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THE GREAT NORTH SHOR ROUTE!

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The Last Answer.

Dying eyes, what do ye see?
I see the love that hideth me;
The look that, lighting, leans to bless,
The little daily tenderness;
Smiles without words; the sweet sure sign
Which says in silence, I am thine,
Returning feet met at the door;
Alas! for those which run no more!
Ah, me, for lips that whispered, "Dear!
Earth is all heaven, for thou art here,
I see a figure like a stone;
The house where one sits alone,
O God, have pity! for I see
The desolated needing me.

MY LAST AFFAIR.

I know there's no fool like an old fool. Hundreds of everybody's acquaintances prove it, every hour of every day; yet it was more or less of a surprise that I myself should take my fling at that ancient folly. For I must confess now that I have. Last June I was fifty-seven; I suppose I may say I am old. But if I am old, I am not gray. I am very straight thanks to my service long ago under Sherman, and I don't know that I have a pain. Last autumn I took up the wheel; I am a member of three golf clubs, I still can sit even an uncertain horse with some skill, and my nerve is still mine, for I hold and keep a record with the rifle. I may say that I am still susceptible, with some pride, too! But I thought myself beyond the loss of my judgment in such an affair.

agreeable women don't always, and the disagreeable ones often do have—I should become a beast of burden; a beast, because a worried man often becomes that; a beast with a burden of worries about making ends meet. So, coming to town as I did, I let other fellows work for the money, the luxuries, and the irresistible girls, while I enjoyed their fruits. I mean that I appreciated their cooks, or their pictures, and basked in their wives' smiles which, if more sincere for them, at least never became a frown for me.

And they married, and worked, and became distinguished, and had riches, and reputations, little or great, and children to live up to, and grew old, and worn, and disagreeable; while I—I have told you what I am at fifty-seven because I have been content to eliminate worry.

It was the most natural thing in the world, then, for Jack Bellington to invite me for the thousandth time to his house in Westchester. Jack was a dear fellow when we were boys in college; a disagreeable fellow since he has become the great Bellington, the lawyer whose income—a small measure of his capacity—is greater than that of the President of the United States; but of course Jack is too clever a man ever to be President.

"You know you go to everybody's house, Phil, and you are so infernally popular that you never come to ours. Oh, you may pay a bit of a visit now and then in town on Clarissa. But this is different. You must, positively must. It's a house party for Clarissa Second."

"Is she like Clarissa First?" said I. Clarissa First is Jack's wife, with whom I had been madly in love thirty years ago, and whom, for the reasons I have stated, let Jack marry. Now she is too fat, too dowager-like. Bless me, that was a narrow escape I had thirty years ago!

"She is prettier than her mother ever was at twenty," Jack went on. "She is just from that French convent; and how is it, Phil, that girls brought up in convents, as my wife would have Clarissa, always have more men about them? I'm afraid she is a sad little flirt. I had six youngsters approach me on the subject in so many weeks. I was frightened at first, they were such callow youths. But Clarissa just cast down her eyes, and said, 'Papa, they will make fools of themselves—I can't help it.' The only one out last winter. You were in Cairo, weren't you? She has been making time tell, that little girl of mine. Once we—my wife and I—did have a fright. There's young Digges, down in my office, a clever enough boy, but without a penny, and he seemed to be around too much. But Clarissa First put her foot down; Clarissa Second cried for a week, and then seemed to get over it. Digges left me, and went over to Peabody's office. I miss him some in getting up my briefs; but a fellow must think of his own daughter's future, you know."

Hang it, old man, thought I, how you old chaps forget! Weren't you an impecunious young chap when I let you win Clarissa First? I was discreet enough only to think this. I never combat people's prejudices.

"And," he chattered on—he had had several Scotchies; I never go beyond one—"it was all well enough. Young Tom Roaringby has taken Digges' place, with some others. I hope it's young Tom. He's such a nice fellow; doesn't make a fool of himself, as he might with all that money. I'd like to turn 'em all out; but I suppose there'll have to be one, some day; and I want him to be nice like Tom. Oh, h'm, it's late. I have a deal of work on to-morrow. Now we'll expect you to Phil. Clarissa First never will forgive you, if you don't. There'll be Job Piper and his wife, and the Roaringbys, and Van Brules—just a fit house full. Take the three o'clock train, and you'll have time to dress at your leisure. It's for a week at least, you know."

