

THE REVIEW

VOL. 9. NO. 9.

RICHIBUCTO, NEW BRUNSWICK, THURSDAY, OCTOBER 21 1897.

\$1.00 A YEAR

THE GREAT NORTH SHORE ROUTE!

The Best, Surest, Safest, Quickest Route by which to reach purchasers in the North Shore Counties of New Brunswick, is via

THE REVIEW.

The regular news express to the homes of all the people, and most direct line to the pocketbooks of buyers everywhere.

See that your advertisement is ticketed via THE REVIEW.

FATHER IS COMING.

The clock is on the stroke of six, The father's work is done; Sweep up the hearth, and mend the fire, And put the kettle on; The wild night-wind is blowing cold, 'Tis dreary crossing o'er the wold.

He is crossing o'er the wold apace, He is stronger than the storm; He does not feel the cold, not he, His heart it is so warm; For father's heart is stout and true As ever human bosom knew.

He makes all toil, all hardship light; Would all men were the same! So ready to be pleased, so kind, So very slow to blame! Folks need not be unkind, austere; For love hath readier will than fear.

Nay, do not close the shutters, child, For far along the lane The little window looks, and he Can see it shining plain; I've heard him say he loves to mark The cheerful firelight, through the dark.

And we'll do all that father likes; His wishes are so few; Would they were more! that every hour Some wish of his I knew! I'm sure it makes a happy day, When I can please him, any way.

I know he's coming by this sign, That baby's almost wild; See how he laughs, and crows, and stares— Heaven bless the merry child! He's father's self in face and limb, And father's heart is strong in him.

Hark! hark! I hear his footsteps now, He's through the garden gate; Run, little Bess, and open the door, And do not let him wait. Shout, baby, shout! and clap thy hands, For father on the threshold stands.

—Mary Howitt.

MEETING STEP-PAPA.

"Well," exclaimed Millie, "this is quite the most horrid thing mamma could have done!"

Fraulein Haussmann of Hanover had a large garden behind her seminary for young ladies, and it was up and down this garden that Millie Warwick was strolling, arm in arm fashion, with her sworn chum, Ethel Bidwell, another English pupil.

Ethel waited for further elucidation. "She has gone and married again!" almost shrieked Millie.

"Well, there's no very great harm in that, dear," returned Miss Bidwell. "In fact, it will be rather nice for you."

"But a step father! Oh, it was too bad of mamma!" reiterated Millie.

"I am not surprised that she has married again," said Ethel. "When she came to see you in the winter, she struck me as being almost as young looking as yourself. Indeed I am surprised at her remaining a widow for ten years."

Millie went on reading the letter. "Worse and worse," was her next piece of information. "His name is Macintosh and he's Scotch. Then he'll have red whiskers and a strong accent. All Scotchmen do, don't they? They were married very quietly in Edinburgh, without telling any of their friends. I am to join them at Paris and go on with them to Switzerland and have a jolly time. Fancy going on a honeymoon trip with one's own mother!"

"Where are you going to join her?" asked Ethel.

"Next Thursday at the Hotel St. Moscow—that's where so many English people go. I suppose Mr. Macintosh can't talk French. Oh, dear, it's altogether too bad of mamma."

There was no consoling poor Millie and when her friend saw her off to Paris on the following Thursday, Miss Warwick still declined to be comforted.

"Please take me up to Mrs. Macintosh's

rooms," said Millie when she arrived at the Hotel St. Moscow.

The garcon, a bold son of Peckham, scratched his head. "Missis Macintosh, did you say miss?" "Yea, Mrs. Macintosh. I am her daughter."

"Well," said the waiter, "I'm sorry to 'ave to inform you, miss, that there ain't no Missis Macintosh 'ere. There's a Mister Macintosh, what arrived about two hours ago. Probably it's 'im you want?"

As she entered the sitting room Millie stopped dead and would possibly have retreated had not the bold, bad man from Peckham hastily closed the door and retired, for sitting by the window, perusing a paper, was a young gentleman of not less than 20 and not more than 25 years of age, irreproachably garbed, dark, clean shaven and not very bad looking.

