THE REVIEW, RICHIBUCTO, N. B SEPTEMBER 5. 1901.



A HOLIDAY BY THE NORTH SEA.

It is a far cry from Richibucto to Stonehaven but a few lines from the lat. ter old world place may interest some readers of THE REVIEW especially any of them who hail from near Aberdeen. A year ago I was spending my holidays at the old home and fain would I be there at present, but 3,000 miles even in this age of quick travelling is an obstacle not lightly to be overcome.

Stonehaven is a quaint old fishing village about 15 miles south of Aberdeen. It nestles in a hollow close down by the sea. The old town with its narrow irregular streets and its red tiled houses is somewhat of a contrast to the nearer port built on the higher land behind. It contains between 4,000 and 5,000 inhabitants and at present there are also some 1600 visitors drawn together from all quarters. Fishing is the great industry of the place, but in addition there is the inevitable distillery. Fisher folk are apt to be drouthy. The surrounding district is a very fine farming one and at present the crops are looking well. The haying is about fin ished and harvesting is in full swing. Self binders seem to be universally used and I have been much interested in noticing how many of them have been made in Canada.

There are no places of great historic interest in the town. Near it Malcolm I is said to have been buried. In a mound which was supposed to have been his grave some men in getting gravel for mending the roads came on a rough stone coffin with human bones in it. The coffin and bones are preserved in Fetteresso castle near.

that Sir this tombstone Walter Scott saw old Mortality at work renewing the lettering.

The castle was taken by Cromwell. The Scottish Regalia was in it, but it was saved from falling into Cromwell's hands by the wife of the minister of the neighbouring parish of Kineff. The English gave her leave to visit the castle and she cleverly carried the Regalia through their lines. The sceptre and sword were concealed in a fish creel carried by a servant and Mrs. Grainger carried the crown under her apron. For security the regalia was buried under the pulpit of her husband's church where it remained for several years. We visited the old church one day. There is a tablet in the church which states that Rev. Mr. Grainger lies buried in the place where the regalia was concealed.

Five miles to the north of Stonehaven is Muchalls, a coast guard station. There are a few houses but it is not much of a place, although I was assured by an old fisherman that it was "a very steering town." It is famous for its cliff's and caves. I have no doubt it is "a steering" place in an easterly gale. In several places the sea has worn galleries right through large detached rocks. There is also one high rock which shows a man's features when viewed from certain points. The coast line is very picturesque. It must be a terrible place in a storm. The life boat men must have a hard time of it when wrecks occur as they not unfrequently do.

If we go directly inland from Stonehaven for 8 miles we can look down onto Deeside so much loved by her late Majesty. A run of sixteen miles takes us to Bouchory.

A little south and not directly inland we see Fordown, Asschenblae and Drumtochty glen. This is not the Drumtochty of Ian McLaren. Asschenblae is said to be the cleanest village in Scotland. It was visited by Queen Victoria travelling incognito. The queen used occasionally to have excursions from Deeside over in this direction. The other day heard a story which illustrates the free and easy style of the old Scottish worthy. In one of her journeys a rough old tyke was leading her pony and the beast wa not very sure footed over the rough hill road. The old man was annoyed at it and he said, "Mrs. Queen, this is a damn filtering beast of a powney ye hae." He was not used to the ways of courts. In a future letter I shall describe one or two of our cycle runs along the coast and up Deeside.

W. C. T. U. COLUMN.

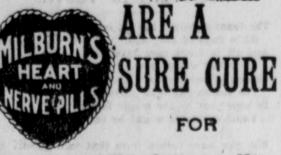
"And let us not be weary in well-doing for in due season we shall reap if we faint not."-Galatians 6: 9.

WHY BIG RICH JOINED THE TEM. PERANCE SOCIETY.

Big Rich was a Tribity Bay man. Tall stout and strong, in the full prime of lif., with keen, honest eyes lighting up his handsome face, be looked the very type of a Newfoundland fisherman, and that bespeaks no mean man, be it said, in al the perfections of physical manhood. Look at him when you might-in his Sun day suit, with his fine black beard sweeping over his white shirt bosom, or in his rough fisherman's overalls, grimy and slippery with his work, Big Rich was good to look at-"a man every inch of him." No keener man than he after the fish in summer: no smarter or more daring boatsman in the squalls that sweep sudden from the highlands, or in the "breaking lop" into which the southwest wind is wont to toss the blue waters of Trinity Bay. A splendid shot, his cottage table was well supplied with "fresh," when the he said: 'For the last three years I've been turrs were about, or the sea-ducks made praying for the publicans and the drunk. sort of man was Richard; shrewd and sensible in what he said when he did talk, main. Every one at French Cove knew Big Rich, and every one that knew him liked him.

