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# THE REVIEW

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## THE GREAT NORTH SHORE ROUTE!

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## THE REVIEW.

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## A FEW TURNS OF THE FATE WHEEL.

It was certainly an unfortunate moment for John Castle to choose to put his fate to the touch, for Kate Manners was in the mood to turn on her dearest friend and the sight of John Castle, of all persons, was calculated to loosen her tongue considerably.

Leila Castle and Kate Manners were students at the Ditchley art school; Leila living at home with her family in Kelton road, while Kate lived in rooms alone. It had been pleasant for Kate, as she grew to know Leila better, to enlighten her days by accepting the hospitality which the Castle family offered. They were kind to the lonely little student and she was grateful. But lately Kate had noticed a withdrawal of the hospitality; Mr. and Mrs. Castle bowed chillily when they met her. Leila became too busy to talk, and John, Leila's brother, seemed the only one who remained cordial. His cordiality, indeed, Kate was forced to admit, had decidedly increased, and she found it by no means unpleasant, though she fretted and wondered over the others.

Then came the afternoon when Leila dropped in to tea, and while pretending to wax confidential had lashed Kate's pride and temper.

The subject of Leila's confidence had been John's matrimonial hopes and plans, or, rather, the hopes and plans of the Castle family with regard to John. From hopes and plans Leila had then drifted on to a description, more realistic than polite of the style of girl who often sought to marry John, but who would never be welcomed, nor, indeed, tolerated by her parents or herself; from which point she slipped on to hints of the actual girl they all hoped and felt sure John would soon present to them as his future wife.

Then she took her departure. Kate clenched her hands as she sat thinking over the ugly word picture that Leila had drawn of herself as the artful, worldly, entangler of John's affections. She could be scornful as well as they. She

But a knock at the door interrupted her angry musings.

"Dr. Castle to see you, miss," said the maid.

And there stood John himself.

He did not beat about the bush. He had come to ask Kate to be his wife, and he went straight to the point. He took the chair nearest to her, and he leaned forward and told his tale with his love shining in his eyes.

But he was not prepared for the wrath and misery in the face which she turned on him when he paused.

"Do you think I would marry a man whose people would not tolerate me?" she asked, in passionate scorn.

John started in amazement. Then the recollection of some home speeches to which he had listened lately sent the blood to his face.

"Don't talk in that way, Kate, my darling," he pleaded. "Nothing matters if you love me."

"Love you!" she cried. "I think I hate everybody in the world—you, and them, and myself."

"What do you mean?" he burst out. "What have they—what have I done?"

"Tell me!" she turned on him furiously. "Would your father and mother and sister welcome me as your wife?"

John hesitated; he was naturally truthful.

"You know they would not," she con-

## A. & R. Loggie.

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## A. & R. LOGGIE.

continued. "You know they would detest me, and do all in their power to prevent such a marriage, and do you think I would fling myself at them, as you ask?"

"But, Kate, dear Kate, it is madness!"

"Go away," she commanded. "I will not have you here. I am going to cry, but I am not going to yield, and I tell you to go."

John had not been in the room half an hour, and he wanted to stay longer, but having issued her commands Kate gave him no option; she went quickly into the inner room and locked the door.

So John was forced to go, but the love and rage in his heart were fierce.

How Kate spent the hours which followed most women know without being told; how John spent them most men can guess, but in the morning one idea, at any rate, inspired them both—though their motives appear to have been wide apart—for they both wheeled out their bicycles and mounted them.

Then the divergence of their motives was apparent. Kate, starting off impulsively down the stretch of the road in which she lodged, longing only to get away from everybody, realized suddenly that the figure in the distance which had just turned the corner was the figure of John Castle, and without hesitation she wheeled about and sped the other way. That John was coming to see her she felt sure, but she devoutly hoped that he had not caught sight of her.

The roads were slushy, but the air was still, and the wild strength she brought to bear upon her pedals sent her flying over the ground. She realized, however, that the roads were no worse and the air was equally favorable to John if he chose to follow, and her anxiety became intense. As she turned into the busier roads she was forced to slacken pace, and the hindrance set her fuming. She saw bicycles coming toward her, and through the clatter of carts and feet she seemed to hear the "swish" of others following her, but she dared not turn her head to see if the one she dreaded was among them.

After awhile, however, she left the clatter of traffic behind her, and the relief of the quiet was very great. In time though, she grew accustomed to it, and as she sped on, her ears or her imagination became conscious of the "swish" of a bicycle still following.

