

Board Clerk's Office

# THE REVIEW

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\$1.00 A YEAR

## THE GREAT NORTH SHORE ROUTE!

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

## THE REVIEW.

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

See that your advertisement is ticketed via THE REVIEW.

### My Sweetheart From Town.

Come, Mary, my fiancée, let us wander to the bay,  
Where the gulls are fishing in the sun;  
The air is quite alive with their melodies to-day.  
Yes, we'll live, my sweetheart, by the seashore when we're one.

Pet, you tell me you have always longed to breathe the fresh sea air;  
'Tis the only air to suit you and the only air to please.  
Yes, I know it—that's a tidy bed of mussels over there—  
No, no; don't look up, Mary; mussels do not grow on trees.

Now with sunset tints the sky and the waves are grandly painted.  
And they wake my soul to—Eh! What's the matter with you? Ahem! You are frightened by that lobster? O, Mary, have you fainted?  
Can't you tell the difference 'twixt a lobster and a clam?

See the waves a-dashing 'gainst that gray stone slab,  
'Round the rock there crawling see what comes! Fate is kind—  
Mary, I assure you that's no gull—it's a crab.  
Eh! "Is that it singing then?" No, Mary, that's the wind.

What? You say "that distant speck's an island over there?"  
Yes—"an island with a cloud of smoke above it." Heaven pity me!  
You're enough to drive me frantic—  
islands, lady fair,  
Are never rigged with canvas to sail upon the sea.

Let us go and gather periwinkles—now is just the time.  
The charge is nothing here—but you mustn't soil your gown.  
What? You're not afraid of that; but you are afraid of clams?  
Well, I'll be hanged, Mary! Let's go back to town.  
J. LAW REDMAN.

### When Mother Gets Tea.

When on a Sunday afternoon  
The children are away,  
And wife and I at home alone,  
She'll look at me and say:  
"We'll let the servants all go out;  
When only you and me  
Are left—just as I used to do,  
I'll get your Sunday tea."

And so we watch them as they go,  
The maids in ribbons gay,  
The cook and all the rest  
Epart in brave array.  
A. when the last has disappeared  
I rub my hands in glee—  
And say: "Now Mary! for old times!"  
And "mother" gets the tea!

Stand back, each Jane and Hannah,  
And hide your blushing face!  
If you could only look like this  
Never you'd lose a place!  
Such oysters, and such omelets,  
Chicken and toast—ah me!  
How happy 'twas when, long ago,  
She always got the tea!

Those good old days, when we were poor,  
And boys and girls were small;  
Since then the Lord has prospered us,  
While they've grown strong and tall,  
And think they ought to have "more style—"

Perhaps such things must be—  
But still I'm longing for the days  
When "mother" got the tea.  
—Independent.

## BICYCLE NO. 11150.

BY HENRY E. HAYDOCK.

"Father, may I come in?" said a fresh young voice.  
"Certainly, my son," answered a man who had been but a moment before bending over his writing.  
He glanced toward the door as it opened and seemed relieved at the interruption.  
A handsome, manly-looking fellow of about fourteen entered the library, advanced toward the table and stood opposite his father. As they thus faced each other, one could see a striking resemblance.

