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THE AUTUMN OF LIFE.

BY FREDERICK GEORGE LEE, D. D.

When knees are weak and palsied,
When brains can toil no more,
When hearts dream o'er the glories,
Of a bright, untrodden shore:
When long from rest of springtime,
The summer birds have fled;
Rich tints of autumn faded,
And blooming flowers all dead;

When rooms are lone and silent
Where children used to play
When for eve's welcome shadows
Come sighs at break of day;
Or when gold sunlight smiteth
Damp vales and gloomy caves,
Fresh plaint for stars to sparkle
Above the mournful waves;

When Age grows chill and weary,
When sight is weak and dim,
Comes back the prayer of childhood,
The old familiar hymn:
Desire grows strong to wander
Where Youth's brief sunshine fell—
First home-love unforgotten,
Old garden, well-known dell;

Comes back in summer noontide
The scent of hay new-mown,
Or herb crushed in the Autumn
To make its virtues known;
Come back lost joys and longings,
Missed voices, morning skies,
As flares the flame of taper
Before it falls and dies.

When years have soothed old sorrows,
When Time hath dried the tear
Through loss and separation,
By nearth or home or bier,
Grows strong an old affection,
Desire, with sigh long-drawn,
To rest where those gone forward
Lie waiting for the dawn;

Beneath the Church's shelter,
Beneath her sacred walls,
Where white snows clothe the grave-
mounds
Or warmest sunshine falls;
Where passes daily shadow
From tower or spire or dome—
A resting place at evening—
An antetype of Home.

FOR A WOMAN'S LOVE

I was an orphan. James' father and mother had rescued me from the work-house, and when they died I promised them to stand by James through life. In those days we were both apprenticed to a flourishing cabinetmaker.

Time went on, we finished our apprenticeship, and were in a position to earn money on our own account. We were good workmen and knew our trade thoroughly. Our native town was a small stagnant country one. It offered but little scope for our advancement. We therefore resolved to go to London.

Before long we succeeded in gaining employment with a large firm, whose factories were situated in Bermondsey. Here we remained for several years, and here we made the acquaintance of Mary Jackson. We met at the house of a mutual friend, and from the first moment of our meeting her I believe that James and I, unknown to each other, fell in love with Mary. For myself, I can only say I loved her very truly and dearly. She was the only woman I have ever seen the sound of whose voice made my heart beat fast, and whose most casual glance sent a thrill travelling through my frame.

In those days she was a young and attractive girl, possessing a peculiar charm of manner, in addition to a large share of good looks. For six months I wooed her steadily, if silently, and I began to flatter myself that she returned my affection.

One Saturday after, on a brilliant July day, I noticed James taking unusual pains with his toilet. Manlike I chaff'd him on the subject, and after a while he confessed he was going to take a young lady down river in one of the penny steamboats. A sudden impulse prompted me to ask the young lady's name. He turned upon me

with a laugh, and laid his thin nervous hands on my shoulders. We were like two brothers, James and I, and until now had never had a secret from one another.

"Why, Tom, you blind old mole," he cried, with a sudden flush. "How can you ask? The only girl I care to take out on a half holiday is Mary Jackson. Surely you must know that."

And then he laughed again—a joyous, ringing laugh, full of hope and happiness.

All at once it flashed upon me that James and I were in love with the same woman. Suppressing an oath I turned away, a demon of jealousy tearing at my heart strings. It was a glorious July afternoon, the sun shone with pitiless power, causing the heated air to dance and quiver as it ascended. Its bright rays cast a golden radiance even on the dingy bricks and mortar, by which our modern lodging house was surrounded.

It was one of those afternoons which by rights should cause a man of five and twenty to rejoice in his youth and strength. But as I heard James shut our living room door, whistling blithely as he walked away, I could take no pleasure in anything.

Despite the sun's brightness in that hour the world seemed very dark to me. A fierce battle raged within my breast. I now realized for the first time. Moreover I believed that I was not wholly indifferent to her.

