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MY FIRST PATIENT.

BY MARC BOYEN.

I had been a week in my new apartment. A week—a short time—and yet it seemed in the retrospect like an endless succession of days, each one of which contained the dreams and hopes of an entire lifetime. For a whole week the white porcelain sign of a practicing physician had shone in splendor at the street entrance and upstairs on the glass door of my neat little flat.

For a whole week my small reception room, with its dark curtains and its straight backed chairs, had waited for patients to avail themselves of the advice and help of "Dr. Max Ernhardt."

It really did not surprise me at all that my office was empty for a few days, because, as I told myself, consolingly, the neighborhood must become familiar with the fact that it had good medical advice right here in its midst. After I had sent away my first patient completely cured, things would assuredly be different. Then—after my growing reputation had been announced to the neighborhood, or, better still, to the whole city by a crowd of patients in office hours, as well as by a neat little coupe, which a dignified coachman would drive through the principal streets—then, yes, then—And so I came to the dream which occupied me most. I fancied myself again with my cousin Mary, who certainly would fit the role of a doctor's wife most delightfully.

I was in love with my little golden-haired cousin. As a boy I had shown her all those little knightly attentions which are possible from the stronger playfellow in the house and on the playground. As a junior I had dedicated to her my first poem, and as a senior I had nearly ruined my unformed baritone voice by continually singing about the "flaxen-haired maiden." When I came home after passing my first examination, the young medical student became sure that the "flaxen-haired maiden" returned his love with all her heart; yet not a word was spoken.

My university course was finished. Whenever I was working unusually hard or fighting successfully the formidable battle of oral examination, in spite of my precociousness, my dear Mary's eyes were constantly in my thoughts and seemed to be taking the liveliest interest in the results of my efforts. When my little cousin greeting my home coming, whispered softly, "Doctor Ernhardt," I looked deep into her dear eyes and whispered, just as softly, "Mrs. Doctor Ernhardt." Then I saw a bright blush pass over her face, as she drew quickly back into the window niche.

In the following days I had opportunity to talk with Mary about all the castles which a young physician in his empty office has abundant time to build; but I did not venture yet to discuss my dream of the future doctor's wife. There lay at times in my sweetheart's blue eyes an expression that drove the words back even when they were trembling on my very lips. Not that I doubted in the least that Mary's heart belonged unconditionally to me; no it seemed rather as a lack of confidence in my professional ability lay in her glance, and my pride induced me to keep silent until a report of my first independent case should call forth Mary's full approbation and unlimited confidence in my chosen vocation.

I sat in my consulting-room busied in such thoughts as these on the afternoon of this dull November day. I had hardly heard the timid ring with which some one begged admittance. I rose to open the door in place of the little page whom I

had sent on an errand. During the few steps I had to take, I confess that I was overwhelmed by a flood of the wildest fancies. Here was a caller who needed my help. Of course, it was an aristocratic patient, with ringing praise and fame, and—ah, there I was again, thinking of the doctor's wife.

I opened the door. A poorly-clad woman stood before me in the dim light of the late fall day. A pair of great dark eyes looked beseechingly at me from a face thin and streaked with coal dirt.

"Doctor," she said, in a trembling voice, "Oh, Doctor, be merciful, I beg of you! My little Mary is sick."

That name atoned, to some extent for the disappointment which the woman's poverty stricken appearance had caused for it did not harmonize with my recent dreams.

"Who are you? Who sends you to me?" I asked.

"No one sends me," replied the woman, softly and rapidly. "Oh, Doctor, do come! Ever since morning I've been carrying coal from the wagon to the next house. I live over opposite in the court. My child has been sick since yesterday, and I found her so much worse when I hurried home for a minute just now."

I hesitated, somewhat, the disappointment was so great. The woman wiped with her grim hand a face that already showed the trace of tears. She sobbed painfully.

"I suppose I ought to call in the charity doctor, but your servant is a son of the cobbler in our court, and he has told all the neighbors that you were so kind-hearted. Oh, help my little girl!"

Well, of course, the woman must be helped. I was human, and surely knew what was due to humanity. So I went with her, after first taking out, with an importance that surprised and half-shamed me, most of the necessary instruments to a physician.

Across the street to a great court lying behind a long row of houses, up five flights, each darker and steeper than the last, through an ill-fitting door into a little chamber with a sloping ceiling and one tiny window, and there on a poor but neat bed, with feverish limbs, and wandering unconscious eyes, lay a child about fourteen months. The woman knelt down by the bed.

