

Board works office

THE REVIEW

VOL. 10. NO 25.

RICHIBUCTO, NEW BRUNSWICK, THURSDAY FEBRUARY 9, 1899.

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THE GREAT NORTH SHORE ROUTE!

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A MODERN MIRACLE.

It was the last day of the old year. London had recovered from its Christmas festivities—and their after-effects—and preparing to see the new year in.

In the misty hours of the December afternoon, two young men were gazing through the windows of a Piccadilly club at the people who were hurrying up and down that popular thoroughfare.

"Well, Densham," said the younger and darker of the two, "are you meditating any lofty and noble resolutions for the new year?"

"I am afraid that is not much in my line," replied Lord Densham in a slightly affected tone. "Why do you ask? Are you going to turn over a new leaf, as our spiritual pastors and masters call it?"

"I've turned over many new leaves," cried Cecil Brarley lightly, "but the same old tales, the same moth-eaten jokes of fate, seem to be written on all of them. No two years are the same, but they are beastly similar."

"Ah, Brarley, I am thinking of making a great alteration," said Densham, who was evidently in a communicative, though serious mood.

"Really! Are you going to change your tailor, or only to let your mustache grow?"

"Don't be flippant," said his lordship in quite a melancholy tone. "The fact is, Brarley, old boy, I'm in a hole!"

"You in a hole! It's not money?"

"Of course not—it wouldn't be much use coming to you if it were, would it? No, I'm going to get married." This was drawn out slowly, and with a deep sigh, as though the speaker felt he was making some mighty sacrifice for the benefit of humanity.

"I thought you looked jolly blue about something; but wherefore the hole?" asked Brarley. "Nobody compels you."

"My dear boy, everybody compels me," said Densham, gazing thoughtfully at his white and well-kept hands and finger nails, and adding pathetically, "Of course you don't know what it is to be highly eligible."

"No," replied Brarley with a grim smile.

"But unfortunately I shall have to marry in self-defence," proceeded his lordship taking no notice of his friend's remark. "It is sickening to feel that you are being run after by all the girls and match-making mammas."

"Poor, poor, Densham," murmured Brarley. "No wonder you are in a hole."

"Yes, but the worst of it is that I've fixed on two girls, and I can't for the life of me decide which of them to have."

"And who are the favored couple between whom Paris the Second has to judge?"

"One is Daisy Molyneux—the lively little thing with the blue eyes and the good figure, you know. Of course she is very jolly and awfully fond of me—"

"Yes; and the other?"

"The other is Sybil Castlemaine."

"Who?"

"Sybil Castlemaine, your—er—second cousin, isn't she?"

"Good heavens!" muttered Brarley. "What did you say?"

"Nothing. Do you think Sybil cares for you?"

"I am afraid there is not much doubt of it, old man," said his lordship mourn-

IMMENSE BARGAINS

A. & R. Loggie's.

WE cordially invite everybody to call at our Store, examine Goods and get Prices. No trouble to show goods.

LADIES' COATS

..... AT LESS THAN COST.

We have a few LADIES' COATS left which we propose selling at less than cost to clear. The following is a few of the prices:—

| REGULAR PRICE \$ | NOW SELLING FOR \$ |
|------------------|--------------------|
| 4.25 | 3.20 |
| 4.45 | 3.20 |
| 5.95 | 4.47 |
| 6.80 | 4.58 |
| 8.60 | 6.23 |
| 8.75 | 6.30 |
| 9.75 | 6.97 |
| 10.50 | 7.69 |

We also call attention to our Flannelettes, Flannels, Homespun, Canton Flannel, Bleached and Unbleached Cotton, Underwear, etc., all of which we are selling at the Very Lowest Prices.

TERMS CASH. A. & R. Loggie.

fully as he languidly stroked his clean-shaven chin. "I used to fancy you were rather fond of her at one time, but, of course, it is impossible."

"Utterly!"

"Well, look here, old chap, I shouldn't ask everybody, but which of the two girls do you advise me to have?"

"Can't you have both?" asked Cecil, rather savagely.

