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THE REVIEW

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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.

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"TWO SINNERS."

There was a man it was said one Time. Who went astray in his useful prime. Can the brain keep cool and the heart keep quiet When the blood is a river that's running riot? And the boys will be boys, the old folks say, And a man's the better who's had his day.

The sinner reformed, and the preacher told Of the prodigal son who came back to the fold. And the Christian people threw open the door With a warmer welcome than ever before. Wealth and honor was his command, And a spotless woman gave him her hand, And the world strewed their pathway with flowers-a-bloom, Crying, "God bless lady and God bless groom!"

There was a maiden went astray, In the golden dawn of life's young day. She had more passion and heart than head, And she followed blindly where fond love led. And love unchecked is a dangerous guide, To wander at will by a fair girl's side.

The woman repented and turned from her sin, But no door opened to let her in; The preacher prayed that she might be forgiven, But told her to look for mercy in heaven. For this is the law of the earth we know, That the woman is scorned, while the man may go, A brave man wedded her, after all, But the world said frowning, "We shall not call."

—ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.

JOHN CAREW'S CHRISTMAS EVE.

[CANADIAN MAGAZINE.]

John paused for a moment, ere he entered the shop, to look in the glittering window where the shopmen had displayed their most alluring wares, a wealth of gleaming silver and gold and blazing jewels, all dazzlingly brilliant in the glare of electric light. It occurred to John, with an accompanying sensation of pardonable pride, that there was nothing in all the window's array more beautiful or calculated to please a woman than the masterpiece of the jeweler's art which he had ordered.

The proprietor came smilingly forward when he saw John's tall figure enter. "It's quite finished, Mr. Carew," he said briskly; and hurried away to return with a small satin-lined case which he opened for John's inspection.

"The neatest thing, Mr. Carew, my men have turned out this season!" and the jeweler daintily held John's purchase in mid-air between his finger and thumb and flashed its beauty in the light.

It was certainly a lovely thing, and would look lovely at Mabel's fair throat, John thought. It was a star-shaped brooch of pearls and diamonds. The jeweler placed it back in the case, and John walked down to the office and paid the price, conscious that he was being followed by the gaze of a handsome woman who had stood at his elbow.

said the jeweler affably, returning his questioner's easy smile.

"And he's marrying some city girl, I suppose? Isn't that generally the way with these well-to-do young farmers?"

"Not this time!" said the jeweler, with a shrewd smile. "John Carew's too sensible for that. He wants a good practical girl with just enough sentiment, I dare say, to make his house a home. She's Miss Mabel Moore, the daughter of a well-to-do neighbouring farmer, and quite a beauty, too."

"I see," said the handsome woman. "Mr. Carew is a practical lover as well as a practical farmer. Let us hope he may be as successful in love as he has been at farming." Then she swept out of the store with a dazzling smile, the jeweler following her fine figure with keen and curious eyes.

"Handsome woman!" he said half-aloud, as he closed the door. "Stranger, too. Wonder who she is?"

Meantime John Carew was striding down the street, eager for home. His mare was in readiness between the shafts of the light cutter when he reached the livery, and apparently eager for home too. The prospective bridegroom had one more call to make, the tailor's, where he got the parcel that contained his wedding suit, and then he turned the mare's head toward Dutton, eight miles away.

It was Christmas eve, and a fine, frosty, starlit night, and as the mare swung steadily along over the hard, white road, John settled himself in his big, comfortable coat and thought of Mabel.

He hoped she would like her present; and he hoped she would be happy as his wife. Certainly, loving her as he did, and as he had always loved her ever since they were boy and girl at the village school together, he would do his best to make her happy. She had not looked very bright during the past week or two, John reflected; but that had been due, he shrewdly concluded, to the worry incidental to the preparations for her wedding day. A woman had not the stoical nature of a man in such matters, John thought. Her sensitive organization would subject her, he vaguely surmised, to many strange and serious reflections upon the responsibilities she was about to assume, and of the future. And feeling this, and knowing how very sensitive and different from other girls she was, John determined that he must be and would be very tender toward his Mabel.

