

THE REVIEW

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THE GREAT NORTH SHORE ROUTE!

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

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The Farmer.

Where's there a man on God's green earth, to whom we owe more praise, Whose weather-beaten visage bears marks time can never efface? His is the toil from early morn 'e'en to the close of day, He freely bears his weary load and calmly plods his way.

His thoughtful care in wintry blasts doth house the lowing herd, Whose willing steps at eventide attend his kindly word. In blissful peace in love's retreat he rests him from his toil, A monarch true in freedom's right, a yeoman of the soil.

Content is he if but that soil yield him a goodly share Of ripened fruit and golden grain meet for his hardy care; His is the hand which garners in the products of the sod, His is the hand which sows the seed forever blest by God.

—H. Rodwell Robinson, in *Ohio Farmer*.

THE INSPECTOR'S LOSS.

Inspector Hookyer had served his 25 years in the detective force, and his colleagues were entertaining him at a little farewell dinner, in anticipation of his forthcoming retirement. The chairman having eulogized the guest of the evening to an extent that brought a blush to the face of that case-hardened officer, the inspector rose to reply, and at the finish he said:

"The chairman has said that I never let a man slip through my fingers after I had once got on his track, but I am sorry to say he is wrong. I am bound to acknowledge that once an offender was too clever for me."

"Tell us about it!" arose spontaneously from almost every throat, and Inspector Hookyer, in response to the request, gave the story:

"It was a good many years ago now when I had intrusted to me a case of a young woman named Eliza Thickbroom who had been found dead (evidently murdered by having her throat cut) in some fields adjoining the canal near a town in Lancashire. She had been a domestic servant and was of a very retiring, staid disposition, and bore an irreproachable character. Her friends lived in quite another part of the country, and by mistake had no knowledge of her keeping company or anything of that kind. For some time I had considerable difficulty in fixing the crime or any reason for it upon anyone; but at last, after a lot of inquiry, I ascertained that she had been walking out with a man named Lamprey, who lived near Stockport, in Cheshire, some 30 miles from where Eliza Thickbroom resided.

"It seemed that the girl had been in the habit of spending her holidays, when she had a day off, in going to Stockport, where Lamprey met her, and that she had become engaged to him, but that, hearing something to his discredit, she refused to have anything more to do with him, and, so far, nothing further was known to implicate Lamprey in the crime; but I, of course, at once took the train to Stockport and proceeded to hunt up Lamprey and to make inquiries in the town where he resided.

"I knew nothing about him except his name, but from the local police and cautious questions of one another I ascertained that he had been a sailor and was then a 'steepie-jack,' and one of the best climbers known.

"Jack Lamprey!" cried one man to whom I had spoken. "Ah, he can climb, for sure, can Jack! Why, he climbed up to the very top of your steeple" (pointing to the church hard by, which had a spire remarkably tall and slender, and very hard to mount). "After the storm had

damaged the weathercock. Jack climbed up and fixed it all alone for the parson, and he refused to be paid for it!"

"The man seemed to look upon Lamprey's refusing payment as more wonderful than his climbing the steeple, and perhaps he was right. Well, bit by bit, I found little things which, when pieced together, pointed unmistakably to Jack Lamprey as the murderer. He had, until recently, been seen frequently in and about Stockport with the girl, but for the last two or three months she had not been observed in his company. He had been a jolly sort of fellow, but since the girl had ceased her visits it had been noticed that he had become moody and silent, and he had taken to drink a good deal, although he had previously been a most abstemious man.

"He was away from his lodgings on the night of the murder, and on his return early the next day he was travel stained, as if he had walked a long way. His landlady remembered that he told her he had fallen down in some chemical works where he had been on a job and had stained his clothes, and she recollected that immediately after his arrival home he had busied himself brushing and sponging his garments.

"There was sufficient evidence to justify me in obtaining a warrant; but he was away on a job—no one knew where, exactly, except that it was somewhere near Liverpool—and it was useless for me to leave Stockport, where I had the best chance of catching him, on a wildgoose chase to Liverpool without better information. My only course was to wait and keep quiet till he came back, which he was expected to do the following day.