The pace at which she was going began to distress her. Her muscles seemed to be contracting, her breath came painfully. She remembered that after the level stretch came a sharp downward slope and after that a hill, up which it would be impossible for her to ride.

She was growing desperate. She dared not face John, for she could only rely upon her strength. She was angry, mortified, resentful, but she loved John Castle, and therein lay her vulnerability.

The "swish" behind her sounded nearer. She could not stop. In the hurry of her thoughts she determined to keep up the race to the last possible moment. There was little hope now of escape, but it was the only course—and anything might happen.

Then the slope began. It was steep and rugged. The road, too, narrowed gradually, the slush was deeper. Kate literally seemed to fly over the ground, for she gave no thought to her brake. The cyclist behind seemed to be using the same

method. He was close upon her now, coming swiftly as an eagle.

As they neared the bottom Kate became conscious that a big black object was looming down the opposite hill, but she did not heed it.

"Anything may happen," was the only thought she was conscious of as she swerved close to the hedge to allow the big thing to pass.

Next moment there came a slip, a crash behind her, a shout and a groan. She lost her nerve and swerved over into the hedge—and the race was over.

The shock half stunned her for some seconds; then she scrambled up and looked back. A wagoner was kneeling beside a man who was lying very still—the man was John Castle.

John Castle lay motionless at the bottom of the wagon on that slow journey back, and Kate held his hand in an agony of love and fear and remorse, not daring to cry out, yet finding it almost unbearable to keep silence.

Her heart was soft and humble enough when she reached the home and saw the mother's misery, and she told her tale as gently as she could. Only when she turned to Leila did her bitterness rise again.

"Last night your brother asked me to be his wife," she said. "That," pointing to his still body, is the result of my refusal. If you wish to learn the result of my acceptance you shall come and ask me for it."

And Leila did. Acceptances of love are not in the recognized list of cures and antidotes, but one acted most successfully in the case of John Castle—so successfully, indeed, that once or twice Kate was tempted to think his conclusion a fraud. However, if it were so, the end seemed really to justify the means.

### LINEMAN DUNN.

Of Dundas. Fiddores Dodd's Kidney Pills for Rheumatism.

DUNDAS, Mar. 13.—Gentlemen—I have been troubled with Rheumatism for a year past, and have used several so-called cures. None of them did me a particle of good, however, until I started on a box of Dodd's Kidney Pills. Since then my suffering has been brief as my story is. Three boxes of Dodd's Kidney Pills cured me completely, and you are welcome to make my statement public. William Dunn, Telephone Lineman." Here is information, more precious than a gold mine to men who follow the same occupation as Mr. Dunn, and who are great sufferers from Rheumatism. Dodd's Kidney Pills will cure them as they cured Mr. Dunn.

Professor Lewis Swift, observer on Mount Lowe Observatory Echo Mountain, claims to have discovered last evening a new bright comet in Eradinus right ascension, three hours, 45 minutes, declination south twenty-nine degrees. It is bright, has a short tail. It is just visible to the naked eye, and is moving slowly.

## Children Cry for CASTORIA.

### BRITAIN CAN WHIP THE WORLD.

A NUMBER OF REASONS WHY SHE CAN DO SO.

The Newfoundland Telegram recently in an editorial on "Why England Could Whip the World" says: It is said that not the cleverest mathematician that ever put pen to paper is able to properly praise the full significance of the term "one billion." And, for a similar reason, it is given to no man to realize the immensity of the wealth, and the strength of the British Empire. It is a subject too vast for human understanding. It cannot be focussed to the ordinary vision. The "man in the streets" reads about it, talks about it, is proud of it. But, when all is said and done, he knows very little more concerning its potentialities than does a baby in arms of the world that lies beyond the ken of its nursery windows. Our statesmen, of course, know—vaguely. And the czars and kaisers, and princes who rule the destinies of other empires know. That is why they are so

### CHARY OF ATTACKING US.

Even the telegram sending, mail-fisted German autocrat realizes perfectly that Britain, impregnable herself, could, if occasion arose, withstand successfully the world in arms. For, Britain, it should be remembered, is not so much as a federation of nations. Under our banners fight races so widely divergent as the Ghorka and the Haussa, the Hadendown Arab and the Egyptian fellah, the Sikh and the Pathan, the wiry little Maltese and the mighty but lazy Fijian, the "corn-stalker" from Australia and the smart and sturdy Canadian, the Cannibal New Guinean, the plantain-eating West Indian black, and half a hundred others. In India alone are three hundred million people who own the sway of the Great White Queen, from whom, in case of necessity, we could draw a reserve of from forty to fifty millions of fighting men, or rather more than double the total number of soldiers contained in the combined armies of the entire civilized world.

