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THE GREAT NORTH SHORE ROUTE!

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THE REVIEW.

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Threshing Time.

The merry, merry threshers once a year must come and go; All the pretty maids in ribbons their approach will herald so; The harvest now is over, the grain is gathered in, And soon the garnered fruitage will fill the empty bin.

Oh! the merry, merry threshers are a healthy, sturdy lot; Oh! the pretty maids in ribbons that can weave a Cupid's knot; Oh! the pies and cakes and puddings, the everything that's good,— These pretty maids are artists when it comes to drink and food.

Tho' they may not play sonatas, or trill a love-sick song, They can trip it with a thresher when the working day is gone; The music they all love is the hum of the machine, And the rousing, rolling voices of the threshers strong, and wean.

There's Janet, Meg, and Mary, with their hair all crimped and curled; A treshers weak as any when such charms at him are hurled. Now, Mary's eyes are blue, there's a rose upon each cheek; Meg's eyes are gray and downcast, and her voice is soft and meek.

Yet, she's saucy, is our Meg, and I wouldn't trust her far; But such sly arts are graces, and graces never mar!

Black as night are handsome Janet's with the moonlight's softening ray, And she knows well how to use them in a killing sort of way!

Oh! the merry, merry threshers once a year must come and go; Oh! the pies and cakes and puddings their approach will herald so; Oh! the sly and saucy maidens, pretty tricks and ways they feign. All to win Love's golden harvest with the threshing of the grain.

—MAUD TISDALE in the Canadian Home Journal.

SURRENDERED.

They called her the daughter of the confederacy in that southern city. She has a daughter of her own now, who should, of course, be called the grand-daughter of the confederacy, but probably isn't. That, however, is anticipating.

The daughter of a cause so long dead could not have been so young and beautiful. She must have been the child of a memory, that grows more beautiful with each year, and knows a new youth with each succeeding generation.

She was very beautiful the day that Howard Pearce saw her. He sat on the window ledge of his second-story office—he was a young lawyer from the north—and looked down upon company K.—Tennessee National Guards, lined up at "parade rest." He knew their captain, Saunders, who was also a lawyer, and whose office adjoined Pearce's. It was annual encampment time, and K company was out to go to the grounds at the foot of the ridge.

"Order—Harms!" commanded Capt. Saunders.

"Carry—Harms!"

"Shoulder—Harms! Right for'ard, fours right—M'ch!"

Company K moved off up the street. As the last four swung into the column, there came a clatter of hoofs on the pavement, and a girl rode past the company and took her place at its head, saluting the captain gravely and with ceremony.

"What a beautiful girl!" Pearce exclaimed.

She wore a gray riding habit, with a double row of brass buttons leading up to two black stars on the collar. On her sunny locks a small, gray slouch hat rested tilted just the least bit over one eye. She rode well.

Pearce leaned so far from the window to catch a parting glimpse of the girl in gray that he almost fell. The crowd had dispersed, and the young lawyer returned to his desk. It was a warm day toward the end of July, and he was not sorry that he had no business on hand that must be rushed. He reflected that as almost everyone had gone to the camp ground, there was no reason for remaining in the office, which the little breeze that stirred outdoors carefully avoided.

Evidently the girl in gray had gone to the camp ground. And with Saunders. But Saunders was married; happily married, Pearce hoped. Anyhow, he was glad that Saunders was married.

That evening he sat before Capt. Saunders' tent, with the captain, his wife and Miss Moore—the girl in gray. To the east of the camp ground the ridge rose in a gentle slope. To the southwest, seemingly towering just over them, was the mountain.

Pearce's heart beat faster as the thought came to him that 30 years before white tents marked the foot of the ridge as they did that day. But then they had stretched for miles north and south.

"Captain," he said, turning to Saunders, "it is easier to get up the ridge than it was once. There are no men in gray there to-night."

"No," the captain replied; "but the sons of some of those men are there," pointing to the company street, in which blue-clad figures lounged. "Loyal? Without doubt. Listen!"

The bands, which had united for the evening concert, had just struck up "The Star Spangled Banner." When the air was recognized, a cheer arose from the tented wood.

"Hear that?" said the captain.

"Wait," said the girl in gray.

"For what?" Pearce asked.

"They will play 'Dixie' after awhile."

"What then?"

"Then they will yell," she said, looking at him with a bright smile and nodding a confident "You'll see—or hear."

