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THE GREAT NORTH SHORE ROUTE!

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HOW EASILY THINGS GO WRONG.

CHAPTER V.—Continued. She fell on her knees and clasped her hands as she raised her sweet beseeching eyes to the woman above.

"As woman to woman I confide in you, I throw myself upon your compassion! It is in your power to ruin, or—make happy again my life. Oh, hear me, and in mercy grant my request!"

"And who cares for my happiness?" Miss Rowena breathed, as a swift inexplicable change passed over her face. Then her features darkened, her eyes grew cold as steel, and as sharp and keen-looking.

"I value Lord Reil's friendship," she said quietly, drawing up her head. "I cannot consent to give that up for any consideration."

Daphne was chilled, brought back to her senses as it were, by the *douche* of the other's sarcastic manner. She rose quickly from her kneeling posture and turned to the door.

"I can only apologise, then, for my intrusion, and say how sorry I am I have made a mistake I bitterly regret. I mistook your character entirely."

Her voice was choked, but her pride forced back her tears.

"I regret I cannot accede to your wishes," Miss Rowena said with a cold smile just curving her lips. "May I say I hope that our next meeting may be under more pleasant circumstances, Lady Reil?" She bowed with her wondrous perfect grace as she opened the door for poor tear-blinded Daphne who went stumbling down the stairs.

CHAPTER VI.

There came a lull in the storm presently. After all, things were looking better, Lady Reil thought; and the idea entered her head that perhaps her pleading had some effect on the unscrupulous actress, and she had relaxed her spell a little, when Lord Reil of his own free will volunteered to accompany his wife for an autumn visit to his uncle's place, Sefton Hall.

Miss Rowena was going abroad for a holiday, the society papers announced. Was it possible that during her absence her charm might be weakened, and Lord Reil return to his rightful allegiance?

Poor Daphne! at the very moment such thoughts were passing through her mind, a train was drawing up to the little Sefton station, out from it stepped a lovely woman with auburn hair and wondrous face, and up to her rushed Lord Reil, the only person waiting upon the platform.

"You see I have obtained my invitation to Dolby Manor. I hinted my wish to young Dolby, and the invitation from his parents came by the next post." Miss Rowena smiled as she raised her glittering glance to the man bent admiringly over her. "How far is your abode Sefton Hall from the place I am going to, Dunstan?"

"Barely four miles. I shall be able to see you every day, my darling."

"I'm not so sure, four miles is a long way," she smiled again. "I purposely did not name any train to the Dolbys, as I knew you would meet me at the station if I asked you."

"Would I not go to the Land's end to meet you my beautiful darling?"

"Hush! someone is sure to be looking. I thought you and I might have a nice little walk together up to the manor-house. I am sure it is very good of me Dunstan, to come and stop at a dull country house instead of going abroad, entirely for your sake."

"If you knew the rapture it is to me to see you again—if you knew how interminably unbearable the forty-eight hours

have dragged since I last saw you, you would know how I appreciate your goodness," he said in low earnest tones, with his thrilling gaze bent upon hers.

A faint color went over her lovely face, and the little hand that rested on his arm trembled suddenly.

Emboldened by such signs, Lord Reil murmured in still lower tones, bending yet nearer:

"When is this to end, Ethel? I cannot bear it much longer, it must end in some way soon!" he breathed passionately.

"Yes, it must end soon in some way," the girl repeated in a low strange voice, and a curious unreadable expression flashed over her face.

"There is only one way in which it can end for me," Lord Reil cried vehemently.

"Hush!" she breathed, and drew her hand from his arm, as a man was seen approaching. He was a strong, fine-looking fellow, but clad in the rough clothes of one of the farmers of the neighborhood, and Lord Reil, mentally anathematising his appearance bestowed no second glance upon him as he passed; but the stranger, perhaps from the inteness of his own glance, compelled Miss Rowena to lift her eyes to his, and as she looked into his handsome but curiously melancholy countenance of the farmer, a shade went over her face.

She regarded and regarded again more eagerly the strong, country figure as it passed and went on ahead.

"Strange!" she murmured under her breath.

"What do you say dearest?" Lord Reil bent to catch her words.

"I say you must not come any farther. Instinct tells me that those are the Dolby chimneys, and I don't wish to appear under your escort before my new friends. Go back now when I wish it," she smiled bewitchingly.

"When shall I see you again?" he jealously held her hand, gazing into her lovely face with ardent passionate entreaty.

"We shall meet to-morrow at the ball at Sefton Hall, of course—the festivity I have come down for!" she laughed. "I will save you one waltz—perhaps."

