



THE IDEAL WOMAN.

(Grace Elizabeth Cobb in Springfield Republican.)

Blazoned not in song or story for some great and famous deed. Nor proclaimed from the housetop is the basis of her creed. Neither fame nor subtle logic hath she chosen for her part, Her religion, like her being, finds its centre in the heart; In the ministry of service, scattering truth's eternal seed, That shall yield abundant harvest in immortal thought and deed.

Firm of purpose, clear of vision, pure of heart and fair of face, With a voice of minor music, and her manner quiet grace; With a meekness born of courage, brave but gentle, strong but good, Standing in the spotless grandeur of her gracious womanhood; Though men waver, slaves to custom, serve through ignoble fear, Bends she never to dissemble, scorning to be insincere.

Wears she on her face the record of a rich and well-stored mind, Treasures of the living present with a sacred past combined; Bearing in refined tracing mark of high and cultured thought, Blended with a heavenly unction by the Holy Spirit wrought; Noble in its queenly aspect, yet with soft and tender touch, Shining through the mobile features that doth glorify them much.

Not by gazing on the beauty of unclouded sunrise sky, Comes th' unflinching, steady gazing of her calm and steadfast eye, Nor from gratified desires, or the thrill of human pride, Shines that smile of melting sweetness—but from sorrow sanctified; Walking with her Lord and Master where the bitter waters flow, Cometh she at last to Elms, where she living palm trees grow.

True unto the holy vision that her womanhood receives, Soweth she beside all waters, and she reapeth golden sheaves; Loyal to her highest mission, pointing sinning man to God, From her peerless truth and honor evil shrinks abashed and awed; Walking onward with her brother, hand in hand, with even gaze, Dropping flowers of peace and plenty o'er earth's dark and devious ways.

Search ye in a narrow circle for the boundary of her "sphere" Lift aloft thy clouded vision, it is neither there nor here; Whatsoever to her is given by Eternal Justice planned, Lendeth she the willing service of efficient, ready hand; All the world doth not encompass the resource of woman's mind, Only in eternal wideness with her "sphere" its boundary find.

Would ye seek to stay her progress, turn from its accustomed path Blazing sun in yonder heavens, check the storm-cloud's burst of wrath! Nay, the ideal woman rises in the might of conscious strength, In an onward march of triumph reaching to Eternal length! God's ideal, by His moulding fashioned out of human clay, Reaching up unto His stature, by His power from day to day.

THE CRY OF THE SOULS.

"Miserere!" we hear them calling, Rising and falling, rising and falling; Voices like waves on a lonely shore— Ever and ever and ever more.

"Miserere!" we hear them saying, Pleading and praying, pleading and praying; And every cry from that lonely sea Beareth the burden, "O pity me!"

"Miserere!" they are beseeching: Out of deep silence and darkness reaching shadowy hands. In their hour of pain, Oh, must they send up that cry in vain? —Ave Maria.

Another Victory Won.

Kincardine was the Scene of the Contest—The Victory was Thorough and Complete—An Interested Person tells of it

KINCARDINE, Ont., Nov. 29.—The case of Mr. Herb. Brown, a finisher in Watson & Malcolm's furniture factory here, is the talk of the town at present. Mr. Brown was a continual sufferer from kidney disease. The urinary system became involved, and his condition grew very serious. That great benefactor, Dodd's Kidney Pills, conquered the disease and made a new man of the victim. Mr. Brown cannot say enough in praise of the remedy which has done so much for him. Dodd's Kidney Pills is the great favorite in this district, where many remarkable cures have been made by them. They have not failed in a single case.

A MINISTER KILLED.

MONTREAL, Nov. 26.—Rev. John A. Diome, Methodist minister at Boughnawaga, was struck this morning by the Halifax C. P. R. train as he was walking on the track near Highlands. Mr. Diome was deaf and it is thought that this was the cause of the accident. The crown of his head was crushed in and he received several other injuries. He seems to have been walking at the side of the track when struck.

GOLD ON TOBIQUE.

THE LOST GIBERSON MINE DISCOVERED BY ONE BAILEY.

