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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

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The regular news express to the homes of all the people, and most direct line to the pocket-books of buyers everywhere.

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THE ROSE OF PARADISE.

CHAPTER IV.—Continued.

"Sir," said I, rising from my seat, "I am infinitely obliged to you for your kindness in this affair, but as I have at present matters of considerable import that demand my closest attention, I must beg you to excuse me."

Captain Leach looked at me for a moment or two as though he had it upon his mind to say something further. However, he did not speak, but rising, delivered a very profound bow, and left the cabin without another word.

But there was no gainsaying the wisdom of the advice which he had given me as to concealing the treasure. Accordingly I obtained from the carpenter a basket of tools, and bearing in mind the late visit with which he had favored me, having shaded the little window in the door of my cabin, I stripped off my coat and waistcoat, and after an hour or so of work, made shift to rig up a very snug little closet with a hinged door, in the bottom of my berth and below the mattress where in I hid the jewel. After that I breathed more freely, for I felt that the treasure could not be discovered without a long and careful search, the opportunities for which was not likely to occur.

Although my interview with Captain Leach might seem of small and inconsiderable moment to any one coolly reading this narrative in the privacy of his closet, yet coming to me as it did upon the heels of my other interview with Mr. Longways, it cast me into such disquietude of spirit as I had not felt for a long time. I would have heaved anchor and away, without losing one single minute of delay, had it been possible for me to have done so; but not a breath of air was stirring, and there was nothing for it but to ride at anchor where we were, though, what with the heat and delay, it was all that I could do not to chafe myself into a fume of impatience.

So passed the day until about four o'clock in the afternoon, when there happened a certain thing that had thunder and lightning burst from a clear sky, it could not have amazed me more. I being in my cabin at the time, comes Mr. Langely, my first mate, with the strange news that the lookout had sighted a vessel over the point of land to the southward. I could hardly accredit what he said, for, as above stated, not a breath of air was going. I hurried out of my cabin and upon deck, where I found Mr. White, the second mate, standing at the port side of the ship, with a glass in his hand directed a few points west of south, and over a spit of land which ran out in the channel towards that quarter, at which place the cape was covered by a mightily thick growth of scrub-bushes, with here and there a tall palm-tree rising from the midst of the thickets. Over beyond these I could see the thin white masts of the vessel that the lookout had sighted. There was no need of the glass, for I could see it plain enough, though not of what nature she might be. However, I took the telescope from Mr. White's hand, and made a long and careful survey of the stranger, but as much to hide my thoughts as for any satisfaction that I could gain; for what confounded me beyond measure was that a vessel should be sighted so suddenly, and in a dead calm, where I felt well assured no craft had been for days past. Nor was I less amazed to find, as I held the stranger steadfastly in the circle of the object-glass, a tall palm-tree being almost betwixt the *Cassandra* and her, and almost directly in my line of sight, that she was slowly and steadily making way towards the northward, and at a very considerable angle with the Gulf current,

which there had a set more to the westward than where we lay at anchor.

I think that all, or nearly all of my passengers were upon the poop-deck at that time, Captain Leach with a pocket field-glass which he had fetched with him from England, and with which he was directing Mistress Pamela's observation to the strange craft. Nearly all the crew were also watching her by this time, and in a little while they perceived, what I had seen from the first, that the vessel was by some contrivance making head without a breath of wind, and nearly against the Gulf current.

As for the stranger herself, so far as I could judge, seeing nothing of her hull, she was a bark of somewhat less tonnage than the *Cassandra*; and the masts, which we could perceive very clearly against the clear sky, had a greater rake than any I had ever before seen.

I do not know whether or not it was because my mind was running so much upon the pirates and upon the great treasure which I had in my keeping, but I am free to say that I liked the looks of the strange craft as little as any I had ever beheld in my life, and would have given a hundred guineas to be safe away from where I was, and with no more favor than a good open sea and a smart breeze, for the *Cassandra* was a first-rate sailer, and as good a ship as any the East India Company had at their docks.

As it was, we were cooped up in what was little more than a pond, and I did not like the looks of the business at all.

"What do you make her out to be, Mr. Langely?" said I, after a bit, handing him the glass.