"She doesn't know me any more," she moaned.

The child coughed hoarsely. That was croup of the worst kind. I tore a leaf from my blank book and wrote my first real prescription.

"Go to the nearest apothecary's," I said.

She looked at me with some embarrassment. "Can't I take it to King street?" she asked.

"No, indeed," I cried. "Why do you not wish to go to the apothecary in this street?"

The woman reddened visibly in spite of the coal dirt. "I think," she stammered, "at the Eagle Pharmacy, in King street, they may know me. I carry coal there, and perhaps they will—I have no money."

A large tear fell on to the paper in her hand.

"Oh, these people who can't pay for doctor or medicine either!" I said impatiently, to myself. I took out some money and said aloud: "There, take that and hurry!"

The woman pressed her lips on the little one's hand and then, before I could stop her, on mine and hastened away.

I looked around the room for a seat. A poor chair, a rough box, an old table, some cheap kitchen utensils on the low, cold stove, which took the place of a range, in one corner, hanging on the wall, a threadbare woolen dress, and near it a child's gown and a little hat trimmed with a wide blue ribbon; on a narrow shelf near the tiny window a curled myrtle plant, a scarlet geranium, and a hymn book with bright gilt edges; that was all that the room contained.

I brought up the chair and sat down near the little sick girl. She was evidently well nourished; her little limbs were plump and shapely, the golden hair soft and curly. She breathed painfully, but she was not conscious; and her blue eyes stared straight before her, as if she were looking into a distant, unknown country. It was cold in the room. I went to the stove, but found only a few chips—too few to build a fire. So I sat down and waited for the woman and the medicine.

Again and again my glance wandered about the poverty-stricken room. A poor, hard-working woman who carried coal on the street, while her child lay sick and suffering; and yet she certainly loved her little one tenderly. Suddenly a thought shot through my mind that I should not be able to save the child; that perhaps I had not been decided enough to take on my own responsibility the extreme and energetic measures which would have

wrested the little sufferer from death. My heart grew hot as I hurried to the door and listened for the mother's footsteps.

There she was at last. To my reproachful look she only answered, humbly: "There were so many people in the store. Folks like me must stand back."

An hour of torture passed. The medicine did no good; little Mary could not swallow it. Neither did it avail when, with trembling heart, but a steady hand, I used the knife on the slender, helpless throat. The little golden-haired girl died—died before my eyes on the lap of her stricken mother.

The woman looked up as if startled, when a tear fell on her hand, for she had not wept. "You are crying, doctor? Oh, you must not do that. You will have to stand by so many sick beds where God sends no relief." She looked earnestly at the little body. "I loved her so. I did everything for her that I could, being so poor. When I came home from my dirty work I always found her so pretty, so loving. For hours she would lie on the bed or on the floor and play with almost nothing, and then she would laugh for joy when I came home. God has taken her; he loved her better than I—but oh, how lonely it will be for me!"

I pressed the poor woman's hand; I could not speak; but I laid some money on the table and went out softly. Once at home, I laid my case of instruments away and sat down overwhelmed. I could eat no supper; I went to bed and hoped to sleep, but pictures of a dismal attic room, of a dead child and a humble, devout woman, would not let me rest, any more than the torturing recollection of my own part in the scene. I groaned as I remembered the woman's words: "Don't cry, doctor. You will have to stand by so many sick beds like this; where our Heavenly Father sends no help." I had been called too late. I could not have saved her then. "By many sick beds like this." I hid my face in my pillow. It was a fearful night. These torturing thoughts that made me restless had nothing in common with the bright dreams that were wont to visit me and gladden me both waking and sleeping.

Early the next morning an old college friend came to see me as he was passing through the city. He dragged me through the crowded streets, to the museums, to all sorts of restaurants, and complained of my lack of spirits. I pleaded a headache and so escaped going to see a popular play at the theatre. Tired and exhausted, I went at last alone to my room. As I passed a florist's brilliantly lighted windows, I stepped in and bought a costly white camellia and some fragrant violets.

I climbed the five flights to the home of the poor woman. I found the attic door unlocked. It was dimly lighted; a small coffin stood in the middle of the bare room and the child lay there in a white shroud. The ribbon from the hat on the wall had been worked over into two little bows; a myrtle wreath rested on the fair hair, and the geranium blossoms were scattered over the body. On a table near by was a lamp, and the open hymn book was beside it.

