

Board Office

THE REVIEW

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THE GREAT NORTH SHORE ROUTE!

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A MISTAKE.

Zona Sheldon was making the European tour. Her education was finished, and she and her mother had spent the last two years in travel. Zona's mother was a wealthy widow, and Zona was an only child.

The important subject under discussion on the October morning which brings them to our notice is an invitation to be present at the wedding in the north of England.

But here was a dilemma. Mrs. Sheldon was so indisposed as to be unfit for the journey, yet she did not wish Zona to stay at home. Mrs. Sheldon had a firm belief that it was a perilous undertaking to travel in a compartment car unless there were so many passengers that there was no possible danger of assault.

Morning saw our heroine at the King's Cross station anxiously scanning the carriages to make sure of one well filled and at least one or two ladies in it. At last she saw one that met her requirements, and, slipping a coin into the hand of the guard, she entered.

The train steamed out of the station, and Zona took a survey of her fellow travelers. There was a family—father, mother and three children, an elderly lady, two business men, and in one corner a man whom she did not particularly notice.

For awhile she looked out of the window admiring the flying landscape. Then she produced a book and began to read. A new sensation stirred within her. She drew out her dainty little watch and looked at it. Twelve o'clock and 20 minutes. Two hours since she had started. She laid down the book and opened the little lunch basket; then she drew off her gloves, tucked them in the pocket of her jacket and began to eat. The man in the corner took this opportunity to read the title of her book.

"Biglow Papers," I know she's an American. I can see it from the tip of her nose to the toe of her little boot. I didn't know before that eating was one of the arts.

Zona all unconscious of his scrutiny, finished her dinner, returned to her book and fell asleep for awhile. She did not know when some of the other occupants of the compartment got out, and about 4 o'clock she was roused by hearing the mother of the family say: "Wake up now, Tille! Wake up! We get out at the next station."

Zona looked about with a start to see the October day darkening down and realize that when the family party should leave the train she and the man in the corner would be the only occupants of the compartment.

For a moment Zona was possessed with an insane desire to scream, and only by a strong effort controlled herself. The man in the corner, who up to this time had not moved from his seat all day, now rose and walked to the other end of the car.

He reached under the seat and took out a small hand satchel, which he opened. Was he going to get a revolver? No, it would be a knife. A revolver would make too much noise. She watched him with fascinated eyes.

He took out something small and slipped it into the pocket of his coat. Soon he rose again and sauntered to the far end of the car. He lit a taper, bent down and was engaged with something. What was it?

Zona put her hand to the window and made a desperate effort to open it, that she might be ready to call the guard. The man heard and turned. He came quickly

forward. "Allow me," he said.

"Oh, no, thank you," said Zona hastily. She felt sure he had discerned her purpose, and that there was a covert menace in his tone.

"What a powerfully built fellow he is!" went her thoughts. "What a villainous countenance! One can see he is a desperate fellow. I am sure he is looking at my ring."

Now, the ring was a very beautiful diamond given to Zona by her mother, and Zona, with a disregard of conventionality, wore it on the finger which is usually set apart to carry the signal of engagement.

Therefore his thoughts were: "Engaged! Well, I don't wonder. She surely is the loveliest girl I ever saw. I wonder who the happy fellow is! What can be the matter with her, though! She doesn't look a bit like she did the first part of the day. I've a notion to speak to her. An American girl isn't likely to be so squeamish as a native. Here goes."

"I beg your pardon," he said aloud. You look wearied. Do you go much farther?"

An Englishman wouldn't speak without an introduction, thought Zona, if he hadn't some design.

It was some little time before the question was answered, for she was making a calculation whether if she told him that her journey's end was near he would be likely to make the most of his time and attack her immediately, or whether he might perhaps abandon his purpose altogether. So some time had elapsed in the uncertainty when she said, "I don't know, sir."

Zona again attempted to open the window, and this time with success. Soon the darkness increased and the hollow rumbling told that the train had entered a tunnel. All at once she felt a sharp sting and a shriek from her mingled with the yell of the engine as it gave vent to its joy at emerging into daylight again. The man was at her side.

