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# THE REVIEW

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## THE GREAT NORTH SHORE ROUTE!

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## THE ANCESTRAL GHOST.

By A. H. O'BRIEN.

It was one of the best dinners I had ever seen. The company was select and homogeneous, the bill of fare was irreproachable, the service was most excellent, and the wines beyond criticism. As the giver of the dinner, I had no reason to feel that it was anything but a grand success. The songs we sang, the toasts we drank and the stories we told were received with enthusiasm, and when I made my little speech of welcome, and became the recipient of the congratulations of the company, through the voice of the recognized orator of my set, I was one of the proudest mortals who ever attained the advanced age of twenty-one years. It was my birthday, and I had reached my majority at last. Outside of the fact that I was no longer an infant, I had not very much to which to look forward. My family was an old one in the country, and we still lived in the old mansion which had been the home of my ancestors for nearly three hundred years. These ancestors had been, if report spoke truly, a pretty hard lot, but no worse, perhaps, than others of their time. They were hard drinkers and riders, and, but for the fact that it was not in their power to sell out the old place, and apply the proceeds to the payment of their debts of honor, there would have been nothing left for their descendants of my degree.

There was a tradition in the family that as each male member attained the age of twenty-one years, he was visited by some of his ancestors. I could never get my father to talk on the subject, and though he would not say that he had ever seen the family ghost, neither would he say that he had not seen him. He always turned the conversation into another channel when the subject was broached. If I had ever given serious thought to the matter, it had been full of my mind during the dinner, and the spirits I there entertained were of a very different kind from those of which I have just spoken. I had entered thoroughly into the enjoyment of the occasion, and possibly had partaken more freely than usual of the accompaniments of the plum pudding and other delicacies. I was not intoxicated, however, when the party broke up and I retired about eleven o'clock. My room was situated in the east wing of the old house, which was known throughout all that part of England as the "Farnham homestead." The time of year was December, and the snow lay thick upon the ground outside. The massive fireplace was well filled with logs, and the fire threw out a ruddy glow. The moon shone brightly through the window, as well as shed its light upon the whitened ground of the lawn in front of the house. The great old bedstead looked inviting, with its postures running nearly to the ceiling, and its curtains reaching round the entire structure; and the armchair and lounge near it gave promise of solid comfort. In a corner of the room was an old sideboard which had formerly done duty in the dining-room, but now, by reason of its generally dilapidated condition, had been retired from active service, and was used by me as a sort of cupboard, wardrobe and general utility closet. When I went into the room that night, I was at peace with all the world, and after disrobing, I put on a dressing gown and took my seat in the armchair in front of the fire, to think over my future prospects as a full-fledged man. It was but natural that in looking into the future I should take a retrospective glance as well, and while in the retrospective stage there flashed upon my mind the tradition as to

the visit of the ghost. Now, I had never been a believer in ghosts. I had always treated their existence as a fairy tale, and when the ghost story first came to my mind, I was inclined to laugh. I found, however, that laughing about a ghost in broad daylight and in company with others who would laugh with me, and indulging in the same thing at the dead of night and alone, were very different things. At this point I rose, and going to the old sideboard and taking up a bottle of brandy, I indulged in a good big nerve to ward off the cold chill which I felt crawling down my back.

The more I contemplated my surroundings, the more I became convinced that everything in the room was of the regulation character for the reception of a ghost. The old house, the four posters, the curtains, the open fire, the armchair and the lounge had all appeared in every ghost story that I had ever read, and almost involuntarily, I rose and bolted the door, which was not my general habit. Then I sat down in the armchair and wished for daylight. Even the light of the moon seemed ghastly, and I closed the curtains so as to shut out the light. Suppose the ghost should come? What then? If it was true that it had appeared to those who had gone before me, and the result to them had not been serious, what had I to fear? While pursuing this train of thought, I brought the little table over to the chair and set on it the brandy, so as to have it convenient, and taking just one more reviver, I leaned back in the chair to think again. I had hardly set down the glass on the table when I heard a sort of a sigh, and felt a cold blast of air on my legs, where my dressing gown did not quite cover them. I could see nothing, but I was sure there was a presence in the room with me. I could feel it. The door remained tight shut, but there was somebody or something with me which had not been there two minutes before. The lamp was still burning brightly, and as I continued to look sharply around I saw a sort of luminous glow on the wall near the door. At the same moment I heard a sound as if someone with the asthma were trying to catch his breath. I watched the glow and could determine that the sound came from it. I wanted to speak, but my tongue refused to do its duty, and I could only work my mouth in the vain endeavor. Then came a voice from the direction of the light, "Turn down the lamp. It annoys me." It was the voice of a man, but a very feeble one. I found my own voice at last and managed to blurt out in a very unsteady way, "Who are you?"

