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THE GREAT NORTH SHORE ROUTE!

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HOW EASILY THINGS GO WRONG.

CHAPTER VII.—Conclusion.

As he would have spoken she checked him with uplifted hand, and her voice deepened and thrilled with each syllable—albeit it was scarcely above a whisper.

"You went through a mockery of marriage, which she, poor child, believed genuine, and then you tired of her, and left her to provide for herself as best she could. It was not your care and your protection that kept her honest and pure, even when she went upon that vortex of temptation—the stage. But she still believed herself your wife—she was ignorant of your real position or name, still more so of your true character; she believed you would come back to claim her, as you promised: so she struggled, for she won her own livelihood bravely, purely; and then there came to her a cruel letter from you, saying her marriage was false, she had no claim upon you—she would never see you again; and the shock and the shame, and the grief upset her reason. She went mad, but you never cared."

"I was told—I believed she was dead," Lord Reil faltered; he was looking deeply agitated now. "I quite believed it so—or I should have sought her when I returned to England after my travels abroad."

"Her reason returned at last—after some years. She was young and strong, and she fought back the foe. She went upon the stage again, and her talent and her beauty increased wondrously. She took London by storm, and admirers crowded round her—one came who she vowed to subjugate and be revenged upon. You are he, Lord Reil; and I—I am Hilda Norman!"

For an instant he stood paralyzed—speechless; then he sprang forward and caught her in his arms.

"If you are Hilda Norman, you are my wife, you are mine, and cannot escape me," His voice was hoarse with triumph and bliss. "The marriage was not false. I told you a lie. If you are Hilda Norman you are bound to me by a chain nothing can break—my beautiful darling! you are my own at last. I believed Hilda dead, or I should not have contracted my second marriage. At times your wondrous likeness to her has stirred up old memories, and I have fancied you must be some relation of hers; but you so beautiful, so exquisite, so enchanting! I never dreamt of such bliss as to find you my own wife, my legal property. Ethel, you cannot evade me now! Oh, my loved darling! I have won you indeed."

"Your wife!" she went back a little from his arms, as she gazed in his face, her own white and stirred. "Your wife!" in a strange subtle whisper full of sweetness; "you are sure of this, Dunstan—it is no fabrication!"

"I can prove it to you!" in wild triumph. "You must come to me now before all the world."

She hesitated a moment, then flung her arms around him.

"I love you—I love you!" she breathed passionately. "Dunstan I will come!"

Her last words, low as they were, were overheard by a man who came creeping up behind the shadow of the trees near which they stood—a man whose coarse everyday garb proclaimed him no guest of the evening.

As the light fell on his face as it came nearer, it showed him to be Jim Norman.

He saw Hilda clasped in her lover's arms, he heard her low tender words, he heard Reil's reply, vehement in its triumphant eagerness.

"Come now, then, darling; let me proclaim the truth to all the world. Let everyone know that you are mine alone."

"No," Hilda spoke more sadly; "there is Lady Reil to be considered. You must tell her all first; then I will go with you wherever you like, Dunstan."

"To-morrow at six o'clock—you will meet me at the station? I will write her the whole truth ere I leave this house. You will come?"

"I will come. Break it to her as gently as you can," the actress said sorrowfully. "Oh, why cannot happiness be bought without pain?"

They lingered a moment to make their arrangements more complete—more explicit for that unsuspected listener greedily devouring every word, hearing every one with the keenest jealousy can give; then, as Miss Rowena returned to the house, and Lord Reil slowly followed, Jim Norman crept nearer and nearer to him, drawing something from his pocket as he did so, until the light from a lamp fell full upon Lord Reil's handsome uncovered head.

Then Norman looked down upon the hand he had drawn from his breast. It only held a little gold locket with a portrait inside; but feature for feature that pictured face corresponded with the handsome living one upon which the farmer's eyes dwelt with a stern ominous gaze.

"I have found my man at last," he said, turning abruptly, and quitting the brilliant scene in which, indeed, he had no part. "Hilda, I can avenge your wrongs, my darling, and save your life from new danger at the same moment, and I will do it."

Lord Reil was principally engaged in writing on the following day a long letter, which he at length addressed to his wife, and left for her to find and read when he had quitted Sefton Hall.

