

THE REVIEW

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THE GREAT NORTH SHORE ROUTE!

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THE REVIEW.

The regular news express to the homes of all the people, and most direct line to the pocketbooks of buyers everywhere.

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There are no Dead.

There is no death! The stars go down. To rise upon some fairer shore, And bright in heaven's jeweled crown They shine forevermore.

There is no death! The dust we tread Shall change beneath the summer showers, To golden grain or mellow fruit, Or rainbow-tinted flowers.

There is no death! An angel form Walks o'er the earth with silent tread; He bears our best loved things away; And then we call them—dead.

Born into that undying life, They leave us but come again; With joy we welcome them—the same, And even in sin and pain.

And even near us, though unseen, The dear immortal spirits tread; For all the boundless universe, Is life! There are no dead.

—J. L. McCREERY.

Someday.

Someday so many tearful eyes Are watching for the dawning light; So many faces toward the skies Are weary of the night!

So many failing prayers that reel And stagger upward through the storm; And yearning hands that reach and feel No pressure true and warm.

So many hearts whose crimson wine Is wasted in a purple strain And blurred and streaked with drops of brine Upon the lips of pain.

Oh, come to them!—these weary ones! Or if thou still must bid awhile, Make stronger yet the hope that runs Before thy coming smile.

And haste and find them where they wait Let summer winds blow down that way, And all they long for, soon or late, Bring round to them, Someday.

A BOLD, BAD BURGLAR.

By EMILY R. SCHMIDT.

"Isn't it perfectly dreadful? It seems there is no place secure from them. The papers contain nothing but burglaries, robberies and hold-ups. I am almost afraid to look under the bed at night." Blanche Warden turned, the rings on her fingers nervously as she spoke. She was not a timid girl, but the final test of bravery had never come to her.

"What would you do in case a burglar entered your room, Mr. Dulano?" she asked, addressing one of her callers.

"Exactly what I did last night," the gentleman replied.

"You surely didn't have a burglar last night!" Blanche cried.

"And why not?" "I'm keeping the affair quiet because I have a clew that is being followed up. Of course, it will be safe to mention it here," Dulano replied.

"To be sure. Do tell us about it," the girl said eagerly.

"It must have been about 2.30 o'clock this morning when I was aroused by some one turning a key in the door that communicates with the adjoining room. I'm pretty stupid when I first awaken; but I was soon aroused to full consciousness by something cold against my temple."

"Oh, how dreadful!" Blanche cried, shivering.

"That wasn't the dreadful part," Dulano laughed. "The part I object most to is what followed. The fellow held his gun calmly with one hand while he went through my clothes, and helped himself to my watch, my diamond scarf pin and all my ready money."

"At what time did you say that occurred?" Arthur Forrest asked.

"Well, I didn't have any watch to tell me the exact time; but after I had lain awake some three or four hours the chimes

of Pilgrim Church sounded the three-quarter hour, and after an equally long time the clock struck three," Dulano replied, with a comical drawl.

"Guess it was watches he was after. He got mine at about the same time. Wonder if he visited any of the other fellows at our house?" Forrest said.

"What! the burglar was in your room too, Arthur—Mr. Forrest?" Blanche cried.

"Yes, but he had the kindness to let me sleep until he got what he wanted. He awakened me as he went through the window," the young man replied.

"Oh, please don't tell me any more," Blanche exclaimed. "You will have me so frightened. And I have to stay in this great house with no one but the servants. You know poor Leona is very ill and papa and mamma were called to Chicago to-day, so I am alone," Miss Warden said with some uneasiness.

"Really, Blanche, it isn't safe for you to stay here alone," Arthur said, seriously.

"Oh, I'm not afraid. I'll put the jewels and plate in the big chest in the wine cellar and sleep with a revolver under my pillow. It would be real fun to have a burglar come," Blanche replied, laughing.

Then they dismissed that terror-inspiring theme from their conversation; but Arthur continued restless and uneasy. He stood at the window and sang. As Dulano turned the music for her, he whispered softly:

"Slip into the library a moment. I have something important to say to you." Then he said, aloud: "I think I shall take a smoke in the library, if I may be excused."