"I took every precaution to prevent anyone knowing that he was 'wanted,' but some 'pal' must have got to suspect it and given him warning. The police in Liverpool had been wired to and had kept watch of all trains in the direction of Stockport, and towards the evening of the second day I received the intimation that a man resembling his description had taken the train and was on his way. Assisted by a local detective who knew the man, I watched every passenger out of the train on its arrival at Stockport, but no Jack Lamprey alighted, and, on inquiring of the guard, it seemed pretty certain that he had got out at Cheadle, a station a few miles outside Stockport.

"It was the beginning of winter, and night had set in, so that it was extremely doubtful if we could follow the man, but we took a train which was just going out of the station, and in a few minutes were at Cheadle. I there made certain that my man had got out. He had booked for Stockport and had given up his ticket; but do all we could, we could get no trace of him. He had left the station immediately on leaving the train; no one knew him, and we could find no one to tell us anything more. So, hoping perhaps to pick up a clue on the road, we walked back to Stockport and on to the town where he lived, which was a few miles the other side, but our tramp was in vain.

"We had left instructions at Stockport for Lamprey's lodgings to be watched; but by some blunder a man had not been sent there for some time, and, much to my anger and disgust, when I arrived at his house I found that he had been there, just for five minutes, his landlady said, and had left again with a bag of clothes.

"I was mightily savage, you may guess, both with myself and with the police of the place for not keeping a better lookout; but it was no use losing my head over it, and I at once set to work dodging his footsteps after he had left his lodgings: In the public house which he frequented I came across a man to whom I had previously spoken, who seemed to know Lamprey in a very distant sort of way, and I turned the conversation on the man I wanted.

"'Ah! I've just seen him,' said the fellow. 'About an hour ago, or maybe a little more. He was going to Macclesfield, he said, to catch the early train in the morning into Staffordshire, where he's got another job. He seemed in a mighty hurry, too.'"

"I had reason afterward to think that this man was the one who had given Lamprey warning, but whether that was so or not his information that night appeared to be correct, for I met several people who had seen Jack going across the fields toward Marple, which was his best way of getting to Macclesfield from the place he lived in; but when I arrived at Marple station I was at fault again, for no train had been out for quite two hours, and although I waited till the last train to Macclesfield had left, Lamprey did not show up.

"Tired, and vexed beyond description, I tramped back and got what rest I could, hoping that something might turn up in the morning to assist me in recovering the ground I had lost, but afraid that on once

I had let my quarry slip, and that I might never catch him, now that he was aware he was being tracked.

"Sure enough, the something did turn up in the morning, and something which confirmed my fears, though I felt that I had got my man dead, if I had missed him alive. The postman came round soon after seven, before it was quite light, and I had only just got up when a boy came running with a letter, which had been delivered at the police station. It bore the Marple postmark, and was addressed to 'The Detective from London.'

"Tearing it open, I read something like this: 'From John Lamprey. I know you are after me, and I know what for. I managed to keep out of your way to-night and I meant to try and get down south, but you are sure to have me, sooner or later, so I've determined to make an end of it. Look at the church steeple when you get this to-morrow morning.'

"The church steeple was a tall and prominent feature whichever way you turned, and I had only to go to the end of the street to get a full view of it. When I got there and looked up, I saw something that gave me a start. In the uncertain light of the early morning I could discern against the gray sky, hanging by the neck to one of the iron loops which serve for a ladder on the side of the spire, the figure of a man!

"So much for Jack Lamprey!" I said to myself, as I hurried to the police station. 'He has saved me any more trouble!'

"By the time I had been to the station and back to the church it was broad daylight, and, of course, the body hanging aloft had been seen, and a crowd had already collected, every one recognized it as Jack Lamprey.

"A strange freak," I remarked to the sergeant who was with me.

"I don't think so," he replied. 'Jack had made himself a sort of hero over going up to the spire to repair the vane and there was nothing more likely to occur to his mind than to finish his career at the same place.'

"There was no one round Stockport who would venture up the spire, and a telegram had to be sent to Stalybridge for a man to come and get the body down. It was past midday before the steepie-jack arrived, and by that time half Stockport had heard of the affair. Work was discarded, and an immense crowd collected to witness the sight. Every foot of the man's way up to the steeple was watched by thousands of eyes, and when at last he approached the swaying body of Jack Lamprey, the tongues which had been loudly wagging were hushed as by common consent.

