

Board Works Office

THE REVIEW

VOL. 9. NO. 7.

RICHIBUCTO, NEW BRUNSWICK, THURSDAY, OCTOBER 14 1897.

\$1.00 A YEAR

THE GREAT NORTH SHORE ROUTE!

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OCTOBER.

BY AUBREY DE VERE.

"The love songs of the blackbird now are done. Upon the o'ergrown, loose, red-berried cover, The latest of late warblers sings as one That trolls at random when the fears is over.

Yon poplar-grove is troubled, Bright and bold Babbled his gold leaves in the July breeze As though above our heads a runnel rolled. His mirth is o'er; subdued by old October counts his lessening wealth, and sadly sober Tinkles his minute tablets of wan gold.

But hark—the wind increases, The sunset forests, catching sudden fire, Flash, swell and sing, a million-organel choir; Roofing the west, rich clouds in glittering fleeces

O'erarch ethereal spaces and divine Of heaven's clear hyaline, No dream is this! Beyond the radiance golden God's son's I see. His armies bright and strong,

The ensanguined martyrs here with psalms high holden, The virgins there, a lily-lifting throng. The splendors nearer draw. In choral blending

The prophets' and the apostles' chant I hear; I see the Salem of the just descending. With gates of pearl and diamond bastions' sheer,

The walls are agate and chalcedony, On jacinth street and jasper parapet, The unwaning light is light of Deity, Not beam of lessening moon or sun's that set.

That indecisuous forestry of spires. Lets fall no leaf; whose lights can never range.

AFTER MANY YEARS.

BY G. A. S., BUTTERNUT RIDGE.

In a luxurious boudoir, upholstered in garnet velvet and gold, before a pier glass, a lady was standing, inspecting the beautiful image reflected therein. Apparently she was satisfied with the result, for a gratified smile parted her haughty lips. Well might Mrs. Carruthers be pleased, for, from the small, shapely head, with its wealth of blue-black tresses, the face with its regular features, radiant dark eyes, brilliant complexion, lovely mouth, with its glistening teeth, the white neck and superb shoulders and arms, but half concealed by billowy laces and creamy satin, to the tip of the tiny satin-shod foot, all was perfection.

The light touch of an arm around her slender waist, and a kiss softly imprinted upon her glowing cheek disturbed her reverie. With a petulant motion she quickly drew away from the embrace, exclaiming: "How you startled me, Hartley! I do wish you would be more careful. You will spoil my costume. Look, is it not lovely?"

Madame Debrant has fairly outdone herself, this time." In her self-satisfied vanity she did not notice how she had wounded the noble heart of her husband by the cold manner in which she had repelled his tenderness, nor did she notice the heavy sigh which escaped his lips. Poor Hartley Carruthers! He was indeed to be pitied, for he still loved this woman, after three years of married life, with the same mad adoration he had felt for her upon their wedding day. As for her, she was not naturally cold-hearted but she did not know what it was to really love. The woman within her had never been awakened. Accustomed from babyhood to the homage everywhere paid to beauty as its due, she had accepted it recklessly, and when at the early age of seven-

teen, Mr. Carruthers laid his heart at her feet, she appreciated not the value of the offering. But though she cared not for the heart, she was not too young to care for the hand that accompanied it, for she knew that Mr. Carruthers was very wealthy and would give her the name and position in society she so much coveted. A poor, friendless orphan dependent upon the bounty of an uncle, and made to feel that dependence oftener than her proud spirit could brook, she gladly hailed the prospect of release. Hartley Carruthers was a handsome, refined, cultivated gentleman, some twelve years her senior. A man who had hitherto been regarded as adamant for whom match-making mammas and their worldly daughters had schemed long and vainly. Little wonder, then, that Ethel Mayhen felt a gratified pride at having so easily won the love of such a man. During the brief courtship and briefer engagement that followed, Mr. Carruthers saw too little of the prize he had won to realize how small a place he held in her heart; but it only needed a few weeks of married life to open his eyes to the bitter truth that only the beautiful statue was his, the heart which animated it beat for itself alone. All that love could do to awaken a responsive love his had done. Sometimes it seemed that his efforts were to be rewarded, for she melted into a tender mood; but it was not often thus. She generally either accepted his caresses with a wearied air, or as upon this night repulsed him, chilling him to the heart. Love is a tender plant and it cannot flourish without some nourishment or if it lives other passions spring up and choke it. So in Hartley Carruthers' heart the mad passion of jealousy had sprung up. Jealousy had grown out of the great fear that the love he could not win another might be more fortunate in gaining. But his wife had divined nothing of this new feeling; why should she, when her husband, as yet, hardly realized its existence himself? But this state of unconsciousness was not to be of much longer duration.

