

Board Works Office

# THE REVIEW

VOL. 8. NO. 48.

RICHIBUCTO, NEW BRUNSWICK, THURSDAY, JULY 29 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 State, and most direct to the pocketbooks of buyers everywhere.

See that your advertisement is ticketed via THE REVIEW.

## A JEALOUS WIFE.

"Out every night until 2, and you believe him when he says it is business!" said Mrs. Merkle, pursing up her lips.

"Ah, well, you are an innocent lamb Doris Moore."

"But, Aunt Sarah, why shouldn't I believe what my husband says when he always tells the truth?" said young Mrs. Moore indignantly.

"Because he is a man," said Mrs. Merkle, nodding her head. "I've had three husbands—Thompson was the first. He was a good provider, but he provided for two, and I got a divorce and alimony. Then I married Maxwell. I caught him kissing hired help and began my investigation. The same old story. However he died and that ended it. As for Merkle I have my thumb on him, but I got it by searching his pockets. Men are such idiots they leave their love letters anywhere. When I'd collected a pack, I read them aloud to him one evening. He stays home now after office hours, unless he goes out with me, and he don't write anything but business letters. He is old, you know, and a ceacon wants to keep up a reputation for respectability. But your young husband—what would he care if people talked about him? Oh, there is a woman at the bottom of this 2 o'clock business, I'll warrant you."

"Why, Aunt Sarah, how dare you?" cried Doris, stamping her foot.

"Rummage your husband's coat pockets and you'll find I'm right," said Mrs. Merkle. "And unless you want a divorce which I don't advise when a man is only on salary, show him what you find, make a scene and end it early."

"Why, you talk as if you knew something about Owen, Aunt Sarah," said Doris.

"I know he's a man," said Mrs. Merkle. "Hullo!" cried a voice at the door, which opened at this moment. "Here is Aunt Sarah, talking against men as usual. What has poor Merkle done now? I thought he had sowed his wild oats."

"Look out for your own crop, Owen Moore," replied Mrs. Merkle.

"I don't get up for a saint and never did," cried Owen. "Give me a kiss, Doris. I'm as hungry as a hunter, and I must eat and run. It's all night again, Doris. Well, so much more in the savings bank, and indeed we've no reason to be sorry."

"I miss you very much, Owen," said Doris, as she brought a hot dish from the oven and set the chairs at the table. "I'm as lonesome without you as a kitten without its mother."

"I keep thinking of you, too," said Owen. "Oh, indeed, I don't like it a bit, but I say a dol. put by for a rainy day may keep us from the heartache."

He ate his supper in a hurry, laughing and talking the while; then kissed his wife, shook hands with her aunt and took up his hat again. Out on the stairs he paused a moment. Aunt Sarah's shrill voice was lifted once more.

"Don't see how honest he is," she was repeating. "All very well, Doris, but look in his coat pockets all the same—look in his coat pockets."

"Old cat! She's at it again," said Owen, who heard; but, like the good natured man that he was, he only laughed as he ran down stairs. "The devil will fly away with old Aunt Sarah one of these days, but she can't make my Doris believe any ill of me, that's one comfort."

Meanwhile, Mrs. Merkle had gone home to nag her unfortunate spouse, and Doris sat before her own fire with her feet on the hearth and thought over all she had heard.

Aunt Sarah was a very unpleasant person, who always made trouble wherever she went, but she had the reputation of being very sensible, which such people are more apt to gain than cheerful, amiable folk, and what she said she really believed for she had no good thoughts of a man or woman. But Doris was very much in love with Owen, and jealousy is always close at hand where love is strong.

In vain Doris tried to convince herself that Owen was too much in love with her to think of any one else. The little seed of suspicion had been planted, and it grew like Jack's beanstalk.

It was lonely there in the little upper flat at night, and Doris had been used to a large family circle before she left her country home to share Owen's fortunes in the city.

