

FATE.

Two shall be born the whole wide world apart,
And speak in different tongues, and have
no thought
Each of the other's being, and no heed;
And these o'er unknown seas to unknown
lands
Shall cross, escaping wreck, defying death;
And, all unconsciously, shape every act
And bend each wandering step to this one
end—
That, one day, out of darkness, they shall
meet
And read life's meaning in each other's
eyes.

And two shall walk some narrow way of
life
So nearly side by side that, should one
turn
Ever so little space to right or left,
They needs must stand acknowledged face
to face:
And yet, with wistful eyes that never
meet,
With groping hands that never clasp, and
lips
Calling in vain to ears that never hear,
They seek each other all their weary days
And bend each wandering step to this one
end—
That, one day, out of darkness, they shall
meet
And read life's meaning in each other's
eyes.

Mrs. Susan Marr Spaulding, the author of the above lines, was born at Bath, Me. She married young, but soon became a widow. Since her husband's death she has lived in Boston, in Wilmington, Del. and abroad. Her remuneration for the verses quoted from the Graphic was a complimentary letter from the editor.

Always Felt Tired.

"I suffered with severe headache and loss of appetite and I always felt tired. I concluded to try Hood's Sarsaparilla and after taking one bottle my headache disappeared. I continued taking it until now I am never troubled with headache and my appetite is good." LAURA CARLAND, 247 Claremont St., Toronto, Ont.

Hood's Pills act easily and promptly on the liver and bowels. Cure sick headache.

Sir Wilfrid's Glory

The London Times in its issue of August 2, published the full text of the editorial article published in the Star on Saturday, July 31, in reference to the denunciation of the commercial treaties, the article having been cabled across by the Times correspondent in Canada.

In the course of its leading article upon the same subject, the Times said: "It has been reserved, however, as is fit, for a Canadian journal, and a journal which belongs to the Independent Opposition, to note what is the really remarkable feature in the action of the Home Government."

This is the first time, as the Star truly says, when a British colony "has successfully asserted its right to voice in a matter of great Imperial concern." Whether this assertion is in all respects historically accurate we will not undertake to decide. But unquestionably the denunciation of the German and Belgian treaties on the initiative of a colonial statesman in a very memorable innovation in the history of the Empire. It is the glory of Sir Wilfrid Laurier that he has induced the Imperial Government to make this new departure in Imperial policy.

The fact that by blood and religion he differs from the great majority of his fellow-subjects, serves but to emphasize the importance of his achievement. We may agree at once with some of our French critics that the road before us is by no means smooth; that progress may be difficult and tedious for a time. But it is a road which leads to a marvellous goal, from which we shall not lightly turn back. The name of the French Canadian who first bade us tread it and would not be refused is a name which must live in the annals of the Empire."

A Double Cure.

Mrs. Jas. E. Elwood, St. Thomas, Ont., says:—"My husband and myself have taken Doan's Kidney Pills. We used them for kidney and back trouble for which we had spent a great deal of money without getting relief. Doan's Pills cured us both in a remarkably short time. I believe they will cure even after all other medicines fail."

Beaten to death

QUEBEC, Aug. 12.—Greenald, a sailor boy, was beaten almost to death by the mate of the ship Mary L. Burrill, now loading at Saguenay, died in the hospital here yesterday morning. The coroner has ordered the detention of the captain and mate of the ship.

Old Folk.

A CORRESPONDENT of the Antigonish Casket says:—"There lives at Little Glace Bay, C. B., one Michael McNeil, aged 102 and the maiden of his heart, aged 112. They both look quite active, and it would appear they are good for some years yet. Born in the eighteenth century, they will probably see the twentieth. Mr. McNeil walks a mile every morning to Mass. In the spring he planted two bushels of potatoes and wheeled in a barrow all the manure needed in his potato field. Who says that we are a degenerate people?"

Physical strength and energy contribute to strength of character, and both may be had by taking Hood's Sarsaparilla.

Comfort For the Old Folks.

SUPPOSE the wheels of time could suddenly be reversed, and we could, in an instant, go back to the year 1814. Why, man, you wouldn't recognise England. You wouldn't know how to speak, what to do, or how to understand the things around you. You would be as completely lost as though you were whisked away and dropped on the planet Jupiter. You would find no railways in England, no telegraphs, no running water in the City houses, and mighty few of the houses themselves that are standing now. Between 1841 and 1894 the difference is as great as between 1814 and 1600. Yes; and greater.

Yet a lady who was born in 1814 writes us the following letter. She says: "In the early part of 1884 I commenced to feel weak and ailing. My appetite was bad, and after meals I had an aching pain in the chest and the most uncomfortable feeling in the stomach. My mouth tasted badly, and I spat up a sour, sickening fluid. I was much troubled with wind, belching it up frequently. It was about all I could do to get around here and there in the house.

"A woman that I knew told me of a medicine that she said had done her a great deal of good; she called it Mother Seigel's Curative Syrup. She said it would no doubt do as much for me. On hearing this I sent and got a bottle from Mr. F. Daniell's grocer and draper, in Linton, and began to take it. I am glad to say that in a very short time I felt much better. The bad symptoms I have spoken of went away, and soon I was as strong and hearty as I had been before the trouble came on me.

