

Board Works Office

# THE REVIEW

VOL. 8. NO. 3.

RICHIBUCTO, NEW BRUNSWICK, THURSDAY, MAY 6, 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.

### A May Morning.

(MRS. ANNIE DOUGLAS BELL, IN 'WAIF.')  
Buttercups and daisies,  
Star and meadow grass;  
In amongst the clover  
Flitting shadows pass.  
Bees are gayly humming,  
Songs of birds declare  
Summer days are coming,  
We've no time to spare.  
Pretty Robin Redbreast  
Holds his head so high,  
Pipes his saucy whistle  
To the passer-by.  
Soon he spies a June bug  
On the dewy lawn;  
Oh, how bright his eyes are,  
Though 'tis hardly dawn!  
Jennie Wren is troubled  
About a building site;  
How that idle robin  
Wastes the morning light!  
She must have a home nest  
Sheltered snug from view,  
Where the boys can't find her;  
That larch tree near will do.  
Such a lively chatter  
Foretells a busy day;  
What is more enchanting  
That a morn in May?

### Peter At The Gate

St. Peter stood guard at the Golden Gate  
With a solemn mien and air serene,  
When up to the top of the golden stair,  
A man and a woman ascending there  
Applied for admission; they came and stood  
Before St. Peter so great and good,  
In hope the city of Peace to win  
And asked St. Peter to let them in.  
The woman was tall and lank and thin  
With a scraggy beardlet upon her chin.  
The man was short and thick and stout,  
His stomach was built so it rounded out.  
His face was pleasant and all the while  
He wore a kindly and genial smile.  
The chorus in the distance the echoes  
Broke  
And the man kept still while the woman  
Spoke.  
"Oh, thou who guardest the gate," said  
She,  
"We two come hither beseeching thee,  
So let us enter the heavenly land,  
And play our harps with the angel band.  
Of me, St. Peter, there is no doubt;  
There's nothing from heaven to bar me  
out,  
I've been to meeting three times a week  
And almost always, I'd rise to speak.  
I've told the sinners about the day  
When they'd repent of their evil way.  
I've told my neighbors, I've told them all  
'Bout Adam and Eve and the primal fall.  
I've shown them all that they'd have to do  
If they'd pass in with the chosen few.  
I've marked their path of duty clear,  
Laid out the plan of their whole career.  
I've talked and talked to 'em loud and  
long,  
For my lungs are good and my voice is  
strong.  
So, good St. Peter, you'll clearly see,  
The gate of heaven is open to me;  
But my old man, I regret to say,  
Hasn't walked in exactly the narrow way.  
He smokes and swears and grave faults  
has got,  
And I don't know whether he'll pass or  
not.  
He never would pray, with an earnest vim  
Or go to revival, or join in a hymn;  
So I had to leave him in sorrow there,  
While I with the chosen united in prayer.  
He ate what the pantry chanced to afford,  
While I, in my purity, sang to the Lord.  
And if cucumbers were all he got,  
It's a chance if he merited them or not.  
But Oh! St. Peter, I love him so.  
To the pleasures of heaven please let him  
go.  
I've done enough; a saint I've been.  
Won't that atone? Can't you let him in?  
By my grim gospel, I know 'tis so  
That the unrepentant must fry below,  
But isn't there some way you can see  
That he may enter who's dear to me?  
It's a narrow gospel by which I pray,  
But the chosen expect to find a way  
Of coaxing, or fooling or bribing you,  
So that their relatives can amble through.  
And say, St. Peter, it seems to me

This gate isn't kept as it ought to be; You ought to stand right at the opening there, And never sit down in that easy chair.

And say, St. Peter, my sight is dimmed, But I don't like the way your whiskers are trimmed; They're cut too wide, and outward toss; They'd look better narrow, cut straight across.

Well, we must be going our crowns to win So open, St. Peter, and we'll pass in.

St. Peter sat quiet: stroked his staff, But spite of his office he had to laugh. Then he said with a fiery gleam in his eye, "Who's tending this gateway, you or I?" And then he rose in his stately tail, And pressed a button upon the wall, And said to the imp that answered the bell,

"Escort this lady around to—hades."

