

Board Works office

THE REVIEW

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\$1 00 A YEAR

THE GREAT NORTH SHORE ROUTE!

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SAVED BY A NEGATIVE.

"Father," said my son Donald to me one day, "how do they take these wonderful photographs of lightning flashes that are printed in the magazines? They don't know when a flash is coming, and can't make it stay still while they photograph it can they?"

"Not likely," I laughing replied; "the lightning 'takes' itself. If there is a thunderstorm at night all that is necessary is to put a sensitive plate in the camera, uncover the lens and point it at the sky, when the next flash of lightning will record itself upon the plate, which must then be developed in the usual way."

"Is that all?" returned Donald. "How very easy. Couldn't we take some? Do let us try."

"All right," I replied. "But first of all we must wait for a thunderstorm, so when there is another at night get your photograph traps ready and we'll see what we can do."

The marvellous photos of lightning flashes that appear in the Strand had excited Donald's wonder and curiosity, leading to the conversation with which this story commences.

We had not long to wait for a thunderstorm, for on that very night raged one of exceptional violence. It began about eleven o'clock, and Donald who had retired to bed some time before, burst into my room, fully dressed, and shouted:

"Come on, father; there's a tremendous thunderstorm coming up, and such flashes of lightning! I'm off to the dark room to put some plates in the slides, so get the camera ready. The front bedroom window is the best place to expose from."

By the time I had made the necessary arrangements at the window Donald rejoined me, bringing three double dark slides loaded with the sensitive plates. "We ought to get at least one successful photo out of this lot," said he.

Soon the storm, which had gradually been drawing nearer, burst over us with terrible fury, the lightning flashing with amazing brilliancy, the thunder rolling with deafening roars, one by one the plates were exposed under conditions that justified the expectations of good results and Donald was in high glee. Just as I was about to expose the sixth—and last—plate he said: "Why don't you take a flash-light of the common with that one? Illuminated by the celestial electric light, you know, both point the camera towards the centre of the common, just for fun. I'd like to see how it comes out."

I acted upon his suggestion, and no sooner had I got the camera into position than a flash of lightning so vivid and brilliant in its intensity as to momentarily blind us and wring from us a fearsome and terrified 'oh!' imprinted the scene on the sensitive plate.

"I'm glad that's the last plate," said Donald, when the deafening peal of thunder allowed him to make himself heard, "for I should not care to stand at the window during another such flash as that. Shall we develop the plates tonight?"

"Not if I know it," I replied. "Be off to bed now, and we'll do them the first thing in the morning."

But we didn't; for we were awakened early by a violent ringing of the bell, and upon going down in my dressing gown and opening the door I beheld the village constable, with white, haggard face, on which fear was strongly marked in every line.

"Oh, sir," he gasped, "will you come over on the common with me? There's the corpse of a man lying there, and I fear he's been murdered, for there's a

knife stuck in his breast. I want you to come as a witness before I touch the body."

"Lying on the common! Murdered! Impossible!" I said. "But wait a moment till I have dressed and I'll come with you."

The constable's tale was only too true, for there, lying on the damp grass—his hair and clothes sodden with last night's rain; with upturned face, and with the blade of a large knife, buried deep in his heart—lay the corpse of Ivan Solenski, the handsome young tenant of the Hermitage, and suitor for the heart and hand of the lovely Marie Devereux of Forest Hill. While the constable guarded the body I hurried for the doctor, who upon his arrival declared that life had been extinct for some hours.

"Good heavens!" he ejaculated, "this knife belongs to Gerald Merrilees! See, here are his initials!" and there on the silver mounted handle, were the letters "G. M."

That evening Gerald Merrilees, the handsome, well built young owner of "The Home Farm," and Solenski's rival for the affections of the beautiful Marie Devereux, was arrested on a charge of murder, upon the sworn information of the butler of "Forest Hall," who deposed that on the previous evening Merrilees had had a stormy interview with Miss Devereux, in which Solenski's name was mentioned several times, and that Merrilees had suddenly dashed out of the house muttering: "I'll kill him! I'll kill him!" Upon this evidence and that of the knife found in the dead man's hand Merrilees was committed for trial at the forthcoming assizes to be held at the Guildhall, Winchester.

