

THE REVIEW

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THE GREAT NORTH SHORE ROUTE!

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Lady Mary's Mistake.

"No, he doesn't love me any longer!" said Lady Mary.

The old Countess looked up with a troubled smile or her beautiful face.

"You are sure of that?" said the Countess.

"Quite sure, mother.

"My dear, when a woman hesitates, she always says she is sure. You have been married two years; between the first year and the third the happiest couples doubt each others constancy. All women think at times that their husbands no longer loves them; many occasionally believe it; many—

"Know," said Lady Mary.

"And are mistaken."

The daughter rose. "You are always an optimist, dearest," she said, with affectionate impatience. "You think everyone is as good as yourself."

"But of course, child, if you are sure you are sure; there is no more to be said," Lady Mary bent over the back of her mother's chair and kissed the tall white forehead. "There is no more to be said," she answered. "I am sure because I am sure, I couldn't give you any reasons. I only know that I feel it to be so. George is courteous and considerate as ever—he is kindness itself. But he doesn't care for me, mother, as he used to do."

"Of course not," interrupted the Countess.

"He could live without me. He can be perfectly happy without me and so I told him only this morning."

"Of course he can. My dear, you are exacting. Did you expect to have a husband who couldn't live without you—if required?"

"If required. There's the difference, mother. I hardly ever see him. I don't know where he spends his evenings. But, hush, I'm not going to complain of my husband; only I didn't want you to think me altogether a goose. Now I must run away. It only wants an hour till dinner."

Lady Rothwell drew her daughter's hand toward her, and held it in her own. "Dearest," she said, "only don't exaggerate! Remember, you did not marry an angel. Lovers have nothing in common with angels except wings."

Lady Mary reflected on these words of her mother's in the brougham, as she drove back to Byanston square. Her marriage with Sir George Tresling, two years ago, had been a love match. It seemed so exceptionally in every way, it really need hardly have been one, but, as it happened, it was. George Tresling, young, good-looking, well off, and fairly idle, had made a desirable suitor and satisfactory husband. Cynics might opine that he had spoiled his wife. That is to say he never yet had given her occasion for tears. Which is saying a good deal considering that she loved him.

I couldn't give mother the facts mused Lady Mary. "And, really when I come to think of it, there ain't any facts to give. All the same, I feel it. For the last six months things have somehow been very different. I couldn't say to mother: 'Here is proof. Its six months since he left off calling me May.'

We want a large quantity of BLUE-BERRIES for which we are prepared to pay the highest market prices.

A. & R. LOGGIE.

Blueberries WANTED!

Arriving at the house she hastened upstairs to her dressing-room. On her way she had to pass a little staircase nook, not much more than a cosy corner, which opened off a landing, built out on some leads. She noticed her husband was seated, writing at a little brown and gold escriptorie he kept there, a genuine Riesner, one of those spurious antiques which are now found in every well-furnished house. He was writing so eagerly that he did not even observe her approach as she swept along the heavy stair-carpet. And by the bend of his shoulders, the fling of his legs, the fierce scratch of his pen across the paper, she could see that he was greatly excited, unusually so—although always, certes, George Tresling must be styled a nervous man. She was close beside him, when he looked up with a cry.

"Good heavens, how you startled me!" he said, and he held his hand across the paper before him, bending forward as if afraid that anyone should see what he was writing.

"Startled you? Why? I have just come in from my mother's. I had tea there."

"Naturally. You are always at your mother's—almost. I just want to finish—"

"Almost!" she repeated, laughing. "It's a good thing you added that—what is it?—adjective?—adverb? It saves you from exaggerations. Why, you know perfectly well that I never go to my mother's unless I am left in the house alone." She laughed again, resolved to show a brave front.

"Well, it's a good thing you've got a mother to go to. It saves you from feeling lonely when I'm away." Was that a reproach of her childishness, or a regret? There's nothing more wholesome in a family than mothers, except when they develop themselves as mothers-in-law. Aren't you going up to dress for dinner? I just want to finish—"

"George," she said, lingeringly, as if thinking many thoughts in that one word. "Oh, there's plenty of time. I—I just wanted to say, of course I didn't mean what I said this morning about your being just as happy away from me. Only sometimes—her voice trembled—"I feel as if you didn't care for me as you used to—once. But you do—don't you, George?"