He took a long and careful look at the stranger without speaking for a while. By-and-by he said, without taking his eye from the glass, and as though speaking half to himself, "She's making way against the current somehow or other."

"Yes," said I; "I saw that from the first. But what do you make out of her?" "I can make nothing of her," says he, after a little while.

"Neither can I," I said; "and I like her none the better for that."

Mr. Langely took his eye from the glass, and gave me a very significant look, whereby I saw that he had very much the same notion concerning the stranger that I myself entertained.

By this time there was considerable bustle aboard the *Greenwich*, which rode at anchor not more than a furlong or two from where we lay, and by the gathering of the men on the fore-castle I could see that they had sighted the craft, as we had already done.

So the afternoon passed until six o'clock had come, against which time the stranger had almost come into open sight beyond the cape to the south, the hull alone being hidden by the low spit of sand which formed the extremity of the point.

That evening I took my sapper along with the passengers, as I have been used to do, for I wished to appear unconcerned, as, after all, my suspicions might be altogether groundless. Nevertheless, I came upon deck again as soon as I was able, and found that the stranger was now so far come into sight as to show a part of her hull, which was low, and painted black, and was of such an appearance as rather to increase than to lessen my serious suspicion of her nature.

I could see there were two whale-boats ahead of her, and it was very plain to me that it was by means of these that the bark was making head against the current. At first I was more than ever amazed at this, seeing that the current at that point could not run at less than the rate of two or three knots an hour, against which two boats could not hope to tow a craft of her size without some contrivance to aid their efforts. Every now and then I could hear the clicking of the capstan, as though the vessel was heaving anchor, and led by this sound, I after a while perceived how she was making way, though if I had not seen the same plan used in the Strait of Malacca by the *City of Worcester*, when I was there in '17, I much misdoubt whether I could have so readily discovered the design which they were in this instance using. As it was, I was not long in finding out what they were about.

The two boats ahead of the strange craft were towing a square sail through the water by a line fastened to the middle of the same. From all four corners of this sail ran good stout ropes, which were made fast to the anchor cable of the bark. The two boats might tow this square through the water easily enough by that one line fastened to the middle, because the sail would then close and so slip easily through the water; but so soon as the bark began to haul upon it from all four corners it spread out as though filled with wind, and so offered a vast resistance to the water. By this contrivance the bark was making headway at about the rate of a knot an hour against the current, so that by seven

o'clock she was clear out beyond the cape and into the open water beyond.

At that time the sun had not yet gone down, and the distant vessel stood out against the reddish-gray sky to the eastward, with all the cordage and the masts as sharp as so many hairs and straws in the red light of the setting sun.

I was standing just under the poop-deck at the time, with the glass to my eye, when, of a sudden, I saw something black begin rising from the deck to the fore. There was not enough breeze going to spread it, but I knew as well as anything in all of my life that it was the "Black Roger," and that the white that I could see among the folds was the wicked sign of the "skull and cross-bones," which those bloody and cruel wretches are pleased to adopt as the ensign of their trade. Nor were we long in doubt as to their design, for even as I watched I saw a sudden puff of white smoke go up from her side and hang motionlessly in the still air, whilst a second or two later sounded the dull and heavy boom of the distant cannon, and a round shot came skipping across the water from wave to wave, though too far away and with too poor aim to do any damage from that distance, which could not have been less than two miles.

"What does that mean, captain?" said Mistress Pamela, who stood with the other passengers observing the bark from the poop-deck above.

"A salute, madame," said I, and so shut my glass and went into my cabin, where Mr. Langely presently joined me at my request, and where we talked over this very ugly piece of business at our leisure.

CHAPTER V.

In those hot latitudes, such as Madagascar, the darkness cometh very sudden after sunset, and with no long twilights such as we have in England, so that within half an hour after the pirate had saluted us with a round shot, as told above, it had passed from daylight to night-time, and there being no moon until about four o'clock in the morning, it was very dark, with an infinite quantity of stars shining most beautifully in the sky.

