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VOL. 3.

RICHIBUCTO, NEW BRUNSWICK, THURSDAY, APRIL 28, 1892.

NO. 57

THE GREAT NORTH SHORE ROUTE!

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The Stuttering Skipper.

Folks say that I am smart, and know
Which side my bread is buttered,
But still the other day I sailed
With a skipper man who stuttered.
I went aboard his crazy craft,
His voice near shook the mast off,
He roared afore—he bellowed aft,
“Kick-kick-kick-kick-kick—
“Cast off!”

We floated out upon the bay
As graceful as a swan,
And steered our fast and furious way,
Toward the foamy Don.
A captain hailed us thro’ his horn,
It sounded like a full frog,
“What craft is that?” Our skip replied,
“The bub-bub-bub-bub-bub—
“Bullfrog!”

We dashed across the foaming wave,
And split the flowing sea,
And oh, that cranky skipper man
A puzzle was to me!
A steamer rushed athwart our path,
Her captain steered to labbard,
Our skipper, boiling o’er with wrath,
Roared: “Stab-stab-stab-stab—
“Stab-board!”

Too fast we went, alack, alas!
We ran the rocks upon,
And soon our vessel settled fast,
Deep in the treacherous Don.
The skipper did not lose his head,
His beamy face was blestful,
He yelled, “Just push a plank ashore,
“And we will be suck-suck-suck—
“Suck-cessful!”

Thank goodness, not a soul was drowned,
The longshore men did tackle us,
I think that our escape that day
Might well be called miraculous.
But when I think of that dread hour
My heart with terror flutters,
I’ll never go to sea again
“With a skipper man who stut—
“Stut-stut-stut—
“Stutters.
—The Khan in Toronto World.

FONTENAY, THE SWORDSMAN.

A MILITARY NOVEL.

BY FORTUNE DU BOISGIBEY.

(Translated by H. L. Williams.)

CHAPTER XIX.—Continued.

The question tormenting Fontenay so long had been solved by the marshal. He would return into France and see Marguerite de Gavre again. Heaven would do the rest. His heart overflowed with joy. He could not withhold this happy news from Tournesol, who did not cling to Spain, and that nothing should be wanting to his delight, Zolnycki told of the selection of himself to command the escort battalion, instead of his leader, too severely wounded in the last attack on the Cosso. Here was an unlooked for stroke of luck, and they agreed at once to part as seldom as possible; to eat together, to sleep under the same tent and to help one another at need.

By experience the Polish officer knew that the convoys were often attacked, and he was a little alarmed by the responsibility weighing upon him in guarding a personage of Palafox's importance.

Fontenay, beside the prisoner daily, would be well placed to discover any plot for rescue or escape, and to aid his brother-officer to baffle it.

With his hat off he hastened to go up to the vehicle in which the glorious vanquished warrior, stretched on a mattress, awaited the starting order.

Palafox seemed possessed only by a breath of life, and his countenance, emaciated by privations, exclusively expressed haughty indifference. With icy coldness he received Fontenay's unstinted marks of courteous respect, and he barely answered a few words to his declaration of devotedness, although he should have been flattered by the marshal's attention in

designating an officer for the delicate post, who spoke Spanish exceedingly well.

Fontenay was not vexed at his being so reserved. This greatly simplified his task, and whatever his admiration for the heroic defender of Saragossa, he had not yearned to converse with him all the long days' march of this military journey. He preferred to do so with Zolnycki, always interesting, and it would no doubt suffice if he frequently went to hear the prisoner's wishes and to offer his services.

Before speaking to him for the first time, Fontenay sent Tournesol out to prepare all for the expedition to France, and while awaiting his return with horses and baggage, he examined the conveyance, its team and conductors. It was drawn by four mules, on which rode two *arrieros*, closely watched by eight Vistula soldiers. Instead of the driver, the general's valet sat on the box—a sturdy fellow, clad in a black suit; huge bushy red whiskers enflamed a visage with marked features. He had the look of an Englishman, but upon a question about his nationality from Fontenay he replied that he was a Swiss. There was nothing to astonish in this as the Swiss were then numerous in Spain, and many fought in the regular Spanish army. At Baylen, under Castanos' orders, two Swiss regiments had greatly contributed to the French defeat.

This Switzer had done well to quit domestic service for that of one of Ferdinand VII.'s best generals until the present downfall.