Presently a cutter went by him swiftly, and John caught a glimpse of the faces of two men. He half turned to look back, thinking he had recognized one of the faces. The lights of Dutton gleamed rosily in the valley below him at last, and in the centre of the dim, snow-clad country beyond he could discern the lights upon his farm; the finest farm, he proudly reflected as he thought of Mabel, in the whole township, and without a peer in the county, and with the finest house upon it you could find in all Dutton, where Mabel would begin her reign to-morrow as Mrs. John Carew! And over there, to the left, was Mabel's; that big house where so many windows were lighted up, and where everybody was so busy. He was a man of much consequence there to-night, John reflected, with a little smile that was half-humorous and half-tender.

The brick church was lighted up and John drew in his fleet-footed mare at the gate. The girls and the young minister were doubtless decorating with evergreen for next day; and he might find Mabel there, too, even if it was her wedding-eve; for she had always been a prime mover in such affairs, and even lately had been the young minister's right bower—to use a most unflattering phrase—in the musical and other preparations for the Christmas services.

The church was dark at the entrance end, and John stood there a moment shading his eyes to see if Mabel was one of the group of girls who stood talking near the organ. Then he heard Mabel's name; but as he walked up the aisle and into the light the girls stopped talking abruptly, and glanced at him so strangely that he felt there must be something amiss.

"Was Mabel here?" he asked, looking keenly from one to the other.

"She's gone home," answered one of the girls in a diffident tone, and glancing at the other girls as if inviting them to speak.

"What's the matter?" said John brusquely. "There's nothing wrong, is there?"

"I'm afraid there is, John," said another girl; and she was going on, but John broke in with:

"What is it? It's not Mabel, surely? Is she ill?"

"No, it's not Mabel!" exclaimed three or four, together. "That is—"

"Don't be silly, girls!" broke in a brisk little woman. "Don't frighten the man. No, John, Mabel's all right, but—"

"But what?" interrupted John impatiently. "What is the matter, if it isn't Mabel? Where's Mr. Ellerby?"

"Then you haven't heard?" chorused the girls together. "We thought all the place would know of it by this time!"

"How could it, if you have all been here?" said John drily. "I've heard nothing. I've just come from town."

"Well, it's just this, John," said the brisk little woman, speaking up again. "The minister is in some trouble, and he's gone off to town without a word to any of us."

"In some trouble?" echoed John. "What trouble can he be in?"

"Well, we think," began one of the girls, who was dying to tell John what she thought, but the little woman interrupted her.

"We don't think anything at all, because we don't know anything about it! But someone drove out from town, John, with a letter for the minister, and when he read it—we were all working here together—he got as white as a sheet; and then, without a word, went off with the man who had brought the letter, and they drove away together; and that's the last we've seen of him. Didn't you meet him, John?"

"I thought I knew the face," said John, "but I wasn't sure. Well, this is a nice state of affairs!"

"And then, you know," cried the girl, who couldn't hold her tongue, "and then poor Mabel went off into a dead faint."

"Why can't you keep quiet?" cried the elder woman sharply. "The poor girl was so unstrung with all the excitement she has had that a thing like that would be sure to upset her. You needn't look so grave, John, the girl's all right. But you'd better go over and see her. It will do her good."

John pulled on his gloves. "I'll have to find Ellerby," he said, "and see what the trouble is. Didn't he even say when he would be back? Haven't you any idea where he went? What's this?" and John stooped and picked a crumpled piece of paper from the littered floor.

"Why, it must be the envelope the letter was in!" cried the girls, crowding round him.

"It's a woman's hand," said John, surveying the bold writing of the address. "And it's a Grand Hotel envelope, you see. Perhaps the person who wrote it is stopping at the Grand Hotel, and I'll find the minister there." And John put the envelope in his pocket.

"Mr. Ellerby was very strange and quiet all day," said the girl who was dying to air her view of the situation. "He seemed preoccupied, as if his thoughts were quite apart from his work."

