Board Works Office

# THE REVIEW

VOL. 7. RICHIBUCTO NEW BRUNSWICK, THURSDAY DECEMBER 12 1895. No 16


## SUNLIGHT SOAP

A household Comfort.

SAVES

Boiling and Toiling.

FREE--- For every 12 Sunlight wrappers sent to Lever Bros., Ltd., Toronto, a useful book 160 pages will be sent.

N. D. HOOPER,

Sole Agent for New Brunswick.

P. O. Box 151. St. John, N. B.

## 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.

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### It Pays.

It pays to wear a smiling face
And laugh our troubles down,
For all our little trials wait
Our laughter or our frown.
Beneath the magic of a smile
Our doubts will fade away,
As melts the frost in early spring
Beneath the sunny ray.

It pays to make a worthy cause,
By helping it, our own ;
To give the current of our lives
A true and noble tone.
It pays to comfort heavy hearts
Oppressed with dull despair,
And leave in sorrow-darkened lives
A gleam of brightness there.

It pays to give a helping hand
To eager, earnest youth,
To note, with all their waywardness,
Their courage and their truth ;
To strive with sympathy and love
Their confidence to win ;
It pays to open wide the heart
And "let the sunshine in."

## HAUNTED BY PIRATES.

There is a legend which, I am sure, every one having the remotest connections with the navy has heard. I know half a dozen or more versions of it, varying greatly in detail.

All combine to lay the scene in the east, sometimes in Japan, sometimes in China. What I believe to be the most authenic form of the story places it at Tien Tsin.

Twenty years ago, let us say, there came to Tien Tsin an Englishman and his son The father was a retired army officer of some means, and they were travelling for pleasure. They took a fancy to Tien Tsin and decided to settle there for awhile.

Looking about for a house, they were much attracted by one just outside the city, which stood near the water's edge and commanded a beautiful view of the harbor. Their friends, and more especially their Chinese servants, cried out aghast : They must not think of such a thing. The house was haunted. No one had lived in it for years.

The Englishmen, however, were not to be frightened off by any such silly stories. They rented the house and moved in. For several months all went well. One evening the son, who had been dining in town, came home quite late. As he opened the front door he heard what seemed to be a scuffle in his father's room. Before he could reach the top of the stairs a soul-piercing shriek rose high above the confused din. Then all was silent

Rushing into his father's room the young man found him lying on the floor in a pool of blood. There was no one else in the room, nor was there any apparent way for anyone to have left it without passing him in the hall. A knife was sticking in the breast of the wounded man, a wicked looking Malay knife, with a curiously carved handle.

The young man stepped into the hall to call the servants to his father's assistance. When he stepped back into the room a moment later the knife had disappeared.

The wounded man never rallied. He lived several hours, but was not able to speak. His face was distorted by an expression of unutterable terror, and he died with the look still in his eyes.

The associations of the place were too painful for his son to remain there any longer. He packed up his belongings and returned to England.

Months passed, perhaps years ; I do not know. But after a certain lapse of time one of our men-of-war visited the harbor of Tien Tsin.

Several of the officers were ashore one night dining with a party of foreign residents at the club. Some one told the story of the haunted house and the murdered Englishman, adding that the natives said that the murder was re-enacted every night at the same hour.

"Let's visit the house some night," one of the officers suggested, "and see the show."

"Why not to-night?" exclaimed a young Dane, whom we will agree to call A.

"We have plenty of time, and the steward of the club has the keys to the house. The Englishman left them with him when he went away."

Perhaps the club punch had made them even braver than usual. Anyhow, the suggestion was received with acclamations. Some one produced a lantern. The rest filled their pockets with matches and candle ends.

When they were ready to start they looked about for A. He was nowhere to be found. One of our officers could not refrain from expressing some amusement that the organizer of the adventure should prove the only one afraid to carry it through.

"Afraid ?" cried one of the club members. "You don't know him. He doesn't know what fear means. I'll wager he's up to some deviltry at this moment, probably he has gone on ahead to put on a pillow case and play ghost for us."

They had to hurry to reach the house at the intended hour.

