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### THE GREAT NORTHESHORE ROUTE !

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The Highlander's Return.

'Tis my own native vale—I behold it again
By the sentinel forms of the mountains hen med round:
There lies the grey wood, far off in the glen
I hear the hoarse river's deep murmuring sound.
Miles Eastward and Westword extends the brown Where I and my comrades ott roamed hours together;
It is eve, and the hush of the still summer weather
Broods o'er it in silence profound.

But where are the shielings that peopled the No voice wakes the echo, no friend can I see;
Desolation broods over this beautiful dale
And dead is the love that endeared it to me.
Alas but a mound 'mid the blooming heath swel

Or some stray blossoms are mournfully telling That here long ago stood a dear Highland dwel-Whose inmates have crossed the wide sea-

What wrong have we done, just and merciful That thus in despair from our homes we are driv

What in of our fathers' is laid on our head?
Still first was our race in the bullet hail rattle,
And as gentle in peace as thrice valliant in battle,
Yet the tall antlered deer and the limpid eyed cattle Dwell now in the Highlander's stead.

O'er the widespreading moorland the long shadows fall, The stars glimmer out in the clear cloudless And the soft night deecends like a blessing on all, But the slumber of death seems around me to

Lone, lone, sad and lone all around me appears, The hoarse river sounds evermore in my ears, I could weep; but my sorrow lies deeper than tears.
And shall cling to my heart till I die.
A. S. F.

# FONTENAY

THEE SWOREDSMAN.

A MILITARY NOVEL. BY FORTUNE DU BOISGOBEY.

(Translated by H. L. Williams.)

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. Still he was pained to see that the Spanish hardly glanced at the undaunted patriot who had commanded them. The contrast was striking between this indifference and the vanquishers' respectful bearing, and the young officer understood that the masses are almost always unjust and that only a soldier knows how to honor mis-

Immediately after the marching-out, which took time, the French entered the conquered town and the officers were authorized to visit it.

Fontenay, we may readily believe, was one of the first to use this permission. He wished to rove through Saragossa before reporting to the marshal who had told him tweeme for orders about three o'clock. He hastened to take this mournful stroll, and Zolnycki allowed Tournesol to accompany him by an exception, as private soldiers were confined to barracks till further orders. It would have pained Fontenay to be separated from his orderly whose qualities he appreciated better and better; they had become so friendly that he treated him almost on equality.

him about Mlle. de Gavre, his anxiety and his hopes; but he would have confided in him sooner than in his brother-officers of the staff whose minds were not turned toward sentimentality; he had more than once been on the point of speaking of the idol, urged by the need telt by all lovers.

was disposed to disclose his heart to a

The siege was finished; he had bravely ball holes. done his duty and his military destiny would be defined as everybody knew that Marshal Lannes would not be slow in de- self, Paul was touched by this incident.

mand a corps of the Grande Armée?

The only confident of his passion for was in Paris, and he could the less consult of an officer, waits for your prayers." him by correspondence as the post aid not travel in the insurgent provinces, and the military couriers passed with the utmost difficulty.

Fontenav had Zolnycki beside him, granted—one who deserved the whole confidence, but the grave Polander, saddened by the death of his brother, would doubtlessly have coolly received his new comrade's loving confidence, and the latter felt scruples about disturbing his grief.

But while Marguerite's betrothed was no longer repugnant toward speaking of the lady to the faithful squire who had given so many proofs of devotedness, he faced Paul now but she was too remote was in no haste to speak while wandering for him to distinguish her features through bate upon the war in Spain with his order with him over the ruins of Saragossa; he | the concealing veil. Yet he fancied that | ly, and still less to inform him of the true only thought of gratifying his curiosity.

he was eager to study what was left of the was said. Perhaps he asked the afflicted from replying to Tournesol who did not crushed city and chiefly the population so one if she were acquainted with the foreign persist, and he took the road again to the heroically enduring the suffering of the officer who had besought him to hasten.

had dreamt of. No streets were left in but irrestible. Before he took ten steps, the parts occupied by the French and she had again sunk upon her knees, and given up to the inhabitants. The only the priest, after sprinkling holy water means of movement were through the upon the bier, commenced the prayers for houses by breaches in the walls opened by the dead. the cannon, and guides and placards were placed to indicate the way.

prolonged to the ultimate day, it was more awful still.