The man stood still as a piece of stone; Stood sadly, gloomily, there alone, A life-long settled idea he had That his wife was good, and he was bad. He thought if the woman went down below

That he would certainly have to go. That if she went to the regions dim, There wasn't a ghost of a show for him.

Slowly he turned, by habit bent To follow wherever the woman went. St. Peter, standing on duty there, Observed that the top of his head was bare.

He called the gentleman back and said, "Friend how long have you been wed?" "Thirty years," (with a weary sigh) And then he thoughtfully added, "Why?"

St. Peter was silent, with his head bent down,

He raised his hand and scratched his crown,

Then said a different thought to take, Slowly, half to himself he spake.

Thirty years with that woman there, No wonder the man hasn't any hair.

Swearing is wicked, smoke's not good. He smoked and swore, I should think he would.

Thirty years with that tongue so sharp. Ho! Angel Gabriel! Give him a harp! A jeweled harp with a golden string!

Good Sir, pass in where the angels sing, Gabriel, give him a seat above,

One with a cushion, up near the throne. Call up some angels to play their best; Let him enjoy the music and rest.

See that on finest ambrosia he feeds. He's had about all the hades he needs. It isn't just hardly the right thing to do To roast him on earth and the future too.

They gave him a harp with golden strings, A glittering robe and a pair of wings; And he said as he entered the realms of day,

Well, this beats cucumbers, anyway. And so the Scriptures had come to pass That "The last shall be first and the first shall be last."

## HOW JIM SAVED THE HEIRESS.

Overhead a blazing sun; around, as far as the eye could see, the desolate parched waste of the Australian scrub, a plain broken only by a belt of trees to the southeast. To emphasize the loneliness of the scene, one solitary, living creature—a man making his way towards the belt of trees.

The figure of the man was in thorough keeping with the scene. The bowed shoulders, drooping head and slouching gait expressed nothing but despondency or weariness, or both. And appearances were not deceptive, for Jim Leyland—so the man was named—had walked twenty miles under the blazing sun, and had tasted neither food nor drink since he started.

But it was not to hunger and thirst that his dejected appearance was due. He was unconscious of the burning heat, the monotonous plain and of everything else except the feelings that rankled in his breast. For Jim was realizing for the first time that he was a failure; and, more than that, he was madly in love with a girl who treated him as hardly on a level with the cattle he had lately had under his charge. Therefore it was that he was heedless of all physical discomfort, and that, if he was making his way toward the shelter of the trees, it was with no settled purpose, but merely with the distinct characteristic of all creatures which have lived some years in the bush.

Jim eventually reached the belt of trees and, having found a convenient sheltered thicket, threw himself on the ground, and in spite of his bitter thoughts, fell asleep. His grief and weariness had exhausted him, and his sleep lasted several hours, and might have lasted longer had not the silence around him been broken by the sound of men's voices. On opening his eyes he found it was almost dark. Then gradually realizing the presence of others near him, he cautiously rose, and, peering through the bushes, he saw a number of men, who had just dismounted and were engaged in tethering their horses to the trees at the edge of the wood.

Without being able to hear all that was said, he gathered from their talk that they were bushrangers, and that they contemplated an attack on Mr. Thompson's farm

on the following day, in conjunction with the mysterious stranger and Hudson, from whom they had learned that the farmer on that day had intended to scour the country round in search of the missing cattle. For this purpose he would take all his men with him, and Miss Devereux and the one maid of the establishment would be left quite alone. The remarks of the soundrels apropos of the two women were such that Jim had great difficulty in restraining himself from rushing out then and there.

Creeping out of the wood, he advanced cautiously for about a mile, availing himself of whatever shelter there was, and then, striking the track, he hurried on as fast as his weakened condition would allow him. His sufferings during that march were terrible, and many times he was on the point of giving up the attempt but the thought of Miss Devereux's danger spurred him on, and eventually he reached the farm, but not in time to prevent Thompson from setting out in search of his cattle.

Jim, entering the house without ceremony, shut and barred the door, and then turning, confronted Miss Devereux and the maid, whom the noise had brought out into the passage.

