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## THE GREAT NORTH SHORE ROUTE!

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### Too Late!

She lies so still the livelong day,  
She doth not move or speak;  
The roses long have died away  
Upon her dainty cheek.

I spoke her harshly yesternorn—  
Her agonized surprise,  
It haunts me now—and for my scorn  
The lovelight in her eyes!

And now each bitter word I said  
Accentuates my pain—  
Each taunt I levelled at the dead  
Has burnt into my brain.

Who is the wiser? I, whose feet  
Must tread an earthly hell?  
Or she who hears that welcome sweet,  
"Fair Spirit, all is well?"

Though God forgive me in His grace,  
When I have "crossed the bar,"  
When I shall meet her face to face,  
Beneath the morning star.

I dare not think that even there,  
Within the gates of gold,  
My soul will show to her as fair  
As in the days of old.

The dear dead days of long ago,  
Whose tale was told above,  
When in our hearts we felt the glow,  
The rosy dawn of Love!

## FONTENAY, THE SWORDSMAN.

A MILITARY NOVEL.

BY FORTUNE DU BOISGOBEY.

(Translated by H. L. Williams.)

### CHAPTER XVI.—Continued.

The trench was badly enough sheltered. To go as far as the gabions in a line, a certain space had to be passed without cover unless one stooped, and on the previous afternoon fatality had befallen the imprudent men who had through ignorance or bravado neglected to take that undignified precaution.

"Bend down, comrade, when you go by there," said Zolnycki. "You see that the men of the Fourteenth who are waiting their turn take care in sitting down, to set their backs against the parapet. They do not show even the tops of their caps to the maddened fellows who pepper us."

"I shall do what you say, but it is very disagreeable to go down almost on all fours to avoid a bullet. It looks as if one feared them."

"My dear friend, an officer has no right to expose his life senselessly. If the marshal were here he would hold the same language."

"Enough! since it is right, I will stoop to stooping," sighed Fontenay, with a faint smile.

He was tall, and to "dodge the bullets," as Zolnycki said, he had almost to bend double, much against his taste, for, in spite of his mentor's wise observation, he chafed at appearing in a ridiculous attitude. His elbows touched his knees and he stretched out his neck like the tortoise's in its race.

"Well done!" ejaculated Zolnycki, "you are clear through it, and I am coming in the same fashion."

He was bending down to start when a soldier who, himself, for the greater security had lain at full length, said aloud: "Hallo, here's the officers showing the white feather too!"

He was the offspring of the gutters of Paris, for he had the vulgar accent strongly pronounced. Evil to him who insults his superiors, for the Polish captain, who was of herculean strength, grasped him by the collar, dragged him upright and, rising to his own full height, strode forward with him held at arm's length. Twenty gunshots cracked from the Saint Monica's windows and roof-tops. The soldier was riddled, but his body preserved the officer who was not once struck; sometimes there are intelligent bullets.

Zolnycki cast down the foul-mouthed fellow, who was a sheer corpse, for he had been killed instantly.

Deeply impressed, Fontenay looked to see if his companions would not revenge him by firing on the officer who had him punished by the Spaniards; but Fontenay did not yet understand soldiers. "Served him right!" they shouted in unison, rising as though electrified by this act of daring, and running over to the gabions.

Fontenay and the Pole reached them beforehand, where they found Tournesol busily engaged in putting into practice the lessons of the old Polish sergeant who befriended him. This Jack-of-all-trades of Gascon was so gifted that he invented a decoy unknown to his professor, but familiar to the West Indian, who had seen some fighting in the canebrakes. Jean put his fatigue-cap on the point of his bayonet and showed it above the bags of earth to the hostile sharpshooters; they tattered it with bullets while, six paces apart, the sergeant aimed at his ease through an aperture and brought down one at each shot of those uncovering themselves.

"Your Frenchmen are astonishingly quick," observed Zolnycki, "here's one who has never served save in the heavy-horse troops—perhaps never handled a musket—and yet he uses it as though he had done nothing but fine shooting all his life. I grant that they are not good at discipline," smilingly concluded the captain.

"They require officers of your stamp," replied Fontenay. "You energetically set the tune and see, they run the gauntlet like you without thinking at all of 'lodging.'"

