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\$1.00 A YEAR

THE GREAT NORTH SHORE ROUTE!

The Best, Surest, Quickest Route by which to reach purchasers in the North Shore Counties of New Brunswick, is via

THE REVIEW.

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

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When The New Year Comes.

When January breezes blow, The New Year comes across the snow, So pure and young, so straight and slender,

His eyes alight, his cheeks aglow; And round him, shifting to and fro, The whitened world of drifted splendour.

Within the yard the children play, Attacking in a cruel way A tall snow-man, who stares about him, And, smiling coldly, seems to say No icy cannonading may Suffice ignominiously to rout him.

The frozen pond is smooth and wide; The skaters swing from side to side, And little boys, pursuing after, Arrayed in furs and filled with pride, Upon the glassy surface slide, And fall in heaps with shouts of laughter.

Within the house the fire glows, And ruddy apples, ranged in rows Before the blaze, are blithely peeling. The sun to bed discreetly goes, And then the doors of daylight close, And clear and cold the night comes stealing.

A Miser's New Year

"Miser Jones"—that was what everybody called him, and the title did not displease him. Indeed it rather flattered him. To be a miser meant the possession of money, and money was his god. There were people who could remember him as a young man and a spendthrift, but they were very few. To look at him one would wonder if he had ever been young. He appeared to be 60 years old when people first began to call him Miser Jones and the passage of time did not appear to affect him. He was wrinkled and skinny and white-headed, and men said he would have been dim of sight but for the greed of gain which burned in his eyes till they shone like a wolf's.

Miser Jones had relatives, but for fear they might want money he cut loose from them. He owned several houses, but that he might not take from the rent he lived in a miserable room and fared little better than a dog. He had money to lend, and he exacted usury. There were no days of grace for one in his debt. Prompt payment must be made, and to the last penny, and neither words nor tears would move him. No charity, no church, no beggar, ever extracted one cent from Miser Jones. He cared nothing for the trials and misfortunes of others, and he was never affected by what men said of him except when some one observed that he could not take his money beyond the grave. That idea alone upset him and detracted from his happiness. He spent hours in wondering if it could not be done and sometimes he was on the point of asking a lawyer to so arrange matters that his money should at least be buried with him.

The New Year dawned bleak and cold and dreary. There was a high wind, and the air was full of whirling snow, and even had it not been a holiday few people would have moved away from their firesides unless forced to.

"It is a good day for me—a fine day!" chuckled Miser Jones as he looked out on the deserted streets and up at the leaden sky. "None will disturb me to-day, and I may sit down and count up my wealth. I am richer than a year ago to-day, much richer, but I want to know the figures to a shilling—to a penny. They call me Miser Jones, but I can laugh at their sarcasm and abuse. Now we will figure.

Miser Jones had bonds and mortgages and notes and a bank account. He knew the sum total within a dollar, but it was a keen delight for him to sit down and

cast up interest again and add it to the principal. With greedy look and trembling fingers he brought out his memorandum and pencil and soon forgot the storm and the outside world.

"So you are figuring again, Miser Jones closing the account of the old year and opening with the new?"

The old man leaped from his chair with a shout of surprise. No one had knocked at the door. He was alone in the room. The voice had come from one seated on the opposite side of the table, but he looked and rubbed his eyes and saw only vacancy.

"Sit down, Miser Jones. Sit down while we talk together a bit," continued the voice as the windows rattled in the storm and a skurry of snow blew into the room under the door and reached almost to the old man's feet.

He looked all about him in a dazed and wondering way and sat down.

"The old year has ended, the new begun, Miser Jones. Human life is counted by days and weeks and months and years. On the tombstones of the dead you may read that they who sleep beneath lived so many years, months and days. It is meant that each and every man should sit down at the beginning of a new year and write the record of the old. You are an old man. You have lived beyond the time allotted to man. Your hand shakes as your fingers guide the pencil. You have been making figures. Let me take the pencil and help you."

"But I want no help!" protested the old man. "You have no right here! I was not asked to come! Leave me or I will call for help!"