"I'll tell you who I am when you turn down the light," was the answer. I was getting braver now and returned, "I won't turn down the light until you come out from wherever you are and let me get a look at you."

The answer came, "If you turn down the light you can see me better. I'm somewhat of a light character, myself, and I don't need any assistance in that direction." And then the asthma broke out again as if the ghost was in danger of choking over his joke.

Well, I took another drink of the brandy and turned down the light, and, as I did so, the luminous appearance became more distinct and gradually assumed the appearance of an old man, dressed in the fashion of about two hundred years ago, with knee breeches, powdered wig and a long cue hanging down his back. As the figure developed it moved towards me and I backed away. It stopped for an instant and put its hand to its mouth as if it were about to cough, but no sound came. Then he (for I had better call it "he") looked at me and said, "So you are another of 'em, are you? Don't you know who I am? Haven't you been told who was to call on you this evening, and is this the way in which you receive one of the oldest members of the family?"

The manner of the ghost was not pleasant nor was his language, and as my courage was coming back, I said, "I think, sir, that I have been at least as polite as yourself, but I will be even more so. You look cold. Won't you come to the fire and warm up? I may add that I was informed that some of the family may drop in to-night, but I hardly thought they would introduce the conversation by calling me 'another of 'em.'"

"Well, now," said the ghost, "I didn't mean any offence. I may be a little testy sometimes, but it's only natural under the circumstances. What's your name?"

"Henry Farnham," said I.

"So your name is Henry," said the ghost. "That was my name when I was in the swim; but I don't suppose there will be any confusion arise from the fact at this time. I'm very tired, Henry, and I'm cold, and with your permission I will sit down."

I began to like the old gentleman, and I was as brave as a lion now, so I said, "Sit down by all means. Will you try the lounge?"

With that the ghost came over to the lounge and carefully took a seat on the edge of it. I don't know how he did it, for I could see clear through him, even to the buttons on the back of his coat.

"You look tired," said I. "Did you walk all the way?"

"Walk?" said the ghost. "No, I came in the usual way. I rode."

"On what kind of animal do gentlemen ghosts ride?"

"Nightmares, of course," said the old gentleman. "What do you suppose? If we didn't have a supply of that kind of conveyance, very few of us would be able to get around at all." And, again, he said, "Turn down the light more. It annoys me."

As I did so, the old gentleman fairly shone, and the phosphorescence which emanated from him was sufficient to permit the interior of the room to be seen plainly, but there was no smell of blimstone.

"Henry," said the ghost, "you are the most sensible member of the family that I have met, and I have been calling on them for the past two hundred years." Here he gave a sort of sniff and added: "and your breath reminds me of old times. What have you got in that bottle?"

I had taken my seat in the armchair by this time, and I answered, "Brandy."

"Ah," said the ghost, "brandy! Let me smell it."

"Help yourself," said I.

"But I can't help myself," said the old gentleman. "You must put it under my nose."

I wasn't one bit afraid of him now, and so I held the bottle under his nose, and he took a long smell of it, and sighed.

"Henry," said he, "I have come to see you on a serious matter. It is the same errand which brought me to all your predecessors. They could do me no good, and I shall have to keep on coming until I find one who can. From what I have seen of you, I am inclined to think that you are the man to solve the problem which has been bothering your ancestors for all these years. If you can relieve us of the necessity for my visits will cease, and both the living and the dead will have peace once more. The fact is, Henry, the large majority of your ancestors were not ornaments to society. They liked brandy and cards too well, and they are doomed to a perpetual thirst in the other world, until one of the family solves the problem of putting a material substance into an immaterial body. In other words, how can we get a drink and hold on to it? The thirst, Henry, which we have on us is not to be measured by anything which a mortal is capable of understanding. The heat of a mortal's copper after a night with the boys, is not a circumstance to it; and now you may be able, to a limited degree, of course, to imagine the condition of my throat when I see that bottle on the table and know that it is not for me. Not one of your predecessors could do anything for us. They were chumps and we have told them so, since they have joined us from time to time, but you seem built in a different way."

