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NO 31

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.

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WON A COMMISSION.

The moon was shining brightly illuminating the sandy plain around the fort as only the moon in Arizona can illuminate.

The officers, soldiers, and their families were peacefully sleeping.—Not a sound was heard except the occasional cry of a coyote.

Three o'clock struck and the sentinel on post No. 1 started the call:

"No. 1, 3 o'clock, and all's well."

A slight pause and No. 2 responded:

"No. 2, 3 o'clock, and all's well."

Then came a long pause.

The sergeant of the guard stepped out of the guardroom and listened:

"The sentinel on No. 3 must be asleep," he remarked. "Bad business for a sentinel guarding the corral."

Turning to No. 1 he commanded:

"Start the call again."

No. 1 obeyed.—No. 2 took it up.—But there again it ended.

The sergeant turned out a patrol and marched to the corral.

As he approached the sentinel's post in the moonlight he saw the figure of No. 3 stretched out on the ground. The position did not look like that of a sleeping man.

"Double time!" commanded the sergeant.

And the patrol came down the post at a run.

As the men came closer to the figure a sight met their eyes that froze the blood in their veins.

Lying face down in the sand, his hand still grasping his rifle, was their comrade, stiff and cold in death, an Apache arrow buried deep in his body.

Three sharp cracks of the rifle, the rattle of the long roll of the drum soon brought the startled garrison to the spot.

Scouts were instantly sent out and the plain thoroughly scoured, but no Indian signs could be found.

The next day with muffled drums, the members of the garrison followed the body of their comrade to its last resting place. With uncovered head, sorrowfully and reverently they listened while the post chaplain read the burial service. The military escort fired three rounds over the grave, and the bugler played the sweetest of all calls. "Taps—lights out—sleep." Naturally a gloom was thrown over the whole post.

The soldiers gathered in small groups and discussed the perplexed question:

"How could it have been done?"

The moon had been shining brightly, and there was no cover behind which an Indian could conceal himself.

The searching parties came in after their fruitless hunts.

Night came. There would be no lack of vigilance on the part of the sentinel on post No. 3. The moon was even brighter than on the preceding night, and the object on the plain could be seen almost as in daytime.

Few expected a repetition of the preceding night's cowardly attack.—Gradually the garrison became silent and one by one the lights went out.

Morning came and nothing had happened to disturb the peace of the little fort.

Several days had passed and the post settled down into its old ways, and the memory of that dreadful night was beginning to fade.

The officer of the day was making the inspection of the sentinels after midnight, and was approaching post No. 3, when the moon, which had been hidden behind a cloud, suddenly burst forth, revealing at the very feet of the officer the body of the sentinel, as before completely pierced by an Indian arrow.

The alarm was quickly given, but in spite of the most careful search no traces of the assassin could be found.

A horror settled over the post. No one dreaded an enemy they knew and could fight openly, but against such ghostly attacks no one could defend himself.

At officers' call the next morning the affair was earnestly discussed. It was evidently wrong to require a sentinel to walk post in such an exposed and dangerous place, and yet, with the corral where it was no one could see how it could be avoided.

While discussing the problem an orderly appeared and reported.

"Private Rogers would like to speak to the commanding officer."

The commanding officer went into his private office, and after the interview returned to the room where the officers were assembled.

"Young Rogers has asked permission to take charge of post No. 3 at night until he solves the mystery, and I have granted his request."

The faces of the officers showed plainly the anxiety they felt.

Young Rogers was the son of a brother captain in their regiment who at that time was stationed in an eastern city on recruiting service.

The young man had enlisted six months previously with the object of obtaining an officers' commission which may be won by a worthy and capable man.

The young fellow had gained the esteem and respect of every one by his many qualities and strict obedience to orders. Many of the officers had known him from childhood. He had been the playmate of their children and a great favorite with all.

Later on many tried to persuade him to withdraw his request.

"Take the post if it falls to your lot, but don't volunteer," they pleaded.

It was no use. The young man had a theory, and if he proved it and discovered the assassin he knew that he would get his coveted commission.

He was excused from all duties during the day, and after midnight assumed charge of the dreaded post No. 3.

Three nights passed without any event. The moon though on the wane was still bright enough to allow Rogers to see any moving object on the plane.

Seated on the ground, his back against the corral, his rifle on his knees, he was apparently sleeping.

