

# THE REVIEW

VOL. 8. NO. 45.

RICHIBUCTO, NEW BRUNSWICK, THURSDAY, JULY 8 1897.

\$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.

Canada's Greeting To Her Premier, July 1st, 1897.

BY I. ALLEN JACK, Q. C., D. C. L., ST. JOHN NEW BRUNSWICK.

From sunny fertile slopes with sea-lapped shore; From canyons deep and dark and mountains high; From endless plains of waving prairie land; And wooded tracts where, 'neath a northern sky, Vast, sea-like waters limitless expand Or, bursting from their bonds, in torrents roar;

From rock-bound coasts where hissing billows leap With curling crests; or where the juicy grass Fills wide-spread meadows saved from swelling tide; From vales, beneath soft skies, where white clouds pass And shadows throw o'er many a drooping side Of upland whence the dimpled streamlets creep;

From leafy wilds where mighty rivers glide; Deltas and islands decked with blossoms gay; And grain-clad fields and pastures soft and green; Come hearty greetings, on the natal day Of this domain, ruled by a gracious Queen, To thee its chosen, trusted, trusty guide.

Past are the years when, borne by favouring breeze, Cabot and Cartier reached this distant strand, And brave Champlain, and Hudson stern and bold Found in an unknown zone, a wondrous land Lying unclaimed, its varied gifts untold, Far o'er the boundless space of unsealed seas.

Past are the years when o'er the hapless land Was spread its pinions, till the fatal day When willing peace returned amid the cries Of raging battle, and in death's clasp there lay Two hostile heroes; when, with weeping eyes, England and France clasped each other's hand.

Two peoples forming one, their common aim Ignores all difference in faith and race; Canada's sons are brothers one and all, And in her glorious cause each claims his place; He waits her summons, answers to her call, And seeks, mid good and ill, his country's fame.

The sun which rose this morn and shed its rays On snowy Selkirk peaks, and drove the night From parted oceans, woke to joyful life An embryo nation bursting on the sight, With active powers and great resources rife, Girt for the race impatient for the strife.

Where yonder cities stand, whose tapering spires Flashed in the dawn, a single trapper raised His simple camp far from the haunts of men, Or herds of savage, shaggy, bisons grazed; Yon busy town was once a gloomy glen Where Indians roamed and glimmered hunters' fires.

To God be praise and, when the mellow light Fades in the dusk, and softly through the air The sound of bells is heard, slow, sweet and clear, Let hearts and voices rise in earnest prayer. They feel no anxious doubt nor chilling fear That trust in Him Who rules by day and night. Hail, LAURIER! Let the tribute garland, gay With roses, lilies, and the sprays fresh to n From willing maple trees, and leaves

Of Shamrock, and the blossoms proudly worn By hardy Scots be twined, and let the breeze Bear far its perfumes sweet this happy day.

Vive LAURIER! Let the merry music sound, Let RULE BRITANNIA, A La Claire Fontaine, SAINT PATRICK'S DAY, and thrilling SCOTS WHA HAE Lend to the concert each its bright refrain; Let cheery voices chant each honored lay; And song and toast and loyalty abound.

Thou who, by manly worth, hast bravely won An honored place, may gracious heaven decree To thee thy country's guerdon long to share With her, who, by thee loved and loving thee, Hath chosen to tread thy path, thy name to bear, And shine a jewel 'neath a rising sun.

## A TEST OF LOVE.

Baroness Martha Defoe placed her hand on Erwin's arm and led him to one of the cozy little sitting rooms adjoining the dancing hall.

"You must be angry with me, at least greatly surprised. I hastened on at Ada's urgent request. A day after my arrival I insisted that you should follow without giving any reason that could seem adequate to you. It was so very good of you to come that I cannot refrain from expressing my gratitude. To be brief, I desire very much that you should marry Ada."

"But, my dear Baroness," exclaimed the young man excitedly. "Do you love her?" "With all my heart."

"And are you not sure that my little friend reciprocates your feeling?" "I have at times felt convinced that she does. But a woman's heart, you know"

Erwin's frank and manly face became sad. "I thought I had heard about a ring that Ada gave to you some time since?" She touched with her finger a finely carved cameo set in a band of gold on Erwin's hand.

"You are slightly in error about this, Baroness. That Walter Bramont, Ada's brother, was my dearest friend, you, of course know. We went to school and afterward to college together. The friendly relations between Ada's brother and myself date back to those days. When the poor lad lay on his deathbed, he desired to leave to me a token of his friendship. By his sister, Ada, he sent me this ring. Since that day it has never left my hand. But as she was merely the executrix of her brother's will, I have no right to base false hopes upon his gift."