"What are you doing here?" exclaimed the former, as soon as she recognized him.

"Water!" was all he could reply. At first Miss Devereux merely looked contemptuously at him, but seeing that he was evidently suffering, she signed to the maid to bring some. As soon as she had satisfied his thirst she resumed, angrily: "And now, what is the meaning of this? Why are you here?"

"Bushrangers," answered Jim, who still found it difficult to use his tongue.

"Nonsense!" said Miss Devereux, laughing scornfully, "unless you are one."

Jim made no reply, but proceeded to shut and bolt the back door, while the two women looked on amazed.

Having done this he turned again to Miss Devereux.

"Did your uncle leave any men about this morning?" he asked.

"No!" she replied.

"Will you have the kindness to look out of one of the front windows?"

Somewhat against her will she complied and saw two men who had approached to within half a mile of the farm, and had then halted, waiting apparently for their comrades.

"There are two men there," said Miss Devereux, "Jim replied, 'They will shortly be joined by ten others. I have walked twenty miles during this past night to save you if possible from these men. Whether you believe me or not, will you collect all the firearms in the house? If necessary you can use them against myself; but now I am going to make this place as secure as possible.' And Jim thereupon proceeded to put up the thick wooden shutters which protected the windows.

His grave tones were not without their effect on Miss Devereux, and she carried out his directions so far as to collect all the firearms that could be found into the kitchen.

On looking out again Jim saw that the men had advanced to within half a mile of the house and were already preparing to surround it, two riding off to the right and two to the left. The other eight then commenced riding straight for the house, as though they expected no resistance. Jim, however, recognizing the men he had seen the night before, and thinking it useless to wait for them to commence hostilities, no sooner found them within range than he emptied successfully his four barrels into their midst, with the result that two men were at least disabled, while a third was thrown, his horse having been shot in the head.

This warm reception checked the advance, and the robbers retreated out of range, being shortly rejoined by the other four. After a short deliberation they divided into three parties, one going to the rear of the house, and one to each of the sides. Then at a given signal they commenced riding for the house at full speed, keeping some distance apart, and not advancing in a direct line, but swerving constantly to one side or the other, so as to make it more difficult to aim at them. Jim, who had taken up his position on the left side of the house, succeeded, notwithstanding, in wounding another man, while Miss Devereux shot one of the horses.

Jane, who had been posted on the right side with one of the guns, had fired both barrels without result but as Jim had placed her there merely with the intention of giving the robbers the idea that the house was well garrisoned, he was not disappointed. At any rate, he had apparently succeeded in his object, for the bushrangers again retreated, uttering curses and threats of vengeance.

It was weary work waiting for the darkness, but at length the long afternoon passed, and as soon as it was dusk Jim opened the back door, and, creeping on hands and knees, all three managed to reach the stables without being discovered. On examination Jim found that there were only two horses left, and such sorry looking animals that it was quite out of the question that either of them should carry a double burden. Miss Devereux at first refused absolutely to leave Jim behind, and was for returning to the house, but he had already made up his mind as to his course of action, and eventually she was obliged to give way.

As soon as they heard a shot fired they were to ride as fast as they could in the direction of Mr. Hughes' ranch, which was about twelve miles away.

As soon as he saw them reach the shed, Jim, taking one of the guns, proceeded to reconnoiter. He could see through the gloom that the robbers had advanced to within 200 yards of the house and were dismounting evidently intending to attack on foot. There was no time to be lost and without paying any further attention to their movements Jim made a short detour and took his way as quickly as was consistent with caution toward their horses. He succeeded in reaching them without being discovered, and having cut the cords by which they were tethered, mounted the last and then, having fired a shot to frighten the others and give the signal to the two women, dashed off himself at full speed. But his career was soon stopped: a shot brought his horse down, and Jim flew over his head. He was not hurt however, and was on his feet again in a moment, running for dear life. But fate was against him, and after a course of about fifty yards Jim fell with a bullet in his shoulder and another in his thigh, and rapidly lost all consciousness.

