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VOL. 3.

RICHIBUCTO, NEW BRUNSWICK, THURSDAY, APRIL 14, 1892.

NO. 35

THE GREAT NORTH SHORE ROUTE!

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The Hand that Rocks the World.
Blessings on the hand of woman!
Angels guard her strength and grace,
In the cottage, palace, hovel—
Oh, no matter where the place!
Would that never storms assailed it!
Rainbows ever gently curled;
For the hand that rocks the cradle
Is the hand that rocks the world.
Infancy's the tender fountain;
Power may with beauty flow,
Mothers first to guide the streamlet,
From them souls unresting grow.
Grow on for the good or evil,
Sunshine streamed or darkness hurled;
For the hand that rocks the cradle
Is the hand that rocks the world.
Women, how divine your mission,
Here upon our natal sod,
Keep, oh keep the young heart open
Always to the breath of God!
All true trophies of the ages
Are from mother love imperaled;
For the hand that rocks the cradle
Is the hand that rocks the world.

Blessings on the hand of woman!
Fathers, sons, and daughters cry;
And the sacred song is mingled
With the worship of the sky—
Mingles where no tempest darkens,
Rainbows ever more are curled;
For the hand that rocks the cradle
Is the hand that rocks the world.

FONTENAY, THE SWORDSMAN.

A MILITARY NOVEL.
BY FORTUNE DU BOISGOBEY.

(Translated by H. L. Williams.)

CHAPTER XVII.—Continued.

Disorder was at its height. Zolnycki still was in command, but his voice was no longer obeyed, smothered as it was by the uproar of the renewed cannonading.

Fontenay had forgotten Carénac; all he thought of was clearing a passage for pushing on by corridors where nothing could be seen; he did not doubt he would simply walk into the principal fire of the conflagration. By touching the walls, he found a window which retained its shutters; he broke them with a blow of his fist and obtained a little air and light. It opened on an inner-court, in front of a wing in flames. Here he could breathe, and he rushed down into it with the men following. They believed themselves saved.

All of a sudden their ears were split by a sound which they had learnt to know since they beleaguered Saragossa—a shrill hissing, followed almost instantly by a dreadful roar—the fizz of a slow match and the thunder of a bursting mine.

The inflamed wing collapsed at the shock without being blown up; the mine had not been overloaded; they were soon to see the shrank. But Fontenay and his followers shrank back, blinded by dust and smoke, though very happy at not being crushed.

Dread silence followed this explosion. The soldiers sought to identify one another after the terrible shock. One could not see ten paces, and it was impossible to advance in the murkiness.

It cleared up only too soon. The wind drove away the dusty clouds whirling in the yard. Then, as at a theatre, a transformation scene was seen. The building which had closed in the yard and was brought down flat, unmasked a battery of three guns leveled at fifty paces on the storming party.

This was the surprise reserved by the Spaniards. Surrounded by numerous gunners this battery was backed by a large house having its roofs and windows peopled by insurgents ready to shoot at the assaulters when they came within range.

"The scoundrels! They have us in a tight corner," said a voice in Fontenay's ear which he recognized as Carénac's.

"Huzza, commandant, we are neither of us dead. Is our duel still on the cards?"

"A pretty time to talk of duelling! We are to be cut to shreds!"

"Then we cannot fight again—what a pity! but—"

The cannon cut short his speech. The three pieces were fired at once, throwing canisters of grape-shot, of which the effect would have been more murderous at three hundred paces; at short range the canisters did not scatter but went as a ball. A few men fell, but the court-yard was vacated in a twinkling by the men running away helter-skelter. The soldiers crammed themselves in the lobby, where they were somewhat under shelter. From this to abandoning the captured building was but a step.

Fontenay had not fled. He called back the men who would not hearken to him, and was saying to himself: "If but one is to make a stand it shall be I!" when the Polish captain, who had not fled any more than he, gently nudged him and said, without raising his voice:

"The place is not tenable, and it is useless to get killed; but go on ahead, my dear comrade. In these cases, the officer highest in rank must leave the last. You are a captain like me, but I am senior."

He spoke with as much calmness as if he were debating about precedence at a drawing-room door-way.

"Help!" cried out a man, falling wounded in the court-yard.