"I am 80 years of age, and can do almost any kind of work easily and with comfort. I owe it to Mother Seigel's Syrup, and by taking an occasional dose when I feel ailing it has kept me in good health for ten years. I recommend the Syrup to all my friends, and if by printing my letter in the papers you think other persons—especially those who are advanced in life—may come to hear of the Syrup and use it, I shall be very pleased to have you do so. (Signed) Mrs. Ann Woollett, Wheeler's Lane, Linton near Maidstone, Jan. 16, 1894."

We do think Mrs. Woollett's letter will do good, and so you find it printed here. Now, there are a great many old people in this country, some of them perhaps even older than she. And they need a gentle and good medicine like Mother Seigel's Syrup. Old age is a time when life is apt to seem a heavy thing to bear, particularly if there is more or less pain and illness. And this is sure to be the case. The stomach gives out. Old people can't digest as they once did. Their food sours and ferments in the stomach, and makes all those bad feelings that Mrs. Woollett herself had. And when they cannot eat and digest their food, of course they get weak and feeble, and have to lie in bed or sit in the corner, unable to take the air and go about for necessary exercise. Then they get to thinking they are in the way, and grow downhearted and low-spirited. Besides, they are likely to be troubled with rheumatism, which is a complaint peculiarly common to old people, and comes from a bad digestion.

Now, for curing and mitigating the ailments of old people, there is nothing in the world so good as Mother Seigel's Syrup. It doesn't sicken them and tear them all to pieces as some harsh medicines do. It operates gently and thoroughly; it doesn't make them worse before it makes them better. For indigestion, dyspepsia, rheumatism, and all the aches, pains, and discomforts of age, it is just right.

Mother Seigel, who discovered it, knew what her elderly friends needed—nobody better.

Well we can't go back to 1814, and we don't want to. In spite of all the growlers and grumblers, we are better off where we are. In 1814 Mother Seigel's Syrup was never heard of it didn't exist. But everybody knows it in 1894. It is one of the great and good things of this end of the century.

Sea Serpent Settled.

The North Sydney Herald explains away the ubiquitous sea serpent as follows: "Several young men boating on the harbor Sunday afternoon are positive they saw a sea serpent. Had it not been that they are members of the North Sydney Division we would be inclined to blame whiskey for the appearance of the serpent. But it is strange that it has never occurred to any person that the numerous sea serpents seen in midsummer are simply eels which get together in hundreds once a year and form all shapes, floating on the surface of the water like a black log and other times presenting the appearance of a huge horse, with head erect."

A Summer Specific.

Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry cures cholera, cholera morbus, diarrhoea, dysentery, cramps, colic, summer complaint, canker of the mouth and all bowel complaints of children or adults. It is a soothing, effectual and never failing medicine, which gives immediate relief and speedily effects a cure.

WHAT SHE NEGLECTED.

He Was a Student of Human Nature, and He Caught Her.

Albert Bloodgood gazed long and earnestly into his young wife's eyes. It was evident that serious doubts had taken possession of him. He had been married to Sylvia Bloodgood for three days and had thought that he was happy, but now, as she sat beside him in the saloon of the plunging steamer, a horrible thought suddenly forced itself upon him.

The sweet girl who had given her life into his keeping noticed that something was out of whack with him, and, looking up, more as an innocent child would look at a parent than as a wife contemplating the features of her husband, she asked:

"Doesn't 'oom love 'oor 'ittle darlie any more? Tell me, darling, what it is that troubles you. Don't try to conceal it from 'oor 'ittle lovey dovey. You know I'm so wise I can see everything. You told me so yesterday, when I guessed what you had in that pretty jewel box for me."

He sighed and said: "Ah, sweetness, I don't know whether I ought to impart my thoughts to you or not. Perhaps I am borrowing trouble. But I have, as you know, always been of a studious disposition. I have studied men and women, and I have been wont to think that I knew human nature."

"Yes," she urged, becoming interested; "go on."

"Well, either my observations and deductions have been wrong or you don't love me as a wife should love her husband."

"Oh, Albert," the sweet girl cried, flinging her arms around his neck and sobbing pitifully, "what has caused you to form this cruel, cruel opinion? What has 'oor 'ittle darlie done to arouse such a suspicion?"

"It isn't what you have done," he replied, "but what you have not done, that worries me."

She drew back in wild fear and waited for him to proceed.

"Yes," he went on, "it is what you have neglected that has caused these doubts to take possession of me. Here we've been married for three days, and you have not yet asked me to solemnly declare that I never really loved until I came to know you."

With a guilty look she slunk away to her stateroom, for she knew that she had forever forfeited the right to claim his confidence.—Cleveland Leader.

HERRING BOATS.

Their Peculiar Rig—One of Them Sails From Cornwall to Australia.

The fleets of herring fishing boats sailing out of the ports of Great Britain are grand seagoing craft, strong and swift, and able to stand the stormiest weather. They are usually rigged with two stumpy masts and carry enormous square lugsails, which have to be lowered and raised every time the boats "come about." In Scotland and the English and Irish ports they are called luggers, but in the Isle of Man have the local name of "nickies."