"I look upon it as an indication that Ada loves you," said Baroness Defoe musingly. "To make sure of it, I wish you to sue for her hand in marriage. Be brave and ask her to dance with you. The rest will take care of itself."

The Baroness dismissed Erwin with a graceful wave of her pretty hand, then followed him slowly from afar. Making his way through a sea of silk and satin train, Baron Erwin von Gerz stood at last before Ada.

"May heaven bless them," whispered the Baroness fervently, and for the nonce her hands were folded as if in prayer.

The ball given by the Bramonts was for days the sole topic of conversation among the upper ten of the capital. The toilets of the women, the splendor of the arrangements were discussed by enthusiastic and envious tongues alike; but the sweetest morsel of gossip was Ada Bramont's engagement to the Marchese Lucano, which had been announced before the evening came to a close.

The Baroness Defoe informed her husband of their friend's unsuccessful suit. "He came too late," she wrote, "therein lies the secret of his defeat." The Marchese Lucano was not painted in flattering colors. "He is a handsome man, and chivalrous enough to win any young and romantic girl's heart. But I believe that he is insincere and that mercenary motives have prompted him to ask for her hand."

considered to be a fortune hunter.

Though she could not confide to Ada the thoughts that disturbed her, Baroness Defoe, with her usual tact, touched lightly upon the events of the night soon after Ada had dismissed her guests and joined her friend in her room.

Ada's face betrayed agitation when Erwin von Gerz's name was mentioned, but she regained her self-control. "I do not deny that I like Erwin—Baron Gerz, I mean," answered the young girl. "I like him very much indeed. I might have married him if circumstances had brought us together sooner, but he lived most of the time in the country and showed no inclination for more than formal acquaintance. How could I guess that he desired to marry me? When he asked me at last, it was too late. The Marchese had my word, and I saw no reason for altering my decision. You know it is papa's pet scheme to have his daughter a Marchese. Why should I upset it now?"

"I thought as much," murmured the older woman. "Erwin has come too late."

A few days later the Baroness Defoe returned to her home in the interior of the state. The separation from her friend tried the young girl sorely. She was motherless from infancy and had learned to lean upon the older woman in all the little difficulties that beset a young girl's life. To please his daughter Mr. Bramont determined to take a summer residence in one of the small watering places of the Thuringian mountains, not far from the Defoe estate. This was not at all in accordance with the Marchese's plans, who had hoped to spend the summer months at one of the fashionable spas in France or on the coast of the North sea. Prudence prevented him from interposing serious objections.

The Bramonts were warmly received by the Baroness Defoe and her husband, who helped to install them in the pretty little villa that had been rented for them. It was a plain, unostentatious home, very unlike the elegant mansion they inhabited in the city.

It could be seen ere long that the Marchese, who had accompanied them, was entirely unsuited to the people with whom he came in hourly contact. As the summer passed on, he absented himself frequently for several days in the week, going either to the city or hibernating at some fashionable watering place, where he was sure to meet gay company.

Mr. Bramont was not at all pleased with the conduct of his future son-in-law, and his daughter betrayed annoyance at his neglect. Baroness Defoe was at last no longer able to control her outraged feelings.

"Dissolve the bond! she exclaimed seizing Ada's hand. "It is still time. You will be unhappy, and then it will be too late."

Ada shook her head. "It would be unwomanly," cried Ada. "An engagement is a promise neither man nor woman should break. As yet he has given me no cause for such an act. If he should break it, it would"—

The girl paused, startled by the thought that only too readily suggested itself. "If I furnish you with proof that he is faithless will you break with him then?" asked the Baroness.

"How will you do it?" "Trust me," whispered the Baroness. Next morning the Marchese departed on one of his periodical journeys.

While the Marchese was absent Mr. Bramont paid Erwin a visit. As he was not aware of the latter's suit for his daughter's hand, this visit was but the natural outcome of the kindly feelings he had always entertained for his son's schoolmate and friend. He returned from the Gerz estates highly pleased with Erwin's ability to manage his property.

Marchese Lucano remained away longer than was his wont. A letter came from him, advising his fiancée that important business engagements made it impossible to return. Mr. Bramont's face grew more thoughtful as letter upon letter arrived from Lucano asking for loans of various large sums of money. The father refrained from acquainting his daughter with the purport of these missives.

she had spent her time during his absence and Ada told him that she had been very much interested in a volume of Italian fairy tales which had accidentally fallen into her hands.

"How kind of you to devote your attention to the literature of my native land!" smiled the Marchese. "One of these stories has been especially interesting."

"Which one, my darling?" "It is called 'Love's Test Was True.'" "A romantic title! Tell me the story, sweet."