"Every one!" he demanded imperatively. "To see you waltz with another man would madden me!"

She laughed and walked away, conscious that Lord Reil was standing and gazing after her until a turn in the lane hid her from his sight, but as she passed that turn, she came upon the other man, the farmer, leaning against a tree and gazing in her direction, and when she saw him she went up to him, and after one long searching look held out her hand.

"It is you, Jim, I never expected to meet you here!"

"It is you Hilda!" he said and his face went white, his breath came hard. As his eyes wandered over the beautiful face and form before him, a mist seemed to rise and blot it out from him, and he put up one hand to clear it away. The girl's face strangely softened, the glittering eyes grew less liquid, and almost sweet; the perfect lip quivered for a moment—but only for a moment.

"Jim!" she said very softly in her sweet bewitching voice, "I am pleased to see you again."

"Ay, it brings it all back," he said hoarsely. "One might think we had never parted. You look as young, as fresh, as lovely—no more lovely, than when I last saw you. But I—I am altered finely they tell me. I expect you see it," he laughed a little—very bitterly.

"You have been roughing it abroad, you see," she said kindly.

"I am home for good now. I have a little farm house near here, I suppose you would not—"

A sudden gleam shot into his eyes, his hands twitched excitedly.

"I will come and see you of course, Cousin Jim," the girl said quickly, purposely laying an emphasis upon the last two words. "I am going to stay for a short time at Dolby Manor."

"Ay, of course you are—with grand folks who would not look at me. I was a fool ever to dream—"

Then he broke off abruptly, and the gleam deepened in his eyes, his lips were pressed tightly together. "Who was the man I saw you with just now, Hilda?"

She hesitated for an instant, then said quietly:

"Lord Reil."

"A lover?"

The regal head went up haughtily.

"You have no right to ask that question but I will answer it. Lord Reil is my friend."

"I have no right—no. She told me that long ago," Jim Norman muttered bitterly as abruptly he left his cousin to retrace his steps. "But oh, how the sight of her brings it all back again—all the old love the old madness that I thought was

cured! It never will be—never! I know it now. I would fawn at her feet like a dog for one kind word! I could kill any man who won a loving glance or caress from her. Who is Lord Reil, I wonder? I wish I had noticed him; but the all-unexpected sight of her took away my breath. Oh, my head!"

He raised his hat, as if its light weight were oppressive.

"Ay, we have madness in our family, they say; but it was not madness that gave my heart to my cousin Hilda. I have never avenged her betrayal yet; but the time will come. I have his likeness here."

He took from his breast-pocket a little gold locket, and opening it, surveyed the photograph of a man's face contained in it.

"You are the scoundrel who first lured her from me and blotted her life with shame!" he said, addressing the picture between his clenched teeth. "She dropped this locket when she left her home at your foul persuasions, and she never knew that I picked it up and vowed revenge upon you; traitor! I am long in keeping my vow; but some day I shall track you—some day we shall stand face to face, and then we shall settle accounts."

He clasped the locket and returned it to his pocket, and then with long swinging strides went his homeward way.

CHAPTER VII.

The ballroom at Sefton Hall was ablaze with light and beauty; music was charming the ear, flowers the senses; lovely faces and forms were enchanting the eyes; but fairest among them all, Lady Reil was acknowledged to be the belle, as in a gown of trailing white satin, with pearl embroidery gleaming among its folds, she looked sweet, happy and bewitching.

She was feeling happy. The three days at Sefton Hall had been so pleasant she thought them an earnest of returning bliss.

Her husband had been kind and attentive, preferring her society to that of all other lady guests; and this evening he had praised her dress, and put his initials opposite several of her waltzes.

Poor Daphne! she did not see how constantly his eyes sought the door; how eagerly he watched the arrival of every guest; how impatiently he noted the time as the party from Dolby Manor delayed to appear; and when the servants at last announced Mr. and Mrs. Dolby, Lady Reil, as she just turned her head to the door, had never a suspicion of whom she was going to see.

Closely attended by young Dolby, whose adoration was ludicrous, there entered a figure who instantly eclipsed every other woman in the room.

Clad in a daring combination of russet-brown and pale sea-green, Ethel Rowena looked more dazzling than Daphne had ever beheld her.

Her eyes, her skin, her hair, her smile, seemed brighter than usual, and with a despairing agony which almost turned her sick and faint, Lady Reil saw her husband come forward to greet the actress as if she belonged to him; saw her yield to his eager entreaties for a dance, saw her moving round in his arms to the seductive music of the waltz just beginning—one of those waltzes Lord Reil had promised to his wife.