Now, French Cove had for some years a flourishing Temperance Society; not a son, who had been away from home, re-Sons of Temperance Division, or a Good turned, and, saying that he wanted to see Templar's Lodge, but just a simple Temperance and Mutual Improvement Society, old man's horse, and rode away, promissupported among the people themselves, ing to be home again before late. When where from month to month the members the night came on the father sat in the met unseparated by thought, or word, or house very anxious for his son's return. creed, or party, on the broad, open plat- It got later and later, and still there was form of temperance and mutual help. no sign of him, while the old man got Would that every Newfoundland village more and more nervous, for fear that had just such an organization. A few something was wrong. At last he heard years ago, when first started, no doubt the the sound of a horse's tramp coming into quiet steady old fellows who had taken the yard, and thought, anyway, his son their

HORN OR TWO OF GROG,



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their winter visit to the shores near his ards.' And then, friends, he told us what home. A quiet, steady, self-contained he meant, and I'll never forget it, never. He said that a neighbour of his had a son, a fine, smart young man, but terribly fond but reticent and shy and silent in the of the drop. His father had tried his best to restrain him, but to no purpose-the oung fellow loved the drink, and the drink he would have.

"Well, about three years before, the some friends in town, he got a loan of the

was coming home. "When he didn't come in, however, after several minutes he got alarmed and

GOING with a rush.

All those fashionable TWEEDS and SERGES are rapidly disappearing, and if you are in need of a suit you had better call and select, as our trade is increasing so rapidly that cloth does not stay with us long.

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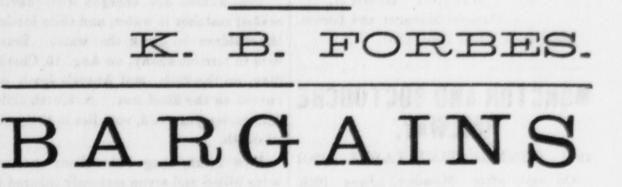
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L. C. RILEY,



As a place for a quiet holiday it is splendid. You get the fine bracing breezes from the North sea which invigorate and cool one in hot weather such as we have been having. Bathing can be freely indulged in. The beach is not one of the best, but it is fairly good. When I wandered along the Richibucto beaches last summer I could not help think what a fortune there would be in them if they were within easy reach of a large city. On calm days boating can be indulged in, but there are very few sail boats except of course the fishing boats.

Within easy reach of the town there are a number of places of interest. The roads are very good for cycling only there is a long hill to be climbed which ever way one goes. This is not altogether a drawback as one can always count on nearly two miles of a coast on returning.

The ruins of Dunottar castle are two window through which he entered is still to be seen. He burnt the castle and its teresting part is known as the Whigs prison. In the "killing times" 165 covenanters, men and women, were herded together in one room Along the walls about six feet from the floor are a number of crevices between the stones. By standing with your back to the wall you can thrust your hands into a pair of these. The position would be very irksome, but what must it have been when the hands were kept in position by having wedges driven in firmly with a mallet. This was one form of torture to which the unfortunates were subjected. Below this room is the dungeon, a very small room in which some 45 were packed. Just at the floor there was a small opening which admitted fresh air and they had to lie down in turns to get a breath. There is a spring of water in the floor which the prisoners seem to have discovered. The black hole of Calcutta could not have been much worse. A number of the prisoners manR. J.

QUESTIONS FOR WOMEN.

Are you weak, nervous, irritable, easily worried and fatigued? Do you dread your daily work and feel like letting you duties go undone? Dr. Chase's Nerve Food will restore your nervous system and send the thrill of new life and energy through the body. It is above all a woman's medicine, as its invigorating influence on the nerves insures regularity in the functions of the bodily organs.

FREDERICTON, Aug. 31 .- A shooting accident occurred Thursday night on the Tobique river, whereby Richard Sisson, miles south. They stand on a promon- aged 20 years, of St. Elmo, Victoria tory which is almost surrounded by the county, received a bullet in his thigh from sea. Before the invention of artillery the a gun which he had with him while boatcastle must have been almost impregnable on the Tobique. The circumstances surbut it was captured by Wallace. The rounding the discharge of the piece are not known. Mr. Sission was brought to Victoria hospital this evening by Dr. Coff. entire garrison of 5,000. In those days in. An operation was performed by Dis. war was conducted on somewhat different Atherton and McLaren, assisted by Drs. principles than at present. The ruins are Coffin and Wiley. The Bullet was exin very good preservation. The most in- tracted and the physicians feel confident of their patients recovery.