I laid the beautiful white blossoms in the stiff little hand and fastened a bunch of violets on the breast of the silent sleeper; then I looked at the open book. "I joy to depart"—and the old hymn I had learned at school and half forgotten:

"To my dear ones who grieve,
Do not mourn for me now;
This last message I leave,
To God's will you must bow."

I laid the book away with a sigh. The words of the old hymn, the solemn stillness, the peaceful little child oppressed me. I went home after inquiring about the hour of burial.

I retired early. I was weary, and all my unrest had gone. As if called forth by a power higher than my own, the words of an earnest prayer came to my lips, of the prayer that God would bless me in my hard profession, and would change my hearty self confidence into a humbler trust in his protection, wherever my small knowledge and my faithful efforts would not avail, when I must stand, as on the day before, helpless to aid.

In the early morning, I awaited the little coffin at the door of the house. A man bore it before him, and the mother followed in her poor black gown. She pressed my hand with a grateful look, when she saw that I had joined the little procession. The way was not long, the streets were nearly empty, and the air was unusually mild for November. When the iron gate of the cemetery opened, the weeping woman bowed her head still lower. A young clergyman stood beside the grave. "I have undertaken, as far as I am able to pronounce a blessing over all the sleepers of my congregation," he said softly, as he met my surprised look.

Dear, kind pastor, you did not suspect how much comfort those simple words of

hope that you spoke over the little coffin brought to that poor woman and to me. "Given back to rest in the hand of God." "I know it, I know it," sobbed the mother and bent her pale face over the hand of the young clergyman.

That evening I went to see my relatives. I did not find the parents at home. Only Cousin Mary was there, to receive me. I sat by the window where the moonlight fell on us, and then I told her of my first patient, and what I had learned from it. Mary said nothing in answer to my confession; but suddenly I felt her arms around my neck. She looked at me with wet eyes. "Don't you see, Max?" she said, "now you see yourself what was lacking in your preparation for your work; but thank God, it has come to you with your first patient. Now I believe that you will make a good physician, who will bring help, even where his own skill does not work a cure." "And now, what do you think?" I asked, "Have you the courage to become the wife of such a doctor?" She smiled through her happy tears. And so at last we were betrothed.

As it happened, the very next day I was called to a child that was suffering intensely with croup, and was so happy as to be able to save it. Since then God has shown much favor to the sick and miserable through my efforts, and my work has grown ever dearer to me.

But the mother of my first patient moved into my house to be my housekeeper until my sweetheart became the doctor's wife. Even after the wedding, she remained as cook, until she decided later to make still another change, and came to nurse our little first born daughter, Mary. She wept over our baby for joy, and in thankful remembrance of the little golden-haired girl who had found a happy home for her mother, and made a doctor worthy of his high profession.—Independent.

Mrs. J. Oliver's Case

Bright's Disease had developed as the result of her ten years' suffering from Kidney Disease—Dodd's Kidney Pills again Saves a Victim from the grave.

BROCKVILLE, Aug. 23.—Anyone who asserted a few years ago that Bright's disease was capable of a cure would have been written down as fit only for a lunatic asylum. But it has been conclusively proved that Dodd's Kidney Pills are a cure for this disease, so long looked upon as fatal. Mrs. J. Oliver, of Phillipsville, near here, is one of the living witnesses who can testify to this fact. She suffered from diseased kidneys for ten years, and Bright's disease had developed when she heard of and used Dodd's Kidney Pills, which have restored her to perfect health.

P. R. A. MATCHES

For some reason unknown the attendance at the Provincial rifle matches shot on the Fairweather range this week is not up to the average. Those of the crack shots who put in an appearance on Tuesday were greeted by splendid weather, which, although somewhat dark early in the forenoon, soon became clear, and good scores were made. Major O. R. Arnold was range officer.

The first match was the nursery and maiden for a cup presented by Lt.-Col. Maunsell, and \$103, the cup open to efficient members of the active militia of New Brunswick, retired officers and men who have never won first prize at any provincial competition; the money prizes open to members and associate members who have not won money larger than four dollars at any provincial or Dominion competition. The ranges were four and five hundred yards. The match was won by Lt. Stevenson, of St. Stephen, who made a score of 49, the highest that ever won the nursery match. Dr. J. McNichol came second with a score of 46, thereby winning \$10; Pte. W. Fairweather, also of Sussex, made a score of 33. There was but one entry, that of the 67th for the maiden team prize. They made a score of 119.

