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THE GREAT NORTH SHORE ROUTE!

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Sure Indications.

Ah, if she greets you with a smile She wears for you alone; And lingers o'er your name awhile With soft caressing tone; If in her eyes there shines a light Now tender, now demure— She loves you!

Or, if she has no use for you, And lets you plainly see, Whatever you may say or do, How 'horrid' she can be; And if your treatment is much worse Than other men endure— She loves you; Ah, she loves you!

But if she's friendly and polite, No matter where and when, And greets you with the mild delight She shows for other men; No warmth or coldness in her air, You'd better seek a cure— She loves you not! She loves you not! Of that you may be sure.

A LEGAL FICTION.

Mr. Garraway stood up as young Mrs. Bradshaw rose from her seat at the dinner table. It had been a rather quiet dinner and he had to do nearly all the talking. Bradshaw opened the door, and Mr Garraway (of Gray's inn place) noticed that each avoided looking at the other. Ernest Bradshaw closed the door and came back to the table. He cracked a walnut, and on opening it threw it into the fire.

'Bad?' asked Mr. Garraway. He was starting a cigar and had refilled his glass. He was perfectly at home with the Bradshaws.

'Yes,' said young Mr. Bradshaw, violently. 'Of course it's bad. Worst of it is that you never know until you try.'

'But all the nuts are not bad, Bradshaw,' Bradshaw grunted. 'Anything wrong at Whitehall?'

'No. Whitehall's all right.'

Mr. Garraway owed his success as a solicitor mainly to knowing exactly when not to do the wrong thing. Young Bradshaw lighted a cigar, and after a few puffs let it go out. Then he stood up with his back to the fire—it was his fire—and looked at Garraway.

'I want to ask you something, Garraway. Do you ever have people coming to you to draw up deeds of separation?'

'Oh, yes; pretty often.'

'Well would you mind being of some use to me—and Ellen?'

'Why, certainly. I've known you both—Mrs. Bradshaw especially—for a long time. But you two don't want to be separated. Why, man alive, you haven't been married a year.'

'What I should call it,' said Garraway, (the young husband's lips quivered)— 'Nevertheless, we have agreed to part.'

struck eleven. A small boy entered with a card. 'Thank you, Judd. Show the lady in, Mr. Gibson.'

Mr. Gibson withdrew with his work to the outer office, stepping aside at the door to permit a slim, girlish figure to enter.

'How do you do, Mr. Garraway? I'm not late, am I? I did not know the place and I had a little difficulty.'

'We often have difficulties in the law, Mrs. Bradshaw. If everything worked smoothly we should starve.'

'I had no chance of speaking to you last night,' said Mr. Garraway, 'excepting to ask you to call. But I had a brief conversation with Bradshaw, and he assured me that you had quite made up your mind about the matter.'

'He is, in this particular instance, quite right.' She put her lips together and looked as determined as she could.

'And so I am to draw up the deed of separation?'

'If you please.'

'It's rather rough on me,' went on Mr. Garraway, with an effort at humor. 'Why it seems only yesterday that I was the best man and you and he went away to Neuchatel and we cheered you as you left Victoria station. Do you remember?'

'Would you mind telling me, please, when the document can be drawn?'

'And do you remember your first dinner after your return, and how jolly we all were? Why, you were as comfortable as anything until a week or so ago, weren't you?'

'What I propose to do,' said the stern young lady, with just the suspicion of a catch in her voice; 'is to go abroad with my aunt for a year or two, and leave the house as it stands for Ernest to live in. He can get a house-keeper, you see, and—'

'By Jove!' cried Mr. Garraway, 'that's not a bad idea.'

'You think—you think it will work all right, Mr. Garraway?'

'Oh, I think so. I'll tell you why. Of course you want Ernest to be comfortable, don't you?'

There was a softening of her eyes. 'Oh, yes. It is only our one great quarrel of last week that is parting us, and—'

'I know, I know. Now look here, Mrs. Bradshaw, I wouldn't take so much trouble if I were only your lawyer; but I'm your friend as well, am I not?'

'Dear Mr. Garraway, we two have always been good friends.'

'Well, will you allow me, then, as an old friend, to give you a little advice?'