On the other hand, I had promised James' father on his deathbed to guard over his son and shield him as far as in my power from all sorrow. How should I be keeping that promise if I James' trusted friend and companion, carry off the prize he coveted?

I pulled down the blind to shut out the sun, whose bright rays seemed to mock at my misery, and sat down with the intention of thinking out the situation. Hour after hour passed. I took no heed of time for time loses its hold when the soul is filled with despair. My good and evil angels waved desperate war. Each in turn strove for supremacy. The one urged me to give up Mary—to cease my attentions and let her suppose that the affection which I had hitherto shown was of a fickle and unstable character; the other counselled the immediate declaration of my love and the laceration of James' feelings in order to secure my own happiness.

For a long while, and to my everlasting shame, I listened to the voice of the tempter. By and by the sun sank behind the empty chimney posts opposite. The roar of the traffic in the street below began to subside. Twilight stole over the heated town, and laid her cold fingers upon it.

The sky grew deep and tender. One by one the stars shone out. The stillness the relief from the noonday glare and blessed quietude, calmed the fever of my brain. Little by little my thoughts became less personal and material.

If James were happy—James and Mary too—what did it matter about me? I was strong, whereas James was delicate, and surely God meant the strong to help the weak along the weary road of life. The spiritual portion of me spoke aloud. I would be brave and self-sacrificing and James should never know that whilst he had spent the afternoon in sunshine I had passed it a prey to the most bitter anguish which mortal man can experience.

Thus resolving I arose and with a great sigh stretched my limbs, like one who has borne a heavy burden and gladly lays it aside.

Just then I heard voices beneath the window. The beating of my heart told me to whom they belonged. The man's voice was very tender and the woman's soft and sweet as she made answer. And then I could hear a sound suspiciously like a kiss. I laughed aloud. Fool, fool that I had been to think that she had cared for me when she could forget me so quickly and easily.

And yet I could not blame Mary. She was an affectionate clinging creature and James had ways with him which appeal to a woman's nature. He was not rough and masterful like me but of gentle speech and manner.

Ah! my little bird, my darling, if in the words that followed I wounded you by my seeming indifference and reserve, the Lord in heaven knows that my intentions were good. I sought only your happiness, and also my brother's.

So there was the struggle I fought with myself that it proved almost a relief when one autumn day, James announced his engagement, I took Mary's hand in mine, and, forcing a faint smile, said: Dear Mary henceforth let us be as brother and sister."

They were married in the spring. Four years passed away, and two children were born to them—a boy and a girl.

People often wondered why I remained a bachelor. For answer I would take

Mary's female child on my knee and say: "This is my sweetheart. I want no other."

For many months past trade had been in a most depressed condition. All the big employers of labor were parting with their hands owing to the terrible stagnation of business. James and I lived on in constant dread of receiving notice. Our spirits were affected by the prevailing depression, and matters looked serious indeed when the bank broke in which we had stored our earnings.

James worried himself into a grave illness. Things were bad enough for both of us, but they were worse for him than for me, since he had a wife and two children to support.

He had barely recovered when a formal notice to quit was served upon him. Our employers were obliged to shut up half their works, owing to lack of orders, and, unluckily for James, he had been accustomed to work in the portion now to be closed.

It was useless to seek employment elsewhere, every factory in the kingdom was similarly affected. Starvation stared James, his wife and family in the face.

At this juncture I came forward and offered James my place.

I was a single man, I said, and could shift for myself. The bad times must surely pass, and at any rate I had no helpless beings dependent on me for a livelihood.

James was profuse in his thanks. The next day he stepped into my shoes, and I was left without means of subsistence.

One week passed after another, my little stock of ready money became exhausted, and still I was unable to meet with a fresh situation. Ah! what I suffered God only knows. The pains of hunger are inconceivably cruel; the rich have no idea how cruel. Hunger and I became intimate acquaintances; I grew gaunt and thin. The strength of which I had formerly been so proud deserted me. I was not yet 30, but my beard already showed streaks of gray.

