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## THE REVIEW.

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"Et Domine Ferentes"

In extended observation of the ways and works of man (From the four-mile radius roughly to the plains of Hindustan), I have drunk with mixed assemblies, seen the casual ruction rise, and the men of half creation damning half creation's eyes.

I have watched them in their tantrums, all that pentecostal crew, French, Italian, Arab, Spaniard, Russ and Yank, and Dutch and Jew, Celt and savage, buff and ochre, cream and yellow, mauve and white, But it really never mattered till the English grew polite—

Till the men with glossy "toppers," till the men in long frock coats, till the men who do not duel, till the men who fight with votes, till the breed that take their pleasure as St. Lawrence took his grid, began to "beg your pardon" and—the wily croupier hid.

Then the bandsmen with their fiddles, and the girls that bring the beer, knew the psychologic moment, left the lit Casino clear; but the un instructed alien, from the Teuton to the Gaul, was entranced once more, my country, by that suave deceptive drawl!

As it was in ancient Suez or 'neath milder, wilder skies, I "observe with apprehension" how the casual ructions rise, and with keener apprehension if I read my Times aught, Hear the old Casino order: "Watch your man, but be polite"

"Keep your temper; never answer" (that was why they spat and swore), "Don't hit first, but move together (there's no hurry) to the door; Back to back and facing outward, while the Linguist tells 'em how 'Nous sommes a notre batteau; nous ne voulons pas le row.'"

So the hard, pent rage eat inward till some idiot went too far—"Let 'em have it!" and they had it, and the same was bloody war—Fist, umbrella, cane, decanter, lamp and beer mug, chair and boot, Till behind the fleeing legions rose the long hoarse yell for loot.

Then the oleolith with its numbers, as a banner fluttered free, Then the grand piano cantered, on three casters down the quay—White, and breathing through their nostrils, silent, systematic, swift, They removed, effaced, abolished, all that men could fling or lift.

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K. D. C. the GREAT SPRING RLM. EDY.

Oh, my country, bless the training that from cot to castle runs— The pitfall of the stranger, but the bulwark of thy sons— Measured speech and ordered action, sluggish soul and unperturbed, Till we wake our Island Devil, ten times worse for being curbed!

Build on the flanks of Etna, where the fleecy smoke-puffs float, Go bathe in tropic waters, where the lean fin tags the boat, Cook the gun that is not loaded, cook the frozen dynamite; But oh, beware, my country, when my country grows polite!

—Rudyard Kipling.

### HIS FIRST LOVE.

Some years ago there lived in a little village of Burnside two young lovers—very young, for the girl was in her ninth year, the boy in his twelfth; still, in spite of his tender years, he was a most gallant and devoted wooer, while she was the tenderest and most confiding of damsels. The course of their true love had run very smooth, for their mothers, old schoolmates, had laughingly betrothed them when little Annie was but three years old.

Harry was an orphan, but his uncle, Dr. Benton, had adopted him at his mother's death, and filled the place of the father, whom the boy had never seen. The doctor was an old man, and regarded his frank, generous nephew as the apple of his eye. He was not wealthy, but his practice was good, and he was able to give Harry a college education, and looked forward to the time when his nephew could take his place.

Annie Ashley was the only child of the village lawyer at Burnside, who, his practice being very small, speculated freely, sometimes losing, sometimes gaining. Annie was his pet, and he loved her fully as well as Dr. Benton loved Harry. His schemes for her education were, in the eyes of the villagers, wonderful, for he proposed sending her to a fashionable seminary when she was old enough.

Accordingly, Annie, at fifteen, was sent to a noted institution, wherein young ladies are taught various useful and ornamental accomplishments; and Harry, to his great joy, was sent to college to begin his medical education. The young friends met often, and were frequently invited to the same parties, and fell in love with each other anew every day.