In the all-comers match some fine shooting was done, Leigh Langstroth making a possible 35 points. Other local winners were Lt. Guy S. Kinnear, 34 points, \$8; Dr. J. McNichol, 33 points, \$5; Capt. J. M. Kinnear, 32, \$4; Lt. R. H. Arnold, 29, \$3; Sgt. L. Campbell, 28, \$2.

The Dominion match was shot in the afternoon at 500 and 600 yards. A strong, gusty wind made high scoring exceedingly difficult. Major J. T. Hartt made eight consecutive bulls-eyes at 600 yards and won the cup with a score of 64 points out of a possible 70. Lt. J. M. McIntyre came fourth on the list with a score of 58, winning \$8; Dr. G. N. Pearson, 56, \$5; Leigh Langstroth, 56, \$4; O. W. Wet-

more, 55, \$3; Lt. R. H. Arnold, 52, \$2; Sgt. L. Campbell, 74th, counted out.

Leigh Langstroth, again made a possible in the extra series at 600 yards.

The Prince of Wales was the next match shot, Major J. T. Hartt and Lt. Forbes trying for first place with a score of 72. On shooting off Forbes won. Leigh Langstroth made 69 points in this match, winning \$5; G. S. Kinnear, 65, \$3; J. M. Kinnear, 65, \$3; O. W. Wetmore, 65, \$3. Major C. H. Fairweather was among those counted out.

The Hazen cup was won by a team from the St. John rifles with a score of 233; 62nd fusiliers, 2nd, score 318 and 74th Batt. score 315. The team from the 71st, although making 316 points, was counted out as one of its members did not belong to the battalion.

The Provincial shot Wednesday afternoon was won by Sgt. W. J. Duncan with 45 points. Lt. G. S. Kinnear made 40 points, winning \$4; Col. E. B. Beer, 39, \$2; Lt. R. H. Arnold, 38, \$2; Lt. J. M. McIntyre, 37, \$2.

The York and Kings challenge pitcher match, shot off in connection with the provincial match and decided by the aggregate score five highest men in the company, was won by the 71st with 198 points; 8th Hussars 2nd with 197 points.

The Elder match was won by Westmorland county, for the first time in the history of the competition. They made a score of 643. York was second score, 632, and Kings third, score, 322.

The Association was shot off Thursday morning and was won by H. Perley with a score of 97. Lt. G. S. Kinnear, Lt. J. M. McIntyre, B. M. Freeze, Major C. H. Fairweather, Dr. Pearson, A. E. Brewing, J. M. Kinnear and L. A. Langstroth all won money in this match.

Major J. T. Hartt led the twenty in grand aggregate with a score of 298, Lt. G. S. Kinnear being second. When they shot off for the Governor General's medal Capt. J. H. McRobbie and Leigh Langstroth tied with a score of 44. On shooting off Capt. McRobbie won.

The maiden aggregate was won by W. Crandlemar with 205 points. A purse of \$25 goes with this.

The prizes were presented by Major Parks at 1.30, after which the gathering broke up.

Lt. Col. Tucker, M. P., who came all the way from Ottawa to be present at the presentation, arrived after it was over, owing to the C. P. R. on which he came being late.—Sussex Record.

Two Perfect Colors Found Only in Diamond Dyes.

Perfection in color or shade is sure to captivate the hearts of the ladies, who are always unerring judges.

The lovely pink produced by the Diamond Dyes is a discovery that has gladdened the hearts of thousands. This Diamond Dye Fast Pink for Wool is clear, pure, brilliant and fast as a rock. One package gives a magnificent shade of pink on two pounds of goods—silk or wool; a medium shade on three pounds; or a light and delicate shade on four pounds.

Attention is also called to the Diamond Dye Fast Light Blue for Wool. This is a dye that gives a color far surpassing the light blues produced by European dyers.

Ladies having soiled white or cream dresses made from cashmere, nun's cloth or serge can have them dyed in rich shades of Pink or Light Blue and fitted for evening wear. This making of new dresses out of soiled, faded and cast-off garments means a great saving in dollars to thousands of families in Canada.

The Other Side of Barney.