I avoided James sedulously. Neither he nor Mary had the slightest idea of my condition. Once while wandering aimlessly about the streets I saw Mary in the distance. I would not speak to her. I turned and fled as if for my life.

Later on I think I must have grown a little light-hearted, for I said to myself: "Why should she look so pretty and rosy, whilst I am dying for want of food—aye, literally starving? James has robbed me of everything. First he took my love and now he has taken my place. I have borne enough for his sake. There are limits to human endurance. Mine is strained to the utmost. I will go to James' house and once more demand my own."

It was a bitter cold evening. The snow was falling in great white flakes and an icy wind blew in wreaths across the street. I groped my way to the house where James dwelt. My limbs shook with the cold yet there was fire in my brain. With uncertain steps I mounted the stairs.

The door of James' sitting room was slightly ajar. I heard a woman's voice singing a lullaby. Peeping through the aperture I perceived Mary sitting in a rocking-chair before the fire. Her baby boy was at her breast. The little 3-year old Molly sat on the floor near her feet looking up at her mother with limpid eyes.

"Mamma," she said, in lisping accents, "where is uncle Tom? Why don't uncle Tom come to see Molly?"

"Ah, Molly," she said, "I wish I knew. Uncle Tom is an angel. Sometimes I think he is too good to live. It is now six long weeks since he has been near us. And," she added, with the tears trickling down her face, "he loved us so, Molly, and we loved him so in return, that I sadly fear that something must have befallen him."

At the sight of Mary's grief, at the sound of the voice which even now in my misery and destitution had power to touch me like no other woman's, I turned away. Should I bring sorrow on the heads of those dear ones? Should I let them—a delicate woman and two little innocent children—suffer infernal pains which I had suffered? No, a thousand times, no! I must have been mad to think of it. Softly, on tiptoe, I crept down the stairs. Out of doors a furious blast met me in the face. The snow well nigh blinded me. I laughed grimly to myself.

Life had been so weary, and now the end was near: God would know and in His infinite mercy forgive if I conscientiously stretched out my arms and courted death rather than made a fresh struggle to avoid his embrace. I could endure no more. Mind and body were alike enfeebled and in my last hour thanked the Almighty that I was a lonely man without ties of kin.

No wife would grieve for my sake, no little helpless children shed tears on my account. Starving as I was, reduced to the lowest pitch of physical misery, I had still this to be thankful for.

So, with a great peace at my heart, I passed out into the street. With the little strength that was left to me I staggered along its length. Then, when I could no longer see the light in Mary's window, I lay me down in the snow. Ah, it was cold! It was cold! The big flakes beat upon my limbs and covered them with a white shroud. A strange feeling of numbness and torpor stole over me. As I fell asleep—to wake, as I believed, no more—my last conscious thought was that God had mercy.

I awoke to find myself in a warm bed with Molly's fat little arms squeezing my neck and Molly's tears rolling from her cheeks onto mine. Returning late at night James had found and brought me to his home. But all wish to live had gone from me, once and forever. I could not rally from the terrible experience of those last six weeks. God has made me wait a little, but as I lie here, with James gazing sorrowfully at me, with Mary's sweet eyes dim and Molly giving open expression of her grief, I know that the end is not far off. And once more my heart is full of peace, for, looking at these dear ones, I realize that if it has been ill with me it has been well with them. I was a strong man once, and it is every strong man's duty not to place the burden laid upon his shoulders on those weaker than his own.

A BOASTED ADVANTAGE PROVES TO BE A SOURCE OF WEAKNESS AND WORTHLESSNESS.

Makers of crude and imitation dyes must of necessity claim some advantages for their common productions in order to attract consumers. Amongst the deceptive and sweeping claims put before the public by a certain maker of dye, one in particular must attract the attention of even those who are novices in the art of home dyeing; we refer to the statement, "Will not soil the hands."

This claim is a direct acknowledgment of weakness and worthlessness as far as coloring power is concerned. Any wise woman will readily see that a dye that will not stain the hands is of little use in the work of dyeing. Such dyes may give to light and flimsy fabrics a show of tint or color, but it soon vanishes from the materials when they see the light of heaven.