While affairs were thus progressing the holidays called the lovers home for a visit. Harry had passed through his college course and graduated with honors, while Annie was quite a show scholar at her seminary. But they found trouble in store for them at home. One of Mr. Ashley's speculations had succeeded beyond his utmost expectations, and he found himself suddenly a man of large wealth. As soon as his daughter returned home he announced his intention of making, with her the tour of Europe, declaring pompously that no woman's education could be considered complete until she had seen all that is to be seen on the other side of the big pond.

As soon as Harry heard the news he obtained his uncle's consent to his marriage, flew to Annie, and soon won her confession of love and acceptance of his hand; then, confident of success the two repaired to Mr. Ashley's study to ask his permission to their union. He received them coldly; Harry poured forth his protestations of love for Annie, spoke of the length of their acquaintance and courtship, and finally asked him for his daughter's hand.

"Mr. Benton," said Mr. Ashley, coldly, "what are your financial possessions and prospects?"

"I have my fortune to make, Mr. Ashley, it is true," said the young man; "but I am young, just of age. My uncle will share his practice with me, and I have every prospect of doing well. I am known in the place, and have many warm friends who will, for my uncle's sake, trust his nephew to prescribe for their aches and pains."

"This sounds very plausible," was the reply; "but you must pardon my plain speaking. My daughter is now an heiress and must wed higher than a country practitioner. It is strange matrimony did not occur to you before my fortune improved."

"Sir!" cried Harry. "There! I do not fly into a passion," said the lawyer. "I know all you would say of disinterested love, and all that sort of thing. My daughter, sir, declines your offer."

"Father, said Annie, in a low tone, "I love Harry."

"Fudge! you will outgrow it. You fancy you love him because no other young man has yet been serious in his attentions to you. Wait, girl, till you see those who will flock around the heiress;

then you may choose a husband worthy for you. Good evening, Mr. Benton," and he turned from him. "Remember, Annie," he said, as he left the room, "I positively forbid any correspondence to keep you reminded of this nonsense."

Harry left the house soon after, and was not seen in the village for several days. Annie and her father left Burnside the next morning.

Two years passed away. Harry was alone in the world. Dr. Benton dying soon after the young man's great grief, left him the moderate fortune he had laid by and his practice among the good folks in the vicinity of Burnside. The little village had, in these two years, grown utterly distasteful to the young doctor; he missed Annie at every turn and his home was very lonely. At length, having sufficient means to warrant the leisure, he started on a short trip to San Francisco. This was his only vacation since the death of his uncle, and he enjoyed it immensely. In three months he returned to Burnside and resumed his professional duties. He had heard nothing from Annie since she had left Burnside, but his old love was strong and constant, as the young maidens of the village had discovered to their chagrin, for the handsome young doctor was the object of many a sighing, secret love.

Another year passed, and one day, while stopping at the Palmer House, Chicago, he awoke from an afternoon siesta when it was almost dark. He sprang up and was about to begin to dress for dinner, when some one singing in the adjoining room attracted his attention. The voice sounded very familiar. Harry stood still bound. It was so like Annie's, and the song was one they had learned during those happy years when they were frequently in each other's company. Soon the song ended, and then the clear, rich notes were heard again. This time it was the soprano part of one of their old duets.

Fired by some impulse, Harry waited until the tenor was wanted, and then began to sing, too. To his delight the song was continued, and finished by his mysterious partner and himself. Of course the next thing was to convince himself that it was she.

As he knocked at the door of the next room a tall, handsome man passing him opened it and went in, waiting, holding it open for him also to pass. Harry gave one glance and then abruptly turned back and went into his own room, caught up his hand bag, and in another hour was on his way home.

What had he seen? Annie, his Annie seated beside a bed, on which lay a child whom she was trying to soothe to slumber by singing. Of course she was married, this was her child, and the gentleman, so politely waiting for him to pass, her husband.

