

# THE REVIEW

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NO 42

## THE GREAT NORTH SHORE ROUTE!

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## THE REVIEW.

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### IVY, THE BOUND GIRL.

"What's in a name?" says the great delineator of human passions and griefs; but it is our theory that there is often a deep significance in "a name." And when Ivy Hazard's parents called her by the name of the sweet clinging vine, they little dreamed how inappropriate it would eventually be.

They died sudden and violent deaths, and left her to the mercy of the cruel world. And Ivy, changing from one careless and indifferent hand to another, finally found herself "bound" to Mrs. Bickersteth.

"Only a bound girl," said Mrs. Conway, scornfully. "Louisa and Adelaide, you know you're not to speak when you meet her in the streets with Mrs. Bickersteth's baby!"

"But, ma, she's a nice girl," said Louisa, "and she plays jackstones beautifully."

"And Uncle Lewis says she's got eyes like a gazelle," began Adelaide.

"Gazelle," promptly put in her younger sister.

"I can't help that," said Mrs. Conway, "she's a mere menial."

"What's that, mamma?" questioned Louisa.

"Goosey! not to know what menial means!" shouted Master Ernest Conway.

"It means to work for your living! Ivy Hazard works for hers. She washes dishes, and scrubs the steps, and wrings out the cloths on washing day. That's menial!"

"Oh!" said Louisa, dubiously.

"But she's a great deal prettier than either of you two girls," went on Ernest, cracking hazel nuts between his teeth.

"She's as straight as an arrow, and her voice isn't squeaky like Lou's, nor her nose pug like Addy's. I like Ivy."

"She doesn't like you, though," said Adelaide, viciously. "She says you are a mean, ugly, mischievous lot!"

"Does she," said Ernest, somewhat discomfited. "I'll pay her out for that."

So, the next day when Ivy Hazard was out trundling Mrs. Bickersteth's baby, in its second-hand perambulator, Master Conway affixed to her shabby blue shawl a placard inscribed "Bound Girl."

"Isn't that jolly?" quoth Ernest, hugging himself with delight. "Won't she be mad when she finds it out? the hateful stack-up puss!"

Meanwhile poor little Ivy "perambulated" on, unconscious of the mirth and wonderment she was exciting on all sides, until she was forced to a knowledge of it.

"What are you all laughing at? Why are they all following me?" asked she, stopping short at once. And then tearing off her shawl, she saw the obnoxious label.

"Who did this?" she demanded, with flushing cheeks and fire-darting eyes.

"It was I," said Ernest Conway, defiantly. "You are a bound girl, aren't you?"

Ivy picked off the placard and flung it into the gutter.

"I'll never forgive you for this, Ernest Conway!" she panted, "never."

"As if I cared whether you did or not!" declared Ernest, contemptuously. "I don't associate with servants, anyhow."

And he walked coolly off, whistling, with his hands in his pockets. Ivy stood looking after him, with a sense of bitter injustice swelling her heart and filling her eyes.

"Oh, I wish I wasn't poor; I wish I wasn't a bound girl," she sobbed, nearly overturning Mrs. Bickersteth's baby into the gutter in the vehemence of her distress.

Mrs. Bickersteth boxed her ears when she got home for letting the baby's dress get soiled against the wheel of the perambulator, and Miss Alicia shook her for answering "No," without the regulation "ma'am" tacked on to it. And to cap the climax, Ivy had to go to bed without her supper because the baby chanced to be cross, and Mrs. Bickersteth had to rock it to sleep herself, instead of shirking the duty on the bound girl, as usual.

At eleven o'clock, when all the house was still, Ivy crept down the stairs and out at the front door, closing it softly behind her as she went.

"For I won't be a bound girl any longer," Ivy told herself.

She wandered through the lonely streets until she was tired, and then curled up on a comfortable door-mat inside of a vestibule to go to sleep. And there Mrs. Frenchley nearly stumbled over her when she came from a party at two o'clock in the morning, in her white silk opera cloak and diamonds.

"What the duse is it? A dog?" sleepily demanded General Frenchley.

"No, it's a child," responded his astonished wife.

"Call the police," suggested the General.

"Oh, no, I wouldn't do that. Let's take her in and give her something to eat."

Mrs. Frenchley was childless and soft-hearted—the General was too lazy to object much when his wife seriously insisted, and Ivy was very pretty—so that the chance nap in the vestibule was the fortunate circumstance that led to a new life.

Ivy Hazard was a "bound girl" no longer. And Mrs. General Frenchley had something besides a tan tarrier and a gray African parrot to interest her mind at last.

