

# THE REVIEW

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## THE GREAT NORTH SHORE ROUTE!

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## GOLLABORATION.

"I don't want him at all," said Mrs. St. Julian.

"Then why not tell him so?" retorted her husband from behind the outspread Times. "Surely you needn't stand upon ceremony with Ted."

"But I must get some one to talk to him, Tom. I can't have him on my own hands all day. Let me see. Maud Affleck's at home. I think I'll ask her over. She knows nearly as much about the Mongols as he does. I will write to her at once. She must come on Monday afternoon. Ted proposes to arrive by the 7.15."

The house party assembled for the Cumberland cricket week, consisting of the famous Cambridge double blue, Norman Harding and his eleven; the maidens invited to admire the prowess of these heroes; Miss Affleck and the St. Julians themselves, was gathered together in the long library when Professor Alleyn entered it at 8 o'clock on Monday evening. His entry, very quietly made, was followed by a general sensation of disappointment. The youthful company, hungrily awaiting his appearance to adjourn to its dinner, had expected to find him a mere typical specimen of the professional genius it had looked for a long haired scholar of 50, who should have stooped and worn spectacles and an ill fitting coat. Now Alleyn, who appeared to be about five and thirty, and was by no means ill looking, had a singularly upright figure. His clothes were perfectly well cut. He used no glasses and actually boasted a moustache. Maud Affleck, who had been promising herself deep drafts at the fountains of his erudition, reflected sadly that his profound knowledge of all things Mongolian had probably been much exaggerated by report.

Miss Affleck, wise in her generation, let the Mongols severally alone—and not for that evening only. She refrained from mentioning them for two whole days, during which she made herself so unobtrusively agreeable that the professor began to forget she had ever studied at Girton and to wonder how his cousin Laura could have described her hair as "odd." But on the third morning she commenced the subject in a fashion that showed she meant business. No sooner had the great Harding and his team, attended by Mrs. St. Julian and her bevy of girls, started for the cricket ground after breakfast, than she descended upon the professor, who was peacefully smoking under the great cedar on the lawn, with her arms full of papers and her fine eyes alight with eagerness.

"Mr. Alleyn—you are so kind I'm sure won't refuse to help me."

This appeal was uttered with a tremulous confidence which some men would have found extremely engaging. Not so the professor. He knew too well all that such an appeal portended. Reluctantly he made room for the newcomer on the bench beside him and looked ruefully at his pipe.

kindly help me with the spelling of the proper names. You see I know nothing of the dialects."

There was nothing for it but to accede to this exceedingly cool proposal. Alleyn took the sheets and began to run his eyes over them, indicating an error here and there. Suddenly at the bottom of the page he stopped short.

"That is a novel idea."

"Which? Where?"

"Here, on page 91. You suggest that the Ostyaks—"

The approach of a servant with a note for Miss Affleck caused the professor's sentence to remain unfinished. Maud, when she had glanced over the scrap of paper addressed her, heaved an impatient sigh.

"Laura wants me to join her. I suppose I must go. There is nothing I hate quite so much as a cricket match. May I leave these with you or shall I?"

"Pray leave them—by all means." The professor's tone had grown quite cordial.

It seemed this girl did know something of the Mongolian problem after all and had opinions of her own on certain vexed points connected with it. He turned the page with some curiosity.

"Very good. Very good indeed. Remarkably well worked out." The professor read on, ignoring the mis-spelled proper names, and was covered with confusion when the owner of the manuscript returned to claim it.

"I'm afraid," he stammered, "that there are still some corrections to make. The truth is, I grew interested in the subject matter. Perhaps you will leave the sheets with me a little longer."

Maud accepted this kind offer with alacrity and went to get ready for luncheon. The professor remained behind and took out his notebook. That hint about the Ostyaks wandering had set him thinking, and he felt that his thoughts were worth setting down.

Suddenly the pencil fell from his hand.

Good heavens! What was he about? This train of ideas was absolutely new. But for Miss Affleck's manuscript it would never have risen in his mind. The professor was a man of honor. A cold sweat of dismay broke out upon his forehead as he realized the nature of the crime he had been near committing. He to pick a girl's brains! He shuddered at himself.

He shuddered. Yet he was sorely tempted to look again at that half read chapter. For if the theory put forward in it would hold water—well, the best half of his second volume was just so much waste paper. He pushed the temptation for him to the opposite end of the bench. Then he fell to writing busily on certain slips of paper.

These slips—together with her manuscript in a neat parcel—he took occasion to present to Miss Affleck the same afternoon at tea time.

"What is the meaning of these hieroglyphics?" she inquired. (The professor wrote an execrable hand.) He explained, reddening slightly, that they were "rules for transliteration which he thought she might find helpful."

"They will enable me to correct my spelling—myself, I see. I suppose you did not read any further, Mr. Alleyn?"