"Now, come on, old fellow, give me your honest opinion. They're both nice, loving little girls, and its an awful bore to have to choose. Which would you ask?"

"Well," said Brarley slowly, and with a bitterness his companion did not appear to see, "it certainly is incredible that any girl could refuse the honor and privilege of being Lady Densham, wearing the Densham diamonds, and sharing the Densham celebrity. The only wonder is that you have been permitted to enjoy your liberty so long. I should advise you to have Daisy Molyneux."

"Not you cousin?"

"No; she would not suit you nearly as well as Miss Molyneux would."

"Thanks awfully, old chap; I only just needed an impartial opinion like yours to help me decide. I'll propose to Daisy tonight; she is going to be at Lady Vivyan's dance—and so is Sybil, so I can get it settled either way. Will you be there?"

"Yes, I expect to."

"Right, then I shall see you later."

As Cecil Brarley watched the retreating figure of the wealthy and coronated friend who was so overburdened with unsought affections, and didn't know which of two maidens he really loved, he summed up the situation in one word which he muttered very low, and with heartfelt sincerity. No one heard it, but it is safe to conjecture that it was a syllable of most emphasis disapproval.

Lady Vivyan's rooms presented a gay and brilliant scene that evening. To welcome the new year with dancing and revelry, with music and mirth, was, perhaps typical of the giddy social whirl in which hostess and guests revolved in their more or less important positions; but after all, every day, every hour, starts a new year, and it is only sentiment and one particular convenience that settles on the commercial chime as marking the commencement of another circle.

Lord Densham arrived early. He was attired with his usual care and correctness, and he wore also an air of determination that suited him very well. It displaced the appearance of indifference and listlessness which usually made the hereditary legislator look limp and flabby. He speedily discovered that both Daisy Molyneux and Sybil Castlemaine had come, and with a sigh of relief to think that his decision was at last made, he proceeded to seek out Miss Molyneux that he might acquaint her with the honor he proposed to do her.

It was considerably later when Cecil Brarley arrived. He was not in the best of spirits, and did not intend to do much dancing. One of the first persons he noticed was his own cousin.

"What, Sybil—you not dancing?"

"How are you, Cecil? No, I haven't been here long."

"Shall we sit down somewhere until someone comes and claims you?"

"By all means; it is quite a long time since I've had the chance of talking to you, Cecil."

"Have you ever heard of Tantalus?" asked her cousin, as he led her to a secluded corner.

"Who was he? An ancient god, wasn't he?" replied Miss Castlemaine. "Was he a relative of Bacchus? The spirit decanters are named after him."

"No," said Cecil, very seriously. "He was a young man who longed for a certain prize, and it was just out of his reach."

"And this is apropos of what?" inquired Sybil.

"Tantalus would have been happier if his prize had been out of his sight as well as out of his reach."

"Why can't you talk like a rational being, Cecil?"

"I only wanted to say that in order to escape the madness of Tantalus, I have been letting my prize go out of sight. They are waltzing very nicely," he added, drawing her attention to one of the couples who were floating near them.

"Lord Densham and Daisy Molyneux?"

"Yes. Densham's a nice fellow, isn't he?"

"Ye-es. I suppose one would hardly call him shy or modest, would one?"

Her merry brown eyes looked up into his, but they didn't find any responsive twinkle.

"He has no need for modesty; he knows his worth."

"Every bit of it!" said Sybil.

"Yes; but when a fellow like that can choose any girl he likes—when he knows they are all like pretty apples asking to be plucked, it is enough to make him conceited."

"And other fellows jealous!" added Sybil mischievously.

"Yes, and other fellows jealous."

"And I suppose none of the pretty apples can be strong enough to refuse to fall into his hand?"

"It would be a modern miracle if they did."

"Then, perhaps the age of miracles has not yet gone," said Sybil, nodding gayly to him, as Lady Vivyan came up and introduced a new partner to her.

A little later Brarley was trying to soothe his feelings with a cigarette in the smoking room, when Lord Densham came up to him.

"I say, old chap, a funny thing has happened. She has refused me."

"Who has?"

"Why, Daisy Molyneux."

