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THE GREAT NORTH SHORE ROUTE!

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King Winter's Song.

Oh, I am the friend of the boys and girls!
I am the fellow they love
When there's plenty of frost on the earth below.
And plenty of sunshine above.
To me they look for the frozen pond,
All ready for skate and slide;
To me they turn with their sleds so swift
For coasting the hill so wide.

I deck the trees with a fringe so bright
That they glisten in sun or shade;
And I scatter my snowflakes in the air
Till they fill each valley and glade;
And climbing up to the mountain top,
Each shrub and tree I crown,
And I spread the whitest of covers o'er
The ground so barren and brown.

I'm hoary-headed and old I know;
But the boys want care for that;
They're bound to welcome the jolly old king,
Who wears the snow-brimmed hat.
For I am the friend of the young and strong,
A merry old soul am I
When there's plenty of snow on the frozen ground,
And over it all blue sky!

Youth's Companion.

Old Friends.

There are no friends like old friends,
And none so good and true.
We greet them when we meet them.
As roses greet the dew.
No other friends are dearer,
Though born of kindred mould,
And though we prize the new ones
We treasure more the old.

There are no friends like old friends,
Where'er we dwell or roam,
In lands beyond the ocean
Or near the bounds of home.
And when they smile to gladden,
Or sometimes frown to guide,
We fondly wish those old friends
Were always by our side.

There are no friends like old friends,
To help us with the load
That all must bear who journey
O'er life's uneven road.
And when unconquered sorrows
The weary hours invest,
The kindly words of old friends
Are always found the best.

There are no friends like old friends
To calm our frequent fears
When shadows fall and deepen
Through life's declining years.
And when our faltering footsteps
Approach the great divide,
We'll long to meet the old friends
Who wait on the other side.

THE LOVER'S LEAP.

"The Lover's Leap," said I, as I stood on the north shore of Cornwall, looking up at a picturesque headland a considerable number of feet above the sea level, and gazing threateningly over its foamy surface. "A name," I added, "decidedly original and—"

"True," interrupted the tall, handsome Cornish woman at my side, with whom I had been conversing, and who had been my informant respecting the name of the projection which I have sketched. "True?" I repeated, perceiving she was serious. "Then do you remember the origin of the title?"

"Perfectly. I was a child at the time; but it made such a commotion, and was so often repeated, that it would almost have impressed a baby's memory. If you would like I will tell it to you. It has become a legend here; we relate it to most travellers who care to listen."

Declaring nothing would please me better, I put down my sketch-book, and the Cornish woman and I, seated on a boulder, the sea lapping the beach at our feet, she began as follows:

"About thirty years ago there lived in the village yonder, where you are staying, two brothers; they were twins, yet as unlike as the sea in calm and storm. It is supposed that children which are so

born entertain a strong affection for each other. In that case William and Richard Redruth were an exception. They were so utterly dissimilar in character that it would be impossible to be otherwise.

"Richard was a handsome, open, generous-hearted, honest young man possessed of that energy and steady application to work which is the foundation of success. William was dark-haired, heavy-browed, with a restless, roving spirit, a very quick temper and a fierce vindictive nature. Though also a fisher, he earned but little; for he never settled steadily to it, but would start off in his boat round the coast, and never be heard of for days. When he returned it was with an empty craft, and a livid, feverish face, as one who had met and braved perils.

"Different in everything else, unfortunately, the brothers had one strong liking in common—this was their love for Margaret Semper, a fisherman's daughter, the beauty of the village, and of so gentle and kindly disposition that even William Redruth was an altered man in her presence. He as well as Richard—with others for that matter, but they do not count—strive to win Margaret Semper's favor. At last she made her selection, and it was not difficult to guess it. Richard Redruth was not only the handsomest fisher in the village, but just the one to obtain the love of such a girl as Margaret. It was to him she gave her heart and hand.

"When the fact of their engagement became known, William Redruth and his boat suddenly disappeared. Days passed and nothing was heard of him, though one of the old fishermen declared that, happening to go on the beach late for something he had left in his boat he saw there the figure of a man very like William, creeping in the darkness of the rocks. He had called to him when the figure instantly vanished. The fisher so stoutly affirmed this, enlarging on the gliding, shadowy appearance, that many believed William Redruth had put an end to his life, and that his spirit was haunting the place.

"Opinions on that point were divided, when a few mornings later the people in the village were surprised to see Richard Redruth, who had gone fishing early, returning quickly and unexpectedly to land. Upon his running his boat on the shore he explained that he had gone some distance out to sea, when he discovered it was making water rapidly. He endeavored to find where the leak was sprung, but in vain and with the greatest difficulty he kept it under while he tackled and made for the village. On examining the boat with the fishers, it was found in a most unlikely place, while it was perfectly inaccessible to anyone inside of the boat.

