

THE REVIEW

VOL. 7.

RICHIBUCTO NEW BRUNSWICK, THURSDAY FEBRUARY 27 1896.

N. 7

SUNLIGHT SOAP

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THE REVIEW

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DATED FEBRUARY 14TH.

The mild air of mid-February was permeated with violets. From a yard across the way their odor floated even to where old Caleb sat on the court-house steps. Above the gray old negro gleamed the white Doric columns of the house of justice.

Caleb was the most bedecked old negro to be seen out of Congoland. He wore a tall, white hat, a blue frock coat—some 20 brass buttons adorned that coat—a steel chain (presumably for a watch he wore), a chain that crossed his breast four times. Sundry chains and bangles dangled about him giving him an appearance imposing as that of a Knight of the Garter. This was his usual attire. He felt that such elaboration of toilet was due his position; he was general sweepor and cleaner of these offices and this house of justice. He ran the great hall when courts were in session. He fed the flock of pigeons that hovered about the court-house belly and the jail tower. Manifest as his duties were, he had comparative leisure now; even commissioner's court was adjourned. He sat basking in the pleasant afternoon sun looking with unflagging interest down the

vista of old shops and new-set young water oaks.

In front of one shop sat his quondam owner, sometime employer, and always his object of devotion. Very old and worn looked the major in the bright light that fell over him. His neatly-brushed clothes were very shabby, his handsome old face and military air were very imposing. His rattan stick and his cork leg were rested out on a splint-bottomed chair before him. His gestures, as he talked to the group of gentlemen about him, were excited. He was probably telling a story of the war, possibly telling the same story for the 100th time. Caleb was trying to match the excited gestures with his own experience, and to guess at the particulars of the story; for he had followed young Travis Calvert through fighting, wounding and imprisonment. His efforts after the thread of the story were interrupted, however, by the rolling of a handsome carriage between him and his master. Down went the major's cork leg, up the major's stiff body, off the major's soft hat; and just so often as a lady passed, or driving or walking, just so often and so elaborately was the major's story interrupted.

In the present instance the lady was Miss Lorena Banks, fair, fat and much over 40. Her carriage drew up at the post office, too far for either Caleb or the major to hear the fidgety inquiries after the Woman's Work, that came always, or nearly always, on a Wednesday; the Lofty Choir Weekly, that failed to come last evening; and the Portrayer of Fashion, that must be in the office now, and must be searched for.

Though Caleb could not hear the sharp tones, he heard note very well the gloss and elegance of the equipage. From his smattering knowledge of deeds, titles, rent notes, crop liens and the like, he knew very well the goodly amount of the lady's income. Something, maybe the time of the year, maybe the insistent odor of violets in the air, maybe the red glow of the camellia japonicas on the coats of the university boys as they sauntered by him, themselves glowing with youth and brightness, every four out of five smiling over a valentine; anyhow, something set Caleb thinking of the long ago. It was of '61, the 13th of February, and bitterly cold in that entrenched camp, called by grace Fort Donaldson, Grant threatened by land, Commodore Foote by water. To help in the land attack, unexpected and unprepared for, until the fall of Fort Henry, the soldiers were throwing up earthworks as hastily as might be. Under biting snow and sleet they shoveled cheerily at the red earth.

Side by side worked Travis Calvert and his body servant, Caleb. Down in concert swept the arm of master and slave, up in unison heaved the shovels of earth.

Caleb remembered to-day how Calvert had said to him that day: "When I get a snatch of time, Caleb, I am going to write a letter to Miss Lorena. I am going to give it to you, and if in the engagements to come behind these earthworks I am killed, you send it to her. If I come out safe I'll send it myself."

Caleb had said: "You talk 'bout gittin' killed, Marse Travis; what yo' ma gwine to say to that?"

"Me being killed would break 'em up at home, wouldn't it? But," continued the young soldier, "I am going to have no more shilly-shally about this letter. I love that girl. I always will, always have loved that girl, and I am going to tell her so"—all his young breath froze on the keen, cold air as he talked of the warmth in his young heart; "I'll be the happiest man if that girl loves me. My name, my heart, my fortune, everything is hers if she will marry me," declared this young aristocrat, heaving his shovel.

