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THE GREAT NORTH SHORE ROUTE!

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A DECISION.

"This case," said the judge, with a serious, yet half-tender glance at the papers before him, "is one that enlists the ardent sympathies of the laymen and the more ardent interest of the legal student."

To hear Judge Holbrook speaking thus one might have supposed that he was beginning an address to a jury as counsel for the claimants to a considerable fortune; but, in fact, he was in his library, in his own home, alone with his books and his learning. Far from being an advocate in the case at hand, he was the presiding justice.

He had been listening patiently all day to the best eloquence that Calhoun county could furnish. A half-dozen lawyers on each side had faced him for eight hours, and all through that time somebody had been talking to him, some lawyer had been endeavoring to convince him as to the proper disposition of Josiah Teliifer's enormous fortune.

It was now evening. Judge Holbrook had dined leisurely after the long session and then had taken up the briefs, with their hundred references, for a conscientious, personal study of the points involved. It never for a moment pained him to render a decision against a perfectly prepared case. He worshipped the law, and it may be he experienced an added pleasure in finding that the statutes were proofs against the cleverest attacks of the advocates.

He took up the case in hand with as much spirit as if he had not listened to it all day. It was his habit to begin the consideration of fine problems by speaking his views aloud, for he had been a famous pleader in his younger days and he found that it helped him to concentrate his attention on his work to argue the matter as if he was trying to convince a third party.

"Here is a widow, a most estimable lady, whose life must pass in abject poverty if the law does not sustain her claims. Associated with her on the same side and similarly circumstanced are several young people and two very old ones. And there is the lass, Effie. The loss of this suit means the ruin of her only romance. Ah, well, all these are good people, good, modest, generous and yet so situated that a trick of the law may make them miserable for life. I cannot help feeling sorry for them."

The judge paused and glanced admiringly at the pages of the brief. Judge Holbrook's eyes twinkled with pleasure as he came to a sentence of remarkable brevity and more remarkable lucidity. The window curtain rustled, but the breeze failed to arouse a whisper from the leaves of the trees of the great oleananders growing on the lawn. The judge turned over a page of the brief with a crackling sound of stiff paper, and the curtain shook with the breeze.

"A genuine lawyer, Routledge Hampden," exclaimed the judge, smiling. "His brief has put the claimant's case in a nutshell, and so beautifully that it is almost sure to win."

He sat down in his big chair and turned over the pages of a musty volume in search of some of the references in Lawyer Hampden's brief. The curtains at his back stirred again—they parted slightly—a little wider. A man's face appears there, eager, suspicious, cruel, repulsive. The curtains fall again together with a quiver, and the tree tops can just whisper timorously together under the influence of a whiff of air that does not stir the oleananders near the ground.

"And to think," resumed the judge, putting Hampden's brief aside and taking up another, "of the personality interested

on the other side. No criminal ever glared at me from the dock with more vicious, vindictive eyes than Roanoke Walton, old Teliifer's nephew—a man of evil propensities, selfish, hard-hearted, to whom the possession of a fortune could confer no good but the cultivation of his bad nature. His claim in natural equity could not stand for one instant before that of the others."

The curtains divided again, and the same face, intensely hateful and passionate peered for an instant at the judge. Even as it was looking, the judge began again, in a half-declamatory tone:

"That the sublime fabric of the law should uphold the claims of such a monster is—is—unfortunate."

Judge Holbrook could not go farther than this criticism of the law. "But if it proves that the law upholds his claim, he must be supported by the bench."

For several minutes the judge busied himself over the defendant's brief, analyzing the sentences, consulting references and jotting down notes. Presently the judge rose to his feet.

"There is another point!" he exclaimed. "In Johnstone versus Hayne I recall that a similar situation was disclosed, and, on my word, I do believe that Routledge Hampden failed to see the bearing on this case. It will tend strongly in his favor if my memory of the decision is correct. How pleasant it would be in this case to find the law on the side of the innocent!"

