

THE REVIEW

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THE GREAT NORTH SHORE ROUTE!

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THE GHOST.

By Katharine Tynan.

"And did your honor sleep well last night?" old Shawmus asked, as he had asked every evening since I had come. And every evening I had answered him: "Excellent, Shawmus, as becomes a man who had ridden far and procured an excellent appetite, and had it honestly satisfied."

But this night I answered him no such thing.

Looking round I caught the glint of his watering eyes, which I had thought at my first coming to be sinister, but traced to its source as the eager curiosity of a lonely and a friendly old man.

This night I answered:

"No, Shawmus, for I heard the ghost." "Lord save your honor," he said trembling so that he nearly let fall the fragon of cut glass in its silver coaster which held my port wine. "I have been at Killmanus Abbey, man and boy, for a matter of 60 years and no ghost have I heard or seen."

"What!" said I, "not heard a liquid lap, lap, of a silk train as it fell from one stair to the other, and the dainty tapping of high heeled shoes!"

"No such thing, your honor," he said obstinately. "There is no ghost at Killmanus Abbey. Your honor but dreamed it. Or it was the bats and owls in the upper floor swooping by on their wings; or, maybe the seagulls, for the furrows are white with them and the hunger drives them indoors. Sure your honor doesn't believe in ghosts."

"I am a Highlander," said I, "and none of your unbelieving Sassenachs. The Camerons have the second sight, and I have heard my mother, Elspeth Cameron, say—"

I broke off with a laugh. Was I going to exchange superstitions with the old man? Then I would talk mid-night.

"I saw the lady, Shawmus," I went on, "for I rose from my bed and threw my plaid round me, and followed her till she disappeared somewhere down the back staircase."

"'Twould have been no ghost of the Aylmers, then," he said with a curious conviction, "for no lady of the Aylmers would demean herself by going to the kitchen, dead or alive."

The pride of the old fellow amused and pleased me.

"It occurs to me now," I went on, "that by the fashion of her garments she would have been a living woman about the time that you came first to Killmanus. Her dress belonged to 50 or 60 years ago. I have seen a picture of the Princess Clementina attired in just such a gown. It was yellow satin, looped and embroidered with pearls."

"Your honor got close to the ghost?" the old fellow asked, with a leer which I thought carried some apprehension.

"So close that I might easily have overtaken her," said I. "But 'tis no business of mine, though the fortune of war has made me the unwelcome guest of the house, to spy on a lady, living or dead."

"I wish madame could hear your honor," said Shawmus. "She wouldn't grudge you the shelter of her house then."

"She would grudge it now?"

"Not to your honor any more than the people in the valley grudge the shelter of their roof-trees of your honor's Highlanders. There were terrible tales before you came. The w'hen were hiding themselves in the vaults of th'ould abbey."

"Alas!" said I; "if others had come in our place they would have had too much cause."

BIG DISCOUNTS, SPECIAL PRICES.

There is no time like the present to buy Dry Goods at LOGGIE'S.

The prices of our Dry Goods are always very low, but for one month we are going to make them a good deal lower. During the present month of July our customers will get the benefit of a good liberal discount, something that will pay them to come and see us if they need Dry Goods.

Come and see our big stock of Cloth for men's Suits and Trousers.

Come and see our ready-made Clothing, Shirts, Underwear, Hats, Caps, Collars, Neckties, Suspenders and Hose.

See our Dress Goods, Lawns, Piques, Sateens and Prints, and compare our prices with others, and note the saving by buying here. We have a large stock and our prices are positively the lowest.

During the summer months our store will close every Tuesday and Friday at six o'clock.

A. & R. LOGGIE

"Would your honor know the ghost again if you were to see it?" asked Shawmus, with the sly look which covered the fear of a timid and meek old man.

"The garments," I returned, "I caught no glimpse of her face."

"Would your honor come with me?" he asked, his smile all deference, his old hand inclined toward one of the silver candlesticks.