As Mrs. Carruthers, passing into the nursery, stopped to kiss the sleeping babe before she left for the scene of revelry, her husband watching her, exclaimed:—"I wish you would not go to this party to-night, love?"

"Not go! was the astonished reply. Not to the event of the season! Pray why should I deprive myself of so great a pleasure?"

"For no reason in particular except that I'd rather you remained at home."

"But why? I insist upon a reason for this unexpected whim."

Hartley Carruthers colored under her searching eyes and, more than half ashamed already of his vague suspicions, could hardly bring himself to give voice to what he was waiting for an answer, he muttered:—

"Well, then, Stanley Rutherford is to be there and—"

"And you are jealous," finished Mrs. Carruthers, while her low, mocking laugh rang upon the air. The next instant her mood changed to one of angry defiance and with flashing eyes and haughty mien she said, "By what right do you dare insult me thus? Have I ever given you the slightest occasion for harboring such feelings about me?"

"You mistake my meaning, Ethel darling. It is not that I mistrust you, dear wife." "But Ethel," he continued imploringly, "if I should tell you that Stanley Rutherford was a rascal, an unprincipled, handsome devil, a man whose attentions no pure woman can permit without running the risk of compromising her fair name—nay, more, if I should tell you that your name, my wife's name had been coupled with his in the club room, as that of his latest victim, would it make no difference to you?"

As she listened, her cheeks had grown a shade whiter; but her voice was as haughty, defiant as before, as she replied, "Not the least," and swept proudly out of the room. For some time after she had left him he remained seated, absorbed in sad reflections. Then rising, wearily he went into the adjoining room and stood long, silently gazing at the sleeping image of the fair woman who bore his name. The sight softened him and tender thoughts replaced the miserable ones that had filled his breast during the past hours. A fear that he had been unjust, a wish to recompense Ethel in some manner for the injury her feelings had sustained, took possession of him, and making a hasty toilet, he repaired to Mrs. Van Weeks for the purpose of accompanying Ethel home. After the customary greetings had been exchanged, he wandered from room to room, looking for his peerlessly beautiful wife. Reaching the conservatory, a dimly lighted bower of fragrant loveliness, he entered, and saw through an opening in the leaves, in a remote corner of the place a lady and gentleman, who were appar-

ently occupied in examining a rare exotic near them. The loving heart could not be deceived for it was no other than Stanley Rutherford making love to his (Carruthers') wife. An irresistible impulse moved him to conceal himself and listen to their conversation, despising himself all the while for his meanness in so doing. But he forgot all his honorable scruples as these words were wafted to his ears: "And you tell me I know not what love is! I swear to you that no man ever lived who loved more fervently than I do. Do you believe me?" "Yes," was the low response in Ethel's familiar voice. "And oh, I am so glad. But I fear you will not be constant."