When he had left the room Blanche walked over to the deep bay window and laid her hand gently on Arthur's arm. "What makes you so silent this evening, dear?" she asked, tenderly.

"Oh, Blanche, I hate that Dulano. I suppose I am jealous, but I wish you wouldn't have him hanging around here," he exclaimed, while his handsome face crimsoned.

"But, Arthur, you brought him here before you ever spoke of love to me. Surely you are not afraid of him now that you have my promise," the girl said seriously.

"No, dearest, I do not doubt you. I feel sorry for him, a stranger there at the boarding house. And besides I wanted him to meet the sweetest woman in St. Louis," he whispered, as he pressed just the suggestion of a kiss on her cheek.

"By the way, I'll go and hunt up that Harper for you, dear," he said, with an effort at spontaneity that was not altogether a success. Then she left the drawing-room; walked half way up the stairs, descended softly and slipped into the library. Dulano was at her side in an instant.

"I'm sorry you spoke of the jewels and things," he said. "I have reason to think Forrest is the burglar. He has been losing heavily at cards lately and is in danger of losing his position at the bank," he whispered, hurriedly.

At the mention of Arthur's name Blanche would have cried out, but the man placed his fingers deftly over her lips. As soon as the speech was ended she fled to her room, hunted up the magazine and returned to the drawing-room. The two men were glaring at each other in angry silence when she entered.

"This call promises to be a game of freeze-out, so I guess I will leave and give you a chance to help Miss Warden put away the silver," Mr. Dulano said in a faintly sarcastic tone to Forrest.

"If Miss Warden desires my help I shall certainly remain," Arthur said angrily.

"I shall require no assistance whatever," the girl said, haughtily, and the two men departed together. For some minutes she sat in the dressing-room, sad and sore. Arthur Forrest, a gambler, perhaps a burglar! No, it could not be. And yet, why had he been so moody of late? Her heart was sore and with no thought of the valuables in the house, she dragged herself to bed. The night wore on and sleep came not. The clock was just striking the hour of three when the door opened slowly and she could see the shadow outline of a man. For a moment she was paralyzed with terror. The scream that started from her heart lost itself somewhere in her throat. A thousand awful fancies chased each other through her mind, as the man advanced to the bed. Then she thought of the revolver that she had intended to put under her pillow. Alas, it was peacefully reposing on the dressing table in her father's room. The man was tall and wore a black mask. He must be the same one who had visited Mr. Dulano and Arthur the night before. Perhaps it was Arthur. At the thought

of her lover the blood went coursing through her body and to her astonishment she found that she was calm.

"Are you awake?" the burglar whispered, and his voice sounded strangely familiar.

"Yes," she said, faintly. "Then get up. Don't be afraid. I am not going to harm you. I only want the family jewels. Take me to where they are kept," he whispered again.

At the sound of that voice the last vestige of fear left her. Indignation and outraged feeling smothered every other emotion in her heart. She would prove this lover of hers. Without a moment's hesitation she rose from her bed, glanced indifferently at the glittering barrel of the revolver in the burglar's hand, and walked over to the table, where she lit her little emergency lamp.

"Follow me; I am at your mercy, but I trust you as a gentleman even though you are a burglar," she said, in frigid tones.

Then she led the way through the corridor and down the back stairway to the laundry and cellars. Blanche, in her indignation, knew not that the granitoid floor was cold beneath her little, bare feet. When she had almost reached the wine cellar, she remembered that the key was on her father's keyring, and was probably at that time in Chicago. An idea struck her.

"Here; you hold the lamp while I climb up and get the key," she said, indicating a niche high in the wall. The man's eyes followed her glance, and he was lost. As quick as thought she blew out the lamp, hurled it in resounding fragments on the floor and sprang upon her burglar like a tiger. The revolver was hers without a struggle and the man was her prisoner.

"Are you Arthur Forrest? Speak or I'll blow your brains out!" she cried.

"My God, spare me, Blanche! I'm Arthur," the man whispered.

She covered him with the revolver, while she backed across the laundry, bolted the door securely and fled trembling to the hall above. At the library door she halted, and a low cry escaped her lips as she caught sight of another man in the open window.