Fontenay turned and saw it was the commandant stretched on the pavement. He did not hesitate even a second to retrace his steps to help to raise him. It was marching to certain death, as the sharpshooters in the windows were showering bullets like a fall of hail around the unfortunate Carénac, unable to move. Like the others Tournesol had recoiled, but he was the hindmost, and seeing his officer return on the road he did the same without listening to Zolnycki's reiterated calls.

Zolnycki was performing his duty as leader, as in being his own rear-guard, in the same manner as a sea-captain keeping to his wrecked ship the last and preventing several sailors risking their lives to attempt the saving of one.

He had tried to retain Fontenay while admiring his bravery, with good reason, for the young captain risked his life to succor a man whom he could not hold in warm affection.

The two inebriated spirits, captain and trooper, arrived together near Carénac who said:

"My foot's broken! the Spanish have finished me. Try to rally those cowards who run like a flock of sheep."

"Commandant," said Fontenay, "I helped you up once before from under the cannon-balls; I will do it again under the grape-shot. Give me your hand—the other too, my orderly. Good! Now make an effort! right, again! You are up! Stand between us, rest upon us and limp along."

All these movements were executed by the unfortunate Carénac, though not without pain, and, thanks to the generous rescuers, he was brought under an infernal fire into the entrance of the corridor, where Zolnycki received them with open arms.

Momentarily, they were in safety under this arched way, where the fugitives began to recover from a rather excusable weakness. The panic had ended, but the attack could not be renewed before reinforcements arrived; and, more than all, before the French siege artillery dismantled the three field-pieces, still sweeping the yard.

Zolnycki did not doubt that the marshal, from the battery where he stood, had seen all that happened and would immediately give orders for the Polish to be supported lest they were cut off from the trenches. They would have to defend themselves while awaiting the supports, in case the Spaniards attempted a return on the offensive, and Zolnycki made his arrangements like a soldier knowing his craft.

The conflagration diminished in violence from want of material, the fire having consumed all that was combustible in the wing where the grape-shot had slain some soldiers; though the smoke was still thick, they could breathe.

Zolnycki ranked his men to face all ways, while showing them as little as possible.

One hall, less damaged than the others, was set aside for the wounded, and those who could move dragged themselves into it; the others were carried. Carénac was one of the foremost, supported on both sides, and hobbling without losing any of his energy. He planted himself against the wall, holding one foot up, while the Poles brought in the fragments of bedding

undevoured by the flames. Zolnycki soon came to inquire on the state of the wounded captain, who answered without preface:

"Captain, you arrive timely. I do not know whether my charger will follow me riderless to the grave or not, for I have determined not to let my leg be amputated, and if gangrene sets in I shall never recover. I have more than repaid the Spanish—but I do not want to pass away without repairing my wrongs towards Captain Fontenay."

"You owe me no reparation, commandant," Paul said quickly. "The regret is mine for proposing that absurd duel."

"Less absurd than the cause of our quarrel. Without motive I insulted you at la Malmaison and you were a hundred times right in resenting the insult. I conducted myself like a blackguard, and the Empress would have treated me as I deserved if she had ordered me out of the palace. I owed you apologies—a foolish self-conceit restrained me—it is still time and I offer you them in presence of a brave officer who now knows us both, though he must awhile ago have taken us for lunatics. Give me your hand, captain, for me to clasp it!"

Fontenay did not require twice telling. He was much agitated, though he had not winced under a terrible fire, and Zolnycki was not much less affected.

"If I escape," resumed Carénac, "I shall wish only one thing—the chance to lift you out of a difficulty at any cost to myself. Even then I could not cry quits with you."

Fontenay was going to expostulate when a sergeant of the fourteenth burst in like a shell to announce that the Spaniards were retiring. Zolnycki's conjecture was verified. By the marshal's order, three of the heavy French batteries had concentrated their fire upon the house, unscreened by the mine explosion. Two of the Spanish pieces were knocked over and one of the powder-cases blown up. The walls crumbled down and the gunners fled at top of their speed. At the same instant bugles were heard sounding the charge, and up ran two battalions of reinforcements. Zolnycki had not waited for them to gather his men, head them and rush to the assault.

Fontenay did not resist the general contagion. It cost him a pang to quit his reconciled adversary, but the latter urged him to go, and Tournesol offered to remain beside the wounded man, who was also his regimental captain.

