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THE GREAT NORTH SHORE ROUTE!

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LE DOCTEUR FISET.

Ole Docteur Fiset, of Saint Anicet, Sapree tonnerre, he was leev' long tam, I'm sure he's got ninety year or so Beut all on de parish, 'cept Pierre Courteau, An' day after day he work all de sam'.

Dat house on the hill you can see it still, She's sam' place he buil' de first tam he come; Behin' it dere's one leetle small jardin; Got pientee de bes' tabac Cananen, Wit' fameuse apple and beeg blue plum.

An dey're all right dere, for de small boys scare No matter de apple look nice an' red, For de small boy know if he stealin some Den Docteur Fiset on dark night he come, An' cut leetle feller right off hees head.

But w'en dey was rap, an' tak' off de cap, M'sieu' le Docteur he will say 'Entrez!' Den all de boys pass on jardin behin', W'ere dey eat mos' ev'rything good dey fin' Tilt dey can't go on school nearly twr, 'T'ree day—

But Docteur Fiset, not moche founne he get Drivin' all over de whole countree, If de road she's bad, if de road she's good, W'en ev'ryting's drown on the spring-tam' flood, An' wokin' for noting half-tam, maybe.

Let her rain or snow, all he want to know Is jus' if anywan's feelin' sick, For Docteur Fiset's de ole fashion kin', Doin' good was de only ting on hees min', So he got no use for de politique.

An' he's careful, too, 'cause first ting he do, For fear dere was danger some fever case Is tak' w'en he's come leetle w'isky chaud, Den noder was, too, jus' before he go He's so scare carry fever aroun' de place.

On nice summer day, w'en we're makin' hay, Dere's noting more pleasant for u I'm sure Dan see de ole man come joggin' along, Always singin' some leetle song, An' hear heed say, "Tiens, mes amis Bor-jour."

An' w'en de cole rain was commence again An' we're sittin' at home on some warm cornerre If we hear de buggy an' see de light Tearin' along t'roo de black, black night, We know right off dat's de ole Docteur; An' he's smart horse sure, w'at he call "Faubourg," Ev'ry place on de Parish he know dem all.

An' you ought to see de nice way he go For fear he's upsettin' upon de snow, W'en ole man's asleep on de Cariole.

I'member' w'en poor Hormisdas Couture Get sick on hees place twenty mile away, An' hees boy Ovide he was come raquette W'at you call Snowshoe, for Docteur Fiset, An' Docteur he start wit' hees horse an' sleigh.

All de night before, de beeg storm shee roar, An' mos' of de day, its de sam' also De drif' was pilin' up ten feet high, You can't see noting dis side de sky, Noting but wan avalanche of snow.

I'm hearin' de bell w'en I go on de well For water de cattle on barn close by, But I only ketch sight of hees Cheval blanc, An' hees coonskin coat wit' de capuchon.

An' I know de ole man he was passin' by, Mus' be de bon Dieu dat is help him t'roo Ole Docteur Fiset an' his horse "Faubourg."

'Twas someting for splain-me, wall I don't care, But somehow or noder' he's gettin' dere.

An' save de life Hormisdas Couture! But it's sam' alway, lak' dat ev'ry day, He never was spare hese'f pour nous

He don't mak' moche monee Docteur Fiset, An' offen' de only ting he was get Is de prayer of poor man, an' wan bag of oat.

Wall; Docteur Fiset, of Saint Anicet, He is not dead yet; an' I'm purty sure If you're passin' dat place about ten year more, You will see heem go roun' lak' he go before, Wit' de ole cariole an' hees horse "Faubourg!"

W. H. DRUMMOND.

A WAVERING CHOICE.

BY JENNY WREN.

Alone in a large, comfortable, but somewhat sparsely furnished room sat a young and beautiful girl.

Somehow she and her surroundings did not seem in accord. The carpet on the floor was somewhat worn; the paintings on the wall gave no evidence of a master's touch; the upholstery was gaudy, rather than refined.

But the girl herself was attired in the latest fashion. Her dress was at once quiet and elegant, and but that she wore no hat, and leaned back the little head heavily on the cushions of her chair, you would not readily have imagined that this room and the one adjoining made the only home Irene Hutton and her widowed mother could boast.