"Well," said I, "Do I understand you to say that in the place where you come from, there is plenty to drink, but that you are not capable of availing yourselves of your opportunities?"

"That's just the size of it, Henry," said the ghost. "That's the punishment. Tantalus over again. We have plenty of spirits, and are never at a loss for a beer. We could get it by the barrel, but how could you put a bucket, or even a glass, of liquid into a puff of smoke or a cloud, and that's about my consistency? It won't stay, and if it don't stay it does no good. No, Henry, it goes right through us before we have time to taste it. And, Henry," continued the ghost, "It is only fair to you to say that if you should succeed in relieving us, the penalty which you incur is the transfer of the thirst from you to us. Your advantage, however, lies in the fact that you can apply the remedy whenever you like, while we are powerless. Can you see any hope for us, and will you undertake the case under the conditions?"

My brain was working briskly while the old gentleman was telling his doleful tale, and when he stopped for breath, I said, "Uncle Henry (I'll call you that for we haven't time to cipher out the exact degree of relationship), I believe I can do it and I'll try."

"Now, Henry," said the ghost, "don't play us for flats, and raise any false hopes. If you do I'll shock you."

"Honor bright," said I. "You just sit there for a moment." And with that I went over to the washstand and picked up an atomizer which I sometimes used for a bronchial affection, and brought it

over to the table and held it up before the ghost. "Did you ever see anything like that," said I, "and do you know what it is?"

"No," said the ghost. "What is it?"

"That," said I, "is an atomizer."

"I was once an atom, I sir," said the ghost, and then he nearly choked again; "but I never looked like that!"

"If you do that sort of thing again," said I, "I will give up the job. That's the second time you have acted in a very unghostly way, and I won't tolerate it."

"Henry," said the old gentleman, with abject humility, "I promise never to choke again."

I wasn't sure whether he intended to defy me by that last effort, but I gave him the benefit of the doubt, and said, "Now see here. You say that you can't hold anything because you are immaterial. The cloud that you mentioned is immaterial, too, to a certain extent, but it can hold tons of water, notwithstanding. Now I propose to charge you with brandy on the same principle that the cloud is charged with water, by gradual absorption so open your mouth."

I had filled the atomizer with brandy, and as he opened his mouth I shot a spray into it. The old gentleman spluttered and gasped out, "Put a little water in it." I put in the water, and again commenced operations. It worked beautifully. I sprayed him from head to foot, and I could see the spray being absorbed in minute particles from his toes to his crown. His body (if I may so call it) held on to the spray until I had emptied the flask, and when the last jet was sent into him, his whole system, such as it was, was permeated with brandy. The density of his shape was increased to the extent that the rear buttons disappeared. The smile on the old gentleman's face was indescribable. His whole being was irradiated, and when I had finished the dose he fairly shouted, "Fill her up again!" Well, I filled her up again and gave him another full dose, and the sigh of satisfaction which he heaved will stand by me to my dying day. His toes began to beat a tattoo on the floor. He got up in a very uncertain way and began to dance, shouting, "You have solved the problem, my boy. Set 'em up again!"

"No more," said I. "You have more than you can carry now, and I doubt whether you will be able to get home in time. All well-regulated ghosts have to be home by daylight or be locked out, and it's nearly that time now."

"Never!" said the ghost. "I'll never leave you, Henry, as long as I have the spirit of the family in me. Hoop la! Set 'em up!" And with that the ghost fell over on the lounge and went fast asleep.

Here was a dilemma for which I had made no calculation. I sat down in the big chair, took some brandy, and tried to think what I was to do with Uncle Henry.

When I waked it was broad daylight. The prophecy had come true. The ancestors' accumulated, two-hundred-year thirst had been transferred to me, and Uncle Henry was gone. I cannot say how or at what time he had left. Neither shall I attempt to describe the character and intensity of the thirst which I had assumed for the sake of and in sacrifice for the family. The nervous condition incident to the interview with Uncle Henry and the penalty, stayed with me for nearly a week, but at the end of that time I had recovered sufficiently to leave the house.

If I were ever inclined to doubt the evidence of my senses as to the incidents of that evening, I had only to remember the empty bottle and the atomizer, both of which, when I waked, were just where they had been left after Uncle Henry went to sleep.

## CURED OF SCIATICA.

Left Hip Affected—Suspected Kidney Trouble—Relieved and Perfectly Cured by Dodd's Kidney Pills.