Around the Cosso, blown up by the mine, the streets were mounds of ruins and a charnel-field. Residents of the bombarded wards had taken refuge here. and underneath the Toledo street arcades lay a conglomeration of children, women, old men, dying ones, dead, and broken furniture. In the middle of the roadway stripped corpses were piled on one another, and here and there fires burned of splinters | link had been forged between him and this on which unfortunate beings tried to cook

heart, and Tournesol held his tongue, contrary to his custom; this mournful sight | vague presentiment and yet he shuddered had frozen his Gascon garrulity. Haggard and bony, the children sprawl-

ed on the pavement. The men, standing whom they grieved at not daring to stab. soldiers." Officer and soldier, the pair finally gained the plaza, on going down toward the river Ebro, where towers the famous cathedral of the Virgen del Pilar. This open space was encumbered by praying women, and coffins piled on one another. Since three days, being under the besigers' fire, no burial had taken place. The accumulated remains awaited their turn to be blessed by the priests officiating at every you." altar in the church without power to cope with the demand.

One of the biers was open and showed the face of an old officer in Spanish uniform sleeping his last sleep, having fallen for his country in the breach and sword in mantilla which covered her face and

it: perhaps his daughter. Being placed behind her, Fontenay did not see her countenance but her figure denoted she was young, and he began thinking of Mlle. de Gavre ; the war had made her an orphan her forehead, her large black eyes, her lips only three years previously without the red as the pomegranate blossom, her sunny solace of weeping over her father's re- complexion, her arched brows and the mains, struck down on the icy field of pure lines of her angelic countenance. But Austerlitz far from her. The captain Marguerite was fair as wheat, and this liv- as Bayonne. There he will be transferredpaused to contemplate the mourner and ing likeness was dark as night. noticed her frequent lifting of her head to peer with anxiety into the cathedral's gap-

trothed inspired him with the idea of going | iard being a year or two older. to fetch him.

He made the sign for Tournesol to remain where he was, while he entered the He had not gone so far as to confer with sacred building with much difficulty, as he was obliged to thread his way through a throng of women in mourning, amoug whom were mingled a few French soldiers.

The pavement of the capacious nave disappeared under the prostrate black forms. The sobs responded to the religious psalms arising from the principal altar, On this day, particularly, the American and the fumes of the incense, burned for the Spanish dead, slowly stole up into the arches and issued by the French cannon-

Although not as religious as Marguerite would wish, being of exemplary piety herparting from Spain. Would he leave in In the midst of his involuntary prayers for it his young officer of whom he knew little his betrothed, his fallen comrades, those from Fontenay having fought in the ranks surviving, the Empress Josephine his bene- square where he had made so extraordinary Tudela after to-morrow; at Pampeluna of the Legion instead of being on his staff? factress, and even for Napoleon, though he an encounter. The orderly had seen all, on the sixth day; then three stages to or would be ask him to come into Ger- had parted the lovers in summoning him but he did not understand why his captain Bayonne via Tolosa and Irun. In twelve each bottle.

In the latter case, Fontenay would be kneeling lady without, bowed profoundly entry into the Empress' court, Tournesol time to be lost. Go, sir, and present yourfree to accept or decline, and he wavered and following him toward the egress, said had never seen Josephine's charming read- self immediately to General Palafox. He to him in a low voice:

Marguerite de Gavre, George de Prégny, country-women, mourning over the bier Fontenay. He attributed the young of-

astonished air before replying: thither."

she rose and began to speak to him with she wants to marry again! It worries me proached him for his tardiness and he con- yellow vultures, who have done us so much cluded she was of high rank by the almost mischief and would do us more-for Old respectful attitude of the listener. She she looked at him and the priest spoke of Having seen the vanquished combatants, him. He would have liked to hear what young widow. He therefore abstained

The picture surpassed in horror all he solely urged by curiosity, unaccountable pointment.

This simple scene caused the young captain to take off his hat and say a few words In the centre, where resistance had been for the repose of an enemy whom he would have pitilessly slain on the eve if at the point of his sword.

> Good examples are never thrown away. Tournesol saluted like his officer, and the women around, watching over their dead ones, piously crossed themselves in stupefaction to see two of those accursed reprobates praying to heaven.