I rose and followed him. At the head of the first flight of stone steps he unlocked a door. The place struck chill and the candle was but a glow worm lamp amid all that darkness.

I followed him down the long stately room. The moon came from behind a cloud and mildly illumined it. Pictures were ranged along the walls. There were cabinets between the long windows full of china and glass and silver. It was well the Highlanders had come here and not the Hessians. The house had great treasures, although it was falling to ruin.

Half way down the gallery Shawmus paused and lifted the light in his shaky hand. It illumined a picture.

"It is Madame Bridget," he said, "the mother of Sir Hugh. It was painted when she was newly wed, and I cut newly come to Killmanus."

"It is the lady," I cried, "or it is her gown."

Her brown eyes looked on me as though she yet lived. Indeed, as I stood there gazing in the blown candle light, her eyes seemed alive. I started an instant. Then a sigh broke from me to think that she was dead.

"She died young?" I asked, as we left the gallery.

"Scarcely older than your honor saw her in the picture."

I was glad of it. I could not have thought of her old and sad.

One night, after I had loosed for hours, I yielded to the desire that beset me for a sight of the picture, feeling that perhaps once I had seen it I might perhaps sleep. I therefore rose and dressed myself, and went downstairs. It was full moon, and I knew just the hour when it would shine on the face of the picture, so that I needed no light.

As I left the gallery I heard a sudden swish, swish of silks in the great hall below me, and drew back into the shadow of the curtain that overhung the door. The ghost of the lady was ascending. I should look upon her close at hand. Perhaps when I had seen her face in the quiet composure of death I should cease to be haunted by the face of the living woman.

Up she came, swish, swish, with her silks all rustling softly and a light came with her. A second more and her face showed above the upper story. She carried a silver branch of three wax candles, and their light was full on her face. It was pale, paler than the face of the portrait, yet the minute I saw it I knew it was the face of no ghost, but of a warm living woman.

Hardly had my blood begun to rush tumultuously through my veins at the knowledge that it was frozen again. Had I made an unconscious movement? "Hush!" said the lady in the softest of whispers, and then drew back a little. Then I saw that she was not alone. An

extremely handsome youth was with her, following close behind.

"Did you hear anything, Harry?" she asked in a whisper.

"Nothing, sweetheart," he replied. "The old house was always a place for strange noises at night."

His face came into the light of the candles. He wore his hair unpowdered, and it fell over the collar of a soldier's cloak. Under the cloak I saw a glitter of uniform.

As they stood there, she hesitating, he slipped an arm about her neck. My hand went to my sword. I would have killed him without a scruple. Then her words saved him.

"Your wound"—she began. So he was wounded and unarmed. I turned away, setting my teeth in the darkness. When I looked again they had passed up the stairs.

When that night I told old Shawmus that he was about to be quit of me, I saw first a light of relief in the rascal's face. Then it was followed quickly by a deeper shadow.

"'Twere better your honor stayed," said he, for we may get a worse in your place."

I had no thought to sleep that night.

It was about 2 o'clock and bitter cold when I heard the lap, lap of the lady's silks gliding down the stairs and the hurried tapping of her little heels. She came hurriedly to admit her lover, I did not doubt, a business which admitted of no delay.

Suddenly there was a little shriek, so soft and quiet that I hardly knew if I had really heard it. But I went to the door and looked out. There was the lady, sitting on the lower step pale to the lips. The branch of candles beside her guttered in the wind. As she saw me her lips opened as though to speak, and then closed. Her eyes looked to me as though they prayed me for mercy. It was the girl of the picture with a shadow of fear over all her joy.

"Madam," said I, going nearer, "what is the matter?"

"I have twisted my foot," said she. "My heel turned beneath me. I cannot stir. What am I to do?"

Kneeling down by her I felt about the ankle. I am the seventh son of a seventh son, and know something about medicine.