Nor would one suppose that on this very morning, in the small, white hands which lay in such seeming listlessness in her lap, was the momentous scale which should decide the question of her whole future.

It was the old, old question, after all—love versus money—and alternately it balanced with her thought. She looked about the room, and her lip curled.

"Sentiment under these conditions!" was her mental reflection. "And what else could Harry offer me? What would his life and mine become in the ceaseless struggle to make both ends meet? Have I not seen enough of this wretched, genteel poverty? Poor mother! All goes that I may make a creditable appearance before the world; and now no wonder she thinks it hard that, after the long struggle to gain me a proper footing in the matrimonial market, I look coldly upon the first presentable bid. What matters it that the man is older than my father would have been? What matters it that I can never love him? I should wear diamonds; I should ride in my carriage. The dear mother would once more be happy, and only Harry and I would be miserable. Harry and I! Two paupers! What voice have we in the world? None—none!"

And then, with all a woman's inconsistency, down went the scale in favor of money, and down went the little head in the hands which figuratively held it, in a great burst of sob.

"You mean you've decided to give me up, Irene?"

No one could dream the speaker, Henry Armstrong, could look so grave or speak so sternly, as when, a few hours later, standing in the same room where Irene had fought her fight, he thus addressed her.

His eyes, blue as heaven, seemed fitted only for laughter; his mouth, though it was marked by no lines of weakness, held wonderful sweetness in its corners.

He was a man, young and handsome, well calculated to win and hold a woman's love; and yet the love of the one woman in the world which was precious to him was slipping from his grasp.

"I can't help it, Harry," she answered, wearily. "I am selling myself—you and I both know that; but it must be done, dear I haven't a cent in the world to bring you and, poor as I am, I love luxury, Harry; an' it would break my heart to see you grow old and gray in trying to make the income, not enough for one, answer the needs of two."

"But we are both young, Irene. With the incentive of your love I will soon double my income. Besides one of these days I shall have plenty—you know that."

"Dead men's shoes, Harry. We don't either of us want to count on that, and there's no reason why your Uncle Richard shouldn't outlive you. Besides, he may change his mind about making you his heir. It's very strange, rich as he is, he won't allow you a penny now, and as to the incentive of my love, dear, its only in romance that it has the desired money-making effect."

The girl's words were harder than her heart; but her listener could not look into its depths to discover the bitter ache which lent them their seeming coldness, and his own love and misery made them the more difficult to bear.

"It all comes to this, then—that you throw me over?" he said.

And somehow the question, quiet as it was, held much repression of feeling that Irene looked up, startled.

"Oh, Harry, don't be too hard on me! Don't doubt that my love was true!—is yet—though my heart is breaking!"

"Your heart!" he echoed.

And then he laughed, but such laughter! It was more painful than any demonstration of grief.

"Do stones break?" he went on, "You have worn your mask well. Until tonight I never dreamed what lay beneath it. I wish you all joy in your new life! I shall doubtless live to congratulate myself that you tore of the mask in time! You have given me a cure for my folly, though for the moment it hurts. But the girl I loved is dead. In you I do not recognise her. Therefore I can say to you, not to her—goodby."

He bowed and left her, heedless of, or unhearing, the one choked utterance of his name, which was her sole reply.

Six years later, Harry Armstrong, little changed in outward seeming, paced up and down the deck of a steamer, three days out from Liverpool.

The weather had been stormy, and the passengers for the most part had been confined to their staterooms.

Only to-day a few of the ladies had ventured upon deck. One of these braver ones was seated at the extreme end of the ship, and around her was playing a little child—a lovely boy, four years of age.

"A young widow," thought Mr. Armstrong, stealing a cursory glance at the slender figure draped in heavy black.

A thick, heavy veil quite concealed her face, and usually indifferent as he was to women, he felt a strange curiosity to see her lift it.

When he passed a second time he extended his hand to the child.

"Would you like a walk my little man?" he asked.

The boy ran to him.

"May I take him, madam?" he inquired, courteously lifting his hat; but if he hoped to hear her voice he was disappointed.

She bowed assent. He could not know that beneath the veil great tears were rolling down her cheeks.

The child was little more than a baby, his hair hanging over his shoulders in flaxen curls, but all his prattle was of "mamma."

"Where is papa?" questioned Armstrong.