He found the volume of reports in which Johnstone versus Hayne was recorded, and read the points and decision with evident satisfaction. The man on the veranda is greatly excited. The suspicion in his face had become desperation. Softly he pulled the curtains aside and stepped into the room. The judge, stooping over the lamp and volume in the alcove, neither saw nor heard him. Rapidly and noiselessly the intruder crossed the library and passed through the open door to the dark parlor. There he paused an instant, that his eyes might accustom themselves to its gloom.

Then he picked his way past the chairs and tables to the dining-room, and so to the kitchen. There a colored servant sat dozing. The intruder shook him by the shoulder.

"Huh! What you come from?" exclaimed the darky, awaking.

"From your master," returned the desperate-looking man, harshly.

"From de judge?"

"Yes, and he's in a temper about you, you lazy rascal! He wants some ice water. Get it ready at once, do you understand? I'm his doctor, and he's not well. Here, fill this pitcher, and take it to him. I will be preparing some medicine while you're gone."

Half asleep, the darky did not notice that the self-styled doctor had poured a white powder into the bottom of the pitcher. He filled it with water and ice and started toward the door.

"Scuse me, judge, that I don't hear ye," he said, in a frightened tone.

"Hear me, Philo!" repeated the judge, without glancing up. He was delightfully absorbed in applying the decision in Johnstone versus Hayne to the case in hand.

"Yaas, judge, answered Philo, colloquial for Philostratus. "Yere's de ice water, an' de doctor'll git around lively with de medicine."

The judge was too intent on study to notice Philo's rambling excuses. For a full minute the darky stood there, tray in hand, before the judge looked up absently and said:

"Oh, yes. I didn't want ice water, but I'm obliged. It will taste good. Better go to bed, Philo."

The darky opened his eyes in astonishment, stared at his employer a moment and precipitately sought the kitchen. There he met the cook—Sue—in great excitement.

"Wha' you done, you brack niggah?" she exclaimed. "Dat doctor man don't see me snoczin' in de cornah, an' he put white stuff in de ice watah an' light out fore you jest gone an' say 'fore I could could catch him: 'Dat fixes de judge anyhow, an' dere you've been an' give de judge pizen!"

With a great gasp of fear Philo started again for the library, followed by Sue. As they stumbled in Judge Holbrook was putting an emptied glass upon the table. He looked surprised at their noise.

"Fo' de Lawd, judge!" cried Philo, seizing the glass and pitcher, "you done drink dat pizen water? Oh, mercy, judge, say you done knowed all 'bout it 'an' trowed er stuff outn' de winder. I didn't know for shu', judge. I t'ought he war de doctor. Oh! Oh!"

The judge rose from his chair in astonishment. The jurist stared an instant at his terrified servants, put his hands gropingly to his eyes and fell heavily to the floor.

It was the morning after the judge's study into the great contested will case. A physician stood by his bedside, while Philo and Sue, mute with anxiety, listened near by.

"You are in no danger, Judge Holbrook," said the physician. "There is no need to worry. We've brought you through all right. There isn't a particle of poison left in your system and if you want to get up and walk around to-day you can do so. And you can be perfectly easy about Walton. He has been identified as the man who put the powder in the ice water, and he is now in jail awaiting your action."

"I'm glad to hear it," was the judge's reply. "If you will let me get up I will go down to the court before the afternoon session is over."

The physician interposed no objection, further than to caution his patient not to overdo. The judge was perfectly calm, and before leaving the house he glanced over the papers he had been studying when the draught of poison interrupted his labor. The judge received congratulations gravely, and when he had taken his seat on the bench other business was suspended to hear what he had to say.

"Last night," he began, and everybody supposed he was about to refer to the attempt to kill him, "I took the papers in the case of Teliifer and others versus Walton. I gave them careful study in order to free myself from any sympathetic interests with the contestants and to determine the strict bearing of the law upon the points at issue. Because of certain circumstances, personal to myself, I cannot render now a complete opinion in writing, as I had intended to do at this time. This deficiency I will make up at an early day."

"At present, however, I can announce my decision in brief, which is that the law clearly shows the defendant Walton to be fully and indisputably entitled to the estate of Josiah Teliifer, and judgment is accordingly rendered for the defendant."

