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Exiled.

Oh, for a bit o' heather bloom,
Frae the hills that were my ain!
My bonnie, bonnie Highland hills,
That I'll never see again.

I dreamt I saw my mither stand
In the gloamin' at the door,
And the roses at the window
Threw their shadows on the floor.

I thought I heard her call me hame,
Where the mirk was fallin' doon,
And say that I was no' to greet,
For the morn would come sae soon.

They tell me I'm no far frae hame,
But there's been nae hame for me
Since purple Braes o' Athole
Faded langyne frae my e'e.

They tell me of the lovin' Christ,
When he hung upon the tree,
How he forgave the dyin' thief—
And they say He'll forgive me.

But oh! if He'll forgive the aye
That has brought me here to dee,
I'll bless him from my sair, sair heart,
And he needna mind for me.

I canna walk the golden streets
I would weary o' the glare;
I cannot sing the gladsome songs,
When my heart is sad and sair.

I only want to gang to sleep,
And to sleep sae soft and sound
That they'll find they canna wake me,
And they'll lay me in the ground.

Oh, for a bit o' heather bloom!
I would haud it in my hand
That in the lang sleep I might dream
I was hame in my ain land.

The Sign of Four.

CHAPTER IV.—Continued.

"We did know, however, that some mystery, some positive danger, overhung our father. He was very fearful of going out alone, and he always employed two prize-fighters to act as porters at Pondicherry Lodge. Williams, who drove you to-night, was one of them. He was once light-weight champion of England. Our father would never tell us what it was he feared, but he had a most marked aversion to men with wooden legs. On one occasion he actually fired his revolver at a wooden-legged man, who proved to be a harmless tradesman canvassing for orders. We had to pay a large sum to hush the matter. My brother and I used to think this a mere whim of my father's; but events have since led us to change our opinion.

"Early in 1882 my father received a letter from India which was a great shock to him. He nearly fainted at the breakfast table when he opened it, and from that day he sickened to his death. What was in the letter we could never discover, but I could see as he held it that it was shocking and written in a scrawling hand. He had suffered for years from an enlarged spleen, but he now became rapidly worse, and towards the end of April we were informed that he was beyond all hope, and that he wished to make a last communication to us.

"When we entered his room he was propped up with pillows and breathing heavily. He besought us to lock the door and to come upon either side of the bed. Then, grasping our hands, he made a remarkable statement to us, in a voice which was broken as much by emotion as by pain. I shall try and give it to you in his own very words.

"I have only one thing," he said, "which weighs upon my mind at this supreme moment. It is my treatment of poor Morstan's orphan. The cursed greed which has been my besetting sin through life has withheld from her the treasure, half at least of which should have been hers. And yet I have made no use of it myself, so blind and foolish a thing is avarice. The mere feeling of possession has been so dear to me that I could not

bear to share it with another. See that chaplet tipped with pearls beside the quinine-bottle. Even that I could not bear to part with, although I had got it out with the design of sending it to her. You, my sons, will give her a fair share of the Agra treasure. But send her nothing—not even the chaplet—until I am gone. After all, men have been as bad as this and have recovered.

"I will tell you how Morstan died," he continued. "He had suffered for years from a weak heart, but he concealed it from every one. I alone knew it. When in India, he and I, through a remarkable chain of circumstances, came into possession of a considerable treasure. I brought it over to England, and on the night of Morstan's arrival he came straight over here to claim his share. He walked over from the station, and was admitted by my faithful old Lal Chowdar, who is now dead. Morstan and I had a difference of opinion as to the division of the treasure, and we came to heated words. Morstan had sprung out of his chair in a paroxysm of anger, when he suddenly pressed his hand to his side, his face turned a dusky hue, and he fell backwards, cutting his head against the corner of the treasure chest. When I stooped over him I found, to my horror, that he was dead.

"For a long time I sat half distracted, wondering what I should do. My first impulse was, of course, to call for assistance; but I could not but recognize that there was every chance that I should be accused of his murder. His death at the moment of a quarrel, and the gash in his head, would be black against me. Again, an official inquiry could not be made without bringing out some facts about the treasure, which I was particularly anxious to keep secret. He had told me that no soul upon earth knew where he had gone. There seemed to be no necessity why any soul ever should know.