"I shall be polite, sometimes cordial," Millie had concluded, after debating the matter with herself for many miles, "but on no account affectionate. I shall thus let him know that, while I do not wish to cause any unpleasantness, I shall go my own way and he will go his."

However, Millie's plan of campaign collapsed like a bubble.

When Mr. Macintosh rose from his chair, Millie collected herself with an effort, and, advancing, held out a little gloved paw.

"How do you do, Mr. Macintosh?" she said.

"Thank you," he replied after a moment's hesitation, "I am very well."

Then as Millie continued standing, he added, handing her a chair, "Won't you sit down?"

Millie seated herself. "Er—I expected to find mamma here," said the young lady, after an awkward silence of quite a minute's duration.

"Oh, I see," replied Mr. Macintosh. "Then an appalling idea flashed through her brain. Her mother and Mr. Macintosh had discovered their mistake already. In one short week they had fallen out. They even travelled separately. Doubtless he had married her for her money, and her mother had discovered this."

"I had better not say too much about mamma until I know exactly how the land lies," Millie decided. "I may only aggravate their difference."

After a long and awkward pause, Mr. Macintosh suggested that perhaps she might like to look at the English illustrated papers while she was waiting.

"I have a bundle of them in my carry-all," he said. "I'll get them for you."

While he was absent Millie reviewed the situation again.

"I hope he won't be as severely polite as this always," she thought. "It's evident that I shall have to break the ice. I will let him see that, however he may have fallen out with poor mamma, I intend to be friendly."

During tea Millie told him numerous anecdotes about her life at Fraulein Haussmann's, after which he retaliated in the gayest fashion with stories of Oxford varsity. Thus they passed the time away until the first dinner gong sounded.

This reminded Millie of the flight of hours.

"I had forgotten all about mamma. When will she be here?" she exclaimed. "Possibly she is blocked on the line," murmured Mr. Macintosh. "At any rate you had better dine here while you wait for her."

But Mr. Macintosh's careless reference to her mother jarred on her and damped her spirits. Things were evidently very bad indeed. His indifference to his wife's whereabouts was positively shameful.

During dinner, therefore, she was quieter, so Mr. Macintosh had to do the lion's share of the talking. And so well did he perform his task that Millie had to confess that her steppappa was a very charming young man and that it was a thousand pities he could not get on with his wife.

"I must try and make the peace," she thought. "Meanwhile my best plan will be to be as pleasant as possible—conciliatory, in fact."

Inspired by this idea, she made no objection when he suggested a stroll on the boulevards. She insisted on his smoking, she prattled to him while he enjoyed his cigar, she leaned on his proffered arm and indeed, made a conscientious effort to impress him with the fact that she was a nice girl, and, though a stepdaughter, would not be an incubronce or a bother to him.

And when they got back to the hotel, after a little hesitation, as they were separating for the night, she stood on tiptoe and administered to his brow a pure daughterly kiss.

"Well," observed Mr. Macintosh after she had vanished, "of all the experiences I've ever had this certainly takes the

Now, a portion of the above was told to the present historian by Mr. Dick Macintosh and part by his wife. I have merely interwoven their accounts. The end of the story I also obtained from both, but Dick's account was the best. Millie was very reticent when relating her share. Millie related her part as thus:

"Well, I was unpacking my things, you know, in order to be able to go to bed, when who should come in, but mamma. We hugged each other, and then I said: "Oh, mamma, how could you quarrel with him?"

"Mamma looked very astonished and said: "What are you talking about?"

"Steppappa," I replied. "He didn't bring your name up once all the time and he didn't seem to care what had become of you, and—altogether he was the last man in the world I should have taken for a bridegroom. But he was very nice to me."

"My dear child," exclaimed mamma, "are you wandering? What person do you refer to? Your stepfather has only just arrived at the hotel. We crossed this morning. As for quarrelling, we are the most devoted couple in Christendom."

Now for Mr. Dick Macintosh's version: "Well you see, old man, I received a letter from my Uncle Ned telling me that he had taken a wife unto himself, and would I meet him and the lady at the hotel St. Moscow in a week's time. On the date named I hid me to Paris, and while I was awaiting Uncle Ned's arrival a young lady was shown in."