A murmur of admiration went through the room as the grace and the poetry of Miss Rowena's movements struck even those who resented the admittance of an actress into their festivity.

Lord Reil danced perfectly, and other couples fell back and watched with jealous admiration the grace of those two perfect waltzers until Miss Rowena stopped abruptly.

"I don't care to be made a show of," she said impatiently. "I am not upon the stage now, Dunstan. If we cannot dance without a hundred eyes staring at us, we had better cease."

"Come this way," he said eagerly; it is warm as summer outside, and I must speak to you."

With tender care he wrapped a warm soft shawl around her shapely shoulders, then his own arm stole round her, as he led the beautiful girl out upon the terrace and away from the myriad of colored lights, and the few figures scattered among them.

"I want you all to myself," he said passionately. "Oh, Ethel, I never loved you so much as to-day!"

She did not reply; she waited for his next words, withdrawing from his arm, but standing still near him, playing unconsciously with her fan; her eyes were fixed on the ground.

His words came in a torrent of vehement pleading; he loved her so madly he could not live without her; he would give up—sacrifice anything for her—home, title, country, life itself.

All the unholy passionate pleading such a man as Lord Reil was capable of poured upon her in an overwhelming flood, with every species of argument, every alluring entreaty he could think of, for Lord Reil was, as he said, madly in love with this beautiful woman.

She had conquered his heart as no other had ever done.

"You would give up your wife, and her money for me?" she questioned, when a pause in his rapid utterance came at length.

"Everything—all things! Oh, Ethel, do not doubt me—do not torture me. Come to me, my own! I will make you happy, I vow—I swear it. I will sacrifice everything—my very life shall be devoted to you alone and only—only say that you will!"

"Hush!" she said in a deep, thrilling voice. "Before you say any more, I have a question to ask you Lord Reil." She paused for a moment, and drawing a little farther away, looked at him with cold, searching gaze; every suspicion of tenderness, of encouragement, had vanished from her expression. "Do you remember Hilda Norman?"

He started, changed color, then recovered himself, and answered rapidly:

"That was nothing, Ethel, my darling—nothing for you to know. I fancied I loved her—she was a young, foolish girl I was young and foolish too. I bitterly regret—"

She checked him with a gesture.

"That was nothing, was it, Lord Reil?" in low intense tones. "You came to that young girl, and you won her love by every art you knew. You disturbed her quiet even life, you lured her from the honest countryman—the devoted cousin she had been brought up to marry; you persuaded her to leave home and friends, and all for you, and what followed?"

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Brandon Notes.

Spring is here once again, after having a few weeks of severe weather, and not more than six inches of snow fell all winter. Not enough to make good sleighing, as the wheels have been going all winter.

Mrs. Conductor Hall has been very ill, but is recovering.

Mr. James Lanigan has lately moved into his new house. It is very neat and homelike in appearance, and Jim is doing well in Brandon. He says, come West, young men, and grow up with the country.

Mr. and Mrs. David Cochrane passed through here, en route to Calgary.

Miss Annie Gavin is the guest of Mrs. Hannay. Miss Gavin has been residing in Oak Lake for a number of months. Annie is going to give up tailoring, but not the tailor.

Mr. Thomas Hannay, while attending his mail, fell and sprained his ankle.

Mr. Leslie Bailey has recovered from his attack of the gripe. Leslie was missed very much much by the boys.

It is reported that Mr. James Wry and Thomas Foster are coming to seek their fortune in the wheat city.

We hear Mr. Tannie O'Bear is soon to visit Brandon. Come along, Tannie, we'll be glad to welcome you!

MINNIEHAHA.

Brandon, Man., March 5.

Old Nursery Favorites. There was Tom, the Son of the Piper, Jack Sprat, and Merry King Cole, And the Three Wise Men of Gotham, Who went to sea in a bowl; The woman who rode on a broomstick, And swept the cobwebbed sky, And the boy who sat in the corner, Eating his Christmas pie.

These are some of the old favorites, but they have been supplanted by the "Pansy" and "Chatterbox" stories, "Little Lord Fauntleroy," and "Five Little Peppers." The old fashioned pills and physics have been superseded, and wisely, too, by Pierce's Purgative Pellets, a mild, harmless and effective cathartic. They are pleasant to take—so gentle in their action that the most delicate child can use them, yet so effective that they will cure the most obstinate cases of constipation, stomach, liver and bowel troubles. They should be in every nursery. As a gentle laxative, only one a dose.

Pleasant as Syrup.

Mr. Douglas Ford, Toronto, Ont., states that Milburn's Cod Liver Oil Emulsion with Wild Cherry Bark is free from objectionable taste, being almost as pleasant as syrup, while for coughs and colds it gives complete satisfaction, acting promptly even in obstinate cases.

