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THE GREAT NORTH SHORE ROUTE!

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TOGETHER.

I dreamed of Paradise—and still, Though sun lay soft on vale and hill, And trees were green and rivers bright, The one dear thing that made delight, Ay sun or stars or Eden weather, Was just that we two were together.

I dreamed of heaven—with God so near! The angels trod the shining sphere, And each was beautiful; the days Were choral work, were choral praise; And yet in heaven's far shining weather The best was still—we were together.

I woke—and lo, my dream was true, That happy dream of me and you! For Eden, heaven, no need to roam— The forestage of it all is home, Where you and I through this world's weather, Still work and praise and thank to gether.

Together weave from love a nest For all that's good and sweet and blest To brood in, till it come a face, A voice, a soul, a child's embrace— And then what peace of Bethlehem weather.

What songs as we go on together. Together great life's solemn real, Together own one glad ideal, Together laugh, together ache, And think one thought, each others sake, And hope one hope—in new-world weather: To still go on and go together.

THE NEW COOK.

Certainly I was in an awkward fix. My husband did not see it, of course, and when I had said for the thirteenth—I love to be accurate—for the thirteenth time that evening, "Whatever am I to do?" he only replied, to his newspaper, apparently "If money will be of any use to you, my dear, I can let you have a blank check."

I very nearly said: "It has taken more than money to keep your house properly for the ten years we have been married. It takes brains," but he is such a dear, good fellow that I stopped in time.

However, at the fourteenth time of asking he simply replied, "I'm going to bed," and went.

I still sat thinking. To be sure, it was only the cook who had left suddenly that day on account of bad news from home, with the assistance of the housemaid I had contrived to prepare a respectable enough little dinner, for once, and, for the matter of that, could have contrived to do so until I was properly suited.

I do not change my women servants often. The boy is a more various quantity, but when I do I prefer to wait a little rather than take just anybody.

Still, there was that friend of George's brother Jim, in Queensland, coming on Thursday to spend a few days, and this was Tuesday.

I could not put him off, as it was the only time he had free, and Jim had seemed really anxious that we should meet him.

"Harry is terribly cut up over the loss of his wife, through that dreadful mistake of which I think I told you in my last letter."

He hadn't. Just like Jim's carelessness. "This was, indeed, the cause of his coming home. He is a fine fellow, and a true friend, too true a friend indeed to one thoroughly undeserving," concluded Jim, somewhat irrelevantly.

"But the virtues of Mr. Harry Gordon can by no possibility breakfast and luncheon and dine him for three solid days if I don't succeed in getting a cook," I concluded as I wandered sleepily upstairs. "I must just try Miss Griggs at the Young Women's Christian Association rooms and take whatever she offers me."

Thitherward I accordingly wended my way the following morning as soon as I

had got George comfortably breakfasted and dispatched to his office.

Miss Griggs heard me with attention. "Well, Mrs. Mason, I think I have a girl living here at this moment who might exactly suit you, provided you are willing to take everything about her on trust. I have been constrained to do this for the sake of her sweet, true face. I can't say that I would go to every mistress with that suggestion."

"But you know," interrupted I, "that we look at things from the same standpoint, and remember that in the highest sense we are every day being taken on trust ourselves."

She smiled, nodded, and left the room. A moment later the door opened gently and a slight, graceful girl of about 23 with brown hair and eyes and pale, regular features stood before me.

She was very simply dressed in a well made blue serge gown, but her soft, low voice, a little nervous in its accents, was beyond all possibility of doubt the voice of a lady.

I was so much fascinated by that voice a deep, musical one, the kind that haunts you, with the tiniest suspicion of a foreign accent in it, and yet not foreign either—that I scarcely know how I stumbled through the usual questions.

"What is your name?" "Mary Steven."

"Have you any written character?" "None."

"Can you give any reference?" "No, ma'am."

A pause. Suddenly she proudly raised her pretty head. "I have no character, madam, and no references. I shall not tell you anything about myself but my name. I like your face. You seem a motherly Christian woman." (Motherly, and, again woman to me!)

"I like you," continued this strange creature, "and if you are willing to give me a quiet corner in your household, and some small wages, for I have no money"—as if I would take anybody's services for nothing—"I believe you will find me a capable cook and a faithful servant."

Quite a little speech, you see, with delicate cheeks, all ablaze, and tiny hands nervously clinched. "My dear," said I impulsively, "I will take you on trust."

So my new cook came home. Four faultless meals she prepared, and ere the hour for the fifth arrived Harry Gordon arrived also.