Up went the little finger heavenward while a solemn look stole over the baby-face.

"As I thought," reflected the man, and he felt a singular satisfaction in having his suspicion verified. "I will hear her voice at least," he determined, and he walked back to where she sat. "Your little boy and I have become great friends," he said. "I am fond of children, and he has promised me we shall have many walks together."

"You are very kind," was the simple answer.

But Armstrong, as he heard it, grew deathly pale.

"Irene!" he said, as though the name burst involuntarily from his lips.

She instantly threw back her veil, but all traces of tears had disappeared, and only a smile was on her lovely lips as she extended toward him her hand.

"You won't refuse to shake hands with me," she said, sweetly. "I recognized you at once, Mr. Armstrong, and I also recognized that, on the narrow confines of the ship, avoidance of each other would be impossible. Here, at least, we may be friends!" not for six years—not since the moment he had left this woman's presence—had Harry Armstrong's heart beat as madly as in this hour; but her composure helped him.

He let his fingers close over hers with no warmer pressure than in unexpectedly meeting any chance acquaintance; but the warmth had gone from his tone, as he replied:

"Friends always, I trust. Six years have changed you very little, Mrs. Bacon."

A red flush rose to her cheeks as he spoke her name, and she answered hurriedly, as though some embarrassment possessed her.

"So my rival is dead," mused Armstrong, when he found himself alone again. "And the old madness is upon me. We both stand now on equal ground at last. Does she know? I wonder! Has she heard that one year after the day she jilted me I came into my fortune? Not a long waiting would it have been for either of us. Perhaps, as John Bacon's widow, she will endeavor again to inveigle me into believing her true. Ah, one lesson such as I have had lasts a man a lifetime. And yet—oh God, why can I not forget her! Before I knew who she was the old attraction drew me toward her. After I

leave this ship I pray that we may never meet again."

Perhaps because Harry Armstrong really was so earnest in this prayer he concluded he must make the most of the present. Perhaps it was the old story of the candle and the moth, but certain it was that day after day found him beside his old love.

They never spoke of the past. They never resurrected the dead. Their hands never met even in a "good morning." Yet they laughed and talked as though each did not feel the mad heart beats every instant they were together.

It was the last day out. Irene and Harry were alone, the child playing at their feet, when a lady approached them leaning on the arm of her maid, pale and wan from recent illness.

"I concluded the air might do me good," she said, languidly, as Irene quickly arose and assisted her to a chair, then turned and presented her to Mr. Armstrong.

"You are my little boy's friend," said the stranger, extending her hand gracefully. "He has talked so much of you—and Miss Hutton tells me you are an old friend of her own."

From one to the other Harry Armstrong looked in blank surprise.

He stammered some reply illy according with his usual ease, then, standing before Irene, he offered her his arm.

"Will you take a turn on deck with me, Miss Zutton?" he said emphasizing her name.

She rose instantly. They walked to the other end of the ship, when he paused and confronted her.

"Irene, now tell me what it all means," he said.

"Only that I am Miss Hutton still. I saw your mistake and encouraged it, hoping you might never know the truth. My mother died and I was penniless. I am a companion to the lady to whom I just presented you and governess to the little boy."

"Why did you not marry?"

"You have no right to question me."

"I assume the right, and by the heavens above, you shall answer me."

"I—I could not. Oh, this is cruel, Mr. Armstrong! Yet perhaps I deserve that you should know the truth. I could not perjure myself at God's altar. Loving one man, I could not swear to love and honor another. I chose poverty, loneliness and my own self-respect."

"And the man you loved—you have ceased to love him?"

She made no answer, but her head bowed lower, and he could see the great tears rolling silently down her face.

"Suppose he could offer you to-day little more than he offered you then Irene, what would your answer be?"

"Harry, Harry, don't mock me," she cried. "You cannot know the emptiness of my life or you would not hold out to me the semblance of its rich fullness. I deserve my fate. Let me accept it."

"Only in accepting me, Irene. Ah, my darling, it was your true self I loved, after all. You strove to wear the mask and could not. Heaven has indeed been kind to us, my love. I came on this ship, a lonely, desolate man, though fortune has smiled upon me, and I can offer you, Irene, a home worthy of you. The old days of toil and struggle have ended; but after all they were the rich days, dear—rich in hope and rich in love. I have been poor ever since in all that makes life's real wealth—until to-night. Irene, you have loved me always?"