Doubtless the reader remembers the account of the trial, which was published so fully in the daily papers at the time, but in case he may not recall it to mind I might here briefly give Merrilees' defence. In spite of the strong proofs of his guilt, he persistently declared himself innocent and pleaded "not guilty." He fully admitted the truth of the evidence of the butler of "Forest Hall," and his counsel explained that he had that evening proposed for the hand of Miss Devereux, but had been rejected, upon which he had accused her of favoring the suit of Solenski, and when she admitted that she had that day accepted Solenski his jealousy and rage over-powered him—being a very hot tempered fellow—causing him to rush from the house, muttering the terribly incriminating threats now used as evidence against him. After leaving "Forest Hall" reason gradually prevailed, and he proceeded to go home, his path lying across the common in front of my house.

Being anxious to arrive there before the threatened storm broke, and partly to cool his fiery temper, he ran; but, his foot catching in the stump of a furze bush, caused him to fall heavily to the ground and with such force as to render him unconscious.

He declared that his pockets must have been rifled by some malicious passer-by while he lay in that state, for whereas he fell on his knees, when he recovered consciousness he was lying on his back. He reached home too weak and dazed to think or observe, but great was his surprise the next morning to find his pocket empty; watch, chain, purse, loose cash, hunting knife (which he always carried) and everything, all gone.

Counsel dwelt strongly upon his fact, and maintained that the accused was not the culprit, but that when lying unconscious the real murderer robbed him, taking, among other things, the knife used with such fatal effect upon Solenski—whose pockets he also rifled—leaving the murderous weapon in the dead man's breast, to divert suspicion from himself to its innocent owner.

The jury smiled, in that supercilious, superior sort of way common to the British juror at the palpable weakness of the defence; and after a short consideration they returned their awful verdict "Guilty!" Gerald Merrilees was sentenced to death.

Some time after the foregoing events I was sitting up waiting the arrival of my wife and son who were returning from London by a midnight train, or, rather, an early morning one—reaching Dean station at three a. m., after which they had to drive the intervening five miles along.

It was weary work waiting. I had finished reading my novel and was looking about for something to do, when I suddenly thought of the plates we had exposed on the night of the thunderstorm, and had lain undeveloped and forgotten until now. "The very thing!" I exclaimed, "I'll set to work and develop them at once. It will pass the time nicely."

"The first plate developed was a failure. Why, I don't know for I immediately

threw it away and commenced another. One of the plates was a bit of a mystery to me, for it was a negative of the landscape in front of our house and I wondered when it was taken, until I remembered that Donald had asked me to take it as a flash-light landscape view with the last plate on that memorable evening of the storm. As development proceeded and the objects became more and more distinct I was surprised to see several human figures portrayed in it. With a magnifying glass I gave it closer examination, the result of which made me tremble with excitement.

"Good heavens!" I exclaimed, "this is a photo of the murder of Solenski!" and indeed it was; at the identical moment that the crime was committed. There was the whole scene unerringly depicted on the plate by that brilliant flash of lightning! I examined the plate more minutely, and the result was startling in the extreme; there was the murderer in the very act of plunging the knife into Solenski's breast.

The faces of both men were plainly distinguishable, and—that of the murderer was not Gerald Merrilees, but of a short, thick-set man with a heavy beard; and there, farther in the background, was an inanimate form, with upturned face lying upon the earth.

"Good heavens!" I again exclaimed. "So Merrilees is innocent after all! How wonderful that we should have this photograph, and thus be able to prove his innocence. To-morrow I will go to Winchester with it, and procure his release."

Suddenly I reeled as if shot. "To-morrow, did I say? Why, to-morrow is the day of his execution! It is 'to-morrow' now, for it is after three o'clock! In five hours all will be over; another victim sacrificed to miscarriage of justice. What was I to do? Twenty miles from Winchester, with no means of communicating with the authorities to avert the tragedy which would soon be enacted—here was I with evidence that would save an innocent man's life; and that man a dear friend, too!

Just then my wife and son returned and were alarmed to see my agitated state, but upon explaining matters, my wife's ready wit suggested that I ride to Winchester on my bicycle. The very thing! At 6.45 that same morning I rode up to Winchester jail, and demanded to see the governor immediately, and upon being admitted to his presence, showed him the heaven-sent witness, which he deemed of such importance that he telegraphed to the Home Secretary, giving him details of my marvellous photograph, with the result that in this eleventh hour Gerald Merrilees was relieved—he was saved!