'I should advise you to make up this difference of opinion with Ernest. I'm told—of course I'm only a bachelor—but I'm told that all young couples have their quarrels to begin with, and they do say—here, again, I speak, of course, as a mere bachelor—that the making up is the most delightful part of it.'

'Mr. Garraway, I thought you would argue in this way, and it is very good of you. But my mind was made up before I came here, and nothing that you can say will alter it. A woman must judge for herself in these matters.'

'Quite so. I think that, to a certain extent, you are right. And if it is useless to say anything to alter your present resolution, why—'

'You may be sure of that,' said young Mrs. Bradshaw, confidently. 'Ernest must put up with the consequences. And you will see to the drawing up of the deed?'

'It shall be put in hand at once.'

'I should like to leave London this day week, if possible.'

'I dare say,' said Mr. Garraway, with great amiability, 'that can be managed.'

'There is only the question of a house-keeper. Somebody must be there to look after the servants.'

'It is there, I think, I can be of some assistance to Ernest.' Mr. Garraway spoke with genial assurance. 'It so happens that a client of mine is looking for precisely a situation of this kind.'

'How extremely fortunate!'

'She is a good manager; she's a widow and she has had charge of a house similar to yours.'

'That's capital. As I say, I shouldn't like the house to go to rack and ruin. When could this old lady come, do you think?'

'This—who?'

'This old lady—his widow. When could she come?'

'Oh, but—' Mr. Garraway smiled pleasantly—you are laboring under a slight mistake, Mrs. Bradshaw; the lady is not old.'

'Oh, she is not young, I suppose.'

'Well, as a matter of fact, she is rather young. By the by, I ought to have her portrait somewhere.'

It had cost Mr. Garraway one shilling this cabinet portrait, in a shop in the Strand that morning. The shopman could not tell him who it was; didn't know her

from Adam, he said; but she was an exceedingly pretty girl in demure black, and the wily Mr. Garraway was content.

'Surely, surely, Mr. Garraway,' gasped young Mrs. Bradshaw, as she gazed at the portrait, 'this is not the kind of person for a housekeeper.'

'Oh, yes,' said Mr. Garraway, airily, 'she'll do all right. Bradshaw would like her very much, I'm sure, after she had been in the house a week or two. I'm told she is a capital manager.'

The bunch of scented narcissus at the lady's bodice was bobbing up and down as she continued to look at the photograph.

'You see the great thing is to get someone who would make poor Bradshaw comfortable, and not compel him to always be at the club.'

She put the photograph down on the table.

'This lady,' said young Mrs. Bradshaw definitely, 'shall never come into my house.'

'No,' agreed Mr. Garraway, sweetly, 'quite so. Not in your house. She will, of course, be in Ernest's house. I am sure that on my recommendation—'

'Do you mean to say, Mr. Garraway, that you would recommend a person like this for such a position?'

Mrs. Bradshaw had risen from her chair, and spoke indignantly.

'Now, Mrs. Bradshaw, pardon me; I can't allow you to speak ill of a client of mine. I have every reason to believe that she is a well-to-do young lady, and comes from one of the best families. I have no doubt in my own mind that she will make my friend Bradshaw, whom I look upon as one of the best fellows in the world, very comfortable, indeed.'

There was a tap at the door and the smart boy entered with a card.

'Show him in, Judd.'

Mr. Garraway went towards the door to receive the new comer. Not before, however, he had seen a handkerchief go to the eyes of his young visitor.

'Bradshaw,' he whispered at the door, listen to me, man. Your wife is in there crying. Go and kiss her and make it up.'

And bundling the worried young Bradshaw into the room in the most unprofessional manner, Mr. Garraway went and spoke in the outer office with Gibson.

'I shan't be back for an hour, Gibson. Tell that lady and gentleman so if they ask for me. I'm going down to see counsel in the temple.'

It was an hour and a half later that Mr. Garraway sauntered back. The small Judd followed him into the room and put some more coals on the fire.

'Mr. and Mrs. Bradshaw gone, Judd?' demanded Mr. Garraway.

Master Judd said 'yessir.'

'What the deuce are you grinning about, Judd?'

The excellent Judd said it was nothing special. Being pressed, however, Master Judd confessed that entering the room about twenty minutes after his master had left, he saw the gent and the lady kissing each other like 1 o'clock and as happy as—

'Judd,' said Mr. Garraway severely, 'I am surprised at you. I am surprised that a man just now perhaps of tender years, but one who is possibly destined for the highest honors should be guilty of the highest impropriety—the gross, unprofessional impropriety, sir—of noticing a matter of this kind. I'm surprised at you, perfectly surprised at you. Would you like to go the theatre to-night, you young scoundrel?'