Judge Holbrook was very pale as he pronounced these words, and the crowded courtroom was as silent as if a funeral oration was being delivered. The judge himself was the first to break the silence as he rose from his chair to leave the place.

At that moment there was a commotion at the door. A flushed, excited man came in and edged his way to where the county sheriff sat. There was a whispered message, and then the sheriff rose with a startled air and said:

"Your honor, I am credibly informed that the defendant Walton has hanged himself in his cell and is now dead."

Judge Holbrook never stirred for a full minute, while all eyes were fastened upon him. His face flushed and his eyes glistened. At last he said:

"In that case I shall write out an opinion upon which my recent decision was based and deliver it to the court at an early day. This event, however, will leave the plaintiffs, Teliifer and others, in undisputed possession of the property until this day at issue. The law is vindicated, and if I may depart for one moment from my judicial capacity I may say that I am glad that it has come about in this way."

—Boston Globe.

An Important Office.

To properly fill its office and functions it is important that the blood be pure. When it is in such a condition, the body is almost certain to be healthy. A complaint at this time is catarrh in some of its various forms. A slight cold develops the disease in the head. Droppings of corruption passing into the lungs bring on consumption. The only way to cure this disease is to purify the blood. The most obstinate cases of catarrh yield to the medicinal powers of Hood's Sarsaparilla as if by magic, simply because it reaches the seat of the disease, and by purifying and vitalizing the blood, removes the cause. Not only does Hood's Sarsaparilla do this but it gives renewed vigor to the whole system, making it possible for good health to reign supreme.

It seems extraordinary to read at the end of the nineteenth century that only the other day several slaves were sold by public auction in the public streets of Tangier, Morocco, after being marched round the town by a crier, who praised their respective talents. A woman of 35, with child, fetched \$58, while a woman of 50 only reached \$27. A beautiful young maiden fell to a bidder for \$76. For two days the bids were so low that the party moved the human chattels to a more profitable market.

CASTORIA.
The family signature of *Dr. J. C. Hooper* is on every wrapper.
KIDNEY'S MIGHTY CURER FOR INDIGESTION.

The Provincial Convention

This gathering which lately met in the Methodist Church at Woodstock was from every point of view, a great success.

Two special cars from St. John carried the delegates who went from this end of the province. It was a treat to be on that train. There was White of Sussex, Malcolm, Parks, Smith, and Machum of St. John, Matthews of Shediac, and many mothers and daughters in Israel. They were joined at Fredericton Junction and at Macadam by many others—all Sunday School Supts., teachers or scholars. And then from the north clear to Madawaska there were many. Altogether, there were over 230 delegates present. At all the day sessions the church was comfortably filled. At night it was packed—gallery, aisles and all.

Committees were meeting in it from early morning till late at night. Rev. G. O. Gates, of Germain St Baptist church, St. John, presided at all the devotional exercises. A more capable man could not have been found. His fervent, practical and spiritual addresses will not soon be forgotten.

Prof. Hamill, of Illinois, was, perhaps, the leading spirit. His subject was "Normal Lessons," and all things pertaining to them. Prof. Hamill ranks high as an educator in the States, knows his subject and can explain it to others.

A normal department for the Province was organized with Rev. Geo. M. Young of Hampton, as secretary. Mr. Young, who is a native of this County, gave an address at the opening of the Convention. It was well done and betokens for him a most promising and useful future.

Mr. E. R. Machum, an old schoolmate of the writer, was appointed Home Class Secretary for the Province. Mr. Machum is the chief in the Maritime Provinces for a big Insurance Co., and will no doubt bring to this work the same push that has given him his present business standing.

Mr. J. S. Trites, a good Baptist brother in Sussex and a veteran Supt., was appointed President for ensuing year.

The report of Mr. Lucas, as Field Secretary, told of much work done and many toilsome days spent in the service. From every part of the Province come cheering reports of the good he has been the means of accomplishing. The work is growing from day to day and enters upon another year with a clean balance sheet.

But time would fail me to tell of the grand Convention and the kindness of the dear friends at Woodstock—renowned for their hospitality.

Many weary workers were refreshed, stimulated and taught for better work in the future. Our progress has been very encouraging during the past year.