They gathered around the girl and the Marchese. "Once upon a time there lived a prince. He was handsome and elegant of manner, and it was an easy thing for him to captivate the heart of a young girl. She consented to become his wife and placed upon his finger a ring to seal the bond between them. But he did not love her as he should, caring only to possess her wealth. Her innocence and simplicity wearied him ever before they were united in marriage. He left her for days at a time to engage in the gay pastimes of the world. In her distress the young girl sought the counsel when next her lover was gone. Together they thought of a plan by which she would know whether her lover was true to her or not."

"Under every ring constantly worn on the same finger a stripe of white is formed. No matter how brown and weather-stained the hand may become this stripe remains white and pure. Men who are faithless to their vows remove their rings in the pursuit of unholy pleasures."

"This," the fairy said to the young girl, "is an unerring sign. When next your lover returns to you, remove from his hand the ring you have given him. If the skin beneath is pure and white, he has been true to you. If the strip is missing"—

As Ada spoke these words she playfully drew from the Marchese's hand the ring that bound him to her. Lucano tried to snatch his hand from her grasp, but Ada was quicker than he. The tell-tale stripe was missing.

Pale as death the girl arose, drawing from her own hand the ring he had given her and throwing it at his feet. That night the Marchese went away for the last time, never to return. It developed consequently that he had borrowed money wherever he could on his prospect of marrying an heiress.

A year later we find Ada again, spending the summer at the home of her friend, the Baroness Defoe. The Baron had been away for several days on a mission, the purpose of which only his wife knew.

When he returned, he was accompanied by Erwin von Gerz, who had just come back from a long sea voyage. When he shook hands with Ada Bramont, she saw on his finger her dead brother's ring. Tears glistened in her eyes. "How good of you, Erwin, to wear this silent token of my brother's love!" she said feelingly.

"It has never left my hand from the day you put it there."

He slipped it from his finger, and there, vividly contrasting with the sun-browned hand, he held a circle of white where the ring had been. A cry of delight broke from her lips. "I love you," whispered Erwin, "and I have been loyal to my love."

Ada Bramont knew he had. Love's test had been true.—From the German.

are blessed with clean, pure blood and steady nerves, are the people who make use of Paine's Celery Compound, the only medicine that revitalizes the blood that fortifies the nervous system, that gives perfect digestive power, sound sleep, and a new lease of life to those advanced in years.

Paine's Celery Compound is truly the great modern elixir of life, and no wonder that doctors approve of it and strongly recommend it.

Why go on in wretchedness and misery when such a medicine promises health, vigor and new life? We recommend you no untried remedy. Every bottle of Paine's Celery Compound is warranted to do the work it promises. There is health and life in every drop.

Reflections of a Bachelor. A woman that marries for a home pay great.

The devil probably told Eve that apple were good for the complexion. The average girl would rather be caught in swimming than to be seen with a gingham apron on.

Life is like a nutmeg grater—you have to rub up against the rough side of it to accomplish anything. When a girl rides a bicycle she never thinks her own skirt blows up as much as she others she sees.

When a girl goes walking with a man she always laughs and acts so interested in all the babies they meet. When a girl is sixteen she thinks most about a man's hair and eyes; when she's twenty she thinks most about his clothes; when she's thirty she thinks most about his bank account.

## HELPLESS FOR SIX MONTHS.

Rheumatism Held Him In Chains—Suffered Untold Torture—The Great South American Rheumatic Cure Waged War and Won a Complete Victory—Relief in a Few Hours.

"I have been a great sufferer from rheumatism. I was completely helpless for over six months. I tried all kinds of remedies but got no relief. Having noticed strong testimonials published of the cures effected by South American Rheumatic Cure I obtained a bottle of it, and received relief from pain from the first dose, and in an incredibly short time I was entirely freed from my sufferings."

James K. Cole, Almonte, Ont. Sold by W. W. Short.

A Queenly Woman. Harold Frederic cables to the New York Times:—Although self-depreciation is not usually reckoned as among their foibles, it seems true that they (the British) did not at all realize before this week what a tremendously great people they are. It is not alone by pages of telegraphic reports from a thousand points all over the map of the globe that they have learned this, for even the largest conception of Colonial loyalty had been discounted. Nor does the remarkable tribute of the Continental press to Britannia's prowess and deserts explain it, though this has made a profound impression here. The "reptile" journalism of Berlin, Vienna and Paris has been for some years energetically preaching that England is a second-rate power, and America, too, is favored with a weekly reflection of the same idea. It is no doubt very striking to find these interested tongues struck dumb in the presence of Tuesday's superb fact, and to hear instead the echoes of an unbroken chorus of admiration from all these capitals.