When Jim recovered consciousness he found himself lying in bed in a darkened room. He gazed around with some surprise—not much, he was to weak for strong emotions—but after a little the room began to seem in some way familiar to him. Where and when had he seen it? Oh! he remembered now. It was Mr. Thompson's room, where he had had a wash—was it yesterday or was it quite a long time ago?

After a time some one entered the room. Through his half-closed eyelids Jim saw Miss Devereux—not Miss Devereux he had known, but a softened and subdued edition of that young lady. He felt no surprise at seeing her; it seemed quite natural, somehow, and he did not want to talk, so he closed his eyes with a feeling of absolute content. Miss Devereux advanced to the bedside, and, laying her cool hand on his forehead, sighed a little, and then went and sat by the window.

"Miss Devereux?"

She was at his side in a moment, with a glad light in her eyes.

"What is it?" she asked, gently brushing the hair from his forehead.

"How long have I been here?"

"Three weeks," she answered, "and we have been very anxious about you; but you are not to talk yet; I will tell you all about it when you are stronger."

"And you have nursed me through it all?" he said, gratefully.

"Well, you see," she answered in a light tone, to disguise her feelings, "I thought I owed you something. I know all you went through on that day you came back to the farm."

"You know it? How?"

"Oh, you told me all about it when you were unconscious."

"Did I talk much?" Jim asked, a little anxiously.

"You did talk a good deal. You were always tramping, tramping through the scrub, and sometimes you cried for water, and always you were praying that you might reach the farm in time to save it."

"My darling," was the term that Jim had always used, but Miss Devereux perhaps thought it was an Australian term for farm, so did not mention it.

In a few days he was able to get up and sit in the garden, and by degrees recovered sufficient strength to go for drives and walks, always accompanied by Miss Devereux, Mr. Thompson, who had learned to love Jim, looking on with a pleased anticipation of what the result would be.

"Miss Devereux, I must go."

"Go where?" she asked, innocently.

"Go away," he said, sadly. "Heaven knows how happy I have been here, but I can't stay long."

"But why not?"

"Oh, Maud!" he burst out, "don't you know I love you and that I haven't a penny in the world?" Then, more gently: "Oh, my dear! I have loved you from the first moment I saw you. But I must

go, if only to try and win for myself a position I could ask you to share. Even then I couldn't ask you to wait—it might be years first."

"No," said Maud cheerfully "I shouldn't like to wait all that time."

Jim thought she was treating him rather cruelly, and was silent.

After a short pause Maud resumed.

"Now, Jim—as it's for the last time, I may call you Jim—listen to me. You know the Hughes' ranch, to which I was to escape that night. Well, my uncle advises me to buy it and put someone in to manage it for me. Do you know of anyone, Jim, who would undertake it?"

Jim shook his head.

"You don't? I mention it because my uncle thought—that perhaps—you would take charge of it for me."

Jim looked up amazed and gasped, but said nothing.

"There is one little difficulty," she continued with a critical air and wrinkling up her pretty forehead, as though considering whether there were any possible solution of the difficulty, "and that is that whoever takes the farm will have to take—me—along with it."

Jim was on his knees in a moment, holding her hands and saying, "Oh, Maud, do you mean it?"

A glance from her eyes was enough and in an instant his arms were around her and he was kissing her as though he never meant to leave off. When at length she could speak Maud said.

"Jim, dear! do you know you are dreadfully stupid? You might have seen long ago that I—loved you and not have left it to me to propose."

### A Monster Lobster.

A giant lobster captured a few days ago by fisherman off the New England coast knocks higher than a kit the biggest monarch of the crustacea tribe ever taken from Cape Breton waters. This monster is supposed to be about 100 years old and weighs 31½ pounds. It measured 3 feet 6 inches from the tip of the tail to the top of the outstretched claw. The antennae are 14 inches long and the distance around each of the claws at the thickest part is 1 foot 8 inches. The legs are a foot in length and the body measurement two feet. The lobster will be presented to the aquarium in New York.

### Haggard's Yellow Oil.

The great pain cure. Used externally cures rheumatism, swellings, sprains, bruises, stiffness, pain and soreness of every description. Internally used it cures croup, colds, sore throat, hoarseness, asthma, bronchitis, quinsy, etc. Price 25 cents. All druggists.

