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THE GREAT NORTHEAST ROUTE!

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The Highlander's Return. To my own native vale—I behold it again By the sentinel forms of the mountains hem-moed round...

FONTENAY, THE SWORDSMAN. A MILITARY NOVEL BY FORTUNE DU BOISGOREY.

CHAPTER XVIII.—Continued. At that moment, Fontenay thought no further of the miseries of the siege. Glory seemed to blot out all else, and war became a noble thing when nobly done...

many whether he would be called to command a corps of the Grande Armée? In the latter case, Fontenay would be free to accept or decline, and he wavered still. The only confidant of his passion for Marguerite de Gavre, George de Prégny, was in Paris, and he could the least consult him by correspondence as the post did not travel in the insurgent provinces...

to Spain, an aged priest with white hair came up. Fontenay, not forgetting the kneeling lady without, bowed profoundly and following him toward the egress, said to him in a low voice: "Father, out there, one of your fellow-country-women, mourning over the bier of an officer, waits for your prayers."

was agitated when the Spanish lady showed her face. Not having the privilege of entry into the Empress' court, Tournesol had never seen Josephine's charming reader. It follows that he could not remark the resemblance so strongly striking Paul Fontenay. He attributed the young officer's amazement to the effect produced by the sudden appearance of a beautiful young woman, and he ventured to say: "That lady must be good-hearted, and no mistake, to fret and grieve over the loss of the old gentleman. I know some in my country who would not tear out their hair if they had the same kind of loss."

days from this illustrious prisoner must be in French territory. Hence there is no time to be lost. Go, sir, and present yourself immediately to General Palafox. He has been forewarned that one of my officers will come to take his orders." [TO BE CONTINUED.] An Important Warning. To the Editor of The Review: DEAR SIR,—The following paragraph, which recently appeared in the legal reports of the Toronto newspapers, is of vital importance to the people of Canada...

PUMPING FOR LIFE. A Unique But Startling Cure for Laziness. A traveller, in the course of a morning walk in Amsterdam, came upon a group gathered round a well into which a roughly built man had just been let down. A pipe, whose mouth was at the top of the well, had been opened, and a stream of water from it was flowing into the well and gradually filling it. The man below had quite enough to do, if he did not want to be drowned, to keep the water out by means of a pump that was at the bottom of the well.