FORT FAIRFIELD, Nov. 22.—George Bailey has returned to town with specimens of gold ore that he claims were taken from the famous "lost Giberson mine." For months Bailey has been searching for this place. The mine has for years been partly a well established fact and partly a myth. Now Bailey's return seems to establish the fact that Giberson really told the truth. Under these circumstances Fort Fairfield and the Tobique region near by in the province is having a little Klondike excitement of its own.

Nearly a score of years ago one Giberson was a lumberman on the St. John river. He explored his own tracts, and after he had bought some land in the Tobique region, which is not far from the eastern Maine border, he went over the tract carefully in order to locate the streams and the best growth. It was while he was engaged in this task that he discovered the gold mine that his reports made famous in that section. Giberson was alone on his exploring trip, but he mined enough at the spot to discover that the deposits were rich and extensive. He brought out a bag full of samples that he collected over quite a wide radius. These he carried to St. John and had them tested by experts. The ore was pronounced to be rich enough to return large profits to any one who chose to mine it. In fact the assayers were enthusiastic over the quality of the specimens that, so Giberson assured them, were not culled, but just as he had picked them. For, he explained, he was as anxious as any one else to know exactly the right of the matter. He proposed to operate the mines himself, and did not want to start out under any misapprehension.

With the earnest assurances of the assayers behind him, Giberson hurried off up the river with supplies, intending to start right in and work his new property. But in his haste to reach the place he rode on a train loaded with fresh arrivals from the old country, and from them caught "emigrant fever" so-called. He was put ashore, and in a few days died without disclosing the secret of the location of the mine to anyone.

Within a month from the time of his death dozens of parties went into the wood and searched carefully for the Giberson mine. But the tract is a broad one and it is pretty certain that few of those who hunted knew much about geology or about locating gold mines. Some of them brought out some ore, but no one ever succeeded in finding the real deposit that Giberson had described to the few he had taken into his confidence.

Mr. Bailey is a practical geologist not exactly a scientific one, but a natural one who has in the past found many valuable deposits in the region along the St. John. For some time now he has been diligently searching for the lost mine. It was slow and tantalizing work, for the deposits had been most cunningly hidden away by nature. Mr. Bailey's final discovery of the mine was made in a rather singular fashion. He had shot a duck near a small pond, and in dressing the fowl for his dinner he discovered in the crop some unmistakable traces of gold. He resolved to hunt that particular section over more carefully than he had done. In fact, he went all over the ground again, and at last came across the work that the unfortunate Giberson had accomplished in getting out his samples.

As soon as Bailey was certain of his find he came out to Fort Fairfield and made preparations to spend the winter at the mine. He went in last week with supplies for several months and took a companion with him. They do not expect to do much in the way of mining this winter, but will crack off what ore they can and will endeavor to locate leads and otherwise prepare for active operations in the spring. Along with his other supplies Bailey took a liberal stock of dynamite, and proposes to open the ledge in every direction so as to get at the heart of the deposit and to discover its extent.

He has obtained control of the tract by purchasing from the Canadian government the mining rights as the law of that country provides. Mr. Bailey when he went in had not decided whether he would come out again this winter or not, and so it may chance that no news will come from the lost mine until spring. But under the circumstances every one in this region is keeping his eye on the Tobique Klondyke.

AN ACTOR TALKS.

Tells What Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder Did for Him and His Wife—Truly a Friend to the "Profession."

"I can but proclaim Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder a wonderful medicine, particularly for singers and public speakers or those who have a tendency to sore throat, hoarseness, tonsillitis and catarrh. Myself and wife are both subjects of catarrh and tonsillitis. We have tried most everything, but have never found anything to equal this great remedy. For quick action it truly is a wonder worker. I couldn't be without it by me and I am continually recommending it to my brother professionals." AL. EMMET FOSTELL, 207 East 101st street, New York City. Sold by W. W. Short.

WITHERED ROMANCE.

"Leander Higginmore, I hate you." Cassimere McGinnis would have hissed these words if there had been a letter s in any of them.

Pale with indignation, she leaned with folded arms against a shellbark hickory tree and flashed vindictive lightnings at him from her stormy eyes.

"I—I never dreamed it would come to this!" weakly protested the young man, looking drearily in every direction, as if seeking some way of escape.

