

THE REVIEW

VOL. 7.

RICHIBUCTO NEW BRUNSWICK, THURSDAY JANUARY 9 1896.

NO 20

SUNLIGHT SOAP

Whitens the Clothes beautifully, without eating any holes in them.

Clothes washed with poor soap don't last long.

Clothes washed with

SUNLIGHT SOAP

will last—a great point gained, and you don't have to rub when you use SUNLIGHT SOAP: It does most all the work itself.

Less Labor! Greater Comfort!

N. D. HOOPER.

Sole Agent for New Brunswick. P. O. Box 151. St. John, N. B.

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

THE REVIEW.

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

See that your Advertisement is ticketed via THE REVIEW.

An Answer to An Ad.

I was 20 ere my father could afford to let me follow my bent, and I had not been at the London hospital a year when he died suddenly.

At once I found myself without money to pay the second instalment of my fee, or to support me until such time as I could complete for a clinical clerkship of dressmaking—in short, penniless.

The only bright spot in the dark days which followed my poor father's funeral was the sympathy of Paul Blake, a "medical" like myself, but as racketsy as I was studious.

"If I had any money, Hillier," he said one morning, or any property on which I could raise a loan, you should have it. I call it an awful shame that a hard working fellow like you should be grieved for want of a few hundreds. Oh, if only some wealthy philanthropist knew you as well as I do, he'd surely help you over the stile for the sake of suffering humanity."

I let him run on, scarcely hearing what he uttered.

There ought to be scores of such men about, he said presently, if a fellow only knew where to look for them. By Jove, if I could only come across one, I believe I could convince him that it's his absolute duty to give you a lift. Suppose we advertise? I'll do the interviewing. I've got the gift of the gab—you'll admit that?"

"Yes," I said, bitterly I fear; "but a philanthropic pawnbroker willing to lend on my books and instruments would be of more use at the present moment. I owe my landlady \$20 and I shall want \$5 to take me back to Worcestershire."

Now, about this advertisement," he went on. I'm in earnest, and to prove it I mean to stand the ex.'s. He reflected a moment, then took up a pen and scribbled a few lines on a scrap of paper, blotted and effusion on my pad and read it aloud with much apparent satisfaction:

A medical student devoted to his profession, but unexpectedly left without means, is desirous of borrowing a sum that will enable him to obtain his diploma. He will pledge himself to repay the money with interest, within five years of the date of the loan.

"There," he added, "if that doesn't put you on your feet, I'm a false prophet!"

"My dear Paul, I rejoined, you mean well, and I thank you, but if you were to throw your money into the gutter it would do just as much good.

"My dear boy I have a better opinion of my fellow men than you have, and a lot more faith in them. Just to convince you that the world is not so hard and cruel as you think I shall insert this advertisement and have the replies sent to my address. Come along. The least you might do is to walk with me a far as Fleet street."

I was absent some hours. On my return my long suffering landlady met me at the door.

"There's been a young person to see you, sir," she said.

"Indeed," I exclaimed in surprise, for Mrs. Roberts herself was my only female acquaintance in town. "Did she leave her name?"

"No sir; she waited in your room half an hour. When she went, she said she didn't know whether she would be able to call again."

I was too distressed to question the patient woman as to the young person's appearance, and I had soon forgotten all about the matter. I saw no more of Paul that day, but he called next evening. When he laid three letters and a postcard on the table, I could scarcely believe my eyes.

"Four answers," he said coolly. "I've brought the lot, though I might as well have left three of them at home."

The postcard bore just seven words "Don't you wish you may get it? One envelope contained a money lender's circular—a request for an inquiry fee; another a letter offering to lend \$50,000 on the splendid security named—unmistakable chaff, this; the third, which Paul handed me last, contained the following epistle, dated from a west end library and written in the attenuated, pointed characters insisted upon at old style seminaries for young ladies.

Miss Marston would be glad if P. B. would send more particulars. Should the medical student be found deserving on inquiry, she would have no objection to finance him. But the terms must be fixed by herself.

He sat down at once and wrote—I have no idea what, for I refused to look—but two days afterward he brought me a further communication, dated from the same library.