Apparently only, for his sharp eyes keenly watched every part of the plain. He knew that he had a shrewd, but at the same time bold enemy in the wily Apache. He felt sure that the Indian, especially in the second case, had not crept up on his victim unobserved. He must have employed some disguise which had completely deceived the sentinel.—What was the disguise?

"That Apache would be more apt to betray himself if he thought me asleep than if he saw I was watching him," was his sound argument.

Through the long hours of the night he sat motionless. It was two o'clock when suddenly he caught sight of a moving object on the plain some distance away. Noiselessly he cocked his rifle. He was a dead shot, and woe to that object when he fired.—Nearer and nearer it came while he sat as if asleep.

"Why, it is Corporal!" he suddenly exclaimed to himself.

Corporal was a fine Newfoundland dog, a pet of the garrison, which had mysteriously disappeared from the post two weeks before and which every one supposed to have been stolen.

Rogers' first impulse was to call the dog, when he remembered his resolution—"shoot any moving object that comes within range."

He therefore restrained his impulse and no one would have guessed that the apparently sleeping sentinel was closely watching every moment as the dog approached.

It was a lucky idea of Roger's to feign sleep, for as the dog came nearer he thought he noticed something peculiar in its appearance, and its action did not seem quite natural.

"Possibly Corporal may be exhausted from hunger, or it may be the deceptive light of the moon," thought Rogers.

The dog was now within close range, and he could hesitate no longer.

"It's a matter of life and death," he reflected, "and if I make a mistake every one—even Corporal—will forgive me."

Slowly and imperceptibly he brought his rifle to his shoulder; a short but true aim, a crack and a yell—such as only an Apache who has received his death wound can give—startled the whole garrison.

As if by magic every one collected on the spot, each as he approached evidently expecting to see a repetition of the tragedies.

The story was soon told. The skin of a

oor Corporal had been used as a disguise by the Apache, who, with a bow in hand, had been creeping up on his third intended victim. Deceived by the apparently sleeping sentinel, he had been led to betray himself and had met a most merited death.

Undoubtedly he had by the same device deceived the other sentinels and had very nearly succeeded in adding another to his belt.

Young Rogers was overwhelmed with congratulations, a special report was at once made to the war department, and before long he received as a reward his much coveted commission.

THEORY EXPLODED.

The Belief that Bright's Disease is Incurable No Longer Holds Good.

SOMERSET, Man., March 18.—The old time theory of medical men that Bright's disease was incurable has been exploded to the satisfaction of all the people in this part of Canada. Arthur Coley a well-known farmer, living near here, was attacked by the disease in the autumn of 1893. He was prostrated by it during the whole of the following winter. He and his friends were convinced that he would not live through the past summer. But to-day he is alive and hearty and working like a nailer to make up for the time he lost while sick. The happy change is due to Dodd's Kidney Pills, the only sure cure for any kidney disease.

SOME COLD DESSERTS.

Dishes That Can be Prepared a Day in Advance of Dinner.

When the hostess who labors under the disadvantage of having but one servant, undertakes to give a dinner she is generally thankful for recipes for dainty dishes which may be prepared in advance of the dinner. Here are some desserts belonging to that category:

Rose Custard.—Pour a pint of nearly boiling milk upon three beaten eggs, add a few lumps of sugar, and when slightly cooled stir into the custard half a pint bottle of raspberry syrup; if not colored sufficiently with this add a few drops of carmine. Pour it into a buttered fancy mould, set this in a saucepan of boiling water, and let it simmer until firm. Put it aside to become cold and then pour out.

Princess Custards.—Make a custard by the directions given above, omitting the coloring. Pour this custard into very small china cups (buttered), and set these either in a cool oven to bake until firm or in a bain marie. When cool, turn them out on a circular glass dish, and fill it in the spaces between with red currant jelly.

Rochester Pudding.—Butter a fluted mould and decorate it with a few strips of candied fruit and cherries at the bottom and round the sides, then arrange some finger biscuits—two together with a little raspberry jam between each—until the mould is half filled, and pour very carefully over these sufficient custards to fill the mould to the top. Bake gently until the custard is set; turn out of the mould when cold.

