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THE GREAT NORTH SHORE ROUTE!

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The regular news express to the homes of all the people, and most direct line to the pocketbooks of buyers everywhere.

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The Engagement is Broken.

They were sitting in the parlor, Round her waist was seen his arm, He was telling how he'd shield her From all forms of grief and harm.

She was cooing on his bosom And believing all he said— And to do the fellow justice, He was strictly "on the dead."

So they clung them close together, As all loving hearts should do; Both were fond and both were trustful, In their fond affection true.

Suddenly the maid upstaird, And her shrieks rent all the air; Then she snatched her skirts about her, Leaped upon a cushioned chair.

And the man, her sworn defender, With his laughter shook the house, Never moving to protect her From the awful, horrid mouse.

—Detroit Tribune.

The Sign of Four.

CHAPTER I.—Continued.

"This is unworthy of you, Holmes," I said. "I could not have believed that you would descend to this. You have made inquiries into the history of my unhappy brother, and you now pretend to deduce this knowledge in some fanciful way. You cannot expect me to believe that you have read all this from his old watch! It is unkind and, to speak plainly, has a touch of charlatanism in it."

"My dear doctor," said he kindly, "pray accept my apologies. Viewing the matter as an abstract problem, I had forgotten how personal and painful a thing it might be to you. I assure you, however, that I never even knew that you had a brother until you handed me the watch."

"Then how in the name of all that is wonderful did you get all these facts? They are absolutely correct in every particular."

"Ah, that is good luck. I could only say what was the balance of probability. I did not at all expect to be so accurate."

"But it was not mere guess work?"

"No, no; I never guess. It is a shocking habit—destructive to the logical faculty. What seems strange to you is only so because you do not follow my train of thought or observe the small facts upon which large inferences may depend. For example, I began by stating that your brother was careless. When you observe the lower part of that watch-case you notice that it is not only dented in two places, but it is cut and marked all over from the habit of keeping other hard objects, such as coins or keys, in the same pocket. Surely it is no great feat to assume that a man who treats a fifty-guinea watch so cavalierly must be a careless man. Neither is it a very far-fetched inference that a man who inherits one article of such value is pretty well provided for in other respects."

"I nodded, to show that I followed his reasoning."

"It is very customary for pawnbrokers in England, when they take a watch, to scratch the number of the ticket with a pin-point upon the inside of the case. It is more handy than a label, as there is no risk of the number being lost or transposed. There are no less than four such numbers visible to my lens on the inside of this case. Inference—that your brother was often at low water. Secondary inference—that he had occasional bursts of prosperity, or he could not have redeemed the pledge. Finally, I ask you to look at the inner plate, which contains the keyhole. Look at the thousands of scratches all round the hole—marks where the key has slipped. What sober man's key could have scored those grooves? But you will never see a drunkard's watch without them. He winds it at night, and he leaves

these traces of his unsteady hand. Where is the mystery in all this?"

"It is as clear as daylight," I answered. "I regret the injustice which I did you. I should have had more faith in your marvelous faculty. May I ask whether you have any professional inquiry on foot at present?"

"None. Hence the cocaine. I cannot live without brain-work. What else is there to live for? Stand at the window here. Was ever such a dreary, dismal, unprofitable world? See how the yellow fog swirls down the street and drifts across the dun-colored houses. What could be more hopelessly prosaic and material? What is the use of having, powers, doctor, when one has no field upon which to exert them? Crime is commonplace, existence is commonplace, and no qualities save those which are commonplace have any function upon earth."

"I had opened my mouth to reply to this tirade, when, with a crisp knock, our landlady entered, bearing a card upon the brass salver."

"A young lady for you, sir," she said, addressing my companion.

"Miss Mary Morstan," he read. "Hum! I have no recollection of the name. Ask the young lady to step up, Mrs. Hudson. Don't go, doctor. I should prefer that you remain."

CHAPTER II.

THE STATEMENT OF THE CASE.

