

THE REVIEW

VOL. 7.

RICHIBUCTO NEW BRUNSWICK, THURSDAY AUGUST 29, 1895.

NO. 1

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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I'm Growing Old.

My days pass pleasantly away ;
My nights are blessed with sweet sleep
I feel no symptoms of decay ;
I have no cause to mourn or weep ;
My foes are impotent and shy,
My friends are neither false nor cold,
And yet, of late, I often sigh—
I'm growing old!

My growing talk of olden times,
My growing thirst for early news,
My growing apathy to rhymes,
My growing love of easy shoes,
My growing hate of crowds and noise,
My growing fear of taking cold,
All whisper in the plainest voice—
I'm growing old.

I'm growing fonder of my broth ;
I'm growing dimmer in the eyes ;
I'm growing fainter in my laugh ;
I'm growing deeper in my sighs ;
I'm growing careless of my dress ;
I'm growing frugal of my gold ;
I'm growing wise ; I'm growing—yes—
I'm growing old!

I see it in my changing taste ;
I see it in my changing hair ;
I see it in my growing waist ;
I see it in my growing hair ;
A thousand signs proclaim the truth,
As plain as truth was ever told,
That, even in my varied youth,
I'm growing old!

The Conductor's Story.

I was accustomed to go to the city each week on business, and usually took the 7 o'clock train from my town. The conductor of this train was a man whose alertness had often impressed me. His eyes and ears seemed to take in everything. And while he was exceedingly courteous he seldom exchanged more than a "good morning" with the passengers whom he knew. I had noticed that invariably when the train approached the bridge over a certain mill stream he would stop and listen until the bridge was passed and then he would resume his work of collecting tickets. One day he chanced to be at a table with me at the hotel, and in course of conversation I asked him why he always listened at that bridge.

"Well, it is partly a habit now; you see there came near being a big smashup at that bridge some years ago. I guess that was before you moved into these parts. I will tell you about it after dinner if you like." I assured him that I would be much pleased to hear the story. We chatted on various topics during the remainder of the meal and then adjourned to the hotel office, where we settled ourselves comfortably and he told me the following:

"You see the dam gave away at the old sawmill about half a mile above the bridge. Probably little damage would have been done had it not been for a quantity of logs which came down with the water like a lot of battering rams, and away went the bridge. This occurred late in the afternoon, and shortly after the track walker had been over the lines. There was a young farmer chap who had been out gunning and was following the railroad track as the nearest way home. He came to the stream and found the bridge gone. There seemed to be no other way but to go down three-fourths of a mile to a road bridge and he had started off when he remembered that the evening express would soon be along and if no warning were given a smashup would result. There was no time to go around by the bridge and he must find a way, or make one, nearer by."

"It was rapidly growing dark, but there was just light enough remaining for him to see that a little way up stream an old tree which for years had seemed ready to fall over had been undermined and had fallen in such a way as to make a natural bridge. He made his way to this and hurried across, or nearly across when one of the old limbs gave way and he fell down some six or eight feet. But he was on the right side of the stream, so without

stopping to think of his scratches or bruises he scrambled up the bank and started on a run down the track.

"But his thoughts began to work faster even than his legs. How should he stop the train? The engineer would not see him wave his hand in the darkness, and even if he did would probably pay no attention to it. As he ran he felt in his pockets for matches, but not one was to be found, and nothing to make a fire with if he had matches. He could hear the train approaching. He must do something at once. He might throw himself across the track, then the train would probably stop before it reached the bridge. Life was dear to him, but the scores of lives on the train were worth more than one. He might shoot into the cab as the engine passed, but he might thus kill the engineer or fireman and then he would be a murderer, and perhaps that would not serve to stop the train. His brain worked like lightning, but seemingly to no purpose; he could not decide what to do. He stopped right between the rails and then, when the engine was but a few rods away as though moved by an inspiration, he raised the gun and fired straight at the headlight and then jumped, but tripped on the rail and fell. He felt a twinge of pain in his foot as the train dashed by. But at the same instant there was a shriek of the whistle as though expressing his suffering. He forgot the pain, however, in his joy that the train would stop.

"As soon as the train came to a standstill the conductor hurried to the engineer to know what was the matter, and was told that back a little way as he came round a curve the headlight showed a fellow on the track with a gun in his hand; then there was a flash and smoke and the headlight went out. Evidently the fellow had intended to kill the engineer and had missed his mark, firing into the headlight instead of the front window of the cab. The shooting made all the trainmen a little shaky but the brakemen must go at once in each direction to warn any approaching trains. Now a man with a lantern is a conspicuous target, while he is himself able to see but a short distance. The brakeman who was ordered to the rear did not relish going, so the conductor started to accompany him back to the spot where the shooting occurred.