And he did. When the national air was finished there was a brief wait. Then the quick, stirring notes of "Dixie" started the woods into life with sharp echoes, which were drowned by one long, loud yell.

Pearce looked at the girl to receive an expected "I told you so." But she was not looking at him. Her cheeks were dark with color, her eyes, brightened by excitement, were fixed upon the young men, tossing their caps high above the tents and shouting with all their sturdy lung power.

"I wonder," he mused, "if she hates the north as much as she loves the south."

When the tumult had ceased he turned to Saunders.

"Well, captain," he said, "what do you say to that?"

"Of course they love 'Dixie,' said the captain earnestly. "So do I. But there is no deeper meaning in that cheer than the love of a memory. They are loyal."

Miss Moore said that she must go back to town.

"As it is late, I shall have to leave my horse with you, captain. I shall send for him to-morrow. I reckon I can walk to the train in this rig."

She looked down somewhat doubtfully at her riding skirt. Pearce said that he would be glad to go with her, and though it was not apparent in just what way he could overcome the disadvantage of the long dress, she seemed to be grateful for his escort.

Well, that was the beginning of it; and the end is not yet. An incident that occurred under a large tree in the old confederate fort on the mountain may give a hint of the trend of events.

Pearce and Miss Moore were under the tree because it was the shelter nearest when the rain suddenly began to fall; and it rained, probably, because a number of young folks of the city had come up on the mountain to spend a September day that promised, in the morning, to be pleasant.

Mr. Pearce was not in good humor. He and Miss Moore had separated themselves from the others. One topic of conversation had led to another, which, in this instance, was a declaration by Mr. Pearce that he was irrevocably in love with Miss Moore, and that if she refused to make him happy he should be forever miserable. At a critical moment of this declaration a raindrop kissed the girl's cheek.

"Oh, it's going to rain!" she cried.

The next instant the downpour began, and both rushed through a breach in the earthen wall of the fort to the tree, whose branches, to which the leaves yet clung offered protection. There they stood in silence for several minutes, she busily brushing raindrops from her hat, which she had taken off, and he watching her moodily.

The silence became oppressive, and she glanced at him, curiously and apprehensively, from under her lashes. He caught the glance, and moving toward her, said: "Well?"

"Oh, don't," she exclaimed, starting away, her eyes still fixed upon a ribbon with which she was working.

"Why, Katherine—er, Miss Moore—"

"Oh, you mustn't."

He walked to the edge of the circle protected by the leaves and looked out over the clay walls of the fort, down which tiny red rivers ran. She, having dried her hat, placed it again on her head, and began brushing her skirt where, here and there, rain had spotted it. She glanced several times at his back, stubbornly turned toward her. He evinced no intention of moving, nor of speaking again, and she became nervous. The situation was unbearable, and she exclaimed: "We must get back to the others!"

"We can't very well go through this rain," he said, without turning round.

Another prolonged silence, broken only by the monotonous fall of the rain. Finally, when she had almost made up her mind to gather up her skirts and run to the hotel a quarter of a mile away, he turned and came quickly toward her. He put out his hand as though to take hers, but she quickly put her hands behind her and stepped back. He folded his arms stood before her, looking earnestly into the eyes that she raised to his, almost appealingly.

"Katherine," he said, "I love you. Will you be my wife?"

A beautiful color stole slowly from the ribbon at her throat, up, up, until it tinted the edges of her small, perfectly formed ears. His gaze held hers for a moment; then her eyelids fell, and their long lashes swept her cheeks.

"Mr. Pearce," she said, slowly and hesitatingly, "I am sorry, but I—I can't!"

"Because you do not love me?"

She looked up quickly into his face, then down again; but she did not reply.

"Katherine, tell me," he said, "Why you cannot marry me?"

"Because—" she was very busy dislodging a half-buried stone with the toe of her shoe—"because—because you are a Yankee!"

"Another swift glance met his further away, and stood half turned from him. His first impulse was to laugh. But that passed almost as it came. The gray, brass-buttoned riding habit, the flushed cheeks and bright eyes with which she had listened to "Dixie," flashed across his mental vision. The "Yankee" might be an obstacle not to be laughed away.

"But I am not a Yankee," he said, with emphasis. "I am from Illinois."

It seemed a long time to both that they stood in silence. Again she was the first to speak.

"This is an awful rain," she said.

"Yes, a very wet rain," he replied.