After awhile she found herself crying—she hardly knew why—feeling not only lonely, but neglected and injured.

"Owen ought not to have left me; even for business," she said. "He used to come every night when he was courting, though it was an hour's journey by rail each way."

And from this she went on to asking herself if it were possible that Aunt Sarah could be right. New York was such a wicked place. There were such bold, audacious women to be met with. Owen was so handsome. Oh, could Aunt Sarah have any grounds for her suspicions!

Owen, waking early one morning, caught his wife turning his pockets out, reading the bits of paper she found there. A note from his cousin John, who had desired to borrow \$5; a typewritten circular, recommending Stump's restaurant; a letter from his mother telling him of the doings at home.

Nothing but what she had seen before. And Owen, whose conscience was as clear as man's could be, was not in the least alarmed.

Doris might read all the letters he ever received, all he ever had received, for the matter of that. But he did not like to think that she would watch and spy upon him, that an old woman's prattle could make her suspicious of him.

He had heard the advice that Mrs. Merkle gave his wife as he stood outside the door of his little dining room, and he was very sorry that his Doris should take it and search his pockets.

He had a good mind to speak out frankly, to tell his wife what he had heard and what he had seen, and to assure her that the story of night work was true; to take her with him to the great piano factory where he was employed and convince her how his hours were spent. That would be a serious way of making all right. But suddenly an idea popped into his jolly head.

"I'll turn it all into a joke," he said to himself. "I'll make Doris well ashamed of herself, the darling. I'll write a love letter or two, and put them in my pocket and let her find them. Then there'll be a row, and when it's gone far enough I'll out with the truth. A bit of a joke settles things the best way."

It seemed such a comical idea that he burst out laughing over his breakfast and nearly choked himself twice in trying to swallow his joke with his coffee.

However, he had not time to carry out his plan till Sunday came.

Then, while his wife was busy over the dinner, he took from his hiding place a little parcel of pink tinted paper with a rose at the top of the sheet and concocted three idiotic and extravagant love letters, signed them, "Your best beloved and ever loving Fanny Ann," and put them into envelopes and addressed them to himself.

He was rather clever with his pen, and imitated a woman's hand very well.

Having first sealed these up, and then cut them open again, he hid them in the pockets of the clothes he wore on holidays, and which he did not wear on working days, and on Monday when he went to work left them hanging in the wardrobe.

There they might have remained for Doris had grown ashamed of her suspicions of Owen and determined never again to ransack his pockets, but that Aunt Sarah dropped in again after Owen had left the house.

"Out again?" she said, with a nod.

"Yes, and hard at work, poor boy," replied Doris. "Aunt Sarah, I'm sure that he is as true to me as one angel could be to another."

"I should like to look through his pockets, though," giggled Aunt Sarah.

"Look, then," said Doris, throwing open the wardrobe door. "There are his things."

Aunt Sarah took her at her word, and in a moment more her shrill, vixenish voice cried out:

"Three pink notes, my dear, and all signed 'Fanny Ann!'"

An hour afterward Doris sat at the center table in her little parlor sobbing violently.

lently. The light from the shaded lamp fell upon the three pink notes all wet with tears. Owen's compositions as we know, and so absurdly, rapturous and idiotic that they would have betrayed the fact that they were jokes to any but a jealous woman, but Doris in her woe and wrath had very little common sense left.

Aunt Sarah, frightened by the storm her own deed had raised, had taken her departure, and Doris had resolved to wait for Owen's return, show him the letter and at once go home to her mother.

For awhile it had seemed to her that she would find at home a refuge and consolation for all her woes. Then she began to wince with mortification. To tell her mother that Owen was false to her would not be so bad, but that her sisters should know it, her friends, Jack's wife, the whole connection!

"Oh, life would not be worth living under such circumstances!" Doris cried out, and then an awful thought crept into her mind and gained strength there. A jealous man or woman is a maniac. Let that be an excuse for Doris when she cried out at last:

"Death is the only cure! Death! Death! And if God will not kill me, I must kill myself!"