He had scarcely exchanged a word with Daphne all day. She had no strength to upbraid him; but for fear of it he kept carefully out of her way. His mind was awfully with selfish delight and anticipation, and in the rapture of acquiring his dearest wish, he coldly and relentlessly wrote plainly the crowning wrong he had done to the woman he had pretended to love.

He had no compunction in leaving her now; her money, the thing that had lured him to her, had been spent by his hands; there was no attraction now to keep him at her side, and she bored and wearied him. And Hilda had cast a mad strong glamor over him—the apparent impossibility of winning the actress had made him wildly desirous of her. She was his now, and the delight half turned his brain. She was rich too, or her talents were equivalent to riches; to leave the poverty-stricken heiress for the successful actress was a good step indeed.

Lord Reil hummed a gay tune as he rose from his desk and carried his letter upstairs. He placed it in his wife's dressing-case—she would sooner or later find it there. Then he gazed impatiently at the clock, and, taking his hat and fur-lined ulster, was leaving the room when Lady Reil entered. How weary she looked—how pale, how sad! And her face never changed at the sight of her husband.

He spoke carelessly to cover his departure. "Only a little while. I shall soon be back."

She glanced at him quickly, scorn upon her face. She suspected he was going to meet her rival, though she had no suspicion of his deepest treachery; but she was beyond anything but scorn now; the outrage offered to her last night by Lord Reil's public and pronounced devotion to the actress before her eyes had blunted every other feeling. Beneath the scorn in the quiet eyes Lord Reil flushed angrily, and then with another glance at the clock, made for the door.

"I shall soon be back," he repeated; and that lie was the last word Daphne heard from his lips.

With a quick step and a joyful heart, Lord Reil hurried towards the station. It was growing dark, and the road was bordered by trees which made it seem more gloomy.

Standing in his way, his lordship saw a dark figure apparently waiting for himself, and with a loving cry sprang forward.

"My darling, are you there?"

A man's harsh laugh greeted him, and the nobleman bit his lip with a muttered oath.

"No yet, Lord Reil, though she will come safe enough," the harsh bitter voice of the stranger replied; then changing to solemn earnestness, which, in spite of himself, filled Lord Reil with a vague creeping dread, the man uttered, laying a hand like a vice upon the other's arm as he spoke: "Have you come to reckon for the wages of sin, Lord Reil? Your

measure is about full; your moment of reckoning is nigh at hand."

With an effort of strength, Lord Reil shook off the man's hand, and haughtily uttering, "Are you mad, fellow? If you dare any further annoyance or obstruction I will give you in charge!" and strode on his way.

Nearer the station he saw Hilda indeed—a slight dark figure wrapped in a travelling-cloak—and for an instant he was speechless with joy as he held her closely clasped in his arms, and gazed upon the pale wondrously beautiful face.

"Oh, my darling, you have come to me!"

"Yes, Dunstan, I have come," she said, in a low strange voice.

The trees grew very thickly just there, and the light could scarcely penetrate. Hilda's face was deeply shadowed, and her lover drew her out into a clearer spot.

"I want to look at you, my own, my own!" he said, passionately pressing kisses upon her eyes and lips.

There was a slight movement amid the trees behind, and Hilda glanced over her shoulder.

The evening was so still, there was no rustle of breeze to create sound.

"Is anyone there?" the girl breathed fearfully.

"I met a mad fellow just now; perhaps he had better not linger." Lord Reil drew her hand through his arm. "Once on the train, I can tell you all I want to say—only the old true tale: I love you as I never loved you before my darling!"

"What is that?" she interrupted, stepping back suddenly towards the trees; then on their ears rang in low sepulchral tones the awful words: "The wages of sin!"

A sudden flash shot through the gloom as a sharp report awoke the echoes of the wood behind, and Lord Reil fell forward shot through the heart.

As Hilda screamed the flash and report followed again, but this time Jim Norman had turned the weapon upon himself and had taken his own life.

CHAPTER VIII.

The nine days' talk created by the Sefton Hall tragedy had passed over. The victims of the murder and suicide had been buried, Lord Reil amid pomp and splendor, Jim Norman unmourned and uncared for; and the scandal of the elopement had passed away, and though the famous actress was missed from the stage, and some knew that her reason had left her, never to return for the few years her life might linger on, people had ceased to talk about it.

