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# THE REVIEW

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NO. 27

## THE GREAT NORTH SHORE ROUTE!

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### The Work of a Man.

God Almighty's greatest glory, I am not disparagin'; Yer can never match His doin's, Whatsoever yer begin; But I say thet in this human, With its nonsense, clique an' clan, That's a mighty heap o' power Harnessed up in little man.

'Spose it's God as made the mountains, Carved the valleys an' th' trees, Made th' dimpled hills an' cloud-forms, All th' spheres that roll with ease; But th' mighty, whirlin' "flyer," An' th' "mogul" in its van, Thunderin' thro' th' hills an' valleys, Is th' will an' work o' man.

God Almighty lifts the water Into orful, threatenin' cloud, Manufactures lurid lightning, Dre'ful thunder roarin' loud; But th' "click, click, click," o' sounders Sendin' news, yer understand, An' th' electric light so brilliant Is th' genius o' th' man.

I admit God made th' ocean, Filled it full up to th' brim, Orful wide an' deep an' mighty, Oh! tremenjus, jest like him; But above its heavin' bosom, Bidin' swift from lan' to lan', Splendid palace steamer races; Listen! that's th' thought o' man.

Any fool will know I'm grantin' That a man with all his gift Never could accomplish nothin' If th' Eternal didn't lift; But he's made us all fer somethin', Helped us on since time began, Sent this rollin' ball a-whirlin' Just to satisfy th' man.

Then our lovin' Heavenly Father Lifts th' heavy end with ease, Shouts it down the flyin' ages, Whispers softly in th' breeze; Ef, My son, yer'll think and labor, Doin' jest th' best yer can, Yer may transform all creation, Tho' yer are a little man.

—Walter P. Stoddard, in Chicago Record.

## HER ONLY SIN.

BERTHA M. CLAY.

### CHAPTER I.

"The pleasant vices of our youth make lashes which scourge us in old age!" No words were ever more true, more full of wisdom, more full of warning than these. So Sir Jasper Brandon thought on this Christmas Eve, when the mystery, the beauty, and tenderness of Christmas seemed to stir the quiet atmosphere of Queen's Chace. He sat alone in his library. Outside, the sky was clear and blue, the air cold and biting; the hoar-frost lay white on the ground—the trees, the hedges, and the evergreens were bright with it. Through the silent, frosty air came the joyous music of Christmas bells. He listened, and his face grew sadder as the music came sweeter and clearer. Other music as sweet and hopeful came to him, the sounds of laughter and song; for Queen's Chace was filled with visitors, and they were keeping Christmas right royally. He wished the bells would cease ringing; there was some mute reproach to him in the sound. He wished that Christmas was over; it brought him sad and sorrowful memories. The one folly of his youth had grown into a lash which scourged him, which brought deep lines of pain and sorrow into his face, which darkened the bright world and caused even Christmas to be full of sad memories. As he sat thinking it all over, it seemed to him that that one folly was to him the dearest part of his life. Even now, when years had closed over it, when time should have almost obliterated it—even now it was the brightest recollection he had; it stood out a golden memory from the background of a dark life, a love so sharp,

so sudden, so beautiful, so keen, so passionate, that the dead ashes of it stirred the life within him. This was the story of his folly and his love:

He, Sir Jasper Brandon, was the only son of his parents. His father, Sir Francis married late in life; his mother, Lady Maud, was young; he was their only child, and he was worshiped after a fashion that could have naught but evil results. No child was ever so surrounded with love and care. He grew up the very idol of their hearts; and what seemed wonderful was that the boy returned this love by one equally passionate and devoted. The Brandons came of a Norman race, courtly, passionate, and silent; a race capable of grandest deeds, but silent and reserved, imperious in love, implacable in war, swift, keen, sure, silent—a race that led hidden lives that the world never knew.

They were all alike, those Brandons of Queen's Chace, dark, proud, haughty, passionate, men, swift to love, and loving with terrible intensity; swift to hate and hating with bitter animosity; men of strong passions, of great virtues and great faults; handsome men, all of them, and dark, clear-cut, proud faces—faces, too, that men trusted and women loved.