"I left off," returned the professor, getting redder than before, "in the middle of the chapter on the Ostyaks. Will you take toast or tea cake?"

Maud was bitterly chagrined. She made no secret of her mortification to Mrs. St. Julian, and that impulsive young woman, moved with indignation, seized the first opportunity of finding herself alone with her cousin to remark:

"Ted, how could you be so horrid to that poor girl about her book?"

"I do not see—to use your friend Mr. Harding's favorite expression—where the fun comes in exactly, Laura. The labor of two years rendered vain by a girl's random guess, which it probably took her a couple of mornings of elaborate!" muttered the poor professor, casting dignity to the winds in his irritation.

Mrs. St. Julian heroically stifled her amusement.

"There is only one thing for it that I can think of. You two must marry and—fuse your warring books into one."

"Laura!"

"Why not? She is pretty and well bred—Eventually she will come into a good deal of money."

"If this is intended for a joke, Laura," the professor interposed severely, "excuse me for saying it is an extremely bad one."

"I never was more serious in my life," his cousin protested. "It would be an admirable arrangement. Do think about it."

But this the professor indignantly declined to do.

It was well for his pride that he showed himself thus obdurate from the beginning for Miss Affleck's demeanor for the next few days made it plain that his thinking—supposing he had weekly consented to take Laura's unscrupulous plan into consideration—would have been to no purpose. The ex-student of Girton, having had quite enough of learned society for the present, proceeded to unbend her mind in the company of Mr. Norman Harding, who had by this time awakened to the charms of her hair.

The professor often glanced at her across the table—Mrs. St. Julian no longer sent them in to dinner together—wondering how any woman with a mind could endure the irresponsible prattle of that brainless giant. Miss Affleck endured it with cheerful stoicism. She exposed herself voluntarily to the infliction, accompanying the big man on rambles in search of wild flowers and suffering him to give billiard lessons on rainy mornings.

By the end of the week Alleyn had serious thoughts of going back to Oxford. He made up his mind to this trip on Monday morning (Mr. Harding having sworn himself peculiarly insane and Miss Affleck more than ordinarily tolerant of his insanity on the preceding Sunday), as he smoked his after-breakfast pipe in the shrubbery. And he had no sooner done so than a sudden winding of the shrubbery path brought him plump upon Miss Affleck seated upon a rustic bench. She had a writing board on her knee and a pencil in her hand.

"The book?" inquired the professor with a sickly smile.

She nodded. "My poor little book, which you wouldn't even deign to criticize."

Her garden hat was very becoming and her blue cambric dress gave the utmost value to her auburn locks.

"I didn't feel confident," stammered the professor.

"Was that why you wouldn't read it?"

"No."

Miss Affleck's expressive face was one large note of interrogation.

"You wish to know why? Well, it was because I found you too full of suggestion. You put me upon new trains of thought. It wouldn't have been fair to you—to go on reading."

"But—but I should have been so glad to be of any use to you!" she cried.

The professor stiffened. You are very good."

"I wish," she murmured, "I knew what I had done to offend you."

The professor looked at her hard for perhaps half a minute. Then he, too, took a seat on the bench. "You have not offended me at all," he said.

### Diary of a Klondyker.

SEPT. 1.—The scenery is beautiful. Breakfasted this morning on a sublime view, and shot the chutes down a mountain in a snow-slide. As a summer resort Coney Island is not in it with this place. Plenty of fresh air up here, and quiet. No book agents or peddlars. No mosquitoes. Only five years' walk from train. If you try this place once the chances are you'll never go anywhere else.

SEPT. 2.—Dined off of snowballs. As I am a poet by profession, this seemed like old times. Memories of home and my dear, kind creditors crowded my brain and I shed a few timely tears. They were hot, scalding tears, and thawed the snow and ice in front of me for more than a mile so that I was able to progress rapidly on the way to fame and fortune. However, was struck by another avalanche about 6 p. m. and buried under 10,000 feet of snow.

SEPT. 3.—Slept comfortably all night, but dreamed some heavy weight was pressing on my chest. With my patent folding snow shovel I soon cleared a path to liberty, and went on my way with a lighter heart. Made a century run on my patent snow-bicycle. By the way, there is so much air up here that pneumatic tires never require pumping up. On the contrary, they have to be punctured in several places in order to prevent their bursting. In a long and varied experience I have never noticed so much air anywhere.

SEPT. 4.—It's remarkable how cheap ice is up here. No wonder New York people find it hard to believe all they hear about Alaska. The natural resources of this country in the way of ice are nothing short of phenomenal. Think of waking up of a morning and finding about 50,000 tons of ice on your doorstep, instead of a wet spot with a bill for \$8. At present rate am due to arrive at Klondyke this evening.