"There it is," some one said at last, and Lieutenant B., who carried the lantern looked at his watch by its light and announced that they had just three minutes to spare. The door was unlocked with difficulty, for the fastenings had grown rusty from disuse.

"By George !" cried the first man who stepped into the hall, "there's something going on up stairs."

A cry of agonized despair startled the smiles from their lips and quickened their steps to a run. B. pushed open the door of the room from which the sounds had come. As he did so, and before he could see anything, the lantern was dashed from his hand and the door slammed behind him.

He stood in the darkness for a few awful terror-stricken seconds. Then he took a step forward and tripped over something on the floor. He stooped over and his hand encountered a pool of warm, oozing liquid.

The instant during which his friends in the hall were striking a light and opening the door seemed an eternity.

At last the door was opened. The young men crowded in with their candles. There, at their feet lay poor A, with the Malay knife in his heart.

Explanations are always an anti-climax. But the explanation of the foregoing tragedy is too curious to omit, though its pretensions to being a ghost story are thereby destroyed.

After this second murder the authorities were aroused to a display of tardy activity. The house was carefully and thoroughly searched, and the discovery made that the walls were double, containing secret doors, stair cases and storage chambers.

One of the secret doors accounted for the murderer's escape, and his return to get the knife, which he evidently felt would be a dangerous clew. In the secret chambers were found a considerable supply of arms and a large quantity of valuables of the most varied description.

It was evident that the place had been used as a refuge and storehouse by Chinese pirates, its proximity to the water making it the more convenient. The owner of the knife and some members of his gang were subsequently captured and put to death.

Nervous woman will find relief in Hood's Sarsaparilla, because it enriches the blood and thus strengthens the nerves.

### WOMEN'S CHRISTIAN TEMPERANCE UNION COLUMN.

**All Communications to this Column Should be Addressed to Mrs. J. Stevenson, Secretary W. C. T. U, Richibucto.**

Women's Christian Temperance Union Richibucto, will meet every fortnight at the residence of Miss Ostle. 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.

Many looketh on the outward appearance but the Lord looketh on the heart. —1 Sam. 16. 7.

### Jim and Me.

Yes, boys, I believe in religion,
And I am not ashamed to say
That I have become a Christian,
And read the Bible and pray
We've given ourselves to Jesus,
My brother Jim and me,
And go every night to the mission,
Instead of out on a spree.

'Twas Jim first got converted,
Down on the Bowery one night,
Where he wandered into a mission
In a wretched and hopeless plight ;
For Jim was an awful drunkard,
As low as a man could be—
And then he heard how Jesus
Could save just such as he.

I knew Jim was converted,
As everybody said,
'Twas not so much by his talking
As the different life he led.
And it made a deep impression
On me, but I didn't care
To hear him speaking about it—
It made me mad and swear.

One day—I'm ashamed to own it—
As he was talking to me
About my being a Christian,
And living the same as he,
I got in a terrible temper—
'Twas the rum that did it though—
And turned with an oath upon him,
And struck poor Jim a blow.

Perhaps you won't believe me,
But sure as I'm sitting here,
Jim laid his hand on my shoulder
And said, as he wiped a tear
From his eye, "Tom, I forgive ye,
And God'll forgive ye too."
And he knelt and prayed beside me,
Just as mother used to do.

I tell ye, boys, that hurt me,
It was more than I could stand,
And just knelt down beside him,
And he kindly took my hand
And asked the Lord to save me,
And, boys, right then and there
I know the blessed Saviour
Answered Jim's earnest prayer.

I don't know much of religion,
But I've got this much to say
I know the blood of Jesus
Has washed my sins away.
And I know he daily keeps me
From drink and every sin,
And that his Holy Spirit
Dwells sweetly now within.

And, boys, I'm going to tell it,
No matter where I may be
I'm going to tell what Jesus
Has done for Jim and me.
For it's such a wonderful story
I want men everywhere
To know of this great salvation,
That they may its blessings share.

### "Please Don't Be Sorry."

Mrs Sangster tells this touching story about a cripple child she met at St. Augustine :

"It was mid-winter but the air was like June, and the gardens were in bloom. Near the old fort I met a boy toiling along on a crutch, and he looked so pale and went so slowly that my heart ached for him, till he looked up, and smiling brightly said;

"'Please don't be sorry. It hardly hurts at all now, and the doctor says in a year I will be able to run and jump as I used to do. A year isn't much, is it ?' Bless the brave little heart!