"He should get married," said John, smiling round. "That new parsonage wants a woman in it to make it fit for a man to live in." And he strode off, leaving the women glancing curiously at one another at his words.

John drove over to his prospective father-in-law's. Mrs. Moore met him in the hall.

"Well?" she queried, as if expecting news.

"How's Mabel?" said John, looking beyond, as if expecting to see his betrothed.

"She's lying down. I don't understand what's the matter with her, because she doesn't seem ill. I think she's just tired. They drove her over from the church, but, of course, you were in there and they told you. What's all this about the minister, John?"

"I don't know," said John, "but I'm going back to town to see. He seems to have got unpleasant news. I expect it was the shock, with all this excitement, that upset Mabel. You don't think," he added, with a keen and anxious glance, "that she's ill?"

"Nonsense!" exclaimed Mabel's mother. "I'll call her."

"No, she mustn't be disturbed. I'll come right in as soon as I get back; and if I can bring the minister with me, or everything is all right, the news will do her good. You can tell her I've gone."

"Certainly," thought John, as his sturdy mare sped along toward town once more, "certainly the young minister should marry some winsome lass like Mabel," though John felt there could be no other lass in all the world like his Mabel. This dark-eyed, pale-faced young clergyman, who had come to them only a few months since, but who had, nevertheless, in that time won their regard, would be the better for having a wife, some sympathetic little woman to share his work and brighten his life. There was too much poring over books and too much long driving over lonely roads into neighbouring parishes, John thought. He was a sombre fellow, the young clergyman; and of late had appeared melancholy and reticent to an extreme degree. And yet John liked him, with all his somber face and brooding air; had liked him from the first, as one

man instinctively likes another without knowing why, save that he believes him to be honourable—and a man.

Perhaps, John concluded, the young minister was in love and his love had not run smoothly, which would certainly account for his gloomy and abstracted manner of late. Whatever this trouble of the young minister's was, whatever the contents were of the mysterious letter which had caused their young pastor to turn deadly pale and hurry away with no explanatory word, John felt eager to extend a helping hand if in his power. Moreover, he felt that such action on his part would please Mabel; and with this idea uppermost in his mind, John encouraged his mare with a cheery word to quicken her pace over the mile or so of frosty road that yet lay between them and the Grand Hotel.

Of course it was none of his business, John decided. But apart from his liking for the young minister, John felt that, as a warden of the church, he had a right to extend his hand; besides he had a personal interest in Ellerby's welfare, since he was to perform the ceremony on the morrow which would make Mabel Mrs. John Carew. And there must be no barrier to the smoothness of that ceremony. It must be a joyful and doubly-memorable date, this twenty-fifth December; the sacred importance of a wedding intermingled with the celebration of Christmas Day; and Christmas Day at the Moore homestead, John recalled with a smile, was an event to be remembered.

When he reached the hotel he ran a quick but keen glance over the register. The entry, "Mrs. Julian Wall, Buffalo," among the arrivals of the day, caught his eye almost instantly. The writing of the entry was identical with that of the address upon the envelope which the young minister had let fall in the church.

Mrs. Julian Wall's room was number 109, second floor.

John discovered that Room 109 was at the extreme end of a wing corridor. He did not know what he was to do, having had in his mind, so far, the single idea of tracing the young minister. But as he walked down the heavily-carpeted corridor, his light, easy step making his progress almost noiseless, a certain word spoken in a woman's clear voice made him start and pause, and determined his course of action.

"Mabel!"

Then through the open, gas-lit fan-light of Room 109 came another voice, that of the young minister, followed by derisive laughter. The door of the room facing 109 was slightly open. John slipped in there, and saw at a keen glance that the room was untenanted. For safety he turned the key; and then, by the light from the street, placed a small table against the door. He climbed upon this, opened the fanlight, and being six feet high found he could look directly across into Room 109.