At 2 o'clock Owen opened the door of his flat and went in. Things did not look as usual. The kitchen fire had gone out and no little snack had been kept warm for him. The bed in the little bedroom was still neatly made up, and no one had slept in it that night. In the parlor the lamp was yet burning, but Doris was not there.

As he looked about him he saw doors and drawers open and things scattered about, and a nameless terror began to possess him.

"Doris!" he called aloud, but there was no answer. He walked to the table. There lay three sheets of pink paper with a weight upon them to keep them from blowing away, and beside them another letter, addressed to himself. Poor Owen could hardly command himself sufficiently to tear this open and read the contents.

I have read Fanny Ann's letters. Aunt Sarah found them in your pocket. Owen! I thought you loved me, but your heart has been stolen by that wicked woman. I was not pretty enough to keep you true, but now that you are false I do not care to live any longer. I am going to drown myself and leave you free. Your broken hearted DORIS.

And this, then, was how his joke had ended. This was what he had brought about. Doris had killed herself. Then he would follow her example. But first he must find her body and pay it the last honors. He caught up his hat and left his desolate home, the tears gushing from his eyes as he remembered how happy he had been there.

When he reached the street, he stood bewildered, asking himself which way he should go, what he should do. Then it came to him that he must report the horrible facts at the station house and have an alarm sent out. The police would know what to do better than he could, and with heavy steps and reeling brain he sought the big brick building before which the great lamps hung, and entered in.

Late as it was there was a little crowd there, gathered about something that lay in the middle of the floor.

A horrible thought struck Owen—perhaps it might be his wife's body on which they gazed.

"What is it?" he gasped, with white lips that could scarcely form a sound.

"Young woman jumped into the river," said a policeman.

"My God!" cried Owen, bursting through the crowd and falling on his knees before the wet figure lying on the floor with a policeman's coat under his head.

"My God, it is my wife!"

The next instant he gave a shout of joy, for the great eyes unclosed themselves, the little trembling hands were outstretched toward him and a faint voice said:

"Oh, Owen, take me away from this dreadful place and all these dreadful men!"

For Doris, though she had really thrown herself from the end of a wharf into the river, had been promptly fished out by the river police, and though soaked to the skin, terribly frightened and heartily ashamed of herself, was very much alive indeed, and when Owen had whispered something in her ear—the story of his joke, which we already know—could only sob:

"Forgive me, Owen; pray forgive me!"

"She was a bit out of her mind, you see, with a sort of fever," Owen explained, "and God bless those who saved her to me."

Then he took his wife home, and whatever else has come to his humble door

since that day, the green-eyed monster, jealousy has never entered.—Public World.

## Midsummer Danger.

### Paine's Celery Compound Surely and Quickly Cures Neurasthenia.

One of the commonest and most dangerous diseases of midsummer is Neurasthenia, or Nervous Prostration. This disease usually respects neither age nor sex, is usually brought on by overwork and worry in the shop, office, home and school.

It is maintained by physicians of large experience that nervous diseases are increasing so fast that to-day few people can boast of perfect freedom from nervous ailments.

The symptoms of nervous exhaustion are so well known that it is almost unnecessary to name them. Dizziness, sleeplessness, palpitation of the heart, shooting pains in the limbs, paralytic symptoms, constipation and headache are the commonest feeders of the disease.

One of the first indications of nervous disease is irritability, then ensues despondency, often followed by terrible insanity.

How can nervous exhaustion be cured so that insanity and death may be avoided?

Past experience and medical testimony answer the question fully. Paine's Celery Compound is the only medicine that can surely overcome the troubles of the nervous. This marvellous curing medicine braces up every nerve, gives strength to the muscles and tissues, makes pure, rich blood, gives perfect digestion and sweet, sound sleep.