"I shall never forget the few minutes that followed while the steepie-jack (now looking the size of a little child) made his way very cautiously close up to the body, and fixing a rope to it, made his preparations for lowering it to his assistant, who was waiting on the top of the square tower to receive it. There was something awfully sad and solemn about it all!

"In due course the assistant received the corpse, which he let down to the ground, and everyone around me remarked that he swung it roughly to the earth, without showing the respect which might have been looked for. In fact, some actually called out: 'Shame!'

"But all at once the hush which had fallen upon the crowd was broken by a storm of jeers and laughter! The thing which had given us all this trouble was nothing but a guy! And I never felt such a fool in all my life.

"So that he might get nearly a day's start, Lamprey had cleverly missed me the night before. While I had been wasting my time at Marple he had been employed in stuffing the suit of clothes which he had taken from his lodgings with straw, making a very passable representation of himself; and in the middle of the night he had climbed the steeple (which was child's play to him), and left his effigy there to deceive me and lull me into inaction.

"I need not dwell upon the chaff I received. It is too painful, even now, for me to recall without annoyance, but you may be sure that I quickly made myself scarce."

"Did the fellow get clear away?" asked some one.

"Yes. He took the train to the east coast and succeeded in getting to Holland unnoticed," replied Inspector Hookyer. "But he hanged himself in real earnest some considerable time afterward, leaving a letter behind admitting his guilt, and stating that his conscience troubled him so that he could not bear to live."—Tit-Bits.

K & C Pills tone and regulate the liver.

FUN AND ENTERTAINMENT FOR THE LITTLE ONES.

PARENTS AND OTHERS ARE DELIGHTED.

One Big Combination For Ten Cents.

Will you be in the rush and swim? Can you afford to pay ten cents for the biggest and most useful aggregation of interesting matter ever offered to the public?

Wells & Richardson Co., Montreal, manufacturers of the celebrated Diamond Dyes, having a desire to make a widespread introduction of their new "Excelsior Rhyming A B C Book, Illustrated," make the following extraordinary offer, good for thirty days.

FIRST: One "Excelsior Rhyming A B C Book, Illustrated," a real gem of lithographic art. It measures nine and a quarter inches long and six inches wide; the cover is rich and artistic; each letter of the Alphabet measures two and three quarter inches long and two inches wide, and no two letters are of the same color. Each letter has an appropriate illustration and a verse.

A leading Montreal school teacher says: "It is one of the very best and certainly the most attractive of mediums ever placed before the little tots from which to learn the English Alphabet."

The demand for this book novelty is already taxing the printing capacities of the lithographers.

SECOND: A full size Cabinet Photo of the "Three Future Kings of England,"—the Prince of Wales, his son the Duke of York, and the little son of the Duke. This photo is beautifully finished, fit for any parlor, and well worth from 25c to 40c.

THIRD: One package of the famous Diamond Dye Ink Powder, which makes sixteen ounces of pure and brilliant black writing ink, sufficient to supply a family for a year.

The above-mentioned combination, worth 65 cents, will be sent to any address for ten cents.

Send us ten (10) cents in money or stamps as soon as possible, so that your order may be filled promptly.

Send small silver coins, or the proper amount in one, two or three cents stamps. Stamps of large denomination will not be received.

Seal your letter securely, and before mailing by sure you put on full postage, three cents in stamps. If full postage is not prepaid, letters will not be accepted.

WELLS & RICHARDSON CO., Montreal, P. Q.

The Czar's Ironclad Train.

The Czar of all the Russias, the mightiest monarch in the world, travels in a railway train which is a combination of a fortress and a prison, says the New York Journal. He is obliged to do this because his life is sought by a secret society of conspirators who are more determined, more fearless and more unrelenting than any similar body in existence.

The train, which recently carried the young Czar on his international tour, which has created so great a sensation consisted of twelve carriages. It is undoubtedly the most remarkable train in the world, but at the same time is less luxurious than the private car of the ordinary American railway president or even a successful comic opera singer. This is in spite of the fact that the treasury of the vast Russian Empire is at the absolute personal command of the Czar.

