

THE REVIEW

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THE GREAT NORTH SHORE ROUTE!

The Best, Surest, Safest, Quickest Route by which each purchaser 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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Plaint of the Pessimist.

Nothing to do but work,
Nothing to eat but food,
Nothing to wear but clothes,
To keep one from being nude.

Nothing to breathe but air,
Quick as a flash 'tis gone,
Nowhere to fall but off,
Nowhere to stand but on.

Nothing to sing but songs,
Ah, well! Alas! Alack!
Nowhere to go but out,
Nowhere to come but back.

Nothing to read but words,
Nothing to cast but votes,
Nothing to hear but sounds,
Nothing to sail but boats.

Nothing to comb, but hair,
Nowhere to sleep but in bed,
Nothing to weep but tears,
Nothing to bury but dead.

Nothing to see but sights,
Nothing to quench but thirst,
Nothing to have but what we've refused,
Thus through life we're cursed.

Nothing to strike but a gait,
Everything moves that grows,
Nothing at all but common sense
Can ever withstand these woes.

KITTY'S FORTUNE.

She was seated on a rustic bench beneath the trees, and he paced moodily up and down before her.

"I can't understand it," he said, pausing at last. "You refuse me flatly, and yet you say you love me."

"I'm sorry, John—awfully sorry—but you must understand now that it's final. I have told you my reasons for the refusal, and you must see that they are good reasons. And, as for the love, I don't feel any of that hysteric and overpowering passion that the story books tell about, but I love you."

"Humph!"

"Indeed I do. But just look. Neither you nor I have a dollar, and we are both orphans without prospects."

"I can make money, Kate."

"I don't believe it."

"You ought to give me a chance, Kitty. It's not fair. Wait a year and only give me a grain of hope, and I'll prove to you what I can do."

"It's of no use whatever," said the girl firmly. "You can't make money. You haven't got the gift. You're not thrifty. No, I won't wait at all. I won't delude you with even a grain of hope. In fact, I have decided to put a speedy end to this nonsense. I am going away—off to the city to seek my fortune, John, and if I'm lucky"—and she laughed a little sadly—"I shouldn't mind to send for you to come and share my fortune with me."

The young man's face flushed.

"You've a very poor opinion of me, Kitty."

"How hard you make it for both of us!" she exclaimed. "But listen, John. If I should marry you and hard times came upon us, as they would surely come poverty and humiliation and grim and grimy want and desolation, I should hate you, John. And you would perhaps take to drink and commit suicide. Oh, it's too tragic! It would be sinful to tempt fate that way."

"I didn't think of that," he said brokenly. "I only knew that I loved you."

"And now, John dear, dear John, goodbye," she said, rising. "Let us part friends." He turned and caught her passionately in his arms and covered her face with kisses, swearing that he would never let her go.

For a moment she drank in his caresses. Then, more angry with herself than with him, she pushed him back.

"Leave me," she said. "I will never speak to you again."

It was late in the afternoon of a summer Sunday, and the park was filled with the usual restless and motley throng—gay ladies in gay turnouts, toll worn workmen with their wives, babies rolling under the trees, troops of bicyclers whirling along their graveled ways, maidens, shy and sweet; lovers whispering divine nonsense into eager ears—all the breath and blood and brain and bone of the great city stretching itself out for an hour's rest and enjoyment.

A young maiden, standing alone by the shore of the lake, looked wearily at the stream of life that flowed by her. What did it matter to one of all that throng if she hungered for sympathy and companionship? How much alone and how lonely she felt!

A little farther down a young man stood and he gazed, not at boats, nor at the water, but at the girl who seemed so forlorn.

"It looks like her," he murmured. "Older and whiter and thinner, yet so much like her—as she might have looked after sickness."

He came closer, and the girl turned about, facing him.

"John!"

"Kitty!"

It seemed a tame greeting. They clasped hands. Each looked at the other thinking of the day they parted beneath the trees, uncertain as to how their friendship should be renewed.

"Have you been sick, Kitty?"

"No, do I look dilapidated?"

"You look pale, he said gravely. "Has the city treated you unkindly?"

"It has given me my fortune, John."

"I am glad to hear it, glad indeed."

"Yes," she said, with a nervous laugh, "look at this dress John, and at this last year's hat and at these shabby boots. They tell the story I might be only too glad to conceal."

"Why, I thought you were in the very height of style," he exclaimed. "I am sure I never saw you so handsome."

There was a look of pleasure in her eyes at this praise, but she shook her head.