I ordered my gig to be made ready and went aboard the *Greenwich*, where I found Captain Kirby suffering under the utmost consternation of spirits. He took me straight to his cabin, where, when we were set down, he fell to blaming himself most severely for not having clapped chains upon the fourteen pirates whom he had found on the island upon his arrival at that place, and who, it was very plain to see, had given such information to their fellows as had brought a great number of them down upon us.

So soon as I was able I checked him in his self-reproaches. "Come, come, Captain Kirby," says I, "tis no time for vain regrets, but rather to be thinking to protect ourselves and those things that we have in trust from these bloody wretches, who would strip us of all."

So, after a while, he quieted in some measure, and the captain of the *Ostender* coming aboard about this time, we made shift betwixt us to settle some sort of a plan for mutual protection.

According to my suggestions it was determined to get out warps upon the port side of all three crafts, which now lay heading towards the south, because of the set of the current. By means of these warps the vessels might be brought to lie athwart the channel, which was so narrow at this place that, should the pirate craft venture into the harbor, she would be raked by all three in turn. These matters being settled, I returned to the *Cassandra* again.

That night I had but little sleep, but was in and out of my cabin continually. Whenever I was upon the deck I could hear the "click, click, click," of the capstan aboard the pirate vessel, sounding more clearly through the dampness of the night than in the daytime. There was still not a breath of air going and I thought it likely that the pirate intended making her way into the harbor that night, but about three o'clock in the morning the noise of working the capstan ceased, and I fancied that I heard a sound as of dropping anchor, though I could make out nothing through the darkness, even with the night-glass.

Nor was I mistaken in my surmise that the pirate craft had come to anchor, for when the day broke I perceived that she lay between two and three miles away, just outside of the capes, and directly athwart the channel, being stayed by warps, broadside on, as we ourselves were in the harbor, so as to rake any vessel that should endeavor to come out, as we might rake any that would endeavor to come in.

As this day also was very quiet, with not a breath of wind stirring, I expected that the pirate would open fire, though at such a long range. However, this she did not do, but lay there as though watching

us, and as though to hold us where we were until some opportunity or other had ripened. And so came the night again, with nothing more of note having happened than the day before.

Ever since we had lain at this spot, native canoes (called by the sailors bum-boats) had come from the shore from day to day, laden with fruit and fresh provisions, which are most delicious, refreshing luxuries after a prolonged sea-voyage, such as ours had been. That day they had come as usual, though there was little humor for bartering with them upon such a serious occasion.

However, I had observed, and not without surprise, that Captain Deach, though he knew the nature of the pirate craft, and the serious situation in our affairs, appeared so little affected by the danger which threatened us that he bought a lot of fresh fruit, as usual, and held a great deal of conversation with one of the natives who spoke a sort of English which he had picked up from our traders.

I had not thought much of this at the time, although, as I had observed before, it was not without surprise that I beheld what he did; beyond this I reckoned nothing of it, nor would have done so had not matters of the utmost importance afterwards recalled it to my attention.

That night I had no more appetite for sleep than the night before, and finding little rest or ease in my cabin, was up upon deck for most of the time. Though I did not choose just then to hold conversation with my passengers, I noticed that they were all upon deck, where they sat talking together in low tones. As the night advanced, however, they took themselves to their cabins, one after another, until only Captain Leach was left sitting alone.

He remained there for may be the space of half an hour, without moving a hair's breadth, so far as I could see. At the end of about that length of time, being in a mightily anxious state, I stepped forward to see for myself that the watch was keeping a sharp lookout. I was not gone for more than a minute or two, but when I came back I saw that Captain Leach was no longer where he had been before; yet although I noticed this circumstance at the time, I gave no more thought to it than I would upon an ordinary occasion.

As there was no one on the poop, I myself went up upon that deck, it being so much cooler there than on the quarter-deck below. I took out my pipe and filled it, thinking to have a quiet smoke, which is a most efficacious manner of soothing any perturbation of fermentation of spirits. Just as I was about to strike my flint for a light, I heard a noise under the stern-sheets, as of some one stepping into a boat, and almost immediately afterwards a slight splash, as of an oar or a paddle dipped into the water. I ran hastily to the side of the vessel, and looked astern and into the water below.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

THEY ARE GIVING WAY.