"I regret the poor lad was slain—but examples are needed." "Very luckily you were not touched, and the fault is mine that you were exposed to show that you had no fear. I ought to have walked over without covering."

"You would have done very wrong, my dear comrade. Bravery has nothing in common with bravado. You French are not satisfied with being courageous—you must have vain-glory to boot. I wish to correct you of the defect."

"I'll try to correct myself. But it strikes me, my dear Zolnycki, that you might have crossed yonder without drawing yourself up to your full height—"

"I might have stooped, it is true; but that was an exceptional case. It was necessary to prove to the men that we officers do not care for our lives and all men are equal under fire. Call your orderly for me to compliment him; he fights like a lion."

Fontenay had no need to call Tournesol. He had seen the two captains and he ceased shooting to come over to them, saying:

"That's my third Spaniard settled and I have not done with them yet."

"You seem to like it," said Fontenay. "Well, captain, it is livelier than in the cavalry. I wish I were in a marching regiment."

"You may keep at it all day if you like. The marshal has authorized me to stay in the trenches until dark."

"Oh, Marshal Lannes! He is a fearless one, and we come from the same part; another Gascon!"

"Yes, daring runs in your blood. But do not be over bold, and try to come out unhurt. I need you."

"There is no danger of their catching me napping, captain. I am not wearing my breastplate, so I keep a sharper lookout. When you feel like breaking your fast—mind! I have some army bread in my pocket and brandy in my canteen."

Tournesol carried in a sling this celebrated flask, to which the creole had recourse on exceptional occasions, and he was toying affectionately with it when a Spanish bullet cut a piece out of it without touching the bearer. He called out as he presented it to his officer:

"Drink quick, captain, it's leaking!" "I am not thirsty. Empty it yourself."

Without further entreaty, the orderly drained it through the bullet hole to the last drop, whereupon he ran to the barricade, growling:

"Oh, the ruffians! they shall pay for the breakage!"

The grave Zolnycki could not help laughing, but Fontenay laughed more loudly; he had not lost a brother and everything amused him in spite of danger. "That is a warning by which we must profit," remarked the Pole. "Our regular place is not here. Come with me."

He drew his young friend against a moderately high earthwork to protect him from the flank fire of Saint Monica's. The deep voice of the cannon overpowered the crackling of the musketry, for the French batteries were firing *salvoes* and the besieged replied all along the line. No one would

have suspected the French had become masters of part of the town and the most hopeful began to believe that Saragossa would still hold out. Zolnycki was among those who feared that the inevitable success would be delayed and dearly purchased. As Fontenay asked him if the day would pass in firing on the place, he said, shaking his head:

"It is probable that we will assault the large hospital before long. I am waiting for the order. If you are bent upon learning street warfare you will be satisfied. What you see here is nothing to it. In this trench we fight in the open air and daylight. There it will be in fire and smoke. The shooting will go on in the cellars and through the floors, without an enemy being seen. I say nothing of the mines bursting at most unexpected moments. But after all, it's our trade—and some get through it, in token of which here I stand."

"I hope we shall both get through. Besides, it seems to me that the hospital's firing has become less hot these few instants."

"True! Our heavy pieces have pounded at it since morning; there are gaps knocked in it, and soon it will be untenable. That will be the moment for our rush."

"How shall we learn?"

"The marshal, at his post, sees what is going on. When he thinks it time he will send us an aid-de-camp—and it is possible he will not keep us long waiting. Mark! they are not firing now—perhaps they are evacuating the hospital."

"Not the convent, though, for the bullets still rain in from that quarter. But see the officer coming toward us—he may bring the order to move."

"I do not think so, as I have never seen him on the marshal's staff. It is a cuirassier officer. Why the deuce is he not with his regiment? Your orderly belongs to the same branch of the service, but wears neither helm nor cuirass, while this one is in full array. What the mischief is he looking for in the trenches?"

"He is looking for you. He questions a soldier of the Fourteenth, who points you out and he comes at a quick pace."

"It is so! I am curious to see if he will stoop to pass the dangerous place—he will act properly for his stature makes him a tall target—he is over six feet high."

The officer was a brave one, for he strode along without lowering his crest; and Tournesol, who was looking at him while loading his musket, called out:

"Why, here's my old commander!"