In this earthly waiting time, many a crippled soul toils slowly and in daily anguish. But, as we go, learn the blessedness of suffering and the joy of doing God's will and blessing others. Let us not be sorry ! Looking forward to the gladness before us, and tasting the blessedness that comes to us every day, let us "rejoice evermore." The great Physician who "healeth all our diseases," assures us that very soon an entrance shall be administered unto us abundantly into the everlasting kingdom of our Lord, where "there shall be no more death, neither sorrow nor crying, neither shall there be any more pain."

Let us be glad to-day, and ever look forward and upward to the larger gladness that beckons us onward.—The Cumberland Presbyterian.


### 5 Lines on K. and L.

I find that the people around here prefer Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills to auy other I have in stock. They are a wonderful pill. Send 3 dozen at once I am nearly out. P. S.—Send by post J. W. Ireland, Gourock.


## THE WIDE, WIDE WORLD.

The Pope has sent 50,000 lire to relieve the distress among Armenians.

Lord Overtoun states that there are still in Africa 200,000,000 who have never heard the gospel.

Burton Purdy, the 17-year old boy who disappeared from St. John some weeks ago, went to London, England, and enlisted in the British army.

Rev. Father Whalen, of Ottawa, has taken an action for $10,000 against the publishers of the Owl, the official organ of the Ottawa university, for alleged libellous publications concerning him.

The terms adopted for reference and guidance of the commission appointed to perfect plans for the proposed Pacific submarine cable have been wired by the colonial office to all colonial governments concerned.

At Montreal on Thursday, Senator Edward Murphy, while proceeding from his house, 836 Dorchester street, down town, fell dead. He was conveyed to his residence, when it was found that life was already extinct.

A Halifax citizen impersonated a clergyman and married a country couple. They lived together for some time before finding out the trick that had been played on them. A legal marriage followed and now a suit is being taken against the citizen.

The world's record for fast railroading is now held by the express train of the N. Y. Central and Hudson River railroad which made the run of 440 miles from New York city to Buffalo in 503 minutes or an average including stops of 52½ miles an hour.

James Frier and Foster Pickard of Shediac, B. B. Teed and W. C. Milner of Sackville, and Napoleon LeBlanc of Botsford, are applying for incorporation as the Northumberland Stone Company, with a capital stock of $10,000 in $10 shares, the office to be at Shediac.

The magazine of the Illinois Torpedo Company, two miles south of Butler, Pa., was blown up Wednesday by an explosion of 1,000 pounds of nitro-glycerine. Geo. Besler and Lewis Black, who were in the magazine, were blown to atoms, as were their horses and waggon.

Great anxiety is felt for the safety of the Baptist missionaries in the Province of Shenshi, China. No news of them has been received since August. The latest reports from them states that Mohammedan rebels had captured the city of See Ngan, capital of the province, and murdered a large number of men, women and children.

Robert Janssen aged 30, employed at the Monumental Chemical Works, Anne Arundel county, Maryland met with a horrible accident which resulted in his death He fell into a vat of nitric acid. He managed to crawl out, and was taken to the medical university, but lied in awful agony a few minutes after his arrival.

Sir Chas. Tupper sailed from Liverpool for New York on Saturday on board the Campania. His return is said to be in response to a request of Sir Mackenzie Bowell to proceed at once to consult with the government respecing tenders to be called for for the fast steamship service between England and Canada, and also in connection with the cable project.

Peter Robinson, the greatest retail dry goods merchant of London, whose death was recently announced, left a fortune estimated at $6,000,000. He led an irregular life and he appears to have bequeathed his fortune to disreputable characters outside of his family. Under our laws his widow could claim one-third of the estate, but there seems to be some doubt of her getting anything under the English law unless she can break down the will.