"I beg pardon for intruding. Are you hurt?" he asked anxiously.

Zona thought his anxiety was caused by fear lest the guard might have heard her scream. At the same time she became conscious that the pain was in her right eye. A cinder from the open window had lodged in it.

"If you would let me," said the stranger producing from his pocket a handkerchief.

"Chloroform!" flashed through Zona's brain, and she shrieked out: "No! Don't come near me!"

"Poor thing!" thought the would be Samaritan. "She must suffer dreadfully."

The man subsided into his corner at Zona, with her eye fast swelling, bitterly repented her temerity in taking the journey.

And then came a long whistle. The man in the corner rose and snatched up his satchel. The guard unlocked the door. "Newcastle, ma'am. You're at your journey's end." And he picked up her valise.

Will Zona Sheldon ever again know such a sense of relief, or will any other face ever be so welcome to her as was that of the burly guard as he made this announcement to her? She was safely on the platform and a coachman, narrowly watching the passengers, stepped up to her saying, "Mr. Mowbray's carriage for Miss Sheldon."

"I am she," she said, in a voice which her mother would not have recognized.

He opened the door and Zona, stepping into the carriage, sank back on the cushions and burst into hysterical tears.

The man, who had been in the corner, standing with his satchel in his hand, gave a low whistle as the sight met his gaze through the window. Walking forward to the coachman, he said: "Give me a lift, Riley. I guess I'll ride with you."

"All right, Mr. John," said the coachman, lifting up the satchel. "Come down from Edinbro, sir?"

"Not directly, Riley. Let me down at the gate, and don't tell them I've come. I want to have a bit of a joke with them."

"Hall right, sir."

"So that is the traveled young lady who is to be bridesmaid to-morrow and stand up with me! If I'm not much mistaken, she will be in no condition to stand up."

In Louise's snug room the prospective bridesmaid recounted her woes and was pitied and comforted and assured that she should not be allowed to go back alone.

"Cousin John Pierpont, who is going to be best man, is going down, and he will see you safely back. You know he is an American, a graduate in medicine and has been studying in Edinburgh. He is going to spend this winter in the London hospitals, and I know you will like him. I hear a bustle now. I believe he has come. Will you excuse me till I go down and

see?"

"Oh, Louise, dear, you must excuse me from dinner. I can't go down with this horrible black eye."

"Zona," said Louise, as she came in after dinner, "Cousin John thinks you had better let him examine your eye. He says it is dangerous to let the inflammation run on, and he thinks it will be quite well to-morrow if you get a good night's rest."

"Well, if you wish it. I don't want to spoil your wedding after all."

"Miss Sheldon, my cousin, Dr. Pierpont," said Louise, as she ushered in the doctor. Zona, whose vision was much impaired by the sore eye, did not recognize him as the man in the corner. He merely bowed:

"A clean pocket handkerchief, Louise," he said cheerily.

At the sound of his voice Zona looked up quickly. A twinkle shone in John Pierpont's blue eyes.

"Now, Miss Sheldon, one moment and it is out," he said.

"What instant relief!" exclaimed Zona.

"Thank you, doctor."

"You are quite welcome," he replied.

"By to-morrow I hope you will have quite forgotten it."

There was little sleep that night for Zona Sheldon.

"What a little idiot I have been! How could I have imagined such things of him! He is tall and powerful—that was right. But dark and murderous looking. Why, what a pleasant smile! Oh, how can I meet him in the morning! I wish Louise had not told him."

But sleep came at last, and Zona woke radiant as ever. She dressed and went out into the park to settle how she should meet Dr. Pierpont. But it was settled for her. A sudden turn in the path brought her face to face with him. She burst into a peal of merry laughter, which he echoed.

"Dr. Pierpont," she said, "I hope you will be merciful and keep my secret."

"I am not likely to tell a secret so much to my disadvantage. What was it! Villainous!"

"Please, doctor," she implored, "I did not notice your looks at all. I had parted with my senses."

Had not the whole household been absorbed in the wedding, they must have seen that there was a secret understanding between the compatriots which quickly ripened into intimacy.

"And Zona is to go back to London under our escort, John?" said Louise.