Fontenay deemed it useless to question him on his past life. The valet would not have shrunk from lying and, anyway, it little mattered if he had made common cause with the insurgents. All that was necessary was to watch him, to prevent his helping the captive to escape.

Fontenay feared nothing in that respect, for Palafox was not able to move one foot before another, still less to mount a horse. When Saragossa capitulated, he lay a week on a bed of pain, and while remaining the soul of the defense, he took no active part in it from inability to stand.

Fontenay was rather astonished that Palafox should have a body-servant who would have made a handsome figure in a British peer's household, for Palafox was a true Spartan, disdainful of all we call comforts. He contented himself with little, like all his race, and his sole servants had been soldiers. Perhaps this one had become a domestic from enthusiasm and not to abandon a respected leader in misfortune.

But his face was hard and false. He never looked anyone in the eyes, and, when his own were by an exceptional chance fixed upon a person, they expressed no kindly feeling.

Fontenay thought that he wore a wig of the same hue as the whiskers. As he was not young he had a right to be bald and shield his head from the cold caught in a land where the temperature often varies fifteen degrees in a day.

The captain at one instant questioned himself upon his having somewhere seen this wily and malevolent physiognomy, but his taxing of memory was all in vain; he could not utilize the suspicion, as soon fed as conceived. He resolved to observe him and particularly recommend him to Tournesol, who had no peer in familiarizing himself with persons and extracting secrets artfully.

All was ready; the order for departure arrived and the party took the Tudela road under Zolnycki's command: the vehicle and the baggage were in the column's center, preceded by his scouts and followed by a strong rear-guard.

The first stage did not cover much way; the road following the Ebro's course was easy; the indicate bivouac was reached without noteworthy event.

Zolnycki's instructions advised him to camp out as much as possible, and they passed the night in a field where they lighted large fires, a hundred paces from a hamlet of six dwellings, none being secure enough to lodge the prisoner in. He was better guarded among the soldiers forming a square around the carriage, and the two officers could tranquilly dine under canvas after all precautions were taken against both escape and a guerrilla attack.

Tournesol had laid in a store of provisions at Saragossa, where all was at the victor's call, and nothing was absent. Invited for form's sake, the general abstained from taking part of the supper.

He did not leave his carriage, and his valet-de-chambre slept on the mules' litter with the drivers. The Gascon had attempted to make the acquaintance of the Swiss, but his efforts were thrown away and he had to give it up, for that night, at all events.

Fontenay began to recover from the surprises and emotions of the decisive day. Zolnycki, after sincerely congratulating him on his return into France, urged him to try to reenter the imperial estab-

lishment. He reminded him that the warmest place is near the sun. He, himself, did not seek this, as he had no ambition, and wished for nothing in the world save the restoration of the kingdom of Poland, but he considered it wiser for his young friend to serve under Napoleon's eyes instead of continuing to battle obscurely in Spain. Fontenay relied on this counsel. He saw himself upon the path to glory, and a splendid military fortune, while without venturing to mention it to the Pole—sure of seeing his betrothed again.

It was a little late to introduce her into their conversation on the eve of separating, perhaps forever, from his dear companion-in-arms; but he could not withhold a relation of the incident on the cathedral square.

Zolnycki appeared to take no great interest in this tale; horrors no longer affected one who had seen so many since battling Spain, and Spanish beauties touched him still less.

“They are all alike,” he said disparagingly, “when you see one you have seen a hundred. With their hair so deep a blue as to be black and their eyes so elongated that there is no end to them, they seem to come of the same family. I can hardly distinguish one from another, though it is true I never look at any of them closely,” added the puritanic captain, smiling.

“You are unfair, comrade—some are bewitching.”

“I do not deny it, but they do not please me. In Poland there are brunettes, but not all cast in the same mould. Each has her own peculiar character. I preferred the blondes when I was a young man. If you remain only six months more in Spain, where there are none but *morenas*, you will come over to my side.”

Zolnycki was preaching to a convert, for Fontenay believed no woman deserved comparison with Marguerite de Gavre, and willingly granted the inferiority of the dark-complexioned. But he did not say which kind ensnared his heart. This avowal would have led to further confidences, and it was not really worth while to begin them when but a limited number of days would be passed in the pleasant intimacy of the brave captain. At the best he could give only vague advice, as he was fated most probably never to meet Mlle. de Gavre.