Mr. Ashley had died abroad about two years and a half after he had parted Annie from Harry. Led on by one of two fortunate speculations, he had periled his whole fortune on a real estate speculation in Kansas City and beggared himself. Humiliated, despairing, he had sunk beneath the blow, leaving Annie in a strange city, alone. Mrs. Evans, a lady whom Annie had met in Kansas City, pitying her forlorn condition, had taken her under her protection to bring her home, and it was while they were on their way east that Annie, being left alone for a few hours with Master Evans, had sung to beguile the time and attracted Harry's attention. Mr. Evans, her kind friend's husband, was the husband Harry had so rashly supposed to be hers. Had her impulsive lover waited but a moment, he would have seen her spring to meet him, and fall senseless to the floor.

Two years more have flown by. Harry was seated in the parlor of the hotel at Babylon, Long Island, when he heard a noise in the hall, and then a loud cry for a doctor. Stepping out he found a crowd in the passage, and saw two men carrying a lady up the stairs.

"What's the matter? I am a doctor?" he cried.

"Oh, go up to her," said a man near him. "She's hurt, and so is her husband. It's Mrs. Evans' companion, and they've all been thrown out of the carriage."

Long before this sentence was finished, Harry was in the room where the sufferers had been carried. The first object that met his eyes was the man whom he supposed to be Annie's husband, lying senseless on the sofa, while on the bed near lay another figure, the lady he had seen on the stairs; but her face was turned to the wall.

"Oh, sir!" said the lady springing to meet him, "are you a doctor? Oh, tell me, is my husband dead?"

Her husband! Was Annie dead, and this her successor? This was Harry's first

Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria.

idea. Professional services, however, were imperatively demanded, and he soon restored Mr. Evans to consciousness. His injuries were not serious, and he was soon sitting up on the sofa. In the meantime, her worst apprehensions relieved, Mrs. Evans was caring for the mysterious lady on the bed, and now called upon Harry.

The first glance was enough to bring forth his skill, for he recognized Annie.

Mrs. Evans was wringing her hands and weeping, as all her efforts to restore consciousness failed. Here the injuries were more serious; a high fever and delirium succeeded the long fit of insensibility, and Harry heard more than once the loved voice calling him to come back and crying:

"Harry! Harry! To leave me after so long a separation!"

Mrs. Evans told him all of Annie's troubles, and he blessed her again and again as he found how true and kind a friend she had been to the orphan. He was standing one day by Annie's bedside watching her. She was asleep, and he knew that if she woke, now that she was conscious of things around her, he might hope for her recovery. As he stood there, almost counting her deep, regular breathing, she slowly opened her large, dark eyes and fixed them upon his face.

"Harry," she whispered, "you have come at last!"

He bent over her and said, gently:

"My darling, I have come, never to leave you again. Try to sleep again now. I will stay beside you."

She tried to draw him down to her, and as his lips touched hers she closed her eyes again, while an expression of perfect peace passed over her pale face.

Why prolong the story? If anyone doubts the constancy of "The Doctor's First Love," go to Burnside and inquire for the young medical practitioner. The prettiest house in the village will be pointed out to you; and when you enter you will be cordially welcomed by Harry and Annie Benton, the happiest couple there. —N. Y. Weekly.

### HELPLESSNESS AND AGONY!

#### A Multitude of Sufferers and Martyrs.

#### Paine's Celery Compound The Prompt Banisher of Rheumatism and Sciatica.

THE ONLY POSITIVE CURE IN THE WORLD.

Thousands of Convincing Testimonials from Cured People.

The agonizing and terrible troubles known as rheumatism and sciatica, are probably the cause of more helplessness and acute suffering than any half dozen others that could be named.

The original cause of rheumatism is a lack of nerve force. By this weakness of the nervous system, an acid is formed which enters the blood. Soon the joints swell—usually the knees, elbows and wrists—and there is inflammation with intense pain: this disease is veritable rheumatism.

The great medicinal virtues of Paine's Celery Compound makes it the only trustworthy specific in the world for the complete cure of all forms of rheumatism. Paine's Celery Compound is curing hundreds of cases every day. Testimonials without number declare that this great remedy of nature has effected cures after all other medicines failed.