An Opportunist.—She—Oh Jack, here's a pearl in this oyster. He (excitedly)—Ethel, may—may I have it set in an engagement ring?

Waiter (seeing dissatisfaction on guest's face)—Wasn't the dinner cooked to suit you, sir? Guest—Yes, all but the bill. Just take that back and tell him to boil it down a little.

"Mrs. Skimmills says that her husband never spoke a hasty word to her in his life," said the lady who gossips. "That's perfectly true," replied Miss Cayenne. "The dear man stutters."

Mrs. Gigg—What kept you so late? Tommy—Teacher kept me in fer whispeerin'. I guess she was mad 'cause she didn't know what I was talkin' about. Women always wants to know everything.

Mrs. Blockley—John, do you know that Royal Worcester vase I bought yesterday for \$20? Well, they reduced them to \$10 this morning. Mr. Blockley—Then you are \$10 out by not waiting until this morning. Mrs. Blockley—No; only five I went down to-day and bought another one for \$10, making two of them average \$15 each.

### Undoubtedly the Best.

GENTLEMEN—I wish to say that Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry has proved a wonderful remedy in my family. We would not be without it for twice its price. I may say that it is the best (not only one of the best—but the best) medicine ever brought before the public for the summer complaint or diarrhoea, either in children or adults.

JOHN UNDERHILL,  
License Commissioner, Strathclair, Man.

The Carthage, N. Y., Pulp Casket Co. is the latest incorporation in New York State in the pulp line. A large mill is to be erected in close proximity to a pulp mill, and by the fall wood-pulp caskets will be the newest thing in the casket line. The pulp, when finished off, will give a highly-finished surface and the casket will be light, durable and reasonable in price.

## MUNYON'S MOTTO

TELL THE TRUTH AND NOTHING BUT THE TRUTH.

## HONEST TESTIMONIALS

From Canadian People Are Positive Proof of the Success of His

## BROAD HOMŒOPATHY

What People Who Have Been Cured By Munyon Remedies Have to Say About Them

Mr. John Traynor, 18½ Plateau, Montreal, Canada, says: "I was troubled for years with affection of the kidney and bladder. Doctors could give me no relief, I had severe pains in the back and loins, Three doses of Munyon's Kidney Cure relieved me, and one bottle completely cured me."

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. Price \$1.

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.

The May Number of the Delineator is called the Spring Number, and its resume of up-to-date modes includes a lengthy illustrated article on the appropriate attire for this season's fair girl graduates. The lithographic plates show the Summer Styles in Costuming and Millinery. The Literary Miscellany of the number is excellent, one of the most noticeable papers being the first of a series of "Metropolitan Types" by Jeanie Drake, author of the "Metropolitans," one of the cleverest novels of 1896. Lillian Whiting discusses the Social Life of Boston from a pleasantly personal standpoint. In "Van Camp's Choice," France Courtney Baylor tells the story of a courtship as persistent as it was unconventional. Isabel F. Haggood's account of some gifted and titled Russian Women is accompanied by photographic portraits of several of the Czar's fair subjects. Dr. Grace Peckham-Murray's Talks on Health and Beauty is this month devoted to the care of the Eyes. Ladies seeking a new occupation should read Sharlot M. Hall's paper "How to Make Blue Print Souvenirs." "A Group of Entertainments" will especially interest young hostesses. In Seasonable Cookery the processes of the French Kitchen are explained and commended. Mrs. Witherspoon's Tea-Table Chat is as interesting as usual, and Mr. Vick's Flower Garden has firmly established itself in his readers' good graces. And there are also new ideas in the various departments devoted to Fancy Needlework, Knitting, Crocheting, etc., and a review of the New Books.

Order from the local agent for the Butterick Patterns, or address The Delineator Publishing Co., Ltd., 33 Richmond St., West, Toronto.

Subscription price of the Delineator, \$1.00 per year, or 15c per single copy.

### Personal Experience.

Mr. Hinson, of Hinson Bros., Watford, Ont., says: "From personal experience I recommend Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills for nervousness and general weakness of the system, and can say without doubt that they are the best medicine I ever used."