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THE GREAT NORTH SHORE ROUTE!

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A Strange Case of Telepathy.

The flies were so very busy. No doubt, as they buzzed in and out of the open window, they thought they were accomplishing a vast deal, though it did not seem so to the young couple who looked on. He was twenty-one, to be sure, and she only eighteen; but at eighteen a girl believes herself a woman.

She listened, and then she said with a smile:

'Why you are a boy.'
'A wise boy,' he answered, 'who knows enough to love you; and who will have all the longer time in which to love you, because he begins early.'

'I am glad you are to be a lawyer,' she answered, somewhat irrelevantly as it seemed to Robert Marsh.

'Why?' he ventured.

And then she added: 'It takes a good while to get admitted to the bar.'

'It shan't take very long in my case,' he answered, 'if you will promise me my reward for making haste.'

'Oh, yes,' she said; 'I will come to court and hear your first plea.'

'What?' he cried. 'No, I want you to listen in private to my first argument, and be convinced by it.'

'Ah, but you are not a lawyer yet—you must wait.'

'You can keep me waiting as long as you please—it is for you to say—but I have told you that I love you. You can't get away from that. I'll trust you to remember, and when any other man tells you the same story, I—I will be his judge. You shall think of my love and my words and you shall ask yourself whether he loves you as well.'

Jasmyne smiled a little at this outburst, and then she said with air of sweet tolerance: 'Dream your dream, gentle youth; it may keep you from some worse folly.'

'And you will not even be here for class day?'

'No; we sail on Saturday. My mother is signing for Mayfair.'

'And this is good-by?'

He looked for a moment into her eyes. His lips were athirst for her—but he knew her too well to venture on anything she would have the right to resent. He contented himself with a hand clasp; but there was a tone in his voice she would not soon forget, as he said: 'You will remember!'

Three years went by, and still Mrs. Meredith and her daughter had not returned to America.

Jasmyne was a social success, even in London, where there were so many fair competitors; but she deftly managed to avoid proposals for the most part; and when she had to say no, to say it so gently as to make no enemies. Her mother had not interfered hitherto. Mrs. Meredith was too wise a woman not to hasten slowly; but now the time seemed to her to have come when a son-in-law would be desirable.

'You are twenty-one now,' she said to Jasmyne.

'Yes, Mumsie. Of course you can easily remember my birthday, since you, also are a Mayflower.'

'Yes, and a year before I was twenty-one I had married your father. He never caused me but one sorrow, and that was when he died. I wish you as happy as my own, and I think you are old enough to marry.'

'Yes, mother continued musingly. 'Perhaps you have not seen, but I, who have lived twice as long as you, can see clearly that Lord Gainsford is only waiting his opportunity to ask you to be Lady Gainsford.'

'That old fellow!' cried Jasmyne, irreverently.

'He is thirty-nine,' said Mrs. Meredith, smiling. 'That does not seem so venerable to most of the world as it seems to you. Do you see anything else in him to complain of?'

'I haven't thought. Why should I? He is very well, I suppose; but I see no reason why I should care for him more than for another.'

'Ah, well, you must know him better.'

And the opportunity was not long in coming. It seemed as if fate were on the side of his lordship. Wherever the Merediths went they were sure to meet him—and he let it be seen clearly enough that it was for Jasmyne's sake he had come. To receive, without seeking, what a score of other girls sought vainly, had a distinct charm of its own. Why she was not in love with him Jasmyne herself could not have told you. Indeed, she thought that very possibly she should be later.

One night they were sitting out a dance she had promised him. He had persuaded her to go into the conservatory instead of dancing, and she sat on a low seat over which some strange foreign plant leaned. An odor that seemed like incense burned at the shrine of some old-time god half intoxicated her. She had charmed him from the first, he said, and now he loved her. Would she—at that very instant it seemed to her as if she could hear a voice from afar, saying, 'Wait!' And just then before she had spoken at all, her partner for the next dance appeared and before she had spoken at all, Lord Gainsford said, with that cool self-possession that belonged to his age and rank, 'I shall see you tomorrow.'

That night sleep did not come to Jasmyne. She lay with wide open eyes, vaguely wondering. What could she say to Lord Gainsford? Could she love him—and why not?

Then suddenly it seemed to her as if the room opened its windows to the stars and to the infinite night, and she looked far off, as perhaps we all shall look when death has taken us by the hand and led us far away from what we now call life. She saw a young man writing. She did not know how his letter began, but she read these words:

'I am twenty-four now and you are twenty-one. You can no longer call me a boy. I was admitted to the bar a year ago. I have succeeded so well that in October I shall make my first important plea. Remember that you promised to hear it. I will cross the sea and bring you back in time. I shall be with you almost as soon as this letter. I have obeyed you hitherto in keeping silence. I write now because I wish you to know before we meet that I am unchanged.'