"Well, we both thawed after a time and had a rare evening. She proved the jolliest girl imaginable—talked, laughed, joked and seemed bent on being as friendly as possible. We had tea, dined, took a stroll and returned to the hotel. Then my boy, imagine my astonishment. After she had said good night she reached up and gave me the most delicious kiss I had ever received in the whole course of my existence."

In due time the four set off on their tour together, and during the tour Dick and Millie managed to patch up matters so neatly that they came to be quite good friends by the time they returned to England, and about a year after their return, Dick took a flat in Kensington and asked Millie to share it with him, such as it was and Millie not objecting they were married, and there I visited them and heard the story.—Answers.

Special Advice to Ladies Who Contemplate Coloring Cotton Goods.

If a merchant or any one else tells you that package dyes prepared for all wool goods will color cotton goods equally well do not believe him. A person making such an assertion knows little about dyes and dyeing work.

Vegetable fibres require special dyes. Such dyes are not made by the makers of imitation and common package dyes. Special dyes for vegetable fibres, such as cotton and mixed goods, are made only by the proprietors of Diamond Dyes, and every color is simply perfection.

These special Diamond Dyes cotton colors are great chemical discoveries, and confined entirely to the Diamond Dyes. The colors are sixteen in number, are immensely popular with carpet, rug and mat makers everywhere. Cotton goods dyed with these Diamond Dye Cotton colors never fade in sun or washing.

If you are about to dye cotton goods, or desire to color rags for carpets and mats be sure and ask your merchant for Fast Diamond Dyes for Cotton and Mixed Goods. He should keep the full variety—sixteen useful colors.

AFTER TO-MORROW—

The drawing room was a veritable museum of priceless works of art, and yet so careless of its surroundings is love that the two sat there in the twilight oblivious of all save the one potent fact—they loved each other. Rembrandts, Barye bronzes, treasures from the orient and gems from darkest Africa lay and hung all about them unheeded, for their thoughts were centered in each other. And yet to-morrow he must bid adieu to these scenes. No more would his manly feet tread the soft carpets nor would the Louis Quinze sofa hold the lovers again after to-night.

And this thought found utterance when she, looking up at him with eyes of love, said:

"Patrick, 'tis to-morrow the folks'll be after a-comin' home, and then, begorry, the kitchen'll be good enough for the loikes of us."

"Begorry, you're roight," said he.—New York Journal.

MUNYON THE LEARNED PROFESSOR CREATING A SENSATION.

REMARKABLE CURES

IN ALL PARTS OF CANADA CONVINCED THE MOST CONFIRMED INVALIDS THAT THEY MAY YET ENJOY HEALTH AND HAPPINESS.

THE CURED TELL

The Glad Story of Their Relief from Suffering.

Mr Walter McDonald, 264 Mayor street Montreal, Quebec, Canada, says: "I was a sufferer from catarrh for four years. It was accompanied by headaches and stoppages of the nose during all that time. There was a continual discharge of mucus into my throat and an offensive breath. I used a number of remedies for catarrh, but got no relief. One month's treatment by Munyon's specialists gave me perfect relief. Breathing through the nose was immediately restored, the discharge stopped and I breathe well for the first time in four years."

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

Munyon's Dyspepsia Cure positively cures all forms of indigestion and stomach trouble. Price 25 cents.

Munyon's Cold Cure prevents pneumonia and breaks up a cold in a few hours. Price 25 cents.

Munyon's Cough Cure stops coughs, night sweats, allays soreness, and speedily heals the lungs. Price 25 cents.

Munyon's Kidney Cure speedily cures pains in the back, loins or groins, and all forms of kidney disease. Price 25 cents.

Munyon's Nerve Cure stops nervousness and builds up the system. Price 25 cents.

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.

THE PLAIN TRUTH.