The day terminated better than it had commenced. Without too much loss, three houses rather tamely defended were captured.

They almost reached the *Fossa*, Saragossa's central thoroughfare, where they were brought to a standstill before the university, an enormous structure, fortified like a citadel.

This was sufficient for a novice at siege-work and Fontenay, who had borne himself like a veteran, might return to headquarters without fear of the marshal's badly greeting him.

In the evening Tournesol informed him that the commandant was in the ambulance and would not die of his wound.

Fontenay counted now a friend the more in Carénac; but he still had a foe more dangerous in himself alone than all the guerrilleros of Spain—he had not ended his strife with the unattainable Don Blas de Montalvan.

CHAPTER XVIII. THE YOUNG WIDOW.

In time all things come to an end in this world—even sieges.

After three months' investment and fifty-two days of approaches by open trenches, Saragossa capitulated perforce on the 2nd of February, 1809. Nothing but ensanguined ruins remained of the heroic city.

The day of the 18th had been decisive. A mine loaded with fifteen hundred pounds of powder had blown up half the central street, El Cosse, where resistance was concentrated, driven back from house to house to the heart of the demolished town. There was some fighting on the following morning, but a Spanish flag-of-truce had appeared in the evening before the vanquisher, and after twenty-four hours' discussion his hard terms were accepted by the last defenders.

Since his essay in the trenches in front of the hospital, Paul Fontenay had not spared himself. Marshal Lannes had taken a friendly liking to him, and as a volunteer in the Vistula Legion, in the company of Zolnycki under whom he had served his apprenticeship. He had obtained this favor, and while still numbered among the staff-officers he had fought every day in the Polish ranks, never spared, as it was charged with the most perilous tasks.

Happier than Commandant Carénac, the West Indian had not received even a scratch

The brave Carénac had come out of danger but had to hobble on crutches. What he foresaw had happened. The surgeons declared amputation of his foot to be indispensable, but he had energetically refused to submit, when the doctor undertook to perform an operation on him in spite of his will, he clapped a horse-pistol in their faces and threatened to blow out their brains if they dared to touch him. There are reasons to believe that Tournesol had supplied him with the same. The surgeons retired, predicting a speedy decease, and three weeks subsequently he entered into convalescence.

Fontenay went three times to see him in the Thirteenth Cuirassiers' ambulance on the Ebro's bank, the two adversaries who had tried to slay each other in Malmaison park having become the best friends in the world.

Tournesol had not quitted his captain and was the Poland's darling, diverting himself exceedingly, though he did not learn their language.

One cloud always marred Paul's existence—the absence of Paris news. Prigny had not written to him, and the creole could not account for the too prolonged silence.

Fortunately he had no time to mope between two storming-parties; it was a distraction to stake his life every day.

But the French held the city and the moment neared to take some course, for Marshal Lannes was not to remain in Spain.

Paul imparted his perplexity to Zolnycki, become his bosom friend, who counselled him to request leave to follow the marshal when recalled by the Emperor. Fontenay was almost resolved to act on this advice, wholly disinterested from Zolnycki's preferring not to part from his new brother-in-arms.

The hour had come, and from dawn on the 21st of February, the army was ready to view the procession of the vanquished, none overreager to give up their stations as their sentries lifted their muskets to fire on the French when too nearly approaching them. The delay had been employed at the camp for brushing up to appear in parade dress. The cloaks, singed by powder and rent by bullets, were carefully rolled up in knapsacks, and the cleaned guns glittered in the sunshine.

The army that had been fighting for more than sixty days with vehemence might have creditably figured in a holiday parade. For one, Paul would have preferred to pass beneath the windows of the Tuileries palace clothed in his uniform worn with ten battles, than see the Saragossa garrison lay down their arms. But he had no choice and could only hope soon to be compensated at Paris.

The event was to take place at the *Puerta del Portillo*, to reach which, ground cut up by canals had to be crossed, and this delayed the march. It was near noon when the Vistula Legion joined the other bodies in battle-array to be reviewed by the marshal.