The young heir, Jasper Brandon, was in no way inferior to his ancestors. In his twentieth year the manhood within him seemed suddenly to awaken to life. He would have no more indulgence no more petting and humoring. They might love him just as much, even more if they could, but he must assert his rights.

He told his parents that he was going on a tour through Europe, and that for the next year or two they must be content to trust him to himself; yet when the time came for bidding them adieu, he almost repented of his decision. His mother clung to him, her tender arms clasping his neck, her tears falling on his face; his father held his hands.

"You will remember, Jasper," he said, "that you hold my life in your hands. I should never survive any wrong-doing of yours."

He smiled to himself, this proud young heir, thinking how improbable it was that he would be guilty of any "wrong-doing."

"If you live until I grieve you, father," he answered, "you will never die." And those were his farewell words.

He travelled through Norway and Sweden, through Germany and Holland, through fair France and sunny Spain; but he lingered longest in fair and fruitful Italy, where it seemed to him that his soul first woke to its full and perfect life. Venice had the greatest charm for him; he loved it as a lover loves his mistress. All the poetry and passion of his nature woke to life here. The dark old palaces, the silent canals, the tranquil waters, the swiftly gliding gondolas, were all so many poems to him.

He stood one day musing as he looked at the sculptured walls of a ducal palace, musing on the grand old Veronese tragedy of "Romeo and Juliet," thinking of the balcony scene, and the love that must have shone in the girl's face there, when suddenly, from the lattice of a window near, a girl's face peeped out, and he saw it only for one minute, yet in that minute the whole current of his life was changed. Before that he had thought that at some distant time he should marry, and that fair children would grow up around him, but he had given no thought to love. Now a swift, deep love took possession of him; he felt that that girl's face was the star of his life. It was only a girl's face, with hair of light gold and eyes of darkest hue, a face with a beautiful mouth—a face that once seen, could never be forgotten. The girl looked slowly up and down the broad waters; then her eyes fell on the face up-raised to hers, and she disappeared.

By dint of persevering inquiry he found out who she was; and learning her history, he resolved that he would marry her. Her name was Giulia di Cynthia, and she lived alone in a dull, gloomy, half-ruined old palace with her elder sister, Assunta. They were the last descendants of a noble but ruined race.

In the life of the elder sister, Assunta, there had been a tragedy. She had been beautiful in her youth, with the dark, picturesque beauty of Venetian women; and her lover, who held an appointment under the Venetian Government as it existed then, had gone to England on political business, and there had been foully and treacherously murdered. For this, Assunta hated the English and England with a deadly hatred. She prayed morning and night for vengeance upon the perfidious and accursed country; she would have seen an Englishman die of hunger at her feet rather than have relieved him with even a crust of bread. She was twenty years older than Giulia, and, every year, grew bitterer. Their parents had died when she was twenty-six

and the little golden-haired Giulia only six. They had but little money; the gloomy old palace—with its faded hangings, its worm-eaten furniture, its air of decay—was theirs, but the income left them was but scanty. Assunta brought up her little sister to hate England.

"Pray, child," she would say, "that heaven may bless every land except England. Pray that the sun may shine and the dew fall on every land except that. It is accursed, for innocent blood was shed there."

But Giulia could not learn to hate; when she had finished her prayers, she would say in a low voice that Assunta could not hear:

"Heaven bless England too."

Assunta watched the little Giulia grow

possession of him; he had no life outside of it, and he came from a race that never hesitated in love nor faltered in war. When Assunta drove him from the threshold with bitter words, he made up his mind what to do. Looking into the face of the girl he loved, he said:

"I cannot live without you. Send me away if you will—I will not live. Come with me and I will make this world heaven for us both."

She assented. He married her unknown to every one, and took her away to a little place on the Mediterranean.