"You are figuring on dollars and cents," said the voice. "There is a long column of figures, and I will look them over with you and help you to find the sum total. You have first recorded the sum of \$300. That is money you loaned to a hard working mechanic and took a mortgage on his home. Misfortune had come to him and still pursues him. You hoped that more trouble would come to him, and it has. You figured from the first that you would get possession of his home for half its value, and yesterday, when he came to you with trembling lips and pleaded misfortune, your heart was like stone. To-day you are figuring on your profit."

"But he came to me to borrow and was willing to pay the interest!" protested Miser Jones.

"Here is the sum of \$750," continued the voice. "You lent a widow \$300 on a mortgage and foreclosed it and drove her out of her home. You figure that you made \$450 on that deal. She came to you and wept and prayed, but you rubbed your wrinkled hands in satisfaction."

"One must have a profit when he lends money," replied Miser Jones as he looked at the figures with satisfaction.

"Here is the sum of \$600. You loaned money to the owner of a small factory to help start him again after he had been crippled by fire, but what the flames left you soon took possession of. Yes, you made a clean \$600 on that transaction. I find the sum of \$200 and \$275 and \$300 a long column of figures here to show the profits of the year just ended and add to your fortune. Miser Jones you are a rich man."

"Yes, yes—a rich man! I like to hear you say I am rich!"

"But you are an old man. You cannot hope to live a great while longer."

"But I shall live for years and years. I am not so old as you think. Don't talk to me of death."

"You are an old man and your time has almost come," continued the voice. "You have laid up treasures on earth. Let us see what is to your credit in heaven. There is no money beyond the grave. The souls of the dead are judged by past deeds and not by the amount of gold and silver left behind. Take the pencil, Miser Jones. It shall be left to you to make the record. Have you had sympathy for the ragged and shivering and hungry fellow men who passed the door?"

"But all of them were impostors!"

"Men and women have appealed to you in sickness and misfortune as one fellow man has the right to appeal to another. How have you responded to those appeals?"

"I can't always be giving and giving!"

"Without religion earth would be a desert and man a savage. All that is good and noble and beautiful comes from our faith in God. What have you done to aid the cause?"

"It costs a great lot of money to keep up so many churches!" sighed the old man.

"There are destitute widows, fatherless children and grieving orphans, whom it is our duty to assist. Even a kind word to such is placed to our record in heaven. Write down to your credit, Miser Jones." The old man had nothing to write, no word of reply.

"All around you hearts have ached. Tears of sorrow have been shed. Men have cursed their God because of the coldness of the world. Have you brought a ray of sunlight to a single one of these?"

Miser Jones had no answer.

"What has your life been made up of? Avarice, selfishness, greed. You have sinned against God and man and yourself. In your greed of gain you have throttled every noble sentiment God placed in your heart as a child. You have sacrificed every principle that makes a man respected and beloved. You have made money, but you have been pointed out as a thing instead of a man. As a human being you have lived to be hated and reviled. After death—what?"

"After death—what?" whispered Miser Jones.

"The recording angel of heaven sets apart a page in her golden book for each human being born into the world. See! I have brought the book that you may gaze upon it. Here is your page—the page on which your name was inscribed as a child. What do you see?"

The old man looked and peered and rubbed his eyes. Blindness seemed to have come to him, and in his terror he groaned aloud.

"Here is debit—avarice, selfishness, greed, riches. Here should be your credits but there are none. Look for them. Bend your head to bring your eyes nearer. To-day brings a new year. To-day you pass from earth to eternity to stand before your God and be judged. This is the record from which he will judge you! I close the book!"

The gale howled about the old house and rattled doors and windows, but Miser Jones paid no heed. Men passed and re-passed, some laughing, some cursing, but he did not look out upon them. None came, and he sat there with pencil in his fingers and paper before him. The winter day drew to a close, and night came down, but no light shone from his window. At midnight he sat where none found him, at daylight where the winds of midnight had blown the snow under the door and over his feet. When noon came again, some one opened his door and cried out that Miser Jones was dead!

THANKSGIVING LETTER

Saved From Certain Death

PAIN'S CELERY COMPOUND RENEWS ANOTHER LIFE.

Twelve Years Work of Medical Men Did Not Effect a Cure.

KIDNEY DISEASE SURELY AND PERMANENTLY BANISHED BY PAIN'S CELERY COMPOUND.