Caleb had said: "You talk 'bout ma'yin' de daughter of de man what oversee for we-all in yo' gran pa's time! What yo' ma gwine say to dat?"

"That would break 'em all up at home, too, wouldn't it? But I love her, and that letter-I write as soon as this shovel is out of my hands."

It was the gray dawn of another day ere Calvert found time to write that letter full of love's assurances and urgency; so it happened that it was dated February 14, the day sacred to sweethearts, pink hearts, and the arrows of Cupid. Of this, however, Calvert had no thought, among the ringing of the caement's bullets across the earthworks, and the sound of the plunging fire of the confederates against the gunboats on the river.

For the next two days there was no way out of the besieged camp, and Caleb was too busy dodging shells to think of the letter he carried.

On the 17th, that day of fierce fighting, Calvert's leg was cut clean away. That awful night, when 4,000 dead, and dying, and wounded of both armies lay on the ground and literally froze outright, it was Caleb who got Calvert a place in an

ambulance of the enemy. A fortnight later Calvert waked to consciousness. He lay somewhere in the chill north on a prison cot, and Caleb leaned over him to ask: "Marse Travis, mus' I send the letter now?"

"No, no, no," groaned Calvert; "I am broken up. I am worthless now. Not with all my wealth, nor with all my lands, would I ask her now."

When at last prison doors were flung wide, when hundreds upon hundreds of crippled, maimed southern boys turned their prison-paled faces homeward, young Calvert found Caleb waiting for him.

Freedom and honor had been Caleb's in the land of Calvert's captivity, and these he had used to the utmost of his power for the comfort and succor of his master. Now together they turned their faces to the warm, sweet south.

That was a returning that was no homecoming. Calvert's father was buried, his mother crushed with sorrow, his home burned, his negroes freed, his lands mortgaged.

In a little cottage at the park gate he found his mother, and this they made their home; their Calvert managed to eke out an existence for himself, his mother, and the ever-faithful Caleb.

In those first days of home-coming Caleb had asked, seeing that Lorena in her girl-h beauty looked kindly on the maimed hero: "Shall I give de letter now, Marse Travis?"

"No, no!" what have I to offer a woman?" Calvert would exclaim.

At intervals in all those long years when Miss Lorena was left sole heir to a goodly fortune, while Calvert scuffled with only the salary of a chancery clerkship and a swelling current of mortgages with no breakwater of payments to check their progress, Caleb had continued to ask, when violets were sweet and japonicas bright: "Marse Travis, mus' I give the letter now?"

Since the mother's death Calvert had lived alone in a bare little hired room over a shop. Wire-pulling politicians had maneuvered to thrust the major out of his office, and now with clear honor ever his and hard chance ever against him, he made a meager sum by copying and accounting.

Caleb lost neither his position at the courthouse nor his place as Calvert's housekeeper and man of all work. Just now the faithful creature lived in constant terror lest the major should discover that oftentimes his own earnings went to help out the meager sums the major gave him for the frugal housekeeping. He well knew if ever a suspicion of this reached the brave major, himself was forever banished and the major given over to utmost poverty and unmitigated discomfort.

These thoughts, together with the dreams of what might have been, were too much for Caleb. He resolved to make one more effort to gain permission from his master to deliver the letter. He rose from the steps of the Doric portico—all the bangles and chains tinkled on him as he started across the street to the major—but a sudden decision stopped him short; wheeling about, he struck off in the opposite direction as fast as his old legs could carry him.

It made no matter that the major called called to him querulously. He pretended that he could hear nothing.

He stopped nor stayed until he had reached the broad door of the Banks mansion and had tapped an apologetical tap under the electric bell thereon. At the door he had trembled; but his knees verily shook and bowed under him, and all his brazen adornments jangled on him like bells on a shaken tambourine when he stood before Miss Lorena.