"Oh, you are going to jest about it—"

"But I am not jesting," he answered, walking rapidly to where she stood.

"What I mean is that you will get wet. The water is beginning to drip from the leaves. Here," stripping off his coat, "let me put this around you."

"Oh, no," she said, stepping back.

"But you must. The air is chill and if you get wet you will catch cold."

"But you—you—"

"It won't hurt me a bit. Come."

He assumed a commanding tone and that, or something else, accomplished his end, for she made no effort to free herself when he placed the big coat about her shoulders. It took a long time to get it fixed just right, and his arm was still around her when he looked into her face and saw that she was looking up into his. Something in her eyes prompted him to draw her close to him and to say, very tenderly:

"Sweetheart, I come from the north, but I love a southern girl. Don't you think that she can love a northern man just a little—if he is not a Yankee?"

She studied the arrangement of his necktie closely, and then transferred her scrutiny to his watch chain. But evidently she was not thinking of either, for when she spoke she asked:

"Illinois people aren't Yankees?"

"Certainly not," he replied, with conviction. "They are a long way from Yankeeedom. More than a thousand miles."

She examined the necktie again, looked into his eyes for a moment, then over his shoulder off into the rain.

"Katherine," he said, softly, "do you love me?"

She turned her head slowly until their eyes met. A wave of color rushed into her cheeks, and she murmured faintly, "Yes."

"And you will be my wife?"

With perhaps a sudden thought of her

surroundings, and of a stormy day thirty years before, she replied: "I—I surrender!"

The rain, as if to hide from the scene any possible observer, fell more heavily for a moment. Then it ceased altogether, and soon the sun shone through from a blue sky where the gray clouds had parted.

—St. Louis Republic.

Wonderful Helen Keller.

Helen Keller, deprived when nineteen months old of the powers of speech, hearing and sight, is now, at the age of sixteen years, entering upon a course of studies, which she expects will result in her receiving from Radcliffe college, the annex of Harvard university, the degree of bachelor of arts. She expects to recite in the same classes, to pass the same examinations and to enter in the same competitions with young women, who are in the possession of every faculty. She will enter Dr. Gilman's school in Cambridge this fall to complete her final preparation for Radcliffe. Much was printed several years ago concerning this exceptionally gifted girl. She is developing into a woman of beauty and attainments. She is fulfilling all the promise of her younger years, when Richard Watson Gilder and Edmund Clarence Stedman dedicated poems to her, and the scientific world was discussing her remarkable case. Her father is an editor in Tusculum, Alabama. He is a descendant of the Fairfaxes, of Virginia, and her mother was a Massachusetts Adams. She inherited a taste for literature and the study of languages.

She lost three of her senses when an infant, and practically nothing was done for her education until she was taken in charge when seven years old by Miss Sullivan, who has been her companion and teacher ever since.

FINGERS AS EYES.

The child learned to understand language by feeling the organs of speech of the persons who addressed her. She learned to talk by imitating the motions of the lips, larynx and teeth, which she observed in others. Her sense of touch became her eyes. She received impressions from the outside world by vibration, by touch and by the spelling of words into her hand by means of the so-called manual alphabet. Miss Keller has in this way learned to speak English, French and German with almost equal facility. Since she has been a pupil of the Wright-Humason school in this city she has read many of the German and French classics by means of raised letters. In a clear, well modulated voice she quotes Shakespeare, Schiller and Racine.

A Frenchman whom the girl met recently heard her speak and did not detect her inability to see and hear until she astonished him by putting her fingers to his lips to ascertain what he was saying. Her eyes are clear and bright. Her face is cheerful and she has none of the hopeless look so common to those who are blind. She has made some progress in mathematics, although on account of her imaginative and poetic disposition she does not reach the average in the exact sciences. She has written some sketches which show an insight and observation which would hardly seem possible to one with such limitations. She has an exceptional gift of language and her productions are rhetorically perfect.

HER POETIC SENSE.

Here, for instance, is an extract from her diary, descriptive of her visit to the statue of liberty on Bedloe's island:

"We climbed up to the head, which will hold forty persons, and viewed the glorious scene, on which the bronze Liberty gazes night and day. And O how wonderful it was! We did not wonder that the great French artist thought the place worthy to be the home of his grand ideal. The glorious bay lay calm and beautiful in the October sunshine, and the ships came and went like idle dreams; those seaward going slowly disappeared like clouds that change from gold to gray, and those homeward coming sped more quickly, like birds that seek their mother's nest. The city's busy noise and turmoil were hushed, and how beautiful she was, as she stood wrapped in October's misty veil! I saw it all with eyes of my soul—all its beauty and mystery, and in my heart I cried, 'O glorious Liberty, guard well this high-road of the nations! Look down in tender benedictions from thy majestic eminence on this fair home of freedom until the sun shall sink to rise no more.'"