Miss Marston has received Mr. Blake's letter and she is quite satisfied that Mr. Andrew Hillier is a deserving young man. In consequence, she has opened an account at the London & Westminster bank and placed to his credit the sum of \$2,000 which she hopes will be sufficient.

Miss Marston, not being a usurer, declines to make a profit of anyone's necessities, but Mr. Hillier must undertake not to marry or become engaged until the loan has been repaid.

Further, he must pledge himself to fulfil a condition, not onerous, which Miss Marston would rather not name until Mr. Hillier has obtained his diploma.

"It can't—it can't be true, Paul!" I stammered.

For answer he produced another letter, an intimation from the bank that \$2,000 was at my disposal. That convinced me I believe I wept for joy. I know that I hugged Paul, danced around the room and otherwise acted like an idiot. Paul brought me back to sobriety by asking if I objected to the conditions.

"The first is rather awkward," I said. "There's Nell you know."

"But I don't know," he rejoined. "You have never mentioned her till now."

I told him of my hopes. Ellen Herbert was the dearest girl in the world and the prettiest and I loved her since my school days. We were not engaged, but I knew that she believed in me and I trusted that she would wait until I was in a position to ask her to be my wife.

"You must write to her," said Paul, and tell her about your luck. She'll understand when you mention the conditions. Miss Marston is a wise woman. If you married while a student, you might never be able to repay her."

"And, as for the condition which she hasn't named, I can see through that. When you have got your diploma, you'll have to attend her free of charge. What would be the use of mentioning it before you are able to practice—before she knows what you can do?"

It was useless to protest, so I let him run on which he did for half an hour. When he had gone, I poured out my gratitude in a letter to my benefactress, accepting the conditions known and unknown.

I also wrote to Nell. The same post brought me a letter from each.

Miss Marston wrote very briefly. She should watch my career with great interest, she said and some day she would send me her address, so that I might call upon her. Nell congratulated me warmly, but did not allude to the conditions.

The next two years was the happiest I had ever known, save in one respect. I did not see half as much of Nell as I should have liked. But she remained just

the same dear girl, and, so far as I knew she kept all my would-be rivals at a distance.

Of my benefactress I heard nothing whatever, nor did Paul, but a terrible shock awaited me.

Two days after my name were entered in the book of the general council of medical education, etc., which means that I was a registered 'M. D.' free to practice, I received a communication from her—brief, as usual. I read it with amazement—horror! Here it is:

Miss Marston is very pleased to learn that Mr. Andrew Hillier has obtained his diploma. She thinks the time has come to name the condition of her assistance. It is marriage. On receipt of Mr Hillier's reply, Miss Marston will arrange for an interview.

In my rage I tore the letter across. This, then, was the price of my diploma! Marriage with a woman I had never seen, whose age I did not know!

But I cooled down when its absurdity became apparent. Miss Marston was mad of course. Some of my friends had steadfastly maintained that only a crazy person would have lent money to a stranger on such terms.

I caught an express to Worcester whence I drove to Woodbury, the village where I was born, and Nell's home.

I shall never forget our interview. Nell listened to my story and read the torn letter attentively. How I hated those pointed characters now.

"You must keep your word, Andrew," she said in a cold, matter-of-fact tone that roused my anger and indignation to boiling point.

"I can't, and I won't!" I cried. "I love you—you, Nell, and you know it! It's too absurd! The woman is a lunatic!"

"Hush," she interrupted, "you didn't say that when she lent you, a stranger, the money which has made you what you are."

"True," I answered in a choking voice, but others did. I am ungrateful to expect it, perhaps. Still I didn't expect such cold counsel from you, Nell. I should have asked you long since to be engaged to me but for that confounded first condition.

"Pray do not forget that you are pledged to another," she rejoined.

"I'm not pledged," I shouted, "and if I am I'll break a thousand words before I'll marry anyone but you! The whole thing is ridiculous! How is it that you can't see it?"

"I suppose," she answered slowly and gravely, it is because I have been brought up to consider my pledged word sacred. Perhaps if you were to see Miss Marston and explained, she might let you off. If she will do so freely, then I might listen to you."

"You don't care a straw for me!" I burst out. "You never have cared for me. I'll go and interview the old crone!" She laughed. At that moment I hated her. With her laughter ringing in my ears I rushed from the house.