He was a tall, thin, quiet man, with wavy hair, almost pure white, though he could not be over 35, brushed back off his temples.

Not at all my idea of an Australian shepherd king, which indeed he could scarcely now be called, as of late years he had devoted himself much to colonial politics. Indeed, if Jim's rapturous account could be believed, a great future lay before him in that direction, could he only shake off the load of depression which appeared to be resting on him. He seemed as my husband remarked aside to me, "in great want of a mental tonic."

Still, his conversation was most agreeable. He had been a keen observer of men and things, and could relate his experiences well.

Only he seemed hardened with a strange reserve. His home he never mentioned, nor the dear, dead wife. Perhaps he could not trust himself to speak of these with composure—at least not yet.

Jim had intrusted a small parcel to him for us, and a short time after dinner he rose to leave the room to fetch it.

At the same time I felt rather than heard a light footstep ascending the stairs. Carelessly I noted it.

"It is Mary going to bed. She was up early."

Her room was on the top flat, and to reach it she had to ascend the front stairs. Mr. Gordon had just paused on the landing, his hand still lightly catching the handle of the door.

Suddenly the footsteps faltered—stopped. "Harry!" "Marie!"

The man's heart was in the cry. The little feet flew as if on wings. The door reopened; and with the face of one transfixed he again stood before us. My husband started up.

"What is the matter?" "I am afraid I lost my head a little, and to relieve the strain of the situation remarked foolishly:

"Mr. Gordon looks as if he had seen a ghost instead of such an ordinary person as a cook."

"The cook!" he repeated. Mrs. Mason is my wife.

Yes "lost" but "found." I do not generally speak to my husband in a tone of authority, but on this occasion I did.

"George," I said, "go down to your study directly and wait for me there. Stop here, Mr. Gordon."

I went up to Mary's room—a tiny box of a place, 10 feet by 7, but I like each of my girls to have a room, however small, that she can call her own. The girl lay prone upon the little white bed.

"Mary" I said "you must come down stairs."

She shuddered.

"Is she with him?"

"She? Whom?" said I, "Oh, there has been some sad misunderstanding! Come with me."

I led her, unresisting to the drawing room door and left her there.

At this point I may as well tell you the story which we gathered in detached bits later on. In her maiden days in that distant colony Mary Steven had two lovers, friends of one another and bearing the same Christian name. There was, however, in her mind no question of choice between them. For her Harry Gordon was and always had been the only man in the world.

For some time after the marriage the friendship between the two continued to all seeming unimpaired. Then ugly whispers in regard to Gordon's business and personal affairs began to float about. These had, of course, originated in the fertile brain of his respectable namesake, and by him it was duly arranged that they should reach the ears of the young wife. Perhaps from a dread of hearing them confirmed by his own lips she from day to day delayed repeating them to her husband. Wild suspicion tore her heart and left her with no rock of firm faith to which to cling in the crisis that was fast coming.

Sitting alone one afternoon Marie was surprised by the entrance of her husband's friend. He placed in her hand the letter of a woman signing herself "Your deserted wife," and conjuring Harry to remember the promise of other and happier days.

"Can you doubt his guilt, Marie, or my disinterested love? This letter must have broken all ties between you. Come with me, and in the old country we shall together begin a new and happier life."

Marie spoke no word. Looking at him as one who saw him not, she glided from the room.

Yet not for one moment could she doubt her husband's guilt.

"Yes, to the old country I shall go, but alone, with no weaker man, 'Not Lancelot, nor another.' There I shall indeed begin a new life. There he can never discover me nor persuade me to condone what this reveals."

She inclosed the fatal letter without a word of explanation in a sealed envelope, laid it on his dressing table and left the house.

That same evening one of the great Pacific liners sailed with a new stewardess, who had turned up at the last moment soliciting employment just in time to fill the place of one who had been taken suddenly ill.

More than an hour later we went upstairs, to find our guest and my cook sitting on the big sofa before the drawing room fire, neither of them saying much, apparently, by the little brown head nestling where it should always have been and measureless content in both their eyes.—Princess.

Accidents Will Happen

John Brown a G. T. R. veteran, of 24-46 Marshall St., Philadelphia, says: "By a mere accident I came across Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder. I was a great sufferer from that dread malady—Catarrh. This wonderful remedy effected a speedy and permanent cure in my case, and I have been so thankful for it that I am willing to spend the remainder of my days in spreading the good news to my fellow-sufferers." Sold by W. W. Short.