"You need not," and the couple moved on and passed into the room beyond. Hartley Carruthers stood like one in a trance, utterly crushed by the knowledge that his wife loved another man. Recovering self-possession with a great effort he left the house quietly and unobserved. Not long after Ethel too quitted the gay scene. Her heart was heavy. Conscience reproached her for her coldness to her husband. While angry with him for having opened her eyes to the opinions of society upon her conduct, she could not but acknowledge to herself the truth of his words. That evening's experience had been a bitter one to her, for many a meaning glance had she seen bestowed upon her as she mingled in the mazes of the waltz with Rutherford, or promenaded leaning on his arm. Her haughty spirit rebelled; her punishment, for an idle, meaningless flirtation, seemed more than she could bear. But no one would have suspected the tumult within that proud breast. Never had she been more beautiful, never had her wit been keener, never had she been in higher spirits than upon this night. As Mrs. Carruthers ran up the steps of her palatial residence, the faint idea of seeking Hartley and effecting a reconciliation before she slept became a fixed resolve. But her maid met her with the message that he was in the library and did not wish to be disturbed, so with a heavy heart she went to bed. In the morning she got up quite late. She went to visit little Marguerite's nursery. "Here, mum," said the nurse, handing her a folded note, "I found this when I was making the baby's bed. Sure her blessed little head must have been on it all night."

With a dim foreboding of coming evil Ethel tore open the note and read: "Good-bye my darling child. Heaven's blessing upon you and the mother that gave you birth! God grant that she may be happy! Now that I know another has won her love, I cannot stay to torture her with the sight of my suffering. Ethel, I can only rid you of my presence which must have been unendurable to you. But I pray that my death may soon set you free—free to mate with him you love, but you can never love him as I do you; God pity me, I leave you and the little one amply provided for." Then followed the lawyer's address and provision for her welfare, but the heart-broken wife knew no more, for she had fallen senseless to the floor. In that moment of agony she had read her own heart plainly, and discovered that without her husband life would be valueless. In the days that followed she made preparation for leaving. Since he no longer cared to live with her as his wife what mattered it where she went or what became of her. Her cheeks grew pale and her figure thin as time passed and she knew that Hartley was lost forever to her, and the hope that he would return died out in her heart. The necessity for exertion which aroused Ethel from her misery alone saved the overthrow of her reason. Her proud spirit refused to be dependent upon his charity, and, taking the infant and a small portion of wardrobe she left the house one morning and returned no more. The mysterious disappearance of the Carruthers' family was a nine day's wonder; then gossip found a new theme. Where was Hartley Carruthers? Utterly wretched and miserable he had left home, wife and child, all that made life dear to him, eager only to rid Ethel of his presence. Then the spirit of self-sacrifice sustained him for a time and he wanted to know what Ethel was doing and get a glimpse of her face. He wandered about for a while then returned home, and in unaccountable impatience sprang from the carriage ere it could be stopped and hastened up the steps. As soon as he got to the top he saw that the house was deserted; so he left the house bewildered and went to the lawyer to see if he knew where she was, but he did not; so he got a detective and then began a long and weary search; at last the detectives gave up in despair. Seven years passed and nothing had been discovered in regard to the missing wife and child. In those years Hartley's hair had been streaked with gray, but society awoke to the fact that Hartley was still a handsome man and invitations to soirees and recep-

tions, dinner parties and the like were showered upon him, but he declined them all. When remonstrated with by his friends he would gravely reply, "I will accept your favors when my wife returns," for he could not believe her dead. Meanwhile what of Ethel? Miserable, forlorn, unhappy woman, all she had was her babe now that she cared for. Ethel after sacrificing her jewels for a quarter of their value had enough to last her and her babe for a few months. At last she thought of her only friend and that was her nurse which she had had to see about her in childhood. To her she went begging for sympathy and aid. The good woman thinking her a widow, gladly received her into her family. In this out of the way place, people did not think that Mrs. Carruthers could live there; so they never bothered it; and besides Ethel had changed her name and called herself Mrs. Carleton. Little Marguerite grew in beauty day by day and began to look just like her mother. Seven years had passed quietly and then the town of R— became agitated by the question of a railroad. The old Rip Van Winkle like inhabitants (as they were) fought against it, but by the influence of the younger and more enterprising men they won the day. So they appointed Stanley Rutherford to oversee the matter. It happened that upon an early autumn afternoon he alighted from a stage at R—. Everything was quiet except the laughing of the children. He went over to where they were and one attracted his attention the most of all. He went back and told Hartley about seeing this girl that looked so much like Mrs. Carruthers, but her name was Daisy Carleton.