They were going to behold those famous defenders of Saragossa and the heroic citizens who had lived for forty days under a rain of bombshells without altering their habits. At the height of the bombardment, they still held *tertulias*, evening parties, where they played cards and drank chocolate. When the Leaning Tower bell rang a fire alarm, the players would pause to lay down their cards for an instant and "cross" themselves—and on would go the game.

At midday, Lannes, surrounded by a numerous staff, passed before the ranks, grave and silent as usual, and saluted the colors dropped as he came by. He opened his lips only to bid several colonels rectify the line of their troops.

Tournesol, placed as fagelman of the Zolnycki company, expected better things of his illustrious countryman. Gascons are not ordinarily misers in speech, and had Fontenay's orderly been in the general's stead, he would not have missed so fine an opportunity for a harangue. But Paul admired the lofty and manly bearing of the victor who triumphed modestly and with dignity.

Lannes went up to the gates and the exodus began. At first appeared the boys under eighteen, almost children, wearing gray cloaks and red cockades. These ranked themselves opposite the victorious army on the opposite side of the road.

Next came a mob of people of all ages and conditions—some in uniform, but nearly all like rustics; they came from all parts of Spain. What astonished Fontenay above all was to see officers mounted on mules or even donkeys; they were distinguishable only by their cocked hats.

The young and somewhat fastidious captain had entertained quite another idea of the heroes who had so long held the French army in check. A few instants' reflection, however, made him understand

that they believed themselves doing a very plain duty in defending their country against the foreigner, and when overcome they resigned themselves to their destiny with that fatalism they inherit from the Moors. They smoked and they chattered tranquilly among themselves as if ignorant of their going away prisoners into France far from the land so valiantly defended.

At first inclined to laugh at the heterogeneous crowd, Fontenay admired them with all his heart.

The French soldiers, less refined in sentiment, did not shrink from jeering at their brave foemen. Tournesol ventured to say aloud that such ragamuffins should not be treated with so much ceremony—a remark that drew his captain's severe admonishment upon him. But he changed his note when the troops received the order to render military honors to General Palafox, the illustrious head of the defense. He had been found dying and was carried on a litter. One of Marshal Lannes' aides-de-camp, hat in hand, superintended the transfer of the glory-covered, vanquished Spaniard to the padded coach for conveyance into France, while the drums beat a loud roll.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE SPRING.

Of all seasons in the year, is the one for making radical changes in regard to health. During the winter, the system becomes to a certain degree clogged with waste, and the blood loaded with impurities, owing to the lack of exercise, close confinement in poorly ventilated shops and homes, and other causes. This is the cause of the dull, sluggish, tired feeling so general at this season, and which must be overcome or the health may be entirely broken down. Hood's Sarsaparilla has attained the greatest popularity over all the country as the favorite Spring Medicine. It expels the accumulation of impurities through the bowels, kidneys, liver, lungs and skin, gives to the blood the purity and quality necessary to good health, and overcomes that tired feeling.

Every temptation that is resisted, every noble aspiration that is encouraged, every sinful thought that is suppressed, every bitter word that is withheld, adds a little item to the impetus of that great movement which is bearing humanity onward towards a richer life and a higher character.—Fiske.

TIVERTON.
DIGBY CO., N. S.

This is to certify that I have been crippled with Rheumatism in my hands and have used several kinds of liniment without any relief until I got a bottle of SCOTT'S CURE, and it has made a complete cure of me. I can recommend it to anyone who has Rheumatism, as a sure cure.

Yours respectfully,
MISS ELIZABETH BLACKFORD.

A large majority of the unfulfilled duties of the world is caused by the practice of delay. Good intentions are abundant—the ability and will to carry them out are not wanting; but the habit of prompt action has never been acquired. Persons with this deficiency are wrecked in an emergency.

The "Myrtle Navy" plug correctly represents the whole plan upon which its manufacture is conducted. There is not a fractional part of a cent expended upon it for mere appearance. It is neither wrapped in tin foil nor worked into fancy shapes, nor put in fancy cases, nor subject to any kind of expense merely to please the eye or captivate the fancy. The manufacturers rightly believed that tobacco was not purchased for ornament, but for smoking, and therefore all extraneous expense was avoided and added to the quality of the tobacco. The public have testified in its case that they prefer paying their money for a high quality of article than for ornament out of place.