Cresswell, March 28, 1901 The T. Milburn Co., Limited, Toronto, Ont.

Dear Sirs,-I write to say that I have used Burdock Blood Bitters with excellent results. Last spring my daughter got all run down and was very thin and weak.

Her face was covered with red spots and a large boil formed on her cheek. I procured 2 bottles of B.B.B., and by the time she aged to escape from the larger room by had finished them the spots and the town, we thought we'd go and see if

as a matter of course, when they went up the shore to Trinity to put off their fish at the merchant's, or when a new baby was christened, or a wedding or funeral made them merry or melancholy-no doubt, I say, these old stagers laughed and wondered at the queer notions and queer ways of the "temperance" folk as they called them, and prophesied a speedy end to the newfangled society. But they have been disappointed. It has increased from the ten or a dozen who met in the beginning in Uncle Bill Penny's old house, to the scores of members who now meet regularly in the school-house, and, in all the dignity of white regalias, march in annual procession around the harbour. Every one acknowledges now the wonderful change in the social habits of the little community. The gossips tell sometimes of the fights that used to come off when the men were "settled;" of the rough creatment a stranger would receive, if he happened to cross the track of a group of the boys,

"HALF SEAS OVER,"

on the beach; and of how no one thought 'I've got hell enough inside of me withof spending Christmas without a supply of "the liquor," regularly fetched in wellfilled jars from the neighbouring town. But, now, the man that brings a jar of happened, the poor old man died, griefliquor to French Cove, for his "Christ mas," stricken; and now you know why I said is half ashamed of being seen to carry it to you when you came in and asked for openly, and hides his "little brown jug" a public house that I had been for three in a bread bag, perhaps, or, at best, with a years praying for the publicans and sort of sneaking bravado hurries his booty drunkards.' home. Now the drinking men may be "Friends," said Big Rich, as he finished easily counted, and one may pass over the his speech, "I tell you we left that man's beach, morning, noon, or night, at any | house feeling very different to what we season, without fear of molestation by did when we went in. We felt ashamed some half-drunken reveller.

Not at once. however, did Big Rich join talking quietly enough of the terrible the Temperance Society. Somehow, story we had heard. How the others felt quiet, steady man as he was, he held aloof, I don't know, but one thing I do know, while very much of his acquaintances and and that is, that I never forgot it; and, members of his own family entered into friends, that's how I came to join the the movement. One night, a little while Temperance Society." after his admission, he told the story which substantially, I give in his own words:

"THE WAY I CAME TO JOIN

the Temperance Society, my friends," he said, "was this: Last spring, when the steamer Bear came into St. John's, after her first trip to the ice, myself and some more men of the crew said we'd go for a walk out of the town. So we went out one of the roads leading into the country, and after we had walked a good way from

went out. There was the horse, sure enough, with the saddle on his back and the reins dragging, but his son was nowhere to be seen. The poor old man knew well enough now the truth he had all along feared-an accident had happened. So he called the man that was telling us, and they both went back over the road to look for the missing man.

"At last they found him, poor fellow, all in a heap by the side of the road. They didn't know at first but he was dead, but found when they moved him that he was still alive. He had fallen or had been thrown from the norse and was terribly hurt. The poor old father, in an agony of grief, went off for help and lett the other man to stay with the son. "That was a terrible thing,' says the man to us. to see that poor fellow in the state he was in, and to hear him was worse."

"'I'm lost, I'm lost,' he'd say, 'I'm lost, I'm lost,' and then he begged me to open his jacket and take out a bottle of rum he had in it.

"'Take it away, take it away,' said he, out having it outside, too.'

"And then before his father got back with help he was dead. Soon after this

and guilty, and walked back to St. John's,

Reader mine, my story is done. It is a sad, sad story; all the more sad because the like of it happens oftener than we think. Safety lies only in sobriety-the man that drinks at all is in danger of all the consequences; all the more in danger because every man thinks that he, at least, is strong enough to resist it. Drink is doing its awful work in our country every day, and many a widow weeps, and many an orphan starves, and many a kindly, noble heart is ruined, that the publican's till may be filled and the publican's fortune

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