In this age of overwork, worry and fast living, Paine's Celery Compound is a shield and protector against the ravages of all nervous ailments. Medical men and druggists having a full knowledge of the virtues of Paine's Celery Compound are recommending it every day.

Its cures attest its superiority and usefulness; its work in public institutions has given it a popularity never possessed by any other medicine. Try it, nervous one; it will quickly give you that condition of health that you are looking for.

Carlyle's Severe Critic. Carlyle's severest critic, and a critic of his own school, was an old parish roadman at Ecclefechan.

"Been a long time in this neighborhood?" asked an English tourist.

"Been here a' ma days, sir.

"Then you'll know the Carlyle's?"

"Weel that! A ken the whole of them. There were—let me see," he said, leaning on his shovel and pondering. There was Jock; he was a kind o' tougher sort o' chap, a doctor, but no a bad fellow, Jock—he's dead, mon."

"And there was Thomas?" said the inquirer, eagerly.

"Oh ay, of course, there's Tam—a useless, manestruck chap that writes in London. There's naething in Tam; but mon, there's Jamie, owre in Nowlands—there's a chap for ye. Jamie takes mair swine into Ecclefechan market than any other farmer in the parish."

## SEARCH THE WARDROBES AND CLOSETS

In almost every home half-worn garments and goods are stowed away in wardrobes and closets that can be made as good as new and fitted for months of wear.

The operation of recreating and beautifying is simple, the cost is trifling, and the general results beyond the comprehension of those who are acquainted with the work of home dyeing.

Dresses, jackets, capes, vests, pants, ribbons, silks, feathers, and a score of other things worn and faded can be transformed into things of beauty and fashion at a cost of from ten to twenty cents.

Thousands of Canadian families use Diamond dyes every year and save a great deal of money. All users of Diamond Dyes say it is so easy to use them. The directions are so explicit and simple that a child can do good work.

As there are many imitations and worthless dyes sold, see that your dealer gives you the Diamond Dyes when you ask for them. Common dyes ruin your goods; Diamond Dyes bring success in color and beauty.

Sound up Together. In some way, too mysterious for us to understand, the mind is bound up with the body; woven into it, so to speak, like the pictures into a piece of tapestry. And that is why Mr. Edward James Grant felt so low-spirited and miserable he didn't know what to do. His doctor said he had congestion of the liver, and it looks as though the doctor was right. The trouble began away back in December 1887. Before that Mr. Grant enjoyed as good health as anybody. Then he became suddenly aware that his energy was all ebbing out of him; he felt tired, relaxed, unstrung, and drowsy. Holding out his tongue in front of the glass he noted that it was brown and thickly coated. Food in plenty was on the table at meal times, but he didn't want it. Appetite, that king of sauces, was lacking. When he did force down something on the principle that one must eat to live, the result wasn't satisfactory. After every effort of that kind he felt a weight and pain in the chest and sides, and what he speaks of as "a kind of lump" between the chest and throat.

He often spat up a fluid bitter as gall and yellow as a guinea. As time went on he had frequent attacks of dizziness. Sometimes they would take him in the street and he feared he should fall. As he went about his work his head would swim round, and he would have these attacks two or three times a day.

"I felt so low-spirited and miserable," he says, "that I didn't know what to do," which we can easily believe. "I consulted a doctor," he tells us, "who said I had congestion of the liver, and he gave me a medicine that helped me for a time. I also took liver pills, but felt none the better for it."

"In this state I continued for four years trying forwards and backwards after some medicine adapted to my case, but without coming upon it. In January of this year (1892) it was that I first heard of Mother Seigel's Curative Syrup, and began to use it. After I had taken two bottles, the bad symptoms abated, my appetite began to come back, the dizzy spells returned no more, and now I can eat anything, and am well as ever. You may make my letter public if you think it would do good, and I will gladly answer inquiries. Yours truly (Signed) Edward James Grant (milk dealer), 43, Vestry Road, Camberwell, London, S. E., December 6th, 1892."