Well, I went. I was a bit late, for I didn't catch the three o'clock. As I came down they were waiting, and Job Piper was telling one of his detestable stories. Everybody laughs and groans inwardly. Piper has been telling those stories for years; I know 'em all.

"You see I was pretty ill, I can tell you," came Job's voice. "I should have died if it hadn't been for an accident."

"What accident, Mr. Piper?" came a pretty voice, like Clarissa First's voice thirty years since. Now will you believe it?—my ancient heart began to beat. Well, as I say, I am still a young man.

"Now don't Job," said Mrs. Piper. "It was the accident, Miss Bellington, of waking up one night and hearing my wife's voice. I listen'd."

her sleep. My hair—all I have left—stood on end. From that moment I began to get well, and now—"

"How can you, Job?" said Mrs. Piper. I had heard the same story a dozen times. In the perfunctory laughter—which I was relieved from sharing, thanks to my hesitation on the stair—I entered, making a relieved hush while Clarissa First (she really was fatter) greeted me. Then I turned around to see her as she was thirty years ago—as she was now, rejuvenated, in Clarissa Second. My heart beat ridiculously. Can you believe it of me? I went at it, deliberately—with the shrewdness of many, many affairs—to outshine that boy, Tom Roaringby.

And I did, young Cressus that he is; that is, I apparently did. She smiled on me; she listened to me; she exclaimed at all my war stories that I had not trotted out for many a year. She rode with me, avoiding Roaringby. Jack and Clarissa First smiled approval of Clarissa Second. They did not think me dangerous. But I began to think I was; this was after some days, you understand.

Sometimes there was a touch of color in her face, a glimpse of a quickly hid expression in her eyes. Could it be I asked? She certainly gave me preference among all of that house party. I saw that; and Jack and Clarissa First never noticed in their sleek lack of suspicion. It became a question to me whether I was acting honorably; and then I forgot all considerations, even those of the hospitality I was enjoying, as if I were an unbridled boy—and I was an old boy.

Still, there were no sentimental speeches until that fatal afternoon. We were returning alone through the little wood. I heard her sigh.

"Ah, Miss Clarissa!" said I. Then she showed me her eyes. I tried to take her hand.

"Dear major," said she, drawing it away, "this life is unendurable to me."

"And why, Miss Clarissa?" said I. "You have everything."

"Excepting one thing," said she. "My dear young lady, I wish I were twenty—thirty years younger!"

"You don't look a bit more than thirty-five."

"You may appreciate my condition when I say I believed her."

"You flatter me—"

"You are the dearest man, Major Wynne."

"Oh, Miss Clarissa," said I, like a sentimental spinster.

"And you always will be dear to me, major, if—"

What could I say? I was in love—yes, I say it frankly, in love as I never had been even with Clarissa First.

"My dear Clarissa," said I, taking both her hands.

"And you will, major?" said she. "What?" said I.

"Elope," said Clarissa.

Well, I dropped her hands. I stared at her. I never had considered myself so irresistible as that. Yet it might be; I still, as I have stated, am of a passably good figure.

"To-night," she went on. "You will major, now please—for me. And you will be more than my father."

"Ah, Miss Clarissa, said I. I began to feel the need of formality.

Tears suddenly were in her eyes. "They are so unkind!"

I took her hands again; yes, I kissed her.

"At the end of the garden walk there will be—"

"Charlie Digges, and a church—"

"Charlie has arranged that."

"And afterward, what am I to do?" I added.

"You are to turn back and tell papa and mamma."

"Oh, I am, am I?"

"You are, major."

She raised her face nearer mine; yes, she kissed me.

"Well, Miss Clarissa, I will," said I; "I promise I will."

"You dear major, I could hug you!"

"You mustn't me, only Charlie Digges," said I gravely.

"Yes, major," said she demurely. "Come. It's time to dress for dinner."

And we sauntered up to the house, she on my arm.

"I can trust you, major—after dinner," she said, nodding back.

