

# THE REVIEW

VOL. 13. NO. 5

RICHIBUCTO, NEW BRUNSWICK, THURSDAY SEPTEMBER 12, 1901.

\$1.00 A YEAR

## 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.

See that your advertisement is ticketed via THE REVIEW.

### NANCY'S LOVERS.

"You didn't forget the widow, did you, Tom, when you paid the lad off? We've been on a pretty long cruise this time, and like enough she'll be in need of many more things than the boy's wages will buy for her."

"Oh, no, Bill, I didn't forget Nancy! I put two ten dollar bills in an envelope, one from you and one from me, and gave them to the young chap for his mother. But I say, Bill, I think that on the next job we'd better 'dress' the boy and let him make a 'dip' alongside of either one of us, while the other 'tends' him. My word for it, he will make a good diver after a little practice, with such men as you and I to teach him the business."

"I guess you're right, mate," answered Bill. "If Neddy has a liking for the work and the widow don't object, the lad might as well commence now as any time. I'll take a walk up to the cottage to-night and see what Nancy has to say about it. She may think it's most too dangerous a business for her only boy; but, Lor', Tom, ain't you and I spent half our lives under water and are none the worse for it now?"

"That's so, Bill. Why, a diver in his armor, with a good 'tender' at the surface is just as safe as a parson in his pulpit. Yes, you'd better go and see Nancy," continued Tom reflectively, "and have a talk with her. And, say, mate, see if she wants anything, so that we can get it for her afore we go away again."

"All right, old man. So long!" Bill had just disappeared when the captain of the schooner emerged from the cabin, and approached the solitary figure on deck.

"Ah, Tom," he began jocosely; "counting the stars or thinking over your past sins?"

"No, cap; you're wrong about the stars, for I haven't cast an eye aloft for the last half hour, but as for the past—yes, I was beginning to think over that a little. I often think over it. Sometimes I'm pleased with the recollection, and then, again, I wish it had been somebody else that had gone through what Bill and I have and not us."

"Why, man, what is it that you and your mate have done that you dislike to recall to mind? I've known you both for nearly 20 years, and though I say it to your face, I never saw two squarer men on salt water in my whole life."

"Well, cap'n, I think we have done pretty near what is right since you sailed in our company, but shortly afore you fell in with us there was something that happened which both Bill and I would give all we are worth if it hadn't, although I'm beginning to feel that it might have been for the best, as it brought forth what little there was of good in the characters of two men."

"I have always believed that there was a page in your histories which would prove of deep interest, but one which you have hitherto carefully guarded. Now, if it is not asking too much, I beg that you will make a confidant of me and accept the word of a sailor that I will never reveal the secret."

At this Tom hesitated ere he began.

"Cap, although Bill and I never said that what happened that day we wouldn't talk about, yet we have mutually kept silent on the subject, more because it wasn't real pleasant for either of us to think of it because we were ashamed to let the world know what confounded fools we made of ourselves. Yes, cap'n, I'll tell you. It was way back in '65, when Bill and I were working together on a wreck just inside of Chesapeake Bay,

## DO NOT WASTE MONEY

buying POOR FLOUR, but get

## FISHERMEN'S PRIDE.

It is the best Ontario wheat flour on the market and we guarantee every barrel to give entire satisfaction or your money returned.

To those who like GOOD Tea we would recommend FISHERMEN'S PRIDE TEA. Put up in lead packages and sold exclusively by

## A. & R. LOGGIE

between Cape Henry light and Hampton Roads.

"We had come down from New York and were pretty spruce young chaps in those days. Now, it seemed, although neither one of us knew it, that we were both thinking considerable of the same girl. We had been aboard of a wrecking schooner about the size of this one for nearly two weeks when one Sunday I was overhauling my things in the fore-cabin and was just taking out a picture of the 'little one' that I'd left up home. Bill came along and, looking over my shoulder, says: 'Hello, chum! Who have you got there?'"