The English Secretary of State has sent a despatch to colonial governors to investigate thoroughly the extent to which in each colony foreign imports have displaced or are displacing similar British goods, and the causes. He asks them for a tabulated return showing the value and price for 1883, 1884, 1889 and 1894 of foreign articles imported, and why they are preferred to British imports. He also desires a return of products of the colonies that might, with advantage, be exported to the United Kingdom or other parts of the empire; and he asks for information as to the quality, price and freight charges that would be useful to British importers.

Montreal Herald: Longfellow has immortalized the ride of Paul Revere, and Browning told in verse of the riders who brought the good news from Ghent to Aix, but the recent wonderful feat of an humble priest has yet to be recorded, except ephemerally in the columns of the newspapers. And yet what the good Father Begley, of Kingman, Kansas, has just accomplished is worthy of the poet's pen. A woman was dying on the ranche of her son, in the wilds of Texas, and Father Begley was sent for. The distance was three hundred and ten miles, and he had to get there within thirty-six hours, as she was not expected to live any longer. Of this distance, one hundred and sixty miles was over the desolate prairies of western Oklahoma, No Man's Land and northern Texas. Relays of horses were arranged for by the ranchmen en route, and, without food and only one hurried drink of water, he covered the entire hundred and sixty miles in twenty-one and a half hours arriving at the dying woman's bedside an hour before she reached that unconsciousness which precedes death. The sombre robe sometimes covers as brave a heart as the brilliant uniform.

Father Whalen of Ottawa has withdrawn his action against the Owl, and the controversy is now at an end.

The four boys arrested for wrecking a New York Central express near Rome, N. Y, have been committed on a charge of murder in the first degree.

The human skeleton found at Brandy Brook, St. John, has not yet been identified at the dead house. Some people say that the remains are those of Robert Horn and his family say they are not.

Mrs. Mary A. Dougherty, of Carrickfergus, Ireland, has written to St. John for news of her husband, Edward Dougherty, who was last heard of near St. John. He was a Royal Naval Reserve man and had his book, No. 1,212 D with him.

James Boyd, an industrious farmer of Bay Road, Charlotte, was at work in his field the other day when he was overtaken by paralysis. He was conveyed to the house and died shortly afterwards. He was 61 years old.

The Havelock Mineral Springs Co. have closed their factory at Petitcodiac for the winter. They have been offered $12,500 by the English syndicate who own the Elgin and Petitcodiac and Havelock Railroad. It is generally believed the offer will be accepted, and the factory will be moved to Havelock.

Moncton Times: Rev. Father Carson, who has occupied the Capt. Tingley house at Hopewell for the past year, has given up housekeeping for the present, and will take up his residence at the Frontier House, Albert. The reverend gentleman's sisters, who have been living with him, have left for their home in St. John.

Thieves lately broke into the church of Santa Maria in Trastavere at Rome, carrying off the communion plate and tearing off the gold ornaments and votive offerings from the image of the Virgin, whose head they broke off and threw in a corner. For days afterward the church was crowded with people who went to kiss the mutilated image and pray for pardon for the sacrilege committed.

The Prescott lumber firm composed of Messrs. Isaac, George and Crandall Prescott, has this year commenced lumbering operations on the North Shore at New Mills. Already this season two million feet of timber have been got out at New Mills and it is expected to get out about two million more. A sawmill having the capacity of 30,000 superficial feet per day, and of the most modern type will be erected at New Mills next spring.


### GIVEN UP TO DIE.

**Shop Closed for Two Months—The Patient takes Dodd's Kidney Pills.**

RICHMOND (*Special*) Dec. 9—A correspondent at Ottawa, of a Toronto paper investigating so-called cures by Dodd's Kidney Pills found himself here among ardent friends of this great kidney treatment. Seeing Mr. McCarthy at work in his shop after being closed for two months in expectation of Death from Bright's disease ; that gentlemen referred him to the man who advised him to use the Pills. This was Wm. McCord a farmer who had been helpless and bed-ridden for twenty-seven months with what was said to be "Incurable Diabetes." On calling the correspondent found Mr. McCord ploughing in the field. A few boxes of Dodd's Kidney Pills had worked the cure. It was a matter of no surprise as they always cure.


It is hard for a man to be thankful for blessings that he knows he does not deserve.