Orange Pudding Iced.—Prepare first a pint of orange jelly according to the directions on the outside of the package, and set this away to cool. Beat two ounces of fresh butter and the same of caster sugar to a cream, add to these the beaten yolks of two eggs, a quarter of a pint of milk, and a half pound of Eureka flour. Beat for a few minutes, then bake in a round cake tin about three inches in depth. As soon as it appears done take it out; it should be a deep golden color, but not browned. When slightly cooled split it in two and spread the lower half with orange jelly to an inch in thickness. (This should not be quite cold, or it will not spread.) Replace the upper half, cover the surface and sides with more jelly. When quite cold take the whites of the eggs, beat with two tablespoonfuls of caster sugar, and a drop or two of fresh lemon juice, spread as an icing over the top; ornament the edges with split almonds.

15 Years of Itching.

Wm. Golding, commercial traveller 130 Esther st. Toronto, says: For 15 years I suffered untold misery from Itching Piles, sometimes called pin worms. Many and many weeks have I had to lay off the road from this trouble. I tried eight other pile ointments and so called remedies with no permanent relief to the intense itching and stinging, which irritated by scratching would bleed and ulcerate. One half a box of Chase's Ointment cured me completely.

La Grippe weakens digestion. Use K. D. C.

SILVER WEDDING.

A Pleasant Anniversary for Warden and Mrs. Forster, of Dorchester.

DORCHESTER, March 16.—On the evening of Friday, the fifteenth, the Warden's Lodge was the scene of a very happy gathering. The occasion was the silver wedding of Warden Forster and his esteemed wife. Some members of the family had necessarily been admitted into the secret; but, as far as practicable, the affair was a genuine surprise to the principals themselves.

About sixty persons participated in the celebration, among whom were the Hon. Mr. Justice Landry, the Rev. J. Roy Campbell, the Rev. Father Cormier, H. A. Powell, Esq., M. P. P., and many other leading citizens, together with all the members of the prison staff who were not on duty. Unfortunately the Hon. Mr. Justice Hanington—a warm friend of the family—was unavoidably absent.

The address was read and the plate, which was from the firm of Ferguson and Page, St. John, and consisted of a handsome silver tea service, was presented on behalf of the friends of Mr. Justice Landry.

At supper the health of Mr. and Mrs. Forster was proposed by Mr. Campbell and was suitably responded to by Mr. Forster, and words happily adapted to the occasion were afterwards spoken by Mr. Justice Landry, Mr. Powell and Father Cormier.

After several hours social intercourse the company joined in the time honored "Auld Lang Syne," and "God Save the Queen," the singing of which brought a thoroughly enjoyable occasion to a happy close.

The following is the address and Mr. Forster's reply.

DORCHESTER, March 15, 1895.

Dear Mr. and Mrs. Forster:

It has come to the knowledge of your friends that this is the eve of your most interesting milestone in the journey of life, that marks the completion of your twenty-fifth lap; and they could not allow such an interesting event to come and go without taking some marked notice of it.

We are therefore met together to congratulate you both on that happy Providence that has watched over you, dealt gently and lovingly with you, and surrounded you with an affectionate family and a large circle of friends. And we congratulate you that the close of that period finds you both in the eminent enjoyment of good health, actively engaged in the discharge of important public duties, and dispensing a genial hospitality to a large circle of friends.

And, as we congratulate you on the achieved happiness of the past, so do we also hopefully anticipate for you, that the happy and useful years, during which you will continue to enjoy and diffuse the like happiness in an ever increasing degree.

We have further ventured to mark the occasion in such a way, that when you are either surrounded by your immediate family circle or the wider circle of your friends in a social way, you will be constantly reminded of the happiness of the present occasion.

And again, reiterating our heartiest and best wishes, we are

Yours very truly and sincerely,

YOUR FRIENDS.

DORCHESTER, 15th March, 1895.

To the Hon. Mr. Justice Landry, The Hon. Mr. Justice Hanington, the Rev. J. Roy Campbell, The Rev. A. D. Cormier and other friends:

The unexpected remembrance of Mrs. Forster and myself on this occasion of the 25th anniversary of our marriage with such a handsome gift is most gratefully acknowledged by each of us. This beautiful mark of your esteemed friendship will be treasured by us with feelings of pleasure only exceeded by those which the recollection of your great kindness and sympathy will ever evoke. Since coming to Dorchester we have enjoyed the warm friendship of all of you to a degree which has made life bright and agreeable and we trust that we may prove worthy of the lavish kindness which you have bestowed on us. Thanking you for your thoughtful and generous disposition towards us, and wishing you in return all those pleasures and enjoyments which you have so very kindly wished for Mrs. Forster and myself believe me,

Dear friends,

Your grateful well-wisher,

JOHN B. FORSTER.