And when she had read thus far it seemed to her that suddenly the windows that had opened to the vastness of the night were closed and she was alone.

What did it all mean? She was not asleep. It was no dream. Plainly as if she had held the sheets in her own hands she had read those written words. Could it be that she had cared for him all along more than she knew? And he would be on his way to her—perhaps almost at once. She should see him, hear him, understand, perhaps, by what unknown power this vision had been vouchsafed. How should she answer Lord Gainsford to-morrow? Then, once more, as if from some farthest star, she heard, as she had heard in the conservatory, the one word—'Wait!'

She would decide nothing until she knew. She turned on her side and drew a long, calm breath, and then sleep, the delinquent, kissed her parted lips and led her at last into dreamland.

The next day Lord Gainsford pleaded his own case.

'If you will wait two weeks,' Jasmyne said 'I will answer you then.' If I say anything to-day it must be 'No.' I do not feel that I understand myself. Will you give me time, or shall it end here?'

Of course he gave her time. He turned to Mrs. Meredith. Mrs. Meredith was his senior by three years; therefore she was as safe as we'll as a sympathetic confidante.

The two weeks were not over; in fact, only nine days had passed, when a letter came to Jasmyne in a hand she used to know.

And that same day Robert Marsh followed his letter. Then Jasmyne Meredith knew for the first time her own heart's secret.

The next day she told her mother that she had made up her mind. Naturally Mrs. Meredith did not like it but she was helpless. John Meredith had left his fortune to be equally divided between his daughter and his wife, and after Jasmyne was twenty-one she was absolutely her own mistress. Mrs. Meredith would fain have been mother-in-law to a lord, but there was nothing to be said against Robert Marsh, so she quietly resigned herself to the inevitable.

'You deserve,' she said to Jasmyne, with a little vexed laugh, 'that I should marry

Lord Gainsford myself.' And that is precisely what she did six months later.

PRIVATELY DISCUSSED.

Montreal Physicians beginning Largely to Prescribe a New Remedy.

MONTREAL, July 15—There is still a great deal of talk here among all classes over the recent despatches which appeared in so many Canadian papers, relative to the cure of G. H. Kent, of Ottawa, from Bright's disease. Although the merits of the case have not been openly discussed at any of the meetings of the medical society, there has been a great deal of private conference and the impression which the report of the recovery has made is evidence in the fact that a good many physicians have prescribed Dodd's Kidney Pills in their private practice. No higher testimony than this could be given to any remedy, the reluctance of medical men to admit any good in proprietary medicines being well known.

Yachting Notes From the Clyde (Special Correspondence Review.)

Monday the 1st July proved a better day for sailing than the preceding Saturday had done, but everyone was disappointed that the Valkyrie remained at her moorings. As it was a day of heavy rain squalls it was decided not to race her in order that her sails might not suffer. The Britannia and Ailsa sailed a very exciting and close race with plenty of wind. The old champion was once more victorious.

On the 3rd the three big cutters met again under very favorable auspices for a fair trial as there was a good steady breeze of fair force all day. The result of this day's racing proved a sad disappointment to everyone as the Valkyrie was never in front from start to finish. The Britannia beat her badly while the Ailsa was also too many for her. The wind was never too heavy to throw the Britannia and Ailsa down much but it heeled the Valkyrie so that some of her deck was under. On the 2nd round her enormous topsail was taken off and she then did better work, but was not able to draw up to the other boats. Considering that she has to allow the Britannia 4 minutes and 2 seconds she was badly beaten. Her defeat is being explained by some by the assertion that she was not being sailed for all she was worth. That may be true to a certain extent, but the fact remains that she showed clear evidence that she was carrying too much sail as she did much better when relieved of the pressure of her topsail. The enormous wave which she threw up was another ugly feature. Her wake was like a steamboat, while the Britannia and Ailsa slipped along without any fuss. The knowing ones are shaking their heads over the performance but Lord Dunraven is said not to be put out. She is undoubtedly a very fast fair weather boat and that is the kind of boat that he wishes to have judging from the past attempts to win the cup. The Defender will in all probability prove the same kind of boat, but if she stands up better to the breeze in a heavy blow, the chances are, one cannot help thinking, that the cup will remain where it is. A bigger mainsail is being made for the Valkyrie and if her topsail is reduced in size it may make considerable difference to her.

The race on the 3rd should have been sailed with amateurs steering, but it was decided to allow the skippers to sail the boats for fear of a repetition of the sad mishap of last year when Valkyrie II was sent to the bottom.