Master Judd with much emphasis said, 'Rather.'

'Then here's half-a-crown for you. Now be off. I'm rather behind with my work to-day.'—St. James Budget.

A Great Battle.

Is continually going on in the human system. The demon of impure blood strives to gain victory over the constitution, to ruin health, to drag victims to the grave. Hood's Sarsaparilla is the weapon with which to defend one's self, drive the desperate enemy from the field, and restore bodily health for many years.

Hood's PILLS cure nausea, sickness, indigestion, and biliousness. 25c.

Horrible Case of Premature Burial.

DETROIT, Mich., Nov. 16.—A special from Grand Lodge, Mich., says: Elam Muscott, a fruit tree agent, who about two years made Grand Lodge his home and headquarters, while on a trip to Alma, a little over a year ago, was taken ill and died suddenly. Being among strangers he was buried hastily. Recently it was desired to take up the body and remove it to Williamstown. When the coffin was opened it was found that the corpse had turned, the hands clutching the hair, handful of which had been torn out and the face was terrible lacerated and torn. It is thought the supposed death was a case of suspended animation.

THE SECOND COMING OF CHRIST.

II. The First Resurrection.

The doctrine of two resurrections is so plainly taught in the Bible that there is really no room left for doubt. The first resurrection takes place at our Lord's second coming. The rest of the dead rise one thousand years later. Read Revelation 20, 5. The first resurrection will be the most important event attending the second advent. Let us examine the subject. In Isa. 26, 14, we read, 'They are dead, they shall not live; they are deceased, they shall not rise.' And yet in Acts 24, 15, we read, 'that there shall be a resurrection both of the just and unjust.' In Isa. 26, 19, we read, 'The dead men shall live, together with my dead body shall they arise. Awake and sing, ye that dwell in the dust, for thy dew is as the dew of herbs and the earth shall cast out the dead.' In this passage only the resurrection of the good will take place, for they only shall 'awake and sing.'

When the wicked rise they do not sing but weep. Those spoken of in verse 14 do not rise when Isaiah and the other saints awake out of the dust and sing. That the righteous are raised previous to, and independent of the wicked, is shadowed forth by Ezek. 39, 12, 'Behold, I will open your graves, and cause you to come up out of your graves, O my people, and I will bring you into the land of Israel.' No one is mentioned here but God's people. Hosea 13, 14, teaching the same doctrine. Consulting Luke 14, 14, we find these words, 'Thou shalt be recompensed at the resurrection of the just.' No mention is made here of the resurrection of the unjust.

In Luke 20, 35, 36, we find a most remarkable statement, 'But they that are accounted worthy to attain to that world (age) and the resurrection from the dead, neither marry nor are given in marriage; for neither can they die any more; for they are equal unto the angels, and are sons of God being sons of the resurrection.' This passage most emphatically teaches that only the worthy who will be equal unto the angels, will then be raised. The 'rest of the dead' rise later on. St. Paul says in Phil. 3, 11, 'If by any means I may attain unto the resurrection from the dead.' Paul knew that all in their graves would hear the voice of God and live, but he also knew that the just would rise first and it was that resurrection he wished to attain unto. The first resurrection is spoken of in scripture as the resurrection from the dead; the last resurrection as the resurrection of the dead. This appears more plainly in the Revised Version than in the old. We get more light on the subject from 1 Cor. 15, 23, 'But every man in his own order; Christ the first fruits; afterwards they that are Christ's at his coming.' Nothing can be plainer than this passage. Only those who are Christ's rise at his coming. The others remain in their graves till the 'end' comes.

In connection with the resurrection of the dead saints, will be the translation of the living saints. In 1 Cor. 15, 51, (R. V.) we read, 'Behold I tell you a mystery: We (the saints) shall not all sleep, but we shall all be changed in a moment, in the twinkling of an eye at the last trump; for the trumpet shall sound and the dead shall be raised uncorruptible and we shall be changed.' This passage cannot possibly include the wicked. The same wonderful fact is stated in 1 Thes. 4, 16, 17, 'For the Lord himself shall descend from heaven, with a shout, with the voice of the archangel and with the trump of God; and the dead in Christ shall rise first; then we that are alive, that are left, shall together with them be caught up in the clouds to meet the Lord in the air.' In this passage five things are worthy of note—the descent of Christ from heaven, the shout or call, the resurrection of the dead in Christ, the translation of the living in Christ, and the taking of both up to meet the Lord in the air.