THANKFUL TO-DAY THAT HE IS WELL.

Lorenzo Puliston, a Well Known Citizen of Sydney Mines, C. B. Tells How Burdock Blood Bitters Cured Him of Scrofula, Spots, Blemishes, Etc.

DEAR SIRS,—I am thankful to say that through the use of B.B.B. I am strong and healthy to-day. I was troubled with Scrofula and Spots and Blemishes all over my body. Being recommended to try B.B.B. I did so, and can positively say that it made a perfect cure. The first bottle was very successful, and before I had half the second I was completely well. I recommend B.B.B. to all comers.

LORENZO PULISTON, Sydney Mines, C. B.

Kingston Notes.

A BOY'S DESCRIPTION OF A GIRL.—

A gurl is a boy what wares petticoats and aprons and don't git her hare cut at Fabian's. Sum gurls lasts about 53 years, and sum git married. Them's women.

A gurl can't git no older'n 24 years if no fellar with a good farm, or store, or skunner, or blacksmithshop, or carriage factory doesn't marry her. I know sum gurls what's been 24 years old since Confederation, but they looks older'n that. A gurl allers likes to have a bo. If she is very purty she sometimes has a hole lot of bos.

Sometimes I git some candy from our Sis's bo. I allers see him when he cums in the evenin', but I never see him when he goes away, coz Sis allers puts me to bed. A gurl has a grate nack of puttending. She can look pleasant and doesn't sware or fire dishcloths at her brothers when there's any stranger in the house. I sumtimes wish I was a gurl, coz John McMurry couldn't make me go out and brake roods when I gro big. I might also stand a chance of gittin taken to hear Willie Lively and his troupe free. I'd like to see Johnnie Thibideau standin' on his hind legs on a close line, or John Palmer swingin petater pounders. I mite also know what sort of a dress the bride is goin to ware wen she goes down Church St. next Sunday. Still gurls has disadvantages. Th'other day when me and Johnny Brittain rapped at our front door, Sis runned up stairs, sponged her face all over, brushed her hare and put on her nu dress, looked in the lookin glass and smiled several different ways, before she came and opened the door for us. Course, Sis got mad and I stayed at next house til Sis's bo cummed in the evenin. I think though gurls is alright in their own place, so is boys.

"Cold Water to a Thirsty Soul."

Rev. Isaac Baird, Templeton, Cal., well known in Canada: "I have tried K. D. C. and also the Pills, and find them just the thing—vastly better than what the doctor ordered. The very first dose of K. D. C. helped me and now that miserable headache is all gone, also that oppressed feeling that I have suffered from for months. I never mean to be without K. D. C. again; no medicine I have ever taken worked like it; it is like cold water to a thirsty soul. This is the second time I have tried K. D. C. and there is no failure or disappointment."

K. D. C. brings solid comfort to those suffering from sick headache and that oppressed feeling. Test its merits now. Free sample to any address. K. D. C. Co., Ltd., New Glasgow, N. S., and 127 State street, Boston, Mass.

M. of R.

BUCTOUCHE, March 18.—Yesterday, at the call of the honorary president, a special meeting of the M. of R. was held in their parlors. After the usual run of small talk the president mentioned the fact that Ireland had her patron Saint Patrick, England her St. George, and Scotland her St. Andrew, and it is just that a great society like the M. of R. should have a patron he saint or not and called on suggestions from the members present. Some held to making Sir Mac the patron of the society, others objected on the ground that he would not be suitable to the M. of R. as he would have to work too hard during the coming election to keep into power to be a patron of Men of Rest. Others proposed Winnie but he was objected to as his work would be still more difficult to climb up into the ship of state and grasp the helm. Several other leading politicians were mentioned but it was decided that they would all be too busy, even "Instar Omnium," the "Inquam Omnium," or "Maxime Inscius Omnium," would not do. Again such a course might introduce politics into the order and thus destroy its rest. It was then proposed to accept Coxe and wear the prison color on Coxe's day, but this was distasteful to many. At last it was agreed to choose some object rather than person. The M. & B. was immediately chosen without one dissenting voice, it having done less during the past six weeks than anything known to man, and February 4th was ordered to be set aside in the future as a day of rejoicing and thanksgiving, it having been the day on which the train made its last trip to Moncton.