She was so utterly different in appearance from the girl he had been dreaming of for his master's sake. He felt ready to swoon, too, for the room smelled so strangely and diffusely of old, very old rose petals, of simmering tea, of dried sweet fern, that one would have fancied that there was never a fresh violet or a day of gay youth in the whole world. But there was no drawing back now; for Caleb held the yellowed missive abroad in his hand, and Miss Lorena was already eyeing it curiously. So, bowing and bending till he tinkled like a rattle in a baby's fist, he laid the old letter in the hand held out for it. While she fumbled with the ancient seal Caleb's hand fumbled with his blue-checked shirt as if it would tear it into shreds.

The antiquated paper told faithfully young love's story—a sweet, fervent tale. For a moment the reader was herself young again, 30 years well nigh forgotten; but, suddenly remembering those 30 years and more, she turned sharply on the cringing old negro to ask: "Who-over gave you this?"

"Marse Travis Calvert."

"When did he give it to you? I say when—when?"

"Nigh as I can git de count it were 30

odd year ago," stammered Caleb.

"And you!" she cried; "you kept it!" She saw the cause of her youth's disappointment, and she felt it anew and most keenly. "You! Why didn't you give it to me? You—"

Caleb was frightened now of no uncertainty, of no imaginings of his own. He was desperately frightened of Miss Lorena, and he made all haste a human tongue could make to tell the story of the letter and its long delaying. He dwelt especially on his own repeated offers to deliver it; he spoke with especial fervency of his determination of that afternoon to consult with the major no longer about the matter, but to fetch it to her on his own responsibility.

Full dark had fallen before Miss Lorena sent for Caleb from the kitchen, where he had been warming and feeding, to lay a crisp new note in his hands with the injunction: "Give this to Major Calvert immediately!"

The major's bare little room was dark a d d d, for it takes all the sunshine to keep February warm. The major himself was fractious, for Caleb had not been inattentive before in over a quarter of a century. But when the note was in his hand, when Caleb had found his glasses and held the smoky lamp near for him to read it, he was as exultant for a moment as a schoolboy on an April day, rich with his love's first kiss.

It was the answer to his own love's urgency; he knew it as soon as the first words met his old eyes. In that moment of ecstasy his cork leg, his poverty, his sorrows—all were forgotten. And even when, an hour later, he sat by Miss Lorena's warm fire, her plump hand held charily in his thin one, and all the years and all the griefs that had sundered them remembered and talked over, surely in all the loving world, on that blessed St. Valentine's day, there were not two happier hearts than these.—Martha Young, in N. Y. Independent.

FOR TIRED FEELING.

Exhaustion in Waste—Over-work means Shorter Life—Dodd's Kidney Pills mean Rest for the Kidneys.

Overwork is what you do after common sense asks you to quit.

Overwork of any kind does more than tire, it exhausts you.

Just a little more after you ought to quit is the "too much" that uses you up. The blood goes out to all parts faster than usual when you overwork.

If the kidneys are not in perfect filtering order, more poison is injected through them to all parts of the body than usual and then work, to say nothing of overwork is harmful.

As soon as your kidneys commence doing good work there is less and less poison in the blood every minute.

This explains why Dodd's Kidney Pills cure so promptly and permanently.

Saved by a Cat.

There is a man, well known in judicial circles as one of the most polished and courtly of gentlemen, who tell the following story.

He had not in his early youth, those advantage which tend to produce ease of manner. When about 15, he was much in love with a neighbor's daughter, and, according to his statement, was at this time nearly 6 feet tall, ungainly, shy and with the proverbial ubiquitous hands and feet.

One Sunday he was at dinner with his rosy cheeked sweetheart, and when the guests had been served with soup the youth discovered that he had no spoon. He grew red in the face and was in agony of mortification and dismay. As he asked for a spoon, he felt sure every one would look at him; if he did not eat his soup his hostess would be sure to remark it. What was he to do? He felt his hands growing larger and more in the way than ever and his feet caused him untold emotion by absolutely refusing to go under his chair.

