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### Chatham.

(From an old copy of the Chatham Gleaser) And this thou say'st is Chatham My darling native spot, Both me and mine forgetting, But not by me forgot.

Oh little cherished village, I hail thee with that joy Which blessed me in thy borders, When I roved there a boy.

Who shall describe the feeling That o'er me cometh now, Filling with light, with rapture, My heart and brain and brow.

None—none but him who wanders, And wanders far away, And lives in other circles Through many a fleeting day.

My own, my native Chatham, Twice twelve long years have passed, The sweetest of my being, Since I beheld thee last.

But oh thou art so changed now, So all unlike the same, That I no more could love thee If 'twere not for thy name.

And sure a name is something, There's magic in the sound; Now at its very echo Sweet thoughts come crowding round.

It banishes late seasons, And brings about a dream, Where hurried boyhood waketh Bright as the morning's beam.

And present cares and sorrows Are fondness to the heart; And all man's dark existence No longer holds a part.

And childhood's guileless gambols, And youth's bright dreams sublime, Again are taken—tasted, And brings back vanished time.

What am I told, delighted, A sweeter thing is here To bind me to this hamlet, So long—long lost and dear.

Yes, hard by yonder alley, The old roof standeth still Where I first started forward, Life's fleet task to fulfil.

Old roof, I gaze upon thee With fondness none may know, Old roof, old home I hail thee With joys words cannot show.

And is there yet another— Another link to bind Existence to existence, And growing mind to mind.

Aye he is here who named me, When o'er my brow was poured The blest baptismal waters, That cleansed me for the Lord.

But all the rest are vanished, Unknowing and unknown; And in my own loved birth-place I stand alone—alone.

And so the name, the roof-tree, The Sponsor and no more, Are all, oh Chatham, left thee To greet me on thy shore.

But these are sweetest witcheries, My joy, my bliss supreme, Making ideal real, And life a blessed dream.

Then hail to thee, fair Chatham, My darling, native spot, Tho thou hast me forgotten, Thou shalt not be forgot.

M. A. W.

August 21, 1849.

## DOWN IN A WELL.

Whirr-irr-irr! Splash! Thank heaven I was not killed, and might yet escape with my life!

I was spending my summer in sketching the wild Moorlands and old farmsteads of West Somerset, and lodged at Knappwick farm.

Farmer Henbrow and his wife were a hardworking worthy couple, for whom I had great respect.

There was a daughter—Bessie was her name—and I may as well at once confess that I had not been in the house three days before I was her slave.

When I asked Bessie to be my wife, she said in a simple, dutiful way, that her parents could not do without her; that if she left them they would be obliged to engage a maid to take her place and would have to pay wages.

"If," she said, "farming improves, and father gets out of his difficulties, and you remain of the same mind, well, then—"

The sentence was unfinished, but its meaning was clear, and I had to be content to wait.

One day I strolled home across the fields and passed through a small gate into the garden at the back of the house.

A little way from the kitchen door was the old well, from which deliciously cool and refreshing water was drawn for the use of the farm. It was said to be of unusual depth, even in a part of the country abounding in deep wells.

How it happened I do not exactly know. Whether I became giddy or my foot slipped, or both, certain it is that I suddenly stumbled forward into the well. I clutched at the chain, and, by a merciful providence grasped it.

When I struck the water I lost my grip of the chain, and was plunged deep into the dark pool. When I rose to the surface I seized hold of the chain again, and managed to get my feet into the bucket, which hung some two feet under the surface.

I had received some severe bruises in striking against the side of the well, but had luckily sustained no serious injury.

Still, my position was the most terrible one I had ever been in. As I gazed up through the long, tube-like passage, I could see the glimmer of a star, although it was broad daylight. The water was icy cold, and my legs seemed freezing, while the round wall was wet and slimy.

I gave one loud cry for help, and nothing can describe the horrible effect of the deafening reverberations. It seemed as if innumerable hordes of fiends were shrieking, howling, and gibbering around me.

It was clear to me that I must try somehow to climb the chain, and I at once set to work to accomplish it. I knew I could climb short distances, and if I only had a foothold for an occasional rest I might reach the top.

An idea occurred to me. I was wearing a small link but very strong, Albert watch chain. I found that I could put this through the large links of the well chain and by passing the small gold bar through the ring at the other end form a loop that would just receive one's foot.

Holding the watch chain in my teeth, I started on my ascent. I think I must have climbed about 10 feet when I was very exhausted and decided on a pause.

I formed my loop on a level with my face, and then went forward again until I could get my foot into its resting-place. After a few moments' rest I went on again descending a little way first, to detach the watch chain.

I soon found, however, that my strength could not hold out even with the occasional rests, and when I was on the third stage of my perilous journey I was resolved to slip back to the bottom of the well and await my fate.

Suddenly some two feet above my head I fancied I saw some sort of opening or niche in the side of the wall.

Probably part of the wall had at some time fallen in.