And over the wide ocean the winds swept and whispered answer. "Always."

And into two human souls crept perfect peace.

CURED AT THE SHRINE.

Almost Hopeless Cases of Kidney Trouble Daily Being Cured by That Most Wonderful Remedy The Great South American Kidney Cure.

D. J. Locke, of Sherbrooke, P. Q., spent \$100 in treatment for a complicated case of kidney disease and received no permanent benefit. He says: "I began the use of South American Kidney Cure, and when four bottles were used I was completely cured." This is but one testimony of thousands more who have gone almost discouraged to this great cure shrine, and have returned with joyful hearts and lasting cure. Sold by W. W. Short.

The Knapp roller boat was launched at Toronto last Wednesday. The vessel, which is cylindrical, is 110 feet long and 25 feet in diameter. At each end are two sixty-horse power engines. Mr. Knapp, the designer, by means of the principle of rolling over the water, instead of ploughing through it, expects to shorten the time of a voyage across the Atlantic to two days. The vessel cost \$10,000 and was built by George Godwin, a wealthy contractor, and Postmaster General Mulock.

Presented With a Case.
(Marinette Argus.)

At the state convention of Michigan Catholic Foresters held at Ironwood last week an event wholly unexpected and out of the general routine of proceedings occurred. As the High Chief Ranger of the State Court, Mr. Joseph N. LaBillois of Menominee, was making his closing address to the convention, upon retiring from the exalted office, he was interrupted by the presence before the assemblage of a reverend dignitary who unceremoniously "caned" him, in the most approved and satisfactory manner, however. The cane is a model of artistic elegance, the gold mounting and engraving being exceptionally fine and is a testimonial of the recipient may well be proud.

To Mr. LaBillois may be aptly applied the appellation "Father of Forestry," as he was the first member of the C. O. F. in this section of the country and it was he who organized the flourishing Courts now in existence in the two cities and for the past two years he has been the distinguished High Chief Ranger of the Michigan Courts. His numerous Marinette friends were none the less elated than his legion of Menominee admirers that his Brother Foresters chose this opportunity to publicly acknowledge his zealous and successful labors in Forestry's ennobling cause.

[Mr. LaBillois is a New Brunswicker. His wife was Miss Bessie Grogan, formerly of Kingston.]—REVIEW.

"I WILL BE HERALD"

In Letting the World Know What a Boon Cataract Sufferers Have in Dr. Agnew's Cataract Powder.

John E. Dell, of Paulding, O., says of Dr. Agnew's Cataract Powder: "I was a sufferer from chronic cataract. I was advised to try Dr. Agnew's Cataract Powder. It worked a great cure in me. I had almost instant relief. It is the best remedy I ever tried for this disease. I will do all I can to make its excellent qualities known to those suffering as I did. Sold by W. W. Short.

Sisters of Mercy.

The "India plague" correspondent of the London St. James Gazette tells many horrible truths to English readers. The English doctors can do little to prevent the spread of the infection. Hivoo, Mohammedan and Parsee all alike fear and hate their English masters and look upon their medical remedies as poisons intended to exterminate the native races of Victoria's empire. The devoted doctors get little help or sympathy from their countrymen in India, who are only anxious to save their own skins.

"Oh, that we had some good, devoted nurses," sighed the hospital commissioner ten days ago.

"How many do you want?" asked a Catholic priest.

"As many as possible."

"You shall have them."

"Next day," writes the correspondent, "there came all the available Sisters of Mercy from a near convent. And I saw them ministering to the sick this morning with a gentle love beautiful to behold soft-voiced and cheerful, unmindful of all the dangers they ran. While panic-stricken Europeans scrambled for the plague, flying to every corner of the earth to escape its fell embrace, these loyal women are giving their lives with sweet devotedness.—Sacred Heart Review.

Pain in the Back.

Mr. M. P. Halpin, Brockville, Ont., makes a statement as follows: "For two years I suffered from kidney trouble, causing severe pain across my back, dizziness, headache, sleeplessness, etc. I had often to lean on the counter when serving a customer, so intense was the pain in my back. On taking Doan's Kidney Pills I improved from the very first, and now after using three boxes am all right; all my pains, aches and dizziness having disappeared, thanks to Doan's Pills."