This is not, however, what has made John Bull catch his breath and turn hot and cold under such a thrill of conscious destiny as never was known before.

How shall one express it? The thing has not come to the English people from without: it proceeds from within them. It burst forth tremblingly at the sight of the Queen. She became visibly transfigured before the eyes of her subjects. Those who could not see caught the big thrill from those in the front. It ran from heart to heart through the kingdom with more than electric swiftness.

gave you a sublimation at once of majesty, pride and tenderness. After sixty years, in which so candid lips had formed the word beauty, it was all at once the only word by which to describe her. People talk lovingly still of this wonderful metamorphosis. When the papers the next day dilated on it, such phrases as "her lovely sapphire eyes" struck no one as exaggerated. The venerable sovereign was not only the all important personage of the occasion, she was its belle as well.

## HEAD-NERVES

Are Disturbed when the Stomach Refuses to do its Work—Indigestion Upsets the Whole System and Makes Weeks of More Hopeful Lives than any Other Complaint Under the Sun.

"For several years I have been a subject of severe nervous headaches, and last June I became absolutely prostrated from indigestion. I was persuaded to try South American Nerve. I procured a bottle. My headaches were relieved almost immediately, and, in a remarkably short time, left me entirely. The remedy has toned up and built up my system wonderfully." James A. Bell, Beaverton. Sold by W. W. Short.

## Poisoning British Secrets.

I am not at all surprised to learn that the British government has decided to deny to American students in future the privilege they have enjoyed for the past seven years of attending the royal schools of naval architecture. The real reason is not, as some spread-eagles have announced, a jealousy on the part of British students at the high standing and honors won by the Americans, but the fact that the courtesy has been abused by not a few of those who have enjoyed it. At the Royal Naval college, at Greenwich, and also at the Glasgow school, the students had many opportunities of learning items of naval architecture and details of vessels under construction which the government desired to keep secret. The Americans, at times, availed themselves of these opportunities for securing prints, dimensions, and other data, which they forwarded to the office of naval intelligence at Washington, thus providing the latter with secrets which they gathered while guests of the British government.—New York Town Topics.

## An Ontario Lady Had Her Hands Poisoned.

Ladies should remember that the Diamond Dyes are the only pure, true and unadulterated dyes in the world. The imitation dyes sold under various names have bulk enough, but three-fourths of the contents is composed of cheap and worthless ingredients most dangerous to use and handle.

Diamond Dyes, prepared according to scientific principles, are always the same in color and strength; these great advantages the women of Canada fully appreciate.

An Ontario lady writing about Diamond Dyes says: "Your Diamond Dyes are the best I have ever used; they are quite harmless to work with and never irritate the skin. I had occasion to use a package of common cheap dye that was sold me as being equal to the 'Diamond,' but it proved a source of great trouble. After using it a severe rash appeared on my hands, showing it contained poisonous matter."

## KIDNEY DECEIT.

How Many are Unintentionally Deceived in Treating Kidney Disorders—Can You Afford to Trifle with Your Own Existence?—If You Suspect there is any Kidney Trouble, Discard Pills, Powders and Cures—South American Kidney Cure is a Time-Tried and Testified Kidney Specific.

A remedy which dissolves all obstructions, which heals and strengthens the affected parts, and which from its very nature eradicates all impurities from the system, is the only safe and sure remedy in cases of kidney disorder. Such a remedy is South American Kidney Cure. This is not heresy. The formula has been put under the severest of tests, and it has been proclaimed by the greatest authorities in the world of medical science that liquids—and liquids only—will obtain the results sought for. A liquid remedy taken into the system goes directly into the circulation and attacks immediately the affected parts, while solids such as pills or powders cannot possibly attain these results. Kidney disorders cannot afford to be trifled with. The quickest way is the safest way to combat these insidious ailments. This great remedy never fails. It's a liquid kidney specific. It's a solvent. Sold by W. W. Short.

## This Hot Weather

YOU ARE PHYSICALLY AND MENTALLY EXHAUSTED?

Paine's Celery Compound is the Great Builder and Recuperator.

As a rule there is no pain following physical and mental exhaustion and debility.

You know you are weak, languid, have loss of memory, depression of spirits, with a wasting flesh. Your troubles proceed simply from nervous exhaustion, and though you are not suffering pain and agony, be assured your condition is extremely perilous, and demands immediate attention.

The wonderful stream (the blood) that runs to every part of the body, supplying the most minute nerves and tissues, is foul and poisoned. In your present condition your blood is not a life stream; it is a stagnant pool of disease and death.

The healthy, hale and strong, that bear up during the hottest weather, and that