blance. The same dogged perseverance, the same resolute look and determined expression which characterized Mr. Stillwell's face, and which showed him what had made him superintendent of the R. & W. Railway, without friends or influence to back him, appeared also in the face of his son.  
This resolute look was now the most pronounced expression on the son's face as he said:  
"Father, I want to send for a bicycle to-night."  
The happy look that had come over Mr. Stillwell's face changed to a rather stern appearance.  
"Well, Charles, you know how much they cost, and at present I can ill afford to get you one."  
"I know that, father," the boy replied, "and had thought of it long ago. For a year I have been working in spare moments and saving all I could until I have now half of the price of a bicycle. Unless I get it at once, I cannot have it this summer. If you will advance me the rest of the money, I can get the wheel and pay it back before the fall."  
Mr. Stillwell dropped his head upon his hand as if in deep thought, but under the shadow in which his face was placed there came a pleased, happy look. Already the boy was showing what was in him. He had not begged for a bicycle, but had set out to get it himself. Mr. Stillwell did not like bicycles. He regarded them as one would regard a costly toy. Although he was secretly pleased with the way his son had gone about getting it, he still thought it a useless expenditure of money.  
When he looked up it was with a grave expression, and for a moment Charles' heart sank.  
"You know what I think of bicycles," he said. "I think they are very costly and practically useless. The proposition you make, however, is a thoroughly business one. It is your own money you are spending, so I will advance what you ask for, and shall expect to have it repaid by next fall. If I felt differently in the matter, I would gladly help you to get it, but, feeling as I do, it is best you should buy it with your own money as you propose. I, therefore, ask you to consider well, because there must be no mistake about your returning me the money when it comes due."  
"I have thought it over carefully," his son replied, "and I will hand you the money then. Here is the other half now," he continued, as he laid on the table a roll of bills of various denominations.  
How much that money meant to him! How much self-denial, hard work and persevering effort! Perhaps his father guessed what was passing in his mind, for he drew the money toward him almost tenderly.  
"When do you want my check for the full amount?" he asked.  
"To-morrow. I will write the letter to-night, and in the morning you can look it over and inclose the cheque to the manufacturer."  
Charles then bade his father good-night and left the room.  
For a moment Mr. Stillwell gazed toward the door, and away from his work; then he smiled happily and went back to his writing with renewed energy.  
Bicycle No. 11150 had at last arrived. Charles noticed the number when he unpacked it from its crate.  
The bicycle represented more to him than anything he had ever possessed. How fond he became of it! The self-denial, hard work and study he had given to get it were all repaid a hundredfold when he sped over the road with the bright, steel machine beneath him. He never seemed to tire of it's company. When not riding he was working over it, polishing the nickel or wiping the dust from the enamel. The summer was nearly over before he realized it. The days had sped away from him as the road had under his wheel.  
The amount he owed his father seemed to grow larger as the time came near to pay it, although he had raised as much as half of it. The thought of this money added a deeper gloom to the landscape as he wheeled down the road at the side of the railway track to the depot on a dark day in the early part of September.  
He noticed particularly that day the long curve the railway made to save a grade on the opposite side of the valley. The highway, by descending a steep hill, saved this detour and fully one-fourth of the distance.  
When he reached the station, which was a small, unpretentious building, he did not enter into conversation with the station master, as was his custom, but began reading the notices and studying time-tables.  
"What's the matter?" the station agent said. "You seem out of sorts."  
"Oh, nothing," Charles replied, and he