Great beads of perspiration stood out on his face and trickled down like rain. The situation was becoming unendurable when a terrified cat, burred by a small but game terrier, rushed into the room and sprang upon the table. The guests jumped up, and in general confusion the embarrassed young youth retained his seat, and turning to the servant remarked calmly, "I'll have a spoon, please."—Washington Times.

25 Cents vs. Kidney Trouble.

For 2 years I was dosed, probed, and plastered for weak-back, scalding urine and constipation, without benefit. One box of Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills relieved 3 boxes cured. R. J. Smith, Toronto.

A New Canadian Poetess.

It is our exceptional privilege this month, says Current Literature, to record appearance of a new poetic star in our firmament, Mrs. Sophie Almch Hensley, whose volume of verse, A Woman's Love Letter, entitles the author to take a prominent rank among our modern poets. Mrs. Hensley, says Fanny Mack Lothrop, is a poet according to the accepted estimate of the eternal fitness of things—she possesses youth, beauty, charm of manner and talent, all in a very conspicuous degree, and in addition, there is perceptible in her verse a degree of finish, and a sense of melody such as are usually to be found only in the works of those grown old and eminent in letters. Mrs. Hensley is the daughter of the late Rev. Henry Pryor Almon, of Nova Scotia, descendant of Cotton Mather, of Massachusetts. She was born in Nova Scotia and educated in London and Paris. For her knowledge of the technique of verse she is indebted to Prof. Charles G. D. Roberts, formerly professor of English Literature at King's College, Windsor, N. S., and certainly no pupil ever did her teacher more credit. The cadence of her measures, her knowledge of perspective and her genius of restraint, which make the value to her words—these are all her own, and they are unique in a young writer. Mrs. Hensley is a resident of New York, where her lectures on Browning have attracted much favorable notice.

Ninety Per Cent.

Of all the people need to take a course of Hood's Sarsaparilla at this season to prevent that rundown and debilitated condition which invites disease. The money invested in half a dozen bottles of Hood's Sarsaparilla will come back with large returns in the health and vigor of the body and strength of nerves.

Hood's Pills are easy to buy, easy to take, easy to operate. Cure all liver ills. 25c

The Alianza Disaster.

(Telegraph.)

Patrick Campbell, one of the crew and the mate of the schooner Alianza, which was lost one week ago yesterday, on Plum Island, are in the city.

Campbell told a Telegraph reporter at Mr. D. E. Costigan's boarding house last night the story of the disaster. When the Alianza left New York she had 400 tons of coal on board, 100 tons of which were between decks. Off Cape Cod the wind began to blow heavily from the northeast and a violent snow storm set in. The vessel rolled badly and the coal between decks shipped to the port side. The Alianza then became unmanageable and began to fill with water. She would not steer and drove rapidly towards the shore. The whistling buoy at Plum Island was soon sighted and about 6 o'clock the schooner was among the breakers.

The crew fought hard to change their doomed craft's course but their efforts were vain and she struck with terrific force on a ledge. First the mizzen and mainmasts went over the side and then the foremast. Seas were washing over the schooner, but the men held on to the rail and parts of the wrecked masts. The weather was bitterly cold and before many minutes the men were coated with ice.

"We all disappeared at once," said Campbell. "The sea which washed us overboard threw me 30 feet from the vessel. I heard someone, I think it was the captain or the mate say, 'O my God' and I knew nothing until I was rolled ashore by a big breaker. When I regained my feet on the beach I was more dead than alive, but I began to look around for my shipmates. Another breaker brought in two of the sailors and the mate and together we found our way to a summer hotel along the shore where we were well cared for."

The next day the bodies of Capt. Melanson and Reed were found, battered almost beyond recognition. The others have not yet been recovered, and it is doubtful if they will be, as it is thought they have been buried in the sand. Campbell lost \$110 worth of clothes. He is a native of Richibucto.

He and the other survivors were sent from the wreck to their homes by the British consul.

Piles! Piles! Itching Piles.