"If it should be her child—my own little one," Hartley exclaimed rising from his seat.

"Nonsense, Carruthers! don't I tell you her name is Carleton and her mother a widow."

"Well, that matters not, Ethel might change her name and I might as well spend my time in R— as anywhere else." He started soon after for the place. Arriving at the place he proceeded to the door of the cottage. A cry wrung from a woman's bleeding heart reached his ear; the words were: "Oh, God, have mercy upon me—spare me my child." And the voice was Ethel's. But Hartley dared not enter yet, he feared to intrude on a grief so sacred. Gently pushing the door open he advanced to the bed and there lay his Marguerite sick with the fever. In silence he opened his arms and in silence she turned to his shelter. The child opened its eyes and in a weak, low voice murmured "Papa."

"How did you know it was your papa, my darling?" said the astonished father.

"Oh, because you look like the man in mamma's locker that she wears round her neck, and she told me once it was papa and that I must pray to God for my dear father's return. And every night she kisses the picture and cries over it."

A beautiful flush suffused Ethel's cheeks but she did not deny the child.

"Is this true, dear wife, and is it possible that you can really love me?"

"I have loved you all the time," was the response and Hartley felt that his reward had come at last.

"Ethel, can you forgive the wretched past?" said Hartley, lovingly.

"Not merely forgive but bury it, and over its ashes we will build up a glorious future!" said Ethel.

"Amen!" was the solemn response. So after many years were these two united not merely in name but in spirit.

SING "AMEN" NO MORE.

TORONTO, Oct. 8.—The members of Victoria Presbyterian Church, Toronto Junction, do not appear to be at all unanimous in sounding the "Amen's" at the end of the hymns in the new book of praise. Yesterday morning was the third Sunday that this new book has been in the hands of the congregation, and after the close of the first hymn there was a little diversion from the ordinary routine of the Presbyterian service. Mr. T. G. Wilson a respected member of the congregation was noticed to sit down in his pew before the rest of the congregation drew out the "Amen" in the Presbyterian Church, as savoring of Episcopalianism. The church is a very large one and its acoustic properties are not of the best, hence when Rev. Mr. Rae's hands were outspread in supplication to the most High Mr. Wilson's sudden jump to the floor very naturally created a little unlocked for surprise. However the "Amen's" were sung until the end of the service. Then the session met and in deference to the views of members in the congregation they decided that the "Amen's" should not be sung in future; and now there is a "lost chord" at the end of each hymn.

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What his Improved Homoeopathic System has Done For the People of Canada.

SICK MADE WELL.

TROOPS OF RESCUED INVALIDS AND SUFFERERS TELL THEIR GLAD STORIES.

WHAT THE PEOPLE ARE SAYING.

Mrs. Annie L. Knox, Gagetown, N. B., says: "I suffered from sciatica for four years. The best physicians prescribed for me, but to no avail. After suffering untold agony and sleepless nights, my condition bordering on nervous prostration, I visited Munyon's offices at Tremont Temple, Boston, and was told they could cure me. I commenced the treatment and in three weeks' time was cured."

Munyon's Rheumatic Cure seldom fails to relieve in one to three hours, and cures in a few days. Price 25c.

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

PLENTY OF MONEY.

Still another fortunate Canadian has returned to the home of his youth well provided with Klondike gold dust. Arthur Drepeau, a native of this province, arrived in Montreal on Saturday worth, so he says, something like \$300,000 in actual cash, and the owner of half of a claim in the Klondike worth at least that much more.

Drepeau put up at the Vancouver Hotel on Windsor street, and he has spent the past few days in search for his sister whose whereabouts he does not know. He believes she is in Montreal, but has not been able to find any trace of her. While at the Vancouver he astonished every one who happened around that way with his display of wealth. Dollars to him were like so many cents to ordinary people, and the way he threw about the circulating medium was a revelation. He had a little leather bag in which he brought several nuggets of gold, just as souvenirs for his friends. The nuggets ranged in value from ten dollars to forty, but they didn't last long for the friends who were willing to accept these trifling mementoes were many, and Drepeau was too much of a gentleman to refuse a request for one or two.