Toronto Junction, Jan. 18 (Special)—Mr. H. Playter, is not a difficult man to find as everybody here knows that he is foreman at No. 1 Fire Hall. He was the picture of health when called upon by your correspondent and told his story thus:—

"In April 1896 I suffered from a severe attack of Sciatica affecting my left hip and the leg to the tip of the toes. I suspected it came from some form of kidney trouble and as they had been recommended I procured a box of Dodd's Kidney Pills."

At the end of the fourth day I was entirely relieved but desiring a permanent cure I continued to use that and another box and am now perfectly cured and as well as ever in my life. A brother of mine living at Pine Orchard has been cured by Dodd's Kidney Pills.

## Bass River.

JAN. 8.—Thinking some of the friends away from home who like the names of those who assisted at the social and entertainment held in the hall at Bass River on Xmas. Eve, I will take it as a favor if you insert the programme in full in your next issue.

Opening song—"Jingle Bells," by the choir.

Dialogue—"Washing Day at Zoffer Coffin's," by Annie Woods and Norman Beaton.

Recitation by Katie Murphy. Song—"Come back to your Mother, Tom," by the choir.

Dialogue—"The Hoyden," by Gertie Keswick, Mina Campbell, Mabel Sullivan and Duncan Robertson.

Recitation by Sadie Campbell. Song—"Paradise Alley," by W. W. and D. C. Robertson.

Dialogue—"Trouble in the Morman Family," by Mina Campbell, Bernice Whitney, Bertha Dunlay, Annie Woods and D. C. Robertson.

Recitation by Mary Dunlay. Song—"Old, and Only in the Way," by the choir.

Dialogue—"Scene in a Railway Station," by Annie Woods, Bertha Dunlay, J. Walker, Jas. Marsh, Chas. Whitney and Fred Robertson.

Recitation by Bertha Dunlay. Song—"Uncle Joe," by Wm. Keswick. Recitation by Annie Woods.

Stamp Speech by J. E. Miller. Closing Song—"God Save the Queen."

Mr. Murray, who occupied the chair, spoke very pleasantly, and made everything pass in an agreeable manner.

Mrs. D. Dunlay, whose head was injured by falling on the ice the evening of the entertainment, is recovering.

Mr. Abel Easter, our veteran blacksmith is confined to his room with bronchitis.

Mrs. Rogers is slowly recovering from her recent severe illness. Her sister, Miss M. Thompson, of Boston is visiting her at present.

The young folks passed a pleasant evening at N. A. Campbell's last week. Dancing and other amusements suitable to the Christmas season were indulged in.

Mr. W. W. Robertson and Mr. Matt. Hanson, who have been visiting friends here, have returned to Boston.

Mr. Harry Witham, of Brewer, Maine, is spending the winter with his uncle Wm. Marshall, of this place.

Minnie Marsh, the 16 year old daughter of Jas. Marsh, died last week of consumption. Much sympathy is felt for the family in this sad bereavement.

## Exposure o Disease

Does not necessarily mean the contraction of disease provided the system is in a vigorous condition, with the blood pure and all the organs in health action. When in such a condition contagion is readily resisted and the disease germs can find no lodgment. Hood's Sarsaparilla is the best medicine to build up the system because it makes pure, rich blood, and pure blood is the basis of good health. In cold weather it is especially necessary to keep up the health tone because the body is subject to greater exposure and more liable to disease. Hood's Sarsaparilla is the safeguard of health.

## His Own Success.

"Winebiddle scored a great success in the story-telling line at the club last night," remarked Tillinghast. Gildersleeve looked up in great surprise. He could not believe his own ears. "Are you sarcastic?" "Not at all."

"It's the first time I ever heard of his doing anything of the sort. Usually his narrations are old stories, which he never fails to spoil in the telling. I can't for the life of me imagine how he could score a success."

"It was this way. Dinsmore had just finished one in his very best vein, which provoked unbounded laughter, when Winebiddle remarked, 'That reminds me of a good story.' Then seeing that blank despair and resignation was settling on the faces of the crowd, Winebiddle added, 'But I'm not going to tell it.' Then you ought to have heard the boys. They cheered Winebiddle to the echo, and I fear that he is somewhat vain of his new-found popularity."—New York Journal.

## CASTORIA

For Infants and Children.