"In popular estimate," says The New York Freeman's Journal, "Barney Barnato was a low, vulgar, heartless spectator, without a redeeming quality; one whose greed for money had spoiled every generous impulse of his heart. It remained for a Sister of Charity in far-off Cape Town, South Africa, to say the first kind word in his behalf and tell of his unobtrusive charities. She writes: 'Mr. Barnato who has always been so kind and generous to the poor in our different houses in Africa, gave £35 for the benefit of the poor the day before he started on his homeward journey. It is only a short time since he presented us with new collecting van, giving us special instructions that it should be fitted up so as to secure the greatest possible comfort to the collecting sisters. Many a poor person in the colonies will deplore his untimely end and we trust he has found mercy before God.'

If a baby is good at all other times, it is bound to howl when its mother and father invite their unmarried friends to envy them.

Concerning Snakes.

In British India 20,000 persons, mostly natives, die every year from snake bites. The snake hears the sound of a booted foot and gets out of the way. The native, being barefoot, surprises the snake by treading on him, and the bite follows of course. Believing the poison to be certain death, the Hindu makes no effort to counteract it, but resigns himself to his fate.

Cases are recorded of natives who lay down to die, thinking they were bitten, when examination showed they had not been bitten. Such is the power of imagination.

"It seemed as if something was opening and closing in my back," says a woman's letter.

It really couldn't be so. The idea was fanciful; she knew that well enough. She was only trying to describe a sensation, not a fact. Yet if she actually had it, it might be something was opening and closing in her back she had a better excuse for it than the Hindus have for biting themselves with imaginary snakes. For nothing at all ailed them, while something very serious ailed her.

She says: "I always enjoyed the best of health up to February 1891, when I began to feel weak and languid. I felt low-spirited, and seemed to have no strength or energy left in me. My skin and the white of the eyes were of a yellow colour. My appetite was very poor, and after eating ever so little I had a sense of fullness and weight at the chest. I was constantly retching and straining, and from time to time I brought up a quantity of blood. I had a dreadful pain in the back, as if something was opening and closing. I was much troubled with night sweats, and would be completely bathed in perspiration. Sometimes better and and at other times worse, I continued to suffer for over three years, all the time getting weaker, being barely able to walk about. In April of this date (1894) the vomiting of blood was so bad that I thought I had burst a blood-vessel. I parted with a quantity of clotted blood, which ran from me like water. I was now so weak that I never thought I should recover. During my long illness I was attended by two doctors, who gave me no medicines, but I got no better. One of the doctors said I that had Bright's Disease, and that he could do no more for me. At the latter part of April (1894) my husband persuaded me to try a medicine called Mother Seigel's Curative Syrup. He got me a bottle from Messrs. Headland & Co., London Road, and after I had taken it a few days my appetite improved and the dreadful retching and vomiting ceased. I continued with the medicine and gained strength every day and when I had taken two bottles I was able to go about as strong and well as ever. I consider that Seigel's Syrup has saved my life, and I consent to the publication of this statement. I will gladly answer any inquiries. (Signed) Jane Amelia Chamberlain, 54, Coleman Street, Brighton, June 7th, 1894."

At school we are taught Greek and Latin, but mighty little, if anything, about our own bodies. Well, better times will come, after you and I have turned up our toes towards the roots of the daisies.

And when they are come anybody who suffers as this kindly woman did, will at once recognise the signs of indigestion or dyspepsia—it is the same thing. He will know that his stomach is inactive and inflamed; that his food is decomposing there and breeding mischief for every organ and function of his body. He will know that nature is endeavouring to get rid of a mass of poisonous, dangerous stuff. Hence the retching and the vomiting—sometimes so violent as to break the tiny blood-vessels of the stomach or throat. By the perspiration he will perceive that nature is labouring to expel some of the rotten matter through the skin. And so forth. These things, I say, and many more, the wisest man of To-morrow will know.

He will not fancy he has a dozen diseases when he has only—only indigestion and dyspepsia. And then he won't wait and suffer. Not he. He will not thus waste his time and money. He will take Mother Seigel's Syrup for several successive days and put a stop to the entire proceeding. That's what he will do. Over forty or under, he will be his own doctor.

And now as to yourself: Why not be wise now?

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."

Doan's Kidney Pills are sold by all druggists and by the Doan Medicine Co., 263 North Second Street, St. Louis, Mo.