

Board. Works. Office.

THE REVIEW

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RICHIBUCTO NEW BRUNSWICK, THURSDAY NOVEMBER 7, 1895.

NO. 11

At a Glance

Anyone can SEE the difference between the twin-bar of clear, pure

SUNLIGHT SOAP

And other laundry Soaps, but you'll KNOW the difference when you use it because it cleanses with

LESS LABOR, GREATER COMFORT.

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Summer's Done.

Along the wayside and up the hills,
The golden rod flames in the sun;
The blue-eyed gentian nods good-bye
To the sad little brooks that run.
And so the summer's done, said I,
Summer's done!

In the yellowing woods the chestnut
drops;
The squirrel gets galore;
Though bright-eyed lads and little maids,
Rob him of half his store.
And so the summer's done, said I,
Summer's done!

The maple in the swamp begins
To flaunt in gold and red,
And in the elm the fire bird's nest
Swings empty overhead;
And so the summer's done, said I,
Summer's done!

The barberry hangs her jewels out,
And guards them with a thorn;
The merry farmer boys cut down
The poor old dried-up corn,
And so the summer's done, said I,
Summer's done!

The swallows and the bobolink,
Are gone this many a day;
But in the morning still you hear
The scolding, swaggering jay!
And so the summer's done, said I,
Summer's done!

A wonderful glory fills the air,
And big and bright is the sun;
A loving hand for the whole brown earth,
A garment of beauty has spun;
But for all that summer's done, said I,
Summer's done!

The Mystery of the Rose.

Lawrence Hunter carried a big bunch of pink roses with him when he called on Alma Bentley with an important mission in his mind, and he felt that he was particularly fortunate in having them, as they were country-bred roses, grown properly in the open air, and the last of the season.

He had heard the young woman beam on the fact that she never saw any roses except those raised in hot-houses, that she did not consider art superior to nature, and should never forget the dear roses that grew in the country, in the garden of their old home—they were filled with tender associations.

Therefore Lawrence Hunter was full of a happy importance, as he presented her with the roses, he had plucked himself, from the bushes in a friend's garden that same day.

'You will find them delightfully fragrant,' he said, as she took the great bunch of bloom in her fine, slim hands, and looked at them with such loving appreciation, that the young man's pulse went up to fever heat.

She was dressed as became a rose-queen, in snowy white, and her golden hair was bound with a fillet of blue, which color enhanced the fairness of her complexion, as she probably meant it should, in the artlessness of art. And as she held her lovely face with its delicate rose color above the roses, the young man, strengthened his resolve to propose that—

But there is an old adage about man proposing. The queenly Alma knew that she could not continue to hold the roses without weariness, even flowers become burdensome, under certain conditions, and she placed them tenderly in a china vase, and when they were arranged to suit her fastidious taste lingered to drink in their beauty.

'They bring up the sweetest associations of a happy past,' she said romantically. 'Petals of pink, and hearts of gold, how I love you! I revel in your adorable sweetness!'

And she buried her face in the mass of roses, the better to inhale their odor, and then Lawrence who felt the insanity of jealousy stealing over him, noticed that her slender form was shaken with sobs, and he sprang to her assistance. But she gave a wild shriek and escaped from the room, leaving the astonished lover gazing into space.

He heard cries and exclamations, the hurrying of flying feet, doors slamming, and—silence. He waited, but no one came, and he went home with a profound conviction that he had just escaped making a fool of himself—that Alma Bentley was a woman with a past, that he would call on her—or cultivate her society, no longer. And he laid awake all night thanking his stars that he was not her accepted husband.

The next day he watched anxiously for some word, a note, any explanation, but none came. He wandered that way in the evening, and finding the house dark and closed, was so piqued and curious that he rung the bell and inquired if the young woman was at home.

'Yes,' the domestic said, 'but not able to see anyone—quite ill, under the doctor's care.'

'The plot thickens,' said the young man to himself, as he turned away, more in love than ever, and determined to probe the mystery to its depth. Suppose she'd a past—so had he, and he laughed grimly as he thought of some pages of his life that he would have been glad to tear out and burn. Poor little girl! Some foolish romance of her early teens that had rose in it and a lover! What then? How many love affairs of his own had left memories and associations—only he was a man and could forget. Well, he would teach her to forget if she would give him her confidence and love!

He waited meekly but expectantly a week—two weeks, and then a third had nearly passed, he met Alma face to face. Both were riding, but she threw him a sweet smile and a bow as they passed, and he thought he had never seen her looking so well, not excepting that fatal evening of the roses.