He started up, with an excited crash from his persistent stoop over the writing-table, as if breaking away from a tension grown insupportable. "I will give you my answer to that question presently," he cried with assumed lightness, "and I'll try to make it as satisfactory as possible. We haven't time just now. Why, Mary, d'you know—sometimes I think you're rather hard to satisfy!" He had thrown to the little lid of the escriptorie, whose

two halves closed up and down with a lock in the middle of them, and turning the key he ran upstairs to his dressing-room.

Lady Mary remained standing for a minute or two, in self-reproachful thought. Yes, it was true as her mother had declared, she was exigent. A man cannot spend his life in maudlin display of affection. It was positively silly of her to dislike his calling her 'Mary.' Did she call him 'Georgie' now, as she had done, once or twice, in the early spring of their love-making?

Why, he'd hardly liked it even then. True, nobody called him 'Georgie' and all his own people had always called her 'May.' Yet—no, she had no positive grievance against him. He still brought—or—sent—her flowers. He went to his club a great deal. Of course—especially of evenings. Of course men go to clubs.

As she turned to leave the little alcove, apology in every attitude, her eye fell on a scrap of paper sticking out from the slit at the back of the escriptorie, where the lid closed up. Papers are very apt to slip through like this, from the smooth leather surface and out at the back, where they stuck in the tight-fitting grove, as the double lid closed up.

Lady Mary carefully drew out the page of note-paper, intending to return it to her husband. As she pulled it towards her however, her eyes fell on her own name, so she thought, in his massive sprawling handwriting:

"May! Cruel, adorable May! What is this that you say about separation? About my being able to live without you? Why you know I can't. And if I could, I wouldn't. Is this your reward for all the devotion I've shown you? Not that a fellow wants to speak of that, only—"

The paper was blurred, the ink not yet dry. No more had been written.

Lady Mary stood, holding the letter in her hand. A great joy came into her eyes, filling them to overflowing and then she burst into tears.

"May! Cruel, adorable May!" He had been writing these very words when she had broken in upon him with her reproaches. No wonder that in his righteous pride, he has withheld them, left them unspoken, hidden them, for moment away. What she had said that morning—that he no longer seems to need her company—that he sought his happiness away from her—these unjust accusations had wounded him to the heart. Not trusting himself to speak calmly, he had written a few loving words of reproach and reply.

Before he had finished, she had interrupted him, returning to the charge,

"Cruel, adorable May!" He still thought her 'adorable.' And he deemed her to be 'cruel.' He was right. She stood looking at the damp, blurred word in a midst of loving ecstasy and shame.

"Still here?" said her husband on the threshold. Then he sprang forward and his voice changed its tone. "My God, Mary, what have you got there?"

She held out the unfinished note.

"Forgive me," she stammered, and the tears rained down her cheeks. "Dearest, forgive me; see I found your note to me. It had slipped through the back of the desk. Oh, George, can you ever forgive me that I ever doubted your love?"

He hesitated for a moment and his color came back from ashen white to burning red. Then at last he said:

"Please don't talk nonsense, Mary. Of course, I never thought you doubted my love. But men are different from women. I—I—of course I love you, Mary."

She took a step toward him, and he caught her in his arms.

"Call me 'May' she whispered, her head upon his shoulders, as you always used to, until five or six months ago."

A second flood of color streamed across his face.

"May!" he said almost affectionately; "Foolish, darling May!"

"Not 'cruel' she murmured, looking up at him.

"No—no, not cruel," he said and kissed her.

But—! And still she looked up at him with smiles among her tears.

"But—" he repeated, uncertain searching.

"A little—just a little—adorable?" she prompted, almost inaudibly, all blushes and rippling happiness.

"Altogether adorable," he answered hastily, and kissed her again, and softly disengaged himself. "Now," hurry up and dress."

Left alone, George Tresling gazed down at his shiny boots. Then he turned to the secretaire and thoughtfully unlocked it.

"Well!" he said, "well!"

And he sat down and wrote the following note, in the place of the one his wife had carried off with her, pressed tight against her breast:—

"Dear May—If you wish it so, of course it must be so. You are the best judge of your own happiness, and on no account would I interfere with such plans as you may desire to make for your future. So I regretfully bid you farewell, wishing you all prosperity.