### CHAPTER XVII.

#### AN UNEXAMPLED DUEL.

Fontenay also looked, and was not a little surprised to recognize Carénac, not seen since their interrupted duel in Malmaison gardens. The meeting was inopportune, but there was no means of avoiding it, and the younger officer put a good face on the matter. The other paid no heed to him, however, but addressed Zolnycki in these terms:

"Captain, the marshal sends me, although I am not one of his staff. I had brought a letter from my colonel to him and having no other officer at hand—his aids being all away with orders—he charged me to command you immediately to carry the battery in front of you. The Spaniards are quitting it. Occupy it and intrench yourself. If the enemy tries to dislodge you, hold out until relieved. The marshal attaches much value to the holding of this position. Where," concluded Carénac abruptly, "where are your officers?"

"My lieutenant and his sub, were wounded yesterday. I have nobody by me but Captain Fontenay, whom you see."

Carénac turned, recognized his once adversary, and said in a surly tone:

"What are you doing here, sir? I thought you were with the Emperor?"

"I was there," returned the junior life-guardsmen, without being disconcerted.

"I am now attached to the staff of the marshal, Duke of Montebello."

"And captain already? two steps in two months!"

"I hope I have honestly won them."

"I regret you have not won still another. Were you a squadron-commander we might settle our old quarrel."

"I am at your call, commandant, as soon as I wear the full epaulet."

"It may be long a-coming."

"I mean to try not to keep you waiting, being as eager as you to finish. But, now I think of it—there may be a way to abridge the delay—"

"Yes, if I would stand up against you at once. But I have no desire to be 'broken' in my grade for fighting a duel with my inferior officer."

"There are other ways of fighting than with sword or pistol—and not contrary to discipline."

"With the knife, in the Spanish mode,"

said Carénac ironically.

"No, commandant, let the cannon decide!"

"Captain, I fear that you are jesting with me!" roared Carénac, red with ire.

"Heaven forbid, commandant!" returned Fontenay with the utmost politeness. "I propose the cannon to settle it—not as you understood me, however."

"A truce to ribaldry! you will go under arrest for a week to teach you to respect your superior officers, and I will inform the marshal of the motives for the punishment I impose upon you."

"You are acting in your right, commandant, and I do not remonstrate. I shall go under arrest on leaving guard in the trenches; but, until evening, we have time to settle our quarrel by the means I proposed."

"Again! you go too far!"

Zolnycki could not understand anything of the young American's persistency and shook his head at him, which sign he feigned not to see. The stupefied Tournesol stared with widely distended eyes. He was ignorant of his officer's having any dispute with Carénac and could not recover from the amazement at hearing him banter the commandant. The wrangle would have been comic if not occurring under the brisk fire of the Spanish in the nunnery casemates. One of their rear batteries, on the left, was just opening fire and its balls skimmed the parapet crest at every instant, while the bullets whistled in between. The time and the place were badly chosen to discuss the arrangements for a single combat.

"Commandant," proceeded Fontenay without agitation, "allow me kindly to explain. Believe me that I do not propose our using great guns on one another. My meaning is that we should make use of those of the besieged to end our difference. We need but climb upon the parapet and stand there until one of us is carried away by a Spanish cannon-ball. The report will be, 'killed by the enemy's fire!' and it will be truth."

"The rogue is incorrigible!" muttered Zolnycki in consternation.

"Do you imagine," said Carénac, "that I am going to risk being cut in twain, to be agreeable to you?"

"Let me point out to you, commandant, that I shall be as much in risk as yourself, and, if I am struck down, you will be rid of me without any of the trouble of sending me into the oldest of worlds; but you are not obliged to accept my suggestion; I grant that it is not attractive!"

These final words uttered in a saucy tone stung Carénac to the quick; he had not a subtle wit, but he clearly comprehended that his courage was held in doubt.

"You are mad, sir," he said, "and I should be worse to consent to what you ask. But I, sir, propose this. To reach the building to be captured, there are three hundred paces to cover under fire. When the signal to attack is given, I ought to return to the marshal. But, no—I will march them with you, side by side. We shall see then which will be killed."

"Commandant, your idea is much better than mine," Fontenay hastened to respond; "I accept it heartily. Now, I am ready to go."