You cannot afford to experiment with the common and worthless preparations of the day, when you can procure a guaranteed medicine like Paine's Celery Compound, so highly recommended by the best physicians. Bear in mind that those cured by Paine's Celery Compound are cured permanently. There is no more return of the terrible disease; no twisted, contracted and stiffened limbs. Paine's Celery Compound gives a new existence, and old sufferers walk with as much elasticity and spryness as any youth.

Do not be persuaded by substituting dealers to take any of the medicines they may recommend for their own benefit and profit; insist upon getting Paine's Celery Compound, the medicine that always cures.

We Have Found

That no remedy in the market affords such prompt relief in toothache, neuralgia, and rheumatism as Nerviline, and its action in case of cramps, colic is simply marvelous. Remarking this to a physician of experience he stated that from his knowledge of the composition of this medicine no remedy could surpass Nerviline and that in every household a bottle of Nerviline should be available for emergent demands. Readers of this paper should try Nerviline.

### THE WIDE, WIDE WORLD.

In the U.S. House of Representatives on Wednesday a vote was taken on an amendment to the immigration bill to protect lake cities against Canadian competition. It was agreed to: Ayes 121, nays 45.

Since Sunday the rainfall in St. Louis, Mo., has exceeded five inches and the prospects are the downpour will continue for some time. The rainstorm continues throughout Missouri, Eastern Kansas and Southern Illinois with unabated fury.

Sir Charles Rivers Wilson, president of the Grand Trunk Railroad, and a party of officers of that road are in Portland, Maine, to confer with the business men of that city concerning the establishment of a regular line of steamers between Portland and Europe, and make plans for a thorough overhauling of the terminus of the road.

Sir Hercules Robinson, governor of Cape Colony, and Sir Graham John Bower, Imperial secretary, sailed from Cape Town for England on Wednesday.

The boiler of a tug exploded while the boat was passing through the Binger Loch rapids of the Rhine on Wednesday, causing the tug to sink almost instantly. Eight men comprising the crew were drowned.

A Scotch Highlander, dressed in kilts, and carrying a set of bagpipes under his arm, went to Bar Harbor the other night, and next morning, at 8 o'clock, strolled up Main street in search of a good place to try the bags on the natives. It is year since the uncanny music of the canny Scot has been played there, and it had a wonderful effect, the first tune causing no less than five simultaneous runaways among horses and sets of harnesses. The bagpiper stopped in the middle of the tune to see the fun, and after he saw the destruction that one tune had wrought he let the wind out of the pipes and took the 10.30 boat for Bangor.

Following close upon the burning of the Longfellow cottage at Nahant is serious damage by fire to the historic Emerson and Thoreau estates at Concord, Mass. The stately pines that sheltered the site of Thoreau's Hermitage on the shore of Lake Walden were destroyed, and the beautiful parkway owned by Mrs. W. H. Forbes was burned over. More than a thousand acres were burned over, and the estate of the late Ralph Waldo Emerson greatly damaged.

Foolish people often enter suits at law about very foolish matters; but we have seldom heard of one that surpassed in the characteristics of sublime foolishness, that of the Michigan man who went to law over the ownership of a barrel of sand, which was valued at half a dollar, and for which the plaintiff was awarded a judgment of fifty cents. But the judgment, together with the costs in the justice and circuit courts, made the barrel of sand cost about \$60.

A man hanging by the neck thirteen days and nights was the attraction at a Montmartre cafe recently; the doctors, however, stopped the performance at the end of the fourteenth day, the man being in a critical condition. His name is Durand. He attained notoriety some time ago by standing on a pedestal at Marseilles for twenty-eight consecutive days.