The passengers, hearing what had happened, manifested more caution than curiosity, and so remained by the train.

The two men had gone back but a few train lengths when they found the boy beside the track moaning with the pain of a crushed foot, and directly across the rail lay the shot-gun with the barrel hammered out to a thin plate by the wheels of the train.

"Well, you rascal, I have caught you," hissed the conductor; "you thought you could do this mischief and then get away, did you? I am glad your foot is smashed or we might not have the pleasure of your company to the nearest jail."

The boy tried to answer, but the excitement and the pain, together with the sharp words of the conductor, were too much for him, and he fainted before he could explain.

"Now Jim," said the conductor to his brakeman, "you hurry down further and place your signal; you needn't be afraid, this greenhorn was evidently alone in his business."

The conductor swung his lantern as a signal to back up, and slowly the train moved back to where the boy lay. The engineer and his fireman had been somewhat anxious, for the brakeman who had been sent ahead had suddenly disappeared or at least his light had. This was due to the fact that he had found the bridge down, and fearing that the train which they were to meet at the next station might not wait for them, he had tried to get across the stream by the tree that the boy had crossed on, and with similar results. He had lost his lantern in the fall. He heard the crash and knew it was broken. He had also lost his set of torpedoes and red fire signals. So the brakeman's light having disappeared, the engineer was more than ever suspicious of an attempt at foul play. The insensible boy was lifted into the baggage car and a compress applied to check the bleeding. The passengers now gathered around, angry yet exultant that the fellow who had evidently been playing desperado had been caught so neatly.

But just then the brakeman who had lost his lantern, came rushing up with just wind enough left to say: "Bridge down, give me another lantern and signal set."

The look on the conductor's face changed as by magic. All saw that the shot had been fired to stop the train. The brakeman again started on the run with his new set of supplies while restoratives were brought out and the boy soon revived. He at first looked about in a bewildered way and then asked: "Is it all right? Did the train stop?"

There were tears in the eyes and voice of the conductor as he replied: "Yes, my boy, we are all right, you saved the train." And the conductor was not the only one whose heart was touched. Trainmen and passengers felt ashamed of their snap judgment in supposing that the boy had been playing desperado. They now saw that he was a hero.

When the train halted near a little story-and-a-half-house where the boy and his mother lived, pocketbooks were opened and their contents in coin and bills were poured into a hat till the sum of seven hundred dollars was gathered. This was more money than she had seen at any one time in her life.

The boy rapidly recovered. As he lay on his bed he always listened for the express and his heart swelled with pride as he heard the whistle as it passed, the engineer's greeting to "the boy who saved the train."

The conductor had told his story with so much of feeling at times that, as I thanked him, I was moved to ask if he were not the conductor of that train.

"Oh, no, I was the boy. See, there are wrinkles in my shoe which show that it is empty of a toe."

FORCE OF HABIT.

London People have become used to the Great Specific Remedy.

LONDON, Aug. 19.—The despatch from Detroit with reference to the cure from Bright's disease and blood poisoning of Mr. Langley, of this city, by the use of Dodd's Kidney Pills, has recalled the wonderful facts of the case to the citizens, among whom Mr. Langley is well known. It has reminded them that Mrs. Langley among others also made an equally wonderful recovery. The use of the pills however has become so universal here, and there have been so many instances in which they have been used with beneficial results that a similar case would hardly excite as much interest now as it did then when the medicine was less known.

A Land and Water Steamboat.

An interesting steamer is just about to be started on some lakes a few miles distant from Copenhagen, the peculiar feature being that the steamer has to make a short journey overland, the two lakes being divided by a strip of land. Across this a railway has been constructed, crossing a high road, which necessitates a gradient on both sides of 1.50, the metals being ordinary rails. At the two ends the rails have been carted into and under the water on a wooden structure. By means of piles the steamer is guided on to the rails at "full speed," and travels up the rails on the one side and down the incline on the other, into the water, where the propeller again takes over its function. The engine is comparatively powerful, and in addition to the usual propeller shaft, there is another shaft, which, by means of a chain, works the small wheels on which the steamer crosses the rails. The boat also has a powerful brake to moderate its speed down the incline. The steamer is 44 ft. long, capable of holding seventy passengers, and the engine indicates 27 horse power. All the trials have passed off perfectly satisfactorily.