"Says I, as honest as could be, handing him the picture, 'That's the woman I hope to be my wife some day.'"

"Your wife!" says he as he took the photograph. 'My God! That's Nancy Stewart!' And, glancing up, I saw Bill staring at the picture with his face as white as a new gaff top-sail. Then, thrusting the likeness into his pocket, he hissed through his clenched teeth, 'No, Tom Baxter, she will never be your wife!' And, turning, he sprang up the steps out of the fore-cabin before I could stop him. 'As you may imagine, I was boiling mad and surprised as well. I followed Bill on deck and saw him sitting on a water cask, with both hands up to his face. I approached him, and, touching him on the shoulder, I asked as gently as I could for the return of the picture."

"As he looked up to me the expression of his countenance was that of a maniac. His features were distorted with either anger or anguish, I know not which."

"Come, come," I said after a pause, during which my chum glared vacantly at me. 'Give me back the photograph.'"

"The answer I received was a blow, and down I went as though shot, with Bill on top. I was considerably stronger than he in those days and soon got the best of the affair. I held Bill down on deck with one hand at his throat and with the other pulled the picture from his pocket, but in doing so it was torn in two, and I only secured one-half. At this instant our shipmates separated us, and for the rest of that day we avoided each other as much as possible."

"On Monday morning, as we were 'dressing' ourselves side by side, as usual, ready to go down to work, I could hear Bill muttering under his breath, and just as his 'tender' was screwing on the face piece to his helmet I caught a most malignant look upon his features, but he uttered no threats aloud."

"My companion had scarcely reached the bottom ere I was in the water and rapidly descending. I had made up my mind to give Bill as wide a berth as possible during the day and began my labors, stripping off the copper from the wreck well aft, while he was amidships."

"We had been down perhaps half an hour, and I was commencing to feel a little more at ease when all at once I heard a slight tapping on my copper helmet, and a hand was placed upon my shoulder. I had been kneeling, but quickly rose to my feet and, turning, saw Bill standing before me, but his aspect sent a

chill to my very heart. He was extending toward me a knife, the blade of which he touched with one finger and then pointed to my weapon, which hung in its sheath at my belt."

"I comprehended his meaning. It was a challenge to mortal combat. But what a place for such an encounter! I am ashamed to admit, however, that after the brief first instant of surprise I began to feel an insane desire to overcome and subdue my rival, even though it was in a struggle to the death."

"So, dropping the short iron bar with which I had been previously working, I drew my knife in turn. On seeing this move Bill reached forth one hand and grasped mine, which gave a convulsive pressure, and then waved me back to prepare for action."

"Now began the battle. The thrusts, as you must know, were somewhat impeded by the pressure of the water, but still they were given with sufficient force, if they had not been skillfully parried, for any one of them to have proved fatal. In a little while we found ourselves locked, each with his left hand grasping the other's wrist, while the knives waved to and fro above our helmets."

"Suddenly I began to lose my air and was horrified to see a small piece of the rubber hose drop down before my eyes, and I knew that Bill had severed the pipe. But still at that moment I remember thinking that it must have been an accident, as Bill, even in his anger, would not take such a mean advantage over his adversary."

"Suffocation quickly followed, but before entirely losing consciousness I gave the signal to be drawn to the surface, and then I knew no more until I found myself lying upon the schooner's deck, with helmet off and my head resting on Bill's knee, wiping the blood and foam from my nostrils. He was 'dressed' just as he had been when going into the water, barring the removal of the glass 'face piece' in his headgear."

"When I opened my eyes and looked around, I saw him wave the rest of the chaps aside, and then he bent down until the cold copper of his helmet touched my cheek as he whispered: 'Thank God, Tom, you're safe. But don't, for the sake of our friendship, say a word of what's happened to our shipmates. And, oh, if you can forgive me yourself!'"