The Diamond Dyes, no matter how much water is added, have coloring power to stain the hands. A bath prepared from one ten cent package for dyeing six pounds of goods a light color will give as durable a shade as if the bath had been prepared for dyeing two pounds of goods a dark color.

It is coloring power that home dyers look for and must have, colors that will stand sunlight and washing with soap. As two sticks can be used for moving the goods about in the bath, there is no necessity to have the hands or arms in the dye. Diamond Dyes are true and powerful agents, always doing the best work, and never make false and misleading claims.

RELIEF IN SIX HOURS.

Geo. Seales, a Well-Known Contractor of Niagara Falls, Completely Restored by the Great South American Kidney Cure—Thousands More Can Bear the Same Testimony.

I was a great sufferer for years with acute kidney disorder and pain in my sides. When almost all other known remedies had been fairly tried and had failed, I was advised to take South American Kidney Cure. One bottle did me so much good I purchased two more. I am now completely restored—feel better than I have for five years. It's a great cure; will give relief in six hours, and I delight in recommending it to others. Sold by W. W. Short.

SHARK CARRIED THE MESSAGE.

CAPE MAY, N. J. Nov. 4.—While strolling along the shores of Delaware Bay, near Fishing creek five years ago, Miss Beulah Bate and three young women companions wrote their names and addresses on four slips of paper sealed them in as many bottles and cast them far out into the bay. For days and weeks they watched and waited for tidings of the bottles but none came, and they had almost forgotten the incident.

A day or two ago Miss Bate received a long letter from the captain of an English man-of-war stating that while coasting along the coast of England one of the seamen fell over board and narrowly escaped being devoured by a huge shark. After hauling the man aboard the sailors secured the shark and found in its stomach the bottle containing Miss Bate's message. Miss Bate is now a student at the State Normal School in Trenton and has become quite a heroine among the more romantic of her classmates.

Yonge St. Fire Hall,

Toronto, March 16th, 1897.

Gentlemen,—I have used Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills for Biliousness and Constipation, and have proved them the best that I have ever used—will use nothing else as long as they are obtainable.—Remaining yours, respectfully,
E. C. SWEETMAN.

SPANISH AFFAIRS.

SENATOR SYLVANIA REPLIES TO LATH O. S. MINISTER TAYLOR.

MADRID, Nov. 5.—Senator Sylvania has written a letter to the newspapers here, in reply to the article on the Cuban question, published in an American magazine, of which Hannis Taylor, the former United States minister to Spain, is the author. The senator says: "I am astonished at Mr. Taylor's article in an important American review."

Continuing, the senator proceeds to tell the following story: "I met Mr. Taylor last April in a street of Madrid, and though out of prudence, I asked him nothing, he said: "Spain must not suppress the Cuban insurrection by force of arms alone. They must carry out reforms." He did not mention a word about autonomy, but he added: "Peace will then follow immediately. Spain has a friend in the white house whose powers are on the eve of expiring, and she ought to profit by the opportunity to obtain peace speedily, for whoever succeeds him, he is certain to be less favorable to Spain than President Cleveland."

I recognized the importance of the foregoing declaration and I hastened to communicate with my friend Canovas (the former premier) who warmly thanked me in a letter which I have retained.

Shortly afterwards the reforms of Canovas began to be talked about, and I was commissioned to explain them to Mr. Taylor and to tell him they would be published within a fortnight, as actually occurred. Mr. Taylor embraced me, saying, "You and I will bring about peace in Cuba and thus powerfully contribute to the good of humanity and uphold the great interests of civilization by ending the war, the prototype of crime, and a return to barbarism." I immediately hastened to communicate these words in the proper quarter.

Just prior to these events, Mr. Taylor, at lunch in my house, and in company with Castelar and others, toasted peace, warmly protesting his admiration and love for Spain and the desire to see us succeed in the work of pacification.