After a decorous time he called, and was nervous as a woman as he waited to hear the rustle of her silken skirts, and learn from her lips the mystery of the incident of the roses.

There was no hint of illness or pallor, but just a slight shade of anxiety on her face as she cordially welcomed the young man.

'You must have thought me out of my senses,' she said, as soon as they were seated, 'when I rushed out of the room that night; but I could not help it. I lost all my self-control and cried like a child, Mamma said I was very silly.'

'Were you so much overcome?' asked Lawrence kindly.

'Overcome? I was blind, frantic with pain.'

'I have heard,' said the young man 'of people to whom the odor of certain flowers was painful on account of memories. If I had only known that my unfortunate roses had the power to rouse slumbering recollections of happier days, rather than revive such memories, I would have left them to wither on their stems!'

'Memories,' repeated Alma vaguely, 'what had they to do with me? I don't understand you, Mr. Hunter.'

'Was it not an overpowering rush of associations connected with the roses that brought on your attack of illness?'

Alma stared a moment, then laughed merrily.

'No indeed, it was the overpowering rush of a bee concealed in one of the roses, and it stung my poor lip so that I was a fright for weeks and suffered from the poison, too.'

'And it wasn't a memory? Lawrence's tone was jubilant.

'No, but it is now, and a very disagreeable one. I am pledged hereafter to artificial roses.'

'Let me have the life-long position of

poison-taster to my queen,' suggested Lawrence gallantly, and his queen, being in the mood, accepted him for the position.

A NEW CLUB.

Name Suggested for a New Social Organization in London.

LONDON (Special) Oct. 25.—It has been facetiously suggested that a new social club in process of organization in this city should be entitled "The Dodd's Kidney Pill Club" as the present members are all enthusiastic advocates of that remedy and in common with many other citizens declare that in all cases of kidney trouble no other agent has been found so completely, effective. Most Londoners have at their fingers' ends the particulars of the many marvellous cures through the use of this specific. In every drugstore in the city the medicine is kept in large quantities and warmly recommended.

Rev. C. B. Wathen's Fold Appreciate His Services.

(From the Manchester, N. H., Union.)

The adjourned annual meeting of the Piscataquog Church society of the South-Main Street church, was held last evening in the vestry of the church, and there was a large attendance. President Walter M. Fulton presided. The various reports demonstrated that the year had been a most successful one, financially and otherwise. The church membership increased forty-five during the year, and the Sunday school, also has increased materially.

The following new members were taken into the society last evening: Mr. and Mrs. Walter B. Mitchell, Mr. and Mrs. Joseph P. George, John Vanvliet, Mr. and Mrs. George W. Flint, Miss Minnie Sturtevant, James Bixby, Miss Susie Hoyt, Miss Mary Hyde, Miss Kate Fradd.

The report of Treasurer Albert E. Foss showed the receipts for the year to have been \$1525.66; expenditures, \$1516.92.

The officers elected are as follows: President, Walter M. Fulton; clerk, Benjamin J. Mack; treasurer, Albert E. Foss; executive committee, John L. Niven, Arthur D. Prince, Mitchell D. Ward; financial committee, Joseph P. George, Warren J. Ayer, James S. Ward; music committee, Warren J. Ayer, Charles S. Cousins.

The following resolutions in relation to the church prosperity and raising the salary of the pastor were adopted:

Whereas, Notwithstanding the recent depression in business, the treasurer's report shows that we are financially prosperous.

Whereas, During the past year forty-three have been added to the church, a larger gain than during any like period in our history, showing that instead of being in the gloom of a Chancelorsville we have been experiencing something of the glory of a spiritual Gettysburg.

Whereas, Our pastor, Rev. Charles B. Wathen, has ably and faithfully ministered to us for half a decade, gone in and out amongst us without reproach, and is today the senior denominational pastor of the metropolis of New Hampshire, therefore be it

Resolved, That we enter upon the duties of another year with increased ardor, and pledge ourselves to still further effort to not only maintain, but enlarge our church work.

Resolved, That we appreciate the able and untiring efforts of our beloved pastor who has faithfully, with clean hands and pure heart, served the Master for the past five years in our church and homes, and as such faithful service and fidelity to a high trust merits something more than words; therefore, be it

Resolved, That \$200 be added to our pastor's salary and that individually and collectively we pledge ourselves to strengthen his hands and encourage him in his labors.

