

Board Office

# THE REVIEW

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## THE GREAT NORTH SHORE ROUTE!

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## THE LIMITS OF ENDURANCE.

BY MORGAN ROBERTSON.

"Looks like a down east bottom," said Capt. Davis to his first mate, as he scanned the curious object on the weather bow through the glasses. "I suppose 't' capsize in the squall this noon."

"Yes," said the mate. "Guess so. That's copper paint—not moral. It's the first time I've seen a big craft bottom up. They don't get over so far, as a rule. Shall I get the boat down and try to read her name? Can't be far under water."

"No. It'll be known in time. Her crew can't be far off unless they're drowned. She's a big fellow—may be a four-stocker. Keep away on the course, Mr. Baker."

The schooner Claremont, of Bath, paid off and the object of discussion—a hull, bottom up, showing a glistening keel about three feet above the mean plane of the heaving ground swell—swung to a point on the quarter and became dim and obscure in the increasing gloom of the evening. Naked and desolate it looked to the crew as they watched it recede—an ironical commentary on ship-owner's hopes and plans; a dismal reminder of their own probable ending.

"She's floating on the air in the hold," said one of them, an active young giant in a blue shirt, to his mates on the forecastle deck. "When it has all leaked through the seams, she'll be close to the bottom."

"In my opinion," said a grizzled old tar seated on the cat-head; there's something wrong with the build of a craft that'll act like that. Think so, Ransom?"

"Yes, Bill; there is," said the other, as he turned a pair of thoughtful brown eyes on the questioner. "You see there's little dead-rise there—practically, a flat bottom. That means more cargo room for the same draught of water. But if a craft like that gets over far enough bury her canvas, she's apt to go the rest of the way."

The speaker, whose sun-burned face wore an expression of intelligence not often found in the forecastle, began pacing the weather side of the deck—for he was on lookout—his fine proportions showing in a pleasing silhouette against the lessening light of the western sky.

Soon, eight bells sounded from aft, and springing lightly off the forecastle to the fore hatch, he repeated it on the heavy bell hung to the foremast. It marked a change of watches and he was presently relieved. A light air blew the Claremont to the southward until midnight; then it failed, and with canvas idly flapping, and booms tugging alternately at sheets and boom-tackles, as she rolled in the trough of the oily swell, the schooner lay helpless.

At one o'clock, Mr. Todd, the second mate, sleepily lounging over the bulwarks was startled into wakefulness by a hearty hail from the port beam.

"Schooner, ahoy; will you take us aboard?" said the voice.

The sound of oars thumping between thole-pins was heard, and a dark object loomed out of the gloom.

"Who are you?" shouted the officer.

"The crew of the schooner Walkure."

The man at the wheel, the blue-shirted sailor called Ransom, uttered an audible exclamation, and holding the jerking wheel with one hand, leaned toward the rail and peered at the approaching boat.

"Come alongside," answered the second mate; then he tapped at the captain's window, who presently appeared.

"What's the trouble?" he asked.

"Boat alongside, sir; Walkure's crew they say. May belong to the craft we passed."

"Come aboard," called Capt. Davis, as the boat bumped against the side of the schooner. Eight men clambered over the rail—one with the painter, which he made fast to a cleat—and mustered aft near the poop, where Capt. Davis met them.

"Is the captain on deck?" asked a tall young fellow stepping out of the group with a confident, careless swing of his shoulders, and speaking in a musical accent of voice, which, though pleasant on the whole, had a flippant ring to it. It was the voice that had hailed.

"I am the captain."

"Our schooner turned turtle yesterday noon captain. The skipper drowned before our eyes, but we couldn't help him. His daughter, Miss Downs, was below at the time, and we never saw her again. I am the mate, this is the second mate, and these are the crew."

"We must have passed your vessel at sundown. So that was the Walkure. I knew Captain Downs and his family. It will be sad news for his wife. The young lady, as I remember her was very handsome. Have you saved anything?"

"Nothing but what we stand in, sir. We had the boat over to paint, or we couldn't have got away ourselves."

"Well, make yourselves snug as you can forward. Mr. Todd, rouse up the cook to give these men a bite or two. Make the boat fast astern, and we'll lift it up in the morning. There won't be any wind to-night."

The captain stepped down; the rescued men disappeared in the direction of the fore-castle, and as Mr. Todd carried the boat's painter aft, the man at the wheel spoke to him.