Tired, Nervous, Sleepless

Men and women—how gratefully they write about Hood's Sarsaparilla. Once helpless and discouraged, having lost all faith in medicines, now in good health and "able to do my own work," because Hood's Sarsaparilla has power to enrich and purify the blood and make the weak strong—this is the experience of a host of people.

Hood's Pills are the best family cathartic and liver medicine. Gentle, reliable, sure.

Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria.

Two Newspaper Somads

Among the arrivals in Montreal yesterday were Mr. Philip Hanna and Mr. F. R. Gray, of Sydney, Australia, who are making a tour of the world in the interest of the Australian newspapers. They left Australia four years ago, sailing for the land of the Japanese. They interviewed the Mikado, rickshawed through that country, and learned the use of chopsticks in Hongkong and Canton, drank tea with the Geishas, sailed the Yellow Sea to Siam, saw the wild men in Borneo, surveyed Singapore, and were fanned by the slaves of the Rajahs and Maharajahs of the East Indies. They junketed in a junk around the coast of Malaysia, ate curry in Penyan, heard tales of blood and bullets in Andaman Islands, and cycled from Rangoon to Mandalay. India, the land of the nabobs, opened its arms to them. They were feted and feasted by petty Prince and daring chief, slept in the bungalows of men famed in story and song were driven in rickshaws and carried in palanquins from station to station, and shot big game in the jungles, where Monogli lived in the days of yore. Calcutta, Bonares, Darbeling, Chitral Lucknow, and Bombay saw them. They worshipped at the shrines of the adepts, kokaded the fakirs and the sacred temples, and supped with Mulvaney and "the little man" at the outposts. They were at the court of the Shah of Persia, crossed the deserts of Arabia on camels, and ate dates in the tent of the great Sheik on the greenest oasis of the sandy expanse. They gazed at Aden, the most wicked city in the world, visited Ceylon, Zanzibar, and Madagascar. In South Africa they interviewed the redoubtable Paul Kruger, examined the diamond mines of Kimberley and Jagersfontein, photographed Johannesburg, bought souvenirs at St. Helena and entered Europe at Lisbon. Portugal, Spain, Italy, Greece, and the Holy Land were inspected, historical spots written about, and the Mediterranean Sea crossed and re-crossed a half-dozen times. Russia, Germany, France and England occupied months, and no place of interest was neglected. They crossed the broad Atlantic, sailed from island to island in the West Indies, drank pinga in Brazil, and investigated the mining industries of South America. The West coast claimed their attention next. They entered this continent at San Francisco. After some weeks in Mexico and Cuba they have come by way of the States to Montreal.—[Montreal Gazette.

The Seals are Disappearing.

After Many Years

A SUFFERER IS RESTORED TO HEALTH AND STRENGTH. Suffered From Weak Heart And Could Not Safely Walk Any Distance—How the Pulse of Life Was Adjusted. From the Cornwall Freeholder. The romance of unwritten facts of real life far exceeds the rich elaborations of fiction. A peep behind the scenes would furnish us with adequate proof that there is more of care, trial and severe anxiety in human life than floats on the surface. We find many whose experience has almost incessantly fluctuated between health and sickness; little if any of this is obtruded upon the notice of the world, or breathed into human ear. You may secure the confidence of some of these sufferers who will rehearse to you dark catalogue of pains and aches that are often understood by the friends and inadequately treated by the physician. Thanks to the mighty genius that discovered the now famous panacea for the ills to which humanity is subjected when suffering from impoverished blood or a shattered nerve system. Thousands have, and thousands are still using to the greatest advantage Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. They have passed the ordeal of experiment again and again with ever increasing honor. The following statement is from one who was rescued from seeming permanent enfeeblement and distressing heat action. Mary Fisher, of Lancaster township, Glengarry county, is a maiden lady. About eight years ago Miss Fisher was seized with weakness and a distressing sensation in the region of the heart. It was attributed to several causes, all possibly more or less true, they were overwork, exposure etc. She was certainly weak and the action of the heart was abnormally rapid. The doctor in attendance pronounced the ailment nervous palpitation of the heart and she received treatment accordingly for two years. At this stage she took to her bed she was so low. For twelve months she lay receiving only domestic attention. She improved somewhat, however, and was able to be taken to a friend of hers near Lancaster village. Mrs. J. Hancy, where she was under medical attendance and took medicine for about three years. At the end of this time she could not safely venture to walk out even a short distance. All this time she complained of her heart. About two years ago she began taking Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, from this date she began what proved a steady restoration of nervous energy. During the summer of 1896 the improvement was marked. She was able by the middle of the summer to do as much work and walking as most ordinary women, and so satisfactory and apparently permanent is the cure that Miss Fisher has gone to her former home. Such are the unvarnished facts of a remarkable case. The malady was persistent, tenacious and hard to fight. But the constant use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills wrought a marvellous change, which Miss Fisher's friend said might be profitably known to many others. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills cure by going to the root of the disease. They renew and build up the blood, and strengthen the nerves, thus driving disease from the system. Avoid imitations by insisting that every box you purchase is enclosed in a wrapper bearing the full trade mark, Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People.