As the dead saints are to be raised, and the living saints changed when Christ comes, there will necessarily follow the gathering of all the saints unto him. God says in Psalms 50, 5, 'Gather my saints together unto me.' This takes place when 'our God shall come and not keep silence.' With this agree 2 Thes. 2, 1, 'Now beseech you brethren by the coming of our Lord Jesus Christ and our gathering together unto him.' Those gathered will constitute the great multitude mentioned in Rev. 7, 14. When this most startling and wonderful event takes place it is not probable that our Lord will be seen by the ungodly world. The raised and changed saints will disappear in the clouds. They that are left on the earth will be dismayed and perplexed to know what became of them who disappeared, but never died. 'Two men shall be in the field, one shall be taken and the other left. Two men shall be in a bed, one shall be taken and

the other left. Two women shall be grinding at the mill, one shall be taken and the other left.' When the saints are all gathered to Christ in the air, the marriage of the Lamb takes place. 'Let us be glad and rejoice, and give honor to him for the marriage of the Lamb is come and his wife hath made herself ready.'—Rev. 19, 7. The bride—the multitude of saints, will be arrayed in garments pure and bright. In verse 9 we read, 'And he saith unto me, write, blessed are they which are called unto the marriage supper of the Lamb. And he saith unto me, These are the true sayings of God.' We can depend upon them.

As the wicked dead will remain in their grave so the unrighteous living will remain upon the earth. It is impossible to tell how they will be effected by the situation. The greater part will have no idea of what it means. The foolish virgins will find the door shut and know what their fate is. It will, however, take but little time to convince the most unbelieving of what is coming upon the earth. The last vital of wrath will then be poured out and they who have not repented will have to face the ordeal. But God has called away his people to escape all these things and to stand before him in his kingdom.

N. R. N.

(CONTINUED.)

DOCTORS INTERESTED.

They cannot but accept the Testimony of Two of their Professional Brethren.

MONTREAL, Nov. 12.—The letter of Dr. McCormick of Richmond, and of Dr. F. A. Role of Portland, recently published over their own signatures and testifying to their complete cure from Bright's disease and Diabetes respectively by the use of Dodd's Kidney Pills, have established to the satisfaction of medical men generally, that the pills do all that is claimed for them by their manufacturers. Both physicians are known as men well up in their professions, whose word can be absolutely relied upon and who rarely make mistakes. The result of these letters will be an enormous sale of Dodd's Kidney Pills in Montreal.

LONGEVITY IS ON THE INCREASE.

Men Attain to Greater Age Than Formerly, Especially in America.

The number of deceased persons who had attained an exceptional old age was probably greater in the year 1893 than in any recent period. During the last three or four months of the year the general public became familiar, through a perusal of the daily papers, with the remarkable obituaries of those who had departed having lived to a good old age. A month or so since we read of the life that had reached the extraordinary limit of 135 years. We have since read of the death of a woman at Hartford, Conn., who was old enough to give warning of the approach of the British fleet in 1812, and so saved the New England coast from threatened devastation. And still later we have been apprised of the death at Terre Haute, Ind., of a man 140 years old who attended the funeral of Washington, cast his first vote for Madison, and was a soldier in the war of 1812. From other data it is apparent that great longevity has been on the increase for many years, particularly in America. But it may be remarked that the constitutions that carried these persons to the centennial mark or beyond were formed very many years before people began living at the present rate, and that the best part of most of these old lives were passed before the modern suicidal rush of the society and business worlds.

