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THE GREAT NORTH SHORE ROUTE!

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A LYRIC OF LONE SEAS.

(Rev. James B. Dollard (Slave-na-mon) in Donahoe's.)

Our gallant ship leaps swiftly
Over the waves away;
With strident roar,
Her bow before
Hisses the salt sea spray.
Over the depths unfathomed,
Over the sea's green caves,
List to the song
So clear and strong
Sung by the loud-lipped waves.

Over the halls of coral,
Whose pearly floors lie deep
Where white sea maidens,
With dreams o'erladen,
Slumbers in breathless sleep.

Thou ocean wide and voiceful!
Grim mystery shrouds thee o'er;
Thy tempests rave
Till mariners brave
Lie dead on the damp, dark shore.

The white-plumed waves are moving
Like ordered files to war;
In mighty throng
They whirl along
To the dim horizon's bar.

Yon sea-bird poised dreamful
Thy secrets dread must know;
His snow-white breast
On thine doth rest
When cradling billows flow.

God's power hovers o'er thee;
His wonder-work art thou;
Thy wave-hosts stand
At His command
And peaceful beams thy brow.

When sounds the angel's trumpet
And shake the affrighted skies,
Then shall the Lord
Fulfill His Word
Thy sheeted dead shall rise.

ROMEO AND JULIET.

"Where are you going, Letitia?" demanded Miss Banbridge, severely, gazing at the trembling Letitia, over a pair of gold-rimmed glasses.

"Just out for a little walk, auntie. The day is so delicious," says Letitia, with her most engaging smile. What an awful thing it will be if auntie forbids her to go out to-day, of all days, and Jack waiting for her at the top of the meadow.

"Now, once for all, Letitia, let this be understood between us," says Miss Banbridge, "there is to be no intercourse between this house and that of the court. You may think I am too old to hear things—but there you are wrong, I have heard a good deal lately about this young Mr. Hardings, who has returned to the court on his father's death; heard, too, with deep regret, Letitia, that you so far forgot yourself as to dance with him a fortnight ago at the Mainwaring's little—"

"Hop," suggests Letitia, who is too frightened at her aunt's allusion to the young master of the court, to remember her society manners.

"Hop! How dare you use such a word?" cried Mrs. Banbridge. "Good heavens! This manners of this present day. Now, Letitia, hear me. It seems you did dance with this objectionable young man at the Mainwaring's dance," she emphasized, "and perhaps, after all, you could not well help that. But, knowing as you do, the feud that has lasted fifty years between their house and ours, I trust you have too much respect for me—for your name—than to recognise a Hardings anywhere."

"But what has he—er—" nervously, "what have they all done?" asks Letitia, her eyes on the marble pavement of the hall, her heart at the top of the meadow. Good gracious! If auntie only knew that she had been meeting Jack every day for the past fortnight, ever since that long dance, indeed, when—when—well, he would not dance with anyone but her. And it's all such nonsense, too. A rubbishly old story about a right of way, that

happened fifty years ago—and Jack, the dearest, dearest fellow!

"I refuse to go into it," says Miss Banbridge, with dignity. "It suffices to say that this hateful young man's grandfather once behaved in the grossest fashion to your grandfather—my," with a sigh, "sainted father. If you are going for a walk I trust that if you meet the—present owner of that detestable place called the court, you will not so much, as acknowledge his presence with a bow." "I shan't bow to him, auntie," says Letitia in a very small voice. Detestation of herself and her duplicity is still raging in her heart as she meets Jack Hardings in the old trysting place. She has certainly promised her aunt not to bow to him. Well, she doesn't; she only flings herself into his arms—glad young arms that close fondly round her.

"Oh, Jack, she's getting worse than ever. She is simply raging about you as I came out. I really thought she was going to forbid me to come at all. She says you're an objectionable young man!"

"Oh! I say," says Hardings, "What have I done to be called names like that?"