Events crowd out one another in this hurrying busy world; the tragedy of to-day is forgotten to-morrow, and perhaps it is well that it is so.

But one poor sorrowing heart bore the pain and misery of the Sefton Hall tragedy as a heavier burden day by day.

Daphne had read the cruel letter by her husband, and, in addition to the shock of his death and wickedness, she knew that the shame was hers too.

She had proved the truth of Lord Reil's confession, the validity of the marriage, and she had seen that proper provision was made for the real Lady Reil; but owing to poor Hilda's hopeless loss of reason, the condition of things was not made public—Daphne was spared that.

But she knew her share; she felt it more and more keenly as the time went on, and she shrank from the world and all the people she had known.

"My very garb of widowhood is a mockery," she said bitterly, gazing at her long black robes. "I have no right to mourn for the man who never cared for me. Oh, if I had one true heart to lean on, one real love to trust! I feel I have not one real friend in this wide world. My father is dead; I have no living relative, and all my so-called friends would scorn me if they knew the truth. I only hold their society by falsehood. Oh, for real love, if there be such a thing—for true love to be mine but one week I would give my life!"

As the sobbing words left her lips, and she buried her face in her hands, there came a tap at the door.

"A gentleman—Mr. Villiers, is wishing to see you, my lady, the servant began.

But ere Daphne could reply, the visitor had followed the servant's steps and stood before her.

Big, and gaunt, and plain he stood before her. But as Daphne met the faithful brown eyes, she knew that her aspiration was answered.

Here was truth that would never falter—friendship that could never fail.

She stretched out her hands to him—both of them little trembling white things—with a cry of gladness.

"Mr. Villiers! Oh! I am glad to see you! I thought you were abroad."

"I heard of your trouble, and I came

home to see if I could be of any use, any help, any comfort to you; can I Lady Reil?" very timidly, and he hardly dared to hold the little hands given him so gladly.

For answer, with a sudden impulse she went to her desk, unlocked it and took out the letter written by her husband on the day of his death.

"Read that, Mr. Villiers, and learn my worst trouble. Yes, I trust you; you can help me, perhaps. You know the circumstances of Lord Reil's death. I have not forgotten when you—you alone of all the world, warned me of—of his true character. That letter was found and read by me after his death."

There was silence for sometime after Philip Villiers had read the unmanly cruel letter. One passionate exclamation of indignation escaped from him as he learned the truth, then he stood motionless with his back towards poor Daphne, and at length the suspense grew more than she could bear.

With a choking gasping sigh she rose and tremblingly approached him.

"Do you, too, turn from me now?" she asked pathetically. "I thought when I saw you I had one friend left—one person in this world I could trust. I hoped—thought—I—"

As her voice choked he turned and looked at her, and as he saw the tears streaming down the weary white face, for once in his life Philip Villiers became eloquent.

"I turn from you—I who would die to save you sorrow! I who love you a thousand times more deeply for this cruel—cruel wrong. Oh, Daphne, trust me, darling! Come to me now in your trouble and heartache; let me soothe and comfort you, and teach you what true love is. Had you been happy and unworried, I dared not have asked it; but deserted and suffering, you do not care for me, I know, but I will never falter till I win your heart, and if you will only trust me try me, give yourself to my care and keeping. Oh, my darling—my love! my one love! my cruelly wronged, and undeservedly suffering darling! Daphne, am I saying too much? Are you angry, dear?"

"Are you remembering what I am now?" she said with a low shamed voice with burning face.

He stopped her with a sudden authority. "Not one word of that now or ever. You are blameless—the purest dearest, loveliest fairest, truest woman in the world to me, now and for ever. But you are suffering, and my great love can help and comfort you. Daphne will you reject it again?"

"Reject—love like yours—love true and strong and grand enough to overlook this! Reject the boon I would die to gain!" she cried wildly. "Oh, Philip, if indeed you will give it to me now—the love I pine, crave, yearn for, the love that is true, and real, and lasting."

"Deep and strong and unfeeling!" he said, drawing her into his tender clasp; "the love that is yours for always and aye, Daphne!"

