

# THE REVIEW

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\$1.00 A YEAR

## 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.

See that your advertisement is ticketed via THE REVIEW.

### THE EMPIRE AND THE FLAG.

(With Compliments of Geo. H. Fox, of Lindsay.)

The two songs given below were written on the steamship Sardinian on the way to South Africa with the first Canadian Contingent and were sent from Cape Town by John Dutney, son of C. A. Dutney, of Buctouche, who went out with that contingent, and who wishes them to be published.

For the honor of the Empire,  
And the glory of the flag,  
We don the Queen's bright uniform,  
But not to boast or brag;  
And are ready in a moment  
To fight in freedom's cause,  
To help uplift creation  
And realize the laws.

#### CHORUS.

So we fasten on our "fixins"  
In this land of maple sheen,  
And go forward rather proudly  
As soldiers of the Queen!  
Soldiers of the Queen, my boys,  
As soldiers of the Queen!  
And go forward rather proudly  
As soldiers of the Queen!

The bugle notes are sounding,  
And in Africa's sunny clime  
The dark war clouds are lowering,  
While men are marking time;  
Kin Kruger has commanded  
The British troops to go,  
But in making such a movement  
He will find them mighty slow.

#### CHORUS.

The Empire stands united,  
As it never was before;  
The ringing cheers come rolling up  
From many a far-off shore;  
The world is eager, watching,  
For drift of fearful fray,  
But the dark land will be brighter  
When the smoke has cleared away.

#### CHORUS.

Majuba Hill and Isandula  
Will not occur again,  
For the enemies of Britain  
Will form the bulk of slain;  
So "forward march!" and "steady!"—  
Cold lead for reckless knaves,  
The Union Jack shall float forever—  
White men never will be slaves!

—GEORGE H. FOX.

### SWEEPING THROUGH AFRICA.

We rally round the Union Jack, the flag  
Our fathers bore,  
On many a famous battle field in glorious  
Days of yore,  
With firm resolve, that vendal hands,  
Shall never haul it down,  
That banner bright of Britain Great so  
Flooded with renown.

#### CHORUS.

Hurrah! hurrah! the flag that makes men  
Free!  
Hurrah! hurrah! the star of liberty!  
We'll sing our British war songs from  
Cape Town to "Zambezi"  
While sweeping through Africa;

When the puggle blasts were sounded and  
Call was made "to arms!"  
We stepped out from our work-shops and  
Filed in from farms,  
To prove to Mother England and show a  
Watching world  
That the Empire is united when war flags  
Are unfurled.

#### CHORUS.

With Buller's British bull-dogs we will  
Sweep the darkest land,  
And do our duty bravely, gallant Otter  
In command.  
And when the war is over, there'll be lib-  
erty and light  
While Burghers bold will learn to know  
How "niggers white" can fight.

They may steal the Zulu's cattle, and  
Take the Kaffir's sheep,  
But our maxims and our rifles will lull  
Them fast asleep;  
And when the Boers, with pious cant, hear  
The cannon's thunder boom  
They will realize the coming of the day  
Of deathly doom.

#### CHORUS.

## Fishermen's Pride.

That is the brand of FLOUR and TEA that is giving our customers such great satisfaction. Everybody is praising them. When you are in need of another pound of Tea or barrel of Flour, be sure you get "FISHERMEN'S PRIDE."

## DRY GOODS! DRY GOODS!! DRY GOODS!!!

We have just received a large stock of new goods including **Underwear, Top Shirts, Flannel, Homespun, Canadian Tweeds, Blankets, Legging Hose, etc., etc., etc.**

We would like to have you call and examine these goods and compare prices. No trouble to show goods.

## A. & R. Loggie.

So we go into the battle without a single doubt  
"For the Empire and the Flag!" is the slogan we will shout,  
And forth will find Dominion boys full worthy of the name—  
No matter what our race may be, we're British all the same!

### HOUSEKEEPING IN THE KLONDIKE.

(By John L. Rees in December Donahoe's.)

The cooking is generally done on Yukon stoves, which are made of sheet iron. Many of them have the oven upon the stove pipe, which strikes one at first as an odd arrangement. One has to be very careful in using these ovens, as they are apt to get too hot and burn what is being baked. But this difficulty is offset by the fact that the stoves are splendid for heating, widely superior to the cast iron cook stoves in warming the cabin. And then the cooking utensils! Men learn to be very handy in making use of them. The butter tins are saved and converted into saucepans, flour sifters and various other articles. Almost anything may be bought but the price is high, and many are not willing to spend more than is absolutely necessary. So all kinds of substitutes for civilized comforts are resorted to. There is no scarcity of provisions, no trouble as in previous years of getting good things to eat. Plenty of fresh meat—beef, mutton, pork and frozen fish can be bought at fairly reasonable prices. Fresh potatoes are sixty cents a pound and onions are fifty cents a pound. A careful housekeeper says that when the first pound of potatoes you buy is weighed out you are sure to have a feeling of dismay on finding perhaps only three fair sized ones for sixty cents. To the economical mind this seems rather like eating money, but the evaporated potatoes are a good substitute, and are very palatable when nicely cooked. Then the Lamont's eggs are invaluable and for cooking purposes not easily distinguished from the fresh, though notable housekeepers may differ from this opinion. Pure milk from the cow may be bought, but the price, four dollars a quart, places it beyond the reach of the ordinary cabin inhabitant. A lady said to me, "I have just had one glassful since I have been here, and I drank it very slowly, like the children, to make it last. Never did a glass of milk taste so good to me before."