Fontenay remained spell-bound on the spot through a sentiment which he could not define. It seemed to him that some strange lady since he had become associated in her sorrow; he had not found her Fontenay picked his way with an aching in his path like one who would not play a part in his after life. It was only a very with emotion when he saw her rise and come straight up to him.

"I thank you!" she said in Spanish; along the dilapidated walls, averted their "I thank you for praying for an enemy neads not to see the two Frenchmen pass fallen under the bullet of one of your

"Your-your father?" faltered the

"No, senor; my husband."

The captain tried to say something befitting the occasion but could not think of He held his peace for fear of uttering some conventional piece of condolence. "You have a good heart," proceeded

the young lady. "Heaven will protect

"Yes; if you will pray for me," softly said Marguerite's lover.

"I promise you that, senor."

In offering ner hand in her excess of gratitude to the officer, she opened her head. Fontenay let an exclamation A woman on her knees was praying near escape him-not expressing admiration, although the Spaniard's wonderful beauty might have drawn it from him, but surprise. The stranger resembled Marguerite de Gavre, feature for feature. Here were

How could this strange resemblance be explained?

Mile, de Gavre was an only child, and He divined that she was anxious about vet this young widow might be believed the non-appearance of the priest to sav the her twin sister. They differed only by the final prayers, and the memory of his be- color of their hair and perhaps the Span- me ?"

> without venturing to ask an elucidation of the Emperor's household troops, proof the phenomenon. Why should he in- visionally detached for the Army of Araterrogate her? In all likelihood she was ignorant of the name and the existence of Mlle. de Gavre. Above all, at such moment, how could he speak to her of a stranger living in the court of the Emperor | ended. The Emperor knows this, and if Napoleon, the conqueror of Spain.

to do. After saluting him with a " Vaya usted con Dios!" equivalent to an entreaty to be allowed to retire, she drew the mantilla again over her face and knelt still again beside the husband's bier.

The priest was finishing the prayer for tude.

Fontenay could do nothing but go away. He beckoned Tournesol to follow him, and they quitted this lugubrious cathedral

came up. Fontenay, not forgetting the ed her face. Not having the privilege of be in French territory. Hence there is no er. It follows that he could not remark has been forewarned that one of my of-"Father, out there, one of your fellow- the resemblance so strongly striking Paul ficers will come to take his orders."

ficer's amazement to the effect produced Surprised to hear a stranger speak such by the sudden appearance of a beautiful pure Castilian, the priest eyed him with an | young woman, and he ventured to say :

"That lady must be good-hearted, and "I knew it, senor, and I was going no mistake, to fret and grieve over the loss of the old gentleman. I know some No doubt he remembered the dead cap- in my country who would not tear out tain as one of the defenders of Saragossa. their hair if they had the same kind of Fontenay watched him and saw him loss. Ah! she will not have to strain her touch the weeping lady on the shoulder; eyes much, looking for number two, when singular vivacity. He thought she re- to think of her taking up with one of these Nick alone knows how all this will end."

Fontenay was not in the humor to decause of the effect exerted upon him by the Portillo outlet where he expected to rejoin At hazard Fontenay went up to them, the marshal to keep their three o'clock ap-

### CHAPTER XIX.

THE BAFFLED RESCUER.

The town traversed for the second time. appeared even more distressing. At every step, in the ploughed up streets, they had to clamber over dead bodies, and Fontenay wished his ears were stopped, not to hear the groans of the dying and lamenta tions of bereaved women. He longed to be out of this vale of tears and ardently wished never to re-enter it

Marshal Lannes was still on the spot where his subordinate had left him, waiting after the review to watch the preparations for the removal of Palafox who was to be sent into France that night. He was lying in the litter with the horses ready and surrounded by troops selected to escort him-or rather to guara.

Among his staff-officers, Lannes was issuing orders and receiving reports. However busy, he saw the young captain hesitaing to enter the brilliant circle and cal ed him by his name.

Paul advanced and, as Napoleon had done at Chamartin, he inquired: "Do you know Spanish?"