Miss Morstan entered the room with a firm step and an outward composure of manner. She was a blonde young lady, small, dainty, well gloved and dressed in the most perfect taste. There was, however, a plainness and simplicity about her costume which bore with it a suggestion of limited means. The dress was a somber grayish beige, untrimmed and unbraided, and she wore a small turban of the same dull hue, relieved only by a suspicion of white feather in the side. Her face had neither regularity of feature nor beauty of complexion, but her expression was sweet and amiable, and her large blue eyes were singularly spiritual and sympathetic. In an experience of women which extends over many nations and three separate continents, I have never looked upon a face which gave a clearer promise of refined and sensitive nature. I could not but observe that as she took the seat which Sherlock Holmes placed for her, her lip trembled, her hand quivered, and she showed every sign of intense inward agitation.

"I have come to you, Mr. Holmes," she said, "because you once enabled my employer, Mrs. Cecil Forrester, to unravel a little domestic complication. She was much impressed by your kindness and skill."

"Mrs. Cecil Forrester," he repeated thoughtfully. "I believe that I was of some slight service to her. The case, however, as I remember it, was a very simple one."

"She did not think so. But at least you cannot say the same of mine. I can hardly imagine anything more strange, more utterly inexplicable, than the situation in which I find myself."

Holmes rubbed his hands, and his eyes glistened. He leaned forward in his chair with an expression of extraordinary concentration upon his clear-cut, hawk-like features.

"State your case," said he, in brisk, business tones.

"I felt that my position was an embarrassing one."

"You will, I am sure, excuse me," I said, rising from my chair.

"To my surprise, the young lady held up her gloved hand to detain me."

"If your friend," she said, "would be good enough to stop, he might be of inestimable service to me."

"I relapsed into my chair."

"Briefly," she continued, "the facts are these. My father was an officer in an Indian regiment, who sent me home when I was quite a child. My mother was dead, and I had no relative in England. I was placed, however, in a comfortable boarding establishment at Edinburgh, and there I remained until I was seventeen years of age. In the year 1875 my father, who was senior captain of his regiment, obtained twelve months' leave and came home. He telegraphed to me from London that he had arrived all safe, and directed me to come down at once, giving the Langham Hotel as his address. His message, as I remember, was full of kindness and love. On reaching London I drove to the Langham, and was informed that Captain Morstan was staying there, but that he had gone out the night before and had not returned. I waited all day without news of him. That night, on the advice of the manager of the hotel, I communicated with the police, and next morning we advertised in all the papers. Our inquiries led to no result; and from that day to this

no word has ever been heard of my unfortunate father. He came home with his heart full of hope, to find some peace, some comfort, and instead—"

"She put her hand to her throat, and a choking sob cut short the sentence."

"The date?" asked Holmes, opening his note-book.

"He disappeared upon the 3rd of December, 1878—nearly ten years ago."

"His luggage?"

"Remained at the hotel. There was nothing in it to suggest a crew—some clothes, some books, and a considerable number of curiosities from the Andaman Islands. He had been one of the officers in charge of the convict-guard there."

"Had he any friends in town?"

"Only one that we know of—Major Sholto, of his own regiment, the 34th Bombay Infantry. The Major had retired some little time before, and lived at Upper Norwood. We communicated with him, of course, but he did not even know that his brother officer was in England."

"A singular case," remarked Holmes.

"I have not yet described to you the most singular part. About six years ago—to be exact, upon the 4th of May, 1882—an advertisement appeared in the Times asking for the address of Miss Mary Morstan, and stating that it would be to her advantage to come forward. There was no name or address appended. I had at that time just entered the family of Mrs. Cecil Forrester in the capacity of governess. By her advice I published my address in the advertisement column. The same day there arrived through the post a small cardboard box addressed to me, which I found to contain a very large and lustrous pearl, without any clew as to the sender. They have been pronounced by an expert to be of a rare variety and of considerable value. You can see for yourselves that they are very handsome."

"She opened a flat box as she spoke, and showed me six of the finest pearls that I had ever seen."

"Your statement is most interesting," said Sherlock Holmes. "Has anything else occurred to you?"

"Yes, and no later than to-day. That is why I have come to you. This morning I received this letter, which you will perhaps read for yourself."

"Thank you," said Holmes. "The envelope too, please. Postmark, London, S. W. Date, July 7. Hum! Man's thumb mark on corner—probably postman. Best quality paper. Envelopes at sixpence a packet. Particular man in his stationery. No address. 'Beat the third pillar from the left outside the Lyceum Theater to-night at seven o'clock. If you are distrustful bring two friends. You are a wronged woman, and shall have justice. Do not bring police. If you do, all will be in vain. Your unknown friend.' Well, really, this is a very pretty little mystery! What do you intend to do, Miss Morstan?"