began to whistle, but it sounded forced and he soon stopped.  
"The agent took up the tune where Charles had left it, but he, too, suddenly paused.  
"I forgot that key," he exclaimed, "I must go to the house for it. You'll keep your eye on things, won't you? I will only be gone a minute."  
The agent's house was almost in sight of the depot, and he started on a run to get the key.  
Charles looked at the depot—at its tiny office, its few seats for passengers, its view of the track stretching away in the distance, with a new feeling of pride, for were they not left in his charge?  
Suddenly this feeling was followed by a sense of responsibility. Then, without being able to account for it, this gave place to one of dread. As the last feeling stole over him there came to his ears the heavy, dull rumble of an approaching train.  
Nearer and nearer it came, but there was nothing in this of itself to cause alarm for he knew No. 18 well. It always went through without stopping. So he stepped toward the door to see it pass once again.  
As he did so, the telegraph instrument began clicking loudly. He paid no attention to this as he did not understand telegraphy and had often heard it make as much noise when the sound had no import. Standing on the platform, he watched the freight train rumble majestically by. A brakeman whom he knew waved his hand to him, and he waved back in response. Car after car passed, until at last came the caboose with its fluttering flag.  
The long train had hardly crossed the last switch, and the click of the rails, as the trucks of the cars passed over them, still sounded in his ears, when he heard his name called in an agonized voice from the station. He rushes into the room. There stood the agent, his face a ghastly white, with one hand upon the keyboard of the telegraph as if frozen to it.  
"Orders to hold No. 18.—Got back too late to stop her.—No. 5 to pass her here. No. 5 has left V—station.—Nothing between the two trains."  
The agent fairly gasped the words, but Charles understood him at once.  
No. 18, the through freight, and No. 5, the express, between stations on a single track road, were rushing together with nothing to stop them!  
Charles turned as white as the agent, while a look of despair crept over his face. Suddenly his eye rested upon his wheel, and hope came to him.  
He remembered the long curve of the track, and the short cut of the road, and how they came together again farther on almost at right angles, and then continued in parallel lines. He thought of the slow progress of the freight. It was one chance in a hundred, but perhaps he could head off the freight train and stop her, particularly as he had so much less distance to go and could get great speed on the down grade.  
He was on his wheel in a moment, riding as he had never ridden before. At first there was a smooth stretch of road leading to the steep hill, which threw the road at right angles to the track, and over this his wheel fairly flew. With his head bent low over the handlebars, he glanced neither to the right nor left, but fastened his eyes upon the road which seemed like some white, silent river flowing by him with great rapidity. It took but a moment or two to get over this road, at the speed he was riding, but it seemed to him to be years.  
He was now on the down grade, and although he could not see the freight, he knew it was near from the presence of the cloud of thick, black smoke, which hung above its course.  
He soon reached the crest of the hill. In a moment, he thought, he could see the freight and know whether he could stop her or not. At length the train came into view, and he saw at once he could not hope to head it off, but that by using all his speed he would be able to reach it before all the cars had passed the place where the road curved in by the side of the track.  
As he started down the hill he put all his weight on the pedals until the bicycle shot down the grade at a great pace, gathering speed with each revolution of the wheels. He was going so fast that when he came to the level it seemed to him that his speed increased instead of diminished.  
Now, he is approaching the track with lightning swiftness. The road and the railway begin to converge. Moments pass which seem like years. He raises his eyes, the train is directly ahead of him; he will just reach it before it passes entirely. The engine has already passed and some of the cars.  
Once more he looks down and puts all his remaining strength upon the pedals. He raises his eyes again, and finds he is

shooting along the road beside the freight which is going at a good speed. He cannot hope to keep this pace long; already the freight is gaining upon him.  
A brakeman is half asleep on one of the cars. Charles waves his hand frantically and tries to shout but to his surprise his voice makes little sound, and that is drowned in the rumble of the train. The brakeman laughs and waves his hand in response, as if it were a good joke, his riding a race with the train.  
Would he laugh, Charles thinks, if he realized that that great mass of wood and metal, Passenger No. 5, was coming toward him with the force of a tornado?  
The freight is surely gaining, and they pay no attention to him. A short distance ahead the road and track diverge again; what shall he do? He rides with the energy of desperation, and the brakeman at last calls to a fellow-brakeman to look at him. They can't seem to make out why he should try to beat the train, when it is so hopeless a task.  
His heart leaps with hope for a moment but it is soon dispelled, for the other brakeman laughs, and then both wave their hands at him in token of farewell.  
Charles, in the agony of despair, lets his hand fall downward, and as he does so it comes in contact with a bunch in his coat pocket. Again hope comes to him, for he remembers it is the remnant of an old red rag he had used to clean his wheel and had stuffed into his pocket.  
Quick as a flash he has drawn the rag forth, and now waves it in answer to their mocking gestures. It is old and soiled, but its red is still bright enough to look sinister and dangerous as Charles waves it frantically above his head.  
The smiles die away from the faces of the brakemen. One of them starts on a run along the cars toward the engine. Then there comes the whistle of "down brakes." Charles is sick and faint, but he realizes he must keep up. Slowly, oh! so slowly, it seems to him, the train's speed diminishes and at last it ceases to move.  
A brakeman climbs down and runs toward the bicyclist, for he still waves that piece of red rag above his head with one hand while with the other he firmly clasps the handlebar of his wheel. The brakeman is close to him now and grasps his wheel, for it is beginning to wobble frightfully. He holds it firmly, for Charles is, for the moment, too weak to dismount.  
"No. 5 has passed V—station!" Charles stammers out between his gasps for breath.  
That is enough; the brakeman knows only too well what it means. He shouts out the information to another brakeman who is nearer the train, and the latter starts on a run for the head of the train with his flag. Will he be in time to stop the express?  
A moment, then another, passes. Surely he must now be ahead of the freight. Charles' strength returns, and, leaving his wheel, he rushes along beside the track. On reaching a place where he can see some distance ahead of the train, he notices the brakeman with the red flag is still running.  
Then there comes the whistle of an approaching train. The brakeman waves his flag, and Charles hears the whistle of "down brakes" from the engine No. 5, and sees No. 18, the heavy freight, begin slowly and majestically to back. Soon No. 5 comes in view, still moving but very slowly, and at last stops. No. 18 then ceases to back, and the two trains face each other, the smoke from their engines intermingling above the length upon length of cars, which might have been piled upon one another in one wild heap of chaos and death.  
Again father and son stood facing each other in the library.  
"To-night is the time I was to pay you my debt," Charles said, laughingly, "but first, you must admit that a bicycle is not so useless as you at first supposed."  
"No, my son; it is I who am in your debt," Mr. Stillwell replied, "for you saved me two great trains, and it is a debt it will be hard to pay. Here is the money you handed me toward the wheel. You see I have not touched it," and Mr. Stillwell handed back to Charles the identical roll of money which he had given him on the night of the first payment. "I gladly make you a present of the wheel. Now, what else can I do for you? I will be glad to give you almost anything. The company has empowered me to act most liberally."  
"All I wish for," Charles said, "is that my wheel's number 11150 shall go down on the records of the company among the train numbers with a history of what it did toward saving two trains." And so it happened that in the records of the R. & W. Railway, Bicycle No. 11150 has a place and a history.—Frank Leslie's Popular Monthly.