"'Tis a strain," said I, "you had better let me lift you to a couch. You will not be able to stand upon it."

Only then I noticed that she wore a large, feathered hat, and cloak of velvet that hid her finery.

"What am I to do?" she asked, wringing her hands. "It is not myself, sir, but someone needs help. Will you find old Shawmus and send him for a doctor? There is a horse in the abbey ready to be ridden."

"If the case is urgent," I said, "you had better trust me. I know something of medicine. It is seven miles to the nearest town."

"Sir," she said, "the old man Shawmus has learned to love you. We have dared to trust his report of you. But now I cannot help it. So I will trust you in the name of God. Upstairs a gentleman lies bleeding, for all we know, to death. We

cannot staunch the wound."

"Show me the way," I said, and then added, "I ask your pardon, there is nothing else to be done."

And with that I took her in my arms and ascended the staircase with her.

She said nothing at all, but guided me with a pointing finger this way and that through a maze of corridors. At last we entered a room—a library, well walled with books. No one had thought the shelves to be anything but what they seemed, but at one point a door opened in them, from which we passed into a warm corridor, with rugs below our feet.

A light streamed through a distant door. We reached it and passed within. "The lady has had a hurt," I said, lying her down tenderly upon a sofa. "She has trusted me. Let me see the wound."

An elderly lady, with a very stately powdered head, sat on a couch by the fireplace. Along the couch the body of a young man, partly undressed, was laid. His head was in her lap. His face was the face of the Mater Dolorosa of the Italian painters. I dressed the wound and then bandaged it.

"The bleeding is staunch," I said, "and with my lotion the wound will heal."

"O Sir," she said, "A mother's prayers and thanks are yours."

"And a sister's," said a low voice near me.

I turned then, and saw the lady of the picture smiling at me, though her face was pale. The thing flashed on me then like lightning from a cloud.

"I thought you first to be a ghost," I said; "the ghost of the lady in the picture gallery. Afterward I thought you to be—"

"The picture is my grandmother, from whom I am called," she replied. "I am Bride Aylmer."

"And now, sir, at last, accept our hospitality at hands most willing to give it," said the elderly lady.

"Nay," said I, "because I am a king's officer. I can staunch a sick man's wound, but presently I should be asking questions. Let me go; in happier times I will return."

In happier times I won Mistress Bride Aylmer to be my own, and dear to me as my own mother and brother 'ate the lady of Killmanus and her son Sir Harry.

Why Sniffe and Sneeze.

Don't suffer any more with a cold in the head, just carry a CATARRHOZONE INHALER in your vest pocket, use it now and again and you won't have colds. Catarrhozone knocks out a cold in ten minutes, kills a headache in five minutes, and hard racking coughs in half an hour. In hale the pleasant Catarrhozone vapour five minutes four times daily and it will cure Bronchitis, Lung Trouble, Deafness, Asthma and Catarrh in any part of the system. Catarrhozone is the most direct, modern and scientific method, and is guaranteed to give satisfaction. Complete two months' treatment costs \$1.00, trial size 25c. Druggists or N. C. Polson & Co., Kingston, Ont. Sold by R. O'Leary.

HAMILTON'S PILLS CURE CONSTIPATION.

Contagious Sore Eyes in Cattle.

BY F. W. HODSON, LIVE STOCK COMMISSIONER.

"There exists each summer in the United States and Canada a contagious inflammation of the eyes among cattle that is popularly called 'pink-eye' from the red and inflamed appearance of the eye. The disease is quite widely distributed, and while it occurs at all seasons of the year, it is most frequently observed during the summer months while cattle are on pasture, as dust and pollen from plants increase the irritation of the eye. The disease was first observed in this State in 1890," says N. S. Mayo of the Kansas Experiment Station, "but since that time has spread rapidly and is now quite common. The disease seems to attack young cattle rather than old, but cattle of all ages will take it, and it seems to affect old cattle more severely than calves. It does not affect other animals than cattle.