"Mr. Todd," he said; "will you ask Johnson to take the wheel a moment? That was my last ship. I'd like to talk to those fellows."

"Johnson," bawled the officer; "lay aft—relieve the wheel."

Johnson, who had steered the last trick, came aft grumbling to himself, and the other, giving him the course sped forward and burst into the fore-castle, where the newcomers had settled themselves on boxes and chests. Seizing the young mate by the collar, he demanded, hoarsely:—"Is Jessie drowned?"

"Hello, Mr. Ransom—you here?" said the other. "Let go. What's the—"

"Don't mister me, Tom Ackland. I'm fore the mast here. Answer me."

"Yes; she must be. She couldn't get out 'o the cabin, and we couldn't help her. She must ha' been drowned at once."

"And you left without finding out? Left her to drown or smother in that cabin? Don't you know your trade?"—he shifted his fingers to the throat of the mate, shaking him vigorously—"don't you know that there's air enough in that cabin to keep her alive for hours? Oh but you did know—you did know. Only you haven't the nerve to risk your precious life. You're the same cur to-day that you were at school—who'd throw a stone and run. You took my place in that schooner. You were in charge—and you pulled away and left that girl to die—the girl that threw me over for you. Oh, you hound. And she thought you were a man."

His voice ended in broken accents of grief and rage. Releasing his hold, he sank down on a chest and covered his face with his hands, while convulsive shudders ran through his great frame. The mate, nearly black in the face from his choking stood up and drew away from him, muttering as soon as he could speak, "I'm as much of a man as you are—any day."

"Think she may be alive yet, Ransom?" asked old Bill from his bunk.

Ransom lifted his head. "What cargo did you have, men?" he asked, addressing the awe-struck and rather shame-faced crew of the Walkure.

"None, sir; we were flying light from Havana," answered one, in the tone of respect for an officer, which Ransom, even as a foremast hand, could so easily enforce.

"And when did you go over?"

"At noon, sir, said another; "I was at the wheel, and she'd just stepped down. She'd been asking me what you'd shipped in, but I couldn't tell her."

Ransom slowly raised himself to his feet, his face lighting with an expression of hope. "At noon," he muttered; "13 hours—there's a chance; there's a chance yet." He bounded through the fore-castle door and ran aft, followed by the rest.

"Mr. Todd," he said, as he reached the poop; "will you call the captain?"

"What for?"

"There's a girl in the cabin of that schooner back yonder."

"Great Scott! Is that so?" Mr. Todd tapped a second time at the captain's win-

down, and again Captain Davis appeared, somewhat ruffled at being called twice on such a fine night.

"Captain Davis," said Ransom, excitedly, "Captain Downs' daughter is in the cabin of the Walkure. Will you let us take the boat back and try to get her out? There's time yet."

"What's that you say?" answered the captain. "In that cabin? I thought she was drowned."

"No, sir," shouted Ransom; "she was below and was caught there; but there's air in the hold, Captain, and Jessie can swim. Anyhow, she could float on the table or chairs."

"Did you know her Ransom?"

"I was mate on that craft for five years Captain."

"Where is the present mate of that vessel?" asked the captain. From the rear of the crowd of men, came Ackland, Captain Davis scanned him, closely, then in a grave tone of voice, asked:—"Is it true, sir, that you left a young woman in that cabin?"

"She's there, Captain, dead or alive," answered Ackland. "I don't see how we could have got her out at any time. If we cut through the bottom—which we couldn't do without tools—the schooner'd sink 'fore we got to her. I've been abused for not doing the impossible; just the same I'll make one to go back, if any one goes." He gave Ransom a look of hatred.

Captain Davis took a turn along the deck before speaking again.

"Ransom," he said as he faced him, "it is a hard thing to tell you in your present frame of mind. I understand how you feel. But the hull is low in the water and sinking all the time. When we passed her, six hours ago, the cabin floor must have been close to the surface of the water inside; by this time it is over it, and Miss Downs is dead."

"But there's a hatch in that floor," answered Ransom vehemently, "which would fall off as the craft went over. She could get through it into the hold. Give me one man and the boat, Captain, and I'll get her."

"No you could not; it is folly. I have no authority to prevent these men from taking to their boat again, but I cannot permit you, or any member of my crew to leave this vessel. Go forward men."