This reminds us of the celebrated Orukter Amphibolis, invented by Oliver Evans of New York, in 1803, which traversed land and water. It was driven by steam and operated with success.

It would rattle along over the ground until a stream to be crossed was reached, then plunge into the water, paddle across, then wheel up the bank, and away it would go. Oliver Evans was a prolific inventor.

"That Sluggish Feeling."

Rev. D. L. Joselyn, Crystal City, Man:—"I found real benefit from your medicine, K. D. C. in saving me from that sluggish feeling caused by my food not digesting. I consider it a very valuable medicine to all under like conditions to myself. I have heard of K. D. C. working some marvellous cures among acquaintances, and have recommended it favorably many times."

Marvellous cures are indeed effected by K. D. C. Every man, woman and child throughout Canada, who suffer from any form of indigestion, should test its merits. Samples free to any address. K. D. C. Co., Ltd., New Glasgow, N. S., and 127 State street, Boston, Mass.

Thirty-one thousand six hundred wolves have been killed in the Canadian Northwest since May 9th, 1874. The bounties paid by the territorial government exceed \$8,000.

Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria.

Is There No Common Ground On Which To Stand.

We believe there is. What is the essence of Christianity? For what purpose was it given to the world? If the founder of Christianity is taken as its best interpreter, love is the essence. The first commandment is to love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and the second is like unto it, to love thy neighbour as thyself. The purpose for which Christianity was established was to lay down rules and principles by which every one born into this world might make the best use of life here and hereafter; the best of life, not only in one direction, but in all directions, physical, moral, intellectual and spiritual.

This religion of love has been a force in the world for nearly two centuries; Catholics and Protestants alike claiming to be followers of the greatest teacher the world has ever seen. It is possible that the views of these representatives of a religion based on love are so divergent that their children cannot be allowed to sit together in the same school-room? The Catholic believes in the Christ of Nazareth, so does the Protestant; the Catholic believes in honesty and uprightness, so does the Protestant; the Catholic believes in kindness, in industry and in making the best use of the life God has given him, and so does the Protestant.

The end aimed at, the ideal to be reached is different in the different creeds. The divergence begins with the means to attain the end comes up. The scaffolding seems to be made of more importance than the building, the ladder, than "the sure foundation." It is always easier to find fault and to lay down rules than it is to construct and to show a more excellent way.

These two forms of Christianity have been active agents in the world for more than three centuries. They have in that time, worked in comparative harmony and in fierce opposition. More than three centuries of rivalry, of dissension and of competition, ought to give the student data on which to base reliable conclusions. At the beginning of the competition between the two systems, Catholicism owned all. Wealth, social position, kingly power, the strength that comes from age and culture, the influence that centres, and the gain by Protestantism has been made in spite of the zeal of a Loyola, and the genius of a Richelieu and in defiance of an energy and a devotion from friars and monks in all quarters of the globe, which fills one with amazement.

The Jesuits invaded all countries open to European enterprise. The Recolet Fathers followed the first Emigrants to America and lived, worked, and suffered with a devotion for the old faith that must always be spoken of with admiration and respect, and the spirit that filled these fathers animated the whole Catholic world.

It was not for want of agents; it was not for want of zeal; it was not for want of means that Catholicism lost ground in the old and in the new world. What was the reason?

The growth of Protestantism should be a lesson to those who control the destinies of the Catholic church. The right of private judgment has not weakened but strengthened the Protestant church. Freedom to read the Bible has not lowered the morality of the Protestants but rather intensified it. The refusal to believe in the real presence has not made Protestants less reverent or less righteous than their Catholic neighbours.

If then the standard of morality is quite as high in the reformed churches as in the Catholic the objects for which both churches are striving is being attained. The aim of all good men, no matter in what communion, should be, and we hope is, to help the world into a higher morality, to help to bring them nearer the perfect model; not to make either Protestants or Catholics, but good men. Free speech,—free thought, the right to investigate, to criticize, is the very zest of life to day with numbers.

The old Jewish ritualism was swept away when Judaism died, and in its stead we have "Come unto me," voluntarism. The world has grown into manhood. It is no longer to be in leading-strings and under school-masters. It must assume the responsibilities of manhood, there is to be no compulsion. When the rich ruler would not accept Christ's suggestion, Christ was sorry, but did not appeal to the courts to compel him. Let us pursue the same course. We repeat, Catholics and Protestants worship the same God; they believe in the same Christ; they have the same end in view, to lift up their fellowmen from the lower to the higher. On this common ground, then, let them unite and learn from each other how best to fight evil rather than one another.



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