"But I am not worthy," she faltered, suddenly drawing away, trying to stifle the wild blissful throbs of her heart; to shut back this glimpse of happiness greater than she dreamed could ever be hers again. To be shielded, feared, for loved by this true, good man—the friend of her careless innocent, youthful days—a man whom she knew now, too late, alas!—was one woman might count herself lucky to win; for though dull gold, he was pure metal, pure gold, without the base alloy that had ruined Daphne's life.

"But I am not worthy," she said, her tones gathering firmness in the very strength of pain. "I treated you as few men would forgive, when all things went well with me. I deliberately made my choice, and I must abide by it now for ever."

She turned away weeping, and buried her face in her hands.

"I am not a fit wife now for any man—no, I am not. I told you my trouble, but it was not to trade on your compassion thus. You are so good, so unselfish, so pitiful, that you—that you—"

"Daphne, is my happiness nothing to you?" Villiers broke in in a deep thrilling voice. "Not for your sake, but for mine, I ask you to come to me, dearest, and bless my life. I love you. If I spoke for a thousand years I could say no more—potent argument. I love you as I always have, and ever must. You alone can fill my life and make it complete. You alone can lift the weary burden of vain longing that has clouded my life so long. Oh, Daphne, will you refuse? My happiness lies in your hands; won't you give it to me?"

She looked into the deep, true, beseeching eyes seeking hers, and she could not doubt him. With a deep drawn quivering

sigh, like a sorrowing child turning gladly to a protector, she put her hand in his.

"I will try to be worthy, Philip," she murmured.

And in the blissful, peaceful years of her happy second married life, Daphne Villiers forgot the storm which in her early days had made all things go wrong.

Charlo Notes.

Recently a meeting of representative fishermen and exporters in the counties of Restigouche and Bonaventure was held in Henderson's Hotel at River Charlo, convened to consider the propriety of petitioning the Dominion Parliament not to grant the prayer of a petition now before parliament from the Metapedia Angling Club that all salmon nets be suspended three days each week, ostensibly for propagating the salmon, but virtually the intention is that more of the precious fish be caught by themselves. Pursuant to an unanimous resolution, a petition is being enthusiastically signed by all fishermen in the counties against the petition of the club.

If the petition of the club should be granted, there is likely to be another Papineau and McKenzie among the fishermen to create a rebellion, not against the old family compact, but against the Metapedia Fishing Club, &c. If the nets were ordered to be suspended for three days of the week, many of the fishermen would not put them into the water, as it would not pay them to fish. The exportation of salmon is one of the most important ways by which money is circulated among the people, and it will be an outrageous act if they are robbed of their ancient rights. The salmon angling club is a club of gentlemen who come from the States and Ontario during the fishing season for pleasure. They pay to the government about six thousand annually for the right of fishing. Many will wait the issue of the contest with anxiety.

The Henderson Hotel, which is situated near the Charlo station, is very commodious and well managed. It is the resort of many travellers in the far famed north. It is frequented by large numbers in summer season who seek a salubrious climate, and wish to enjoy themselves for a time at the sea shore. The affable family make all who call feel at home. May they long be spared to entertain the weary traveller.

The manufacturing of shingles has been carried on in this fine county during the past few years, which are chiefly exported to the United States. Several additional mills are in course of erection, which are expected to be completed by opening of navigation. It is estimated that by the first of May upward of fifty mills will be in operation, some of them run the whole year, others only during the open season. The woods have been resounding with the lumbermen's axe for the last few months, cutting down cedar for the mills. This industry is causing great activity in business in Restigouche. It was shown by the last census that this county had made the greatest increase in population in New Brunswick during the last decade, which is chiefly owing to the fact that this business has sprung up during the last few years. Although such extensive operations are being carried on, it will be a long time before the cedar of Restigouche will be all manufactured into shingles. There is no place in the province where cedar is so fine and so abundant.

La grippe has been prevalent during the past few months in the counties of Restigouche and Bonaventure. In several instances the epidemic resulted in pneumonia which has carried off a few both, old and young. The disease is now happily abating.

Bathurst.