"Blanche, my darling, are you safe?" Arthur Forrest cried, as he beheld her white-robed figure.

"How did you escape? I thought the outer door was locked," she said as she repelled his touch.

"Escape!" the young man cried in astonishment. "I have been following him since midnight. One of my men, who was left here to guard the house, tells me that he entered this window ten minutes ago. The fellow was afraid to follow him alone. I have tracked him from Broadway and twice he evaded me. Where is he, darling?"

"Who—who is it you are looking for?" the girl gasped.

"Wallace Dulano. The officers are here to arrest him. Is he still in the house?" Arthur asked, eagerly.

"There is no way of escape except up the pantry stairs," Blanche replied.

Then, while Arthur let the officers in, she slipped away to her room and donned her dressing-gown and slippers. In a few minutes she joined her fiancé in the reception hall. The gas was burning brightly now and she could hear the heavy tread of men as they took their prisoner from her impromptu jail.

"You are a brave little woman," Arthur said, fondly, as he led her to a divan.

"No, I am a miserable coward; but I am a proud woman, and when a woman thinks she has been wronged, fire and storm cannot stop her," Blanche said, humbly.

"What do you mean by that, darling?" the lover asked.

"Oh, Arthur, he lied to me and I believed him. He told me that you were the burglar and I thought you were using even my love to further your own wicked ends. That is why I had courage to walk downstairs at the end of a revolver. Can you ever forgive me for cherishing such an ignoble thought?" she cried as she buried her face on his breast.

"Yes, my darling," the young man said tenderly. "But I have stolen something that is of infinitely more value than your plate and jewels. I have stolen this noble heart, and I am willing to admit that I am a bold, bad burglar."

Richard Johnson, a Jamaica negro, has given himself up to the health authorities of Buffalo stating that he is suffering from leprosy. He was ill in the Hamilton, Ont., hospital, but the doctors there state there are no symptoms of the disease. The health authorities of Buffalo are at a loss to account for the man's condition.

Money Isn't Needed By Country Publishers and Editors.

An Ohio contemporary having thoughtlessly remarked that it takes money to run a newspaper, the editor of the Saguache (Colo.) Herald rolls up his sleeves, spits on his hands and promptly nails the lie as follows:

"It doesn't take money to run a newspaper; it can be run without money. It is a charitable institution, a begging concern, a highway robber, B'G'dfrey. The newspaper is the child of the air, a creature of a dream. It can go on and on and on, when any other concern would be in the hands of a receiver and wound up with cobwebs in the window. It takes gall to run a newspaper. It takes a scintillation, acrobatic imagination, and a half dozen white shirts, and a railroad pass to run a newspaper. But money—Heavens to Betsy and six hands round, who ever needed money in conducting a newspaper!"

"Kind words are the medium of exchange that do the business for the editor—kind words and church social tickets. When you see an editor with money, watch him. He'll be paying bill and discharging his profession. Never give money to an editor. Make him trade it out. He likes to swap. Then when you die, after having stood around for years and sneered at the editor and his little jim crow paper, be sure and have your wife send in for three extra copies by one of your weeping children, and when she reads the generous and touching notice about you, forewarn her to neglect to send fifteen cents to the editor. It would overwhelm him."

"Money is a corrupting thing. The editor knows it, and what he wants is your heartfelt thanks. Then he can thank the printers and then they can thank their grocers. Take your job work to the job office and then come and ask for half rates for church notices.

"The Lord loves the cheerful giver. He'll take care of all the editors. Don't worry about the editor. He has a charter from the state to act as a doorman for the community. He'll get the paper out somehow; and stand up for you when you run for office, and lie about your pigeon-toed daughter's tackey wedding, and blow about your big-footed sons when they get a \$4 per week job, and weep over your shriveled soul when it is released from your grasping body, and smile at your giddy wife's second marriage. He'll get along. The Lord alone knows how—but the editor will get there somehow."

A Leap For Love.

KEY WEST, Fla., Feb. 11.—The body of Manuel Perez, who lost his life in a balloon ascension at this place, was recovered from the bay Monday morning, but it had been so mangled by sharks and fishes that it was almost unrecognizable. It was at first thought that Perez lost his life as the result of accident, but developments to-day show that, rejected by the woman he loved, the man deliberately leaped from the balloon into the waters of the bay.