"Nothing, nothing!" cried Letitia, flinging her arms abroad in despairing protest, "except that your grandfather once punched my grandfather's nose."

"Well, I am awfully sorry," said Hardings at which they both laughed. "Would it do any good, do you think, if I were to go down now and apologize for my exceedingly rude old father?"

"I shouldn't advise you to try it," said Letitia.

"But what are we to do, then?" says Jack, his arm around her.

They are sitting on the grass safely hidden behind a clump of young trees. The sun is shining merrily on their heads, the birds are singing on every branch. It is May, delightful May, the lover's month—and the hottest May that had been known for years.

"I don't know," says Letitia, with deep despondence.

"It's such beastly folly," says Hardings, presently, in an impatient tone. "If I were a fool, a poor man or a reprobate, but I am not that, am I now?"

"Oh, no," says Letitia: she creeps closer to him and encircles his waist with her arm or, at all events, tries bravely to do so. It does not go half way round, but that does not matter. She grasps a bit of his coat and holds on to him so. "Do you know what you are, Jack? The dearest old boy on earth."

"And you—do you know what you are?" says Hardings, pressing her fingers to his lips.

"No," says she.

"Well, I can't tell you," says he, "because there is nothing on earth fit to compare you with. You are you, and that is all."

"What a lovely speech! No wonder I love you," says Letitia, naively, but, collapsing into gloom, "What is the good of it all? Auntie will never let you marry me."

"We could marry without her permission," says he slowly.

"No, no, we could not," says Letitia, despondingly. "And, now, Jack, you had better go. She is sure to come up here presently to see how the men are getting on with the fence (you know what an excellent woman of business she is), and if she caught you here—"

"Yes! Oh, yes! Jack do take care the men will see you!"

"Not they," says Jack, kissing her again. "And you, what are you going to do while I am away?"

She leans back against the bank behind her and crosses her white arms behind her head. What a day it is!—most heavenly sweet—quite a drowsy day. How lovely that light smoke is climbing slowly uphill and siding away among the young beech trees above. And the little flames, like fairies, dancing—perhaps—they are the fairies who dwell in those old, dry tufts. No wonder they are dancing, with rage evidently. Their stronghold seized, destroyed by the tyrant man! No—woman this time. Ah, ah! In this case woman has come to the front at all events. She has been reading about the emancipation of women last night, and had laughed over it. After all, she did not want to be emancipated; she only wanted Jack to love her always—nothing more. Perhaps the other queer women only meant that too, only they had not found their Jacks yet. Puff! How warm it is!

Gradually her head sinks back upon her arms, her eyelids droop over the soft, clear eyes. How delicious it is here. How cosy. Again the eyes open, but very lazily this time. See how the little insects run to and fro over her white frock, hither and thither, all in search of the great want—food. A passing thought makes her laugh indolently. She hoped they will not make food of her. And then the eyelids close resolutely; she leans back. Sleep has caught her.

So sound, indeed, is her slumber that she does not know, that now the little black insects are rushing over her, not in search of anything but safety—safety from the tiny hot flames that are creeping, creeping every moment to the thin white frock. Now they have touched her foot and have so far penetrated through the thin slipper as to make her unpleasantly warm, but not enough to waken her. She only turns a little and sighs; but now—!

Now she springs to her feet with an affrighted scream. Smoke! Smoke everywhere! And what is this creeping up her gown? A thread of fire. It blows upon her face. She recoils from it, but it follows her. Madly she lifts her hands and tries to beat it back. The men!—the men at the fence, where are they? Alas! they have all gone to their dinner. Once again a frantic cry bust from her lips.

It is answered this moment, indeed that Hardings reaches her, and, flung off his coat, catches her in it, and, folding it round her, held her as in a vice.

What brought him back at this moment (beyond the mercy of God) he never knows, except that those last words of his, "Don't set fire to yourself, at all events," had seemed to haunt him since he left her. He had been going to a farm of his that led past Miss Banbridge's estate, and a foolish fear about the words had touched his lover's heart and compelled him to mount the wall and look over. In a moment he had seen.