On my return to town I wrote a brief note to the effect that I would be pleased to meet Miss Marston at any place she might appoint. Three days passed before I received her answer, but my disgust had not lessened.

I can scarcely explain my feelings but I know I was convinced that death by drowning or by any of the more or less pleasant ways with which I, as a medical man, was acquainted, would be far more preferable toan marriage with my ancient benefactress.

In this mood I was conducted up a broad staircase, along a corridor and ushered into the presence of—Nell!

"So you have come!" she said, quite cheerfully. "I hardly expected you."

"You!" I cried. "You expected me! How is it you are here?"

She smiled.

"Andrew, didn't you know that my name was Ellen Marston Herbert?"

"Great Heaven! Then it is you—you!"

"That you are pledged to marry."

"But, Nell," I said five minutes afterward, "I don't understand. How did you know the advertisement was from me?" She took an envelope from her pocket, and from that a piece of blotting paper. There was a mirror over the fireplace and she held the blotting paper so that I could read the words it bore. I saw Paul Blake's effusion—the advertisement itself!

"I came to town," she explained, to offer you assistance, which I feared your pride would not let you accept. While waiting in your rooms I took up your blotting pad. I dare say you will think me very inquisitive, but, having read so much, I could no resist the temptation to try and decipher the rest. By the help of your mirror I did it. Next day I looked through the morning papers and you know what followed."

We were married three months afterward. Paul Blake was my 'best man.'

Sae Scotchmen in Heaven!

Englishmen are fond of jking Scotchmen about their intense pride of country. A Scotchman, however, does not mind the joking, and keeps on loving Scotland and boasting of her grandeur, just as if there was not an Englishman in the world. The following funny story appeared recently in an English journal, and was laughed at on both sides of the Tweed:

Long ago a dreadful war was waged between the King of Cornwall and the King of Scotland, in which the latter prevailed.

The Scottish king, highly elated by his success, sent for his Prime Minister, Lord Alexander.

"Weel Sandy," said he, "is there ne'er a king we canna conquer the noo?"

"An' it please Yer Majesty, I ken but o' a'e king that Yer Majesty canna conquer."

"And wham is he, Sandy?"

Lord Alexander, reverently looking up, said:—

"The king of Heeven."

"The king of whaur, Sandy?"

"The king of Heeven."

The Scotch King did not understand, but was unwilling to show any ignorance.

"Just gang yer ways, Sandy, and tell the King of Heeven to give up his dominions, or I'll come mysel' and ding him o' them, and mond, Sandy, ye do not come back till us until ye have done our biddin'."

Lord Alexander retired, much perplexed, but met a priest, the sight of whom put a thought into his head which reassured himself before the throne.

"Weel, Sandy," said the King, "have ye seen the King of Heeven, and what says he to our bidden'?"

"An' it please Yer Majesty, I ha'e no seen the King himsel', but I ha'e seen one of his accredited meenisters."

"Weel, and what says he?"

"He says Yer Majesty may e'en ha'e his kingdom for the asking o' it."

"Was he sae ceevil?" said the King, warmed to magnanimity. "Just gang yer ways back, Sandy, and tell the King of Heeven that for his civility, nae Scotchman shall ever set foot in his kingdom!"

FORCED TO LIVE ON BREAD.

Strange Case of a Lady of Edghehill Ont. who Suffered from Dyspepsia for Ten Years—A Peculiarly Interesting Case.

An occasional day of indigestion is about as much of that trouble as ordinary mortals want, but a siege of ten years of this kind of thing is distressing beyond easy calculation. This was what Mrs. Jas. Edge, who is in charge of the post-office at Edghehill, Ont., had to endure.

Her case took peculiar form. Where bread is spoken of as staff of life, and is a leading item of the bill of fare of every meal, it is the case that even with bread one may have too much of a good thing. This was Mrs. Edge's experience, for her indigestion assumed that shape that she practically could eat nothing but bread, and, unfortunately, very little of that. Only one result could follow, that the system was thoroughly weakened, and she soon became prostrated.