"How had it come? Richard Redruth looked grave, but said nothing. The village, however formed its own opinion, for there were some who remembered hearing William Redruth say, 'If ever Margaret Semper should choose my brother before their wedding day one or the other shall be beneath the sod!'"

"The flaw was mended; a fortnight passed and nothing was seen of William Redruth, either his shadow or his ghost, to whichever the Cornish mind tended. He was beginning to be forgotten, owing to another excitement—Margaret Semper and Richard's approaching wedding, the day of which had been fixed.

"As I have said, Richard Redruth was one of the most well-to-do fishers in the place; yet each day he worked harder and more untiringly, for he desired to be rich now for Margaret, and no wealth he thought too great for her. Daily he was seen to quit the shore and return with a shining freight, as bright as the silver it was to bring the fearless fisher. Even on the eve of their marriage he made no difference.

"This is my last trip, Margaret," he said as she stood by him on the beach. "To-morrow you will be my own little wife! I will be a large freight I shall bring to-night."

"Fondly they embraced, never dreaming how next they should meet; though when he had gone, and the day stole onward, a vague dread came over Margaret, a dread for him. The holy joy of the coming morning so filled her heart, she feared anything occurring that should now part her and Richard.

angry waves.

"Why did he go to-day?" she sighed—why on this, the eve of our marriage? The hour has long passed that he named for his return."

"Then she remembered the circumstance of that mysterious leak, and her anxiety grew in intensity. Throwing a shawl around her, she stole down unperceived to the shore. It seemed to bring her nearer her lover, as already the evening was shutting the sea from sight at the cottage.

"Apparently the beach was deserted by all save herself, and with restless spirit she walked along the edge of the waters, her gaze fixed seaward, her ears keenly sensitive to the gradually rising wind and other sounds that declared a tempest at hand. Ignorant of the shadow which had been dogging her steps for some time, and was yet noiselessly following, she climbed the rock.

"Darker grew the evening. The billows broke with a louder sound; the wind wildly tossed her loosened hair and shawl. Where was Richard? Anxiously she gazed out on the storm crest, endeavoring to pierce the gloom. She pressed her hand over her eyes, then prepared to look again, when, with a startled cry, she sprang back, for, by her side, his dark features more threatening than the night, stood William Redruth.

"You fear me, Margaret, and with good cause," he said, coldly. "It is long I have been waiting such an opportunity. Each step you have taken I have followed until you reached this rock. Margaret Semper, if you ever leave it alive, it must be after you have sworn to be my wife!"

"Trembling in every limb, but by an effort assuming a calm, undaunted bearing, the young girl answered: "Are you mad, William Redruth? To-morrow is my wedding-day and Richard's. Do you imagine the fear of death could make me false to him?"

"Then here you perish? You shall never be his—never!"

"This is folly, William, and unlike you. What harm have you ever received at my hands that you should treat me thus?"

"The greatest possible—your rejection of me for him."

"A woman can no more control her heart than a man can," she said. "I love Richard; I would, if you would let me, love you—as a brother."

"Brother!" he interrupted, fiercely; "brother—yes, I will accept that affection, Margaret Semper, but not from you as Richard Redruth's wife; never—never!"

"The wild energy of his manner, augmented her alarm, and passing him, she strove to quit the rock; but, catching her wrist, he held her with a grasp of iron.

"No!" he said; "I have sworn it!"

"Ehe shrieked aloud."

"Your cries are useless," he remarked; "the wind and waves are my allies. Scream as you may, you cannot be heard!"

"Kneeling at his feet, yet in his clasp, she prayed, implored, unpraised. William Redruth had but one answer: "Be mine, and you are safe; if not, you die!"

"Oh, William, William!" she wept; "once you said you loved me—can you, then, treat me thus?"

"It is because I love you—because I will never see you his!" he rejoined, hoarsely. "Look, Margaret, and reflect speedily, for the base of the rock is almost surrounded."

"Looking around, she saw with horror that his words were true; the waves with their dancing crests were on each side of her.

intervals of calm, when the past swept before her like a panorama.

"All the while the moments slipped by, and the waves rose higher and higher; at last one dashed over the rock and did not retreat. Wildly, despairingly, she flung out her arms and prayed for succor—for mercy; then, kneeling, she wept. It was hard to die thus; made harder by the knowledge that the morrow was her wedding day.

"Now the waves began to break over her threatening to hurl her from the rock. Madly she strove to cling to it, but her hands being tied, rendered her almost powerless. In a few minutes all must be over. That idea gave her strength, and, with a last effort, she shrieked aloud in her agony.