Curiosity stimulated me to go on, and when I was level with the place I arranged the sling for my foot and rested a moment. By swinging on the chain from side to side I was soon able to grasp a brick in the angle of the opening, and place the foot that was disengaged upon the ledge.

The hole seemed to extend some distance—at any rate farther than I could reach with either hand or foot—and as the floor was firm and level I decided to land there.

It would certainly be preferable to standing in two feet of water. However, I took the precaution of securing the chain temporarily, while I explored my new surroundings.

I had just finished fastening it against the wall, when in a flash some huge object came thundering down the well and fell with a mighty crash in the water below. What new horror was that? I threw myself against the wall and trembled with fear. Suppose I had been at the bottom?

I now put out my hand to feel whether the chain was secure. It was gone! I was practically buried alive. However, I was resolved not to die without a struggle.

I was resolved on exploring the place I was in was really an arched passage. As I groped cautiously along I remembered that the ruins of an old abbey were close by, and that Farmer Henbrow had told me that the villagers always declared that there were underground passages leading from it.

My advance was suddenly cut short by some obstacle which I soon felt to be an ancient chest, bound with heavy bands of

iron. My foot as I kicked it went through the rotten woodwork, and struck on something that jangled like metal.

I put in my hand and drew out what I felt at once to be a jewelled chalice. This was indeed a treasure chest. But what was all the treasure in the world to me now?

I replaced the cup and felt behind the chest. There was a dead wall.

I decided to retrace my steps to the well and I kept by the wall opposite to that by which I came. It was fortunate I did so, for it led to my discovering another passage, leading at right angles.

The passage ended in a flight of stone steps but the whole exit was blocked by masonry and rubbish. However, a draft of fresh air reached my feverish cheek and

At the sound of my voice David sprang to his feet with a look of horror on face. Then he turned and without a word fled across the fields.

When I returned to the farm the people would hardly believe their Bessie, dear soul, was in tears, whi afresh at sight of me.

David Worsford had been looking the garden from the road and sprang into the well. I was looking said, when one of the large stones at the edge had apparently slipped and carried me down with it.

Now I knew the reason for it and that he had himself hauled me up, to make certain, as my death.

When he saw my form

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Richibucto, N. B.

gave new hope.

I set to work desperately and cleared away the stones and debris with my hands. Soon I saw on one side a small chink, and through it the open sky.

Working in this direction I presently succeeded in making an opening large enough to crawl through.

I saw a few yards in front of me a man seated on a stone abstracted and melancholy.

It was David Worsford, a young farmer and a rejected suitor of Bessie's. I had been told that he was intensely jealous of myself, and had even vowed vengeance against me.

him amid the abbey ruins, he might well, with his supposed crime upon his head, have been terror-stricken.

The treasure that I had found was considerable, and enabled Farmer Henbrow to get out of his difficulties and have a fresh start. He took my advice and kept the discovery a secret from his neighbors, and there was not much difficulty in turning the old treasures into gold.

David Worsford, as I believed, emigrated to Nebraska, and somebody told me he was doing well. I held my peace concerning his share in my terrible adventure. I have told nobody but Besie, and, of course, I have no secrets from my dear little wife.

### Obituary.

Many sudden deaths in this country, none has caused deeper and more grief than that of Mrs. John West Welford. This estimable lady has been a patient and afflicted sufferer for two years, and many tear-stained at her funeral testified to the sincerity in which she was held by all, out the family as well as near friends. She was a daughter of Mr. Isaac Welford and leaves a sorrowing husband, sons and four daughters to mourn irreparable loss. Although her illness realized that the dear presence was not long cheer them, still the shock no less hard to bear, when on the evening of Feb'y 23rd, at the age of fifty-seven, she closed her eyes on earth-scenes forever.

Her family was present at the last rites, except Mrs. McWilliam, of Burn, Wisconsin, and Miss Janie Ford. Her remains were taken to the church at Brown's Yard, where the funeral and impressive service of the Episcopal Church was conducted by Rev. Cooper, of Moncton, after which she was laid to rest in the hope of a glorious resurrection through the merits of a risen savior.

Heaven is nearer than mortals think, in we look with a trembling dread, the misty future that stretches on, the silent home of the dead.

On lone isle on a boundless main, lilliant but distant shore, the lovely ones who are called away to return no more.

Even is near us, the misty veil of reality blinds the eye, cannot see the angel bands of shores of eternity.

At shuts in a dying hour, the next in bliss; will sound in the heavenly

well is hushed in this,

From the clasp of mourning robes, the arms of the loved and lost; smiling faces will greet us there, on earth we have valued most."

### TO CURE DROPSY.

A New Treatment that Differs from the old Methods and is invariably Successful.

McINTYRE, Ont., March 11.—Dropsy is due in the majority of cases to some disorder of the Kidneys. It is one of the symptoms of Bright's disease indicates an advanced stage of disease. One reason why so many cases of dropsy prove fatal is that a wrong system of treatment is followed. If the cause be removed the disease will disappear. "Make the kidney all right and dropsy will go. This is the plan follow by Hugh Lamont or this place in the case of his fourteen-year son, who had dropsy since he was an infant. Mr. Lamont gave the boy Todd's Kidney Pills and is now thoroughly cured and strong and hearty.