Yellow Oil used internally cures or relieves croup, asthma, sore throat, bronchitis and similar complaints, Used externally on man or beast it cures rheumatism, sprains, bruises, galls, chilblains, frost bites, lumbago, lame back, cuts, wounds, insect bites.

### Eating Before Sleeping.

The old tradition that to eat anything just before going to bed was sure to produce indigestion and render sleep impossible is now happily exploded. It is not good, as a matter of fact, to go to bed with the stomach so loaded that the undigested food will render one restless, but something of a light, palatable nature in the stomach is one of the best aids to quietude and rest in bed. The process of digestion goes on in sleep with as much regularity as when one is taking violent exercise to aid it, and so something in the stomach is a very desirable condition for the night's rest Some physicians have declared, indeed, that a good deal of the prevalent insomnia is the result of an unconscious craving of the stomach for food in persons who have been unduly frightened by the opinion that they must not eat before going to bed, or who have, like many nervous women, been keeping themselves in a state of semi-starvation. Nothing is more agreeable on retiring for the night than to take a bowl of hot broth, like oatmeal gruel or clam soup. It is a positive aid to nervous people, and induces peaceful slumbers. This is especially the case on cold winter nights, when the stomach craves warmth as much as any other part of the body. Even a glass of hot milk is grateful to the palate on such occasions, but a light well-cooked gruel is better, and in our climate, during the cold months of winter should be the retiring food of every woman who feels, as many do, the need of food at night.


### A Household Necessity.

You cannot be too often reminded that a neglected cold is the source of more serious and sometimes fatal disease.

If when suffering from a chill you would take a few drops of Dr. Manning's german remedy in a little hot water, the coming cold would be broken up at once and all serious results averted.

So simple a remedy should not be disregarded. Dr. Manning's german remedy, as thousands testify, is also a marvellous pain reliever. Whether it be cramp in the stomach, the twinges of rheumatism, a bruise or sprain, or the pangs of neuralgia, this remedy affords relief and cure. No family should be without it, and the number of families that regard it as a household necessity is steadily increasing as its merits become more widely known.

There are so many mishaps, of almost daily occurrence, when such a remedy would be of the greatest value for instant use, that a bottle of Dr. Manning's german remedy should be always at hand. It is sold by all druggists and dealers at fifty cents per bottle and is manufactured only by the Hawker Medicine Co. (Ltd.) St. John, N. B., and New York City.


On many farms the weather wears out more tools than use, and wastes more food than all the stock on the place. Protect your tools, your crops and your stock.


### Scrofulous Symptoms

Are tumors, abscesses, sore eyes, eruptions, and obstinate skin diseases. Burdock Blood Bitters cures all blood disease, from a common black pimple to the worst scrofulous sore. In all cases of this nature where the skin is broken and sores or ulcers exists, the outward application of B. B. B. diluted with water if necessary and applied on soft linen cloth is recommended to insure a perfect cure.


A mother's love is the most far-reaching thing in the world. It has followed many a wayward son to the verge of hell, only to be trampled upon.


### Lungs Closed Up.

In the early part of the winter I caught a bad cold, followed by a severe cough. I could not sleep as my lungs seemed closed up. I could walk only a few yards without stopping to get breath. I sent for your Emulsion and before I had finished the third bottle the cough was gone—I could breathe freely and felt like a new man. I advise all sufferers from coughs, colds or asthma, to give Milburn's Cod Liver Oil Emulsion a trial.

JOHN S. HILL.

Tenny Cape, Hants Co., N. S.


A good farmer is necessarily a better man than a poor farmer, for a man cannot be a really good farmer without possessing the majority of the cardinal virtues.


### Piles! Piles! Itching Piles.

SYMPTOMS—Moisture ; intense itching and stinging ; most at night ; worse by scratching. If allowed to continue tumors form, which often bleed and ulcerate, becoming very sore. SWAYNE'S OINTMENT stops the itching and bleeding, heals ulceration, and in most cases removes the tumors. At druggists, or by mail, for 50 cents. Dr. Swayne & Son, Philadelphia. Lyman Sons & Co., Montreal, wholesale agents.


It is said the Minister of Justice has refused to interfere in the Shortis case and the condemned man must be hanged on Jan. 3.

K. D. C. cures Dyspepsia.