The police had my negative enlarged and sent copies of the photograph—whereupon the features of the murderer were clearly portrayed—to all the police stations in the kingdom, with the result that within ten days the real culprit was arrested in the foreign quarter of Soho, and upon being charged of the murder confessed his guilt, stating that Solenski was an absconding Nihilist, who had fled to England to avoid carrying out a horrible task imposed upon him by the particular rules of that dreaded society.

By so doing his life became forfeited, and to the murderer was allotted the duty of carrying out the society's vengeance. Hoping to escape, Solenski had lived in retirement in our village, but was tracked by his inexorable, executioner, who staked that on the night of the great storm he had come across the prostrate and senseless form of Merrilees, from whom he took everything available, including that fatal knife with which he stabbed his victim whom he accidentally met immediately after leaving Merrilees just as the defending counsel had surmised at the trial.

In due time, Merrilees received a full and unconditional pardon and I should not at any time be surprised to hear of his engagement to Miss Devereux.

A Banker's Experience.

"I tried a bottle of Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine for a troublesome affection of the throat," writes Manager Thomas Dewson of the Standard Bank, now of 14 Melbourne Avenue Toronto. "It proved effective. I regard the remedy as simple, cheap and exceedingly good. It has hitherto been my habit to consult a physician in troubles of this nature. Hereafter, however, I intend to be my own family doctor."

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria. When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria. When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria. When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.

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CASTORIA.

A Joy That Endures.

CURES MADE BY PAINE'S CELERY COMPOUND ARE PERMANENT.

Recent Testimony Of A Lady Curea Years Ago.

Some years ago Mrs. D. O'Connor, of Guelph, Ont., suffered from the tortures of indigestion, neuralgia, heart trouble, noise in the head, sleeplessness, despondency and weakness. Her case was an exceptionally serious one, as her troubles had been dragging her down for over twenty-five years. At the time her case quite baffled the skill of the best doctors.

Getting wearied with medical treatment that gave no promising results, she was fortunately directed to that life saver, Paine's Celery Compound, and like thousands before her, she found a new life. Mrs. O'Connor was recently asked the question, "What is your present opinion of Paine's Celery Compound?" She answered as follows:

"In reply to your communication regarding Paine's Celery Compound, would say that I cheerfully recommend it to any one afflicted as I was. It did for me all that was required. My advice to every one I come in contact with is, 'Always keep a bottle of Paine's Celery Compound in the house.' Several people have used it on my recommendation and have been benefited. You can use these lines in any way you desire."

He Still Grows!

'Grow ye may, but go ye must,' is one of the recognized axioms of life on the Ocean wave, says the author of 'On Many Seas.' Accordingly, he goes on to say, there is no more confirmed growler than Jack at sea. He has, often enough, serious matters to growl about, even now, and in the old days he had more; but when real grievances were not present, he was usually imaginative enough to concoct others. A typical marine growler was Ned, of the old clipper-ship Tanjore, Captain Hariburt.

One gloomy day a number of sailors, Ned among them, were cleaning paint forward in the rain; for paint cleaning aboard ship used to be a job reserved for wet days in accordance with a notion that the rain softened the dirt.

It was not a pleasant task, and Ned was muttering to himself as he scrubbed, running over under his breath a wondrous accumulation of grievances of all sorts. The captain chanced to notice him and inquired what was the matter.

Ned reeled off a long string of complaints, none of them worth considering, and concluded by saying that he had not had a decent meal of vittals since he came aboard the Tanjore. At that the captain who always fed his crew well, flared up and told the growler that he had never in his life had better grub than was served on board that ship; but Ned rejoined that he had been where he had chickens and turkeys at almost every meal.

"Where was that?" asked the captain. "On the coast of China, sir," said Ned. "Yes, I know," assented the captain. "I have traded on the China coast, and that is so; but I'll bet you growled then!"

"Well of course," was the naive and characteristic reply. "Who do you suppose wants to live on such swill as that? I want good beef to eat, and then I can work!"

Years of Suffering From Rheumatism Relieved by One Dose of Medicine

"For many years," writes Mrs. N. Ferris, wife of the well known birch manufacturer, of Highgate, Ont., "I was sorely afflicted with rheumatic pains in my ankles and at times was almost disabled. I tried everything, as I thought, and doctored for years without much benefit. Though I had lost confidence in medicines, I was induced to try South American Rheumatic Cure. To my delight the first dose gave me more relief than I have had in years, and two bottles have completely cured me. You can publish this letter." Sold by W. W. Short.