Yours sincerely,

GEORGE.

This note he carefully enclosed in an envelope and addressed to

"Miss May St. Clair,

3 Piccadilly Mansion, W."

And the envelope he as carefully placed in the inner breast-pocket of his coat for mailing. Then he went out on the landing and there waited for his wife's coming down.

"We must contrive to have that stupid little table altered, if we can," he said.

"Should we?" answered Lady Mary, gaily. "I owe it all my happiness."

He bent, as he offered his arm and kissed her upturned countenance. "It shall be as you like," he said. Everything, henceforth, shall be exactly as you like, dear."

A Knock Out For Asthma.

You have had many disappointments, filled your stomach with nasty drugs, tried lots of things, but they all failed. Not being a stomach complaint, of course, Asthma can't be cured by stomach medicine. But Catarrhazone cures Asthma; it gives it a tired feeling in a about fifteen minutes. Inhale Catarrhazone; it makes breathing easy, cures the cough, makes you well. Doctors say there is nothing like Catarrhazone for Asthma. 25 cents and \$1.00. For sale at R. O'Leary's General Store, Richibucto.

AS USUAL.

Little James had been telling a visitor that his father had got a new set of false teeth.

"Indeed!" said the visitor. "And what will he do with the old set?"

"Oh, I s'pose," replied little James, "they'll cut 'em down and make me wear 'em."—Pittsburg Bulletin.

W. C. T. U. CONVENTION.

The 6th annual Convention of the N. B. Woman's Christian Temperance Union will be held (D. V.) in Hartland, Carleton Co., on Sept. 10th, 11th, 12th. The Convention is composed of the Prov. Officers, Superintendents of Departments, Co. Presidents and two delegates from each affiliated Union. All members of Convention will have homes provided for them, and their names should be sent at once to Mrs. S. Hayden Shaw, Hartland, N. B. County or local Unions having banners are requested to bring them to Convention. An Executive meeting will be held on Tuesday afternoon in the Reformed Baptist church. The Welcome meeting will be held on Tuesday evening in the Free Baptist church. Mrs. J. K. Barney, Prison evangelist and round-the-world Missionary, will be present through the whole session and will speak at the Welcome-meeting. She will also deliver a lecture on Wednesday evening. The Railroads grant the usual Convention rates. The I. C. R. grants free return to delegates holding standard certificates. The Albert Co. R. R., the Hampton & St. Martins R. R., and the N. B. & P. E. I. R. R. also grant free return to those holding certificates. The C. P. R. will grant return by payment of one-third rate if more than 50 are in attendance, and one-half if less than 50. In all cases delegates and visitors will purchase one full first-class ticket to Convention, and get at the same time a standard certificate. A full attendance is earnestly hoped for and it is strongly urged that the Unions cannot get larger returns from their money than by paying the expenses to Convention of at least one wide-awake, interested woman.

EMMA R. ATKINSON,

Pres. Prov. W. C. T. U.

ANNIE R. TRUEMAN,

Cor. Sec'y. W. C. T. U.

Aug. 28th, 1901.

Ladies Who Value Their Time and Study Economy use only the Diamond Dyes and the Diamond Dye Mat and Rug Patterns.

A vast quantity of Diamond Dyes are used every year for the coloring of rags, yarns and warps for the making of home-made Carpets, Mats and Rugs. Diamond Dyes are universally used for this work because they give color that sun or washing can never fade. We have seen floor rugs, the materials of which had been dyed with Diamond Dyes that looked rich and bright after five years of wear.

Just a word here to those who are interested in Mat and Rug making. The proprietors of the celebrated Diamond Dyes are manufacturers of the popular Diamond Dye Mat and Rug Patterns. This season their designs are attracting much attention, and retail dry goods houses are buying them freely. The Diamond Dye Mat and Rug Patterns are the best and most artistic in Canada. If your dealer has not yet put them in stock, write for sheet of designs sent free by The Wells & Richardson Co., Limited, Montreal.

MONCTON, Aug. 30.—A serious wreck occurred at Thompson Station on the eastern division last night to No. 76 freight train going east. As far as can be ascertained the train broke away in the middle and the rear end crashed into the front part near the water tank. Two box cars were derailed and roadbed quite badly ripped up for some distance. A young man giving his name as Percy Buskirk, hailin' from Lewisville, a suburb of this city, and who was stealing a ride was quite badly cut about the head and face. No one else was injured.

