

THE REVIEW

VOL. 8. NO. 33.

RICHIBUCTO, NEW BRUNSWICK, THURSDAY, MAY 20. 1897.

\$1.00 A YEAR

THE GREAT NORTH SHORE ROUT!

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.

The English Posies.

Buy my English posies— Kent and Surrey may, Violets of the Undercliff, Wet with channel spray; Cowslips from a Devoncombe, Midland turse afore— Buy my English posies, And I'll sell you hearts' desire!

Always puttin' things in order! Sets m' blood a bilin' red When these wimmen—tarnal nation!

THE TOWN CLOCK.

The heat was terrible: but Barbay did not seem to mind it as she hurried along the close, dusty street, her clean calico gown, giving her a bright fresh look that it did one good to see on such a day.

Stopping as she reached the city hall she looked up half expectantly and hopefully, up at the tall tower reaching so far, far above her. A brighter smile came into her face as loud, clear and distinct came from above the clang—clang—clang

She looked a moment longer, but father was not to be seen, dear father who was so good and kind and whom everybody loved. And why shouldn't they? How could they help it, and how could they do without him?

"Bless my soul and body!" said a pleasant voice; and the next moment Barbay was in her father's arms. "What brought you here this hot day, sweetheart, and what's in the bundle?" he asked, after she had almost smothered him with kisses.

It was in a queer corner of a still queerer room in this tall tower that they sat down by a narrow table pushed close to the wall to enjoy their feast. A hanging cupboard, from which a couple of spoons, some salt and a knife were taken, suggested certain housekeeping arrangements, while on the table were pen, ink and paper, with a book or two, evidently taken from the hanging shelves, in another corner.

Woman's Ways. Been a-hunting all creation Fer them blamed old specs o' mine. Had 'em here this very mornin', Sure as rain 'a harvest time.

The fourth corner held the tall, old-fashioned clock, as old as the bell itself, that had served in all that time to tell the exact moment when the town clock must strike.

"Barbay," said her father when, their feast over, he saw a rapidly approaching storm; "much as I love to have you here, I must send you home now as fast as you can. You would not like to be wry up here in such a storm as those angry-looking clouds are bringing us"

"Oh, father," said Barbay, "I should not mind anything where you are. Let me stay, please. I love to watch the clouds play hide and seek from here."

Suddenly she wondered what made her feel so queer, and why she was on the floor. She must have been asleep. She picked herself up and wondered what made her go to sleep all in a moment.

Would he sleep long and get rested, she wondered. Before father came, the town clock had fallen asleep, and, failing to strike the hour on time, had been discharged. It gave her such a happy, helpful feeling to think she was here now to wake father in time.

She stood at one of the windows, and looked down, down on the busy city, then up at the rapidly moving clouds, already being kissed by the sun, as he bade them a loving good night.

It was time to wake him now. "Father," she said, softly, going to his side. "Father," she repeated louder, as he did not reply.

How soundly he slept. She called, called again and again, even shook him; but he would not wake. What must she do? If she could not wake him the clock would not strike, and they would discharge him, as they did the other man, and then what would become of mother and the children?

With the tears rolling down her cheeks she made one more agonizing effort to waken him, and then looked in helpless despair at the clock and at the motionless bell. Suddenly a thought came to her that made her start and tremble. Could she? Dare she? She must try for dear father and the mother and the children.

Climbing on a chair, she took down the hammer, that felt so heavy, and then, pushing the chair close to the great bell, she climbed into it again, this time on her knees, so she would be where she could strike well. Her little eyes went up to the clock, that still marked one second of the time. She was not too late.

The hammer dropped to the floor, and, burying her face in her hands on the rim of the bell, Barbay caught her breath and gave a terrible sob.

Had she counted right? It had never sounded as before. It seemed as though the first sound had deafened all the others and would never stop. Did it sound so to those who were listening? Did everybody know it was not father? How dreadful it all was! Would they do anything to father—or to her—if it was all wrong?