Patent Report.

Below will be found the only complete report of Patents granted this week by the United States Government to Canadian Inventors: this report is prepared specially for this paper by Messrs. Marion & Marion, Solicitors of Patents and Experts Head office: 185 St. James St., Montreal. AMERICAN PATENTS.

590-536—Julien Boucher, Belt fastener. 590-532—William J. Curry, Nauaimo, B. C., Music turner. 590-394—George W. Hart, Folding Box. 590-526—Vincent Jarre et al, Gas burner for lighting. 590-416—Richard T. Jones, Foot support. 590-230—James La Grange, Measuring Instrument. 590-404—William J. Reno, Type-writer attachment. 590-552—John A. Roche et al, Electric Railway. 590-547—Napoleon Sylvestre, Biddeford Me., Hand Guard. 590-250—George T. Winward et al, Pulley block.

CANADIAN PATENTS.

57-386—William Kinham, Bedford P. Q., Vases. 57-410—Louis V. Labelle, St. Jacques L'Archangel, P. Q., Fertilizer Distributor. 57-439—J. F. Lewis, Scranton, Pa. Grease Cup.

A Few Doses Gave Permanent Relief.

James Allan, of St. Stephen N. B., writes: "I was troubled with very severe pains in the heart, pain in the side, and shortness of breath. I became completely exhausted with the least exertion. Doctors said my case was a hopeless one. I procured a bottle of Dr. Agnew's Cure for the Heart. A few doses gave me permanent relief, six bottles entirely cured me. To-day I am well." Sold by W. W. Short.

Neighbors much Interested in the Story—Everyone thought the Youngster would be but he's Very Much Alive now.

DUNDALK, Oct. 4.—Hugh Lamont, of Inver, has a young son who is an object of interest throughout this whole section of country. From infancy the boy had dropsy, and was bloated and swollen all over. It seemed to the parents that death could be the only release to one attacked so young by this disease. They heard of Dodd's Kidney Pills and began giving them to the child. With the first box the bloating and swelling began to disappear. Six boxes effected a perfect cure and the boy is now just as healthy a youngster as stirs up the dust on the high roads of Western Ontario.

Doctored Nine Years For Tetter.

Mr. James Gaston, Merchant of Wilkesbarre, Pa., writes: "For nine years I have been disfigured with tetter on my hands and face. I have spent hundreds of dollars with doctors and tried scores of remedies. At last I have found a cure in Dr. Agnew's Ointment. It helped me from the first application, and now after using it for two months I believe I am permanently cured, as my skin is smooth and soft and free from every blemish." Sold by W. W. Short.

Mount Baker Gold Quartz.

SEATTLE, Wash., Sept. 30.—A correspondent of the Post-Intelligencer who went to Mount Baker to investigate the reports of the discoveries of the gold quartz which reports stated assayed as high as \$10,000 to the ton has returned and in summing up his investigations says: "On August 23 last, Jack Post discovered a ledge of white quartz on Bald Mountain. When pieces of this quartz were broken up with a hammer in a considerable percentage of them flakes of gold were seen with an average of about one color in the place where the fracture was made. Post and his associates, Lambert and Van Valkenberg, located for themselves three claims on the ledge. Four cross lodes were also discovered, which was covered by two claims. Selected specimens assayed as high as \$1,500 a ton. The actual value of the quartz ledge is a matter which can only be determined by actual development and by a thorough mill test of rock from all the exposed portion of the ledges."

Yorkville Fire Station.

Toronto, March 8rd, 1897. Dear Sirs,—Having used Dr. Chase's Pills for Constiveness, I am very pleased to say that I consider them superior to any pill I ever used, as they have perfectly cured me of this trouble.

THOS. J. WALLACE, Fireman.

"Only nervous" is a sure indication that the blood is not pure. Hood's Sarsaparilla purifies the blood and cures nervousness.