Symptoms—Moisture; intense itching and stinging; most at night; worse by scratching. It allowed to continue tumors form, which often bleed and ulcerate, becoming very sore. SWAYNE'S Ointment stops the itching and bleeding, heals ulcers, and in most cases removes the tumors. At druggists, or by mail, for 50 cents. Dr. S. W. Swayne & Son, Philadelphia. Lyman Sons & Co., Montreal, wholesale agents.

Now is the time for snow spectacles get a pair and save your eyes. We have them in all colors, blue, green or smoked—with or without cases. W. W. Short, Richibucto.

Hardwicke Village Notes.

Feb. 14, 1896.—Not seeing any news from our village lately, I thought I would give the readers of THE REVIEW a few items.

We have had very stormy weather here for the past few weeks and the roads are very bad.

The past election caused quite an excitement in our quiet village. Hon. P. Mitchell had a majority of a half hundred or more, and although he came out behind in the end, I am happy to say that the Hardwicke people showed quite plainly that they thought the "Old War Horse" was the best in the field.

Remember, boys, this is St. Valentine's day. Choose your valentine and be happy. Don't delay, for remember it's leap year and the ladies may get impatient.

I hear that William Hillman, formerly of Hardwicke Village, is about to lead to the altar one of Esquimaux's fair daughters. We all wish you happiness, Will.

Miss Charlotte Savoy, who has been spending a few months with friends in Kingston, has returned.

The boys have all returned from the lumber woods and so have those who were fishing smelts on the Restigouche. We are glad to have them among us again.

I hear that one of the Hardwicke gentlemen is about to join the benedictines. Better late than never, Florence.

Where is the young man who gave a girl a box of carpet tacks as a parting gift? You should have kept them for the "widow," Sandy.

"ELODIE."

RHEUMATISM RELIEVED IN SIX HOURS.

South American Rheumatic Cure gives Relief as soon as the First Dose is Taken, and Cures Ordinary Cases of Rheumatism and Neuralgia in from one to three Days—What a Gracious Gift—St. Lambert, Que., Has to Say.

For many months I have suffered the most excruciating pain from rheumatism and had despaired of getting permanent relief until South American Rheumatic Cure was brought to my notice. I procured a bottle of the remedy and to my surprise received great benefit from the first few doses. In fact, within six hours after taking the first dose I was free from pain, and the use of a few bottles wrought a permanent cure. It is surely the best remedy of the kind of existence. "Sold by W. W. Short."

Bill Nye Dying.

ASHVILLE, N. C., February 20.—The condition of Bill Nye, the humorist, is such that death can be expected at almost any hour. His physician says no hope can be entertained of recovery. The humorist lies ill of paralysis at his farm at Buck Shoals, eight miles from here.

Edgar W. (Bill) Nye, the humorist was born in Vermont. Of the whole family they thought that little Edgar Wilson would amount to the least. He was rather sickly and when he started west to go just as far as he could go, there was not such grieving. Bill went as far as Weymouth before he stopped. He made a reputation there in connection with the Laramie Boomerang, and then came east and increased it. He has been getting more than the salary of the Chief Justice of the United States out of his newspaper work alone, and his lecture business was equal to the interest on a good-sized fortune. His father still lives on his Vermont farm. He and Bill correspond now and then, and not long ago the old farmer wrote his boy that he believed he would sell the farm. He said it was heavily mortgaged, and it was all he could do to pay the interest. He had written to Bill Nye's brothers in Minneapolis, but they didn't seem to be able to do anything. He still owed \$2500 and as he was an old man this was too much for him to carry and he thought he would sell. As Bill Nye read his his eyes began to fill. He is a sensitive fellow with all his fun. He happened to have some money on deposit in the bank, and he took out his cheque book and filled out a cheque for \$2500. He signed it in such big letters that it almost covered the face of the cheque, and wrote his name in full Edgar Wilson Nye. This he sent to his father, and told him to pay off the mortgage, and as he did so, away down in his soul, I venture, he said to himself: "Well, I guess they'll think something now of the sickly little one whom they thought they would have to support, who didn't know figures, and who had to go west to make his fortune."

Impoverished blood causes that tired feeling, Hood's Sarsaparilla purifies, enriches and vitalizes the blood and gives vigor and vitality.