The young minister was pacing up and down the room, his hands locked behind him, his eyes upon the carpet; and lounging in an easy chair, her arms above her head, sat Mrs. Julian Wall, the handsome woman who had stood at John's elbow at the jeweler's.

"Listeners never hear good of themselves," thought John, grimly, as he gazed at the pair.

"And so you are in love with this country beauty, eh?" said the woman in the chair. Her tones were incisive and clear, and reached John's alert hearing distinctly. "Oh, you needn't look cross, my dear boy! I guessed that by your face directly I mentioned her name. You see, I haven't lost any of my former sharpness, have I? And she is to be married to-morrow? How tragic!"

The young minister paused abruptly.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

A RICH, FULL COLOR

Diamond Dyes Cardinal One of the Most Fashionable and Most Useful Colors.

Millions of packages of this wonderfully rich and popular color are sold every year.

Fast Diamond Dye Cardinal is noted for its strength, fastness and beauty of color. One package dyes two pounds of silk or all-wool goods a standard shade that will never wash out. It colors over, with grand results, all shades except greens.

The Fast Diamond Dye Cardinal for dyeing cotton and mixed goods is the only Cardinal for cotton dyeing in the world that is fast to light and soap. One package makes a fast and everlasting Cardinal on one pound of cotton or mixed goods.

Be not deceived with crude imitations or soap grease dyes. Ask for the "Diamond" and you will always have success.

THREE GREAT MEN.

Representatives of Three Great Nations.

ONE OF THEM DEvised PAINe'S CELERY COMPOUND

A Medicine That Is The Wonder of The Age.

THE ABLEST MEDICAL MEN RECOMMEND IT.

Make People Well When Other Prescriptions Fail.

Three men have done a mighty work for the profession of medicine, and they will ever be remembered as true benefactors of the human race.

Right Honorable Lord Lister, President of the Royal Society, Professor Edward E. Phelps, M. D., of Dartmouth College, and Professor Charles Richet, of the University of Paris, are men that have lived to benefit mankind.

Professor Edward E. Phelps, who gave the world his famous Paine's Celery Compound, has gone to his well earned reward, but his great medicine still saves men and women every day. Thousands live to-day who owe life, health and vigor to Paine's Celery Compound, the mighty disease banisher. The weak, nervous, sleepless, rheumatic, neuralgic, dyspeptic and constipated are soon made hale and vigorous, and the deadly dangers of liver and kidney troubles are quickly dissipated.

There is now no necessity for continuing in agony and danger when such a rescuing agent as Paine's Celery Compound is held out to sufferers. Paine's Celery Compound assuredly cures; its thousands of magnificent testimonials in the past are sufficient proof. Have you tried it?

SEEING THE EDITOR.

The office boy, who was also guardian of the gate of the Occidentalist, was sunning himself lazily in front of the office when a rough looking citizen with his pantaloons in his boots and a gun in his coat tail pocket, approached the portcullis.

"Can I see the editor?" he asked in a voice that sounded like a brass drum out of tune.

"Do you want him to see you?" asked the guardian significantly.

"I don't care if he does or not, so long as I can see him."

This did not strike the guardian propitiously.

"What do you want to see him about?" he asked on another tack.

"About four minutes and a half," was the rather equivocal reply.

"Is it personal?" inquired the boy disregarding the ancient form of witticism in the answer.

"Yes."

"What, to lick him?"

"No; want to pay my subscription for last year and the year to come."

The boy jumped up; he hadn't moved previously.

"Walk right in," he said, shoving the door open; "walk right in; but say, mister, don't spring it on him sudden; he ain't used to it and something might happen."

Heart Rescue in 30 Minutes

after momentarily expecting for years that death might snap the vital chord at any minute. This is the story thousands could tell and have told of the almost Divine formula, Dr. Agnew's Cure for the Heart. Every day chronicles for taking away of many who have not heeded nature's warnings that the heart was tired out and needed the helping that this wonderful cure gives. Heart disorders are insidious. Don't trifle. This great remedy attacks the disease instantly. Sold by W. W. Short.