The advance agent of spring paid us a short visit recently, and gave such an apparently good promise of the speedy arrival of the gentle season that an immediate run on the dry goods stores was made, and felt hats sold like hot cakes. For a day or two every man one met in the streets sported a brane new derby or soft hat, which he wore to the accompaniment of a satisfied (excuse the pun) smile; but without a minute's warning Jack Frost swooped down upon the unprotected ears and noses, tasting indiscriminately of each, and leaving marks of his vicious biting propensities behind him. Such is life! But it's mighty poor consolation to a fellow to rub his aching ears, and reflect that the gay and festive moths are likely to have the best of his new hat—all because he trusted to appearances.

I don't know how it is in other parts of the province, but with us a fire is a social event of no small importance, therefore I feel bound to report all such as genuine society news. The one in the village on Sunday morning was not as numerously attended as affairs of this kind generally

are, because the alarm was raised at an unfashionably early hour, and because at seven o'clock in the morning it is generally a deal cozier between the blankets than in the streets, even though a pretty smart fire happens to be among the attractions of the latter. Fortunately, the fire of Sunday amounted to very little. One had just time to realize that Fire! Fir-r-r-e! had been called, to hustle into one's clothes, get to the scene of action, and find a small crowd clothed variously and picturesquely, gazing nervously and half regretfully at a little cloud of smoke, the only evidence of the cause of the excitement.

The ladies of the Episcopal congregation are making preparations for a fancy sale and supper after Lent. The proceeds go to liquidating the church debt.

The S. of T. are talking of giving a concert or something of the kind in April. Some of our members are really clever actors, and I think a dramatic performance would be preferable to a concert, and be more generally appreciated.

S. J. RANGER.

It was Mr. Emerson who said "the first wealth is health," and it was a wiser than the modern philosopher who said that "the blood is the life." The system, like the clock, runs down. It needs winding up. The blood gets poor and scores of diseases result. It needs a tonic to enrich it.

A certain wise doctor, after years of patient study, discovered a medicine which purifies the blood, gave tone to the system, and made men—tired, nervous, brain-wasting men—feel like new. He called it his "Golden Medical Discovery." It has been sold for years, sold by the million of bottles, and people found such satisfaction in it that Dr. Pierce, who discovered it, now feels warranted in selling it under a positive guarantee of its doing good in all cases.

Perhaps it's the medicine for you. Your's wouldn't be the first case of scrofula or salt-rheum, skin disease, or lung disease, it has cured when nothing else would. The trial's worth making, and costs nothing. Money refunded if it don't do you good.

THE WORLD OVER.

It is not the extremes of heat and cold so much as the sudden changes in temperature that cause certain climates to be unhealthy. When, however, the system is invigorated with Ayer's Sarsaparilla, these changes are rarely attended by injurious results.

The "Myrtle Navy" brand of smoking tobacco has stood the test for over twenty years, and during that time it has lost no friends and gained scores of thousands. This lengthened experience shows that it is no mere passing fashion which has gained it the approval of the public, but its superiority in the essential qualities which make a first-class tobacco.

The trouble with the most cough medicines is that they spoil the appetite, weaken the digestion, and create bile. Ayer's Cherry Pectoral, on the contrary, while it gives immediate relief, assists, rather than impairs the assimilative process.

The explanation of the grant of an English dukedom to the Duke of Argyll is that the Queen recently repented to Lord Lorne the offer of a dukedom which she made to him on his marriage. He refused it then on the ground that his income was not large enough to enable him to support the dignity, and he declined it a second time on the same ground, requesting, however, that it might be conferred on his father instead. This request the Queen has been pleased to grant.

The Liverpool police have pursued an inquiry into the disappearance of a woman and her children. The inquiry was started in connection with the arrest at Melbourne, Australia, of a man named Williams, charged with murdering a woman there. The police went to the house formerly occupied by the person in question and lifted the hearthstone from the place and broke out the cement upon which the stone rested. After half an hour's digging they unearthed the body of the missing woman and her four children. The murderer used chloride of lime to destroy the body of his victims. The bodies were partly consumed by the lime. The house in which the bodies were found was once occupied by Williams. It is believed that Williams is "Jack the Ripper." His trips to London correspond with the times women were murdered in the Whitechapel district. His description tallies with that of the man seen in company of several of the murdered women.

A friend in need is Johnson's Anodyne Liniment, more families should know it, and use it.

Minard's Liniment Cures Colds, etc.