She will be accompanied during her college course by Mrs. Sullivan, who will interpret to her by a sort of telegraph upon the palm of the hand what the teachers are saying. She will sit in the classroom, and were it not for the woman

beside her constantly holding her hand it would be impossible to distinguish her from the wide-eyed and bright faced young women around. She has attained such perfection in using the voice which she has never herself heard, that her accent and emphasis are entirely natural.

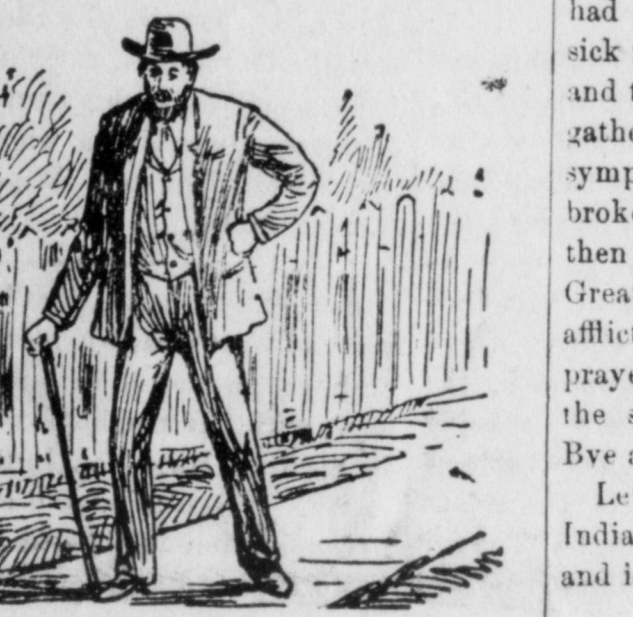
A GOOD SAMARITAN.

HAVING FOUND HEALTH HE POINTS THE WAY TO OTHERS.

His Advice Was Acted Upon by Mr. Miles Pettit, of Wellington, Who, as a Result, Now Rejoices in Renewed Health and Strength.

From the Picton Times

Mr. Miles Pettit, of Wellington, was a recent caller at the Times office. He is an old subscriber to the paper, and has for years been one of the most respected business men of Wellington. He is also possessed of considerable inventive genius, and is the holder of several patents for his own inventions. The Times was aware of Mr. Pettit's serious and long continued illness and was delighted to see that he had been restored to health. In answer to enquiries as to how this had been brought about, Mr. Pettit promptly and emphatically replied "Dr. Williams' Pink Pills did it." Being further interrogated as to whether he was willing that the facts should be made public, he cheerfully consented to give a statement for that purpose, which in substance is as follows:—He was first attacked in the fall of 1892, after assisting in digging a cellar. The first symptom was lameness in the right hip, which con-



tinued for nearly two years. It then gradually extended to the other leg and to both feet. The sensations were a numbness and pricking, which continued to get worse and worse, until he practically lost control of his feet. He could walk but a short distance before his limbs would give out, and he would be obliged to rest. He felt that if he could walk forty rods without resting he was accomplishing a great deal. He had the best of medical attendance and tried many medicines without any beneficial results. He remained in this condition for about two years, when he unexpectedly got relief. One day he was in Picton and was returning to Wellington by train. Mr. John Soby, of Picton was also a passenger on the train. Mr. Soby, it will be remembered, was one of the many who had found benefit from Pink Pills, and had given a testimonial that was published extensively. Having been benefited by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills he has ever since been a staunch friend of the medicine, and noticing Mr. Pettit's condition made enquiry as to who he was. Having been informed, Mr. Soby tapped him on the shoulder and said, "Friend you look a sick man." Mr. Pettit described his case, and Mr. Soby replied, "Take Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, I know from experience what virtue there is in them and I am satisfied they will cure you." Mr. Pettit had tried so many things and failed to get relief that he was somewhat skeptical, but the advice was so disinterested, and given so earnestly that he concluded to give Pink Pills a trial. The rest is shortly summed up. He bought the Pink Pills, used them according to the directions which accompany each box, and was cured. His cure he believes to be permanent for it is now fully a year since he discontinued the use of the pills. Mr. Pettit says he believes he would have become utterly helpless had it not been for this wonderful, health restoring medicine.