"Provided she is not afraid to travel with me," he said, with a laughing bow to Zona.

A smile was her only answer.

They were seated—the sole occupants of a compartment.

"Now will you answer me a question? Had you made up your mind what to do if worst came to worst?"

"Yes," she said, laughing. "I was going to take off my watch and ring and offer them to you, as well as my purse. I fancied you looked at my ring particularly."

"I did," he said after a pause, "because you know, the finger you wear it on. May I ask, Miss Sheldon, if there is any particular significance in it?"

"It was given me by my mother," she said simply.

"I am very grateful indeed, Mr. Pierpont," said Mrs. Sheldon late in the evening, as the three sat in her parlor, "that my daughter has had your company. I never feel safe to have a lady travel unattended in a compartment."

Here her auditors glanced at each other and burst into uncontrollable laughter. Mrs. Sheldon looked amazed.

"Thereby hangs a tale, mother," said Zona when she had recovered her voice, and she related the story.

"Miss Zona has omitted the sequel," said Dr. Pierpont gravely, "which is that I have won from her a consent, subject to your approval, to be her protector, and yours, too, for the rest of our lives."—Ex.

The Spectre Of The Isle.

A trim looking brig anchored off one of the small and desolate islands of the Bahama Group last summer, had sent a boat ashore with buckets and water casks for a supply of fresh water.

It was just before sunset, and the boat pulled in shore, found a spring of pure and cold water amid a group of palms, and the men set to work filling the buckets and carrying them to empty in the casks in the boat.

There was a full moon and the men intended to work late into the night until they had a full supply. But suddenly one of the men uttered a cry of terror and bounded toward the boat like a deer, while he shouted:

"The ghost of the Isle!"

The rest of the crew looked up to behold what he had seen and they too fled, and piling into the boat they rapidly pulled back to the brig.

There their story was told to the captain, and he did not dare say that it was false, for tars must be upheld in their superstitions. Then too he had heard that that particular island had been the scene of many a wreck and tragedy, and why should it not be haunted, for the men claimed to have seen a ghost, or spectre, coming toward them.

Sweeping the shores with his glass the captain also saw the spectre. It was surely a human form, clad in white, and gliding up and down the beach.

The men wished to set sail, but the water casks had all been emptied for the fresh water and the captain said that sunlight dispelled ghostly apparitions and he would get the supply of water in the morning.

Again and again he hailed the spectre, but no answer was returned, and there was very little sleep on board the brig that night for the ghost continued to pass too and fro upon the beach.

With the first glimmer of dawn a boat was lowered, and the captain himself went ashore with four of the crew.

Approaching the landing, the spectre was seen coming from the spring, and in the light of the rising sun it was seen to be a youth of twenty, with cotton shirt and duck pants, much worn, and a face haggard and emaciated. His feet were wrapped in rags in place of shoes, and though he waved a welcome with his canvas cap he did not utter a word.

As the captain sprang ashore the youth grasped his hand and said in a whisper:

"I have lost my voice and so could not hail you. Thank God you come back again, for I have been here for a couple of months, the last one of a crew of twelve patriots who left Cuba with dispatches for the Junta in New York, for we intended to sail to San Augustine and land. One of our party was a Cuban colonel, and nearly all were wounded. We had a sharpie thirty feet in length, and provisioned for couple of weeks, but she was driven off her course in a storm and wrecked here, and I alone escaped; but I have the dispatches, and I got enough of our provisions to keep from starving, but the last I ate yesterday, so you have saved my life. Ten days ago I lost my voice, and I had given up hope when I suddenly came across the island and saw your men at the spring last night."

The graves of his comrades were found where he had buried them; and the boy was taken aboard and soon made comfortable. By the time the brig reached New York he had regained his voice, and he at once delivered his dispatches, and soon after returned to Cuba with an expedition that sailed from Florida.

THE BICYCLE LEG.

It Causes The Ladies A Great Deal of Trouble.

"The bicycle leg," repeated the brunette aghast. "What is it? I've heard of the bicycle face, the bicycle back, the bicycle brain and the bicycle voice, but the bicycle leg is new to me. Tell us about it?"