"Take your wheel, Ransom," said Mr. Todd.

"By heaven, I won't," said Ransom, and before any one knew what he was about to do, he had sprung to the taffrail and mounted into the schooner's one boat hanging to the davits. Raising his foot he brought the heel of a heavy sea boot down on the bottom. A plank gave way leaving a gaping hole. Springing inboard he cast off the painter of the Walkure's boat, and dropping into it, shoved off and was a dozen feet away before the astounded captain had grasped the situation.

"Ransom, come back here. This is mutinous. Mr. Todd, examine our boat and see what he's done to it. Come back—do you hear?" sputtered the captain. Ransom, master of the situation, answered quietly:

"I'll come back if I succeed, Captain, and you wait for me." Dropping an oar over the stern, he sculled the boat alongside and called:—"Where's that cowardly hound who thinks he's a man? Jump in here and prove your manhood, Tom Ackland. I want help."

"Come closer," snarled Ackland, springing on the rail, Ransom sheered the boat in, and he leaped lightly into her.

"Jump in, the rest of you, and bring that man back," shouted the Captain, and some of the men followed Ackland to the rail, but no farther, for Ransom held his oar—longer than the jump would be—poised aloft; and they knew his strength.

"That was a brave jump," he sneered to Ackland; "and he didn't even wet his feet." He pushed the boat away with the oar.

"Captain Davis," he called, "will you give me the course through the first watch?"

"Yes, you suicidal fool; due south."

The captain had just learned of the damage to his boat, and unable to pursue Ransom, was disposed to make the best of it. "I'll come back and pick you up when the wind comes, Ransom," he added; "but I shall punish you for this."

"Thank you, Captain. I'll make for the Pole star and allow that the wreck is about twenty miles back. Any one else want to come and help?"

There was no answer, and Ransom turning to his motionless companion, commanded contemptuously:—"Get out an oar there, and go to work." The other obeyed. Ransom ranged the bright star Sirius over to the boat's quarter so that the Pole star hung over the bow, and silently the two men pulled away, Ransom

the stronger, at the stroke oar, and Ackland behind him. The latter must have been unable, if called upon, to explain his motives in joining in this expedition. Smarting with humiliation, he had but blindly thought of revenge or justification, and on the reckless impulse of the moment, and possessing enough of the acquired courage of a seaman to make light of the danger in an open boat at sea, he had volunteered, and then been goaded into following Ransom.

Ransom, on the contrary, felt, as the captain, had termed him, suicidal in his desperation. He had defied his superior, deserted his duty, and was ready to attempt a feat that would appal the heart of any reflective man; and not only that, but to drag, or force into danger and perhaps death this man whom he had insulted, and whom he held negatively responsible for the peril of Jessie Downs.

"Lay back on that oar, there," he ordered. "I'll do the steering."

"What are you going to do?" asked the other, as he panted at the oar.

"Thrash you within an inch of your life, if I save her; kill you if I don't."

Ackland felt that this speech, delivered in a cool quiet tone of concentrated and suppressed rage, was not an idle one. His heart beat painfully against his ribs as he pulled at the oar, but he did not answer, and Ransom went on: "You've about had your day, Tom Ackland. I've stood by you all your life—too long, by far. I fought your battles at school, because I liked your smooth voice and good looks. And you sneaked on me then. But I kept it up. I made you a sailor and taught you your work. I got you your first berth in the cabin and posted you in navigation. I supposed like a fool, that I'd won your friendship, or at least your good will. But you've cut my throat whenever you thought you could benefit. You lied about me to Captain Downs and got him down on me. I'd have been the next captain in the employ; now I'm 'fore-the-mast again. You found out I was fond of Jessie and from that moment there was a change in her. You told her that I was drunk at Key West when you knew it was swamp fever. In short after coming between me and all that makes life valuable—after winning Jessie away from me, by your lies, you've left her to die by inches, rather than risk your worthless life to save her. Pray, if you know how, that we get there in time."

Strapped to Ransom's broad back was a sailor's sheath-knife, which Ackland's eyes rested upon. A murderous impulse, born of hatred and fear possessed him for a moment, and he reached for it; but the action disturbed the balance of the boat, and he missed—his knuckles pressing into Ransom's side.

"Take the stroke oar," said Ransom, arising with a stormy smile; "I'll need you a little while longer, but you want watching."