SEPT. 5.—Arrived Klondyke last night and staked out a claim. To-day am building a house of gold bricks, and amusing myself in odd moments by throwing gold nuggets at the birds. Shall get up a petition to have the streets watered, as the gold dust blows all over everything. Am beginning to feel the need of some of the biscuits that mother used to make. Also bed same.

SEPT. 6.—Carried 250 pounds of gold quartz, 22k. fine, up the gulch to Hyena Hawk's resort to exchange for needed stimulants. It was a big load, but I carried a bigger one back.

SEPT. 7.—There was as pretty a fight as I ever saw between a moose and a polar bear in my back yard this morning. My neighbor, Deadly Bill, formerly a Brooklyn preacher, offered to bet me \$92,000 in dust on the bear. As the fight progressed, quite a crowd gathered, and I made a book at even money. Finally the moose ran his antlers through the bear, and the latter got back with a corker on the moose's solar plexus. Both went down and somebody yelled "Draw!" Everybody pulled a six-shooter, and when the scrimmage was over I was the only one able to sit up and take notice. There is now \$437,000 in nuggets and dust stacked up in my back yard.

SEPT. 8.—Have just paid the \$437,000 for a bag of flour, and traded my entire claim for two dozen coffee beans.

SEPT. 9.—Started for the United States Got up at five o'clock so as to have an early start. Ye Gods! If I only had an air-ship!

### THE EXPLORER.

#### HAMILTON GROANS Are Turned to Song—And Pains are Effectually Dispelled by the Greatest of all Pain-cures—South American Rheumatism Cure.

Mr. J. S. Bates, 246 Wellington Street N., Hamilton, says: "Was very bad with rheumatism for many weeks—cured with two bottles of South American Rheumatism Cure." Mrs. Phillips, Sr., corner Hunter and Gaith street, Hamilton, says: "South American Rheumatism Cure is the quickest relief for rheumatism I ever tried." Mrs. Parkin, Bimbrook, says: "I had sciatica so badly I could not put my feet to the floor; pains were intense. Great relief from one bottle—4 bottles completely cured." Mr. J. S. Bates, Grandford writes "South American Rheumatism Cure is the best remedy in the world for acute rheumatism. Have tried it and know."

### Transposed

Mrs. Scribbles—I believe the butcher is knocking at the door with his bill, Ferdinand.

Scribbles—Tell him I am sorry, but I've just paid the rent, and am short.

### Says Civil Liberty is Dead.

St. Louis, Mo., Sept. 2.—The conference of the labor leaders of the country, which has been in session here for two days, finished its work this evening. The meeting was productive of several sensational speeches and many resolutions, yet no decisive action was taken in the principal matter for which the gathering was summoned—the abolishment of government by its junction. The convention which had been announced at the last one of its kind to be held, while adjourning sine die, has merely postponed action on the matters before it for three weeks, as a call for a similar conference to be held in Chicago on Monday, September 27, was issued. The convention has ordered its chairman, Mr. Pomeroy, of the International Typographical Union to request President McKinley, in the name of the convention, to call a special session of congress for the purpose of defining the authority of judges in the matter of injunctions.

Eugene V. Debs and Social Democracy dominated the convention and the famous labor leader carried the gathering off its feet this afternoon in one of his characteristic speeches. A resolution calling upon all miners now at work to desert their posts, and terming them enemies of human liberty so long as they remained on duty, was adopted. In the course of his speech this afternoon, Mr. Debs said: "I believe the gravity of the industrial situation in this country is well understood. It is quite evident the delegates to this convention are cognizant of the fact that civil liberty is dead in America. I have said, and I say it again, that for the last time, I have appealed to the courts for justice and shall appeal to them no more."

"The time has not quite come to incite the populace," said Mr. Debs shaking his fist vehemently. "I serve notice on the plutocratic element of this country that we are on the eve of another meeting in Chicago which will be attended by all branches of labor. That convention will take up these same questions and will institute agitation and keep it going until the public conscience and public heart are aroused. Then will come such an uprising as the world has never seen."

"Never in my life," continued Mr. Debs, "have I been more hopeful than now. I am not gifted with great visionary powers, but I can see the beginning of the end. (Cheers.) This meeting is on inspiration. It will lead to great results. This movement has attained tremendous impetus, and will go ahead with a rush when the people are ready, and that day is not far off, my friends. There will be a spontaneous uprising. The Supreme Courts will be abolished. Congress dispensed with and the sacred rights of American citizens and American freedmen will be enthroned." Great applause.

As Mr. Debs finished, the delegates rose to their feet, threw up their hats in the air, and crowded forward to greet the speaker. Chairman Pomeroy pounded vigorously for order, but it was fully five minutes before the convention recovered from the spell which Mr. Debs' oratory had cast about them.