I didn't answer then. I followed her in; and as I dressed I swore just a bit—as a bachelor may, who has no one to correct his profanity. Could I do it? Why, it would be a terrible abuse of Jack's friendship, to say nothing of his hospitality. At dinner, I positively shivered.

At first I did not dare look at her. I looked at Jack; at Clarissa First. It was a horrid dinner; and Piper told stories.

After dinner I thought I might escape; but Clarissa Second put her arm in mine.

"The major and I are going to take a walk," said she.

"It's very dreadful, you and the major," Clarissa First called after us. Young Tom Roaringby glared at me.

When we were beginning the garden path, I turned and said hoarsely:

"I can't."

"You can!"

"I can't."

"Dear, dear major!"

Well, I went. At the end of the garden path were a carriage and Digges.

"Oh, Charlie," said she, as red as the western sky just then glowing across the Westchester hills. "You dear major," she added, from Charlie's arms.

"You dear major," said Digges—confronted the young puppy!

"And tell them, dear major, that they must forgive us. You can make it all right, major."

The carriage drove away; once she looked back, smiling from the window. I turned back to the house, until suddenly what I had done appeared before me in all its enormity. I rushed back to the gate, and called after the retreating carriage. The chirrup of crickets mocked me. But I couldn't return to the house. I ran, like a coward down the road, in a dinner-coat. Luckily I had a hat. I ran like some frightened creature—as a deer runs, as a thief may run, as a man who runs from a confidence betrayed. At last, getting some method in my madness, I went to the station, just as the eight thirty train was pulling out.

Clarissa First, Clarissa Second and Charlie Digges.

They all beckoned. I saw, and understood with a great relief.

"Ah, Phil, you were right," said Jack Bellington.

"Yes, major, you were right," said Clarissa First bitterly.

"You dear, lovely major," said Clarissa Second.

"Major, you are a trump," said Digges.

"You see, dear madam, I understood what was for the best," said I, making my best bow to Clarissa First, and rejoicing in the consciousness that my social prestige was restored—may, increased.

Clinton Ross.

TIME ABOUT UP SO HE THOUGHT

Taken in Time Dodd's Kidney Pills Save a Life Once more.

THE ABSOLUTE TRUTH

I was Diabetic and Thought incurable—but when the Proper Treatment was used the Patient Recovered.

Barrie, Oct. 29.—(Special) Your correspondent had no difficulty in locating Mr. Frederick Stokes, of this town, as he is well known and enjoys the confidence of all who know him. The particulars of his recovery still excite enthusiasm as marvellous cures everywhere do. When found at his business he said:—

It was about a year and a half ago that I began to suffer with lameness of the back. I soon began to run down rapidly in health, becoming in a short time very weak. In misery, and unable to work, one of the best doctors in town consulted told me that my trouble was diabetes. Meanwhile I had lost forty-five pounds in weight, and his medicine was doing me no good.

I thought my time was about up until a friend told me he knew of several cases similar to mine, cured by Dodd's Kidney Pills.

This gave me hope though I felt ashamed to let the doctor know that I had changed my medicine, however I was encouraged by the help I got from the first box and so kept on.

To shorten the story; all I have to say is that four boxes entirely restored my strength with something added. In short I feel better than for years and perfectly cured.

The success of Dodd's Kidney Pills have been won in just such contests as the above described—in hopeless cases.

When the sufferer lets go his hold on other remedies, and realizes the fact that this great kidney treatment has never yet failed, then he demonstrates its value by using it and getting well.

In hundreds of cases of Dropsy, Bright's disease, Diabetes and Paralysis, when friends had given the sufferer up to die, Dodd's Kidney Pills have promptly saved patients.

With such power to cure in extreme cases, can it be doubted that the small beginnings of these diseases will yield promptly to the virtues of Dodd's Kidney Pills.

THE MUMMY'S CURSE.

A Weird Prophecy on an Egyptian Mummy Case Fulfilled.