The Arctic explorer Lieut. Robert Peary is going north again this summer, and a steamer is now being arranged at St. John's, Nfld., for that purpose. The object of the expedition is believed to be to secure for the Philadelphia Academy of Science the forty ton meteorite near Cape York which Lieut. Peary discovered last year.

Caracas, Venezuela, May, 19.—The Venezuelan Government has agreed to pay the £1600 demanded by Great Britain for the Uruan incident (the arrest and imprisonment of a British officer) on condition that it is considered simply as indemnity for personal damages, and not as affecting the boundary dispute.

The Venezuelan Government, however, has not consented to make a public apology to Great Britain as a prerequisite to the resumption of diplomatic relations although it is understood that the United States, in carrying out its friendly purpose as an adviser of Venezuela, counseled that this condition should be complied with, in accordance with the terms of the British demand.

The will of H. A. Massey, the millionaire manufacturer of agricultural implements of Toronto, Ont., was probated at Cleveland, O., where he lived a few years ago. Among the bequests are the following: University of Mount Allison, of K. D. C. the household remedy for each troubles.

ackville, N. B., \$100,000; Wesleyan Theological college of Montreal, \$50,000; University of Victoria of Toronto, \$200,000; Wesleyan College of Winnipeg, Manitoba, \$100,000.

### A NEW LEASE OF LIFE.

HOW A CUMBERLAND CO., N. S., MAN OBTAINED IT.

A Sufferer From Acute Dyspepsia and a Complication of Troubles Following an Attack of La Grippe—He Was Forced to Quit Business and Was Hopelessly Discouraged When Help Came

From the Amherst, N. S., Sentinel

Mr. Chas. Tucker, who lives about two miles from Lockport, is one of the best known men in that section. He is engaged in business as a lobster packer, and dealer in flour and salt, and in addition has a fine farm. During the past three years Mr. Tucker has been an almost constant invalid, being the victim of a complication of troubles following a severe attack of la grippe. Recently he has been restored to his old time health and having learned that he gave the entire credit to Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, concerning which so much has been said through the press, a reporter interviewed him in the matter, and was cheerfully given his story for publication. Mr. Tucker said:—"About four years ago I had a severe attack of la grippe, which



left me in a fearful condition. I had for a number of years before this attack been a sufferer from dyspepsia, but following the la grippe it took a more acute form, and to add to my distress my liver appeared not to perform its usual functions, and my heart troubled me greatly, and there were as well other complications which baffled the skill of four doctors whom I successively called in the hope of regaining my health. From the knees down my legs were as cold as ice; my bowels would bloat and I suffered great pain. My case went from bad to worse despite the medical treatment I was undergoing and at last got so bad that I was forced to give up business. I could hardly eat anything, got but little sleep at night, and as you will readily understand my condition became one of despair. My father urged me several times to give Dr. Williams' Pink Pills a trial, but I was so discouraged that I had no further faith left in any medicine. However, more to please him than from any hope of beneficial results, I began the use of Pink Pills. The first beneficial effects I found was that the warmth and natural feeling began to return to my limbs, my bowels ceased to bloat, and with the continued use of the pills my appetite returned. I slept soundly at night and the action of my heart again became normal. I continued taking the Pink Pills until I had used in all fifteen boxes, and I have not felt better in years than I do now. I did some particularly hard work last fall, and was able to stand it with a strength and vigor which surprises me. I consider Dr. Williams' Pink Pills not only a wonderful medicine, but also in the light of what my other medicine cost, the least expensive medicine in the world, and I strongly recommend Pink Pills to all in need of a medicine.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills act directly upon the blood and nerves, building them anew and thus driving disease from the system. There is no trouble due to either of these causes which Pink Pills will not cure, and in hundreds of cases they have restored patients to health after all other remedies had failed. Ask for Dr. Williams' Pink Pills and take nothing else. The genuine are always enclosed in boxes, the wrapper around which bears the full trade mark, "Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People." May be had from all dealers, or sent post paid on receipt of 50 cents a box, or six boxes for \$2.50, by addressing the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

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