Perez was the son of a wealthy Cuban at Tampa, and when Forepaugh's show was in that place recently, the young man became infatuated with Mlle. Zola, an attaché of the company. The girl gave Perez no encouragement, but he was so infatuated that he left home and followed the company, taking part in the exhibition. When the company reached here Perez ardently pressed his love on Mlle. Zola, but the young lady spurned him. The despondent lover then volunteered to make the balloon ascension. Although he had never been up before, his request was granted and he made the ascension, being instructed to descend the parachute. Perez made no effort to cut loose, but waited until the balloon had cleared the land and was far out over the bay. Then with the balloon at an altitude of 1500 feet he deliberately leaped into the water. The noise made by his body striking the water was heard nearly a mile. Mlle. Zola who was watching, gave a piercing scream as she saw her rejected lover leap to death. To-day in his trunk there was found a letter addressed to Mlle. Zola. In it Perez said life was worthless without her and that he would ascend in the balloon and leap into the bay in order to end his torture. Mlle. Zola is distressed by the tragedy. She now says that she really loved Perez and only rejected him to test the strength of his love for her.

Wedding At Buctouche.

BUCTOUCHE, Feb. 11.—On Wednesday morning at 9 o'clock in the chapel of the convent, Miss Marie Anne Girouard was married to Mr. Joseph Michaud. Rev. Father Michaud, uncle of the groom, performed the ceremony at a Solemn High Mass sung. He was assisted by Rev. Fr. Ouillette, as deacon and Rev. Father Lapointe as sub-deacon. Mrs. Dr. Landry presided at the organ. Mr. Michaud was accompanied to the altar by his uncle, Mr. B. B. Violet, merchant and councillor of Madawaska, and Miss Girouard by her father, a well-doing farmer of this locality. Mr. Joseph Michaud is the brother of Mrs. Dr. E. T. Gaudet, Mrs. Dr. E. H. Leger, Mrs. Dr. D. Landry and of Mrs. M. McLaughlin, who were all present. After the Mass the parents and friends of the happy couple repaired to the residence of Mr. M. McLaughlin where they partook of a sumptuous repast. In the evening, Mr. and Mrs. Michaud gave a reception in their new home, where parents and friends enjoyed themselves to a late hour.

Throw Your Bread Upon The Water.

"Talk about throwing your bread upon the waters and having it come back to you reminds me that I can tell you a true story which illustrates the saying," said a well-known traveller for a very well-known mill up East. "It was at the time of the New Orleans Exposition. We had an exhibit there, and a lady and gentleman came along, the lady looking as though she was about to faint. I asked them to come into our place and rest, and suggested that perhaps a little sherry would be good, and producing some I offered it to the lady. She drank it, and after a time she and her husband left."

"I had forgotten the incident entirely, but one day as I was going along the street in a city out West a gentleman stepped up to me, called me by name, and held out his hand. I said that he had the advantage, and then he recalled the glass of sherry, and added: 'My wife was so pleased over the exceedingly good turn that you did us that day that she made me promise that if I ever went into the paper business I would give you an order. Now, I am in the paper business and I have an order for you. Come along! I'll give you a good, big order, too.' This story is told simply to show how little acts bring their own reward, and is not related with the idea of having every salesman in the business equip himself with a flask of sherry and go around hunting for fainting women.—Paper Trade Journal.

Every Little While a Mathematical Genius Gets Loose.

Every little while a mathematical genius gets loose and trots out a lot of figures, which nobody disputes, everyone accepting them because, perhaps, they have not the information at hand to show any other result. In this line a Buffalo paper says: "A statistician has learned that the annual aggregate circulation of the papers of the world is calculated to be 12,000,000,000 copies. To grasp any idea of this magnitude we may state that it would cover no fewer than 10,450 square miles of surface; that it is printed on 781,250 tons of paper, and, further that if the number 12,000,000,000 represented, instead of copies, seconds, it would take over 333 years for them to elapse. In lieu of this arrangement we might press and pile them vertically upward to gradually reach our highest mountains. Topping all these, and even the highest Alps, the pile would reach the magnificent altitude of 490 or in round numbers 500 miles. Calculating that the average man spends five minutes reading his paper in the day (this is a very low estimate), we find that the people of the world altogether annually occupy time equivalent to 100,000 years reading the papers.