He had quenched the flames in a miraculously short time. Letitia is even able to stand up and answer faintly his passionate questions to her as to her safety, when suddenly a voice strikes upon them that renders both dumb.

It is the voice of Miss Banbridge. She has been toiling up the hill. She looks almost distraught.

"Oh, sir," she cries, catching Letitia in her arms, "I saw all, I thought I should have died. Oh, my girl! my darling child!" (She spends her whole life tormenting Letitia, but Letitia, for all that, is the apple of her eye). "Oh; sir! How can I thank you? The gratitude of my life is yours. The preserver of my pretty child!" Then the old lady burst out crying. She would have died rather than tell Letitia she was pretty half an hour ago, but now she lays many offerings at her feet. Poor feet! They might have been burned. "If you will add one more service to the immeasurable one you have already done me," says she, softly, "you will help me to get my poor girl back to the house."

"But," begins Hardings. It seems terrible to him, even at this supreme moment to deceive the old lady, to go into her house under false pretenses. If she knew his name, . . . A little pressure from the hand of Letitia decides him. How can he have scruples when she is so ill—so frightened?

Silently he passes his arm around her, and with her aunt takes her back to the house.

They lay her on a sofa; Miss Banbridge flings a rug over her burnt dress.

"She must rest here a little to get strength before going up stairs," says she.

"Miss Banbridge," said the young man now turning with determination toward her—no other moment will he brook this deception—"I—I wish to say—" "Oh, sir, it is what I have to say," says Miss Banbridge, with emotion. I have not half thanked you. How can I? If there is anything I can do—any way in which I can show my gratitude to you—pray name it." How easily he could have named it!

"In the meantime," says she, "pray tell me the name of the brave man who has delivered my niece from the very jaws of death?"

"My name—," stammers he.

"Your name, sir, that I may reverence it all the remaining days of my life."

"Hardings," says he shortly.

"What!" Miss Banbridge has fallen back in her chair staring at him with wild eyes.

"Yes, Hardings," said the young man steadily, if sorrowfully. He pauses. "After all," says he, "I can't help my name."

There is a pause. Letitia draws her breath sharply.

"That is true!" says Miss Banbridge at last in a severe undertone.

"I can't help having had a grandfather either," says Hardings, taking another step.

"No, I suppose not," most reluctantly.

"Most fellows have grandfathers."

"I cannot contradict you, sir."

"Miss Banbridge," said Hardings, going closer to her, and gazing at her with all his heart in his eyes, "you asked me just now if there was any way in which you could show your gratitude to me—about—about this thing I want no gratitude. I would gladly have died to save your niece a pang. But—but you have given me the opportunity to tell you that I want—her! I love her. She does me. Give her to me!"

"Letitia!" says Miss Banbridge in a strange voice.

"Oh, yes! It is true," says Letitia, bursting into tears. "I do love him. I loved him that night at the Mainwaring's—and I have loved him better and better every day since. He," her sobs increase, "he used to come and see me in the meadow,—where—where I was nearly burned."

Whether this allusion to the late catastrophe that might have ended in a tragedy stills Miss Banbridge's wrath, or whether her old heart has been softened by Mr. Hardings' plain acknowledgment of his love for her niece, no one can tell. She turns to Hardings with a pale face, but a not wholly unkindly air—

"I must have time to think," says she. She hesitates and then says: "This is very painful to me, Mr. Hardings." It seems certainly painful to her to pronounce his name—the name so long tabooed in her household. "I must have time—time." She grows silent. The hearts of the lovers sink. Suddenly she looks up again.

"Perhaps you will do me the honor to dine with me to-morrow night?" says she. Her tone is icy, but the two listening to her feel their cause is won. To ask Mr. Hardings to dine—to accept hospitality at her hands! Oh! surely the old feud is at an end.

A little sound escapes from Letitia.