She locked up. How soundly father still slept! Mr. Harper would soon come now and let him go home. He would not mind his going to sleep, for he had been kind to him.

There were footsteps on the stairs. Mr. Harper was coming. No, there were voices. In an instant Barbay was at her father's side, and, putting her arms round her father's neck, kissed the white, tired face, and called him by every endearing name she could think of.

"Hullo! What's this?" said the Mayor, as he and the janitor entered. "Don't, please don't let them discharge him," said Barbay, her big, sad eyes looking at the two men. "He could not help it; indeed he could not; for he's been the town clock all day and all night. Oh, don't—please don't!" she pleaded, the tears beginning to roll down her cheeks.

"How long has he been this way?" he asked, quickly. "I don't know. I went to sleep all of a sudden, and when I waked up I was on the floor, and father was asleep too."

"Get a doctor here as quickly as possible," said the Mayor to the janitor. "He is stunned, and may be so for hours; but I think he'll come out of it all right. I confess I do not know what to do myself."

With a terrified look Barbay crept closer to her father as she said: "Oh, please, I can't wake him; and I was afraid they would discharge him."

"Well," said the Mayor, "who made the clock strike?" "Please, please don't let them do anything to father!" said Barbay, "I tried so hard to do it right."

The Mayor's eyes threatened to give him trouble, as he said kindly: "Come here, little woman. Do not be afraid. No one shall do anything to your father that you do not like. Come and tell me how you made the big clock strike."

Encouraged by his words and by the tone of his voice, she loosened her hold of her father and had soon given an account of how she had tried to be the town clock. "Did I count all wrong?" she asked, wistfully. "Oh, it was so dreadful!"

The Mayor put his arm round her gently, and drew her to him, his eyes glistening and a lump rising in his throat, as he thought of all she had gone through. "You are a dear, brave little woman," he said, earnestly, brushing her hair back from her eyes. "Yes, you counted all right, and everybody knew what time it was; but the old clock sounded as though it was almost too weak and too tired to strike, that was all."

"And they won't discharge father?" "No, he shall not be discharged; but I think that we must see that he has a few days to rest before he goes to work again."

"Oh," gasped Barbay—"oh, how beautiful! Then I don't mind—no, I don't mind all that dreadful part—I don't mind anything"—and putting her head on the Mayor's shoulder, she burst into tears.

The next day the story was told all over the city of how the tall tower had been struck by lightning, and the town clock had been stunned and unconscious for hours; and of how Barbay, who had been stunned too for a few moments, had tried to be the town clock, so that her father, dear father, might not be discharged.—N. Y. Independent.

A Voice From Virden. GENTLEMEN,—I have used Hagyard's Yellow Oil for the past ten years, and find it a splendid remedy for colic, neuralgia, bronchitis, croup, pains in the back, ulcerated and sore throat, sprains, chilblains, etc., in fact we use it for almost every pain, and it always relieves quickly.

A Comprehensive Word. "What's his profession?" said the man with a wide range of taste. "He's an artist." "Yes, but what kind? Does he dance, paint pictures or walk the tight rope?"

Hard Study in School.

BRINGS ON A SEVERE ATTACK OF ST. VITUS' DANCE.

A Young Girl's Life for a Time Made Miserable—Could Not use her Hands and Found it Difficult to Walk—Health Restored.

Nervousness is the frequent cause of much misery and suffering. One of the effects of this breaking up of the nerves, particularly among young people, being chorea or St. Vitus' dance. A correspondent tells of a young lady at Selby who was badly afflicted with this trouble.



proved quite true, and believing that a recital of the facts of the case would be of advantage to some one who might be similarly suffering, I asked permission to make them known, which was readily granted. The young lady is Miss H. M. Gonyou, a general favorite among her acquaintances, and it is thought that her trouble, as is not infrequently the case, was brought on by hard study in school."