"I was still pondering over the matter, when, looking up, I saw my servant, Lal Chowdar, in the doorway. He stole in and bolted the door behind him. "Do not fear, Sahib," he said; "no one need know that you have killed him. Let us hide him away, and who is the wiser?" "I did not kill him," said Lal Chowdar, who shook his head and smiled. "I heard it all, Sahib," said he; "I heard you quarrel, and I heard the blow. But my lips are sealed. All are asleep in the house. Let us put him away together." That was enough to decide me. If my own servant could not believe my innocence, how could I hope to make it good before twelve foolish tradesmen in a jury-box? Lal Chowdar and I disposed of the body that night, and within a few days the London papers were full of the mysterious disappearance of Captain Morstan. You will see from what I say that I can hardly be blamed in the matter. My fault lies in the fact that we concealed not only the body, but also the treasure, and that I have clung to Morstan's share as well as my own. I wish you, therefore, to make restitution. Put your ears down to my mouth. The treasure is hidden in—"

"At this instant a horrible change came over his expression; his eyes stared wildly, his jaw dropped, and he yelled in a voice which I can never forget, 'Keep him out! For God's sake keep him out!' We both stared round at the window behind us upon which his gaze was fixed. A face was looking in at us out of the darkness. We could see the whitening of the nose where it was pressed against the glass. It was a bearded, hairy face, with wild, cruel eyes and an expression of concentrated malevolence. My brother and I rushed towards the window, but the man was gone. When we returned to my father his head had dropped and his pulse had ceased to beat.

"We searched the garden that night, but found no sign of the intruder, save that just under the window a single footmark was visible in the flower-bed. But for that one trace, we might have thought that our imaginations had conjured up that wild, fierce face. We soon, however, had another and a more striking proof that there were secret agencies at work all round us. The window of my father's room was found open in the morning, his cupboards and boxes had been rifled and upon his chest was fixed a torn piece of paper, with the words 'The sign of the four' scrawled across it. What the phrase meant, or who our secret visitor may have been, we never knew. As far as we can judge, none of my father's property had been actually stolen, though everything had been turned out. My brother and I naturally associated this peculiar incident with the fear which haunted my father during his life; but it is still a complete mystery to us.

The little man stopped to relight his hookah and puffed thoughtfully for a few moments. We had all sat absorbed, listening to his extraordinary narrative.

At the short account of her father's death Miss Morstan had turned deadly white, and for a moment I feared that she was about to faint. She rallied, however, on drinking a glass of water which I quietly poured out for her from a Venetian carafe upon the side-table. Sherlock Holmes leaned back in his chair with an abstracted expression and the lids drawn low over his glittering eyes. As I glanced at him I could not but think how on that very day he had complained bitterly of the common-placeness of life. Here at least was a problem which would tax his sagacity to the utmost. Mr. Thaddeus Sholto looked from one to the other of us with an obvious pride at the effects which his story had produced, and then continued between the puffs of his overgrown pipe.

"My brother and I," said he, "were, as you may imagine, much excited as to the treasure which my father had spoken of. For weeks and for months we dug and delved in every part of the garden without discovering its whereabouts. It was maddening to think that the hiding-place was on his very lips at the moment that he died. We could judge the splendor of the missing riches by the chaplet which he had taken out. Over this chaplet my brother Bartholomew and I had some little discussion. The pearls were evidently of great value, and he was averse to part with them, for, between friends, my brother was himself a little inclined to my father's fault. He thought, too, that if we parted with the chaplet it might give rise to gossip, and finally bring us into trouble. It was all that I could do to persuade him to let me find out Miss Morstan's address and send her a detached pearl at fixed intervals, so that at least she might never feel destitute."

"It was a kindly thought," said our companion earnestly; "it was extremely good of you."

The little man waved his hand deprecatingly. "We were your trustees," he said; "that was the view which I took of it, though brother Bartholomew could not altogether see it in that light. We had plenty of money ourselves. I desired no more. Besides, it would have been such bad taste to have treated a young lady in so scurrily a fashion. 'Le mauvais goût mène au crime.' The French have a very neat way of putting these things. Our difference of opinion on this subject went so far that I thought it best to set up rooms for myself; so I left Pondicherry Lodge, taking the old khitmutgar and Williams with me. Yesterday, however, I learn that an event of extreme importance has occurred. The treasure has been discovered. I instantly communicated with Miss Morstan, and it only remains for us to drive out to Norwood and demand our share. I explained my views last night to Brother Bartholomew, so we shall be expected, if not welcome, visitors."