"What if I were one of those husbands, my dear, who get up in the morning and bang things around, and kick like everything just because the coffee is cold?" "John," responded his wife, "I would make it hot for you." As her words admitted of more than one interpretation, John said nothing more about the coffee.

YOUR BLOOD.

Undoubtedly needs a thorough cleansing this season to expel impurities, keep up the health-tone and prevent disease. You should take Hood's Sarsaparilla, the best blood purifier and system tonic. It is unequalled in positive medicinal merit.

Hood's Pills are purely vegetable, perfectly harmless, effective, but do not cause pain or gripe. Be sure to get Hood's.

ALL SORTS.

Hall's Hair Renewer is pronounced the best preparation made for thickening the growth of the hair, and restoring that which is gray to its original color.

Friendship has the skill and observation of the best physician, the diligence and vigilance of the best nurse, and the tenderness and patience of the best mother.

I will tell you what to hate. Hate hypocrisy, hate cant, hate intolerance, oppression, injustice, pharisaism; hate them as Christ hated them—with a deep abiding God-like hatred.—Robertson.

Proud father (showing off his boy before company)—"My son, which would you rather be, Shakespeare or Edison?" Little son (after meditation)—"I'd rather be Edison." "Yes, why?" "Cause he isn't dead."

There are degrees of contentment; but it will be found that the most contented are those who are engaged in useful work of some kind, low in which thought flows, and that the least contented are those that are idle.

The confidence that people have in Ayer's Sarsaparilla as a blood medicine is the legitimate and natural growth of many years. It has been handed down from parent to child, and is the favorite family medicine in thousands of households.

"Hold on, sis," exclaimed one of the little Rambo boys, as he paused at the door. "Don't go into the house. The minister is making a call." "How do you know?" inquired his little sister. "Can't you hear ma talking? She's got her Sunday voice on."

What a debt of gratitude the world owes to such men as Drs. Ayer and Jenner—the latter for the grand discovery of vaccination, and the former for his Extract of Sarsaparilla—the best of blood purifiers! Who can estimate how much these discoveries have benefited the race!

Now, nothing makes so much impression on the heart of a man as the voice of friendship when it is really known to be such; for we are aware that it never speaks to us except for our advantage, we can suppose that a friend is deceived, but not that he wishes to deceive us. Sometimes we run counter to his advice, but we never despise it.

Johnny—"Mamma, may I say something?" "Mamma—" "You know the rule is that you must not speak at the table." "But may I say just one word?" "No, Johnny; but when papa has finished his paper then you may speak." (Papa finally lays the paper on the table.) "Now, Johnny, what did you wish to say?" "I just wanted to tell you that the water is running over the tub on to the floor in the bath-room."

Hesitation and vacillation are two qualities which count for a good deal in the histories of disappointment. A man who is not quite certain which way he means to go, and stands hesitating at the crossroads, makes no progress on his journey; and a woman who has a heap of odds and ends to attend to—household duties letters to write, visits to pay, etc.—and sits down with her hands before her, trying to make up her mind what she will begin upon first, will never do anything so long as she sits there.

A farm servant was sent by his mistress to the nearest town to purchase a yard of satin. On arriving at the shop Jock had forgot the name of the article he was required to get. He had a dim idea that the name had something suggestive of the nether regions connected with it; so, scratching his head, he inquired—"Can ye tell me what their name the deil has forbye Auld Cloutie?" "Well," said the shopkeeper, "there is, for instance, 'Satan.'" "That's it!" exclaimed the ploughman; "jist gie me a yaird o' him."

There's a patent medicine which is not a patent medicine—paradoxical as that may sound. It's a discovery! the golden discovery of medical science! It's the medicine for you—tired, run-down, exhausted, nerve-wasted men and women; for you sufferers from diseases of skin or scalp, liver or lungs—its chance is with every one, its season always, because it aims to purify the fountain of life—the blood—upon which all such diseases depend. The medicine is Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. The makers of it have enough confidence in it to sell it on trial. That is—you can get it from your druggist, and if it doesn't do what it's claimed to do, you can get your money back, every cent of it.

That's what its makers call taking the risk of their words.

Tiny, little, sugar-coated granules, are what Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets are. The best Liver Pills ever invented; active yet mild in operation; cure sick and bilious headaches. One a dose.