The man who can run a newspaper without being criticised, censured and threatened has never been found. He is a barren idealist, beautiful to think about but incapable of taking on mortality, and associating with vulgar humanity. It is as impossible for a newspaper man to please everybody as it is for everybody to please him, and the sooner he makes up his mind to the stubborn fact the better for everybody concerned. If he works hard for the public good he receives private censure; if he compliments merit, he is censured by jealous demerits; if he approves morality, he is cursed by immorality; if he tries to be fair he is condemned by the unfair; if he makes a mistake, few overlook it or apologise for him. No matter how innocent his purpose, how studied his writings, he is picked to pieces misrepresented, maligned, ridiculed and seldom defended. He works hard for bread and butter while other men wax rich around him. He writes up a yard long marriage notice to the Queen's taste for nothing, and is threatened with a libel suit or duel if he records a drunken spree of the bridegroom six months afterward. Yes, it is impossible for a newspaper man to please all. As well attempt to chain a cyclone or lasso the lightning.—Maysville Ledger.

The Village Blacksmith's Song—Years of Pain—But South American Rheumatic Cure Wielded the Link Which Binds Him to Good Health Again.

This is what J. H. Gadbois, Blacksmith of Arnprior, Ont., says: "I was a great sufferer from acute rheumatism. I used many remedies without relief. I was induced to try South American Rheumatic Cure. The first dose helped me, and before I had used half the bottle I was greatly benefited. It has cured me, and I heartily recommend it to all sufferers from rheumatism." Sold by W. W. Short.

HER NOVEL BANK.

MRS. PERHAM HAD \$24,000 IN HER BUSTLE. (Boston Herald.)

The late Mrs. Almira M. Perham of the South end was a woman of not a few eccentricities. She died April 12, 1896, but no one ever dreamed that she had much, if any, property. She had then attained the age of 70 years, lived humbly in a single room by herself, and from her close way of living excited the pity, rather than the envy, of her neighbors.

She had been a widow 20 years when she died, and her nearest relatives were nephews and nieces. They numbered about 16 and were widely scattered throughout the country. Little did they dream that by her death they were given a substantial financial lift. The surprising fact was that their aunt had left them \$64,000 in worldly goods.

Who in the world would ever think of looking into a bustle for bank bills or anything valuable?

Somebody peered into the late Mrs. Perham's and the look brought forth \$24,000 in cash.

"How funny!" exclaimed the finder. "Who would ever have thought of it—dreamed of it? It is simply wonderful."

The pocketbook—the money bustle—was carefully laid to one side, and the finder began to prosecute the search further. The closet was ransacked from the sugar bowl down to the bread can.

The bed was turned topsy turvy; the pillows were shaken up and shaken down, and the tick likewise. The stockings and the shoes were turned inside out. The trunks and the old chests were turned upside down. All in search of more. The fire of hope had been kindled high by the surprising evolution of the bustle.

The search was completed. The find was rich—gold-edge bonds, savings bank books cash—everything together figured up to \$64,000.

Mrs. Perham evidently liked odd things. The trunks and chests she owned and which contained the bulk of her treasure were odd. They contained false bottoms, and her valuables were not easy to find except by herself, who knew the secret.

To say that the unfolding of her substantial property after her death was a surprise is putting it mildly. She lived in such a manner that she was thought to be in poor circumstances. Her relatives, who were of very moderate circumstances were profited surprised.

No will was to be found, and her property fell to them by force of law. An administrator was appointed by the Suffolk probate court. William P. Frothingham was given the position, and he has been engaged in settling up the estate with the aid of his counsel, the Hon. Bushrod Morse. Mrs. Perham's relatives being scattered, living in Maine, New York, Illinois and California, the task has been an arduous one. Questions of relationship have frequently arisen.

Yesterday Judge McKim was asked to allow the administrator to make a partial distribution of her estate among her next of kin entitled to it. The distribution will entail about \$15,000, and is about a quarter of the net amount of the estate. A brief hearing was held upon the petition, in view of the surety company who went on Mr. Frothingham's bond objecting to a distribution at this time. The company thought the distribution should wait until after the administrator had been appointed two years to avoid possible legal questions.

Judge McKim took the petition under advisement.

BETTER THAN THE KLONDYKE.

Mrs. E. Winkworth, Morrison Street, Niagara Falls, Ont., says: "I was attacked by kidney trouble about two years ago and steadily grew worse until November last, when I became so low that I thought I would live only a short time longer. The doctor here pronounced my case a complication of Bright's disease and dropsy, and said I could not get well. Dr. MacDonald advised me to try Doan's Kidney Pills as it was my only chance to get well. I did so and now can truly say that I owe my life to following his advice for I am strong and well to-day. My life has been spared to my three children and I think Doan's Pills are worth their weight in gold."