"Richard, Richard, aid me! Am I to die thus, never again to see you? Richard, Richard!"

"What was that? She sprang to her feet, every pulse beating with hope. It was a voice in reply; it was Richard's voice, uttering her name. Once more it sounded. It came from above; and raising her face she beheld on the headland, the tall, strong figure of her lover outlined against the dark, leaden sky. Her heart sank. Before he could get his boat all would be over.

"Oh, Richard, dear Richard," she called; "be comforted. Seeing you, I can die happy! But help is too late. Farewell—farewell!"

"The figure had gone. Like an arrow it darted from the top of the headland, and plunged into the sea beneath. Margaret uttered a scream of alarm, then hoped—recollecting that Richard was one of the best swimmers in Cornwall. Love now would make him strong. With difficulty keeping her position, each second covered by the waves, she waited. Ah! what was that which struck against her so heavily? It was a body—that of William Redruth! With a scream, Margaret fainted.

"Struggling through the surf, Richard sprang to her relief, guided by that last cry. His arms were about her as consciousness departed, and with difficulty he bore her safely to the shore.

"The wedding did not take place the next day, for Margaret was prostrated by a nervous fever. But it did take place a few weeks after, and was one of the happiest and gayest in all Cornwall, despite the evil plots of William Redruth, as to whose fate there was no longer any mystery. In springing from the rock, his head must have struck violently against some hidden boulder; for the next morning, when the tide went down, he was found drowned, with a wound on his temple, at the very foot of the Lover's Leap."

Lamp Uprosets in Mr. J. Flanagan's House.

(Moreton Transcript.)

The residence of Mr. Jas. Flanagan, Steadman street, was last evening the scene of an accident the result of which will be heard with general regret throughout the city. About 7 o'clock Misses May and Zeph Flanagan repaired to their boudoir to dress for the ball in Enman's hall. On entering the room they placed the lamp on a small shelf situated on the bureau. Just prior to putting on their ball dresses Miss May Flanagan, who was sitting on a chair near the bureau, asked her sister to do up her hair. She had hardly concluded the request when the lamp toppled to the floor, was smashed and the oil saturated May's skirt which immediately ignited. Seeing that she was on fire she quickly stood up and almost instantly she was enveloped in a mass of flame. At this juncture Mrs. Flanagan rushed into the room and seizing a rug wrapped it around her daughter and threw her on the floor. For a moment it looked as if the fire was extinguished but another part of the skirt becoming aflame, Miss Zeph, unthinkingly threw herself on the burning portion with the result that her skirt caught fire. Fire was leaping from every portion of the room where the spilled oil flew, but Mrs. Flanagan and her daughter Zeph, after removing May, fought the flames with energy and determination and at last succeeded in putting the fire out.

Drs. Chandler, Myers and Ross were sent for and soon arrived at the house. Miss May Flanagan was very badly burned about the head, body and limbs. The hair on the top of her head was burned off, as were her eyebrows. Both of her arms were burned. So great was the extent of the burns last night that her life was despaired of by the medical attendants, and Drs. Ross and Myers remained by her bedside all night. This afternoon, however, she is resting easier and if there is any change it is on the improving side.

Miss Zeph was also badly burned but not nearly so seriously as her sister. Miss Zeph does not exactly remember what

took place, she was so excited at the time. When she threw herself on her sister's body and caught fire herself she cannot tell how she extinguished the flames which were rapidly encircling her. Her right arm was very badly burned from the shoulder to the finger tips, the flesh on the fingers being burned to the bone. So badly is the arm burned that it feels as if paralyzed. Notwithstanding that Miss Zeph's hand and arm were so badly burned she did not know at the time, for she and her mother fought the flames in the room for sometime and the deep incision of the wire handle of a tin pale on her hand shows how the flesh was cooked. Her hair is singed.

Mrs. Flanagan whose courage and bravery saved the lives of her daughters escaped very well considering the desperate state of affairs and the jeopardy in which she placed her life. Mrs. Flanagan's hands are badly burned as is her right arm to the elbow.

The medical attendants do not consider that the burns on the young ladies' faces will leave any scars.

At the time of the accident there were in the house Mrs. Flanagan, Misses May and Zeph, Vol. and two younger children. Steadman street was deserted at the time, consequently the work of fighting the fire was left to Mrs. Flanagan and her daughters.

When the word of the accident spread last night expressions of sincere sympathy were heard on all sides for the unfortunate ladies.

This afternoon Miss May is not considered any worse at the time of going to press; she is resting easier than last night.

While the many friends of Miss May will be pleased to know that her condition is favorable yet the medical attendants are not over confident as to her recovery, as they fear other complications such as affection of the lungs from inhaling the hot flame.

