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IT MAY NOT BE.

It may not be our lot to wield
The sickle in the ripened field;
Not ours to hear, on summer eves,
The reaper's song among the sheaves.

Yet where our duty's task is wrought
In unison with God's great thought,
The near and future blend in one,
And whatsoever is will be done.

And ours the grateful service whence
Come, day by day, the recompense;
The hope, the trust, the purpose stayed,
The fountain and the noonday shade.

And were this life the utmost span,
The only end and aim of man,
Better the toil of fields like these
Than waking dreams and slothful ease.

But life, though falling like our grain;
Like that, revives and springs again;
And early called, how blest are they
Who wait in heaven their harvest day!

—J. G. Whittier.

A GIRL'S HEROISM.

On the Banks of the River Rhine, not far from Bonn, stands a quaint Dutch windmill which marks the spot of a girl's courageous deed. The adventure is told as follows:

One Sunday morning the miller and his family set out as usual to attend divine service in the village of Heesel, leaving the mill, to which the dwelling place was attached, in charge of his hired maid Hanchen, a brave-hearted girl. The youngest child, being still too small to be taken to church, remained also under her care.

As Hanchen was busily engaged in preparing dinner for the family, she was interrupted by a visit from her admirer, Heinrich Bottler. He was an idle, worthless fellow and the miller, who knew his character, had forbidden him to enter the house. Hanchen could not believe all the stories she had heard against her lover, and was sincerely attached to him. So she greeted him kindly, got something for him to eat, and even sat down to eat a little with him.

As he was eating he let fall his knife, and requested Hanchen to pick it up for him. At first she playfully refused, telling him he was getting too lazy, but finally she stooped down to pick it up, when the treacherous villain caught her by the neck, drew a dagger from under his coat and threatened to kill her if she did not immediately tell where the miller kept his money.

The girl was surprised and terrified, and attempted to turn him from such a base deed; but he continued to hold her throat in his vice-like grip, leaving her the choice of death or the betrayal of her master. At this instant all her native courage awoke, and a lofty determination sprang up to defeat the robber and save her master's money and her own life.

At once her manner changed. She affected to yield to his wishes, saying, in a woe-begone tone: "Well, what must be, must. But if you carry away the miller's gold you must take me with you, too, for I would be suspected and beaten if I stayed behind."

At length he let go on her suggestion that the family would soon return from church. She then led the way to the miller's bedroom, and showed him the coffer where he kept his money.

"Here," said she, taking an axe from the corner, "you can open it with this while I run upstairs a moment."

Completely deceived by her willing manner, he allowed her to leave the room and began to chop open the box and to fill his pockets with money. In the meantime Hanchen, after going up one flight of stairs, turned back another way, and creeping silently along the corridor, grasped with both hands the heavy oaken door, swung it with all her might, and quickly locked it. The robber was securely imprisoned, for it was impossible to batter down the thick walls or doors.

Hanchen next rushed down to give the alarm. The only one in sight being the miller's little boy, five years old, she called to him with all her might. "Run to meet your father as he comes from church. A robber is in the house." The child, though frightened somewhat, obeyed and began running down the road.

Overcome with emotions of grief and thankfulness, Hanchen sank down upon the doorstep weeping. But at this moment she was aroused by a shrill whistle from her prison, Heinrich who stood behind the grated window above. Next he shouted to some companion without to catch the child running away and kill the girl. She soon saw a ruffian start up from a ravine where he was hiding, and catch up the child in his arms, hastened toward the mill. At once she perceived this new danger, and formed a plan to thwart it.

Retreating into the mill, she double-locked and bolted the door, the only apparent entrance into the building, and

took her post at the upper casement, determined to defend the miller's property at all hazards.

As the ruffian approached the building, carrying the child, he threatened to kill it and burn the building unless the door was immediately opened. Poor Hanchen's heart quailed at the terrible threat, but she knew that duty forbade compromise, and bravely resolved to stand her post until death.

"I put my trust in God," was the noble reply.