### Moulton River Notes.

The community has thus far escaped any violent type of la grippe, altho' many in Bass River are afflicted. The teacher, Mr. Coates, of Bass River Superior School, has been obliged from illness to close school this week.

The lumbermen have nearly all the logs hauled from the yards.

The fine weather has again enabled the preachers to fill all appointments. Last Sabbath, Revd. Mr. Allan gave an eloquent and earnest address from the text, "And Levi made Him a great feast in his own house." In the evening, Revd. Mr. Murray gave a sermon from "Who is my neighbor?" and one of the best ever listened to in this church.

Our indefatigable mail-drivers are pleased to see good roads after so many storms, but in the face of all difficulty, the mails were delivered daily with but only one or two exceptions. Mr. J. B. Miller, who supplies South Welford offices, was most successful in filling all engagements except one in February.

Miss Annie Warman left some time ago for a trip to United States.

Mr. Robert Baldwin is also spending some weeks visiting his sons in Mass.

Mrs. John Miller has gone on a short visit to her daughter, Mrs. Wm. Cameron, of St. Louis.

Mrs. Allanach and her nephew, Angus E. Thurott, drove to South Branch on Saturday.

Miss Florence Warman has been out of school from a slight attack of la grippe.

Are you all tired out, do you have that tired feeling or sick headache? You can be relieved of all these by taking Hood's Sarsaparilla.

Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria.

### Woman's Work.

Woman's work in the home demands intelligence, skill, patience and endurance. She must hold in her hands the many reins of the domestic machinery. There is no letting up, and when emergencies come there must be more endurance, more patience, perhaps linked with anxiety. It is no wonder that nervous prostration steps in and forces the patient hands to lie still, the weary brain to rest, and the exhausted system to re-operate. And here we may emphasize the fact, that it is the bounden duty of every woman to so plan, systematize, reduce, and order her work as to make it easy and comfortable for herself as possible. After all, it is not always the housewives who have the hardest lot. Sewing women in large manufactories live very stunted, wearing lives; sitting over sewing machines which are driven by steam in poorly ventilated rooms, and on small wages. During work there must be no talking or laughing or looking out of the window, no leaving their seats. They are fined if late or slow, fined for oil-spots, for lost or broken tools, for work unfinished or spoiled—all this from wages which at the best will hardly support life. In the great competition going on between women and girls often work for nothing to learn the trade, and often manufacturers find enough of them to carry the work through a season. This is one chief secret of the cheap, ready made underwear, which even wealthy women rush to purchase. It is the life blood, the bone and the sinew of human beings that are sewed into the garments.

## HEALTH RESTORED

### APPETITE REGAINED.

#### STRENGTH RETURNED.

Distressing Constipation Cured by B. B. B.

GENTLEMEN,—For three years I have been terribly troubled with that distressing complaint, Constipation, and tried different medicines until last spring, when I commenced taking Burdock Blood Bitters, and after the use of five bottles had no more of my terrible suffering. Before I began using B. B. B. my appetite had almost gone and I was thin and very weak but after the use of each bottle I could (and so did others) see a wonderful change in my looks, and I felt my strength returning to me.

MRS. GEO. EAMAN,  
Dickinson's Landing, Ont.

#### Japan and China.

YOKOHAMA, March 15.—The Japanese regiment met a thousand Chinese soldiers near Chialingchel on the morning of March 11th. The Chinese retreated. Another force of 600 Koreans and Chinese were defeated. Then a further body of the enemy attacked the Japanese in the rear. Stubborn fighting followed, lasting all day. The Chinese maintained their ground at sunset. The Japanese returned to their quarters at Chang Quang. The enemy's loss was seventy men.

LONDON, March 15.—The Times will today publish a letter from Tokio in which the writer declares that the Japanese cabinet aspires to crown its work by an historical peace, not a peace calculating to win plaudits from the newspaper gallery, which is shouting for the territorial aggrandisement. Japan must, however, obtain some accession of territory, probably the Island of Formosa, to compensate her for the yearly outflow of wealth on the tide of immigration. At the same time she must secure herself against the existence of the haunting spectre of revenge. She is likely to seek this security in the possession of Liag Tung peninsula, which, partially commanding the Gulf of Pechili, will deprive China of a basis of operations against Corea.

#### You've No Idea

How nicely Hood's Sarsaparilla hits the needs of the people who feel all tired out or run down from any cause. It seems to oil up the whole mechanism of the body so that all moves smoothly and work becomes delight. If you are weak, tired and nervous, Hood's Sarsaparilla is just what you need. Try it.

HOOD'S PILLS cure liver ills, constipation, biliousness, jaundice, sick headache, indigestion.

The estimates of revenue and expenditure for Nova Scotia for the year ending September 30, 1895, are: Probable revenue \$833,063; expenditure chargeable to revenue, \$832,068.85. The only notable increase is that for common school grants.