Magnetic Dyes have been giving satisfaction to thousands of home dyers for twenty-five years. None give better results.

Mary had a little mule,  
It followed her to school;  
That was against the rule;  
The teacher, like a fool,  
Got behind that mule  
And hit him with a rule,  
After that there was no school.

"What's in a name?" Everything, when you come to medicine. When you get Hood's Sarsaparilla you get the best money can buy.

### BIRTHDAY PARTY AT WEST BRANCH.

The Birthday party held in the West Branch Methodist Church on Christmas night in aid of the church there was a decided success. Although roads and weather were somewhat unfavorable, the church was filled with visitors, a number coming from Ford's Mills, South Branch and Main River, but a treat was in store for them. A Christmas tree laden with presents for the Sunday School children from the superintendent, teachers and parents, presented a beautiful appearance. Then the following programme was most successfully carried out:—

Opening chorus—Far away—By School.  
Address of Welcome—Sandy Cail.

Dialogue—Christmas—Maggie Curran, and Clara Cail.

Chorus—Our Christmas Tree—By School.

Recitation—Christmastide—Maggie Beck.

Recitation—Absent Friends—Nanie Lennox.

Song—The Christmas Wreath—By four little girls, Irena Barton, Maggie Curran, Greta Curran and Maggie Lennox.

Recitation—Three little Texts—Irena Barton.

Recitation—The Free Seat—A. A. Robertson.

Acrostic—Christmas—By nine boys and girls.

Anthem—How Beautiful are the Mountains—Choir.

Solo—Wonderful Story of Jesus—Maggie Curran.

Recitation—What the Stockings said—Allen Curran.

Anthem—Peace on Earth, Good Will to Men—Choir.

Recitation—Two little Stockings—Serena Morton.

Recitation—Santa Clause—Stanley Barton.

Chorus—Santa Clause is coming—By School.

Santa Clause then appeared.

The various parts were of a choice selection and were particularly well rendered reflecting much credit on the children as well as their Sunday School teachers, Mrs. Robertson and Miss Annie Robertson who spared no pains in trying to make the party a success. After Santa Clause had distributed the presents, lunch was served by the ladies, when all joined heartily in singing "God Save the Queen." Those in connection wish to thank all who aided in any way in making the party a success, and wishing all a Happy and prosperous New Year. The sum of \$47.00 was realized, \$31.95 result of the party, and \$15.05 donations by letter.

### DREADING AN OPERATION.

Weary of experimenting with salves, suppositories and ointments and dreading a surgical operation, scores and hundreds have turned to Dr. A. W. Chase's Ointment and found in it an absolute cure for piles. The first application brings relief from the terrible itching and it is very seldom that more than one box is required to effect a permanent cure.

### A KLONDIKE MILLIONAIRE.

SKIFF MITCHELL VISITING FRIENDS IN CHARLOTTE COUNTY AFTER YEARS OF ABSENCE.

(St. Andrews Beacon.)

Among those who registered at Kennedy's hotel, on Tuesday last, were Mr. Skiff Mitchell, of Dawson City and his sister.

Mr. Mitchell, who is known as one of Klondyke's millionaires, is a sturdy young man of perhaps forty-five years of age, with a strong, determined face, and a frame that looks as if it might sustain any kind of hardships.

The Beacon was able to get a moment's conversation with him. He said that he had come out from Dawson last September to transact business and to see his friends. He has been engaged lately in this pleasant duty, visiting his boyhood's home at Tower Hill, also friends at St. Stephen, Elmsville, Bocabec and St. Andrews. He expects to go back to Dawson in June.

"It is seventeen years," said Mr. Mitchell, "since I bade good-bye to home and friends in Charlotte county and struck out for the golden west. The most of my time since then I have spent searching for gold among the Klondyke mountains. I have seen greater changes in the West during the past seventeen years than I can see in the east. The changes here are few as compared with the western country. I have seen cities built up in the West and I have seen them fall into ruin. Dawson, which is now a city of perhaps 25,000 people, will meet this fate in seven years unless some larger strikes are made. Had it been four years younger when the Cape Nome excitement of last year set in it would have been almost deserted today. This excitement has carried away thousands of miners from our section. It is undoubtedly a rich country. It is very little further north than we are, but it is much farther west. Some of the maps do not show it, but it is not far from Cape Prince of Wales.