For croup and whooping cough, mothers try Johnson's Anodyne Liniment used internally.

It Leads the Leaders.

The foremost medicine of the day, Burdock Blood Bitters, is a purely vegetable compound possessing perfect regulating powers over all the organs of the system and controlling their secretions. It so purifies the blood that it cures all blood humors and diseases from a common pimple to the worst scrofulous sore, and this combined with its unrivalled regulating, cleansing and purifying influence on the secretions of the liver, kidneys, bowels and skin, render it unequalled as a cure for all diseases of the skin. From one to two bottles will cure boils, pimples, blotches, nettle rash, scurf, tetter, and all the simple forms of skin disease. From two to four bottles will cure salt rheum or eczema, shingles, erysipelas, ulcers, abscesses, running sores and all skin eruptions. It is noticeable that sufferers from skin diseases are nearly always aggravated by intolerable itching, but this quickly subsides on the removal of the disease by B. B. B. Passing on to graver yet prevalent diseases, such as scrofulous swellings, humors and scrofula, we have undoubted proof that from three to six bottles used internally, and by outward application (diluted if the skin is broken) to the affected parts, will effect a cure. The great mission of B. B. B. is to regulate the liver, kidneys, bowels and blood, to correct acidity and wrong action of the stomach and to open the sluice-ways of the system to carry off all clogged and impure secretions allowing nature thus to aid recovery and remove without fail bad blood, liver complaint, biliousness, dyspepsia, sick headache, dropsy, rheumatism, and every species of disease arising from disorder of the liver, kidneys, bowels, stomach and blood.

We guarantee every bottle of B. B. B. Should any person be dissatisfied after using the first bottle we will refund the money on application, personally or by letter. We will also be glad to send testimonials and information proving the effects of B. B. B. in the above-named diseases on application to T. MILBURN & Co., Toronto, Ont.

A Woman's Wonderful Hair.

It is said that Mercedes Lopez a Mexican woman who lives on the Rio Grande, is perhaps the longest-haired woman in the world. She is some five feet in height, and when she stands erect her hair trails on the ground four feet and eight inches. Her hair is so thick that she can draw it around her so as to completely hide herself. Her present suit of hair is only five years old. It grows so heavy as to cause her headaches and she is compelled to cut it frequently, and she sells large tresses to hair dealers every month. She is an ignorant woman, the wife of a sheep-herder, and is of Castilian blood.

THE WORLD OVER.

Capt. McGray, of the steamer City of St. John, has returned to Halifax from New York, which city he has been visiting in connection with the shipping of live lobsters to England. He has applied for patents in Canada, the United States, England and France, the test of shipping live lobsters having proved successful. He has perfected an improved arrangement, which he now has ready at Yarmouth which will contain about 30,000 lobsters, which will be placed on one of the Furness steamers for London as soon as the patents are granted.

A despatch to the N. Y. Herald from Valparaiso says, that general surprise has been created there by the large amount of indemnity claimed by the Baltimore's sailors. The Chilean government has received no intelligence officially to the effect that such claims will be pressed by the United States.

Musard's Linctus Cures Garget in Cows.

Each season has its own peculiar malady; but with the blood maintained in a state of uniform vigor and purity by the use Ayer's Sarsaparilla little danger need be feared from meteorological influences. No other blood medicine is so safe and effective.

"I have used Ayer's Hair Vigor for a number of years, and it has always given me satisfaction. It is an excellent dressing, prevents the hair from turning gray, insures its vigorous growth, and keeps the scalp white and clean."—Mary A. Jackson, Salem, Mass.

The only variation in quality which will ever be found in "Myrtle Navy" tobacco is in the degrees of moisture which it contains. Tobacco is a very ready absorbent of moisture, and in unusual states of the weather it may be a little too moist or a little too dry to suit the taste of some. This is a minor matter, however, as the essential quality of the tobacco is not changed. Its combustion is a little slower or a little faster according to the degree of moisture, that is all. The darker the plug the greater the moisture, and many prefer the dark. In each caddy, however, the preference for either can be met.

Bronchitis, catarrh, asthma vanish before the magic power of Johnson's Anodyne Liniment.

Dr. Kendrick's White Liniment cures and relieves Rheumatism and Neuralgia.

Kent County Accounts.

Table with columns for date, name, and amount. Includes entries for Geo. Wilson, Mrs. Wheten, James Murray, W. H. Warnam, Alexis A. Girouard, R. Hutchinson, Ferd. Herbert, etc.