Blois, to which place I travelled by rail. While I waited at Blois a telegram from Tours brought us the news that the struggle for first prize had narrowed down to two carriages—No. 8, which had passed at noon, and mine, No. 16, which had passed at 12.30 p. m.

At Blois No. 8 arrived at 2.45. She took in petroleum and started once more at 3.05. Everyone was anxiously looking out for No. 16. "Has she gained ground?" Yes; she has gained five minutes. I have resumed my place beside the engineer, with a keen sense of satisfaction, mingled with excitement for the fight is going to be a hot one. We are twenty-five minutes behind No. 8.

Our carriage travels splendidly. The road, too, was magnificent. I hold in my hand the ordinance map and I point out

to the engineer the various places. We pass rapidly by Mer, Beaugency, Meung-sur-Loire La Chapelle. Every other minute the engineer, Mr. Kocchlin, or the other traveller, inquires: "Are they far ahead?" "Hurry up; they are half an hour ahead of you!"

At the umpire's station at Orleans is an immense crowd. A halt of two seconds. One of the committee tells us: "You are twenty-five minutes behind No. 8." Why, we are still as far behind as ever.

We bound forward on the Paris road. We pass Saint Lye, Autray. It is already late, and the day is visibly drawing to a close. "Sapristi! What is going to happen?" I say to myself, "at such a pace at night, when we descend the hills of Saint-Remy and Buc!"

All at once an emergency arises. One of those that I had most dreaded. The drivers we met always kept a bright lookout, generally on foot at their horses' heads. But this time a dray horse at the sight of our automobile backs so violently that the driver cannot hold him. Our engineer does not stop. He describes an enormous elbow on the grassy slope, upon which the automobile leaps and doubles round the back of the dray. We have passed by safely!

Every minute now one inquires: "Where are they?" Every time the same answer: "Go on! Go on! Make haste! A quarter of an hour ahead!"

Mr. Kocchlin, the engineer, loses his nerve badly. He is rattled. He no longer stops at anything. Night has now fallen densely dark, as before. "Where are they?" yells the engineer to each passer-by. "Quarter of an hour ahead; push on!" Thunder! says the engineer; "shall we never overtake them?"

At the steep hills we get down to light on the carriage and we run breathlessly behind. Here we are at Etampes. At the entrance of the town some one who was on the lookout for us throws us a bag of ice to cool our cylinders.

Suddenly, in the middle of Etampes, a young fellow calls to us: "They stopped here to take in water. Go ahead; they have three minutes start!" The engineer is quite beside himself. We dash forward into the night, and suddenly, on a hill which is before us, we make out a red fire and we recognize the sound of a motor—tuff, tuff, tuff! It is No. 8.

We attack the hill in turn. We leap from the automobile and courage! We are within 200 yards of No. 8. Hurray! But our competitor has reached the top of the hill and is leaving us at full speed. We shall have to make two deep descents in zigzags—here comes the first. No hesitation. We attack it at 25 miles an hour. It is alarming.

Suddenly we come to a fork in the road. "Which way?" cries the engineer. It is terrible. I do not know.

"Left!" I cry. "No, right!" The pace is such that the engineer's hesitation comes very near causing a catastrophe. For he has no time to make the sharp turn from left to right, and we shot on towards a wall which stands at the angle of the roads. Our automobile was supplied with two air brakes. One can be worked by the feet, while still steering; the other and much the more powerful brake, must be worked by hand. To apply the latter one has to release the guiding bar.

In our critical position the engineer showed great presence of mind. He dropped the guiding bar completely and applied both brakes at once. This saved us. The front wheels nearly ran up against the slope which was at the foot of the wall. All this took but a second. Here we are rolling along at a mad pace once more.

We pass through Versailles. A halt of two seconds at the umpire's station. No. 8 is still three minutes ahead.

This time the engineer no longer knows the road at all, but, on the other hand, I know it thoroughly, having travelled it an incalculable number of times on a bicycle.

Then, standing beside Mr. Kocchlin, I find myself in the same position as the young son of King John, the Good, when, at the battle of Beaulieu, standing beside his gigantic father, who was holding at bay the entire English army, he kept calling out: "Father, strike to the left!" "Father, strike to the left!" "Father, strike to the left!" "Father, strike to the left!" "Father, strike to the left!"

And so, rolling and bounding along, we pass the successive bridges, the successive curves, Avenue de Nantes, Boulevard de Metz, and we reach Orleans at two minutes and thirty seconds past midnight—two minutes later than No. 8, but we were winners! No. 8 had left Paris thirteen minutes ahead of us. It was therefore thirteen minutes late.

K. D. C. Pills cure the regular life.

As to Interpreting Providence.

(Literary Digest.)

Experience has taught us to be rather shy in explaining the voices of God as they sound out in the exercise of His providential authority. With this reflection The New York Observer editorially introduces some thoughts on the subject of "Interpreting Providences." The writer, whose editorial "we" is in this case broadly extended, goes on to say that we have so often found ourselves mistaken, that we have learned caution in attempting to read "the handwriting on the wall," and that it would seem wiser to content ourselves with what is plain and evident, and keep in the channel of a plainly prescribed course, than to sound the unknown depths of divine mysteries. He continues:

"What folly has been committed by some who have undertaken to decipher the prophetic numbers, and arrange with precision the dates for the transpiring of great events in the development of the purposes of God! The date of our Lord's second coming has been prescribed and published over and over again with the definiteness of a show-bill. Yet still that day tarries. Suspension of worldly affairs and preparation of ascension robes, and assemblages of expectant adventists, have not hastened its approach. We remember hearing an old doggerel which stated most positively,

'The end of the world will certainly be In eighteen hundred and forty-three.' That was some time ago, and instead of ending, the world has taken on very considerable new life since that date.