Physicians Commence to Realize the Value of Dodd's Kidney Pills.

OTTAWA, April 15.—The inveterate reluctance to admit the success of patent medicine, usually evinced by physicians is rapidly giving way as far as Dodd's Kidney Pills are concerned. The cases of Dr. Rose and Dr. McCormick, who published details of their recovery from diabetes and Bright's disease, through the agency of this remedy, were the first attacks on the citadel of their skepticism and now it appears as if the remarkable recovery of G. H. Kent, of this city, the details of which has been already transmitted to the press, would complete what has been so auspiciously begun. The published interviews with Mr. and Mrs. Kent and the sworn statement of the former leaves no foothold for disbelief.

An English writer tells the following: A family left their house furnished, leaving in it a large dog. The tenant was an old lady, who liked to sit in a particularly comfortable chair in the drawing room; but as the dog was also fond of this chair, she frequently found him in possession. Being rather afraid of the dog, she did not dare to drive him out, and therefore used to go the window and call "Cats!" The dog would then run to the window and bark, and the lady would take possession of the chair. One day the dog entered the room and found the old lady in possession of the chair. He ran to the window and barked excitedly. The lady got up to see what was the matter, and the dog instantly seated himself in the chair.

Hood's Sarsaparilla gives great bodily nerve, mental and digestive strength, simply because it purifies, vitalizes and enriches the blood.

K. D. C. Pills cure chronic constipation.

CLIFTON.

What's the matter with my friend Turkey Town this week, has he left us for good, or did the reading of his own notes last week disgust him so badly that he has decided to give it up for a bad job? Don't get discouraged so quickly Turkey Town. You did well indeed. Try again by all means and be a little more explicit next time, as a great many readers of THE REVIEW are still in doubt as to the person referred to as Laura, who she might be and which of the Lauras it is, as we have more than one Laura in Gloucester Co. You might also explain who the "He" is that had to give the explanation. Don't keep your friends in doubt Turkey Town, it is not right and you know worry is bad for the nervous system as well as the complexion so in the future take Grace Darling's advice and speak out plainly every time, for you know my dear Turkey Town any one in the medical profession gives good advice, and desperate diseases require desperate remedies.

As I sit by my window to-night, "or this afternoon rather," I can see the beautiful snow flakes falling, and I wonder as I look at them how much longer the winter will last. Oh I would that it were summer once again. Every place is flooded with water and the road is almost impassable. I will now give you an item or two of interest from our busy little town of Clifton. Since I wrote you last I have not picked up a great amount of news, but there is an old proverb which I have no doubt you are all familiar with, which states that "a half a loaf is better than no bread," so if that is the case a little news is better than none at all.

Quite a pleasant time was spent at the residence of Mr. Richard Knowles one evening last week. Mr. Knowles thought it would be a good plan to get his summer's wood cut, so after holding a consultation with his better half, they decided to have a frolic and the result was we danced all night till the broad day light and came home with the girls in the morning.

Mrs. David Eddy of Eel River, is visiting her sister Mrs. Wm. Eddy, of this place.

Mr. Geo. Peters has returned home again.

Messrs. O. Murphy, C. Robinson and A. Ellis have also returned.

Influenza has been very prevalent in Clifton this spring, quite a number of people have been ill with it.

I wonder if that is money I hear jingling in all the farmers' pockets this week. It must be, surely. Where did it come from? But I am not left long in doubt, when I look into the cellars, and only see the place where all my fine potatoes used to be.

The mill owned by Mr. Ellis Jago of Pokeshaw, has commenced operations and from what I hear is cutting a fair amount of lumber. Mr. William Knowles has also started his mill this week. I tell you what Mr. Jago and Mr. Knowles are going to make the logs fly this spring.

Mrs. Robt. Good of Bathurst, is spending a few weeks with her mother-in-law, Mrs. R. E. Good of this place.

Miss Melinda Jago is convalescent again.

And now with a few parting words to my friend Turkey Town I will close for this time.

I am sorry my friend, that I have not more marriages to record and fewer births. There would then be no need of me entering the medical profession.