True, we are not credited, on paper, with the bloated ornaments of most of the

### OTHER GREAT POWERS.

But, on the other hand, our standing army is by no means so insignificant as many people suppose. Besides our Regulars, to the number roughly of 175,000 men, we have more than 263,000 volunteers—each of whom is at least equal, man for man, to a German landsturm or a French reserve—145,000 militia and about 1,000 Yeomanry. There is a reserve list of 100,000 men, each drawing his retaining fee of six pence a day, and each ready and willing to do his duty to fight and die in defence of queen and country. In India alone there are more than a quarter of a million native troops and to these must be added 170,000 native police, nearly soldiers, officers by European and 30,000 Eurasian and European volunteers, and a vast but indeterminate number of semi-independent native levies. Then there is Britain's navy, the biggest and most powerful the world has ever seen. In conclusion the article says, "If England ever has to fight for her existence against a world in arms, she must and will win, even if, in order to do so, she is compelled to devastate Asia, depopulate Europe and bankrupt Christendom."

### HARCOURT PARISH S. S. CONVENTION.

The Harcourt Parish S. S. Convention met in the Presbyterian Church at Harcourt on March the sixth. Owing to bad roads the attendance was not as good as it otherwise would have been. The two sessions—afternoon and evening were presided over by the Parish President A. Dunn. The Field Secretary, Mr. Lucas was present and gave some very instructive Normal lessons, as well as helpful suggestions to teachers and superintendents—a good report was given from the Methodist and Presbyterian schools at Harcourt. The Union School at Mortimore and also at Grandville, although some of the schools showed a smaller attendance this was owing to removals, cold weather and sickness, and the interest by both teachers and scholars seemed greater than formerly. Rev. J. K. McClure and Rev. W. E. Johnson gave brief, helpful addresses.

MRS. JOSEPH LANGERY, BROCKVILLE, ONT., SAYS: "I have used Dr. Low's Worm Syrup and I can say that it has done my children good. It never fails to act promptly." Price 25c.

A motion was agreed to in the House of Lords calling for a return to determine the number of confessional boxes in the Church of England churches in England.

### W. C. T. U. COLUMN.

"And let us not be weary in well-doing for in due season we shall reap if we faint not."—Galatians 6: 9.

### A CALL TO ARMS.

BY NELLIE RANKIN.  
Drink, and the social evil, have joined them heart and hand, To lay in waste the cities of this goodly, pleasant land; Rise up, ye men of freedom, before the setting sun Goes down in mist and darkness on thy day's work yet undone.

Then up, and slay the evils, through Christ the mighty one, Oh, let us sing the dawning of a better day to come; Our hearts 'most faint within us, for the giants hold the sway, And the souls of thousands perish o'er the brink of death's dark way.

Rouse, then, the God be with thee, his hand that holds thee up, Strike for freedom, crush the serpent, that lies coiling in the cup; Lord of hosts, oh, hear our pleading, at the cross of Christ we bow, 'Neath its shadow keep us kneeling, come aid free and save us now. Barrie, Ont.

### AN ITEMIZED ACCOUNT.

A prosperous liquor dealer was boasting to a group of men standing near his saloon of the amount of money he had made.

"I have made \$1,000 in the last three months," he said.

"You have made more than that," quietly remarked a listener.

"What is that?" was the quick response.

"You have made my two sons drunkards. You have made their mother a broken-hearted woman. You have made much more than that, I reckon, but you'll get the full account some day!"

### LICENSED TO—MURDER.

Can it be true that murder is licensed anywhere in this Christian land?

Verily, it is. Edmund Ayers drank liquor in a licensed saloon, had his brain crazed, went out on the street, and killed the first man he met!

Anthony Ellis drank with some companions in a man-trap duly authorized by the law, quarrelled with his best friend, struck him a fatal blow, and then lay down and went to sleep! Both of the wretches will probably hang. There is great indignation against them. But why is there no indignation against the damnable system which authorizes the business of making crazy murderers?

Licensed to—murder! Yet that is what the people of this town are doing. And it is the same amazing, awful thing which is being done all over the land.—Epworth Herald.

The best of whiskey will get the best of you.

Liquor bills are often paid at the lunatic asylum.

"Drink no wine" and you will not drink too much.

Recently, in New York city, forty ministers of various denominations met and unanimously passed a resolution requesting the President and Congress "to prevent the introduction of the canteen saloon into Cuba, Porto Rico and the Philippines," and urging citizens to sign petitions already in circulation, asking for the suppression of the army saloons.