"You are cold," said Miss Banbridge, anxiously, who had thought the sound a shiver.

"A little," says Letitia, who, indeed, is shivering from her late fear of what her aunt was going to say.

"I shall fetch another rug," cries the old lady, running out of the room.

"An opportunity once lost is never to be regained," says the ancient copy books. Hardings and Letitia made up their minds at once not to lose theirs. His arms are around her in an instant, his cheek is pressed against hers.

"It is all right. She will give in. I feel as if I loved her," said Hardings.

"Oh, Jack," says Letitia, "wasn't it a good thing I was nearly burned to death?"

"Oh, hush, darling. Hush! Letty! I can't bear to think of this day."

"Well, I can," she said, laughing feebly, "I shall think of it always. It has given us to each other forever."

The World's Favorites for Dyeing Light, Medium and Heavy Goods.

Diamond Dyes do a range of work far beyond the possibilities of soap grease and crude package dyes. The common dyes on the market are deceptive in character and composition; they are made to sell, not to give guaranteed satisfaction. The majority of the colors of soap grease and crude package dyes are so weak that they will hardly stain the hands. Diamond Dyes give colors to light, medium and heavy materials that are as fast as a rock, and last as long as the goods hold together. The heaviest tweeds and cloths can be dyed with Diamond Dyes. Soap grease and imitation package dyes dare not attempt such work, because the colors are not sufficiently penetrating and powerful.

THE CHAINLESS WHEEL.

The long heralded advent of the chainless wheel has come to pass. The chainless bicycle of 1898, which is expected to revolutionize cycling and do away with the chain wheel, is now in the city and will be placed on exhibition this morning for the first time.

All the cycle manufacturers agree that a finality of pattern has been reached in the chain wheel. In other words, that it can no longer be improved upon, and all have felt that the time would come when an advance of the standard machines would be demanded by the public. The manufacturers have for a long time been preparing for it and the result is the chainless wheel.

The Pope company has for years recognized the value of the chainless wheel and has been quietly securing all the patents covering the manufacture of bevel gears and other mechanism necessary.

As a result the market has practically been cornered. Most of the other big cycle concern will put a chainless wheel on the market in 1898, but they will be manufactured under royalties.

The Columbia shown, and those made by other firms which will appear later may be an improvement. The new wheel is the result of more than two years of experiments. Model after model and various systems of cutting the teeth of the bevel gear have been tried, and the entire machine has been tested thoroughly by seasons of rough riding.

The points of superiority of the chainless wheel over the chain wheel, as claimed are as follows:

It is much easier to keep clean.

Every movement is positive—no back lash.

It has no links or teeth to catch things.

It will go faster and further with less effort.

Its driving mechanism is always thoroughly lubricated.

Its motive parts are not effected by the weather—by rain, sleet, mud or dust.

Its bevel gears improve with use while a chain deteriorates from the first.

It saves repairs, work and money and increases the safety and delight of cycling.

It removes the one serious source of danger that every bicyclist realizes and substitutes confidence for dread.

The weak part of a chain and sprocket bicycle is the chain. The bevel gear will outlast any other important part of the machine.

The construction of the new chainless wheel is simplicity itself. The gearing consists of four cog wheels and one rod and the story is told. The rod and cogs are inclosed in cases and cannot be affected by weather conditions. All of the parts are on ball-bearings as is every part of the wheel where friction is likely.

The great difficulty in constructing chainless wheels—for years they have been successfully made in England and France—has been the perfect cutting of thirteenth of the bevel gears. But the Pope people claim that they have solved the problem and with the aid of new machinery are turning out bevel gears which are absolutely perfect.—Star.

COULD NOT LIE DOWN FOR EIGHTEEN MONTHS.

The Suffering of a Toronto Junction Resident from Heart Disease.