The villain now set down the child to look about for a good place to set fire to the building, and in so doing discovered an entrance to the building unthought of by Hanchen. It was a large hole in the wall leading to the great wheel and other machinery of the mill. Exultant at this discovery, he returned to tie the hands and feet of the poor child, to prevent its escape, and then stole stealthily back and entered the opening.

Hanchen did not perceive those movements of the ruffian, but meantime a thought had come to her. She remembered it was Sunday, when the mill never worked. So, if the windmill was started all the neighbors would see it and come running to see what had happened, and especially the miller would hasten home. Accustomed from childhood to machinery it was but the work of a moment to set all in motion. A brisk breeze sprang up, which set the sails fast flying. With creaking and groaning the great wheel began to turn, and gradually became swifter.

It happened that just at the moment the wheel started the ruffian intruder had squeezed through the opening and dropped into the interior of the huge drum-wheel. His dismay may be imagined when he felt the wheel turning, and was unable to jump out without breaking his neck. Wildly terrified, he uttered shrieks and imprecations. Hearing a noise, Hanchen ran to the spot and saw him caught like a rat in a trap. She was delighted at this turn of affairs, and had no thought of liberating him, for she knew that if he remained against the bottom of the wheel he was in no danger of falling off, even if he lost consciousness.

He made eager entreaties and wild threats to Hanchen, but all to no avail, and soon became so dizzy that he fell unconscious against the rim of the wheel, and his body continued to be whirled about.

At length a loud rapping was heard at the door, and she flew to open it. There was the miller with his family and a number of neighbors, all in the greatest excitement at seeing the sails in full swing on Sunday; and still more at finding the child lying bound in the grass, too terrified to tell what had happened.

Hanchen in a few words told all that had occurred, and then, overcome by her emotions of safety and relief, sank exhausted upon the floor.

The rescuers immediately stopped the machinery of the mill and dragged out the unconscious form of the robber villain.

Heinrich also was brought forth from the bed-chamber, and both were taken under strong escort to Bonn, where they soon afterward received the reward of their crimes.

In the narrative of this extraordinary heroism, it is added that the incident effectually disgusted Hanchen with her suitor, and some years afterwards she was wedded to the miller's eldest son, living the remainder of her life at the scene of her heroic act and happy rescue.—People's Own Paper.

FAVOR THE CURFEW BELL LAW.

There was quite an animated debate in the Women's Council, St. John, on Wednesday over the proposition of Mrs. Chas. E. Macmichael to ask the Local Legislature to pass a Curfew Bell law. The proposed law provides for the ringing of a bell at 7.30 or 8 p. m. in December, January and February, and at 9 p. m. in the other months, and that after the ringing children of 14 years found habitually loitering, idling or playing about the streets, without their parents or guardians, be warned to return to their homes by the police, and if still they remain they be taken home by the police. It is the purpose of the council to have in the bill a provision for a fine of \$1 for the first offence, \$2 for the second and \$5 for third or farther offences, to be imposed on parents or guardians. Mrs. Macmichael strongly advocated the procuring of such legislation, and was supported by Mrs. Edward Manning, Miss Fullerton and others. Mrs. Thomas Walker, Mrs. Robt. Thomson and other spoke in opposition, but the proposition was finally carried.

Lady Tilley resigned from the presidency and was made honorary president. The vacant office will not be filled until the annual election.

A CONFESSION WHICH MAY HAVE SOME BEARING ON THE CASE.

DURANT INNOCENT OF THE CRIME.