And even among those who are more modest in their predictions, there has been more or less of a tendency to translate all unusually or specially marked occurrences into portents and general calamities, and political and social disturbances and atmospheric phenomena were inevitable precursors of that great crisis, it must needs have happened long ago, and have happened often, for at no period of the world's history have these signs been wanting. If there is anything clear and definite with reference to that event which is to close the present course of worldly affairs, it is that it will be unheralded and sudden. It will come as did the flood. It will come to the great majority of persons like a thief in the night.

But this disposition to explain divine mysteries, and find a ready answer for all the providences, as they are called, is not limited to any special direction. Puny human arms often attempt to steer the thunderbolts of God. There are not lacking those who, no doubt with the very best of intentions, and with great zeal for God's glory, shoot out some terrible judgment upon the Sabbath-breaker and the blasphemer, and stand ready to account for any disaster or mishap on such principles as Job's friends explained the calamities which overwhelmed that sorely tried man, or as the Maltese barbarians interpreted the viper's visit to Paul. Yet oftentimes, too, they are called to change their minds. The result will not bear out the hypothesis."

The writer reminds us that churches burn as well as theaters, and that the Sabbath storm which swoops down upon a party of excursionists may break with equal power upon a church. He further says:

"No doubt there are judgments. There are recorded cases where sudden doom has overtaken the wicked, and they have been stricken down in their sin like Ananias and Sapphira. Yet how often, too, men fall at the post of duty! Sentence against evil works in the wisdom of God's moral government is not executed speedily. Not only is space given for repentance, but opportunity is freely given for choice. If God set the seal of his judgments upon all wrong doing, and the Sabbath-breaker and profane swearer and other high-handed sinners were visited with swift retribution, there would be no more of these sins than there is of grand larceny in the state's prison. But the moral status would reach the same proportion. Nor are the providences we often seek unwisely to explain always judgments. There is a considerable proneness to interpret favorable omens, especially when the wish is father of the thought."

No Squibs.

Rev. A. B. Johnson, Westminster, Ont., "I have used several remedies for dyspepsia and would say that for giving relief after meals and sweetening the stomach, I have never found anything equal to K. D. C."

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Killed By Cruel Taunts.

The New York World publishes a pathetic story from Lockport, N. Y. It relates how Millicent Arnold, the child of John J. Arnold, county treasurer and cashier of the Merchant's National bank, pined away till death relieved her woes. Arnold was put in jail as a defaulter in 1893 sentenced to twelve years. The affair was a death blow to the sensitive child, who was further taunted by her companions about her father's crime. She began to droop; two weeks ago the end was in sight, and the little girl began to ask for her father. Her illness was greatly aggravated by an intense yearning to see him, and several influential citizens set to work to see if he could be legally brought to her bedside. Gov. Morton was telegraphed, and replied that he did not have authority to order the prisoners removal, but he thought the prison warden might sanction the trip without incurring trouble. The warden was next telegraphed but he was out of town, and his subordinates did not care to take the responsibility of removing Arnold without legal papers. Then, as a last resort, a writ of habeas corpus was issued by Judge Miller, of Lockport commanding the warden to produce Arnold in court at Lockport to testify in the Helmer case. Arnold was accordingly taken to Lockport on Sunday, in the custody of Keeper Patterson.

Sunday evening Arnold was with his daughter. When the door opened and he came in and caught her in his arms, she threw her arms about his neck and put her cheek against his and gave a long sigh. "I knew he would bring you," she said. Arnold was crying, the keeper was wiping his eyes. The little girl was quite calm.

"Now lay me in the bed, father," she said. "I am so tired. It was so long waiting for you. Oh, I am so happy."

When life was so weak in her that she could not speak above a whisper, she murmured that she wished him to pray. When her mother had prayed, her father still holding the little girl's hand as he knelt beside her bed, the child whispered: "And oh, God, you were very good to bring me my dear father." The doctor leaned over her presently because her eyes had shut and her breath had fluttered. "She is dying," he said, in a low voice. Arnold threw himself on the bed and began to sob. The child opened her eyes and let her long, slender, almost transparent fingers rest upon his cheek. "Good-bye, father," she whispered. "I am going. Good-bye. I shall see you some day." Then she died, and the smile that was on her lips then was fastened there by death.

Thought It Was Consumption.

DEAR SIRS,—I was troubled with a nasty cough and I really thought I was going into consumption. I took two bottles of Hagyard's Pectoral Balsam and can say that it not only cured me at once but that I never had a cough since. It is the best remedy in the world.

GRACE WHITE, Black Cape, Bonaventure Co., Quebec.

The Country Editor.

Whatever may be the truth or the falsity of the stories told of the scarcity of funds in the country editor's pocket or the scarcity of food in his stomach, the stories are always told, and neither the progress of education nor the growth and development of the press seems to have any effect upon the crop. One of the latest comes from Kentucky, where the mountain editor, at least, rarely develops into Croesus or Apicius, and this one is concerning a mountain editor. A subscriber had remembered him very kindly, and a day or two later a visitor called at his office.

"Can I see the editor?" he inquired of the grimy little "devil" roosting on his high stool.

"No sir," replied the youth on the stool. "He's sick."

"What's the matter with him?" "Dun no," said the boy. "One of our subscribers give him a barrel of flour and a bushel of pertaters' t'other day and I reckon he's foundered."

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