The chat ceased. Both officers were ready to drop with weariness, but before taking greatly needed repose, Zolnycki had to go the rounds of the camp to make sure everybody was at their posts. He went out, and Fontenay soon did the same to learn if General Palafox wanted anything of him. He found him sleeping, or feigning sleep, behind the closed blinds of his carriage and he did not care to arouse him.

The Swiss was stretched upon the straw beneath the *calash*; the muleteers were snoring among the legs of their animals. If the creole had to draw up a report on the spot he would have written but two words—“Nothing new.”

As he was returning to the tent, he was met by Tournesol, who said:

“I could not get a word out of that brute. He pretended not to understand French, though I would put my hand in the fire on his understanding it very well.”

“Very possibly; the Swiss speak three or four languages in their own country, and—”

“He is no more Swiss than your honor—and as for being a servant, captain, he is as much one as I am a senator of the empire.”

“What makes you fancy this?”

“Just see him talking with his master when they do not suspect they are looked at. The more respectful of the brace is not the valet, but the general.”

“What are you saying?”

“Plain truth, captain. I do not know their satanic tongue thoroughly, but I have caught hold of a few words. A while ago I used the carriage as windguard when lighting my pipe, they not a-seeing me—I heard Palafox address the other as ‘senor’—which means, ‘sir’ or ‘my lord,’ as the case may be, does it not? The Spanish are much too proud to ‘master’ a servant.

And the general added another title—he said ‘*Senor Conde*!’”

“A count! Come, come, you have misunderstood!”

“Not so, captain. I am sure not. And if ‘*conde*’ means ‘count,’ the man is a nobleman disguised as a lackey.”

“This is very unlikely. What would he gain by brushing Palafox's clothes and taking his food to him in bed?”

“Who can tell? he may be an insurgent leader condemned to death by one of our court-martials. He is hunted after and is trying to steal out of Spain.”

“Good, so far! but he would not take refuge in France, whither Palafox is going. Supposing you have guessed right,

this man would not walk into the wolf's jaws by crossing the Pyrenees with our prisoner. There are police on the frontier who would have his description. They will look at him more closely than Marshal Lannes and your count will be arrested at Bayonne.”

“Oh, he will have taken his safe-guards,” retorted Tournesol. “He is a cunning rogue and I'll wager that his passport is beautifully correct.”

“I was not ordered to ask him for it,” interrupted the West Indian. “That is a matter for the police and constabulary. I have only to look after the general, and I answer for it that your false Swiss will not succeed in rescuing him if that is what he went into his service to do. The Polanders are brave fellows, incapable of taking bribes and their captain and I will sleep with one eye open as far as Bayonne where our mission terminates. But never mind! Keep on the watch and if anything new is learnt by you on the journey, come to tell me immediately.”

“I shall not fail, captain.”

Fontenay entered the tent, rather moody over the information furnished by his orderly. If this were a nobleman, he would not have turned valet except to favor the flight of Palafox, and the captain promised himself to watch him narrowly. He did this on the next day and those ensuing, but nothing occurred.

The capture of Saragossa had struck a heavy blow to the Aragonese insurgents. The guerrillas retired into the mountains to await a favorable moment to return into action. All the land was occupied militarily by the French, and the principal towns received garrisons that held the neighboring peasants in respect.

The roads were therefore fairly safe and not too difficult while the convoy went up the Ebro valley, skirting the fine canal commenced in the reign of Charles V. and only finished in 1775 under Charles III.

The rumor had spread that the Vistula Legion was conducting General Palafox into France as a prisoner, and people came to see him go by—in dismay, but silent. Not one uttered an imprecation on the victors, but not one a cheer in honor of the defeated. He was saluted—that was all.

At Tudela, a salvo of artillery received them. The commander of the place, a veteran and a martinet, wished to fire exactly the regulation number of shots over the entry of a general-in-chief!

Zolnycki and Fontenay, and Palafox himself vainly begged him to omit this honor. But this dread amateur of cannonading would not spare them one load. More and more taciturn, Palafox seemed completely resigned to his fate, and the valet continued to act his part so neatly that Fontenay gradually was deceived. Though he had studied the suspicious character without showing he did so, he had not once caught him in fault.

All went well to Pampeluna.

There, only a score of leagues separated them from Bayonne, but Navarre had to be crossed, a veritable maze of ravines and defiles suitable for ambushes. They doubled their precautions, and one evening, near Elizondo, they had to camp in the mouth of a gorge of no inviting aspect.