Assunta redoubled her prayers. Evil should, evil must come to the country which called such monsters sons. She vowed solemnly never in life to see or speak to Giulia again—and she kept her

when their eyes dwelt on the beauty of her most fair face, they would forgive him and love her.

So for this one happy year they lived on beauty and love, on sunshine and flowers. And they were so unutterably happy that it seemed as though the ordinary doom of man was not to fall on them.

"There has never been a love so strong, so beautiful as ours," he would say to her.

So amid the olives and the vines, amid the gorgeous flowers and the starry blossoms, on the shores of the sapphire sea, under the light of the golden sun and shining stars, amid the music of birds and the laughter of sweet blossoms, they lived and loved. Only one year, and then the little child whose coming was to have crowned their happiness was born; but its birth cost its mother her life, and the same day on which the little Veronica opened her eyes, her mother, the beautiful golden-haired Giulia, closed her own forever.

Swift to love and swift to hate were the Brandons of Queen's Chace. He had loved the young mother with keen, intense passion; he hated the child with swift, keen hatred.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

### RADICAL CHANGES.

Have taken place in Medical Practice during the Past Few Years.

HAMILTON, Feb. 18.—A radical change has taken place in the past few years in medical practice. Large nauseous doses are no longer the rule, but where possible medicines are administered in the concentrated form of tablets and pills which are more easily taken by the patient. This fact, more than anything else, caused the use of the pills from for that sterling remedy, Dodd's Kidney Pills. These pills are sugar-coated, easily carried about and easily taken. They require no alcohol to preserve them as a liquid remedy would, and for this reason are preferable to liquid remedies. Another important feature of these pills is that they never yet failed to cure any form of kidney disease.

### Basin River.

FEB. 21.—Mr. Reuben Ward was quite ill, but is better to-day. Dr. Keith is attending.

Rev. Mr. Peacock and Mr. Carruthers, of Trout Brook, were guests at the Manse to-day.

Gordon Warman has the contract for erecting the building and furnishing the ice for the Kent Dairy Co. This means that the business will go along successfully.

The Sewing Circle and Missionary Society met at the Manse to-day. The young ladies are getting names for an autograph quilt just now. A most enjoyable evening may be anticipated. Preparations are being made for the entertainment of all the friends who may be able to come.

Three branches of the I. B. R. A. have been formed here. The secretaries are Aggie Murphy, Bessie Clarke, and Bessie Marshall.

Our school has a large attendance in both departments at the present time.

A comparatively large quantity of lumber has been got out in the vicinity. With the mill going and the butter factory in operation it is confidently expected that this part of the country will experience a decided improvement in trade and a vigorous circulation of money during the summer.

The roads are in fine shape just now. There seems to be a sufficient depth of snow in most places. Some, however, complain that it is not so evenly distributed as formerly.

### "A Prominent Witness."

Rev. J. M. McLeod, Pastor of Zion Church, Vancouver, B. C., writes, July 3rd 1894:—"It is nearly three months since I finished the package of K. D. C. which you sent me; and though I have for more than twenty years suffered from indigestion that one package seems to have wrought a perfect cure. Since taking your remedy I have not the slightest symptom of a return of my old enemy. It affords me much pleasure to recommend K. D. C. to the numerous family of dyspeptics as the best known remedy for that most distressing malady."

The department of War, St. Petersburg, has ordered that the infantry battalion stationed at Stretensk, on the Chinese frontier, be increased to five battalions. The increase will be made by means of mobilizing troops in the vicinity.

Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria.

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until she became one of the loveliest maidens in Venice; but when Jasper Brandon came from the land which she had accused and asked for her treasure she would not give her to him. She drove him away with scorn, cruel words; she told him she would rather that her beautiful Giulia lay drowned and dead in the waters of the canal than that she become his wife.

He had met her only five or six times when he asked her to be his wife—he had not written home about her. His whole life had been absorbed in his love. He had forgotten his country, parents, friends; the swift, keen, sudden passion had taken

ward. On those sweet southern shores Jasper and Giulia dwelt for one year. They lived on love one entire happy year. There were times when Jasper roused himself to wonder what his parents would say when he took his young bride home. He had no time to ask for their consent to his marriage, and when he was married he had many misgivings.