In many cases the crews own the boats, each man having a share, but in any case the fishermen have an interest in the amount of fish sold and are paid according to results. It is a glorious sight to see these boats racing home after a good haul, the first boat in having the best market for the fish.

It is not uncommon at Tarbot, the headquarters of the Loch Frone boats; Peel, in the Isle of Man; Penzance, in Cornwall, and at some Irish ports to see the fish taken away by cartloads to be used by the farmers for manure at times when an unusually big catch has oversupplied the market.

In many places during the summer there are races organized by the townspeople and visitors for these luggers, and the interest in the events is far more keen than in the finest yacht races. Only recently a Penzance lugger was sailed by her crew to Australia, and made the passage in wonderfully quick time. The large boats are manned by from 20 to 30 men, the weight of the lugsails making a big crew a necessity. In most cases the sails are stained a reddish brown, and distinguishing letters and numbers on the sail tell to what port the craft belongs.—New York Sun.

Making It Easy.

Old John S— was a rural postman in a west country district and in a rather rough fashion was also an amateur dentist. On his rounds one day he met a certain farmer about to start for a six mile ride to town for the purpose of getting an aching tooth drawn. On seeing old John, however, the farmer, distracted with pain, determined to test the old man's skill as a tooth puller. A pair of somewhat rusty pliers was produced, and after a few tugs the tooth was held up for the farmer to see, who exclaimed:

"Why, John, you've drawn the wrong tooth! That is a sound one!"

"I know that, maister," said John, "but now I can get at the other handier."—Pearson's Weekly.

Walter Besant's Tribute to America.

Sir Walter Besant, the eminent English novelist, said, when he went back to England after a visit here, that nothing he saw in America impressed him so deeply as the devotion of our young people to their flag; that nowhere except among British soldiers had he seen such affection and respect for a national emblem, and that a nation which as a whole felt as we seemed to feel about our colors from the time we left our mothers' knees, was one that could withstand the whole world in arms.—Charles Sydney Clark in St. Nicholas.

The London Spectator says 1,000 of the Irish constabulary with rifles would restore the worst mob of Constantinople to comparative sanity in ten minutes.

The intellect has only one failing, which, to be sure, is a very considerable one. It has no conscience.—Lowell.

Merit

Made and Merit Maintains the confidence of the people in Hood's Sarsaparilla. If a medicine cures you when sick; if it makes wonderful cures everywhere, then beyond all question that medicine possesses merit.

Made

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There will be sold at Public Auction in front of the Court House in Richibucto, in the County of Kent, on TUESDAY, THE TENTH DAY OF AUGUST next, at one o'clock in the afternoon, all the right, title, interest, property, claim and demand, whatsoever, either at law or in equity, of James Dunlap, of the one, out of or upon the following land and premises:—all that certain piece or parcel of land situated in the Parish of Wellington, in the said County of Kent, Province of New Brunswick and described as follows:—All that certain piece or parcel of land lying and being on the north side of Little Buctouche River, being the lot originally granted to John W. Weldon, containing one hundred and twenty acres, reserving six acres for a mill site, together with house, barn and out-houses and appurtenances to the same belonging, and also all other lands and tenements belonging to said James Dunlap situated lying and being within my bailiwicks. The same having been levied and seized under and by virtue of an execution issued out of the Supreme Court, at the suit of Sarah M. Smith, Edward J. Smith and Henry R. Emmerson Executrix, Executors and Trustees, under the last will and testament of Sir Albert J. Smith deceased, against the said James Dunlap.

AUGUSTE LEGER, Sheriff.

Sheriff's Office, Richibucto, May 4th A. D. 1897.

"James, dear, will you bring me up a scuttle of coals from the cellar?" said a busy wife.

"That's just the way with you," said James, with a frown, as he put down his book and rose from the armchair.

"Just the way with me?"

"Yes!" he snapped. "As soon as you see me enjoying myself you have something or other for me to do. Didn't you see I was absorbed in my reading?"

"Well, dear, I will do it myself."

"Yes, and tell everybody—your mother especially—that you have to carry your own coal up from the cellar. No, I'll do it. Let me mark my place."

So he marked the place in the book at which he had ceased reading, and when he went down to the cellar, grumbling all the way, she picked up the volume and found it was a love story, and that the passage he had been absorbed in was as follows:

"My darling, when you are my wife I will shield and protect you from every care. The winds of heaven shall not visit your face too roughly; those pretty hands shall never be soiled by menial tasks; your wish shall be my law; your happiness—"

Just then he reappeared, and dropping the scuttle upon the floor, said:

"There's your coal! Give me my book!"

Burdock Blood Bitters.

Burdock Blood Bitters regulates the stomach, liver, bowels and blood; curing dyspepsia, biliousness, sick headache, rheumatism, scrofula, and removing all impurities of the blood, from a common pimple to the worst scrofulous sore. As an invigorator and tonic B. B. B. is an unequalled medicine.



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