Zolnycki was used to mountain warfare from practice before the siege, with his company. He placed his men to guarantee them from a surprise, planting sentinels on the nearest heights and massing his main body around the prisoner's carriage. He took care to have large fires kindled before and behind his bivouac, to prevent the enemy using the darkness to fall unawares upon the head or rear. Half his men slept while the others watched.

Palafox was well guarded.

Fontenay had seconded his comrade to his best, and meant not to lie down so as to be the sooner ready in case of alarm.

The first part of the night passed quietly, and he took a seat near Zolnycki before the tent they had shared since leaving Saragossa. It was pitched outside the square formed by the soldiers, and consequently stood in the shadow. Here they commanded the brightly illuminated road and saw all that happened.

When Tournesol's officer was awake, he did not sleep, and he came up softly to show him that he was also vigilant.

“What about the valet?” inquired Fontenay.

“Well, he is in his usual place, among the mule drivers, smoking his cigarette like a true Spaniard.”

“A habit he acquired in this country.”

“I suppose I must believe so since your honor says it, but I always heard that the Swiss only used pipes. But this is the first time, since we set out, that he has not gone to bed like the fowls at nightfall. My idea is that he expects some ‘night-cap,’ hot and strong! The general is not sleeping either. The muleteers are shaming it—for I distrust them, too.”

“My good fellow,” said Zolnycki, “if these gentry tried to decamp, they would not get off far. My men have the order to shoot them down if they attempt it; each has his man assigned him; two for the two muleteers; one for the servant; and they will execute the order. They will not touch the general who cannot move, but they will ‘do’ for the others. Besides, I will go have a look at them. Will you come, Fontenay?”

Fontenay was agreeable if only to rouse himself, for he had felt slumber creep over him on the stool where he sat. He rose and proceeded toward the *calash* with the captain.

They had not taken ten steps before the shout of “To arms!” burst out in front of them, immediately followed by gunshots. A dozen Spaniards had forced the line of sentinels; they surrounded the vehicle and the valet, who had leaped up in a twinkling.

Surprised by the abruptness of the onslaught, the Polish began to defend themselves with their bayonets, but there was firing upon them from the top of the rocks overhanging the highway; some soldiers fell. Others ran to the help of comrades. It was a general encounter and high time for the two captains to strike in and regulate the fighting.

This did not take long.

By Zolnycki's order, a detachment climbed up the heights to dislodge the insurgents who were crawling down the slope. Attacked body to body, the assaults were hurled out of the hollow square. Four were slain on the spot, but the others escaped with the two muleteers. The skirmish had not lasted five minutes and when Fontenay arrived, firing had ceased all along the line.

The carriage had not been moved and the general was still within it, but Fontenay did not expect to see the valet who had had a capital opening to save himself with the *arrieros*. He was much astonished to see him standing by the door-way, in the attitude of a respectful servant giving his master an account of a traveling accident.

Fontenay roughly challenged him, but Palafox intervened. He sounded the eulogy of this faithful servant who might have left him, for there was a moment when all was clear, but he had remained out of devotedness, sacrificing his liberty to share the captivity of the hero of Saragossa.

Paul did not know what to believe, and all he could do was to surround the carriage with six soldiers, with fixed bayonets, ready to pierce the Switzer if he dared to change his place.

Zolnycki came up to join his brother-officer. The foray had failed. The peasants attempting it were fleeing over the mountains. But it had nearly succeeded from their boldness and a trick which the guerrillas had invented (for one cannot believe they had heard “Macbeth” recited to them in Spanish); sheltered behind cut boughs simulating bushes, they had gradually crept up to the sentinels. Three of these they had surprised and stabbed by help of this screen enabling them to elude the soldiers posted on the road.

Were they acting in concert with General Palafox?

Zolnycki was loth to think this, and he did not at all believe in the valet's connivance, for Tournesol, who had a near view of the incident, was obliged to state that the countrymen, trying to deliver him against his will, surrounded him, but he had grasped the carriage to resist them and had finally wrested himself out of their hands.

On the whole the raid might have turned out much worse. The two muleteers forced into service at Saragossa had marched unwillingly. They had taken advantage of the opportunity to disappear, but it was not difficult to replace them by a couple of volunteers from the troop.

The prisoner had not fled and France was not far. The ordeal was near an end. Zolnycki had conscientiously gone through it. It was not his fault that he was attacked, and he had justified Marshal Lannes' confidence.