Shortly after the election of President McKinley, when it was mooted that Mr. Sherman would be made secretary of state, I asked Mr. Taylor if Spain would not have reason to fear a man who, in a speech in the senate, had displayed such hatred of Spain. Mr. Taylor replied: "Don't notice that, for Sherman, as a responsible minister, will change his opinions. Spain has nothing to fear in this respect."

In conclusion, Senator Sylvania remarks: "These ideas and sentiments differ greatly from those attributed to him now."

COUNTRY STORE ADVERTISING.

Country store advertising is improving and as it improves it grows more and more interesting and all the better for the interest it excites. It was formerly of little consequence, because country storekeepers took little interest in this department of their own business. The advertising was unpopular, was neglected, and regarded as a bore because it was considered an expense rather than a source of profit. Shrewd men have taken the advertising expense account from the blacklist it formerly occupied, and put it in the light so that we can plainly see just what its value is and its probable and profitable returns. Money is now spent, not grudgingly as formerly, but freely and voluntarily, and in some instances, lavishly. That none may be thrown away, the quality of country store advertising should be carefully considered and every help toward goodness adopted. We quote the following suggestion from an exchange, as possibly a useful one:

"A good plan for busy dealers to put into operation, and one that has been tried with success, is to put every clerk in the house upon his mettle and award some prize to the one who gets up the best arranged or most attractive advertisement. The moment they feel a spirit of good-natured rivalry they begin to devote their spare moments to the question, and oftentimes they think out a policy that is not only a surprise to themselves, but to their employers. It also serves as a drill in one of the first essentials to a good merchant. This applies as well to circular announcements as to newspaper ads."

The average country clerk has no conception of any special talent or adaptability he may possess that might be usefully applied to business affairs. He regards the "Old Man" as an oracle, wonders how he happens to know so much, and where he learned it, but doesn't dream of setting out to likewise learn, nor even of probing for any latent talent he may himself possess. He needs spurring, and it will be to his employer's advantage to use the spur. We speak by the card in this matter; we were a country clerk ourselves once upon a time, and retrospect holds up to us to-day more than a trifle of time wasted for want of a spurring.—Dry Goods Chronicle.

THE DANGER OF PEN AND INK.

Rather than break a vow made in a moment of anger twenty-five years ago, Andrew Matthews, of Baltimore, will take no effective part in the coming election, and, unless he moves to another state, he will apparently be without a vote for the rest of his life. When Matthews presented himself at the registration booth in his precinct this week he answered all the regular questions to the satisfaction of the attendant officials, but when they passed over the registration book for him to sign, in accordance with the Maryland laws, he refused to write his name in it, and insisted that one of the officers should act as his amanuensis. When interrogated as to his ability to read and write, Matthews admitted that he could do both, but proceeded to explain that in 1862 he had endorsed a note for \$1,000 as a favor to a friend of his and as a reward for this demonstration of his educational attainments had later been forced to pay the whole amount, principal and interest, of the loan. That episode had convinced him that writing was a dangerous art, and as the only certain means of avoiding the payment of other people's debts in the future he had solemnly promised himself never to take pen in hand again.

Severe Asthma Cured.

DEAR SIRS,—We have used Norway Pine Syrup in our home a great deal. I have a little boy who has had asthma for five or six years (he is only 10 now), and during the severe attacks he would get great relief from using the syrup. For an ordinary cold it is ahead of any cough medicine I ever took.

EDWARD WINCHESTER,
Smith's Cove, N. S.

"I suppose," said the campaign worker "that you are going to vote the straight ticket?"

"No," said the unswerving partisan, "I'm going to keep on voting the same old ticket—I don't care how crooked it gets."

—Washington Star.

A Running Sore Pronounced Incurable by Eight Doctors—Cured by Dr. Chase.

Mr. R. D. Robbins, 148 Cowan Ave., Toronto, says:—"I had a bad leg which was simply unsightly. From below the knee to the ankle was one great sore. Eight doctors treated me without benefit. I was induced to try Dr. Chase's Ointment which cured me, and all that remains to be seen are the scars."