A Case of Diabetes.

No Help From Medical Men—Suffered for Many Years—Cured by Dodd's Kidney Pills.

North Bruce, Feb. 15, (Special)—An old well known settler in this township, named Thomas Brooks, who lives on lots 7 and 8 in the 14th concession is rejoicing with his neighbors over his recent recovery, and he said:—

"I was cured by using twenty-four boxes of Dodd's Kidney Pills and as nothing else ever saved my life."

"I had tried all the doctors of this locality and was treated for Diabetes hoping and suffering for years."

From reading of cures I determined to use Dodd's Kidney Pills and I must say that after using the first box I would have considered them reasonable at ten dollars a box.

Experience proves the merit of Hood's Sarsaparilla. It cures all forms of blood disease, tones the stomach, builds up the nerves.

MUNYON SPEAKS.

He Asks the People of Canada If They Want More Proof?

Has Munyon Proved the Supremacy of His School or HAS HE NOT?

Does It Mean Anything When the People Come Out and Gladly Tell How Much Munyon Has Done For Them?

These are all questions which Prof. Munyon has most abundant right to ask. He came here in good faith to perform a service for the people. He has never been that faith. The people are having the benefits. Are the people satisfied? These testimonials certainly seem to indicate that they are. Read them.

Mr. John Traynor, 134 Plateau, Montreal, Canada, says: "I was troubled for years with an 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."

Mr. E. Horner, 610 City Hall avenue, Montreal, Canada, says: "I suffered with rheumatism in my right hand for eight months. It was so badly swollen that it was impossible for me to sign my name, and the pain was intense. Nothing I used gave me relief. Munyon's Rheumatism Cure cured me in two weeks."

Munyon's Rheumatism 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 25c.

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

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

Munyon's Vitalizer restores lost powers to weak men. Price \$1.

Munyon's Remedies at all druggists, mostly 25c a vial.

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

Coal Branch News.

Owing to the recent snow storm the roads in this vicinity were somewhat blocked for a few days, but they are now getting good again.

Mr. William Kenny and Mr. Cassidy have been busily engaged for the past week in hauling hay from Salmon River.

Miss Minnie Sullivan who for the past five and a half years has diligently and faithfully performed her duties as a teacher in this place left her home in Milford Maine, where she will spend the winter.

Mr. A. L. Flemming of the firm of Kennedy & Flemming passed through here last week on his way to Salmon River.

Miss Lizzie Mazerall teacher at Adamsville and Miss Jennie Kennedy visited friends in Coal Branch one day last week.

I understand that Jack is talking of having some of our citizens fined. Proceed Jack, it is an old saying: "Where ignorance is bliss it is folly to be wise."

Mr. James Spencer recently shipped a carload of splendid stove wood to the Acadia Sugar Ref. Co. Moncton.

Mrs. Wilson Spencer, visited Harcourt one day last week.

OBSERVER.

Patent Report.

Below will be found the only complete-to-date record of Patents granted to Canadian Inventors, which is specially prepared for this paper by M. M. Marion & Marion, Solicitors of Patents & Experts, Head Office—Temple Building, Montreal, from whom all information may be readily obtained.

Canadian Patents:—54,618—J. B. Garand, Hoehelaga, Wheel Hub; 54,775—Wm. D. McCaulay, Elmore, Cultivator; 54,758—Samuel Vessot, Joliette, Grinder;

American Patents:—576,336—Charles L. Ben diet, Amberst, dand-stamp Holder; 576,398—Thomas L. Fortune, Clinton, Portable commode and bed-pan; 576,218—Isaac Moore, Toronto, Memorandum book; 576,147—M. Patterson, Almonte, Bicycle ball bearing; 576,479—Olof L. Stadig, Connor Station, Shears or Scissors sharpener; 576,484—Robert Sword, Brandon, Stovepipe joint.

An envelope manufacturer tells us that, considering only the establishments which devote their energies to a special line there are produced daily about 23,000,000 envelopes.