A writer in a leading magazine has made the prophecy that in 300 years from now the world will know only three languages—English, Russian and Chinese. The English language will be spoken all over North and South America, in Australia, India, Africa, New Zealand and the islands of Australia and the Pacific. The Russian tongue will have conquered all Europe except Great Britain and all Asia except India and China.

WOMEN AS INVENTORS.

(Communication of Messrs. Marion & Marion, Solicitors of Patents, 185 St. James St., Montreal.)

Who says the mind of women is simply imitative and utterly lacking the inventive quality? Ask a correspondent. Let him visit the United States Patent Office at Washington and be undeceived.

The first woman to take out a Patent in the United States was named Mary Kies. It was perfected on May 5, 1809, the device on which protection was obtained being a "new method of weaving straw with silk and thread." It was six years afterward, in 1815, that Mary Brush got a Patent on a new corset. After that women Patentees increased in number, though more than once, a year and sometimes two elapsed during which no woman applied for protection for an invention.

By far the greater number of Patents granted to women have been for inventions pertaining to woman's dress and household duties. A large proportion of the rising of 5,000 washing machine patents were taken out by members of the fair sex, and they are also responsible for many of the hundreds of patents on churns. The household Patents have included clothes baskets and dishwashers; dough raising devices and dress skirt elevators; in fact there is hardly an article of clothing or an operation in housework that has not been the subject of study on the part of the inventive women.

SHE WAS A CRIPPLE.

But Four Boxes of Dodd's Kidney Pills put Her on Her Feet.

HAMILTON, Oct. 18.—Public interest centers on the startlingly wonderful recovery of Mrs. A. Waddell, 178 Queen Street N. She was a cripple for four years. To-day, through the agency of Dodd's Kidney Pills, she is sound and well. Her story is short but convincing. "For four years," she states, "I was the victim of kidney disease and lame back. I could hardly move about without the aid of a chair, on which to lean. Hearing of the great good done by Dodd's Kidney Pills, I tried them. I used four boxes and can now get along without any help. I am cured, and you may publish this for the benefit of other sufferers."

DYNAMITE FOR BAIT.

MORRISBURG, Ont., Oct. 13.—Yesterday morning James R. Smyth, Edward Herring and Thomas and George Fossell, all living at or near South mountain, a village about twenty miles northwest of here, started for the Rideau River on a fishing expedition, taking a quantity of dynamite with them. About three miles from Wellington, when near Osgoode station they took two boats. Jim Smyth and Tom Fossell were in one boat with the dynamite which consisted of fifteen shoots and fifty shells. The other two men, who were to gather the fish were in another. Two successful shots were put off. Fossell was sitting with his back toward Smyth when he heard Jim cry out "Oh! Oh! Looking around he saw that Smyth had accidentally dropped a light in the boat amongst the dynamite. A terrible explosion followed in which poor Smyth was blown to atoms, only half of one boot and part of his skull being found afterwards. Fossell says that after the explosion the waters appeared to divide and he seemed to be on land for an instant. Then the water came together with a rush and he was picked up by the occupants of the second boat in the centre of the river in a terrible condition. The left side of his face and body are badly torn. The doctors think he will recover. Smyth was well known in Morrisburg.

STOUT PEOPLE.

Stout people are in great danger of having the heart muscles gradually weakened by infiltration of fat. This can be prevented by the use of Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills. Mr. James Kelly, Hamilton Ont., says: "I have been sick and feeble for five years, with a weak, fluttering heart sinking feeling, nervousness, shortness of breath, etc., but am now glad to say that Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills have completely cured all my heart and nerve troubles, and given me back my health."

CUBAN REFORM ADMINISTRATION.

MADRID, Oct. 15.—Senor Gimerga, a prominent Cuban autonomist has arrived here incognito and has had a conference with the minister for the colonies, Senor Moret, at which the former recommended candidates for posts under the proposed Cuban reform administration. Among the names suggested by Senor Gimerga for an appointment was that of Senor Bruson, a distinguished lawyer of Havana.