The most amazing features of the train are the provisions made to defend the life of the Czar against a violent attack. Each car is heavily plated with steel armor of the kind that is used on the most modern warships. This armor, it is calculated would be proof against charges of high explosives. It is especially strong on the bottoms of the cars, for it is there that an explosion would most likely take effect. It may be recalled that a well-planned attempt was made to destroy the train of the late Czar about two years before he died, but that, although it was detailed and badly injured by the explosion, no harm was done to the Imperial family, on account of the strength of the armor plating. The train now in use by the Czar is even stronger than this was.

Justice.

Rev. Thomas Cumming, Truro, N. S.:—"It is only justice to say that your K. D. C. has been several times used by members of my family, and always with good results."

These burdens of life, palpitation of the heart, nervousness, headache, and gloomy forebodings, will quickly disappear if you use K. D. C. The Greatest Cure of the Age for all forms of Indigestion.

A Chinese Funeral.

A well conducted Chinese funeral is the most gorgeous sight in Asia. At the front of the funeral procession walk the noisy, musicless musicians. Then come men bearing the insignia of the dignity of the dead, if he had any. Next come more men, carrying figures of animals, umbrellas and blue and white streamers. After them come men carrying pans of perfume. Just before the coffin walk bonzes, Chinese priests. Over the coffin a canopy is usually carried. The casket is borne by about a score of men. Immediately behind the coffin walk the children of the deceased. The eldest son comes first. He is dressed in canvas, and leans heavily upon a stout stick. He is supposed to be too exhausted by grief and fasting to walk without the aid of the staff. The other children and relatives follow this chief mourner. They are clothed in white linen garments. The women are carried in chairs. They sob and wail at intervals and in unison. When the burying place is reached the bonzes begin chanting a mass for the dead, and the coffin is put into the tomb. A large oblong white marble table is placed before the tomb. On the middle of it is set a censer and two vases and two candlesticks, all of an exquisite workmanship as possible. Then they have a paper cremation! Paper figures of men, horses, garments and a score of other things are burned. They are supposed to undergo a material resurrection, and to be useful to the dead in the Chinese heaven. The tomb is sealed up or closed, and an entertainment concludes the ceremony at the grave.

As Seen From The Hills.

To one who spends most of his time in a big city it is pleasant to get out into the country occasionally for the sake of the sense of enlargement and expansion it gives. In the summer of 1892, being down in Lincolnshire, I happened to visit a place called Normandy-on-the-Wolds, situated in the highest part of that county. The landscape lay like a map beneath me. Lincoln Cathedral, over twenty miles distant, was distinctly visible; the German Ocean marked the boundary of our island on the east, and various towns and other objects of interest seemed almost within call. Such a view simplifies things; you apprehend their relations one to another better than you can from reading an armful of guide books.

To-day we have a letter written from that same place, and presently I'll show you why I am glad it came from Normandy-on-the-Wolds, and nowhere else.

"In the early part of 1890," says the writer, "I fell into a low, weak state of health. Before this I had always been a healthy woman, but at this time I was taken with a constant feeling of sickness and of dizziness in the head. The blood appeared to rush into my head whenever I rose to my feet quickly, or made any sudden movement.

"My appetite, which used to be strong and keen now began to give way, until by-and-by I had no relish for anything. What I did eat gave me much pain at the chest and around the sides, and a feeling of tingling or smarting between the shoulder-blades. I used to turn hot and then cold, and thought that some kind of fever might be coming upon me. Sometimes cold, clammy sweats would break out all over me, making me feel so prostrated and exhausted that I seemed on the point of fainting away.

"I took pills and other medicines, but they had no effect beyond giving a slight relief for perhaps a day or two, when I would be as bad as ever. I seemed to require something more than mere purgative medicines, as they only made me weaker every time I used them. But I knew not where to look for a cure, and so I suffered from the malady month after month, until I concluded there was no help for me.

"One day a small book was sent to our house full of tales about Mother Seigel's Syrup, and how it had cured different complaints after even the cleverest doctors had failed. Among them was a case almost exactly like mine, written word for word by the very woman who was cured, giving all the symptoms, dates and all other details, and signed with her name and where she lived.