"You have deceived me, sir!"

"Yes, but I didn't mean to."

"I believe you!" bitterly retorted the girl. "You haven't originality enough to devise an indignity so malevolent, so elaborate, and so thorough."

He scratched his head feebly.

"If you had been a monster of wickedness, a genius in the planning and execution of a deep-laid scheme of villainy, and had the motive of revenge to incite you to action, you might possibly have originated and carried out a scheme of vengeance as complete as this, but you are not capable of it. If you were, I might still admire the ingenuity of the plot while abating nothing of my detestation for the plotter. As it is, I simply abhor you!"

It was the golden October season. The air pulsed with the soft sighs of the departing summer, a dreamy haze enveloped the landscape, and the very breath of romance seemed to stir the rich-hued foliage of the trees through which the country road they traversed wound in devious ways.

What crime had this unfortunate youth committed?

He had rented a \$60 tandem at a repair shop and taken Miss McGinnis out for a day's ride.

The machine had broken down.

A pedal pin had snapped short off, one of the saddles had collapsed, and there was a compound puncture in the rear tire.

They were fifteen miles from a repair kit, half a day's walk from home, and the nearest railway station was the ore they had passed through two or three hours before.

And in compliance with the suggestion of the wretched Higginmore, Miss McGinnis was wearing— Her bloomers.—Chicago Tribune.

WELL DRESSED CHILDREN WHERE DIAMOND DYES ARE USED.

Mothers who wish to save money, and who are economical in home management, are not obliged to buy clothing for their children as frequently as some mothers do. This saving of money is due to the fact that the economical mothers are regular users of the wonderful Diamond Dyes that always make old things look as good as new.

The Diamond Dyes show such a variety of standard colors that mothers can now dye any of the fashionable colors and shades seen in the new autumn dress goods. At the very small cost of ten cents an old dress can be made stylish looking and serviceable for a long time.

If mothers would have success with home dyeing they must use the Diamond Dyes at all times. All imitations and mixtures of soap and coloring matter should be avoided with care, as they are ruinous to good materials. Diamond Dyes are the best in the world; they are pure, strong, brilliant and last forever.

There was a disgraceful scene in the lower house of the Austrian Reichsrath on Wednesday. In the midst of the wildest disorder the president of the chamber left the chair, which only served to increase the disturbance. Herr Wolf, the German nationalist leader, received the worst treatment. He was struck on the head a dozen times. Blows rained upon his face; a bell was thrown at him; his clothes were torn and as often as he got up he was knocked off his feet. During the melee a fierce shriek was heard and a knife was seen flying toward the leftists. It fell upon Mr. Gessoann, whose hand was wounded. It was wrested from Herr Pfersche by Herr Lenisch, who threw it across the room. Another scream ran through the house. Herr Pfersche had been seized by the throat. The police commissioner with fifteen men, summoned by the president, finally appeared in the chamber. President Abrahamovics was greeted with cries of "Polish scoundrel," "swindler," "blackguard." One deputy was stabbed in the hand; another had his collar bone broken and a third received a severe scalp wound. Count Badeni, the premier, with a sneer on his face watched the combat throughout. Herr Wolf declared that he would bring his revolver to the next sitting.

IT HEALS THE LUNGS.

GENTLEMEN.—I was troubled for years with weak lungs and could not get relief, but on trying Norway Pine Syrup found it acted splendidly, healing and strengthening my lungs.

E. J. FURLONG, Lower Woodstock (Carleton Co.), N. B.

The Prince of Wales has become perhaps as good a shot as there is in Great Britain. In a recent day's shooting at pheasants he killed every bird he drew trigger on.

Sales Talk

With Hood's Sarsaparilla, "Sales Talk," and show that this medicine has enjoyed public confidence and patronage to a greater extent than accorded any other proprietary medicine. This is simply because it possesses greater merit and produces greater cures than any other. It is not what we say, but what Hood's Sarsaparilla does, that tells the story. All advertisements of Hood's Sarsaparilla, like Hood's Sarsaparilla itself, are honest. We have never deceived the public, and this with its superlative medicinal merit, is why the people have abiding confidence in it, and buy

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Almost to the exclusion of all others. Try It. Prepared only by C. I. Hood & Co., Lowell, Mass. Hood's Pills are the only pills to take with Hood's Sarsaparilla.