Mr. Thaddeus Sholto ceased, and sat twitching on his luxurious settee. We all remained silent, with our thoughts upon the new development which the mysterious business had taken. Holmes was the first to spring to his feet.

"You have done well, sir, from first to last," said he. "It is possible that we may be able to make you some small return by throwing some light upon that which is still dark to you. But, as Miss Morstan remarked just now, it is late, and we had best put the matter through without delay."

Our new acquaintance very deliberately coiled up the tube of his hookah, and produced from behind a curtain a very long befogged topcoat with Astrakhan collar and cuffs. This he buttoned tightly up, in spite of the extreme closeness of the night, and finished his attire by putting on a rabbit-skin cap with hanging lappets which covered the ears, so that no part of him was visible save his mobile and peaky face.

"My health is somewhat fragile," he remarked, as he led the way down the passage. I am compelled to be a valitudinarian."

Our cab was awaiting us outside, and our programme was evidently prearranged, for the driver started off at once at a rapid pace. Thaddeus Sholto talked incessantly, in a voice which rose high above the rattle of the wheels. "Bartholomew is a clever fellow," said he. "How do you think he found out where the treasure was? He had come to the conclusion that it was somewhere indoors: so he worked out all the cubic space of the house, and made measurements everywhere, so that not one inch should be unaccounted for. Among other things, he found that the height of the building was seventy-four feet, but on adding together the heights of all the separate rooms, and making every allowance for the space between, which he ascertained by borings, he could not bring the total to more than seventy feet. There

were four feet unaccounted for. These could only be at the top of the building. He knocked a hole, therefore, in the lath and plaster ceiling of the highest room, and there, sure enough, he came upon another little garret above it, which had been sealed up and was known to no one. In the centre stood the treasure-chest, resting upon two rafters. He lowered it through the hole, and there it lies. He computes the value of the jewels at no less than half a million sterling."

At the mention of this gigantic sum we all stared at one another open-eyed. Miss Morstan, could we secure her rights, would change from a needy governess to the richest heiress in England. Surely it was the place of a loyal friend to rejoice at such news; yet I am ashamed to say that selfishness took me by the soul, and that my heart turned as heavy as lead within me. I stammered out some few halting words of congratulation, and then sat downcast, with my head drooped, deaf to the babble of our new acquaintance. He was clearly a confirmed hypochondriac, and I was dreamily conscious that he was pouring forth interminable trains of symptoms, and imploring information as to the composition and action of innumerable quack nostrums, some of which he bore about in a leather case in his pocket. I trust that he may not remember any of the answers which I gave him that night. Holmes declares that he overheard me caution him against the great danger of taking more than two drops of castor-oil, while I recommended strychnine in large doses as a sedative. However that may be, I was certainly relieved when our cab pulled up with a jerk and the coachman sprung down to open the door.

"This, Miss Morstan, is Pondicherry Lodge," said Mr. Thaddeus Sholto, as he handed her out.

CHAPTER V.

THE TRAGEDY OF PONDICHERRY LODGE. It was nearly eleven o'clock when we reached this final stage of our night's adventures. We had left the damp fog of the great city behind us, and the night was fairly fine. A warm wind blew from the westward, and heavy clouds moved slowly across the sky, with half a moon peeping occasionally through the rifts. It was clear enough to see for some distance, but Thaddeus Sholto took down one of the side-lamps from the carriage to give us a better light upon our way.

Pondicherry Lodge stood in its own grounds, and was girt round with a very high stone wall topped with broken glass. A single narrow iron-clamped door formed the only means of entrance. On this our guide knocked with a peculiar postman-like rat-tat.

"Who is there?" cried a gruff voice from within.

"It is I, McMurdo. You surely know my knock by this time."

There was a grumbling sound and a clanking and jarring of keys. The door swung heavily back, and a short, deep-chested man stood in the opening, with the yellow light of the lantern shining upon his protruded face and twinkling, distrustful eyes.

"That you, Mr. Thaddeus? But who are the others? I had no orders about them from the master."