"That is exactly what I want to ask you."

"Then we shall most certainly go—you and I—and yes, why Dr. Watson is the very man. Your correspondent says two friends. He and I have worked together before."

"But would he come?" she asked, with something appealing in her voice and expression.

"I shall be proud and happy," said I, fervently, "if I can be of any service."

"You are both very kind," she answered. "I have led a retired life, and have no friends whom I could appeal to. If I am here at six it will do, I suppose?"

"You must not be later," said Holmes. "There is one other point, however. Is this handwriting the same as that upon the pearl box addresses?"

"I have them here," she answered, producing half a dozen pieces of paper.

"You are certainly a model client. You have the correct intuition. Let us see, now." He spread out the papers upon the table, and gave little darting glances from one to the other. "They are disguised hands, except the letter," he said presently; "but there can be no question as to the authorship. See how the irrepressible Greek will break out, and see the twirl of the final s. They are undoubtedly by the same person. I should not like to suggest false hopes, Miss Morstan, but is there any resemblance between this hand and that of your father?"

"Nothing could be more unlike."

"I expected to hear you say so. We shall look out for you, then, at six. Pray allow me to keep the papers. I may look into the matter before then. It is only half-past three. Au revoir, then."

"Au revoir," said our visitor; and with a bright, kindly glance from one to the other of us, she replaced her pearl-box in her bosom and hurried away.

Standing at the window, I watched her walking briskly down the street, until the gray turban and white feather were but a speck in the somber crowd.

"What a very attractive woman?" I exclaimed, turning to my companion.

He had lit his pipe again, and was leaning back with drooping eyelids. "Is she?" he said languidly; "I did not observe."

"You really are an automaton—a calculating machine," I cried. "There is something positively inhuman in you at times."

He smiled gently. "It is of the first importance," he said, "not to allow your judgment to be biased by personal qualities. A client is to me a mere unit, a factor in a problem. The emotional qualities are antagonistic to clear reasoning. I assure you that the most winning woman I ever knew was hanged for poisoning three little children for their insurance-money, and the most repellent man of my acquaintance is a philanthropist who has spent nearly a quarter of a million upon the London poor."

"In this case, however—"

"I never make exceptions. An exception disproves the rule. Have you ever had occasion to study character in handwriting? What do you make of this fellow's scribble?"

"It is legible and regular," I answered. "A man of business habits and some force of character."

Holmes shook his head. "Look at his long letters," he said. "They hardly rise above the common herd. That d might be an a, and that t an e. Men of character always differentiate their long letters, however illegibly they may write. There is vacillation in his e's and self-esteem in his capitals. I am going out now. I have some few references to make. Let me recommend this book—one of the most remarkable ever penned. It is Windwood Reade's 'Martyrdom of Man.' I shall be back in an hour."

I sat in the window with the volume in my hand, but my thoughts were far from the daring speculations of the writer. My mind ran upon our late visitor—her smiles, the deep rich tones of her voice, the strange mystery which overhung her life. If she were seventeen at the time of her father's disappearance she must be seven-and-twenty now—a sweet age, when youth has lost its self-consciousness and become a little sobered by experience. So I sat and mused, until such dangerous thoughts came into my head that I hurried away to my desk and plunged furiously into the latest treatise upon pathology.

What was I, an army surgeon with a weak leg and a weaker banking account, that I should dare to think of such things? She was a unit, a factor—nothing more. If my future were black, it was better surely to face it like a man than to attempt to brighten it with mere will-o'-the-wisps of the imagination.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

A Good Suggestion.

By constipation is meant irregular action of the bowels, often called costiveness, and commonly caused by dyspepsia, neglect, excess in eating or drinking, etc. It is a serious complaint and not to be neglected under any circumstances, as it leads to impure blood, headache, debility, fevers, etc. A uniformly successful remedy is Burdock Blood Bitters, which, if faithfully tried, never fails to effect a prompt and lasting cure even in the worst cases. The following extract, from a letter from Mr. James Carson, Banff, N. W. T., speaks for itself: "I have been troubled with constipation and general debility and was induced to use your B. B. through seeing your advertisement. I now take great pleasure in recommending it to my friends, as it completely cured me."