I take this opportunity of thanking the dear friends of the Kent Co. Convention, who not only appointed me to represent them, but who provided funds to send me.

F. W. MURRAY,
County Sec.

Integrity Essential

Much is said in these latter days about new methods in business, of being progressive and keeping up to the times, but there is now and then a sterling quality which knows no fashion, which is hampered by no changing method, and which remains unchanged. Integrity is one of these. It is the basis of every business transaction. Its word is as good as its bond—it is its bond; and whatever tends to lessen, or in any way to destroy that integrity, is a crime. It was true in the old and slow days—it is true now; and in no way can business regain its old prosperity so quickly and so surely as for every debtor to scorn reputation as criminal, and to make his promise to pay better than his bond, by paying dollar for dollar the debt which he contracted through the confidence which was placed in him. Integrity has been the watchword of the times. In too many quarters of the business world it is not the watchword now but the old, old principle of honesty which is never out of fashion, still prevails, and prosperity when it returns, will be found to be lasting only where integrity is its basis, and where a repudiated debt is a synonym of crime.

Feed the Nerves.

Upon pure, rich blood and you need not fear nervous prostration. Nerves are weak when they are improperly and insufficiently nourished. Pure blood is their proper food, and pure blood comes by taking Hood's Sarsaparilla, which is thus the greatest and best nerve tonic. It also builds up the whole system.

HOOD'S PILLS are the favorite family cathartic, easy to take, easy to operate.

The British Empire.

The following array of facts illustrates the vastness of the British empire:

Half the ships in the world are British.

The best of them can be converted into ships of war in forty-eight hours.

We have a million of soldiers in India. Some of them have been brought to Malta.

As the sun rises, the British drum beat follows around the world.

We can travel entirely around the world with out leaving the British empire.

The British navy is as large as that of France, Germany and Russia combined.

There are 400,000,000 of people in the British empire.

It is said that our Queen would have to live another seventy years to enable her to see them all pass before her night and day for all that time.

She is the greatest Mohammedan ruler in the world.

"God Save the Queen" is sung in twenty languages.

The total value of the United Kingdom is now said to be \$50,000,000,000.

Added to this, several thousand millions are invested out of this country.

We own one-fourth of the railways in the United States.

And about half of the railways in South America.

We own the largest part of North America, that is, Canada.

Olive Schreiner, authoress of "An African Farm," says that if any big misfortune were to happen to England sixty millions of English-speaking people in other countries would leap to their feet!

There are 1,000 miles of tramways in the British isles.

Croesus, of ancient time, possessed about four millions of our money.

Neither of the ancient empires, like that of Persia, Greece nor Rome, were equal in size or wealth to the British empire of today.

London is as large as New York, Paris and Berlin combined.

It is ninety miles in circumference.

There are as many inhabitants as there are in Sweden.

Each morning there are as many men go into London on business as there were who fought in Waterloo in 1815.

It costs five millions a year to provide their dinner.

Eleven millions a year are spent upon charitable objects.

There are eighty-eight hospitals.

A Month of Dread

TO ALL RHEUMATIC SUFFERERS.

Paine's Celery Compound a Priceless Blessing For Suffering Humanity.

November, with its variable weather, is a month of terror and torture for all rheumatic sufferers.

At this time, a remedy that has power to eradicate the cause of rheumatism from the system is indeed a priceless blessing. Such a remedy, for all forms of rheumatism, will be found in Paine's Celery Compound.

In thousands of cases Paine's Celery Compound has produced marvellous cures. Even in the longest standing and nearly incurable cases the great medicine has given wonderful and magical results. If you are a sufferer, delay not a moment; procure Paine's Celery Compound and test its powers. If you are vainly trying to effect a cure with other medicines, throw them aside and use the medicine that is now curing your friends and neighbors.

Mrs. J. Viney, Barrie, Ont., after vain attempts to effect a cure with the ordinary medicines of the day, used Paine's Celery Compound with truly blessed results. She writes thus:

"I am happy to say that I have taken Paine's Celery Compound with great results. I had sciatica so badly that I could not turn in bed or walk without help; and for a period of three weeks was helplessly laid up and suffered pain that at times was unbearable.