"I'm a failure in this big town, John. And that's the fortune I found."

"Mine is no better. I have been here a year now, and my career has proved the truth of your prediction. When you refused me that time, Kitty, you were a fortunate girl."

"Do I look fortunate, John?" she asked softly.

"You look like an angel," he said and looked as if he believed it.

"But you," and with critical gaiety she surveyed him from head to foot, "you are well dressed, sir. You have a watch and a diamond and patent leather shoes. Why, John, I declare, you are a regular swell!"

"I get \$12 a week," he said, laughing.

"Think of it, and I only get \$5. Twelve dollars a week! Why, John, I tell you that's riches."

"You wouldn't advise a man to marry on it, would you Kate?" he asked, trying to look in her eyes.

"You wouldn't advise that, Kate?" he insisted.

"I know two young people who live in luxury on \$10," she said shyly.

"Suppose we try it, Kate?" he whispered.

"I don't deserve it," she said. "I have been a proud girl," and there were tears in her eyes, "but I have found out how well I love you, John, and have been so lonely."

MANY DISAPPOINTED.

Toronto Fair Visitors hoped to See the Manufacture of a well-known Product.

TORONTO (Special) Sept. 23.—Many regrets were expressed by visitors to the Industrial Fair that the Dodd's Medicine Company of this city did not have a display of their well-known Dodd's Kidney Pills, the remedy which has by this time become so widely and favourably known for the absolute cure of all complaints of the kidneys even in the most acute stages. A rumor was current that a public exhibition of the manufacture of the remedy would be given but the restricted space this year prevented the possibility of such a scheme. Those who went away disappointed at not seeing the manufacture of their favorite remedy will have to wait till next year.

The most costly of all furs is that of the sea-otter. As much as \$1,100 has been paid for a skin, which, considering that the largest skins rarely measure more than two yards long by three-quarters of a yard in width, seems almost a fabulous sum. Two hundred and fifty dollars is sometimes paid for a piece just large enough to make a coat collar.

NEW MEXICO'S MESSIAH.

Hundreds Stand About All Night in Denver to be Cured.

Denver, Col., September 24.—It was fortunate for the unfortunate that Sunday intervened to stop the laying on of hands by Francis Schlatter, the New Mexico "Messiah." He has rigidly observed the Sabbath by going to St. Patrick's Catholic Church, a small and unpretentious edifice on the north side, within a stone's throw from the Fox residence, where he is staying.

It was expected that a crowd of large proportions would attend Sunday morning for the sake of seeing and touching the garments of the healer, owing to the report that almost fabulous cures have been effected in persons who have merely looked at the face of the strange man. The storm kept persons away from the church.

The fact that there would be no treatment that day had been widely advertised and the crowds that lingered in the keen wind of last night melted away before the full brunt of the storm broke over the city at midnight. Five inches of snow covered the ground in the morning, and had there been one of the usual receptions there would have been hundreds of sufferers from the temperature, which dropped below the freezing point.

That the prospect of intense cold and dire distress does not serve as a deterrent is proven by the fact that at ten o'clock last night persons were beginning to flock to the vicinity of the house, so as to be in line early to-day. The enthusiasm can better be understood when the sudden change of temperature is known. Forty hours ago the thermometer was at eighty, while at present the mercury is down to thirty.

The crowds are not limited to the poor and indigent by any means, for the well dressed are visible among the foremost in the line, and Sunday quite a number of really wealthy persons tried to claim the attention of the healer. He was deaf to all importunities, and announced that he would not give audience to any one who sought relief by the influence of patrician wealth.

Many citizens have tried to induce Schlatter to receive in Coliseum Hall, a large down-town building, which has been offered to him by liberal persons who have faith in his alleged divine power. He refuses to entertain such offers, and maintains that "his Father," told him to dwell with the poor, and perform "His works" in their midst.

Theosophists and Christian Science people are claiming the healer for their own and the result has been to provoke the liveliest sort of discussion. The Rev. Myron W. Reed, a well known liberal clergyman, visited Schlatter this afternoon and was accorded a long interview in company with one of the judges of the District Court. He came away impressed with the power of Schlatter, but said he was puzzled to account for his marvellous faculty.

Schlatter will remain here for another month, and on November 16 will leave for Chicago. He says the Father has fixed the date and that he will never revisit the same places. He is absolutely penniless, but will not accept even the smallest favors, either gifts or money.

Did You Ever Think

That you cannot be well unless you have pure blood? If you are weak, tired, languid and all run down, it is because your blood is impoverished and lacks vitality. These troubles may be overcome by Hood's Sarsaparilla because Hood's Sarsaparilla makes pure rich blood. It is in truth the great blood purifier.