Fort Williams, Ont.

Mr. William Day, of Fort William, Ont., says: Two years ago my wife was very ill with Dyspepsia. No remedy that she could find gave any relief. Finally she tried Burdock Blood Bitters, and after taking six bottles was entirely cured. That is now more than two years ago and she has had no return of the malady. I also have had occasion to use B. B. B. and I cannot speak too highly in its favor. I always recommend it to my friends and in every case with good results.

Yours very truly,
WM. DAY.

The coroner's jury in Toronto has rendered a verdict that Percy Beck, aged 6, died of diphtheria; that if he had been properly treated he would have been spared, and condemning the Christian Science treatment accorded deceased. The case will likely go to court.

Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria.

The Charity of Having a Forgiving Spirit.

'Forgive though thy proud heart rebels,
And thoughts of wrong thy bosom swells
Though wronged thou art still thou can'st live
And freely, graciously forgive.'

Yes forgive or get thine heart right,
"Pluck the mote out of thine own eye,
then thou can'st discern the beam which
is in thy brother's eye." That the church
is a brotherhood or at least should be, all
will admit, but that in some denominations
there appears to be so many "Achans"

that the joining or becoming a member of such is only a mockery, for their vows are no sooner answered than they are forgotten and church members can pass and repass abuse and lie about one another. Some day speak, some day sneer, until the unsophisticated in such a denomination feels that if members cannot agree better than they do, they prefer to remain a worldling or outside the pale of such a church as my charity to my neighbours may give me a chance of getting to heaven while there such and such a church member has taken the vow of loving their neighbor as themselves and have failed in any case to do so. Ah, church members, the day will come when the Judge will ask the solemn question, I gave thee a work to do in my vineyard. Hast thou done it? Hast thou even given a cup of cold water in my name? Hast thou been truthful in thy vows, if not in my word thou mightst have read where the murderer, the backbiter and liar are all placed on the one footing, therefore my answer is, "depart from me thou blind leaders of the blind." Ah, what transgression of the human race, the wrath of God, the stupendous interests of a never ending eternity. No wonder Christ suffered all the agonies of Gethsemane, no wonder great drops of blood came falling down to the ground. We wonder not this suffering was so intense when the iniquities of us all were laid upon him, for oh, the perversity of the human family when in the church militant there is so much discord. Would it not be well for the different denominations to have their members review their church vows and the preachers to strike the keynote of the eleventh commandment at least once a year. Another and a greater commandment give I unto thee that thou love one another and thy neighbor as thyself.

The church is compared to the beautiful daughter of Zion. But oh! there are so many bigots who look upon this church as being the only way to the beautiful city, that they are very much like the man of Chicago who was so vain of his birth place, that when he was called to pass through the swelling of Jordan and came as he supposed to the heavenly city, he exclaimed: "why, I did not know Heaven could have been as beautiful as Chicago."

Oh, exclaimed the gate-keeper, this is not Heaven this is ——. So it is with some of the different denominations. They do not try to make their church on earth represent Christ's church, all they require is to swell the church records, while Christ says, "ye must become converted and become as a little child or you cannot enter the kingdom of heaven." You must make your peace and election sure with God, no church membership will save you, not even if you are elder or deacon or Sabbath school teacher, or even resort to the partaking of my broken body and blood. He that doeth these things unworthy, greater is his condemnation. I might as well give one instance of even a preacher of a certain denomination who for years has been preaching charity and no doubt has been living on the luxuries which some of his American members donated. At a S. S. Convention held in Chatham, the building was tastefully decorated and in honor of the American delegates the American flag was festooned at or near the British or Canadian flag when one of the preachers ordered it down. When his request was not granted he took the step ladder while his wife held it and he took down that beautiful emblem of a country's liberty and charity. Well might Whittier pen clerical oppressors, who lend their sanction to such ungodly proceedings.

Feel fat, ye locust feed!
And in your tasseled pulpits, thank the Lord
That from the toiling bondsman's utter need,
Ye pile your own full board.

Woe then to all who grind
Their brethren of a common Father down!
To all who plunder from the immortal mind
Its bright and glorious Crown!

If the heart is right there will be no oppressors, no tale bearers, no scandal mongers, no mischief makers, the strangers will be prayed for within our gates, the widow and the orphan will be helped and all will be working for one common good and one end which is in Christ Jesus.

McNairn, Oct. 28th, 1895.



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