## Bishop B. W. Arnett

### SWAYS AUDIENCES WITH HIS MASTERLY ELOQUENCE.

#### He Writes a Letter of More Than Usual Interest to Suffering Humanity

At Wilberforce, Ohio, three miles north of Xenia and near Dayton and Springfield, is located Wilberforce University and Payne Theological Seminary.  
These two institutions of learning have educated many ministers and teachers.  
In this somewhat noted educational centre, resides Bishop Benjamin W. Arnett D. D., a divine who is of especial prominence because of his thrilling eloquence with which he has swayed many audiences.  
Among the high officials of the church, no one is more distinguished than he.



BISHOP B. W. ARNETT.

Before being elected bishop he was a leading minister in his church and also a very prominent Republican. He represented his county in the Ohio Legislature for several years.

Having given this sketch of the bishop, the following testimonial from him will be found very interesting reading and fully explains itself.

To whom it may concern:

In April, 1894, while on my way home from Philadelphia I caught a very severe cold, which soon developed into rheumatism. It was impossible for me to rest by day or sleep by night. About the first of June I was compelled to my bed, where I remained for some time; when I was able to get up, I could only get about by the use of crutches.

The fall came on and the rheumatism grew worse, lasting all through the winter of '94 and '95. I suffered as I never suffered before. I thought that the spring would bring me relief, but it did not, consequently I was forced to cancel a number of engagements to speak.

"One day in June, 1895, my wife said, 'Bishop, I read so much about Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, suppose you try them and see if they will not help you?'"

"I said, 'No, there is no use of getting them for we have tried almost everything that has been recommended to us, and none of the remedies suggested seem to help my case.'"

"She said no more, but went to Xenia, Ohio, and bought a box of the pills. On her return she gave me a dose at noon and another at night. She was only called one time to attend to me during that night."

"For months previous she had been called three to four times during the night. The next day I took three doses of the pills, and the second night I was not disturbed. My wife, for the first time in more than ten months, had a good night's sleep."

"I have not lost a night's sleep since that time on account of the rheumatism. I carry a box of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills in my pocket wherever I go."

"I cheerfully bear testimony and hope that others may find relief as I did. I have recommended Dr. Williams' Pink Pills to several people."

"Yours for God and Man."

BENJAMIN W. ARNETT.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills cure by going to the root of the disease. They renew and build up the blood, and strengthen the nerves, thus driving disease from the system. Avoid imitations by insisting that every box you purchase is enclosed in a wrapper bearing the full trade mark, Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People.