### One Source of Pain and Suffering Up Per Human Control

The remedy known as South American Kidney Cure never fails to give relief in six hours in all derangements of the kidneys or bladder. Bright's disease, diabetes inflammation or ulceration of the kidneys neuralgia, consumption, hemorrhage and catarrh of the kidneys, inflammation of the bladder, etc. It purifies and regulates the urine, removes sediment in urine and prevents scaling. It is worth a thousand times its cost for prostatic troubles in the old, such as enlargement, inflammation and ulceration of the prostate gland. Sold by W. W. Short

### The Indian War

SIMLA, September 2.—Decisive action is imminent at Hangu.

A force of 10,000 Orakzais occupy the Samana hills, and the Bengal Lancers, with a field battery, cover the enemy's retreat at Shenwarri.

General Biggs will make an attack upon the enemy in the Kursum Valley with four mountain guns, six companies of the Royal Irish Pkajab Infantry and the force of Gurkhas and Sikhs.

Colonel Jeffreys, who intended to penetrate the Utmanakhal country, has diverted his line of march, and will join Colonel Reid, with the object of holding the Pankjra Valley with sufficient strength to prevent the enemy from making any inroads from the west.

### Drowned Near His Own Door.

"Why, that's Tom, my husband!" cried the poor woman; "I was expecting his ship to come in almost any day. He'd been gone a year on a voyage to South America, and now here he lies dead on the sand. Oh, God! what shall we do, what shall we do?"

The ship had foundered during a tremendous gale off the South Coast in the winter of 1873, and the body of this sailor (by the irony of fate) had been cast ashore within half a mile of his own cottage. Such an incident is dramatic; it appeals to the imagination and excites pity. But are there not thousands—? What's the use of any more preamble! Read this:—

"In the spring of 1884"—so runs a woman's letter—"my health began to slip away from me, as a dream does when one awakes. The first sign of what was happening was a feeling of languor and fatigue that I could not account for. My mind was full of small worries; and things that I commonly took no notice of assumed an importance which did not, I knew properly belong to them.

"My appetite was bad, and what little I ate gave me an intense pain at the chest which seemed to go through to the back between the shoulder blades. Not infrequently the pain in my stomach was so keen, and held out so long, as to double my body up as one folds a napkin. Following this, there would come a sense of sinking as if the very ground were falling beneath me.

"Being unable to digest nourishing food my strength vanished day by day until I had barely power to walk feebly about. All ambition to work was gone from me. With the least exertion I would lose my breath and my heart would throb and palpitate so that I was alarmed lest some one of these attacks might be fatal. Often I would sit for an hour or more, powerless to move hand or foot.

"During all this time I was troubled with other distressful symptoms, which I will only allude to in few words. There was a belching of wind or gas from the stomach, foul and disgusting, which sickened me dreadfully; an aching head, sallow skin, a feeling of chilliness even on slight exposure, sleeplessness, mental anxiety and increasing exhaustion.

"I was treated by a doctor, and used many medicines suggested by others—all to no purpose. The disease seemed to be seated beyond the power of human skill to uproot it. I speak now of a time four years after I was first attacked. While in this wretched and apparently hopeless condition, I read of what Mother Seigel's Curative Syrup had done in like cases. I procured this medicine from Mr. Gee, the chemist at Whitehaven. After taking it for a week, I felt marked relief, and when I had used three bottles I could eat any kind of food; my strength gradually returned, and in a short time I was well and strong as ever. This may sound almost incredible to some, but it is the simple truth."

The above letter is from a lady residing at Distington, near Whitehaven, Cumberland. For personal reasons she requests us not to publish her name at present, yet her illness and cure, as stated, are known to all in her neighbourhood. We append a note which explains itself:—

"I can vouch for the accuracy of the above statement. I have known the lady for the past five years. (Signed) Charles Clarke, Postmaster, Distington, October 10th, 1894."

For one moment now let us consider two or three important facts. This lady suffered for four years. Read her letter again, and see what this fact means. Pain loss and sorrow filled that dreary period. Yet she was finally cured in as many weeks. Had she known of Seigel's Syrup and used it at the outset she would have been cured at once. Not a day, not an hour, of all these four years but the Syrup would have set her on the road to health, had she used it to drive out her disease—indigestion and dyspepsia. Still, she suffered, and faced death, with help right at her elbow. Alas! she knew it not.

Now do you see why so many of us are like poor Tom, who was drowned at his own door!

### It's Different You Know.

It was during a controversy over the value of a bicycle.

"There are cases, mamma," explained the young women, "when the proper use of a bicycle is almost imperative, and I am sure that mine is one of them."

"Nonsense," returned the elder woman "That's very nice talk from the point of view of a dealer in bicycles, but that is all. Now, if you want exercise—"

"But I don't, mamma," interrupted the young woman, hastily. "It isn't exercise that I need, but recreation, and there's no recreation in doing the housework—none at all."