The experience of years has proved that there is absolutely no disease due to a vitiated condition of the blood or shattered nerves that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills will not promptly cure, and those who are suffering from such troubles would avoid much misery and save money by promptly resorting to this treatment. Get the genuine Pink Pills every time and do not be persuaded to take an imitation or some other remedy from a dealer, which, for the sake of extra profit to himself, he may say is "just as good." Dr. Williams' Pink Pills make rich, red blood, and cure when other medicine fail.

For immediate relief after eating use KDC

"In God's Own Temple."

ONSET, Me.—Far from home and kindred with a very sick wife and a little daughter quite ill, poor Levi Picton stood up in front of the plain, white casket that contained the body of his first born.

Levi is an Indian from Annapolis, N. S., and with his little family occupies one of the tents near the temple. This week a little boy was born to them only to die almost as soon as he lived, and yesterday his oldest died and the poor father's heart is almost broken.

He went out into the grove and away from the people and mourned in solitude. To a sympathetic friend he said: I am here away from my people and all my friends. The people in the other tents are not my people, they come from Old-town and do not speak my language. For 16 years I have come to Onset to earn money by selling baskets and doing all kinds of work during the summer to keep us through the winter. This summer I hardly find anything to do and baskets I sell hardly none at all, and then my little boy is born and die at once and my wife be so sick I do not close my eyes since Sunday. Then my boy Frank be so sick and want to see Fr. Soden up home who speak our language. I could not get our own priest for my boy Frank so I send to Sandwich and the priest from there be come up but he get here about 15 minutes too late. My boy Frank he was dead. I am a Catholic and my little boy he is gone and now I have no friends and no home.

The services that took the place of a regular funeral were held in the open air under the waving branches where the boy had played during his short life. The sick mother was in the front of the tent and the little casket was at the back and gathered around it were several score of sympathetic white people. Levi in a broken voice bade farewell to his boy, then Mrs. May Watson prayed to the Great Spirit for comfort and console the afflicted ones. Madame Bruce offered prayer also and Charles Sullivan ended the simple services by singing "Sweet Bye and Bye."

Levi is a strong, rugged specimen of the Indian race and is about forty years old and is very well liked by the Onset people.

At The Door.

BY EUGENE FIELD.

I thought myself indeed secure; So fast the door, so firm the lock; But, lo! he toddling comes to lure My parent ear with tinorous knock. My heart were stone could it withstand The sweetness of my baby's plea— That timorous baby knocking and "Please let me in—it's only me."

I threw aside the unfinished book, Regardless of its tempting charm, And, opening wide the door, I took My laughing darling in my arms.

Who knows but in eternity I, like a truant child, shall wait The glories of a life to be, Beyond the Heavenly Father's gate? And will that Heavenly Father heed The truant's supplicating cry, As at the outer door I plead, "Tis I, O Father! only I!"

The September Number of the Delineator is called the Autumn Announcement Number, and is the handsomest and most striking issue of this sterling publication ever seen, containing no less than nine beautifully colored plates illustrating Dress Modes and Millinery, including special plates of Mourning and Bicycle Attire, and giving the first authoritative announcement of the coming styles for Autumn wear. Of special value to young ladies having vocal aspirations is Clementine de Vere-Sapio's article on Singing as a Profession. Mrs. Mary Caswaller Jones puts much sprightly good sense into a discussion of the Abuse of Reading. A short story by Clinton Ross, called "The Lady of the Portrait," has a cleverly surprising finale. The paper on Interior Decoration by Frances Leeds, is this month devoted to Kitchens. E. E. Vick gives practical and instructive explanation of Floral Work for Autumn. Carolyn Haldet describes the patriotic work of the Children of the American Revolution; Lucia M Robbins tells about "A Progressive Rainbow Party"; Emma Haywood describes in detail the construction of Embroidered Handbags. There is an illustrated article on Basket Ball—the game so popular just now at the Women's Colleges—and the usual entertaining departments of Tea-Table Chat, New Books, Seasonable Cookery, Smocking, Knitting, Tatting, Crocheting, Laccemaking, etc.

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Children Cry for

Pitcher's Castoria.