To have a good chance for longevity it is almost unnecessary to say that an originally good constitution is of the first importance, though to this primary excellence carefulness in the art of living must be added. The secret of long life is one of which nature alone holds possession. A remarkable fact is that intellectual activity and success have been no barriers to long life. Even deep philosophical studies have proved a help rather than a hindrance to men of literary pursuits. Voltaire, who at birth was put into a quart pot, could never have obtained his eighty-fourth year had he not followed the strict, sober, active life which he chose. Gladstone exercises the highest powers of successful statesmanship at an age of eighty-four years, after undergoing the constant turmoil of political contest for considerably more than half a century. Bismarck is practically an octogenarian. Von Moltke was nearly ninety when he died. It seems that the review of these and numerous other instances would sufficiently establish the theory that continuous intellectual activity is conducive to the perpetuation of good health and the prolongation of life.—Washington Post.

DEAD GAME.

Courage and Stoicism Displayed by an Indian Boy.

We were encamped between the two forks of the Big Horn river, with the mountain at our backs, and we had Yellow Bear, the chief, with us, to be exchanged for three women held captives, writes a trooper. The Indians had promised and promised, but delayed making the exchange. The Indian is a diplomat only so far as lying is concerned. He will lie when it would benefit him to tell the truth. He will delay to his own annoyance. They had the women—we had their sub-chief. It was to be an even exchange. The matter could have been closed up in half an hour, for we were sure the women were only a few miles away, but they procrastinated from Monday till Thursday, and then still made still further excuses. On Thursday a son of Yellow Bear came in as a messenger. He was a boy of 15, straight as an arrow, lithic as a wildcat, and young as he was he had already learned to mask his feelings. The meeting between father and son betrayed no trace of sentiment. The real object of the Indians in delaying matters was to give the chief a chance to escape, but he was too closely guarded for that. The information was conveyed to the son by a sign. He was then told that it was the wish of the father that matters be expedited, but the words counted for nothing. The sign which accompanied them probably meant further delay.

The boy had come boldly into camp on a beautiful and speedy pony. He had a bow and a quiver of arrows and a revolver. He had not looked at one of us when ready to go. As a further precaution against escape, we had tied the chief's ankles together. The sight of the bonds fired the lad's indignation. I am sure the chief did not counsel it, as the lad was one to be proud of, and his action could have but one result. When he left the tent he walked straight to his pony, mounted and rode off to the east, but after going a quarter of a mile he halted and wheeled to face us. As we looked at him he uttered a war-whoop, drew his revolver and charged straight into camp. There were nearly 600 of us, with twenty troopers just mounting their horses, and our surprise was so great that the boy had passed through the camp before we realized the situation. In his passage he killed two men, wounded a third, and disabled two horses, losing only one out of his six shots. As he reached the southern edge of the camp he flung away the revolver and strung his bow.

We were in no mood to stand any nonsense from a redskin, young or old, and the men began shooting at the boy without orders. He sat for a full minute while preparing his bow and selecting his arrow, but of the hundred carbine bullets not one touched him or his horse. When ready he sent forth a ringing war-whoop and came charging back. He sat upright, guided the pony with his knees, and fired his arrows almost as fast as one could pull the trigger of a revolver. He did not keep a straight course, but swerved to the right and left, and this dodging saved him for a time. At one time there must have been 250 men firing at him with carbines and revolvers, but no one waited to take aim. He had almost reached the northern edge of the camp when horse and rider tumbled together. The official count showed that the boy was struck by twenty-three bullets, seemingly all at once, and the pony by eight. They were simply riddled.

While the general interest was centered in the boy, we on guard over Yellow Bear had a wonderful opportunity to witness a display of Indian stoicism. He was sitting on a heap of blankets when the boy's first war-whoop reached his ears. He rose up, reached for my hand, and I assisted him to the door of the tent, where we stood side by side and witnessed everything. There were no less than four of us carefully watching his countenance, and I may tell you that it might have been a lump of dough as far as betraying anything. He did not shout—he did not lift a hand—he did not breathe—he did not flinch—he did not blink—he did not wince—he just looked, gradually turning his head and eyes to keep the boy in view. A command from him would doubtless have checked the lad, but he did not shout. If he was surprised—grimed—angered or hopeful, there was not the slightest indication of it in his face. He did not even clench his hands or bite his lips. I noted his respiration, and it was neither faster nor slower. When the boy went down the father turned and hobbled into the tent and sat down in the same place. He did not ask if the boy was dead—neither by word nor look nor gesture did he hit one little corner of the mantle of imperturbability for one brief instant. Next day the captives were brought in and he was freed. He rode away to the east without a question—without a look around the camp—galloped away like a figure of stone made fast to the saddle,