She tried medicines, and she tried doctors; but her case grew worse rather than better. She says: "Last winter I became prostrated, and a friend who visited me induced me to try South American Nerve. After two bottles I was greatly relieved, and before the third bottle was taken I was entirely well, and for the last six months I have enjoyed perfect health. I may say that I tried nearly every other remedy on the market, but none did my work so well and completely and perfectly as South American Nerve, which I do not hesitate to say is the only remedy on the market that will successfully cure stomach trouble." For sale by W. W. Short.

Canadians as Soldiers.

Speaking of Canadians, Major Edmond Malet remarked that they made the best soldiers physically that he ever saw. In his company, the Eighty-first New York volunteer infantry, in the late war, he had forty-five of them, and no hardships could dampen their gay spirits nor toil exhaust their hardy frames. In those terrible forced marches of the army of the Potomac in the peninsula, with the thermometer far up in the nineties, and the dust a foot deep, when thousands of men fell out by the roadside, many of them never to march again, these Canadians trudged along cheerily, beguiling the weary way with joke and song. They did not understand the wastefulness of their American comrades, who would hurl aside overcoats, blankets and other impediments on a hard march without a thought, so they would carefully gather them up, add them to their own load and bring them into camp. "One evening, I remember," said the major, "a Canadian soldier came into bivouac after a fearful march from early dawn, with twelve overcoats piled on his knapsack, which he had carried all day. He sold them back to the original owners for \$1 each."—Boston Globe.

Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria.

To Sunday School Workers.

Dear Brethren:—The Field Secretary will be in this county as follows:— Jan. 3rd. McLaughlin Road.

Sunday Jan. 5th.—under M. A. West's direction.

Mon. Jan. 6th.—At Little River.

Tues. Jan. 7th.—At McNair.

Wed. Jan. 8th.—At East Galloway. (if possible.)

Thurs. Jan. 9th.—At Richibucto Presbyterian church.

Friday Jan. 10th.—At Molus River Methodist church.

Sunday Jan. 12th.—In Bass and Nicholas River Presbyterian churches.

It is most earnestly hoped that all Supt. and Teachers will make a strong effort to be present at these meetings. They will receive help from a man who has thoroughly studied Sunday Schools and their needs. Try to have, as far as possible, all the parents and children in your district at the meetings. Invite everybody to come, and be sure to have good fires and good lights and as many good singers as possible.

The collection will all go towards the Sunday School Association which is aiding all the churches. Announce these meetings at the schools and everywhere possible. Give the Secretary a royal welcome, a hearty hand shake, a word of encouragement, and a full house.

Yours very truly, F. W. Murray, County Sec'y.

Bass River Dec. 31st 1895.

An Universal Need Supplied.

The need for a safe and pleasant cure for coughs and colds, and one that children would take without coaxing or coercion, was met when Hawker's balsam of tolu and wild cherry was produced more than thirty years ago.

Long before it was placed before the public at large, it had become a household treasure in the houses of the citizens of St. John.

This remedy soothes and heals the irritated organs of the throat, and chest and effects a complete cure of coughs, colds, bronchitis, influenza and like afflictions. It removes hoarseness at once, and is therefore a great boon to public speakers and singers. Children love it and many an anxious mother hails it as a priceless gift when the little ones are racked with a distressing cough. Hawker's balsam of tolu and wild cherry is sold by all druggists and dealers in 25 and 50 ct. bottles, and is manufactured only by the Hawker Medicine Co., (Ltd) St. John, N. B., and New York City.

Diamond Thieves in Africa.

The gold and Diamond fields of South Africa have already attracted a fair proportion of the thieves of the world to that favored region. Some very fine hauls have been made; but one hears little of such things over here; there is so much of solidly interesting South African news that the cables seldom give us the picturesque. Decidedly the most sensational attempt was one a few years ago on the diamond train. To reach Cape Town from Kimberley used to take three days, or at least two days and three nights. The diamonds used to be carried in a safe in the post office sorting van. Some expert thieves found out where the safe always stood in the van, and under that spot, beneath the bottom of the van, rigged up a platform of rope and plank whereon a man could lie and work with a drill as the train sped on its way. It is a lonely journey, with hours and hours between stations. The thief endured his uncomfortable position beneath the moving train long enough to bore a circle of holes in the bottom of the iron safe, having first cut a piece out of the bottom of the van. His plan was to complete the circle in this tedious way so as to remove a piece of the safe bottom and leave a hole large enough for the insertion of an arm, the removal of a bag and the capture of a fortune in diamonds. Unfortunately for him, he was either disturbed or he got tired, or he dropped out his planks. At any rate he did not cut out the piece of metal, consequently did not reap his glittering reward. He escaped. The post office people in the van heard nothing of the drill—which probably was silent save when there was the clatter racket of the wheels to drown the noise. When the platform and the pierced safe were discovered, the thief had gone and left no clue of his handiwork, which never proved sufficient for tracing him.—St. James Gazette.