Not an exceptional case of heart disease but very distressing, was that of Mr. L. W. Law, of Toronto Junction, Ont., who was obliged to be propped up in bed with pillows for eighteen months, because of smothering spells that would come over him whenever he attempted to lie down. No treatment had done any good until he tried Dr. Agnew's Cure for the Heart and here one dose gave complete relief, and one bottle cured him, and to-day he enjoys the pleasures of good health as other people do. Heart disease will kill if not cured. Sold by W. W. Short.

POINTED PARAGRAPHS.

Where there's a will there's usually a contest. Snow comes down in the winter and ice goes up in the summer. Time flies. That's one advantage it has over flying machines. The wind has a great deal to do with making the weather—vane. When some men feel blue they get drunk and paint things red. The stronger the butter is in the tub the weaker it is in the market. A doctor may spend a money like water but he doesn't get it from the well. After a man secures a girl's hand he sometimes finds she has him under her thumb. One word always lead on to another—no matter whether you are reading the Bible or a dime novel.

OUR DEAR ONES.

MOTHERS, WIVES AND DAUGHTERS.

Thousand of them Suffer.

Paine's Celery Compound Gives Them Health and the Freshness of Youth.

When the nervous energies are exhausted, women suffer from constipation, dyspepsia, kidney disease, liver trouble, and prostration. They are weak, tired, have headache, backache, sideache, and cannot sleep. It is then that the wrecking of woman's delicate organism begins.

When sickness, disease and disaster threaten, Paine's Celery Compound should be used without delay. This marvellous modern medicine will quickly impart strength to every weak organ, and restore the greatest blessing of life—health. A few weeks' use of Paine's Celery Compound will give vigor to the nervous system; nutrition, digestion and every special womanly function will be natural and regular. Rosy cheeks, sparkling eyes and the freshness of youth and beauty always follow and health-giving influences of Paine's Celery Compound.

WANT TO REFORM YOUNG MEN. (Portland, Me., Press.) Under the guidance or and by the advice of some zealous workers in the social purity department of the W. C. T. U. some 25 or 30 of Portland's daughters, all of them "fancy free," held a meeting yesterday afternoon and formed a branch of the White Shield society. This organization, which hopes to reform the world, sets itself the high object of "raising the standard of social purity among young people." The girls who enlisted under its banner will first begin by making many other girls believe as they do, and thus make their branch strong in numbers as in mind. Then for the boys—the young men. Each girl hopes to reform at least two of them.

The White Shielders will discountenance the use of tobacco and of intoxicants, the attendance at questionable places of amusement and the reading of books which tend to lower the social standard. The members will take in hand the young men of their acquaintance and attempt to make them shake off their bad habits.

No young man who uses tobacco or is known to visit questionable places or who reads frivolous literature will be allowed under any circumstances whatever to see a White Shield home from church or the White Shield meeting place. This rule is a positive one, and any infraction of it will be followed by expulsion.

The girls hope to lessen by 300 daily the local consumption of cigars.

CAN'T YOU SLEEP?

Sleeplessness is one of the most frequent symptoms of heart and nerve troubles. It affects all classes and all ages. Miburn's Heart and Nerve Pills restore the nerves to healthy action and regulate the heart. Mr. Miles Boone, Fredericton, N. B., tells how they work. "I could never rest well and often woke up with a start, and then sleep left me for the night. These pills gave me almost immediate relief, giving me healthful, refreshing sleep, and I am now strong and well."

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: 186 St. James St., Montreal. 592,316—John Bennet & al, Lyndhurst Canada, Churn. 592,128—William A. D. Graham, Owen Sound, Canada, Sleigh-knee. 592,843—Byron W. Kellog Vernonville, Canada, Pneumatic tire. 592,154—Daniel B. Marsh, Blacksmith, Canada, Apparatus for examining hearts, lungs, etc. 592,187—Edward A. Potter, Toronto, Canada, Tufting-machine. 591,883—Jean B. E. Roseau & J. Bou-tet, Quebec, Canada, Leather measuring machine.

CASTORIA.

The Family Signature of Castoria is on every wrapper.