He knew that they had great hopes as to his marriage, and they wished him to marry Lady Marie Valdoraine; so he felt that perhaps it would be better if he said nothing about it until he took his young wife home. Then, when they saw her,

### The Weed in Havana.

I have never seen a Havana man smoking in church. It's about the only place where he does not smoke. He smokes in the street car, he smokes at the public dinner-table, he smokes everywhere. The presence of women is not considered at all. When coffee is brought on the table, the Spaniard or Cuban lights his cigar or cigarette and begins to send up clouds of smoke. He never thinks of saying to the ladies, "by your leave," for the custom of the country is to smoke everywhere. On the railway trains there is no smoking compartment, for a man is privileged, and in fact, expected to smoke everywhere. If he is not smoking, his neighbor will offer him a cigarette. The driver of your coach will smoke and very likely offer you a cheroot. At the opera the man will walk and smoke between the acts in the spaces behind the boxes and balconies. You will see finely dressed seemingly well-bred men, with ladies in full evening toilet, entering the theatre and smoking as they go. You never see a pipe in Cuba. It is the country of the cigar and the cigarette. One of the odd sights to a stranger is that afforded by the negro women, who smoke big, long, and black cigars in the street. It was here that the smoking habit, which has spread around the world, had its start, and the Cubans are still more devoted to their cigars than any other people. The cigar industry and the tobacco trade give employment to a large portion of the population of Havana. In every quarter one will run across small establishments where from two to ten men are employed making cigars, and some children and women engaged in stripping tobacco.

### Nervous People

And those who are all tired out and have that tired feeling or sickheadache can be relieved of these symptoms by taking Hood's Sarsaparilla, which gives nerve, mental and bodily strength and thoroughly purifies the blood. It also creates a good appetite, cures indigestion, heartburn and dyspepsia.

HOOD'S PILLS are easy to take, easy in action and sure in effect. 25c.

### Movements of the Earth.

According to Prof. John Milne, the crust of the earth is in a constant state of agitation, waving in and out, up and down like a circus tent in a cyclone. There are earth movements that are being experienced at all times and in all lands, but they are so slight from month to month and year to year that they generally escape detection. In all the countries of Europe, and in many of those of Asia (most notably Korea and Japan) these tiltings are so great as to be noticed even by the unscientific and inexperienced representatives of the lower castes. Germany seems to be the seat of greatest European crust agitation, Japan occupying a similar position in Asia. Of the above two countries Prof. Milne says: "In both Germany and Japan a tidelike movement, too great to be produced by lunar attractions, has been observed, the ground being gently lifted once every twenty-four hours, and sometimes twice, and in all cases buildings, trees, etc., stand slightly inclined, like cornstalks in a gentle, steady breeze." In short, the earth is constantly breathing so to speak, the crust making each respiration by a gentle rising and falling similar to that of the chest in air-breathing animals. It is believed that a certain per cent. of this earth crust disturbance is due to conditions similar to those which bring about earthquakes. This is especially true as far as it regards Japan, where it has been traced to the continual opening and closing of the broken strata in the main range of the mountains.

RELIEF IN SIX HOURS.—Distressing Kidney and Bladder diseases relieved in six hours by the "GREAT SOUTH AMERICAN KIDNEY CURE." This new remedy is a great surprise and delight on account of its exceeding promptness in relieving pain in the bladder, kidneys, back and every part of the urinary passages in male or female. It relieves retention of water and pain in passing it almost immediately. If you want quick relief and cure this is your remedy. Sold by W. W. Short.

A circular has been issued at the instance of Archbishop Corrigan, to be read from the pulpits of all the Catholic churches in New York, forbidding Roman Catholics to become identified with the Sons of Temperance, Knights of Pythias and Oddfellows, and declaring that members of the Church who remain in these societies cannot receive the sacrament.