GRACE DARLING.

A High Endorsement.

Rev. Alfred Barclay, Chaplain, Ont.—"While Rector of 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.

In the case of Mr. Gully, who has been elected Speaker of the Imperial Parliament, the sins of the fathers have not been visited upon the children unto the third or any other generation. His grandfather was a professional pugilist of considerable prominence, but the grandson is a man of peace and conciliation rather than strife and contention.

Dandruff is exudation from the pores of the skin that spreads from and dries, forming scurf and causing the hair to fall out. Hall's Hair Renewer cures it.

Children Cry for

News From St. John, N. B.

MISS BERTHA McLEOD HAS A TERRIBLE EXPERIENCE.

But Comes Through the Ordeal in Triumph—The Story she Tells.

Word comes from St. John, N. B. of the remarkable cure of a very serious case of St. Vitus Dance by the use of Hawker's nerve and stomach tonic.

Miss Bertha McLeod of that city, was smitten with the disease about a year ago. Her right side was first attacked, and the disease gradually spread until all her limbs became uncontrollable, and she had to be carried from one room to another. Any article placed in her hand would fly from it as if thrown violently. Her eyelids would twitch convulsively and she had absolutely no control of her muscles. Her tongue became affected and she could not speak. When she sought repose she could not lie still.

After she had been in this condition for some time, and doctors medicine had failed to afford relief, her mother decided to try the effect of Hawker's nerve and stomach tonic, which she knew was advertised to cure St. Vitus Dance. She procured a bottle and the effect of its use was immediate and wonderful. Miss McLeod began to improve at once, and soon recovered the use of her limbs. She continued the use of the tonic and is to-day in splendid health, every trace of the disease removed. She is able to perform her household duties and go abroad as briskly and cheerfully as the healthiest of her neighbors.

Her case is only one among many similar ones in St. John where perfect restoration from this disease to health has been brought about by Hawker's nerve and stomach tonic.

Ladies who suffer from nervousness, sleeplessness, weakness, anaemia, tired feelings, pallor, loss of appetite, hysteria, weak heart, weak stomach, or any nervous disorder, will find in Hawker's Nerve and Stomach Tonic a certain cure for all these troubles, and a perfect health restorer and invigorator to nerves, stomach and blood. Price 50 cents a bottle, 6 bottles \$2.50. For sale by all druggists and dealers.

JOY IN QUEBEC. A Lady Saved.

Life Was a Burden and all remedies Failed till B.B.B. was Tried, now Digestion is Perfect, and Health Has Returned.

DEAR SIRS.—Until lately I suffered continually from Headache caused by Constipation, which rendered my life a burden to myself and to others. After trying doctors and remedies without number and with no good results, I was advised to try B.B.B. I now rejoice that I did so, for two bottles have completely cured me. I now eat well, and my digestion is perfect. I believe there is no remedy equal to B.B.B., and I recommend it to all sufferers.

DAME ADJUTOR LACHANCE, Charlesbourg, Que.,

Cool Branch and Vicinity.

APRIL 22nd, 1895.—As A. D. F. was so smart sending notes last week, we thought we'd keep the ball rolling.

Mr. John Stevenson, crown land surveyor of Richibucto, was in this vicinity last week.

Miss Eliza Ann Glenn, who has been living in Truro for the past three years has returned home.

Miss Mary Swift, who has been home on account of ill health, returned to St. John last Monday.

Mr. C. W. Kelso spent a few days in Moncton last week.

Master Johnnie Lyman, who has been visiting relatives in the United States, has returned home.

Some of our young men were boiling down sap last Sabbath, but we hear it all went up in steam.

Miss Minnie L. Sullivan paid a flying visit to Harecourt last week.

Fred says that he is not going to take any more music lessons from Professor Swift. We think it is about time they stopped as the Professor prefers teaching school.

The young ladies who were making roses for the wedding got badly left, as we understand they did not get an invitation.

Mr. Jack Bee has about ten thousand cedar poles cut and hauled this spring.

We hear that J. H. H. wants to dispose of his white vest, since he did not get an invitation to the wedding.

SWEET MARIE.

Pitchoer's Castoria.