The appointment of Elsa Eschellson to the professorship of civil law in the University of Upsala recalls the fact that she is the second woman professor of university rank in Sweden, Sonya Kovalevsky in the University of Stockholm in 1884. She died several years ago, forty-one years old.

Undoubtedly the Best.

GENTLEMEN.—I wish to say that Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry has proved a wonderful remedy in my family. We would not be without it for twice its price. I say it is the best (not merely one of the best—but the best) medicine ever brought before the public for summer complaint or diarrhoea, either in children or adults.

JOHN UNDERHILL.

A THRESHER'S LIFE

One of Exposure to Inclement and Changeable Weather.

How easily Falls a Prey to Disease—Rheumatism One of the Natural Results—One Who Suffered for Upwards of Nine Years Cures His Experience.

From the Intelligencer, Belleville, Ont.

It is doubtful if there is any other occupation more trying to the constitution than that of the thresher. Exposed to the rain and storms of the autumn season and at the same time choked with dust consequent upon threshing, he easily falls a prey to disease. Mr. Jos. H. Davis, a resident of the township of Wicklow, Hastings County, follows the threshing machine for some months every fall. For eight or nine years he was subject to attacks of inflammatory rheumatism. The disease usually made its appearance in the fall, and continued throughout the winter, causing not only suffering but great inconvenience. Mr. Davis' most serious attack occurred during the winter of 1893. It first made itself manifest by the swelling of the right hand, and before twenty-four hours had passed the disease had gone through the whole system, and the legs were swollen to an abnormal size so much so that the joints were not visible through the swelling. For ten months the trouble continued and during that period Mr. Davis was unable to put on his own clothes, and the pain he endured almost past comprehension. One doctor after another was tried but with out any beneficial results. Then advertised medicines were tried but with no better success. "I can hardly say," said Mr. Davis "how much money I spent on doctors and medicine, but it amount to a considerable sum, and yet I would most willingly give my farm to be rid of the terrible pain I was forced to endure. But all my expenditures seemed of no avail, and I began to despair of a cure. At this juncture, acting on the advice of a friend, I began using Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. The first six boxes I used from outward appearance to have had no effect, and I felt almost giving up in despair. I thought, however that possibly that was not a fair trial for one in my condition and I procured a further supply. By the time I had used three boxes more there was a considerable improvement noticeable and from that on each day found me growing better. I continued using the Dr. Williams' Pink Pills until I had taken eighteen boxes by which time every vestige of the pain had left me, and I was feeling in every respect a new man. I believe, too, that the cure is permanent for I have not known what it is to suffer with rheumatism since.

It will thus be seen that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills released Mr. Davis from the painful thraldom of rheumatism at a comparatively small expense after doctors and other medicines had utterly failed to give him even a fair measure of relief. It is obvious therefore that if Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are given a fair trial they are sure to bring relief and a cure. Every box of the genuine Pink Pills has the trade mark on the wrapper around the box, and the purchaser can protect himself from imposition by refusing all others. Sold by all dealers at 50 cents a box or six boxes for \$2.50.

The famous Sphinx near the Pyramids of Gizeh was thoroughly investigated by Professor Erman, who at a recent meeting of the Berlin Academy delivered a lecture about its probable age. Careful researches show that it could not have been built previous to the so called "Middle Kingdom," or about 2,000 B. C. Between her front paws there was originally the image of a deity, all traces of which at the present time has disappeared. For the building of the colossal work more than 20 years must have been necessary even if 1,500 men had been employed at the time.

Prompt, Pleasant, Perfect.

Norway Pine Syrup is a prompt, pleasant and perfect cure for coughs, colds, asthma, bronchitis, hoarseness, sore throat, pain in the chest, croup, whooping cough, quinsy, influenza and all throat and lung troubles. 25c and 50c at all drug stores.

'Hain't you ever b'en to any of our meetin's up here? I exclaimed a matron of the Catskills. 'Why, we hev, had runnin, an' axhauster, a circus rider and a locust preacher.' This is a verbatim report of an up-to-date Malapropism.

The good lady, it is supposed, intended to refer to an exhorter, a 'reuit rider and a local preacher.