HOOD'S PILLS cure liver ills, constipation, biliousness, jaundice, sick headache, indigestion.

A Cold-Weather Joke.

A business man came down to his office on a winter morning when it was bitterly cold.

Whew! how cold it is he said to one of his clerks. Just shut that safe, if you please.

The clerk obeyed with a puzzled look. Then, when he could restrain his curiosity no longer, he asked:

Excuse me, sir, but why did you tell me to shut that safe?

Why, replied his employer, with a sly chuckle, there are a good many drafts in that safe.

A countryman, who had been on a visit to London, on returning home, remarked that he never saw so many trees in his life as he saw in Piccadilly. This led to a dispute and a bet, when the countryman being called upon to name the trees he saw, replied, "Axe-trees."

Children Cry for

Inoculation for Contagious Diseases.

Inoculation for diphtheria and kindred diseases appears to be losing its hold on public faith; the efficacious remedy is yet to be found.

An editorial in Toronto Truth draws attention to the increased death rate from diphtheria in the great city of London; and the fact that, although it has been suggested that the augmentation in the number of deaths from this cause might be due to a more correct diagnosis, which places many cases formerly classified as resulting from croup among those ascribed to diphtheria; also to defective sewer ventilation, as well as the spread of contagious and infectious diseases from increased school attendance; these reasons are open to the objection that they might equally apply to all other great cities and towns; whereas, London slums are pre-eminently the hot bed for diphtheria germs. Germany, it appears, from careful investigation during the years 1883-93, shows a marked decrease in its death rate from that cause.

On the other hand, London mortality from typhoid fever is said to be clearly diminishing, due manifestly to the care exercised in filtration by water companies. Of course, other conditions being equal, this vigilance in the matter of water supply would soon result in an appreciable lowering of the death rate from diphtheria, also, as impure water is known to be an active agent in causing that much-to-be-dreaded disease.

It is also stated that the practice of drinking cow's milk in its natural state is fast becoming a thing of the past, as far as the continent of Europe is concerned; owing to disclosures made by rigorous inspection of dairies, milk shops and cow sheds.

In addition to uncleanly milking, there are some notable housekeepers who are astonishingly careless in the matter of milk vessels. Sufficient care also is often not taken in the selection of a suitable place for the keeping of milk, to make certain that the surrounding air is pure; as it is an incontrovertible fact that milk and butter are especially liable to absorb impurities, if any exist. The cellar, where those necessaries are usually kept during hot weather, is more important than the drawing room, and should receive the most careful inspection, that no refuse of vegetables or anything that would be likely to injure the flavor of either be allowed to remain. It is a fact that should be well known that the air of the cellar affects the whole house, and neglect to keep it in proper condition has been attended with fatal results.

A High Endorsement.

Rev. Alfred Barcham, Chaplain, Ont.:—"While rector of the St. Mary's Church Montreal, I received, in answer to a request several months ago a package of K. D. C. I desired it for the benefit of my wife who had been troubled with dyspepsia for a number of years. I am glad to say that she is completely cured by its use although she shared the one package among friends. You may be sure that we constantly recommend the remedy which has been so effective in her case, while other remedies have failed to permanently cure."

The foregoing should convince the most skeptical of the wonder working power of K. D. C.

A Pointed Aphorism.

All work and no play makes Jack a dull boy.

That is because his nerve energy is exhausted faster than nature can renew it. Then Jack, whether he be boy or man, needs rest and a course of Hawker's nerve and stomach tonic to renew his vitality and make him fit for work once more.

The country is filled with people who are over-worked, or who over-work themselves. To these Hawker's tonic is a boon and a blessing. Its use, if accompanied with common sense precautions as to diet and habits, will give tone to the stomach and nerves and vigor to the mind and body. It renews health, Dyspepsia, general debility, or nervous prostration is overcome and life becomes, once more, a pleasure to be enjoyed rather than a burden to be borne. This remedy is beyond question, the one thing needful when a man or woman is suffering from any disease arising from nerve exhaustion, bad digestion or impoverished blood. It is sold at fifty cents a bottle or six bottles for \$2.50, and is manufactured only by Hawker Medicine Co., (Incl.) St. John, N. B., and New York City.

The Wife: "You are a fool!" The Husband: "I know it. Anybody but a fool would have known enough to accept your first rejection of my proposal as final."

Pitcher's Castoria.



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to be as represented.

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