The Value of the Earth Worm.

"The earth worm performs a very important part in the economy of nature," said Professor Ernest Parker of Nashville, Tenn., at the Southern. The little creature is the most despised of all animal life, but from recent discoveries of my own after long and patient investigation, he has gained my respect, and I want to extend to him assurances of my most distinguished consideration. I have found out that but for the earth worm's humble and indefatigable toil very little of vegetation would grow except by irrigation. He is the greatest producer of moisture and heat in the world. He does more than the plowshare to disturb the latent heat and moisture of the earth and bring them to the top soil to vitalize and invigorate the struggling roots of the grasses grain and other forms of vegetation. But for him, great stretches of the Western agricultural lands would become vast deserts. Therefore, all hail to the earthworm, and bad luck to the man who thinks that he is fit for only fish bait!"—St. Louis Globe Democrat.

Give Johnson's Liniment a fair chance and it always "gets there" when needed.

THEY FOLLOWED COPY.

A Tale Which Indicates Feebly Some of the Trying Experiences of the Newspaper Man.

"Horrors, what an obscure hand you write!" said the literary editor to the new space writer as he turned in a bit of poetry.

"Oh, it's plain enough," interjected the poet hastily. The rhymes and the meter will help the compositor out, and there'll not be the least bit of trouble if they just follow copy."

And the copy went hustling up the tube into the composing room.

"Sa-ay, what idiotic chump has been sent in his Chinese laundry bill for copy?" wildly yelled out Slug 10, wiping a sudden burst of perspiration from his forehead and glaring at his last take. "I can't make head nor tail out of this thing!"

"Well, Chinese or no Chinese," cried the hurrying foreman, "make whatever you can out of it and snag it up in mighty short order, for we are late now."

And the type fairly jumped from the case to the stick.

"Great Caesar!" gasped the proof reader clutching his brow. "Are my eyes failing or is this a premonition of nervous prostration?" Then he rubbed his eyes and said: "By the gods, either I have got the blind staggers or Slug 10's on a royal tour."

At that instant a scream came down the spout: "Rush that proof along for heaven's sake, we're late!"

The proof reader groaned, galloped down the column, hesitated, and then desperately thrust the slip into the tube, huskily murmuring, "I compared it with the copy and that is as near as I can come to Hebrew these days."

That night the new space writer hurriedly wrapped up and addressed a copy of the issue without a glance, and dropped it into the mail with this brief note:

My Onliest Sweet and Dearest Marie: I send you an issue of the Sunday supplement containing my little poem. Your face was an ever-present inspiration to me when I wrote, and happy thoughts of you inspired every sentence. Here you will find expressed what I have ever felt toward you, but have hardly dared to voice before. Till death, etc."

Miss Marie Cortland Van Clinton glanced through the tender note, blushed with pleasure, and hurriedly opening the paper read:

TO MARIE.

When the breeze from the blue-bottle's blustering bliss Twirls the roads in a tooroomaloo, And the whisky whine of the wheedlesome whin Drowns the roll of the rattattattoo, Then I dream in the shade of the shally-go-she, And the voice of the ballymoly Bring the smellof stale poppy-coke-blummed in blue

From the willy-wad over the day, Ah, the shuddering shoe and the blinketty-planks When the plunging falls from the bough In the blast of the hurricane's hicketty-hanks On the hills of the hocketty-low! Give the riganmole to the changery-wang. If they care for such fiddledeedee: But the thimbobob kiss of the whangery-bang Keeps the higgledy-piggledy for me.

The new space writer and Miss Marie Cortland Van Clinton are not engaged now.

The Bye-Elections

have passed and we can now consider the best protection against disease. There is unrestricted reciprocity of sentiment between all persons in Canada in pronouncing Burdock Blood Bitters the very best blood purifier, dyspepsia and headache remedy, and general tonic renovating medicine before the public.

The Latest Gold Story.