As a kind of souvenir of his adventures in Egypt and the Sudan, Mr. Ingram, an English gentleman, travelling in Africa, bought a mummy for £50 from the English consul at Luxor. The mummy was that of a priest of Thebis, and it bore a mysterious inscription. After obtaining the necessary permits, Ingram sent the mummy home in a baggage which was opened by his brother-in-law at the office of the Times, London News, &c. Over the face was a painted mummy mask, which is now deposited in the British Museum.

The last-mentioned inscription was asked to send along an expert to decipher and translate the inscription, which was long and blood-curdling. It set forth that whoever disturbed the body of the priest should himself be deprived of descent, and he should meet with a violent death, and his mangled remains would be carried down by a rush of waters to the sea.

This is the first part of a fascinating narrative of real life. Some time after sending the mummy home, Mr. Ingram and Sir Henry Meux were entertained at a dinner in Southampton, when one day the ladies brought in a great child of three or four, saying it was the spot of the biggest

elephant in the world.

The temptation was too much for the two sportsmen, so they hunted up that herd "I've left my elephant-gun behind," cried Sir Henry, in dismay. "Take mine," said Ingram, generously, leaving himself with a comparatively impotent small-bore. When they sighted the elephants, Sir Henry went after a bull, and Mr. Ingram turned his attention to an enormous cow. His method was to turn round in his saddle, fire a shot, and then gallop his pony on ahead, dodging the infuriated elephant among the trees. At last, looking back for another shot, he was swept out of his saddle by the drooping bough of a tree. The moment he reached the ground the wounded elephant was upon him, goring and trampling him to death, notwithstanding the heroism of his Somali servant, who poured a charge of shot right into the monster's ear. For days the elephant would not let anyone approach the spot, but eventually Mr. Ingram's remains were reverently gathered up and buried for the time being in a nullah, or ravine. Never again was the body seen, for when an expedition was afterwards despatched to the spot, only one sock, and part of a human bone was found; these pitiful relics were subsequently interred at Aden with military honors. It was found that the floods caused by heavy rains had washed away Mr. Ingram's remains, thereby fulfilling the ancient prophecy—the awful threat of the priest of Thebis.—Strand Magazine.

sure to win.

The people recognize and appreciate real merit. That is why Hood's Sarsaparilla has the largest sales in the world. Merit in medicine means the power to cure. Hood's Sarsaparilla cures—absolutely permanently cures it the One True Blood Purifier. Its superior merit is an established fact, and merit wins.

Hood's Pills are easy to take, easy to operate. Cure indigestion, headache.

It wasn't sanctity.

"How beautiful is reverence in the young," said the new pastor as he laid his large white hand on the head of the merry lad. "It is easy to see, ma'am, that this child is brought up in the right path. It may surprise you to know it, but through long experience I can detect the odor of sanctity as soon as I enter a truly regenerate household. I observed it here, ma'am the moment you ushered me into your comfortable abode."

"That wasn't sanctimony that you smelt," said the merry lad as he ducked his head from under the good man's large, white hand.

"And what was it, my little man?" asked the pastor in a somewhat mortified tone. "It was pancakes! shrieked the cherub as he ran his slender tongue across his syrupy lips.

He Ailed Many Years.

Kidney Trouble of some kind—Lame back and weakness Cured by a few boxes of Dodd's Kidney Pills

Brockville Oct. 12(Special) As stated by Mr. W. A. Stagg himself, the facts of his quite recent perfect recovery from weakness and ailments many years suffered are as follows: To a few boxes of Dodd's Kidney Pills I owe my complete cure from weakness and lame back which had clung to me for many years. As soon as I believed that it might be from derangement of the kidneys I procured a box of Dodd's Kidney Pills and I am glad to say that only a few boxes were taken before I was as well as ever.

The Doctor's Wife

Wife and I were sitting alone. With a dying groan and a cold heath-stone.

And she was so cold, I thought I'd give her a little of my own life.

That golden moment had passed away. The flowers were all on my marriage day. And the first young husband's slight flow. And the first pearls of long ago.

Oh! the hidden power of the sparkling wine.

Can't you love from the holiest shrine. And place in its stead a wreath of woe in the faded hopes of long ago.

The crowing joy of a woman's life is breathed in the bosom of wife. And the deepest pain that her heart can know.

Is the forgotten love of long ago.

Children Cry for

Pitcher's Castoria.