The cause of the disease has not been discovered, although it is believed to be due to a germ. The manner in which the disease is spread from one animal to another is little understood, although flies are believed to play an important part. The disease however spreads during the winter when there are no flies about. Direct contact seems to be a means of spreading the disease. There is a popular idea that pollen and dust cause the disease. They undoubtedly aggravate it, but the disease must be introduced into a locality by an infected animal.

The first symptom usually noticed is a profuse discharge of tears from one eye, running down over the face. Dust and dirt often adhere to the moist hair, and a dirty streak is observed especially in white faced cattle, extending from the inner corner of the eye downward across the face. The disease usually begins in one eye, and later attacks the other eye. In some cases both eyes may be attacked at the same time. Associated with the discharge of tears is a swelling of the eyelids which are nearly closed, partly from the swelling, but principally to keep the light from the eye, as bright light seems to increase the pain. The front part of the eyeball becomes milky white in appearance, and one spot usually red or copper colored. At this point an abscess or small gathering usually forms and looks to be a reddish, fleshy mass. It breaks and discharges a small amount of pus or matter that escapes with the tears. As the animal recovers and the eye regains its normal condition, a white speck remains on the eyelid for some time as a scar showing where the abscess existed. In a few cases this abscess weakens the front of the eye to such an extent that it bursts and allows the contents of the interior chamber of the eye to escape. A few of the cases where the eye bursts will heal and the animal will recover the sight; but in a majority of the cases the animal will be permanently blind in that eye. A few cases are reported where both eyes have burst and the animal was permanently blind in both eyes. During the acute stages of the disease if both eyes are affected at the same time, the inflammation may be so severe as to cause a temporary blindness, the animals being unable to see at all, and it is necessary to feed and water them to prevent them from falling away rapidly in flesh. If the animal has the disease in an acute form there is often some fever associated with it; and in practically all cases the animals cease to ruminate, and stand about with ears lopped and eyes closed exhibiting all signs of severe suffering. Milch cows usually fall away in the amount of milk secreted, or in severe cases it may be stopped entirely. Owing to a closing of the eyes together with pain, the animals do not eat well, especially while at pasture, and as a result fall away in flesh. Since practically no animals die of this disease and only a few are permanently affected as to sight, the greatest loss is in the shrinkage of flesh that follows the attack of the disease.

If possible the disease should be prevented by keeping infected animals away from the healthy. After the disease is once introduced amongst a bunch of cattle, by separating and isolating the affected animals as soon as the first symptoms are shown, the disease can be checked. It is not practicable to attempt to treat a large number of animals unless they should be especially valuable or suffer from the disease in a severe form. When it is advisable to treat an animal it should be placed in a darkened stable, the eyes thoroughly washed with cold water, all secretions removed, and a solution of boric acid, twenty grains dissolved in an ounce of water, should be applied. A few drops of Harlem oil, or a little ointment made by mixing one part of finely pulverized iodoform, with twelve parts of fresh lard or vaseline can be applied directly to the eyeball, by putting it on the inside of the eyelid, and gently rubbing it over the surface. Cloths wet with cold water and kept over the eyes are useful in reducing the inflammation. Practically all animals make a good recovery in from three to four weeks.

THE SKIN ON FIRE.

So dreadful are the sensations of burning, itching eczema that victims frequently describe their sufferings by saying that the skin is all on fire. The stinging, biting fires of eczema are quenched by the use of Dr. Chase's Ointment. The first few applications may cause a little uneasiness but cure is sure to result and the skin is healed without scar or blemish.

THE DEATH ROLL.

LONDON, June 27.—Lord Henniker, governor of the Isle of Man, died at the Isle of Man to-day. He was born in 1842.

NEW YORK, June 27.—William Lynes Mintony, naval constructor, U. S. N., retired, who supervised the construction of the ill-fated battleship Maine at the Brooklyn navy yard, is dead at his home in Brooklyn, aged 73 years.