Miss Gonyou gave the following statement:—"All through the fall of 1894 I had been feeling unwell. I did not speak to anyone about it, for I was going to school and was afraid if I said anything about it to my parents they would keep me at home. I kept getting worse, and at last grew so nervous that I could not hold my pencil. My right side was affected most, though the trouble seemed to go through my whole system. In January I was so bad that I had to discontinue going to school, and I was constantly growing worse. I could not use my hands, because I would let everything drop, and frequently when I attempted to walk, I would fall. My brother had been ailing for a long time and was then using Dr. Williams' Pink Pills and getting better, so I thought as they were helping him so much they would be a good medicine for me. Before the first box was done I was feeling much better, and after using the Pink Pills for about a month, my health was fully restored. It is now more than a year since I discontinued the use of the pills, and I have not had the slightest trace of the malady since. I am satisfied Dr. Williams' Pink Pills saved me from a life of misery, and I would strongly recommend them for nervous troubles.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills create new blood, build up the nerves and thus drive disease from the system. In hundreds of cases they have cured after all other medicines had failed, thus establishing the claim that they are a marvel among the triumphs of modern medical science. The genuine Pink Pills are sold only in boxes, bearing the full trade mark, "Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People." Protect yourself from imposition by refusing any pill that does not bear the registered trade mark around the box.

The Complete Angler. "What's a fishing rod?" "It's a handsome-jointed arrangement your father holds out over the water."

100 per cent Better. Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills are curing heart and nerve troubles in every city, town and village in Canada. Mrs. F. Abbey, Toronto, says, "Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills cured my husband who had for fifteen years suffered with weak nerves caused by heart trouble. He was subject to pains in his head, dizziness, fainting spells, sleeplessness, etc. He is now free from these troubles, and feels 100 per cent better than when he began using the pills."

The Elections.

Montreal Star.

The Conservative party never had less reason to fear the future than to-day. Fate has done its worst, and the party has nothing to lose but honor.

From the Napanee Express. Nervousness is the frequent cause of much misery and suffering. One of the effects of this breaking up of the nerves, particularly among young people, being chorea or St. Vitus' dance.

The Conservatives have been pretty well relieved of responsibility; they have little to do but to retire gracefully and promptly and for a longer or shorter period to perform the duties of a loyal opposition faithfully. For the sake of the party they might well wish their opponents to stay in power long enough to attract to themselves some of the leeches that have been living on the Conservative party so many years.

A SPECIAL WARNING TO LADIES.

The proprietors of Diamond Dyes are the only people in the world that make special dyes for coloring cottons and all mixed goods.

It is now admitted by all the best color chemists that a dye prepared specially for all wool goods will not color cotton or mixed goods successfully.

When Diamond Dye Pink, Purple, Orange, Garnet, Navy, Yellow, Blue, Scarlet, Turkey, Red, Green, Cardinal, Brown and Black for Cotton and Mixed Goods are used, satisfaction is always guaranteed.

Beware of the dyes that pretend to color all wool goods and cotton with the same package of dye. The verdict of millions on this continent is, "Diamond Dyes are first and best."

Where Did He Get Them? The old man is a great favorite on Newspaper Row; his only failing is that he has asthma, which he has to drown out occasionally.

Last week he started out to drown his hay fever on pay day. When he left the office he counted among his possessions \$25, his week's salary. Just what happened to him is a mystery, because he never gained consciousness until he woke up in the station house the next morning. He searched his pockets; they were empty.

Eight o'clock came, and the station keeper came to let him out. There was no charge against him; he had only been locked up to sleep it off. The station keeper called out Bob's name, and then began to hand out things that had been taken away from him when he was locked up, of which Bob had no knowledge; first his watch, then \$37.50, half as much again as Bob had when he started out, then a new suit of clothes, an umbrella, a box of paper collars and a basket of grapes. Bob is still wondering where they came from. But he entertains the highest opinion of the police department and the board of public safety.