"Forgive him! Why, bless him, I've loved him since that moment. And never from that day to this has the affair been spoken of to any one but ourselves."

"How was it that he cut your hose, willing to take your life, yet still did so much to bring you to?" asked the captain incredulously."

"Bill was quick tempered, and he was in an awful rage. He would not have hesitated to have thrust his knife into my heart, albeit he would have been sorry for it the next instant, but cutting the 'hose' was an accident, and when he saw the terrible death with which I was threatened his anger disappeared like the mists of morning before the gentle sea breeze. The boy's told me that when I came to the surface I was in Bill's arms and it was

his own hands which unlocked the helmet from the 'collar' and gave me air. They also told me that he would not stop to have his 'weights' unbuckled nor his 'headpiece' removed, but just knelt down beside me, calling all the while for me to open my eyes, just as though I had been a brother."

"How about the young woman who was the cause of all this trouble? What became of her?" inquired the captain with much interest."

"Oh, Nancy! Poor girl!" said Tom. "Why, she didn't care nothing for either of us two fools. All the time we were thinking that we might prevail upon her to cruise in our company she had agreed to sign articles with a young mate of an East Indianman. So when we found that out we both of us took a job which lasted us about two years down in Key West. But when we got back we heard that Nancy had been a bride, a mother and was then a widow, the poor chap whom she married having been lost at sea on his very next voyage."

"Then Bill and I hunted her up, and when we found her we adopted her for our sister. We came out here to Frisco, where business is better than on the Atlantic coast, and she came, too, and we've looked after her ever since."

"Her child? Did it live?" inquired the captain interestedly."

"Well, I reckon it did. Leastwise it was alive a couple of hours ago when I saw it going over the rail yonder with a month's pay in its pocket to gladden a mother's heart," replied the old diver, with a quiet chuckle."

"What! Do you mean that Neddy your 'tender,' is Nancy's boy?"

"That's just about the size of it, cap'n. And he's a boy that no woman need be ashamed of either, and if his mother will let the lad follow the business into which he's started—and that's what Bill has gone up to the house to find out—I'll wager my gear and 'dress' that within five years there won't be a diver on the Pacific coast who will 'dip' deeper or work longer under water than the same boy."

"But Nancy?" asked the captain. "Will she never marry?"

"Hush, sag!" exclaimed the diver in a low voice. "Not until either Bill or I have 'sounded' her for the last time and been laid away in our armor. Then perhaps she might."

### He Got It Right In The Head.

That's where Catarrah always sticks, until it strikes down into the lungs, then it's Consumption. Summer is coming that's the time to cure Catarrah. The weather, sunshine, dry air, all are favorable. Catarrah will not cure itself. The favorable conditions above mentioned enable Catarrah to do its own work in one quarter of the time. It always cures, but it cures more quickly now than at any other season of the year. Your druggist or doctor will tell you what a good thing Catarrah is. 25c. and \$1.00. For sale at R. O'Leary's General Store, Richibucto.

### SUSSEX EXHIBITION RACES.

Sussex will again hold a five days exhibition this year, lasting from Monday, September 30th to Friday, October 4th. This enterprising town is succeeding in building up a reputation for holding one of the best exhibitions in the province, and the fact that there will be no exhibition in St. John this year has caused the Sussex people to make greater efforts than ever before. The races, which have hitherto been a strong feature of this exhibition, will this year be better than ever, \$1200 in purses being put up by the management. There will be two days racing, Tuesday and Wednesday, October 1st and 2nd. On Tuesday, October 1st will be the 2:25 class trot, purse \$300; free-for-all trot, \$250. On Wednesday, October 2nd will be the 2:30 class, purse \$200; free-for-all trot, purse \$350. The Sussex track was never in better condition and the time made there last year shows it to be one of the fastest tracks in the Maritime Provinces, Brazilian having made his mark of 2:19 on it. The liberal purse hung out by the management coupled with the reputation Sussex has earned for good, clean, honest horse-racing, should ensure the best races of the season at Sussex on Oct. 1st and 2nd.