MILBURN'S LAXA-LIVER PILLS regulate the bowels, cure constipation, dyspepsia, biliousness, sick headache and all affections of the organs of digestion.

GRAVEL CURED.

Remarkable Case of this Painful Disease

Reuben Draper, of Bristol, Que., who was a Victim finds Relief and a Permanent Cure—He tells of His Sufferings and How He Left His Troubles Behind.

BRISTOL, Que., June 30, (Special).—No disease can cause more severe and dreadful pain than Gravel. Reuben Draper, of this place, was taken ill with this awful trouble about five years ago. He was cured and so many have asked him how it was done that he has decided to give the whole story for publication:

"About five years ago I was taken ill with the Gravel. I suffered great pain, so I sent for a doctor. He gave me some medicine and came to see me twice afterwards, but my disease was not gone, and in a short time I had another very bad attack.

"This time I sent for another doctor with about the same results, only I was getting weaker all the time.

"Then a man advised me to try Dodd's Kidney Pills, for he said they had cured his mother. I thought I would try them and bought a box.

"Just one week after I began the treatment I passed a stone as large as a small bean, and four days later another about the size of a grain of barley—this gave me great relief, and I commenced to feel better and to gain strength right away.

"That was five years ago and I have not had any trouble in that way since. I have the stones in a small bottle and anyone can see them who wishes. Dodd's Kidney Pills certainly saved my life."

The story of Mr. Draper will be good news to many sufferers who may not have known that Dodd's Kidney Pills always cure Gravel and Stone in the Bladder.

What has cured this gentleman and hundreds of other very bad cases should cure any one, and those who may be afflicted as Mr. Draper was should try Dodd's Kidney Pills.

STRIKE TROUBLE.

ASSAULT ON MINE BOSSES.

WILKESBARRE, Pa., June 27.—Near the Stanton colliery of the Lehigh and Wilkesbarre Coal Co., in South Wilkesbarre, to-day, fifteen men armed with clubs and stones set upon a fire boss and an assistant mine foreman as they were about to enter the colliery. Coal and Iron police came to their rescue and arrested two of the fifteen. The others escaped, but subsequently four of them were arrested by the city police. The two workmen were not seriously injured. The arrested men are charged with assault and battery and causing a riot. It was at the Stanton colliery that a boy was shot several weeks ago.

Got Lame Back or Lumbago?

No need of that now. That sort of pain can be knocked out in short order, for Polson's Nerviline, which is five times stronger than any other, penetrates at once through the tissues, reaches the source of suffering, drives it out and thus gives relief almost instantly. Not magic, but strength that gives Nerviline this power. You will think it magic however if you try it, pain goes so quickly. Sold by dealers everywhere, in large 25c. bottles. Sold by R. O'Leary.

THE INVENTOR'S WORK.

For the benefit of our readers, we publish a list of patents recently granted by the Canadian Government through the agency of Messrs. Marion & Marion, Patent Attorneys, Montreal, Can., and Washington, D. C.

Information regarding any of these patents will be supplied free of charge by applying to the above named firm.

76,121—Wm. G. Arnold, Kamloops, B. C., Cooking stove for the use of ranchers and miners.

76,274—Joseph R. Couillard, Warwich, Que., Acetylene gas generator.

76,283—Laurent Morin, Maisonneuve, City, Wood working machine.

76,343—Camille St. Jacques, Cranbrook, B. C., Combination Match-box.

76,369—Charles H. Morency, Quebec, P. Q., Composition of matter.

76,376—Henri Dubois, Montreal, P. Q., Sewer Cleaner.

Write to Messrs. Marion & Marion for a copy of "The Inventor's Help"

Ed. Solomon, who a few years ago was champion bicycle rider of New Brunswick, died suddenly Tuesday morning at St. John. He had been ill with consumption, and was aged 27.