A terrible record of suffering and misery! Twelve years a martyr to kidney disease and other serious ailments! Money spent for medical attendance and a vast variety of patent medicines, and no cure!

Such disappointments and failures added to physical and mental agonies were sufficient to drive many a sufferer to the verge of insanity.

Deliverance from suffering and disease was long and earnestly prayed for, and a kind Providence directed a friend of the suffering lady to advise her to make trial of Paine's Celery Compound. It was used. There were no blank disappointments; no vain experiments; no waste of hard earned money. Relief and cure came to gladden the soul. Mrs. George Stone, of Eganville, Ont., writes about her case as follows:

"For more than twelve years I was afflicted with kidney, stomach and female troubles, and had been attended by five doctors, and tried medicine after medicine without any good results.

"My sufferings a year ago from the kidneys and stomach were dreadful. I was in such a state that I thought I could not live, and concluded there was no using other medicines.

"I was advised, however, to try Paine's Celery Compound, and finally decided to give it a fair trial. Before I had finished the first bottle I had improved very much, and after the use of a few more bottles I had not been so well for long years, and am now altogether a different person. The use of Paine's Celery Compound also banished my nervousness. I can therefore recommend Paine's Celery Compound to anyone suffering from kidney, stomach and female troubles."

THE FULLER TRAGEDY.

Taking of Evidence For the Defence Begun.

Boston, Dec. 23.—In the trial to-day of Thomas W. Bram, charged with the murder of Captain Nash, Mrs. Nash and the second mate of the barkentine 'Herbert Fuller,' the defence began their side of the case. Mr. French, counsel for Bram, made the opening argument. In part he said:—'Everything points to the conclusion that these fiendish crimes were committed by an insane man. Whoever that man was, he has appeared before you in this court, but he has appeared in a far different guise than he did when he committed that crime. If you have formed any opinion as to this case, you are asked to suspend judgment until you have seen on the witness stand the defendant himself, and heard him tell the story of his innocence. The proposition which the government is bound to prove beyond a doubt, is not who killed Captain Nash, but did Thomas Bram kill him? Brown is the government's principal witness, and he was branded by the District Attorney as suspicious and under a shadow of guilt in his opening. He is the only witness on whom the government relies for its positive proof of guilt, and no one would convict a man on such testimony, of a capital crime. All the other testimony is purely circumstantial.'

The first witness for the defence was the defendant, Bram himself, who testified, after being sworn, that his name is Thomas Mead Chandler Bram, thirty-three years old, and he was born in St. Catherine's, one of the West Indian Islands. He gave his testimony in a firm tone of voice, with much dignity and intelligence, without the slightest suggestion of nervousness. Continuing, he told of his early career in New York, Boston and Cambridge, Mass. Part of the time he was manager of a restaurant in Boston, New York and Chicago, for one Dennett, who establishes restaurants in various cities. In telling of his seafaring life, and his shipping as mate of the 'Herbert Fuller,' he related how he had some trouble with Brown, who growled when witness showed him how he wanted the deck scrubbed. In his story of the tragedy he said he was on deck from 12 to 1 o'clock, when he went below to get a sandwich and a drink. He returned immediately. Just before two o'clock Solace disappeared. At two o'clock witness heard a noise aft; saw a man abreast of the mizzen rigging, who proved to be Brown. Witness returned from aft and called 'four bells' to Brown, but received no answer. He soon went aft again and saw Brown putting on his slippers. In the meantime Solace had taken the wheel. Witness went forward; when he returned he met a man with a revolver (Monks) coming up from the cabin; witness shielded himself with a board. Monks informed him that the captain had been murdered. He then went below with Monks. The remainder of witness's testimony up to recess, was substantially as given by others regarding the disposition of the bodies, the steering of the ship, etc. He told his story in a clear, ringing resonant voice, every syllable of which could be heard in any part of the court room. After recess Bram resumed his testimony, and described the trip to Halifax after the murders. He was told to watch Brown because he acted very suspiciously during the tragedy. Monks, Bram and Spencer were talking on Wednesday afternoon, when Brown joined them. Brown said he had been followed by the sailors all night. Witness then described Brown's movements, and how guilty he appeared. Bram said he changed his clothes on Saturday, and it had been a week since he had changed them. He took a bucket and washed his soiled clothes and left them in a soak all Saturday night. There was no blood on them. He was awakened on Saturday night by the steward, to listen to some peculiar noises. When witness was put in irons and lashed to the mainmast, Spencer told him he believed he did not commit the murders, but that he must know about it. Spencer said later:—'We ought to get five hundred dollars each salvage, but if you had taken the vessel in, we would get nothing.'