Mr. Drepeau left last night for Boston where he has two brothers living. They will be glad to see him.

A Prominent U. S. Physician Praises Dr. Agnew's Ointment.

Dr. M. Barkman, Binghamton, N. Y., writes: "Send me 12 dozen more of Dr. Agnew's Ointment. I prescribe large quantities of it. It is a great remedy for tetter, salt rheum, eczema and all skin diseases, and also a cure for piles. Price 30 cents a box. Sold by W. W. Shurt."

STOLEN PILLS SECURED.

MUNYON'S VICTORIES

New York, Oct. 7.—Paolo Ortelli was a master craftsman. He had the gift of an artist, and the secret process of dyeing silk that he had learned in his youth in the ancient city of Lyons, were far more to him than any woman had ever been in all the fifty-seven years of his life.

But these are Philistines in these days as there were in the days of Samson. Paolo Ortelli's comrades who invited him yesterday, say that he killed himself because the secrets of his craft had been coaxed from him by a woman, who sold them to the manufacturers of silk, her employers.

"It was because his wages were no longer higher than those of any other silk dyer in the country," said one of the mourners—they were all members of an Italian society in Patterson N. J.

"Not so!" interposed another. "It was because of his secrets. They were more to him than the sunlight and the voices of little children. Luigi here has ten children and thirty grandchildren, but if the black death should kill them all between dusk and daylight his bitterness would be nothing like that of Paolo at the loss of his secrets."

"You do not understand—neither of you!" mumbled old Luigi, between his toothless gums, as he adjusted the bow of crepe on his sleeve. "It is better for a workman to have his wages whittled down as one whittles a stick. It is bitter for an artist to have his art stolen from him. But there is a bitterness greater than these, and that is known only to the lover, who finds that the kisses of his mistress were poison and her heart ice. Paolo loved this woman and he killed himself not because she betrayed him, but because she loved him not. He had never loved a woman before, and at seven and fifty a man's first love is like the bite of a tarantula."

And the younger mourners were silent, for old Luigi travelled in many countries in his youth and is esteemed a man of great wisdom.

As for Paolo Ortelli his history is known to every silk dyer in this country, for he was a king among them before a fair woman delivered him into the hands of his enemies. His parents in Italy sank from wealth to poverty in his early boyhood, but a rich uncle adopted him and gave him a good education. When he went to serve an apprenticeship in Lyons he knew something of chemistry and other matters above the ordinary. He had an eye that loved color and the craft of a dyer fascinated him.

Paolo Ortelli the boy was not satisfied with what others taught him. He must needs make discoveries himself. What attracted him most was that which had never been achieved. He spent every spare hour experimenting to produce in dye colors that had theretofore eluded the greatest masters of his craft.

He was successful. Even before his apprenticeship was over his name became known as that of one who could produce colors from the richest to the most delicate that had been uphoped of. When his time of bondage expired he and his secrets were sought by the greatest manufacturers of Lyons. Wages that would have seemed princely to an ordinary dyer were offered him, but he thought he could make more money in America, so he emigrated.

From New York Ortelli gravitated naturally to Patterson the centre of the silk industry in America. He lost no time in demonstrating his extraordinary equipment for work with dyes and the Grunshaw firm gladly paid him wages that were said to have been larger than those received by any other dyer in America. For five years he worked in the same establishment and then transferred his allegiance from one to another earning more money with every change.

Paolo Ortelli was offered money for his secrets, but he would not sell. It was irksome to the manufacturers to have to pay such high wages to a mere workman. They resented it. They named high prices for that which made Paolo Ortelli such a valuable man to them. Paolo would smile and ask a higher price. Then when the bidders rose to the figure he had named he would raise his price, again—raise it so high that it would be prohibitive. That was his method of saying that he preferred not to part with his secrets. And he would laugh gaily over it for it pleased him to be made so much of. He often told his comrades that if he sold his secrets he would no longer feel the pride of an artist.

OSTORIA
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1897