"The rush to Klondyke is over. The fever has abated. Mining has got down to a business basis. You mustn't believe those who say there is no gold there. Gold exists in Klondyke in abundance, but hereafter it will be sought after differently. The primitive hand process is largely giving way to machinery. Indeed, there has been so much machinery taken in there within the last few years that the whole Pacific coast has been stripped of machinery. You can't get a monkey engine even in Seattle. Everything in the shape of an engine has been grabbed up, and the foundries are working as hard as they can to try to take the demand. It costs something to get the machinery into the country, too. A thirty-two horse power engine and boiler will stand you when it is set up about \$7,000."

Mr. Mitchell was asked if he had heard anything about the Henderson party from St. John, which was reported to have made a lucky strike, but he said he had not.

After visiting his St. Andrews friends, Mr. Mitchell drove to St. Stephen.

Though he did not boast of his wealth or his Klondyke triumphs, Mr. Mitchell is regarded as one of the wealthiest of young men in that new country. He has several rich claims located about fifteen miles from Dawson. It was on these claims that some of the St. Andrews boys were working. Mr. Mitchell is a bachelor but there is a possibility that he may not be able to withstand the wiles of a Charlotte county maidens and that he may not be as thoroughly hears whole when he departs as when he arrived.

### LEGS LIKE STOVEPIPES.

Kidney Irregularities Developed into Dropsy—South American Kidney Cure Cured Him.

South American Kidney Cure is doing every day for hundreds what it did for this stevedore man out in Lincoln county. Through exposure while sailing he contracted kidney disease and in a short while dropsy developed, so that his legs swelled as large as stove pipes. Doctors held out no hope for his recovery. He was recommended to use this great kidney specific, with the result that in a few weeks' treatment he was able to resume his work again a cured man, feeling stronger and heartier than he had for years. Sold at Est. W. W. Short.

A few of the citizens of Chicago saw a genuine Indian war dance, on Tuesday night, when the Winnebago Indians from the reservation near Black Falls, Wis., danced their war and other tribal dances at the residence of Thomas Roddy, who is soon to be installed "White Buffalo," chief of 1,500 Winnebagos.

Cook's Penetrating Plasters.

### WOUNDS THAT WON WIVES.

PART THAT THE BULLET HAS PLAYED IN LOVE AFFAIRS. (Tit Bits.)

Not long ago a young fellow of good family thought to assuage the pangs of disappointed love by the active duties of a soldier's life. He enlisted; his regiment was ordered to South Africa, and was among those who opposed the Boers at Glencoe. Not many hours later the young lady who had been the cause of his leaving home read his name among the list of wounded, and was so horrified at the result of her rejection of her lover that, smitten with remorse, she at once telegraphed her regret and accepted him for her husband. Let us hope that such a pretty romance will reach a happy consummation.

A young artisan proposed to the daughter of a well-to-do Birmingham tradesman, and was contumeliously shown the door by her parents. In a fit of despair he joined the army and served through the Afghan campaign, where he was so badly wounded as to necessitate a re-entry into civil life. Unable on account of his injury, to follow his old occupation, he obtained the post of attendant on an invalid gentleman, who, on his decease, left him sufficient money to buy a share in the business of the very man who some time before had refused him the hand of his daughter, but who now was only too glad to reconsider his determination.

During an engagement in the Franco-German war, a Frenchman, named Pinet, was left for dead upon the field, where he was found later by the Germans, who having, that his life might be saved, amputated both legs, bore him away prisoner into the Fatherland. Here he attracted the notice of a rich widow who mourned the memory of a husband whose valor against the Austrians a few years previously had entailed a similar mutilation. Sentiment begat love, and when the war ended Pinet became the widow's second choice.

A certain non-commissioned officer, whose slim proportions had evoked the contempt of her whom he would have fain called wife, received such a severe wound during the Egyptian campaign that active service saw him no more. But it is an ill will that blows no one any good, for the sedentary life that he was now obliged to lead was so conducive to the formation of adipose tissue that he rapidly found favor in the lady's sight, and within the year became a happy bridegroom.

A certain officer much courted by society, a perfect patagon for good looks and valor, but of very limited means, sighed after the daughter of a noble house, to whom, however, he never dared breathe his love. About this time war with Russia broke out, and our hero went with his regiment to the Crimea, where he received a terrible wound that meant life-disfigurement.

On his return the lady, whom he had loved in secret, sought him out, and said that, although she had long known his feelings towards herself, only his honorable misfortune could have wrung from her the confession that they were reciprocated. The marriage, which was soon afterwards celebrated, was fraught with every happiness.