## A LONG NERVOUS STORM.

If you ever watched a dentist draw a tooth out of a tooth, you will remember how it looked like a little snip of wet, white cotton thread. How can so contemptible a thing inflict such a mountain of agony? And why does it do it? "Disease," you say. Ah, surely! A simple and obvious answer; yet in what way does the true nerve-fibre, wrapped up and coated, as it is, like the wires in a submarine cable, get to be diseased?

Yet, somehow, these soft stings do become fearfully out of order, or our friend Miss Hunt, alluding to the neuralgia from which she once suffered, would not say, "Sometimes I was almost mad with the pain." And that is but one of many forms of torture imposed upon us by the nerves; yet without these nerves we should be but lumps of clay—lacking feeling and power of motion.

How can we cure these dreadful nerve-pains? The drug shops abound in so-called remedies for them, yet they are only as a breath to cool the air of a torrid summer day. The real cause and cure are among Nature's deeper secrets. Can we find them?

"Nearly all my life," says Miss Hunt, "I have suffered from indigestion of an aggravated kind. I felt low, weary and weak, having little or no energy. My appetite was variable. At one time I would eat voraciously, and at other times I could not touch a morsel of food."

"After eating I had great distress at the chest and around the sides. I suffered martyrdom from the horrid pain in my stomach and limbs. As the years passed by, my nerves became totally unstrung, and I endured untold misery from neuralgia. My lips and half my face were almost dead from this distressing malady."

[The lady will pardon the writer. In the sense of being objects of use and pleasure, they were in truth practically dead; but in another sense they were horribly alive, as the sky is when it is pierced and cut with the lances of the lightning.]

"I consulted," she adds, "doctor after doctor, but in spite of all their medicines and applications I found little or no relief. Sometimes I was almost mad with the pain."

[Not a doubt of it. Under such circumstances the body is a poison-house of keen suffering, and people have, not infrequently taken their own lives to escape from it. Only acute rheumatism or gout can be compared with neuralgia, and (please observe) the whole three are forms of the same thing—results of the same cause. Hence sufferers from the former two ailments will be wise also to read this essay to its end.]

"In June, 1886," continues the letter, "a book was left at my house in which I read of many persons who had been cured by a medicine called Mother's Seigel's Syrup. I bought a supply from a chemist in New North Road, and soon my indigestion got better, the pain in my head and limbs was easier, and I felt stronger than I had done for years."

"I think it only right that others should know of what has done so much for me. You have, therefore, my permission to make this statement public if you like. (Signed.) (Miss) S. Hunt, 67 Dale View Road, Stamford Hill, London, June 30th, 1891."

Our correspondent is a schoolmistress, and, as her letter shows, a woman of fine intelligence. At the outset she names the radical and only real disease she had—namely, indigestion, or as we indifferently call it, dyspepsia. Starved from want of nourishment, and poisoned by the products of food constantly decomposing in the stomach, her nervous system was thrown into wild disorder, and protested and cried out with the thrilling voice of pain. No application, no emollients are effective to remedy symptoms springing from a cause so profound and firmly seated.

Would we stop the writhing of the trees during a gale? Ah, they cannot be bound or held. We must employ, if we possess it, a power which can say unto the wind, "Peace, be still."

Something akin to this Mother Seigel's Syrup did when it abolished the digestive trouble. It enabled the stomach to feed the feeble body, and with returning strength the nervous storm subsided into the calm and harmony of health.

## Reason for Thanks.

"Thank heaven!" muttered the poor girl, who was serving as the heroine of a paper novel. And yet she had apparently little for which to be thankful as she crawled into her pallet of straw on the floor in the corner of the room. She was very, very poor. And yet she was thankful.

"The advantage of a bed on the floor," she murmured as she lapsed into a sweet slumber, "lies in the feeling of security it brings. A man cannot possibly get under it."—Puck.

## SOLD AT A LOSS.

In order to convince the public that Dr. Agnew's Liver Pills are far superior to any liver pill ever placed on the market, the manufacturer has for the past six months sold them at 10 cents for a vial of 40 doses; or at clear loss of 50 per cent of their cost price. The truly wonderful merit of Dr. Agnew's Pills is now recognized in three-fourths of Canadian houses, and from this time on the retail price for a vial of 40 doses will be 20 cents, or five cents a vial less than is charged for other brands of liver pills. They are the smallest, cheapest, best. Sold by W. W. Short.

K D C Pills cure chronic constipation