Witness related his uncomfortable experience in Halifax jail, and also identified a lot of wearing apparel as his own. He said if the sails were trimmed right, the ship steered easy. She was ballasted with about six tons of rocks. He then described at some length the windows and the general arrangement of the cabin. Bram denied telling Wasson that each would get two years if they did not convict Brown. He described an arrangement whereby the wheel could be left, and the ship would run some time. He knew the wheel to have been lashed three times. Twice with the wind on the

quarter, he knew the ship to sail about eight minutes, going eight knots per hour with the wheel lashed. He said the conditions on July 13 were favorable to lashing the wheel, and the vessel would sail for quite a distance for ten or fifteen minutes, and could slightly change her course.

AS WELL AS EVER.

A Brickmaker Listens to Reason—Uses Six Boxes of Dodd's Kidney Pills and tells it.

Brockville, Jan. 4 (Special).—Mr. W. H. Odell, perhaps one of the best known citizens of this town has lately recovered from a long continued and painful kidney ailment. He tells the story of his experience to the correspondent as follows:—'I have suffered for over a year from kidney disease, the pain in my back being so severe that I was unable to stand to my work.'

'Noticing the published cures of what Dodd's Kidney Pills were doing for others I concluded to use them.'

'Having used only six boxes I can say that I am perfectly cured and well so that I can attend to business as well as ever I could.'

The January number of the Delineator is called the WINTER HOLIDAY NUMBER, and those who have not yet made choice of their holiday gifts will find helpful its record of what the shops have to offer in this line, as well as the review of New Books, Calendars and Juvenile Literature suitable for presentation. With the new year is begun a feature of personal interest to women in the series of 'Talks On Beauty,' by Dr. Grace Packham Murray, a recognized authority on this subject. Mrs. Mary Cadwalader Jones gives a comprehensive glance at 'Social Life in America,' treating of the big cities. At the Bayou, by T. C. deLeon, is a short story of the South, by one of its best known writers, and The Division of the Income is a suggestive consideration of how to make both ends meet financially. Mrs. A. B. Longstreet furnishes a readable biographical sketch of Miss Stimson, the noted Maine mill owner and lumber dealer. In her rehearsal of the Six Important Days in a Woman's Life, Miss Maud C. Murray Miller describes the debut in Society. Emma Haywood tells how to embroider fancy screens, and there is an article on the Mountmellick work now so popular. Mrs. Witherspoon's January Tea-Table Chat, Mr. Vick's flower garden and the pages devoted to seasonable cookery will all be found entertaining, as will also the usual departments of knitting, tatting, lace-making, etc. A subscription to this sterling magazine for a year will be a present to be appreciated.

Address communications to the Delineator Publishing Co., of Toronto, Ltd., 35 Richmond St., West, Toronto, Ont., or the local agent for the Butterick Patterns. Subscription price of the Delineator, \$1.00 per year, or 15c. per single copy.

Orillia's Prominent Furniture Dealer Gives Facts.

Orillia, Feb. 10th, 1894.

EDMANSON, BATES & CO.,

Gentlemen,—About three or four weeks ago I had an attack of itching piles. I tried two or three different remedies recommended by druggists as 'the best and only cure,' etc., etc., but got no relief. About the time I was beginning to despair of finding any relief, with some slight misgivings I bought a box of your pile cure, which I am pleased to say gave me almost instant relief and permanent cure. I consider your ointment a God-send.

ALF. J. DEAN.

No one has given that self opinionated old lady, 'Mother Shipton,' credit for the realization that has taken place of one of her prophesies, which, doubtless, at the time of its utterance, was looked upon as about the wildest 'shot' she had made. 'Carriages without horses shall go,' wrote Mother Shipton, and certainly she must have been dreaming of motor-cars, and not railway engines, as was formerly supposed.