"When our artillery ceases firing, that is the marshal's order. Captain," he went on, to Zolnycki, "collect your men. Leave half a company to guard the trench and to keep up the fire on the Saint Monica's Spaniards. Take command of the others, to charge as soon as our gun-fire slackens. I will precede you with this gentleman."

Zolnycki himself thought that this assault was as brainless as the two Frenchmen's staking their lives upon vanity, but he would not disobey a superior officer on any account, and he gave out his orders in consequence. The men of his legion and of the Fourth Foot ranked themselves against the parapet, ready to start at word of command. Burning to be of the merry party, Tournesol slipped in among the Poles.

"Well, captain, are you contented?" questioned Carénac of his junior. You see I act with willingness. It will probably be the first time that they have seen a heavy cavalry officer mount in the assault in boots and spurs. But, come to think of it, we are not on an equality as I wear helmet and armor—shall I remove them?"

"Quite superfluous, commandant. Your breast-plate will not keep out cannon-balls and it will prevent you moving as fleetly as I. Hence, the disadvantage will rest with you, I will march on your left side since the missiles come from that direction. At Malmaison, I left you the choice of weapons, here I claim the choice of ground—in your favor!"

"As you please. The place matters not—it is an affair of chance. Are you ready?"

"Entirely."

"And you, captain?"

"I am awaiting your orders, commandant. Our pieces are hushed—that's the cue, and I—"

"Forward—march! the Fourteenth Voltigeurs! Forward, the Polish legion!" shouted Carénac, striding over the parapet at the same time as Fontenay.

The soldiers did the same upon Zolnycki's repeating voice, in a movement executed with extraordinary rapidity and harmony. They instinctively comprehended that it was an occasion to march at will. In a close body they would offer the enemy a better mark.

The strange duel commenced as the two adversaries raced on side by side, with elbows touching. Zolnycki followed them closely.

This sortie was saluted by a hail of projectiles; the cannon-balls whirred and the bullets buzzed about the ears like bees; and more than one lodged. But the company, running at full speed, gained ground, while Carénac, overweighted by his steel shell lost to Fontenay whose young legs carried him on like a deer's. He had the advantage and would have outstripped him but for a singular sound making him turn his head.

A cannon-ball had furrowed up the earth so near the commandant as to knock him down and bury him without grazing him.

Fontenay was not bound to help him. Such an act was not laid down in the arrangements for the duel. But still he retraced his steps, and aided him to rise, saying:

"Had I disarmed you on the ground I should have let you pick up your sword. This is the same case. Only allow me not to delay for you. Try to overtake me."

He resumed his career. The others were almost at the goal and the threatened building was no longer defended. Doors and blinds had been destroyed. Not a shot flashed from the yawning orifices. They were soon clambered through, and Carénac entered almost at the same time as the junior captain. Neither had been injured; it was a miracle.

"Do you consider honor is satisfied?" inquired the West Indian of the Frenchman, who appeared surprised at his escape, but who snarled between his teeth.

"All is not over. We are here—but how shall we get out of it?"

The soldiers were still rushing onward when a whirlwind of smoke made them recede. Before abandoning the hospital, the Spanish had fired it, and it burned from top to foundation. They groped in the shades without knowing where they were. An abominable reek of roasting flesh stifled those attempting to push farther. The dead and the wounded, no less, whom the besieged had no time to remove, were in danger of being consumed in beds or on the floor. It was enough to make the most intrepid recoil, and Fontenay, who had not lost his coolness, guessed that the Spanish had abandoned this stronghold merely to entice the assailants into this gulf without issue.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

### What to Teach a Daughter.

"Teach her that not only must she love her father and mother, but honor them in word and deed," says a writer in the February Ladies Home Journal.

That work is worthy always when it is done well.

That the value of money is just the good it will do in life, but that she ought to know and appreciate this value.

That the man who wishes to marry her is the one who tells her so, and is willing to work for her, and not the one who whispers silly love speeches and forgets that men cease to be men when they have no object in life.

That her best confidant is always her mother, and that no one sympathizes with her in her pleasures and joys as you do.

That unless she shows courtesy to others she need never expect it from them, and that the best answer to rudeness is being blind to it.

That when God made her body he intended that it should be clothed properly and modestly, and when she neglects herself she is insulting Him who made her.

Teach her to think well before she says no or yes, but to mean it when she does.

Teach her that her own room is her nest, and that to make it sweet and attractive is a duty as well as pleasure.