"We've got it," put in three others. "And you'll get it if you ride too much," said the athletic girl, with a malicious laugh. "It attacks women riders a great deal often than it does wheelmen," she continued, "probably because their muscles are more vulnerable than those of a man."

"I never rode much until last summer, and didn't notice that my legs had been affected by it at all until the dancing season opened. The muscles of my legs seemed to remain still all the evening the first dance I attended, and I was really uneasy, for I thought I'd contracted rheumatism."

"My leg wouldn't act right and I could not manipulate my feet or make them go. My partners glared at me, and none of them went back for the second turn, so I pleaded a headache and went home. I was puzzled but didn't say anything to anybody, for I'd always had the reputation of being a fine dancer. It was the same thing at the next dance, the next, and the next, and at last it dawned upon me that I had the bicycle leg."

"I had the very same experience," testified another enthusiast. "I, too, used to be considered a pretty good dancer, but since I've been riding a bicycle I'm no longer a desirable partner."

"Why, how does wheeling effect the legs so as to make it impossible to dance?" asked a novice.

"Well, it seems we have two sets of muscles in our legs," explained the athletic girl. "One we use in all kinds of graceful exercises, such as dancing and

delsarte movements, and the others are used for work."

"Pushing the pedals develops these working muscles until the others are overcome and when you attempt to do the graceful act you are about as successful as a cow would be. The preachers who oppose dancing could find a good argument in favor of the wheel as a moral agency right along this line."

"Dancing is unquestionably a form of dissipation; if bicycling does away with that pastime it will certainly do more than moralists have ever been able to accomplish, and I believe in time that it will. If wheelwomen find out they have to give up one or the other, I predict the abandonment of dancing."

"And I predict the abandonment of the wheel," put in a man who came up in time to hear the last remark. "Wheeling is a fad with women. They won't stick to it, especially if it interferes with their dancing. In another 12 months they will have forgotten that they ever rode a bicycle."—Ex.

THAT LUMBER TARIFF.

TORONTO, March 25.—Martin Burton, Barrister, lumberman, has arrived from the Saginaw. "If the United States Government insist upon putting a duty of two dollars per thousand feet upon Canadian lumber," said Mr. Burton, "there is no doubt the Dominion Government will retaliate and place an export duty upon logs. The lumbermen in the Saginaw district know this, and are striving to have the import duty cut down to a dollar. They have a strong case, and expect help from Mr. Alger, Secretary of War, who has large lumber interests in Canada. The impression is gaining ground that the United States Government will compromise and reduce the duty to a dollar. This will be accepted by both parties, both in the United States and Canada."

WASHINGTON, March 25.—An agreement was reached by the Senate in executive session yesterday afternoon on an hour for voting on the amendments to the general treaty of arbitration between the United States and Great Britain, but consent to an agreement for the final vote was refused. At two o'clock next Wednesday the vote will be taken on the amendments then pending, and the treaty in its then shape is to be printed for the use of the Senate the next day. At four o'clock on Thursday the vote is to be taken upon all amendments that may be offered in the meantime, and this will be the last of the votes on proposed amendments. From that time the debate will proceed on the treaty proper.

NEW YORK, March 24.—Seventeen more Canadians who had been enticed to colonize in Brazil by an agency in Montreal arrived here to-day on the steamship 'Wadsworth' from Rio de Janeiro. They were taken to Ellis Island to await the action of the British consul, who assisted two former batches of returning emigrants, all dupes of the same scheme. Guarantees of work were not observed, and men, women and children return in a pitiable condition, ill-nourished and scantily clothed. They were forwarded to New York by the British consuls in Brazil.

RIGHT FROM THE MINES.

Family Ties may be Broken in the Grand Rush for Gold, but What's Worth Without Health—Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder is a Wonderful Cure—It Never Fails to Relieve in Ten Minutes.

Fred Lawrie, of Trail Creek, B. C., writes: "I have used two bottles of Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder, and have been wonderfully helped. I can recommend it very highly to all sufferers from Catarrh." And here is another:—Mr. B. L. Egan, Easton, Pa., says: "When I read that Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder would relieve Catarrh in 10 minutes, I must say I was far from being convinced of the fact. I decided to try it. I purchased a bottle. A single puff of the powder through the blower afforded instantaneous relief."