Fife's new twenty-tonner sailed her first race that day and defeated the American boat very easily. These two met again on the 4th but the Stars & Stripes were victorious. The wind was very light so that it was really not a test as they lay becalmed for an hour or so at different times.

On the 5th the Valkyrie and Ailsa had a friendly trial of speed. The Britannia was to have tried against the new cutter but was prevented by some necessary repairs being required to her gear, so the Ailsa took her place. There was a moderate steady breeze. The result was an easy victory to the Valkyrie. She won by 15 minutes over a course of about 10 miles.

On Saturday the 6th the Royal Clyde held their first day's racing. The day proved an ideal racing day with a steady wholesome breeze from the south without any sea. The course of 50 miles included going dead to windward first then a long reach, then a run before it ending with a reach. At the start the Britannia and Ailsa crossed the line before the gun was fired and were recalled. The Valkyrie would have gone on without them and have thus gained from two to three minutes of a start, but with the true spirit of

a sportsman her owner luffed her up and waited for the other two. The three of them made a magnificent display as they started to beat to windward in a steady strong breeze, but it soon became apparent that the new boat was rapidly drawing away from the other two. She rounded the first mark in grand style 5 minutes ahead of the Ailsa while the Britannia was close behind the latter. As she reached across to the next mark her lee rail was just level with the water, slightly but not much deeper than that of the others. As she went by us at railroad speed I was pleased to notice that she was slipping through the water without leaving any wake behind her like she had done on the third. She was soon round the mark with her boom off for the long run up. The Ailsa followed next still 5 minutes behind while the Britannia had lost 2½ minutes. Spinnakers were soon set by all three and they presented one of the most beautiful sights ever seen on the Clyde as they rushed along. End on they looked like immense white clouds. The Valkyrie's spinnaker boom is about 102 feet long and with that out to starboard and the main boom off to port for considerable over 100 feet the spread of canvass is something worth seeing. She was so far ahead that the others were practically out of it if the wind held, but they gave a most exciting race. When they turned for the run up the Ailsa seemed as if she were to give her old rival a good beating but the Britannia soon showed she was not done for as she began to draw in hand over hand and when about half way up they were sailing side by side and rounded the flag boat together. The Valkyrie had added two minutes to her lead by this time. The wind had softened a little in the run up to the flag boat finishing the first round she gained again and went round 12 minutes and 12 seconds ahead of the Britannia who had gained 1 minute and 9 seconds on the Ailsa between these two marks. The wind came awry fresher and the second round was sailed in splendid style. The Valkyrie finished 18 minutes and 26 seconds ahead of the Britannia and the latter was 1 minute and 20 seconds ahead of the Ailsa.

The weather was almost identical with the weather that the cup races have heretofore been sailed in America so that if the same conditions hold good this year she should give a good account of herself. The breeze seemed just to suit her and it did not make her heel over much more than the other boats. She gained steadily throughout, but undoubtedly her strong point is in windward work. She can point much higher in the wind than either of the other boats.

There were a number of other races sailed on Saturday, but naturally the greatest interest centred in the big one. The forties had a very exciting race and kept close all through. In the 20 tonners race the Eucharis Fife's new boat won. The Niagara had given up as a protest had been entered against her by the Zinita. In Friday's race the Zinita was most unfortunate. She crossed the line a few seconds before the gun was fired and failed to notice she was recalled. She came in ahead after a splendid display of sailing but of course was disqualified and lost the prize.

Ten operators sailed a very exciting race. They are all alike so much that they bore numbers on their sails to distinguish them. They are racing machines pure and simple and of no earthly use as boats, but they go at a great speed. Sailing them must be rather exciting if there is the least sea on. A cork jacket would be a very necessary article of wear then.

Saturday's display of "the sport of kings" was probably one of the finest ever witnessed on the Clyde. The enthusiasm was nothing like what was evoked last year when the Britannia showed the Vigilant round the course, but the display of sailing was finer. There were some 50 different yachts competing and besides these hundreds of others, both steam and sail, dotted the Firth. There must have been at least 20 large steam yachts all of them sumptuously fitted up. We estimated that at least one million sterling worth of pleasure craft was represented.

It is reported that the Valkyrie will not race again, but that she will be fitted with a light set of spars and be sent off to America so as to have plenty of time to get into good trim before the grand struggle in September. Every yachtsman over here will be anxious to hear how the Defender does in her trial spins with the Vigilant, as a pretty fair guess can then be made of Valkyrie's chances. Lord Dunraven has shown so much pluck that he deserves to win that "blessed pot" as it is sometimes styled.

J. Glasgow, July 8th, 1895.



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