In a recent lawsuit for damages by reason of the enforced closing of a saloon, the proprietor swore that his sales were \$30 a day, and his profits upon the sales \$20. It is not to be wondered at that the saloon dies hard, nor that the owners of big breweries long since concluded to pocket the retail rather than the wholesale profit of the traffic. In a city of 20,000 population one firm lately bought thirty-four corner sites at an expense of \$200,000.

A returned soldier says: "The sights I saw in Cuba have strengthened my faith in the justness of the fight against the liquor traffic. Rum, wine and whiskey could be obtained when a drink of cold water was not to be had for any price. Those who drank suffered intensely. Those who have been in Cuba have learned that to drink alcoholic liquors is to take a short cut to death." Three hundred and seventy-two carloads of beer were sold in Camp Thomas. Two men from each company, aggregating a daily leave of 1,200 were permitted to visit Chattanooga, whose saloons were always accessible. He deprecated the fact that the army regulations permitted the canteen system. Can inns, hotels, or saloons prove any-

thing but a curse to educational institutions when located in their neighbourhood? Within a period of ten years all the saloons have been forced out of the sight of the University of Pennsylvania, and to a distance not within easy access of the campus. As a result, the moral tone, the deportment, and the class standings of this institution are noticeably improved. And no one will venture to affirm that the students who have no visible temptation from "hell's half-acre" during their student hours are the weaker, or that their liberty has been lessened or hampered.

"Drink has caused all this." These were the dying words of the wife of a New York policeman who in a drunken rage shot and killed his wife, his two children, his mother and himself. A whole family was exterminated by the murderous hand of the father who should have protected it, and "drink caused all this." Just such terrible things are being caused by drink every day. Every year a thousand millions of dollars are consumed, thousands of homes are blighted, multitudes of children go ragged and hungry, numberless accidents, fires, drownings, brawls, riots, suicides, and murders occur, and thousands have their rotten bodies buried in drunkards' graves, and "drink has caused all this." Imagination cannot pile up all the horrors of this curse. In the day of judgment there will be an awful record of sin and crime against which may be written the verdict, "Drink has caused all this."

### March and the Lion

#### Something Better Than the Old Saw

The saying about the lion and the lamb in March often proves false, but there is another and a better one which is literally true. When March comes in and finds you taking Hood's Sarsaparilla to purify, enrich and vitalize your blood, you may expect when it goes out, that it will leave you free from that tired feeling and with none of the boils, pimples and eruptions which manifest themselves because of impure blood in the spring. If you have not already begun taking Hood's Sarsaparilla for your spring medicine, we advise you to begin to-day. We assure you it will make you feel better all through the coming summer.

### MAIN RIVER.

Seeing nothing from our quiet locality some time, I felt as if we were left out in the cold.

Although no one requires a recipe for scandal, still a disease chicken pox, has been in our midst, still it did not spread throughout the district only two families, Mr. Sullivan's and Mr. Graham's, (p. m.) having it.

All our enterprising farmers, and the West Branch contingent, are engaged in lifting mussel mud.

Ernest took a half holiday last week to visit Richibucto friends. He returned with Maggie, but not the Maggie, (she is expected later.)

It would be only fair, in the interests of the community, for Mr. McWilliams, (road master,) to warn the young gentlemen not to snow-shoe in the centre of the lanes, as it makes them more difficult to break out in the spring.

Mr. M. Graham has recovered from his recent illness and returned to his work up north.

Our worthy Post Master took a flying trip to Moncton last week. He was accompanied by Buctouch by Mrs. Allanach.

We trust the concert at Nicholas River, billed for the 15th, will materialize, as we anticipate a pleasant time.

D. J. has shed his snow shoes and now drives a cutter, which, all things considered, is more convenient.

The St. Bernard dogs "are not in it" with Rover, as he always takes a treat of candy home from parties.

Last Monday Mrs. Alex. Murray sustained a severe fracture of the right arm. Dr. McWilliams was called to attend her and she is improving under his treatment, but is still confined to her bed.

Ned must not take nocturnal vigils else the ghost may appear again.

March has been abnormally mild so far so much so that butterflies have been seen in this vicinity recently.

We hear that the school at James McDermott's is soon to re-open, much to the delight of some of our young men, who formerly found it very pleasant to take an evening stroll in that direction.

### WHITE WINGS.

Spring tiredness is due to an impoverished condition of the blood and is cured by Hood's Sarsaparilla, which enriches the blood.