J. A. McConville, who lives on Montanna street, killed one of his chickens for dinner and on cleaning it was surprised to find a quantity of gold nuggets in the crop and gizzard of the bird. Having about thirty more chickens on hand, he began killing and examining them. In each of them he found a pro rata of nuggets, the total amount gathered from the 31 hens being \$287 50—an average of \$12.50 a head. The gold was sent to the State National Bank and pronounced 18 karat fine. Mr. McConville immediately bought fifty more chickens and turned them out on the gold fields in the vicinity of the hencoop. As an experiment one of them was killed and \$2.80 in gold taken from its inside works, the result of a four-day run. Mr. McConville has a virtual bonanza, and expects to be a millionaire before fall if the chickens hold out.—Butte Mining Journal.

Sandwich.

SIRS.—For five years I suffered from lumbago and could get no relief until I used Haygard's Yellow Oil, and I must say I find no better remedy for it.

FONTENAY, THE SWORDSMAN.

A MILITARY NOVEL.

BY FORTUNE DU BOISGOBEY.

(Translated by H. L. Williams.)

CHAPTER XXVI.—Continued.

He also wondered on what she supported her prediction of his going to fall under the mercy of Angel, and he had not forgotten Tournesol's warning.

Was a conspiracy, of which this man was the leader, about to come to a head? were the good folk of Teruel preparing in the shadow the massacre of the French garrison? was a miniature massacre of St. Bartholomew to be accomplished during the coming night?

The young widow had told him ample to put him on his guard, but he could not hope for her betraying the plotter's secrets to him so that he would know their proceeding to surprise their victims. The surest counter-plot was to block their plan by gathering the first soldiers of the Polish Legion or the 14th Foot seen in the street, arresting her, and running to report to the commandant the imprudent words he had heard. But this measure was repugnant to him. This fiery patriot had intended to shield him from death, and he thought of paying her in the same coin. The rulers did not shrink from having women shot who fomented revolt, and if he pointed her out, she would be immediately tried by a court-martial and sent before the firing-party.

But if she were Montalvan's daughter, she was also the relative of Marguerite de Gavre.

Fontenay, who had forgiven the traitor Diego, might pardon the cousin of his beloved.

"How would you have acted to save me?" he inquired, affecting not to take the young widow's statement as serious.

"What would be the good of your knowing?" she coldly replied. "If I had pledged myself to you, I should have kept my promise. You might not again bear arms against my country, but you would have seen France again. I have more power than you presume."

"Oh, I know that you are daughter of the Count de Montalvan and that all the insurrectionists obey him. Were I to decide on delivering you over to the military authorities, he would pay with his head for the thought he had to exterminate us all this night."

"My father has nothing to fear. He is not in Teruel—and if he were, you would tremble before him."

This sharply uttered retort struck the captain, who began to get an inkling. Uncle Blas would be with Villacampa ready to attack with the bands as soon as the inhabitants opened the town gates at the given moment. Perhaps it drew near for guards were changed at dusk and that might be the moment chosen to surprise the French.

"Senora," he said, without flinching, "I have never trembled before any man. I laugh at your threats, but I do not want to owe you anything. My duty is to advise my leaders that an attempt is afoot to take Teruel from us. I will not tell them how I learned this. You may leave the town if you consider you have still time to flee, before one of your friends gives the signal awaited by his fellows to rush upon the French. Bear in mind that in half an hour it may be too late, and that if you fall into the hands of my soldiers, I should uselessly try to save you."

The Spanish woman did not reply. Again approaching the balcony, she was listening to the outer sounds; evidently, she watched for a signal.

Listening also, Fontenay heard nothing but a distant confused noise.

The falling night was fine—a true Spanish spring-time night, made for placid enjoyment, and yet, under that starry sky, men were sharpening the knives for others' throats! Impressed with the thought of having not a minute to lose, the captain said abruptly:

"Lady, I entreat you to flee—and I will keep my word. But I am going to do my duty as a soldier of France."

Montalvan's daughter did not try to detain him and he flew down the stairs at one leap and rushed into the store, where he found the duenna crouched behind the counter.

Violent knocking sounded on the door. At first Fontenay believed it was Angel returning home and he was going to receive him on his sword's point. But, on drawing the bolt, he faced Tournesol, who shouted:

"You, captain! I began to believe the brigands had murdered you. I guessed you were here, and I have found you—heaven be thanked! Come out quick!"

"What's happened?"

(Continued on page 4.)