Mrs. Flanagan, Misses May and Zeph, are all confined to their beds from the injuries sustained.

Patent Report.

Below will be found the only complete up-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:—

- 54,802—Thomas Boxall, Woodstock, Ont., Hyum indicator; 54,808—Joseph C. Peltier, Windsor, Ont., Berry Boxes; 54,813—Felix L. Decarie, Montreal, P. Q., Hose pipe connection; 54,819—Fanny Cluann, Toronto, Ont., Tent poles; 54,825—Fred Cluff, Mar., Ont., Saw guides; 54,829—Charles E. Pickrell, Castlemore, Ont., Tire up-setting attachments to anvil-block and anvil; 54,832—George W. Delaney, Pembroke, Ont., Shirt neck bands; 54,836—Frederick W. Shipman, Toronto, Ont., Theatres; 54,840—Carl Rubel, Township of Louth, Ont., Art or process of making lime and preparing and filling a lime-kiln; 54,842—George H. Meakins and Charles W. Meakins, Hamilton, Ont., Cinder Sifter; 54,843—Peter Fraser, Hamilton, Ont., Device for heating and lighting apartment; 54,845—A. B. Jardine, Hespeler, Ont., Tables and pillars for drilling or boring machines; 54,850—A. Joyce & Wm. Fairbairn, Calabogie, Ont., Closure for cans; 54,851—O. Feher & F. X. G. Charland, Montreal, Ice creeper; 54,897—T. R. Woodard & A. J. Esnouf, Richmond, Cloth measuring machine; 57,678—V. A. Emond, Quebec, Lubricator.

The other day an attorney was venting his indignation in the court room of a judge who has won his spurs as a jester. The lawyer said he had been robbed in the court room and it was an outrage. "What's the matter?" said the judge. "Matter!" said the attorney, "why it's infamous! My overcoat has been stolen right here in the court room." The judge smiled and then said: "Only an overcoat! That's nothing. Whole suits are lost here every day."

"The caution of the Aberdonian in giving an answer to a direct question was well illustrated the other day, when we asked a friend of ours, whose family were not noted for very active habits, 'was not your father's death very sudden?' Slowly drawing one hand from his pocket, and pulling down his beard, the interrogated one cautiously replied: 'Ay, it was unco' sudden for him. I ne'er kent o' my fayther bein' in a hurry before.'"

Hood's Sarsparilla is known to be an honest medicine and it actually cures when all others fail. Take it now.

MUNYON'S SYSTEM.

Complete in Detail and the Best Known to Science.

People in Every Walk in Life Unite in Lauding His Humane Work.

THEY SPEAK THE TRUTH.

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HIS CATARRH CURE

Is the Most Rational Cure for Catarrh, Asthma, and All Throat and Lung Diseases.

A BRIDGE LUIBODERS' STORY.

Mr. Rousseau, the well-known bridge builder and an ex-alderman with an office at 47 Imperial Building, Montreal, Canada says: "When Professor Munyon advertised to give away his Rheumatism Cure I availed myself of the generous offer and obtained a sample vial. The effect upon me was marvelous. The shooting sciatic pains have left me and I find a great change for the better in my whole system. I can confidently recommend Munyon and the public should know the virtues of this wonderful new school of medicine."

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 soreness, 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.

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

'TIS JOYOUS NEWS.

Paine's Celery Compound Cures Are Always Permanent.

The Happy Cures That the Afflicted Desire.

A Report from Mr. Douglas Hixon of Beamsville, Ont.

A great number of men and women, cured months and years ago by Paine's Celery Compound, have taken the trouble to assure the proprietors of that famous medicine that their cures are permanent. This noble and bright record of permanent cures, shown only by Paine's Celery Compound, is worthy of special notice, as it is the grandest record of the kind in the world. It should also be noted that all the permanently cured people are residents of our own Canada.

There are some medicines that partially relieve pain and suffering, that assist in building up vain hopes of a new life; but after a few days or weeks the terrible agonies come back again in more alarming forms, and hope and faith are lost forever.

This never happens when Paine's Celery Compound is used as a banisher of disease. The first bottle establishes a joyous feeling of security, and soon a perfect cure is effected which is permanent and lasting.

Mr. Hixon says: "To-day I think more of Paine's Celery Compound than ever before. Since I was cured—over two years ago—I have never had a bad day or lost a day's work, never having had a return of the rheumatism from which I once suffered so terribly."

"Through my influence many have used Paine's Celery Compound and have been cured. I wish to affirm once more that it was Paine's Celery Compound that took the rheumatism from my system. I strongly recommend it to all rheumatic and sick people."