Catarrh in the Head

Is a dangerous disease. It may lead directly to consumption. Catarrh is caused by impure blood, and the true way to cure it is by purifying the blood. Hood's Sarsaparilla cures catarrh because it removes the cause of it by purifying the blood. Thousands testify that they have been cured by Hood's Sarsaparilla.

Hood's PILLS are purely vegetable and do not purge, pain or gripe. All druggists. 25c.

Use K D C for all stomach troubles.

A Pedlar's Experience.

ILLNESS BROUGHT HIM ALMOST TO THE VERGE OF THE GRAVE.

Pale and Emaciated. Suffering From Excruciating Pains in the Back, Life Became a Burden and Death Was Thought To Be Not Far Off.

From the St. Catherine's Journal

It is a curious pathological fact that a spinal complaint has sometimes actually been mistaken for Bright's disease, and there is no doubt many have been maltreated for Bright's disease when spinal trouble was the real malady. Geo. T. Smith, pedlar, of St. Catherine's, is one who thus suffered. His narrative is as follows:—'In the fall of 1894 I began to experience alarming symptoms of what I thought to be spinal trouble. I resorted to lotions, plasters, and other remedies, but to no avail, as I continued to grow worse. At this point my friends advised the services of a physician, which I gladly submitted to. The professional man made a minute examination, and pronounced mine a case of Bright's disease, which quite naturally gave me a severe shock, as I deemed the death sentence had been passed upon me. The doctor said he could alleviate my sufferings, but remarked that it would only be a matter of time with me. However, I accepted his medicine, and took it according to directions with no beneficial results. In the meantime a friend procured a remedy said to be a cure for Bright's disease. This medicine I took, but with no effect whatever. Ten months had passed away and I had become so haggard, emaciated, and stooped and miserable that my friends had difficulty in recognizing me. In fact they like myself, harbored the most painful apprehensions. At this juncture an aunt came to visit me, and strongly advised me to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. Like a drowning man reaching for a straw I did so. To my great surprise I soon noticed an improvement, the pain in my back began to leave, my appetite improved, my color returned, and by the time I had used eight boxes not an ache or pain remained, and I am as able to travel to-day as previous to the attack. I know that I owe my restoration to Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and I urge those ill or suffering to give them a trial.'

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills strike at the root of the disease, driving it from the system and restoring the patient to health and strength. In cases of paralysis, spinal troubles, locomotor ataxia, sciatica, rheumatism, erysipelas, scrofulous troubles, etc., these pills are superior to all other treatment. They are also a specific for the troubles which make the lives of so many women a burden, and speedily restore the rich glow of health to pale and sallow cheeks. Men broken down by overwork, worry or excesses, will find in Pink Pills a certain cure. Sold by all dealers, or sent by mail postpaid, at 50c a box, or six boxes for \$2.50, by addressing the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont., or Schenectady, N. Y. Beware of imitations and substitutes alleged to be 'just as good.'

Sixty Miles an Hour.

A record run was recently made by a Canadian Pacific mail train from the west in order to catch the steamer at Montreal. The train had the Chinese mail, which had to reach London on a certain date under a penalty of \$500 a day for every day's delay. The train was delayed first on the mountains by snow, then on the prairies by snow, and in Winnipeg by an accident to one of the cars. There was a delay of twenty-four hours in leaving Winnipeg, and when the train reached Fort William it was found that the run could not be made in time with a full train; therefore a special train, consisting of an engine, a caboose and a mail car left for Montreal. The run proved to be a phenomenal one. The roadmaster of each section rode in the engine cab, and an average speed of sixty miles an hour was maintained between Fort William and Montreal, the mail reaching Montreal with time to spare. Another fast run was made four years ago, when the first Oriental mail was taken across Canada.

Neuralgia's Persistent Agony

Has but one source of relief. Nerviline—nervine pain cure—penetrates to the irritated nerves, soothes them into repose, and affords relief almost instantly. The whole range of medicine affords no parallel to Nerviline as a pain reliever.

CASTORIA

For Infants and Children.

The fact is, that Castoria is an every-day wrapper.

Use K D C for all stomach troubles.