"By Jove! Were any signs of insanity ever noticed in the family before?" asked Cecil.

"No, I believe not," answered the peer, frowning, as usual, to see any sarcasm in the question. "I tried to point out to her what it meant, but she stuck to it. Nice little girl, too."

"Well, I'm awfully sorry, Densham, really I am."

"It doesn't matter so very much; Miss Castlemaine is here, isn't she? You see, I can ask her, and get it settled."

"Of course you can," said Cecil, with a trace of bitterness in his tone.

"I think I'll go and find her. I'm rather sorry I wasted my time over that silly girl, but it was your advice. Anyway, it makes my choice much easier."

As he walked off Cecil Brarley watched him, and although he was not a man given to the use of bad language, it is a lamentable fact that a little word before referred to slipped with terrible earnestness from his lips.

When Lord Densham suggested to Sybil Castlemaine that they should sit the dance out in the conservatory, she saw that he meant to propose to her, and his lordship perceived that, under the circumstances, there was nothing to be gained by beating about the bush, and so he quickly led up to the business he had come to negotiate.

"It is rather serious to be standing on the edge of a new year, don't you think so, Miss Castlemaine? It makes one think."

"Really?" said Sybil, arching her pretty eyebrows.

"Yes; one looks at the past and then at the future, you know. Now take me for example," he went on, plunging into his carefully prepared and already rehearsed speech. "With money and good connections one can get on very well in life; but that isn't all, upon my word it isn't, Miss Castlemaine. No doubt many fellows would envy what I've got—but, after all, it is very little. There is something more that is wanted, and surely to supply that want would be the fittest way of starting a new year. Dear Miss Castlemaine, I want to be a better man in the future than in the past, and you, only you, can help me. What is needed to make my happiness complete, to crown all my hopes, and perfect my manhood, is a woman's love. Sybil—let me call you Sybil, my love—will you be the woman? Will you marry me?"

In the seclusion of the conservatory he opened his arms a little, as though he expected her to creep in, and he expanded his chest to receive the burden of the dainty little head that was to nestle gently on it. "But it was a night of surprises."

"I am very sorry you should have asked me this, Lord Densham," said Sybil, gravely. "I am conscious of the vastness of the compliment, and I am not blind to the advantages and attractions of your offer, but I do not love you."

"You don't love me?" repeated his lordship in a tone of disappointment that had a suspicion of incredulity in it. "You don't love me? But surely that is only a matter of time; when you have seen more of me, when you know me better Sybil—"

"My decision would not alter, Lord Densham."

"But you are quite sure—"

"I quite realize what I am losing," said Sybil calmly, "and although I know how good of you it is to suggest it, I don't really think I could make you any better, or anything but what you are, either in the new year, or at any other time."

"But you could, Miss Castlemaine; you—"

"Would you please take me back? I am engaged for the next dance."

With a wonderful smile on his lips, in which mortification, pity, and surprise were blended, he politely offered her his arm and led her back to the ballroom. As they entered it, they almost ran into Cecil Brarley. He was about to walk past them when Sybil said:

"Oh, Cecil, here you are! You're just in time."

Densham yielded her up with his customary smile; and Cecil whispered:

"I was not going to claim you for this dance; I thought you would prefer to sit out with him."

"With him? Why?"

"I—er—I believe he has a question he wants to ask you."

"I don't think he has," said Sybil quietly.

They were about to join the dancers when it was announced that the mystic midnight moment had almost arrived and those who cared to do so were to go to the open windows and on to the door steps and the balconies, to listen and wait for the solemn peal that was to mark the annual recommencement. Brarley got a wrap to throw over his cousin's shoulders, and then they went to the further corner of the long balcony.

It was a clear, frosty night, and the stars and the moon were shining with a brightness that reflected in the hoar frost on the grass and trees, illuminated the dark hour with a soft, poetic light. Cecil stood silently by Sybil's side for some seconds, and then he whispered:

"And is this beautiful night making you thoughtful, too?"

"No," said Sybil, with her face turned a little from him. "No. I was thinking of Tantalus."

"Ah, poor Tantalus!" sighed Cecil, "I hope you pity him."