"I tried many medicines, but all in vain. I was afterwards recommended to try Paine's Celery Compound. I used six bottles and am entirely cured and enjoy good health. I take great pleasure in recommending the valuable medicine that cured me."

Men and Women Agree

That corns are painful, not easily cured and quite useless. Men and women who have used Putnam's Corn Extractor testify that it is the best, acts without pain, and cures. Use Putnam's Painless Corn Extractor.

Coatesville News.

Mr. John P. Nowlan has put extensive repairs on his house making it one of the finest residences in Coatesville.

A. Mc was rather bashful the other evening and R. had to take advantage of leap year.

Mr. J. E. Coates saw mill is now going full blast and if the water holds up he expects to do a large fall's sawing.

Mr. Spurgeon Stiles paid the mountains a flying visit the other day.

Mr. A. F. Coates and his sister Edith paid Moncton a visit the other day.

Our J. P. visited Little River the other evening with his fair one.

Mrs. Tyle Coates is now lying very low and her friends are sorry to hear of her sickness.

Miss Mabel Robblee has returned from Moncton and is stopping with her aunt Mrs. T. Coates.

S. D. Collette has bought the farm owned by Mr. S. Cormier and is going to put up a large house in the spring.

The weather is somewhat milder here but it still continues to rain and the young people are wishing for good roads.

W. H. Gesner is building a large house. We think he intends to take a partner in life.

We have prayer meeting in this place every Sunday night with a very good attendance, but the largest crowd stays outside to kick up Jack and to disturb the meeting. If this is not stopped something will have to be done.

Mr. Chas. McLean spent the other evening in this place.

Gladly a Witness.

Rev. W. E. Hassard, Bruce Mines, Ont.; "The package of K. D. C. you sent me some time ago was duly received and I have been giving it a fair trial. First of all I must thank you for it, and then proceed to say—and that gladly—that it did and is doing me a wonderful amount of good. It is just the thing I need, I believe, as I have cultivated an aversion to cathartics. Have also used the Pills once or twice, and find them very mild in action."

Thousands of Canadians are suffering from indigestion, who can be cured if they will only test "The Greatest cure of the Age," K. D. C. Send for a free sample of K. D. C. and Pills. K. D. C. Co., Ltd., New Glasgow, N. S., and 127 State street Boston, Mass.

MOVING THE NAZARETH HOUSE.

Four Times It Was Miraculously Borne Through the Air

On May 10, 1291, the house of Nazareth in which Jesus and the Virgin Mary had lived was miraculously severed from its foundations, borne through the air and deposited on the hill of Tersatto, in Illyria. Here it remained for three years, but on December 10, 1294, it was again miraculously removed by the Virgin herself and the holy angels—this time into Italy—and set in the midst of a wood belonging to a certain Lady Lauretta, in the neighborhood of Recanati. Owing, however, to the constant violence of robbers, who attacked the pilgrims flocking to this sacred spot, on a morning in August 1292, the house was again miraculously removed through the air a mile further inland, till it rested on a cultivated hill, the joint property of two brothers, Counts Stephen and Simon Rinaldi de Antici.

For a time all went well, but these brothers, overcome by a desire for gain, aroused in them by the rich offerings of the pilgrims, began at length a violent quarrel as to which one of them was the owner of the ground; and the sacred building, being in danger of defilement through fratricidal bloodshed, was a fourth time supernaturally borne off, and finally planted in the middle of a public road belonging to the commune of Recanati, crushing down in its descent, as was discovered in 1751, a certain prickly bush by the roadside, and covering over some acorn shells, a snail shell and a dried nut. Almost immediately the authorities hastened to surround the house with a brick wall, for the purposes of support, inasmuch as it had no foundations, but the sacred walls would never adhere to the new ones and broke asunder so far that a little child could pass between with a light in his hand to show the people, when necessary, the truth of the separation.—London Saturday Review.

A new line of steamers has been established between New Orleans and England, and a German company has established a line between the progressive city of Galveston, Tex., and Hamburg, Germany.