Sunset in Rome, with the grand Campagna bathed in mellow amber glories, and the dome of St. Peter's rising like a dream of beauty out of the sea of golden haze. And Ivy, dressed in blue silk and sapphires, with myosotis blossoms braided in the auburn gold of her hair, sat at the hotel window, watching the glory of the serenely perishing day.

"Come Ivy," sounded the voice of Mrs. Frenchley, grown round and obese, and glittering more gorgeously than even in her diamonds; aren't you going to the evening service at St. Peter's? The Conways from New York are to be there."

"Are they?"

Ivy smiled to herself, as she rose up and yawned—a pearl-displaying little yawn.

"But, mamma, these perpetual services, and vespers, and saint's days are a great bore."

"My dear Ivy! When you are so wild about a bit of rock or trailing vine."

"That's just it, mamma. I am a worshipper at nature's great altar, but art wearsies me. Nevertheless, where is my hat? Yes, mamma, I'm ready."

The Conways were early. Louisa looked up as the party from the Hotel d'Italia entered.

"Mamma," she whispered, "there comes General Frenchley and his wife."

"With the prettiest girl I ever saw," enthusiastically declared Ernest Conway "Is that the lovely daughter with the queer name? I never knew but one Ivy before, and that was Ivy Hazard, the odd little creature that used to wheel Mrs. Bickersteth's baby about. Don't you remember her, Lou?"

"Hush-sh-sh!" checked Mrs. Conway. "Yes, she is pretty."

The Conway family met the Frenchleys at a reception at the house of a Roman banker that same evening. Miss Frenchley, still in blue silk and sapphires, won Ernest's heart, as it were, by storm.

"Oh, yes," said Lou, a little maliciously; "she's very pretty, I dare say. I could be pretty if I painted."

"Hold your tongue!" cried Ernest, savagely. "Paint, indeed! Why, you can see the color come and go in her cheeks as she talks! She is the loveliest girl in Rome—ay, and the whole world besides."

Louisa tittered faintly.

"I do believe our Ernest has fallen in love with General Frenchley's daughter," she said.

Love, like all other tropical plants, thrives in the languid glow of a southern sky, and it was just six weeks after their introduction that Mr. Conway frankly told Miss Frenchley that he couldn't think of existing any longer unless she could be his wife.

"I'll think of it," said Miss Frenchley, coyly and evasively.

"No—but, Ivy—I may call you Ivy?"

"Well, yes, I've no objection to that."

"I knew an Ivy once, years ago—a wild, little elf of a child," began Ernest.

"Who vowed she would never forgive you because you pinned a plain truth on the back of her shawl?"

Ernest started.

"Yes, but how did you know?"

"Because it was I," answered Ivy, quietly.

"You!"

"Didn't you know that I was only Mrs. Frenchley's adopted daughter? I recognized you, Ernest Conway, when first I saw you, for you know I used to hate you desperately."

"Do you now, Ivy?"

"Not quite so badly, perhaps, but—"

"I won't wait," said Ernest, positively. "Now, that I have discovered that we are old friends, I insist upon knowing at once whether you will be my wife or not?"

"But—"

"There are no buts," said Ernest, securing the little white hand, all sparkling with its pearl and sapphire rings. "Is it yes or no?"

"Would you wed one who was once a 'bound girl'?"

"I would make you a 'bound girl' over again, dearest, for life this time, with myself in the place of Mrs. Bickersteth."

"Yes, then, if you will insist on having an answer," owned Ivy.

And the indentures were sealed with a wedding-ring.

### ITS VALUE PROVED.

Opinions expressed in Quebec with regard to the New Specific.

QUEBEC, June 3.—There has been considerable discussion in this city, both among the members of the medical fraternity and private citizens, with regard to the numerous undisputed cures from various diseases of the kidneys through the use of Dodd's Kidney Pills. The matter has been not only discussed privately among the friends and acquaintances of those who have received benefits from the use of the remedy named, but has been chronicled in the public press. The general consensus of opinion is that the medicine has under gone a thorough test and has proved itself fully deserving of the great praise which has been bestowed upon it.

### 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.

Do thyself no harm.—Acts XVI, 28. At last it biteth like a serpent and stingeth like an adder.—Prov. XXIII, 32. Train up a child in the way he should go, and when he is old he will not depart from it.—Prov. XXII, 6.

### The Opium and Morphine Habit.

By Rev. Arthur J. Brown, D. D.

On the fields of India and China, the uplands of Persia, the hill-sides of Asia Minor, and in the valleys of Egypt, is carefully cultivated a flower called the poppy. Varieties of this flower are found in nearly all lands, including our own. But it is cultivated simply as a flower save in the lands mentioned. There its cultivation has a purpose, commercial and sinister.