Yellow Jack's Ravages.

NEW ORLEANS, Sept. 24.—Thus far there have been a few less than one hundred cases and fifteen deaths from yellow fever.

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Filling the Silo.

In most of the Provinces in which silos are in use corn of early maturing varieties is as a rule sufficiently far advanced in maturity to be cut and put into the silo by the middle of September, though probably this year not much will be in that condition before October 1st. In order to make the best and most profitable ensilage the corn in the ears should be in the glazed or dough state suitable for boiling for table use. If it is not so far advanced it is considered safe to do and avoid risk of heavy frost. The experience of many corn growers whose crop last year was caught by a severe frost in the last week in September, and which it was supposed would seriously injure the quality of ensilage, report that they were agreeably disappointed in this respect, that the ensilage from frosted corn kept well and came out in good condition, and they say that if their corn was late and not well matured but green and full of sap, they believe the action of the early frost would improve the keeping qualities of it. We would not, however, advise taking such risk and would prefer to have it in the silo before any severe frost comes, especially if it is fairly well matured. A number of devices for cutting the corn have been tried and descriptions of some of these have appeared in former numbers of the ADVOCATE, but we are not fully persuaded that any of them are entirely satisfactory. The old way of taking two rows at a time and cutting with a hand hook, laying the corn in moderate-sized bunches, seems to be generally approved and it is not so slow a process nor so tiresome as many suppose and taking all things into consideration, is probably more satisfactory than any other way yet discovered. Trucks or low-wheeled wagons are a great convenience in the operation of loading the corn, and there is room for the exercise of not a little genius in providing handy ways of loading and hauling and handing to the cutting box. As to the length or the degree of shortness of cut, which is most desirable, our own observation has satisfied us that the ensilage will pack closer and keep better if cut in half-inch lengths than if longer, and is not so liable to cause soreness in the mouths of the cattle. It is important that a live man be kept in the silo constantly while it is being filled to evenly distribute the cut corn and mix the ear corn with the leaves and stalks, and tramp it well around the edges and in the corners to ensure even settling and exclusion of air. It is better to continue the filling from day to day till finished, if weather permits, but if there is more corn than the silo will hold at first filling there is no danger in allowing it to settle for a few days and refilling to the top. It is a good plan at the close to run up with the elevators the little around the cutting box for a covering for the ensilage, and if this is well tramped and freely sprinkled with water, or the silo left open to the rains for a few weeks, a mold will form on the surface which excludes the air, and there will be very little spoiled ensilage, probably not more than six inches.—Farmers Advocate.

Surprised His Doctor.

"A little over a year ago I was laid up with bronchitis," says Stanley C. Bright, clerk of Kingston. "My doctor's bill came to \$42, and altogether my illness cost me \$125. This fall I had another attack. I came across an advertisement in a newspaper for Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine for throat troubles. I thought I would risk a quarter and try it. It cured me. After this I intend to treat my own ills."

DEADLY KIDNEY DISEASE.

The Only Way to Avoid The Great Destroyer.

Once clear to the individual that kidney disease is a result of uric acid and oxalate of lime, which have their place in the human system, hardening and forming into stone-like substances, and the folly of treating such a disease with any medicine other than a liquid and one that will dissolve these solids, there will be little trifling with pills, powders and remedies of this character, which can not possibly effect a permanent cure. The success of South American Kidney Cure is due to the fact that a liquid it immediately reaches the diseased part, and dissolves these alkalies and hard substances. It never fails. Sold by W. W. Short.

Steamboat Disaster.

LONDON, September 24.—A despatch to the Daily News from Vienna says that the steamer Ika, with a crew of ten and carrying fifty Austrian passengers, was entering the port at Fiume, on the river Fiumena, at seven o'clock last evening (Tuesday) while the Bora was blowing hard, when she collided with the English steamer Tiria, which was leaving. The bows of the Ika were stove in and she sank in two minutes. Boats hastily put off and saved the captain and others, but most of the passengers perished. The cries of the drowning were most distressing. The casualty took place in full view of thousands who crowded the piers in the greatest excitement and alarm.

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Is secured by high class work. Such can be obtained at Mrs. C. Hannay's Kingston, as she has engaged a first class watchmaker.