### CASTORIA

For Infants and Children.

The only reliable medicine for infants and children.

### CANADA'S SHOTS WON THE WORLD'S CHAMPIONSHIP.

NEW YORK, Sept. 5.—The Canadian and American riflemen held a long session on the state rifle range at Sea Girt, N. J., to-day, in the contest for the American centennial Palma trophy, emblematic of the world's championship and the Canadians won by a margin of 28 points.

The conditions of the contest called for the use of the national arm of the country represented by the teams, so that it was practically a duel between the American Krag and the English Lee-Enfield weapons.

The match was shot in three stages, 800, 900 and 1,000 yards.

In the first stage the visiting team led by a margin of seven points, their scores aggregating 532 as against 525 for the home team. On the 900 yards range each team made 519 points, the Canadians still leading by seven points; 1,000 yards, Canadians 471, Americans 450. Final score: Canada, 1,522; America, 1,494.

The next contest for the Palma trophy will take place in Canada in accordance with the rules giving the disposition of the prize.

In the Scotchmen match at the 200 yards range, D. W. G. Hudson has top score of 216 out of a possible 225 on the German ring target and is tied with Harry M. Pope, of Hartford, Conn., and Michael Dorrier, of Jersey City, each having 139 out of a possible 150 on the standard American target.

### The Renewal of Strain

Vacation is over. Again the school bells ring at morning and at noon, again with tens of thousands the hardest kind of work has begun, the renewal of which is a mental and physical strain to all except the most rugged. The little girl that a few days ago had roses in her cheeks, and the little boy whose lips were then so red you would have insisted that they had been 'kissed by strawberries,' have already lost something of the appearance of health. Now is a time when many children should be given a tonic, which may avert much serious trouble, and we know of no other so highly to be recommended as Hood's Sarsaparilla, which strengthens the nerves, perfects digestion and assimilation, and aids mental development by building up the whole system.

(Daily Transcript, Moncton, N. B., Aug. 30, 1901)

The Rev. Henry R. Ross, in addressing the General Passenger Department has the following kind remarks to make about the intercolonial and its route:—

"This is a beautiful region of our continent, and I shall lecture upon it in terms of highest praise. I was especially struck with the excellent equipment of your passenger coaches—better than anything we have in the States, save one or two exceptions. Also with the fine service of your dining cars. My trip to Campbellton was highly interesting. The Metacombia region is a sportsman's paradise, and an artist's too. The sportsman and travellers of the States shall hear my voice in ringing praise of the region. My one regret is that I did not have the leisure to visit Cape Breton this time. Hope to come again."

Speaking of the writer of the above the Halifax Herald says:—Rev. Henry H. R. Ross, of Newark, N. J., preached at both services in the Universist church Sunday to very large audiences. Mr. Ross is one of the youngest and most eloquent public orators of the United States.

### WONDERS OF THE HEART.

All the blood in the human body passes through the heart in about three minutes. The heart beats 70 times a second, 4200 times an hour, 100,800 times a day, throwing out 2½ ounces of blood a second, 576 lbs. an hour, 7½ tons a day. It is only when supplied with pure, iron blood, that the heart can accomplish this enormous amount of work and rebuild its own wasted tissues. Dr. Chase's Nerve Food is the most effective treatment available, for heart affections because it forms new red corpuscles in the blood, and gives to it that life-sustaining quality which is necessary to the health of every organ.

St. HYACINTHE, Sept. 6.—At a special meeting of the workmen's society, held to decide what action to take in regard to the reduction of 15 per cent. announced by the Canadian Woollen Mills Company it was decided to oppose the reduction and a committee was appointed to wait on the managing director, Mr. Morris Boas. They will ask that a board of arbitration be named, and unless this request is granted they will decide to return to work to-morrow morning.