The trouble began in this way: The stomach being first overloaded and overworked, shirked part of its business and sent a lot of half-digested stuff on to the liver. The latter organ resented this, and refused to handle it, for you must remember that all food must first pass through the liver before it can reach any point beyond it. So the liver, having taken a "day off," as we say, stopped gathering bile from the blood to help the bowels.

The bile, consequently, stayed in the blood, and set on foot all the mischief which made our good friend so miserable he didn't know what to do.

Luckily for him, and for all of us, Mother Seigel knew what to do, and put her knowledge in the form of the wonderful remedy which has immortalized her name. He heard of it, used it, and was cured of his dyspepsia and his liver complaint at the same time. And inasmuch as most of our unhealthiness Mr. Grant's spirits soon became what every well man's spirits ought to be—light and buoyant. On this result he will please accept our sincere congratulations.

In a Dungeon for Life. VANCOUVER, B.C., July 22.—The prince-dowager of China has confined Prince Tsai for life in a dungeon for not being present to congratulate her on her birthday and in refusing to worship at the shrine of his ancestors. His title is to be taken away from him and he is to be publicly whipped on the bare back with bamboos until he screams for mercy, after which he is to be shut between four walls and fed on spare diet until he repents. This decree has been published in the court gazette.

ITCHING, BURNING, CREEPING. Crawling, or Stinging Skin Disease Relieved in a Few Minutes by Dr. Agnew's Ointment—Price 35 Cents.

Dr. Agnew's Ointment relieves instantly and cures tetter, salt rheum, scald head, eczema, ulcers, blotches and all eruptions of the skin. It is soothing and quieting and acts like magic in all baby humors, irritation of the scalp or rashes during teething time. 35 cents a box.

Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria.

## MUNYON'S MOTTO

Tell the Truth and Nothing But the Truth.

### HONEST TESTIMONIALS

From Canadian People Are Proof of the Success of His BROAD HOMEOPATHY

What People Who Have Been Cured by the Munyon Remedies Have to say About Them.

Miss Emily Seawell, Montreal, Quebec, Canada, says: "I was a sufferer for two years with female trouble, which was accompanied with nervousness, pains across the back, tired dragged-out feeling, restlessness, loss of appetite and severe headaches. I tried eminent Montreal physicians and was operated on in one of the hospitals, but was not cured. I have used Munyon's remedies for two weeks and feel entirely well. In fact, I never felt better. I am able now to walk a long distance without fatigue."

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 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 soreness, and speedily heals the lungs. Price 25c.

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

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

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

She rides a Cycle at three. BIRMINGHAM, Ala., July 17.—Miss Mary Munger, the three-year-old daughter of R. S. Munger, of the Northington-Pratt-Munger Gin Company of this city, is the smallest cyclist in the United States of which there is any record. The little Birmingham cyclist began riding when she was only two years and five months old. At two years and six months she rode very well. The wheel she now rides was made especially for her, and is just fourteen inches high. It looks like plaything, but conveys the little rider who accompanies her father about the city, with ease wherever she cares to go.

In this connection it might be stated that Mr. Munger is having a wheel made for his sixteen-months-old daughter which he expects the little girl to be riding when she is two years of age.

A LONG LIST! This Whole Column Would not Contain the Names of the Many Prominent Ministers, Members of Parliament and Professional Men all over this Continent who have been cured of Catarrh by Dr. Agnew's Catarrh Powder—It Gives Relief in 10 Minutes.

Volumes of testimony have been written of its curative powers. Catarrh is an aggravating malady, insignificant in its beginning—a little cold in the head—neglect it and soon you're in its thrall. Eighty in every hundred have the taint. Dr. Agnew's Catarrh Powder will cure the slightest cold in the head, and cure the most stubborn case of catarrh. "Its action is instantaneous," says one. "I feel it my duty to recommend it to the public," says another. "Never got relief until I used it," says another, and so on and on. Acts like magic and always cures.