Ackland sullenly obeyed, and for two hours the strange voyage continued before the next word was spoken; then Ackland panted out; "I'm spent."

"Pull in your oar and get your wind," said Ransom, arising and jerking his own oar into the socket at the stern. With might strokes, which indicated no inroads of fatigue, he forced the boat onward at nearly the former speed, while Ackland leaned over his oar.

"Got any tobacco?" asked Ransom.

"No."

"Here." He drew forth a plug of Navy and handed it down to the man he had promised to kill. Ackland was a sailor or with a sailor's wants, and like Ransom, imbued with the ethics of the forecastle—where tobacco is common property. He bit off a piece and gave it back.

"How can we get her out," he asked.

"We?" said Ransom, slowly and scornfully. "We will pull the boat to the wreck, and you will watch the boat while I get her out. I know you too well to expect you to help; also I know in your black heart you've enough feeling for her to induce you to stand by with this boat. Otherwise I wouldn't trust you."

"And I suppose, if you do get her out, you think you'll marry her on account of it," answered Ackland, maliciously.

Ransom's face became, in the starlight, frightful to see. "Got your wind?" he asked in a low voice. "Get to work, if you have."

He stepped forward to his seat again and they pulled in silence for a half hour longer; then on the eastern horizon appeared the first flush of daylight.

"In with your oar," said Ransom; "we've run the distance."

Silently they waited—Ackland seated on the thwart; Ransom erect to full stature, while the light brightened and broadened; then when the horizon to the southward was defined, a sail was seen—

**Kent and Kings.**

Nov. 11.—The 5th showed that Kings is as strongly Orange as Kent is Catholic, but as in Kent so in Kings, all live together in peace and harmony. As an example, the last 12th of July celebration held at Sussex, the grand master, who, as people say, acts as King William, always rides a white horse, and two white horses were offered Grand Master Fowler on that occasion and both offers came from Catholics. In politics in Kent, for the dominion, the candidate must be a Catholic, and in the opinion of one-third of the people, he should be a Frenchman, the ability of the man plays no part in the matter, if he is an Acadian and pushes his claim, it matters not about his abilities and in the local, the Protestants are allowed one to two Acadians. According to this fight the Irish Catholic is not in it, although just at present they are very much in it as they have a man whom all can appreciate as an ornament to the Commons or on the platform and after fighting them out when the Acadian ranks were broken, he afterwards succeeded in winning enough allies from his opponents ranks to ensure his remaining in public life for many years to come. Still Calixte Molasses or Raphael Dorion could come to the front and give him a hard run for it. In Kings, a man may have to be a Protestant, that remains to be proved, as no Catholic has ever come forward to claim the suffrages of the people. This County was always Conservative until 1882, when Hon. Dr. Foster and Col. Domville commenced their long series of fights. In the two fights of that year they were both Conservatives with Mr. Foster as Independent. In 1885, he was in the government and Col. Domville was an Independent Conservative, again, in 1887, the same old fight, but in 1891, the Colonel was a liberal or an independent liberal. Through all these fights, there were old liberals who would not vote for a Conservative or for the Colonel whom they had fought for a dozen years, therefore, they stayed home, a strong body of temperance people left the liberal ranks to join the Conservatives while about 1890 followed Jimmy Domville wherever he listeth, the fight became a fight between Foster and Domville and had very little to do with politics. Foster always downed the Colonel but had always to fight a hard fight. At last the party decided it would be better to put Foster in a safe county and speak and work throughout the dominion. Then came the 1896 fight with the Colonel against a new man and the new man had to go to the wall. But Kings county is a Conservative if Domville was out of the road. It is safe to say that no man need try to enter politics in Kings unless he has good ability from some political aspect. In local politics, the question of having the candidates from different localities has generally been conceded, but now even that is denied and two of the local members live in Sussex and the third back of Sussex, about twelve miles. In Kings a fight becomes very bitter but church and race never enters into it.

## REBUILDING

### THE OLD AND BROKEN-DOWN HOUSE.

#### Keeping the Structure in Good Condition.

#### FILLING IT WITH HEALTH, COMFORT AND HAPPINESS.

When a house becomes dilapidated and beyond the possibility of repair, it is recommended to make room for a structure that will have strength and permanency.