"No, McMurdo? You surprise me? I told my brother last night that I should bring some friends."

"He hasn't been out o' his room to-day, Mr. Thaddeus, and I have no orders. You know very well that I must stick to regulations. I can let you in, but your friends they must just stop where they are."

This was an unexpected obstacle. Thaddeus Sholto looked about him in a perplexed and helpless manner.

"This is too bad of you, McMurdo!" he said. "If I guarantee them, that is enough for you. There is the young lady, too. She cannot wait on the public road at this hour."

"Very sorry, Mr. Thaddeus," said the porter inexorably. "Folk may be friends o' yours, and yet no friends o' the master's. He pays me well to do my duty, and my duty I'll do. I don't know none o' your friends."

"Oh yes, you do, McMurdo," cried Sherlock Holmes genially. "I don't think you can have forgotten me. Don't you remember the amateur who fought three rounds with you at Alison's rooms on the night of your benefit four years back?"

"Not Mr. Sherlock Holmes?" roared the prize-fighter. "God's truth! how could I have mistook you? If instead o' standin' there so quiet you had just stepped up and given me that cross-bit of yours under the jaw, I'd ha' known you without a question. Ah, you're one that has wasted your gifts, you have! You might have aimed high, if you had joined the fancy."

"You see, Watson, if all else fails me,

I have still one of the scientific professions open to me," said Holmes, laughing. "Our friend won't keep us out in the cold now, I am sure."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Married in a Cemetery.

BALTIMORE, Md., June 14, 1892.—One of the strangest marriage ceremonies ever witnessed was performed yesterday morning in Greenmount Cemetery. The groom was Colonel Hendrick von Stamp, ex-Minister of Denmark to the United States and a knight of the Order of the Daneborg, and the bride was Miss Mildred Hammond daughter of the late General Hammond of this city.

The ceremony was performed while the two contracting parties stood upon the graves of the bride's parents. The selection of such a place for the service was due to the sentiment of the bride and her devotion to the memory of her father and mother, who died twenty years ago.

The witnesses to the strange ceremony formed a half circle around the graves. Rev. T. A. Stieger, pastor of Trinity street Lutheran church, took a position at the head between the two mounds, while the couple to be united stood over them. The preacher's only function, however, was to pronounce them man and wife, for the groom propounded the usual interrogatories to the bride by saying: "Will you take me to be your husband?" after receiving the reply "I will," he was in turn asked by the bride, "Will you take me for your wife?" after receiving an affirmative reply the union was sanctioned by the Rev. W. Stieger. This mode of ceremony was insisted upon by Colonel von Stamp, it being the form employed by his house and all of his ancestors.

Have You Read

How Mr. W. Wentz of Geneva, N. Y., was cured of the severest form of dyspepsia? He said everything he ate seemed like pouring melted lead into his stomach. Hood's Sarsaparilla effected a perfect cure. Full particulars will be sent if you write C. I. Hood & Co., Lowell, Mass.

The highest praise has been won by Hood's Pills for their easy, yet efficient action.

How Dishonesty is Guarded Against.

The Bank of England's doors are now so finely balanced that the clerk, by pressing a knob under his desk, can close the outer doors instantly, and they cannot be opened again except by special process. This is done to prevent the daring and ingenious unemployed from robbing the famous institution. The bullion department of this and other great English banking establishments are nightly submerged in several feet of water by the action of the machinery. In some of the London banks the bullion departments are connected with the manager's sleeping rooms, and an entrance cannot be effected without setting off an alarm near the person's head. If a dishonest official during the day or night should take even as much as one from a pile of one thousand sovereigns the whole pile would instantly sink and a pool of water take its place, besides letting every person in the establishment know of the theft.—Current Literature.

F. A. DYKEMAN, Commercial Traveler, St. John: "I have been troubled with dyspepsia and bilious attacks for some time and have tried many things for relief. Five doses of your K. D. C. have done more for me than all other medicines I have tried. My mother has been a sufferer for twenty years. I procured for her some of your K. D. C. and after taking only a small quantity she enjoys better health than she has had for many years."

K. D. C. is guaranteed to cure any form of Indigestion or Dyspepsia. A free sample package mailed to any address. K. D. C. Company, New Glasgow, N. S.

His Cunning.