M. of R. adjourned sine die.

To Make Pure Blood

There is no medicine before people the equal to Hood's Sarsaparilla. It is the standard spring medicine and bloodpurifier and it possesses peculiar merit which others tried in vain to reach. It really makes the weak strong. Take Hood's Sarsaparilla now.

HOOD'S PILLS become the favorite cathartic with every one who tries them. 25c. per box.

Children Cry for

Pitcher's Castoria.

We Can Only Live by God.

God sees it is well for us to be small and weak; to lie prone before the mighty forces we cannot measure, the mystery we cannot fathom; to stand stretching pleading hands across the border that meet no answering human touches. He would bring us to know that we could only live in and by Him. There, prone with our faces in the dust, the weight of desolation on the heart, He sends us the impulse of the song in the night. We feel it throbbing in the air. Thus we compose our own little threnody, our own little elegy poor clumsy thing, perhaps, as a work of art, but vital, because it lives in us as a part of life, weaves into itself all colors of experience, all tender words, all generous thought and deed, all memory of meetings and partings, all fallings-out and reconciliations, all regrets and desolate, lonely times. A thousand little forgotten things come up to enrich our threnody—a thousand unimportant memories, foolish to others, sacred to ourselves, giving comfort unconsciously, like the wandering touches of baby hands. Our little night song is for no human ear. It is for one with God. What a vain thing it would seem if held up to the critical light of day! How irrational and poor! If parts of it make us weep bitter tears because of the scant box of spikenard we have broken on the feet of love, they are parts of our dark hour song we cannot afford to miss. Pain for the deed undone, the word unspoken, the thought unhalloved, may help us to a tender thoughtfulness in the future.

A BOON TO HORSEMEN.—One bottle of English Spavin Liniment completely removed a curb from my horse. I take pleasure in recommending the remedy, as it acts with mysterious promptness in the removal from horses of hard, soft or caloused lumps, blood spavin, splints, curbs, swellings, stifles and sprains.

GEORGE ROBB, Farmer, Markham, Ont.

Sold by W. W. Short.

Training The Colt.

From the day he is foaled, a colt should be gradually accustomed to obedience. Feed him a lump of sugar that he may welcome your coming, then gently handle him, moving him about, and he will soon obey manly commands. He must be gently mastered from the first by a man who is cool-headed and pleasant, never hasty, excited or angry. Train him to the halter, to carrying a strap and at length the harness and bridle.

Backing is one of the most difficult lessons. Stand behind the colt and slightly to one side, so that the lines passing through the lug strap will draw across his quarter. While distinctly saying the word "Back," pull the reins backward and a little to one side with a quick steady pull, and instantly slacken. At first this will only turn him to one side, but by stroking his head, and feeding him a morsel, he can be pulled a little to the other side in the same way, and will soon respond to the reins. Next, by standing directly behind him he may be trained to back, always slacking the rein the moment the colt begins to back, so he will learn that he can relieve the backward pull by backing. Finally, teach him to back at the word without the pull or with only the slightest pressure. Do a very little at a time, being careful never to tire the colt, and be satisfied with slow progress. The colt does not learn so quickly as a man does.—Western Rural.

CATARRH RELIEVED IN 10 TO 60 MINUTES.—One short puff of the breath through the Blower, supplied with each bottle of Dr. Agnew's Catarrh Powder, diffuses this Powder over the surface of the nasal passages. Painless and delightful to use, it relieves instantly, and permanently cures Catarrh, Hay Fever, Headache, Sore Throat, Tonsillitis and Deafness. 60 cents. Sold by W. W. Short.

To Tell the Age of Sheep.

Sheep have two teeth in the centre of the jaw at one year old, and add two each year until five years old, when they have a "full mouth." After that time the age of the sheep cannot be told by the teeth. The natural age of the sheep is about ten years, to which age they breed and thrive well, though there are instances of their breeding at the age of fifteen and of living twenty years.

25 Cents vs. Kidney Trouble.

For 2 years I was dosed, pillled and plastered for weak-back, scalding urine and constipation, without benefit. One box of Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills relieved, 3 boxes cured.

R. S. Smith, Toronto.