LAND IN ST. LOUIS FOR SALE.

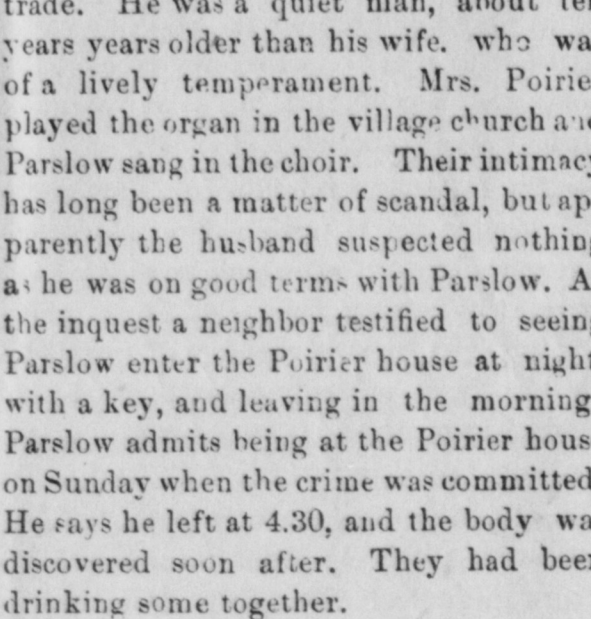
A meadow lot of 20 acres more or less on the west bank of the northern lagoon of Kouchibouguac River, also one-sixth part of a Marsh on the north side of Kouchibouguac river. The said lot and portion of lot being lately owned by Sylvestre Maillet, also, the lot in Saint Louis conveyed to Sylvestre Maillet by Lawrence Maillet and wife, containing 50 acres more or less Apply to J. D. PRINNEY.

THROAT CUT FROM EAR TO EAR.

THE WIFE AND HER ALLEGED LOVER UNDER ARREST.

St. Scholastique, Que., Nov. 25.—Samuel Parslow was arrested to-day charged with the murder of Isler Poirier, of St. Canute, found dead in his bed last Monday morning with his throat cut from ear to ear. Mrs. Poirier wife of the murdered man, was also arrested as an accomplice. The Poiriers were in fair circumstances, the husband having a good trade. He was a quiet man, about ten years older than his wife, who was of a lively temperament. Mrs. Poirier played the organ in the village church and Parslow sang in the choir. Their intimacy has long been a matter of scandal, but apparently the husband suspected nothing as he was on good terms with Parslow. At the inquest a neighbor testified to seeing Parslow enter the Poirier house at night, with a key, and leaving in the morning. Parslow admits being at the Poirier house on Sunday when the crime was committed. He says he left at 4.30, and the body was discovered soon after. They had been drinking some together.

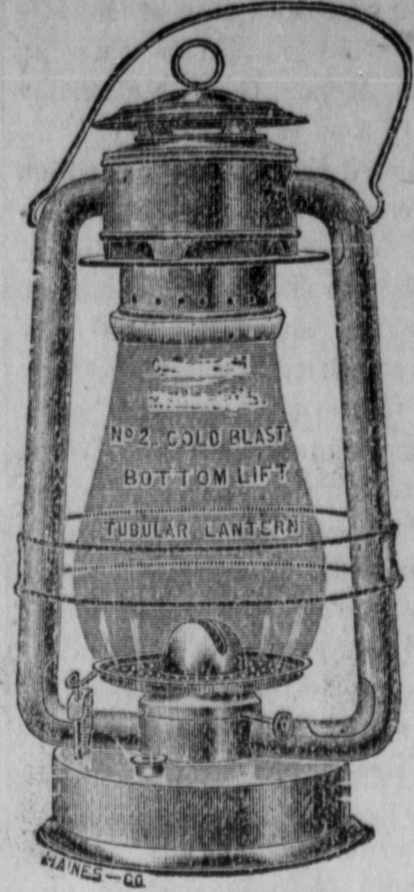
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