THE CAPTAIN BRENNAN APPEAL CASE.

The argument in the Capt. Brennan appeal from the conviction for keeping liquor for sale on the steamer May Queen, at Chidman, Queens Co., was heard by Judge Forbes in St. John Friday forenoon. J. R. Dunn supported the appeal and J. W. McCready contra. Judgement was given in favor of Capt. Brennan. This gives the temperance people the costs to pay in the suit which will not be a very small matter.

CASTORIA.

The famous signature of Dr. H. H. H. is on every wrapper.

HE MAKES ARTIFICIAL MILK WITH REAL CREAM ON IT.

W. J. Cook, of Chicago, says he can make artificial milk. He does this by means of a combination of chemicals. The product is said to look like milk, to taste like it, and to have the nutritive qualities of the genuine article. Besides penetrating the mysteries of the lactal fluid which has for so many centuries nurtured man in the infant stage, Mr. Cook further makes the startling statement that cows were never intended by the divine economy to milk producers, but merely beasts of burden.

Hyde Park and Englewood residents have tested Mr. Cook's artificial milk, have compared it with cow's milk, and they all pronounce it a very superior article. Member of the Labor Exchange in Englewood gave Mr. Cook an opportunity to prove that he knew what he was talking about. Mr. Cook brought along a five-gallon can, and gave each person a glass of his milk. He sent out for an equal quantity of natural milk. Everybody seemed to like the kind that Mr. Cook provided, and all agreed that the cow had a dangerous rival.

Mr. Cook now performed a wonderful experiment. He sent down stairs for two glasses of milk. In one was the natural staple, and the other contained the composition. They were permitted to stand in an ice-box, and were produced after a stipulated time. It was found that the artificial milk had twice the amount of cream on its surface possessed by the quality provided by natural means after passing through the mysteries of the dairy. —New York Journal, Sunday, Nov. 21st, 1897.

CANCER CAN BE CURED

Cancer is the severest known form of blood disease. BURDOCK BLOOD BITTERS is the most powerful blood medicine known. It cures cancer and all skin diseases. Proof: "My husband had two cancers taken off his face, and another was coming on his lip. He took two bottles of BURDOCK BLOOD BITTERS and it disappeared. I know this medicine is an excellent blood purifier." Mrs. WM. KIRBY, Akron, Erie Co., New York.

UNITED STATES PATENTS.

AN IMPORTANT LAW WHICH TAKES EFFECT ON NEW YEAR'S DAY.

Communication of Messrs. Marson & Marion.

The patent office expects to do a rushing foreign patent business during the month which opens to-day owing to the fact that the patent law passed at the hands of the Cleveland administration takes effect on New Year's day. Heretofore it has been customary for American manufacturers wishing to engage in the manufacture of some new articles to have an examination of all American patents until they find some attractive device. After the present month, however, they will be able to select for manufacturers any foreign patent that has not been patented in this country. These ideas and inventions they can use without payment of any kind to the inventor, inasmuch as the foreign patent does not cover American rights. After 1st January, no patent can be obtained in America for any inventions patented in a foreign country, save where the foreign application is of very recent date. Hence, the present holders of foreign patents who desire to realize their invention, will have to file their claims within the next few weeks, otherwise they will become public property on this side of the water.

POINTED PARAGRAPHS.

People who are too flesh are apt to get in a pickle.

When marriage is not a success divorce is its successor.

Corners are as difficult to get in a street car as in the market.

A man would rather win \$1 on a wager than earn \$5 at honest labor.

Probably the reason football is so popular is because the punishment fits the crime.

All men are born equal, but some of them manage to become football players later on.

What is said to some people seems to go in at one ear and out at the other. Probably there is nothing between to stop it.

CROOTS DEATH ACCIDENTAL.

LONDON, Dec. 11.—The coroner's jury returned a verdict of accidental death this morning in the inquest on Walter Croot killed in the fight with Jimmy Barry on Monday night. Medical testimony said death was due to a fractured skull at the base due to a fall.