This plant secretes a liquid or juice in considerable quantities, which when dried becomes a dusky brown substance with a disagreeable odor. This is the opium of commerce. It finds its way to America in various forms. Some comes as crude opium, either in masses or in pills. Some comes as morphine, which is the alkaloid, the active principle of opium. Another familiar form is laudanum, an ounce of laudanum containing one-tenth of an ounce of opium, together with equal parts of alcohol and water. That little bottle so often found in the nursery and labeled "Paregoric," is simply camphorated tincture of opium; while Dover's powder so carelessly used by many to produce sleep, has opium as one of its chief constituents.

The slaves of the opium habit use the drug in a variety of ways. Some eat the crude opium or morphine, careless of its disagreeable taste. Some smoke the opium in pipes. Others use it in a liquid form. This was the favorite method of De Quincey, who drank daily astonishing quantities of laudanum.

But by far the most common form is the hypodermic injection. The victim prefers this method, partly because it is cheaper (the morphine acting so directly upon the system that a given amount of drug produces a greater effect), partly because the desired effect is more quickly

produced. Morphine or opium taken through the stomach, requires from fifteen to twenty minutes for perceptible result, while the effect of the syringe is experienced in three or four minutes.

The effects of such use of morphine are frightful beyond description. At first, indeed, there is a delightful exhilaration. The mind feels calm and happy. The mental faculties are vigorous and brilliant. Pain and uneasiness vanish and all life's cares appear to be forever banished. De Quincey has given a vivid picture of these first pleasures of opium.

But in these ecstatic joys an insidious danger lurks. The sensation is so agreeable that the temptation is strong to produce it again. In a short time, varying from two to six months, a longing for the drug is acquired—the dread morphia-hunger. As the time for the accustomed dose approaches, disagreeable sensations are experienced—nervousness, irritability, discomfort, positive pain—which increases the eagerness for the drug.

But as time goes on the amount of opium or morphine necessary to give relief also increases. Thus these two things go on side by side—the ever-increasing distress without the drug and the ever-increasing amount which it is necessary to take. By and by the patient finds that the habit is binding him in chains. He is alarmed and tries to stop. Thereupon his agonies become simply awful. He suffers all the torments of the damned. Finally the torture becomes unendurable. He goes back to the drug and uses more of it than ever. He has become a "morphine fiend."

Now it is that nature reminds him of the penalty of misusing her gifts. His digestion is impaired, his stomach diseased his blood thin and imperfect in circulation. His flesh dwindles away, and his complexion becomes ashen. His nerves are shattered, and finally, he becomes a pale, trembling skeleton, an utter physical wreck.

But, alas, the consequences are more than physical. Cerebral degeneration, with accompanying mental and moral degeneration, take place. De Quincey has painted a ghastly picture of the horrors such a person endures. He says that he had fearful visions. Vast funeral processions passed before him in mournful pomp. Hideous phantoms presented themselves before him. Innumerable faces waved and tossed upon the ocean which stretched before him—faces imploring, wrathful, despairing, surging upward by thousands, by myriads, by generations, by centuries. Herds of monkeys grinned and jabbered at him. Slimy, reptiles crawled over him. Table legs and chairs, sofas and bedposts changed into fierce crocodiles, which covered him with cancerous kisses and held him, confounded with all unutterable slimy things amongst reeds and Nilotic mud.

What wonder that he fled with cries of horror to increased doses of the fatal drug, doses, however, which gave him temporary relief only at the expense of still more grizzly permanent horrors! What wonder that he exclaimed in the extremity of his despair and agony: "Farewell, a long farewell to happiness! Farewell to smiles and laughter! Farewell to peace of mind! Farewell to hope and to tranquil dreams and to the blessed consolation of sleep! For I am now arrived at an liad of woes." Pitiable is the wreck of such a man, and the saddest part of it is the demoralization of the conscience. People who have been known as upright, honest and high-minded will resort to any act of meanness or theft in order to secure the coveted drug.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

### A Good Appetite

Always accompanies good health, and an absence of appetite is an indication of something wrong. The loss of rational desire for food is soon followed by lack of strength, for when the supply of fuel is cut off the fire burns low. The system gets in a low state, and is liable to severe attacks of disease. The universal testimony given by those who have used Hood's Sarsaparilla, as to its great merit in restoring and sharpening the appetite, in promoting healthy action of the digestive organs, and as a purifier of the blood, constitutes the strongest recommendation that can be urged for any medicine. Those who have never used Hood's Sarsaparilla should surely do so this season.

Emily Faithful, who was born at Headley rectory, Surrey, sixty years ago, is dead. She was identified with the movement for obtaining remunerative work for women, and established a printing office in London, in which the compositors were all women.

K. D. C. is marked prompt and lasting in its effects.



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Address the Editor of

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Richibucto, N. B.