Our bodies, when not properly cared for become frail, weak and broken-down, and when the work of rebuilding is not commenced in time, death surely claims the wasted and worn-out frame, and it is removed forever.

Can we rebuild our wasted bodies? Yes; the work can be done even though the spark of life glimmers but fitfully and feebly. This work of rebuilding is done through the use of Paine's Celery Compound, that marvellous medicine which has brought new life to so many in the past. This heaven-sent remedy acts directly on the great nervous system, giving new strength to every nerve, makes fresh, vitalizing blood, increases weight, and gives fresh power to every bone and muscle.

When this is accomplished by Paine's Celery Compound, it is easy work to keep the rebuilt house or human structure in good condition. Ordinary care in diet, sleep and general living will surely keep up the good work. Then will the rebuilt man or woman be filled with true health, comfort and happiness, and life will be worth living.

Will you, dear reader, rebuild your broken-down system? The work can be accomplished by you if you call to your aid Paine's Celery Compound. No physician is required to aid you, and you have no heavy bill to meet after you are made well and whole. The work has been done for thousands of others; will you have your share of the good that it bestows?

**No Mail for the Wattses.**

A lantern-jawed young man called at the Montserrat Record post office and asked:

"Anything for the Wattses?"

"Nothing," replied the postmaster.

"Anything for Jane Watts?"

"No."

"Anything for Ace Watts?"

"No."

"Anything for Bill Watts?"

"Nothing!"

"Anything for fool Joe Watts?"

"No, nor Jim Watts nor any other Wattses, dead or living, unborn, native or foreign, civilized or uncivilized, savage or barbarous, male or female, white or black, franchised or disfranchised, naturalised or otherwise. No, there is positively nothing for any of the Wattses, either individually severally, jointly, now and forever, one and inseparable."

The boy looked up at the postmaster in astonishment and said:

"Please look if there is anything for John Thomas Watts."

**IN THE DARK VALLEY.**

"Dodd's Kidney Pills have Saved My Life." This is said by Thousands.—Prevention is the Safest.

"In the valley and shadow of death"—"Given up to die." There are many thousands of such living in Canada to-day who say—"Dodd's Kidney Pills have saved my life."

No matter to what stage the disease may have come, do not despair. The triumphs of Dodd's Kidney Pills have been won in exactly such fights for life.

People make mistakes, and jump to wrong conclusions; doctors themselves don't always know. It is much safer to take Dodd's Kidney Pills than to take chances. Of course these grave cases have simple beginnings, and that is the time that a single box prevents, which is better than curing.

**An Irish Gentleman.**

The seats were all full, and one was occupied by a rough-looking Irishman. At one of the stations a couple of well-bred and intelligent-looking young ladies came in to procure seats, but seeing no vacant ones were about to go into another car, when Patrick rose hastily and offered them his seat with evident pleasure. "But you will have no seat for yourself," responded one of the ladies with a smile, and with truest politeness hesitating to accept it. "Never ye mind that," said the Irishman, "yer welcome to it. I'd ride upon the cow-ketcher any time from here to New York for a smile from such gentlewomanly ladies," and he retreated into the next car, amid the applause of those who witnessed the incident.

## MUNYON'S DYSPEPSIA CURE

Munyon's Stomach and Dyspepsia Cure cures all forms of indigestion and stomach trouble, such as rising of food, distress after eating, shortness of breath, palpitation and all affections of the heart caused by indigestion, wind on the stomach, bad taste, offensive breath, loss of appetite, faintness or weakness of the stomach, headache from indigestion, soreness of the stomach, coated tongue, heart burn, shooting pains of the stomach, constipation, dizziness, faintness and lack of energy. Price 25 cents.

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Munyon's Kidney Cure specially cures pains in the back, loins or groins and all forms of kidney disease. Price 25c.

Munyon's Vitalizer restores lost powers to weak men. Price \$1.

A separate syringe for each disease. At all druggists, mostly 25 cents a bottle.

Personal letters to Prof. Munyon, 11 & 13 Albert St., Toronto, answered with free medical advice for any disease.

At a meeting of one of the medical societies in Brooklyn recently, the body of a newly born baby was shown which had a tail nearly an inch long, and feet that were divided for one half their length, making a veritable cloven foot. It was studied with interest because of its bearing on the question of how the original man may have been constructed.

For immediate relief after eating use K.D.C.

(Continued on Page 3.)