The mill owners claim that they have lost heavily during the past two years and they prefer to close down rather than run at a loss. However, they are willing to try another year provided the employees would accept the reduction of 15 per cent.

### WINDSOR CASTLE

IN MINIATURE—ERECTED IN TORONTO.

One of the most interesting exhibits in the Industrial Exhibition at Toronto is a fac-simile on a scale of 1/4 inches to the foot of Windsor Castle. It is in the gallery of the Main Hall of the Exhibition. No visitor to the Exhibition should fail to see this model of the castle, which has been prepared from drawings by Mr. Max Clarke, A.R.I.B.A., the well-known London architect, the construction having been carried out by Messrs. Campbell, Smith and Co., of London, England.

Windsor Castle has been for centuries the principal residence of the Kings and Queens of England. It recalls the remote age in which this castle was founded in feudal times, which have now happily passed away, giving place to the days of liberty now enjoyed in the fullest degree by every land over which the Royal Standard floats.

The beautiful model shown in the Exhibition has been brought over to Toronto from England by Messrs. Lever Brothers, Limited, manufacturers of Sunlight Soap, and forms their exhibit at the Exhibition. It may not be generally known in Canada that Sunlight Soap is in use in the Royal laundries and has been for many years. Visitors to Windsor Castle in 1893 write:—"Once introduced into the Palace, Sunlight Soap found many friends there, and after five years' use the Castle officials speak more and more favorably of it." Since the date of which this was written Sunlight Soap has attained the position of a sale larger than any other three soaps combined, and they now have in Toronto erected a works for the manufacture of Sunlight Soap—a works that has been declared by insurance authorities to be the best equipped they had seen of anything of its kind this side of the Atlantic.

The growth of Sunlight Soap has been phenomenal. Starting with small works in Warrington, less than 10 years ago, there are now employed by the Port-Sunlight Works alone over 3,000 hands. Works have been established in Germany, Switzerland, Australia, United States, and Canada. Lever Brothers, Limited, have attained this eminent position in the world of soap by maintaining at whatever cost the standard quality of their Sunlight Soap, and since the works have been established in Canada they have put on the market what will certainly also become standard lines for household use, namely, Lever's Day Soap and Y. Z. Disinfectant Soap Powder. They are also the proprietors of Monkey Brand, the well-known scouring soap, that "won't wash clothes," but will practically cleanse everything else in the house from the roof to the cellar. Their Lifebuoy Royal Disinfectant Soap they claim to have the largest sale of any disinfectant soap in the world. It has fittingly been said that the name "Lever" on soap is a guarantee of quality.

The enterprise that has produced such a record for sales and quality of soap has brought to Toronto an exhibit such as every Torontonian should see.

The Windsor Castle model in the Exhibition is not merely an advertisement of the Company—it is something that every visitor to the Exhibition should see and particularly those who may never have an opportunity to see the real Windsor Castle.—Mail and Empire, Toronto.

### Weary Brain Workers.

Fagged out, ideas come as slowly as molasses. You think of things just a minute or two too late. Snap's gone! The buoyancy that made work a pleasure—that's gone, too. The doctor will tell you that you are run down, not eating enough nor digesting enough. Your stomach needs air, your digestion needs a breaker too. Your blood requires Phosphorus and Iron that it may be formed readily. Now Ferronine is a wonderful nerve-bracer and blood-maker. It's food for the blood and nerves, it will make you strong quickly and permanently. Sold by R. O'Leary, General Merchant, Richibucto.

WINDSOR, Ont., Sept. 5.—Owners of peach orchards in Essex county, argue at a loss to know what to do with their fruit. They have thousands of bushels on their hands and the best market price is \$1 a bushel. A year ago they received \$4 and \$5 a bushel for early Crawford which are now so plentiful. Much surprise is expressed at the enormous crop, as the trees last winter so nipped the buds that most fruit men thought there would be only a few bushels to an orchard.

Children Cry for CASTORIA.