A laughable episode occurred during the late war between America and Spain. Miss Anna Botchen, whose heartless conduct had driven her lover, Silas K. Beel, to volunteer for active service, was horrified to see his name among the wounded. She at once wrote him a letter full of contrition and sorrow, and promising him marriage immediately on his return. Soon came an answer from her lover, saying that it was not he but another Silas K. Beel who had been wounded. Angered that she had thus been tricked, as she termed it, into effusively displaying her feelings, she sought out the Simon Pure, whom she not only nursed back into convalescence, but, despite her lover's entreaties, ultimately took for her husband.

### WORMS DANGEROUS.

Don't forget it mother—worms are dangerous, they suck the life out of your child. The only safe and reliable remedy is Dr. Low's Pleasant Worm Syrup.

### BAXTER PLEADS GUILTY.

MONTREAL, Jan. 3.—James Baxter, private banker arrested in connection with the Bank Ville Marie Cases, appeared before the police magistrate this morning. He pleaded guilty and was remanded until to-morrow morning. The specific charge against him is conspiring to assist a criminal to evade justice. Other sensational arrests are hourly expected.

COOK'S NEW BLOOD PILLS.

### ELEVATED TRAIN DODGED POLICE.

CHICAGO AUTHORITIES HAD A DIFFICULT TIME CHECKING OPERATIONS ON NEW NORTHWESTERN ELEVATED.

CHICAGO, Jan. 5.—After an exciting struggle the police to-day took entire possession of the whole line of the new Northwestern Elevated Railroad in this city. The police acted under orders of the Commissioner of Public Works, Lawrence E. McGann.

The remarkable contest between the city authorities and the railway company involves the possible forfeiture of the company's franchise, as well as the sum of \$100,000 posted by the railway company to guarantee the completion of the road by January 1. Besides stopping the work in progress at various points of the structure, the police erected a barrier of ties and rails to-night at the juncture of the Northwestern Elevated tracks with those of the Union Loop at Fifth avenue and Lake street, and the regular crew of a train is under arrest.

The arrests are the result of the refusal of the railway officials to comply with an order from the Commissioner of Public Works to stop running trains. Mr. McGann contended that the company's structure was unsafe in its alleged unfinished state. The arrest of the train crew did not, however, for a considerable time, prevent the running of the so-called "ghost train," and temporarily resulted in the discomfiture of the police.

As the crew was being led to the patrol wagon, another crew and some of the officials of the road hurriedly boarded the train and, before the police realized the situation, the train was speeding on its way to the centre of the city, a distance of five and a half miles. When the train passed over the Wells Bridge, across the Chicago River, on to the Union Loop tracks, at Lake street, in the business district of the city, fully twenty-five policemen were waiting to halt the locomotive and cars.

But the motorman, in spite of frantic waving of clubs and commands to stop, only turned the lever further, and the policemen made a wild scramble for safety as the train swung across the switch to the loop tracks. Then the bridge across the river was swung open by the police and a cordon was stretched across the return track in Fifth avenue. But here again the train did not stop.

A switch had been turned by some emissary of the railroad and the train, instead of plunging into the river, swung around to the tracks of the Lake street elevated railway company and sped westward over that structure. The baffled police now gave up the chase of the train and turned their attention to erecting a barrier across the Northwestern tracks where they enter the loop. A guard was stationed to prevent the removal of the barrier, thus effectually blocking train operations so far as Northwestern connection with loop was concerned.

It is expected that Corporation Counsel Walker will advise the Council that it has authority to vacate the Northwestern Elevated franchise, including the Fifth avenue tracks, which will tie up the Union Loop Company also.

## Children Cry for CASTORIA.

### MYSTERIOUS FATALITY.

PETITCODIAC, N. B., Jan. 4.—At the Pollet River platform, near Petitcodiac, last night, Fred Simpson, aged forty-eight years, met a very sudden death. He, with Geo. Smith, had been hauling hay to Petitcodiac, and returned last night about dusk. They had two teams, and when Smith parted from deceased at the fork of the road half a mile from deceased's residence, the latter to all appearances was well and hearty. Some time afterwards Simpson's son went out into the yard, and, seeing the horses standing near the barn, looked in a hay rack, and found his father lying dead there, with his neck broken. Deceased was a brother of Ed. Simpson, of the Mansard House, and also of Mrs. Barker, of Moncton. He leaves a widow (nee Bolter, of Fredericton) and two sons and a daughter. The direct cause of the fatality is a mystery.

### EXAMINE THE TONGUE.

The skilled physician reads your condition by a glance at your tongue. If it is coated and you have a bitter taste in your mouth in the mornings he knows your liver is torpid and sluggish and prescribes the use of Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills. They cure biliousness, stomach trouble, and all liver and kidney disorders. One pill a dose, 25 cents a box. At all dealers.