GOOD HEALTH IS IMPOSSIBLE without regular action of the bowels. Laxa Liver Pills regulate the bowels, cure constipation, dyspepsia, biliousness, sick headache and all affections of the organs of digestion. Price 25 cents. All druggists.

GOING THE WHOLE FIGURE.

"Harry, are you going to wear that shirt waist to church?"

"I thought I would."

"Well, let's be thoroughly comfortable. I'll wear a dressing sack and take a pitcher of iced lemonade and two sofa pillows along."—Chicago Record-Herald.

WHY BABIES CRY.

Some Useful Hints to Mothers on the Care of Little Ones.

Babies cry because they are sick or in pain, and in almost every case the sickness or pain is caused by some disorder of the stomach or bowels. Fermentation and decomposition of the food produce a host of infantile troubles, such as griping, colic, constipation, diarrhoea, simple fever, indigestion, etc. Proper digestion of the food is necessary to the maintenance of life, and evacuation of used up products and refuse of digestion is necessary to health. The lesson to mothers is, therefore, that the stomach and bowels should be carefully watched, and if baby cries, or is fretful or cross, some simple vegetable remedy should be given. Mothers should never resort to the so-called "soothing" preparations to quiet baby, as they invariably contain stupefying opiates. Baby's Own Tablets will be found an ideal medicine. They gently move the bowels, aid digestion, and promote sound, healthy sleep, thus bringing happiness to both mother and child. They are guaranteed to contain no poisonous "soothing" stuff, and may be given with absolute safety (dissolved in water if necessary) to children of all ages from earliest infancy, with an assurance that they will promptly cure all their minor ailments.

For the benefit of other mothers, Mrs. Alex. Lafave, Copper Cliff, Ont., says:—"I would advise all mothers to keep Baby's Own Tablets in the house at all times. When I began giving them to my baby he was badly constipated, and always cross. He is now four months old, has not been troubled with constipation since I gave him the Tablets, and he is now always happy and good natured. Mothers with cross children will easily appreciate such a change. I enclose 50 cents for two more boxes of the Tablets, and will never be without them in the house while I have children."

Baby's Own Tablets are sold by druggists or will be sent by mail, post paid, at 50 cents a box, by addressing the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Dept. T., Brockville, Ont.

OTTAWA, Aug. 29.—The following cable was received this afternoon from the High Commissioner:

"LONDON, Aug. 29.—Regret to inform you that "E" 2085 Trooper John Alexander Marion, South African constabulary, died at Pietersburg, 18th August—next to kin, Peter Marion, Palmerston, Ont., also "C" 1552 Trooper Charles Busby accidentally wounded at Blomendale, 19th August—next of kin, mother, Mrs. Busby, 21 High street, Moncton, N. B. (Signed) "STRATHCONA."

Enquiry made since to Moncton elicited the following:

MONCTON, Aug. 29.—Charles Busby is the second son of the late Arthur Busby, general passenger agent of the I. C. R. Trooper Busby enlisted in the Baden-Powell police. His mother and brother and sister reside here. Stanley Busby of the I. C. R. office, is his brother.

DIGESTION WITHOUT A STOMACH.

The fact that people live and digest food after the stomach has been removed proves that the important part of digestion takes place in the intestines. Hence it comes that Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills are so wonderfully successful in curing chronic digestion and dyspepsia. They act directly on the kidneys, liver and intestines, making them healthy, active and vigorous, and so insure perfect digestion and prompt removal of poisonous waste matter.

SYDNEY, N. S., Aug. 30.—Constable Lewis went to serve a warrant on one Powers at Reserve Mines to-day for violation of the Scot Act. Just as the constable was leaving the shop, Powers is alleged to have attacked the constable by striking him back of the head and knocking him senseless. He then proceeded to kick and beat him terrible. Lewis' jaw is broken, and he is otherwise badly used up. Powers was arrested tonight by Officer Scott of Sydney.

E. W. Grove

This signature is on every box of the genuine Laxative Bromo-Quinine Tablets. See the remedy that cures a cold in one day.

The way a five-year-old girl spells "TEA"—R-E-D R-O-S-E.