Sir William Jington, who was defeated in Montreal Centre last week, has been given a seat in the senate.

McNair, Kent Co.

DEC. 27.—The half yearly examination of our school took place on Friday, the 20th, was fairly well attended by scholars and we are happy to state on this occasion the trustees were present and the district was well represented by the residents, which is a step in the right direction, as there is nothing which imbues a teacher or scholar with so much animation as when they see they are being taken an interest in.

Mr. M. T. Wathen put his pupils through the different exercises, they acquitting themselves very creditably, showing marked improvements.

Mr. Wm. McNair, one of the trustees, addressed the school, giving the teacher credit for his good behaviour and his energetic principals during his three and a half years among us, as well as instilling into their youthful minds the necessity of diligence in their studies and said he was sorry we had to part with him as he had been a great benefit to the district in many ways.

Four little girls which he had started with "This is a cat," in the Primer, stepped forward and read him an address as follows:

Dear Mr. Wathen, We are very sorry you are going to leave us and please accept this (presenting him with a very beautiful cream silk handkerchief) as a small token of our respect for you, with Xmas greetings.

Mr. Wathen, who was taken very much by surprise, replied in a very appropriate address thanking them for their thoughtfulness in remembering him, also stating he never was in a district where he was better treated or enjoyed himself better than in the inhabitants for their many acts of kindness since he came to live among them.

Mrs. Wm. McNair thanked him for the good opinion he had of the people of this district and trusted in the future that his name would appear among the applicants for this school, after which the closing song was rendered by Mrs. Jas. Johnson, Mrs. Thos. Scott and others.

On the evening of the 21st, Mr. M. T. Wathen was invited to the hospitable residence of Jas. Johnson, where his S. S. class had gathered and presented him with a very handsome pair of slippers and an address which was read by Miss Mamie J. Fletcher, to which Mr. Wathen responded in some very beautiful remarks, after which lunch was served and a good time spent, and all went away happy by making their Sabbath school teacher happier in knowing his endeavours were appreciated.

And now the writer will conclude with a verse of one of Richard's favourite poems on Compensation to Mr. Wathen.

If you come as a helper to a soul that's in need, Or lend to the weary your strengthening hand, You are tilling God's garden and sowing the seed Of a harvest of love in the soul's summer land.

Two Clergymen Agree.

Rev. P. C. Healdy, 697 Huntington Ave, Boston, Mass: "Although I have not given testimonials of so called, 'Proprietary Medicines,' I can fully endorse the one written by my friend, the Rev. George M. Adams, D. D., of Auburndal, Massachusetts, which gave me confidence in the remedy before using it. Of all the preparations for dyspepsia troubles I have known K. D. C. is the best, and seems to be entirely safe for trial by any one."

Dr. Adams' statement is—"I recommend K. D. C. very strongly; in my case it has proved singularly efficient; when I could find nothing else to give relief, it was a prompt remedy. I should be unwilling to be without it."

Comptroller Fitch, of New York, was out at lunch the other day when a small boy came into his office and left for him an envelope. In this, when he opened it, he found \$1,500 conscience money, a new \$1,000 bill and a new \$500 bill, with a note which said: "Taxes justly due the city."

"I Have Had

Rheumatism for years, and Nerviline is the only remedy that has done me any good." So writes Thomas McGlashan, North Pelham, July 24, 1890, and his testimony is supported by thousands of others who have experienced the wonderfully penetrating and pain subduing power of Nerviline—the great nerve pain cure. Nerviline is just as good to take as to rub on, and is the best family remedy in the world. Nerviline is sold by dealers everywhere.

The sentence of death in the case of Shortis, who killed two men in a mill at Valleyfield, Que., has been commuted to imprisonment for life as a criminal lunatic.