Teach her that if she can sing, or read, or draw, or give pleasure in any way by her accomplishments, she is selfish and unkind, if she does not do this gladly.

Teach her to be a woman, self respecting, honest, loving, and kind, and then you will have a daughter who will be a pleasure to you always, and whose days will be long and joyous in the land which the Lord hath given her.

"Cured my husband of bronchitis at once," wrote a lady about Johnson's Anodyne Liniment.

### Atrocious Crimes of a Polish Family.

WARSAW, March 31.—Police inquiries into the case of two brothers named Koulikovsky, imprisoned here on the charge of murdering and robbing a peasant near Bieloostock, has revealed the practice of wholesale murder of emigrants on the frontier. Already the naked bodies of five victims have been discovered in the snow in the woods adjacent to the house occupied by the Koulikovskys, who lived in the village of Monki. The search for the bodies is proceeding. There have been many disappearances of late in that neighborhood, and the police estimate that the two brothers have murdered at least 40 persons.

The revelations have caused much excitement throughout the whole district. The elder brother was a peasant farmer. The younger brother had been a soldier in the Russian army, but his time had expired. He took to smuggling across the frontier and became acquainted with all the devious paths that led into Prussian territory away from the eyes of the watchful frontier guards. Many persons desirous of leaving Russia, particularly emigrants, were not supplied with the necessary passports. These persons would bargain with the Koulikovskys for a safe and secret conduct beyond Russian soil. Fugitives from justice also availed themselves of Koulikovsky's knowledge of the frontier to escape from the officers of the law.

The brothers would select as their victims only those who had good outfits and money. The others would be taken across the frontier in safety. The victims would be taken in charge by the younger brother and would be conducted singly along a narrow path through a dense forest. The elder brother would hurry by a short route to a spot agreed upon, and when the victim approached he would be attacked by his guide and the man who was in ambush. The unfortunate would then be strangled and the brothers would beat in his skull with clubs. The body would then be robbed.

At the outset the brothers carefully buried the bodies, but as the time went by they became careless and they shovelled bodies under the brushwood after stripping them. The elder brother had a young wife, and she, it is charged, helped the brothers in their crimes. She would indulge in flirtations with strangers who came to Monki, and would make engagements for them to visit her at her home. She is a comely, buxom woman, and admirers would hasten at night to her house only to meet death at the hands of the husband and his brother.

Among the last of the Koulikovsky's victims was a peasant who sought shelter from inclement weather in their hut. He fell asleep and the brothers attempted to strangle him. The man awoke and made a desperate struggle for his life. While he was held so that he could not escape boiling water was poured over his head and face and the murderers then succeeded in strangling him. The body was hidden beneath some straw in a stable, where it was accidentally discovered before the brothers had had time to carry it to the forest. The finding of this body led to the discovery of the five other bodies in the woods.

The woman was also taken into custody and is kept separate from the two men. All three have been subjected to a prolonged examination, but they refuse to confess anything.

### Cold Weather Trials.

DEAR SIRS,—This fall and winter I suffered from neuralgia in my face and had the best medical advice without avail. I at last thought of trying B. B. B., and after using one bottle have not felt any symptoms of neuralgia since. I regard it as a fine family medicine.

J. T. DROST, Healslip, Man.

### Plenty of Room in Heaven.

And he measured the city with a reed, twelve thousand furlongs. The length, and the breadth, and the height of it are equal.—Rev. xxi. 16

Twelve thousand furlongs, 7,920,000, which being cubed, 496,793,088,000,000,000 cubic feet. Half of this we will reserve for the Throne of God and the Court of Heaven, and half the balance for streets, leaving a remainder of 124,198,272,000,000,000,000 cubic feet. Divide this by 4,096, the cubical feet in a room sixteen feet square, and there will be 30,321,843,750,000,000 rooms. We will now suppose the world always did and always will contain 990,000,000 inhabitants, and that a generation lasts for 33½ years, making in all 2,970,000,000 every century, and that the world will stand 100,000 years, or 1,000 centuries, making in all 2,970,000,000,000 inhabitants. Then suppose there were one hundred worlds equal to this in number of inhabitants, and duration of years, making a total of 297,000,000,000,000 persons, and there would be more than a hundred rooms sixteen feet square for each person.