HOUSTON, Texas, Nov. 24.—A special to 'Post' from Morgan, Texas, says:—'In March last, in the columns of the 'Post,' was noticed the death of Joseph E. Blanther, alias Forbes who committed suicide in the Meridian jail, in this county, on March 2. While Blanther was incarcerated in the Meridian jail for the murder of Mrs. Langfeldt, a prisoner named Pitts, accused of a minor charge, occupied the cell adjoining that of Blanther. Pitts is a farmer who now lives near Iredell, in this county. In a letter to Messrs. Word, Dillar & Word, attorneys of Meridian, under date of Nov. 22, Pitts encloses a letter from Blanther and says: 'I have been looking through some papers that I had on file in jail at Meridian and I find the enclosed sheet, which speaks for itself. The papers alluded to here worked through a hole in my pocket hence the delay in not discovering them sooner. I well remember that Forbes or

Blanther asked me the evening of the night he took the poison which coat was mine of several that were hanging in the cell he occupied. I never thought further of the question until I found the letter he wrote. I send it to you for the reason you best know who to notify in California. I hope that it may be worth something to you in the way of saving Durant, of California, who, I understand, is sentenced to death for killing Miss Lamont. Following is the Blanther letter:

Mr. Pitts,—As this is my last day on earth I wish to say that I cannot do without telling a truth. I murdered Mrs. Langfeldt, also Blanche Lamont and Minnie Williams. I put this in your coat pocket and hope you will find it in time to save the life of Durant. It may also be of service to Mr. Womack in getting his reward money. I want you to have my watch for your kindness to me. You have my best wishes and I hope your troubles will end but not as mine.

BLANTHER FORBES.

The letter written by Blanther was compared with a letter written by him to County Treasurer Randle, while he (Blanther) was teaching school at Kop-

perl, this county, and the identification is pronounced to be beyond doubt. The authorities in San Francisco will be notified.

DISCREDITED IN SAN FRANCISCO.

SAN FRANCISCO, Nov. 24.—No credence is placed by the authorities here in the alleged confession of Blanther or Forbes, made in the Meridian, Texas, jail, that he murdered Blanche Lamont and Minnie Williams, in addition to Mrs. Langfeldt. It is recalled, however, that at the time of killing of Mrs. Langfeldt about eighteen months ago, the suggestion was advanced that Blanther had murdered all three, it being claimed that there were certain points of similarity in three murders. At the time of the Langfeldt murder Durant had already been in jail for a year and the police scouted the idea of any one but the prisoner having committed the crimes. The police are confident that the Emanuel Church murderer is still alive in San Quentin prison. While recognizing the possibility of error, the authorities are nevertheless convinced that they have the right man in the person of Durant. The

alleged confession of Blanther will probably prove a powerful weapon of defence in the hands of Durant's attorneys, who are utilizing every available pretext for delaying the execution of their client.

SHILLELAHS.

(Westminster Gazette.)

The shillelah industry, or the making of blackthorn sticks, is becoming quite prosperous in Ireland. Happily, the shillelahs are not now intended—as in the days of Donnybrook Fair—for cracking skulls, as may be imagined when we mention that the Duke of York returned from Ireland with one hundred of them to present to his friends.

One of the most industrious makers of these sticks is an old Crimean soldier, who lives in a village in Conemaara. Hearing that the Queen suffered from rheumatism he sent Her Majesty an exceedingly fine blackthorn crunched stick, with a letter guaranteeing it to be one of the finest and strongest in Ireland. He has now hanging in his little shop a framed letter of thanks and a portrait of the Queen, which was sent to him by order of Her Majesty.

The Cure Was Permanent.

The Story of a Man Who Suffered the Agonies of a Living Death.

MEDICAL EXPERTS PRONOUNCED HIM INCURABLE AND HE WAS PAID A LARGE DISABILITY CLAIM.

The Case Probably the Most Wonderful in the History of Medical Science--Brought from Hopeless, Helpless Inactivity to Health and Strength--A Reproduction of the Check by which the Disability Claim was Paid.

THE CANADIAN MUTUAL LIFE ASSOCIATION. TORONTO, April 16 1892.

THE DOMINION BANK,
Pay to Messrs. Nelson & Evans, Barristers
or order
Sixteen hundred and fifty Dollars
Countersigned. Payment of disability claim in full policy 173 Reuben Peck.
\$1650.00
W. Ambrose Peff, Sec. Manager
W. Rennie, President.
E. H. Hilborn, Treasurer.

No other
medicine in the
world has
ever offered
such undoubted
proof of merit.