"Convinced by this plain testimony, I got a bottle of Mother Seigel's Syrup from Mr. Willi in Bristol, the grocer and postmaster at Claxby. After using it two or three days I found great relief. I felt the return of appetite, and my food agreed with me; and after a few weeks' further use of the Syrup I was well and strong as ever. Two years ago my daughter suffered much in the same way as I had, and the same medicine cured her completely. I desire merely to add that the reading of the little book showed me that both my ailment and my daughter's was indigestion or dyspepsia, and nothing else; and I now recommend Mother Seigel's Syrup to all I meet. (Signed) Ellen Barker, The Dales, Normandy-le-Wold, near Market Rasen, Lincs., May 10th 1895."

Now the reading of that little book was to Mrs. Barker like looking out over the country from a hill-top. It showed her the way, just as she says. From having been puzzled and confused by the numerous so-called diseases she saw that most of them were nothing more than names of the symptoms of the one prevailing disease—dyspepsia. The one remedy for that disease soon set her right, and left her with a valuable bit of knowledge. Hills may be hard to plow, but they are good to see from.

ABOUT THE BLOOD IS YOURS PURE?

If Pure, You are Safe—otherwise You Are in Peril.

THE KIDNEYS ALONE

Purify the Blood—No other Organ Can—Dodd's Kidney Pills Help and Heal the Kidneys when Weak and Sore.

Is your blood pure? If it is, you are fit for all the duties and enjoyments of life, your eyes will be bright and your thought cheerful.

If pure you will have good digestion, strong nerves, and your heart will beat as regular as a clock.

If impure your blood will carry its impurities along to every nerve, tissue, joint and to every organ of the body; it will carry the seeds of disease, decay and death.

And there is only one way, one means by which it can be purified, and that is by healthy kidneys, and by them alone.

We are, indeed, fearfully and wonderfully made, but we are made just right if we only know how to keep so.

It does not matter how these impurities come, their effects are inevitable unless the kidneys are doing honest work twenty four hours every day.

You understand—there is no other organ that can do the work of the kidneys, and like the heart, they must keep right at it, tired or not.

But they are too often overworked by our imprudence in eating and drinking; they are disordered by chills, shocks and injuries; and they must be constantly looked to, and signs of distress promptly heeded.

Then, whenever they need help, give them the sovereign aid of the scientific discovery embodied in the kidney treatment of Dodd's Kidney Pills.

Sir Richard Burton.

The late Sir Richard Burton was, after the death of Cardinal Mezzofanti, considered the finest linguist in Europe, being the master of thirty-five languages and dialects. He came of a good English family, but had a strain of gypsy blood in him. At an early age he entered the Indian service under Sir Charles Napier. So thoroughly did he master the Afghan tongue and accustom himself to the ways of that nation, that disguised as an Afghan he made a pilgrimage to Mecca and kissed the Holy Black Stone like the devout Mussulman he pretended to be. Later he distinguished himself in African explorations, being connected with the Speke expedition which discovered the sources of the Nile. He was a great traveller, visiting all parts of the world; and after his marriage his wife accompanied him. He was the finest Arabic scholar of his time; and his translations have an enduring literary value. His mausoleum at Mortlake, Eng., is of white stone, shaped like the Arab tent so familiar to him and so typical of human life. The interior is chapel-like, fitted with rich oriental lamps and a shrine. Over the door, and below the crucifix, is an open book, upon one page of which was carved the epitaph. His wife, who died a few months ago is buried with him.

Sad Complaints.

Ladies Must Protect Themselves

Several ladies have recently written to the manufacturers of Diamond Dyes complaining of having received very worthless dyes from certain dealers (whose names are known) instead of the Diamond Dyes that were asked for.

The manufacturers of Diamond Dyes, while they deplore this unwise and dishonest practice of substituting, cannot give any greater protection to the public than they are now affording in the way of warnings through the columns of the press.

All buyers of dyes who ask for the Diamond Dyes should look for the name on the outer envelope. If the name "Diamond" is not seen, rest assured you are being offered some miserable imitation.

Diamond dyes are the only perfect dyes in the world for home dyeing. The best druggists and dealers sell them.

CASTORIA.

The Family Remedy of Dr. J. C. Williams. It is on every wrapper.