Fontenay had likewise performed his duty, but he still thought of the valet and he resolved upon pointing him out to the military authorities on arriving at Bayonne; they would soon discover if he were a gentleman or simply a “gentleman's gentleman.”

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

New Hampshire.

This is to certify that I have suffered with Rheumatism for three years. I tried all kinds of medicines, but of no use. I purchased one bottle of SCOTT'S CURE FOR RHEUMATISM, and it cured me. I am pleased to recommend it to the public as a sure cure for Rheumatism.

WM. A. DAVIS.

Keep Winard's Linctum in the House.

The Gleaner Invites Criminal Proceedings.

The Frederickton Gleaner very aptly says that Mr. Blair cannot hope by refusing to permit an impartial investigation into the charges preferred against him to change public opinion as to the guilt of him and his colleagues. It points out that no honorable man will tolerate his reputation being maligned by other public men or by the press, and adds:

He has yet a remedy if he is innocent. The courts are open to him to clear his character of the reproach that has been heaped upon it. We wish to be understood as repeating the charges in the memorial to the Lieutenant Governor, and declaring them to be founded on fact, and we herewith charge that Mr. Blair was a party to the purchase of Lablouis' vote in the legislature for \$500 in cash; that with his knowledge and consent public subsidies have been withheld till his intimate and confidential friends were paid a cash consideration; that his close friends, with his knowledge, have accepted large sums of money from persons, or the friends or agents of persons who were seeking public contracts. If Mr. Blair is not guilty of these charges he will at once institute a criminal action against the editor of this paper, and not only institute the action but carry it through the courts.

These charges are specific enough, surely; and the men who make the charges are not only responsible newspaper men, but the entire opposition in the local legislature. Men who are the superiors of all Mr. Blair's colleagues, and the equal of himself in point of ability and financial standing have put the charges in such a way that no honorable man will lie under them. If there be an honorable man in Mr. Blair's cabinet he will insist that those members against whom the charges have been preferred take steps to clear themselves or else resign.—Times.

Self-Collected Brides.

It is a surprising fact that the bride is almost always the one to bear the trials and embarrassments of the wedding ceremony with the most fortitude and sang froid, despite the fact that she is invariably the focus of every eye. A shy modest little creature, robed in white, will stand perfectly erect, looking the minister calmly and squarely in the eye, without for an instant losing her self-poise, while the big, blunt, six-footer of a bridegroom by her side is pale, nervous and trembling.

The bride very seldom makes any mistake, either during the ceremony or at the still more trying reception afterwards; while the man is almost sure to put both feet in it, and then flounder about in despair, until his better half comes to his rescue and gives him the first chance to appropriate the advantages of having some one to take care of him.

During the ceremony the chances for the groom to make mistakes are not many. The most common one is for him to get names mixed up. At a recent wedding at the most fashionable church below Twenty-third street the groom calmly announced: “I, Annie, take thee Harold, to be my lawful wedded wife.” The bride party, who were the only ones that heard it, were convulsed, and even the stalwart young minister could not repress a twinkle in his eyes.

Another much rattled young man, when asked if he took the young woman to be his wedded wife, stared nonplussed at the minister for fully ten seconds, then asked blankly: “Beg pardon, were you speaking to me?” Still another when handed the ring, instead of passing it along, began nervously trying to put it on his own finger, and was only aroused by a sharp little pinch.

But most of the small contretemps incident to a wedding can be successfully hidden from a knowledge of the guests, and it is not until the bridegroom is let loose at the wedding reception that the bride really begins to get fidgety for fear he “will do something dreadful,” a fear that is often realized.—Chicago Herald.

It was Ben Johnson, we believe, who, when asked Mallock's question, “Is life worth living?” replied, “That depends on the liver.” And Ben Johnson doubtless saw the double point to the pun. The liver active—quick—life rosy, everything bright, mountains of trouble melt like mountains of snow. The liver sluggish—life dull, everything blue, molehills of worry rise into mountains of anxiety, and as a result—sick headache, dizziness, constipation. Two ways are open. Cure permanently, or relieve temporarily. Take a pill and suffer, or take a pill and get well. Shock the system by an overdose or coax it by a mild pleasant way.

Dr. Pierce's pleasant pellets are the mild means. They work effectively, without pain, and leave the system strong. One, little sugarcoated pellet is enough, although but a whole vial costs but 25 cents.

Mild, gentle, soothing and healing is Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy. Only 50 cents; by druggists.