WHAT
DR. WILLIAMS'
PINK PILLS
have done for
others they will
do for you, if
given a fair trial.

From the Meaford, Ont., Monitor.

About two years ago the Monitor produced an interview with Mr. Reuben Peck, of Griesville, in order to ascertain from his own lips if the reports were well founded that he attributed his most astonishing return to health to the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. The result of the interview was published in the Monitor under the date of Jan. 17th, 1896. Mr. Peck's case was certainly one of the most extraordinary in the annals of medicine in Canada—if not in the world. He had been ill for five years and in that time he consulted no less than six of the best physicians he could find, but none could give him the least relief. His limbs and body were puffed and bloated to such an extent that he could not get his clothes on, and for two years he had not dressed. He had lost the use of his limbs entirely. His flesh seemed to be dead, and pins could be stuck into various parts of his body without being felt or creating the slightest sensation. He could not move about and if he attempted to get up would fall and would have to be lifted up. He was unable to open his mouth sufficiently to take solid food, and had to be fed with a spoon like a child. The doctors said his trouble was spinal sclerosis, and that he could not possibly get better. He was in fact nothing more or less than an animated corpse, so helpless was he. He was a member of the Canadian Mutual Life Association, and was under their rules entitled to disability insurance and made a claim for it. Two doctors, on behalf of the association, were sent to examine him, and they pronounced him incurable and permanently disabled, and in accordance with their report he was paid a disability insurance of \$1,650.00. This was about two years

after his sickness began. For three years more he lingered in the condition above noted, utterly helpless, and a burden to himself and friends. He was then advised to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. He did not hope that they would help him, but in his sad condition he was prepared to grasp anything that afforded the prospect of even a slight relief. The first change noted in his condition after he began the use of the pills was a disposition to sweat freely. Then life began to return to his hitherto dead body, and from that time on his progress towards recovery and activity was steady and certain. The publication of the interview, containing the facts above noted, created unusual interest, not only in this section, but throughout Canada. That a man, whose limbs and body were all but dead, who had been examined by medical experts, and pronounced incurable and on the strength of their report was paid a large disability claim, should afterwards be cured by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, was looked upon as a marvel. Many were skeptical; not as to the cure—for the fact that he was actively going about proved this—but they did not believe it would prove permanent. In view of the doubts then expressed, the Monitor determined to watch the case closely, and now, nearly two years after the cure was first published, has again interviewed Mr. Peck, with the result that we are in a position to say most emphatically that this remarkable cure has proved permanent. On being again questioned, Mr. Peck said:—"You see those hands—the skin is now natural and elastic. Once they were hard and without sensation. You could pierce them with a pin and I would not feel it, and what is true of my hands is true of the rest of my body. Perhaps

you have observed that I have now even ceased to use a cane, and can get about my business perfectly well. You may say there is absolutely no doubt as to my cure being permanent. Indeed I am in even better health than when I gave you the first interview." "Do you still attribute your cure to the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills?" asked the Monitor. "Unquestionably I do," was the reply. "Doctors had failed, as had also the numerous remedies recommended by my friends. Nothing I took had the slightest effect upon me until I began the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. To this wonderful medicine I owe my release from a living death. I have since recommended Dr. Williams' Pink Pills to many of my friends, and the verdict is in their favor. I shall always bless the day I was induced to take them." The above are the chief statements made by Mr. Peck in this latest interview, and the Monitor may remark, from a long acquaintance with him, that we consider his statements absolutely true and reliable. He has no interest to serve other than a desire to recommend the medicine that has done so much for him, and we feel sure that if any sufferer will write Mr. Peck, enclosing a stamp for reply, he will endorse all the statements made above. We may further add that Mr. Peck's remarkable recovery leave no doubt of the wonderful curative powers of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and it seems reasonable to infer that they will do for others what they have done for him—restore health and vitality. The check at the head of this article is a fac-simile of the one by which Mr. Peck's disability claim was paid and is given in further corroboration of his statements.