"I don't think I do," responded his cousin softly, feeling glad that the shadows hid her blushing cheek. "Perhaps his prize was not so far out of his reach as he imagined."

Cecil may not have been rich in this world's goods, but he was not poor in imagination.

"Sybil, didn't Densham ask you anything?" he whispered.

"Yes, Cecil, and—and I performed a modern miracle."

"My darling!" and there was a silence. "Sybil, you know I am not a rich man, and I am not a lord."

"And you are not horribly conceited and selfish either, dear."

He did not remove his arm, and a sudden hush of expectancy quieted the chattering party. Nothing was heard for a moment, and then from a dozen clanging clocks all around them boomed the birth of the new year.

One, two, three—ten, eleven, twelve.

"Sybil," whispered Brarley, "the old tarnished years are gone. Here's to the golden future."

WHY HE KNEW ALL ABOUT IT.

Scribbler had come from the office in the evening quite "played out," because of the output of his pen and brain that day. He was lying on the couch in the sitting room after supper, when Mrs. Scribbler, who had been reading a magazine, said:

"See, here, George Scribbler, here is something that fits you to a T, and I want you to read it."

"What's it about?"

"It's about these funny kind of men who must have everything just so in their homes, no matter how hard it makes it for others. You know that you are one of the funniest men alive. Every rug and chair and book must be exactly in its place, and a little dust sets you scolding. You must have a clean napkin every meal and you cannot eat if there is a tiny spot on the tablecloth, and everything must be served just exactly so, or you get grumpy. Now, is not that true?"

"A man likes to see things in order in his own house," said Scribbler.

"Of course he does, and I try to keep things in order, but I defy any woman to maintain the degree of order you expect with four or five children in the house. Now, this article refers to just such a reasonable, fussy man as you are, and it is not one bit too severe even when it says that they are small-spirited and lacking in true manliness. I do wish that you would read the article."

"I don't need to," replied Scribbler, sitting up to stretch and groan.

"I'd like to know why you do not need to read it, George Scribbler!"

"Because—well, the fact is, my dear, I wrote that article myself."

ONE HAPPY WOMAN

Got Health and Happiness from Dodd's Kidney Pills.

London, Feb. 6.—This city claims one of the happiest, healthiest women in Canada.

Her name is Mrs. J. Osborne. She lives at 524 Grey Street, and she has this to say to her sisters throughout Canada.

"For eight years my life was made miserable by Female Weakness. I used many different medicines, but none did me any good till I started to take Dodd's Kidney Pills."

"The first dose of this wonderful remedy gave me relief. I grew better with every dose, till when I had taken three boxes, I was totally cured."

Dodd's Kidney Pills are the only medicine on which women can confidently rely for a positive cure.

YOU ESCAPE DEATH SEVEN TIMES A WEEK.

(Medical Journal.)

Life is full of dangers—we all know that. But what very few of us know is that all of us, even the most strong, active and healthy, pass once in every twenty-four hours, over what a clever French doctor once called a "veritable bridge of death."

This moment with the ordinary individual comes somewhere between two or three o'clock in the morning. Say you go to bed and sleep at eleven o'clock. Minute after minute, for four long hours, your physical self runs on unwatched by its usual guardian, the brain. Your life, as you know, is kept in you by the slow consumption of food. During sleep you do not eat; your heart, too, beats more slowly, and your whole system resembles an unattended engine. Towards that fatal hour of three the machinery all but stops. What saves you? It is this. In the healthy body the coming of this moment produces a shock which causes you unconsciously to throw out your legs and arms and turn over or draw a deep breath. This starts up your heart again. Still, doctors know well that this mid-sleep hour is the most dangerous of the whole twenty-four, and when they lose most patients.

CHILDREN CRY FOR CASTORIA.

The living of Barwick-in-Elmet, near Leeds, has just been vacated by the death of Canon Hope, who had been rector for more than 46 years, having been presented to it in 1852 by the Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster in Lord Derby's first administration.

Wishing you a year of much comfort, Yours in the Master's work, W. LAWSON, County Sec'y.

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