The Dundee Weekly News tells a story of over-shrewdness of a north country Scotch boy. He had dislocated his leg, and was taken by his mother to a "bonesetter" in whom she had great faith. The leg was duly examined, and it was found necessary to haul it very severely in order as the bonesetter said, "to get the bone in," the lad was liberal with his screams while this was going on, but eventually the bone was "got in," and the patient was told that he would be all right in a few days. "Didn't Davie do the thing well?" said the joyous mother. "Ay, he did mither," answered the lad, "but I wisna sic a fule as tae gi'e him ma sair leg."

Every testimonial regarding Hood's Sarsaparilla is an honest, unprocured statement of what this medicine has actually done.

FONTENAY, THE SWORDSMAN.

A MILITARY NOVEL.
BY FORTUNE DU BOISGOBEY.

(Translated by H. L. Williams.)

CHAPTER XXIX.—Continued.

"And yonder, outside the town-gates, see the men scampering toward the Saragossa road—like a flock of sheep. If I am not purblind, they are Villacampa's guerrilleros running for their lives."

"As fast as they can, and their leader is about following them. I see him over there, on horseback, giving orders. I begin to believe he is raising the siege. He has heard of help coming to us."

"Suchet's army, perhaps! but, no! we should see his skirmishers in that case—or hear the cannon—"

"If it were his vanguard, it would arrive from the way of Valence, and the mountain hides it. It is certain that the Spanish are vacating Teruel, and look, colonel, the towns-people are doing the same—see them choking up the gate-way! the cry is, old Nick take the hindmost! Oh, if Suchet should fall on them now, not one would escape! but he cannot be far, though at the speed they are travelling, there will soon be none but us in the town."

CHAPTER XXX. CAPTURING THE COLORS.

It was true. People were seen darting out of all the dwellings, like wasps shaken from their nests, and hurrying to gain the country. They were evidently obeying an order from Villacampa, transmitted with the swiftness of lightning, for the mob seemed squeezed out of the heart of Teruel. Rich or poor, women and children, or old men, all fled, and the last were not the least eager to flee.

No doubt they knew that Suchet's Frenchmen were not far, and they feared reprisal too acutely to risk falling into their hands.

Fontenay thought this the moment to attack the cowards in the rear and impatiently waited the colonel's command for the now victorious sally on the retreating foe. The colonel was brave to the last drop of his blood, as soldiers say, but he had never hastily taken a course.

Since the sham gunpowder trick, he dreamed of nothing but stratagems, and distrusted everything, so that he wondered if the guerrillas' sudden departure and the exodus of the population had not been commanded by Villacampa to decoy the feeble garrison into an ambushade where all would be massacred.

He levelled his telescope on the heights vacated by the irregulars, firmly decided on not moving but on certainty—in other words, when he saw the first French soldiers appear. But like Sister Anne, he could see nothing but the sun shining and dust blowing where the fugitives stirred it up.

Fontenay chewed a bitter cud and glanced elsewhere, for he did not reckon on any such theatrical effect.

His eye happened to catch a compact crowd of Spaniards marching without excessive haste toward the main gate through a straight street which crossed the whole town. They seemed to obey a tall man whom they surrounded, and one carried a flag of the national colors. They were not running away, but were retiring in good order, as befitted brave men forced to give way to superior forces. This was not one of Villacampa's bands, but the select battalion of Teruel's citizens, leaving homes, but bearing what was most precious—their flag.

Fontenay admired the calm valor of these men, and almost wished them success in leaving the town.

At this moment, upon the ridges overtopping the highway, appeared French soldiers, and the colonel, closing the telescope, said tranquilly:

"You see, my dear captain, that I was quite right in not hurrying. We can now attack without exposing ourselves to falling into a trap. Those are Suchet's skirmishers. Come, let us go and offer them a welcoming hand."

Fontenay wanted no pressing to go down in the street. There was really no time to lose, for the skirmishers were opening fire on the runaways.

All were ready in the great room, officers and privates. Through the windows they had seen the Spanish retreat. Zolnycki had taken it on himself to open all the doors and collect his men on the ground floor.

"Gentlemen," said the colonel, "now's the time to march to meet our comrades and sweep away these ragged rogues if they try to stay our advance. Forward!"

Stations having been pre-assigned, (Continued on page 4.)