Critic—Where did you get the idea for that poster picture?

Painter—Out of my head.

Critic—You must be glad it's out.—Tib-Bits.

"Talk about unreasonable people," said the real estate agent, "that man wants me to rent his farm to somebody who has had experience."

"What's unreasonable about that?" "The idea of anybody who has had experience with a farm wanting to live on one."—Washington Star.

A course of Hood's Sarsaparilla taken now will build up the system and prevent serious illness later on. Get only Hood's

MUNYON LEADS

SO-CALLED INCURABLE DISEASES YIELD TO HIS REMEDIES.

HONEST PEOPLE TESTIFY.

The Experience of Those Who Have Been Cured Proves That the Most Obsolete Forms of Rheumatism, Catarrh, Dyspepsia, Kidney Complaints, and Blood and Nervous Diseases Are Promptly and Permanently Cured by Munyon's Remedies—Ask Your Druggist for Munyon's Guide to Health, Select a 25-Cent Remedy and Cure Yourself.

Mrs. Stuart, 427 St. Lawrence St., Montreal, Canada, says: "For years I was troubled with rheumatism, kidney trouble resulting there from and dyspepsia. The pains in my back and legs were terrible, I could get no rest at night or during damp weather. The kidney trouble caused my face to swell, also severe headaches. I suffered untold agony from dyspepsia; could eat nothing that did not give me extreme distress. I tried doctor after doctor and many patent medicines, but got no relief. Finally I tried Munyon and in two weeks he made a complete cure. I am now the happiest woman in the world."

Munyon's Headache Cure stops headache in three minutes. Price 25c.

Munyon's Pile Ointment positively cures all forms of piles. Price 25c.

Munyon's Blood Cure eradicates all impurities of the blood. Price 25c.

Munyon's Female Remedies are a boon to all women.

Munyon's Catarrh Remedies never fail. The Catarrh Cure—Price 25c.—eradicates the disease from the system, and the Catarrh Tablets—Price 35c.—cleanse and heal the parts.

Munyon's Asthma Remedies relieve in three minutes and cure permanently.

Munyon's Vitalizer, a great tonic and restorer of vital strength to weak people. \$1.

A separate cure for each disease. At all druggists, mostly 25 cents a vial.

Personal letters to Professor Munyon, 11 & 13 Albert street, Toronto, answered with free medical advice for any disease.

Munyon's Rheumatic Cure seldom fails to relieve in one to three hours, and cures in a few days. Price 25c.

Munyon's Dyspepsia Cure positively cures all forms of indigestion and stomach trouble. Price 25 cents.

Munyon's Cold Cure prevents pneumonia and breaks up a cold in a few hours. Price 25 cents.

Munyon's Cough Cure stops coughs, night sweats, allays soreness, and speedily heals the lungs. Price 25 cents.

Munyon's Kidney Cure speedily cures pains in the back, loins or groins, and all forms of kidney disease. Price 25 cents.

Munyon's Nerve Cure stops nervousness and builds up the system. Price 25 cents.

FORGOTTEN TURKISH PROVERBS.

Sit down crooked if you like but talk straight.

If you come empty handed they will tell you, "The effendi is asleep." If you come with a present they will say: "Effendi, pray step in."

It is not by saying "Honey, honey," that sweetness comes into the mouth.

The dogs bark, but the caravan passes. If all our wishes could be gratified, every beggar would be a pasha.

Measure yourself by your own yardstick.

Waiting on a young prince and grooming a spirited horse are two very difficult things.

One hour of justice (righteousness) is worth more than seventy years of prayers.

A poor man without patience is like a lamp without oil.

A secret shared by more than two, becomes common property.

A king without justice is like a river without wine.—Il Calino.

Greatest in The World.

Loran E. Adams, Deep Brook, N. S., says: "I have taken Norway Pine Syrup with grand results. I had a very bad cough for five weeks and could get no relief, but after taking one bottle of Norway Pine Syrup I was entirely cured. It is the greatest cough medicine in the world."