#### A God-Sent Blessing.

Mr. B. F. Wood, of Easton, Pa., was a great sufferer from organic heart disease. He never expected to be well again, but Dr. Agnew's Cure for the Heart was his good angel, and he lives to-day to tell it to others, hear him: "I was for fifteen years a great sufferer from heart disease, had smothering spells, palpitation, pain in left side and swelled ankles. Twenty physicians treated me, but I got no relief. I used Dr. Agnew's Cure for the Heart. One dose relieved me inside of 30 minutes. Several bottles cured me." Sold by W. W. Short.

## Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria.

### Stories Told By Public Men.

President McKinley likes to see Senator Mason. Not long ago the president asked Senator Mason to tell one of his stories. The senator responded by telling a story which convulsed the president with laughter. It illustrated the fact that the pie which the president had to distribute would go around by a long odds. It was this:

Pat McCarty gave a dinner to which he invited three or four of his neighbors. Pat had allowed his wife to cook only one chicken. When dinner was served Pat took possession of the carving knife and in a most hospitable tone said to Mrs. Duggan:

"What part of the fowl will yez have?"

"A leg if yez please," was the answer.

"An' what part will yez have?"

Would yez loike some av' yer whitt?" Pat inquired of Mrs. O'Hooligan.

"An' a leg will do me," she answered. As each answered the part of the fowl she desired was given her.

"What part will yez have? Moike Walsh?" Pat blandly inquired of his neighbor.

"O! balave O! will take a leg to," said Moike, in his most modest way, wishing to follow in the footsteps of the rest of the company.

"Begorra" said Pat to Mickey "what does yez think O!m carving—a spider?"

### YOU ARE A VICTIM!

#### Medical Statistics Prove that Eighty Out of Every Hundred are Tainted With Catarrh.

Are you one of the eighty? Foul breath, pains over the eyes, drooping in the throat and headaches denote it. Have you these symptoms? Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder never disappoints in a cure.

"For years I was a victim of chronic catarrh. I had tried all kinds of cures, and had been treated by numbers of physicians, but no cure was effected until I had procured and used Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder. The first application gave me almost instant relief, and in an incredibly short time I was absolutely cured from this distressing and disgusting malady." James Headley, Dundee, N. Y. Sold by W. W. Short.

#### Woman's Best Friend

Rev. E. F. Johnson, of Unity Church, Oak Park, Chicago, says he does not propose to have the theatre more advanced than the church, and has ordered that hereafter women will unbonnet themselves during services. He believes that the church of the future will have a dressing-room where ladies can leave their hats and wraps, and a check-room for overcoats and umbrellas. "I do not ask my people in a compulsory spirit to remove their hats," he says. "I suggest it as a matter of courtesy, first to the church, next to the pastor. As I said in public, I have two reasons. One, and the main one, is that other people may enjoy the privileges of the sanctuary; the other, that the assembled worshippers may look more home-like. The women have accepted the edict in a friendly spirit of acquiescence."

## FAVORITES FOR LONG YEARS.

For long years Diamond Dyes have been the favorite family dyes in the Dominion of Canada; and although imitation package dyes have been plentifully offered for sale, their great inferiority to the "Diamond" in strength, fastness, beauty of color and brilliancy was known to the great majority of women, and they were condemned and avoided by all who valued good and bright colors. No sensible woman can afford to risk her goods with poor dyes when the "Diamond" are admittedly the world's best.

A most important point to remember is that the Diamond Dyes cost no more than the crude and common dyes sold by some dealers for the sake of large profits.

Ask your dealers for the "Diamond"; if he values your trade he will be in a position to supply you.

The joint resolution recognizing the existence of a state of war in Cuba, declaring that strict neutrality shall be maintained by the United States between the contending parties, and according to each all the rights of belligerents in American ports and territories, passed the Senate on Thursday by a vote of 41 to 14. The House of Representatives unanimously passed the Cuban relief resolution appropriating \$50,000 for food and supplies.

#### His Title.

Nonie—I see that the Englishman who is to marry Miss Van Dough landed yesterday, and the papers put C. B. after his name. What do the letters mean? Laura—I suppose 'come broke.'