If he could have lied to the leader putting the question before his aids, Fontenay would have denied, for he foresaw that he was wanted to serve again as interpreter; but he was compelled to answer affirma-

"I have a commission to intrust to you which you will fulfill better than anybody," said the marshal. "General Palafox is a prisoner of war, who is to be sent into France under good escort. During the journey I require him to be treated with all the regard due his rank and his handsome defense of Saragossa. He does not speak French and he must have some channel through which to express his wishes and needs; it is important that the officer should be a gentleman. This is why I select you to accompany the general. You will not be expected to guard him; that is the business of the commander of the escort. You have merely to receive his reclamation if he should make any, but try to manage so that he cannot complain of the treatment accorded him by the Emperor in consideration of his bravery. He is authorized to take only his valet with him-not a Spaniard. You will remain by him as far to the general commanding the division, who will have him transported to Vinaddressing, The Dr. Williams' Melicine cennes, where he is to reside." Co., Brockville, Ont., or Moristown, N.

"May I ask you, marshal, if I am to rejoin your staff immediately after acquitting myself of the commission intrusted to

"No, I do not see any inconvenience in The stupefied Fontenay regarded her your keeping on for Paris. You are one gon. It is for him to determine about sending you back to me or employing you beside his person. I am very well satisfied with your services during the siege just he be pleased to place you again at my She gave him no time to decide on what disposal, I shall be very glad to include you definitely among my staff-officers."

A soldier must not thank a marshal of France like a citizen may a state official who grants him a favor, and Fontenay uttering no pretty speech to show his grati-

"When do I start, marshal?" he simply

"In one hour. The party will stop at Truth. Las Casetas, a hamlet, two leagues off; at

many whither he would be called to com- to Spain, an aged priest with white hair was agitated when the Spanish lady show- days from this the illustrious prisoner must

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

An Important Warning. To the Editor of The Review:

DEAR SIR,-The following paragraph which recently appeared in the legal re-

ports of the Toronto newspapers, is o vital importance to the people of Canada Q. B. AND C. P. DIVISIONS.

Before STREET, J. FULEORD V. HOWE.—Hoyles, Q. C., for the plaintiff, George Taylor Fulford, of

town of Brockville, druggist, moved for an injunction restraining the defendants, S. L. Howe and W. A. Howe, from selling near, "that fellow is, as you see, healthy pills in imitation of those sold by the plaintiff under the name of "Dr. Wiliams' Pink Pills for Pale People," and thereby infringing the plaintiff's trade mark for such pills registered under that name which, the plaintiff alleges, by reason of his extensive advertising, is well known throughout Canada Judgment granted for a perpetual injunction.

An old adage has it that "imitation is the sincerest flattery," but when imitation takes the form of palming off upon the public worthless, perhaps positively harmful drugs, in imitation of a popular remedy, it is quite time the public is aroused to a sense of the injustice done them. There is no other proprietary remedy in Canada to-day that approaches Dr. Williams' Pink Pills in the esceem and con fidence with which it is regarded by the people. And justly so, as this remedy has to its credit cures in cases where even the most eminent men in the ranks of medical science had pronounced the patients incurable. These cases have been thoroughly investigated by such leading newspapers as the Toronto Globle, Hamilton Times, Spectator and Herald, Halifax Herald, Detroit News, Albany Journal, Le Monde Montreal, and others, and their accuracy vouched for. Thus Dr. Williams' Pink Pills have achieved a continental reputation, with the result that we find dealers here and there imposing upon the public by selling, in their stead, for the sake of extra profit, worthless imitations. These imitations are sometimes given names somewhat approaching the original, while in other cases the dealer, while not openly offering an imitation, imposes upon the customer by declaring that he can give him something "just as good." In still other cases Dr. William's Pink Pills are openly imitated in size, color and shape, ard are sold in loose form by the dozen or hundred as the genuine Pink Pills. Against all these imitations the public should be constanly on their guard. There is abselutely no other pill, or no other remedy, that can take the place of Dr. William's Pink Pills as a nerve tonic and blood builder. To purchase any imitation, any substitute, or any remedy said to be "just as good," is a worse than useless expenditure of money. The public can protect themselves against all imitations of this great remedy if they remember that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are never sold in bulk, or by the dozen or hundred. They are always put up in neat round boxes about two and a half inches in length, the wrapper around which is printed in red ink, and bears the trade mark, "Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People." If offered to vou in any other form depend upon it they are worthless imitations and should be rejected as such. If your dealer does not keep Dr. Williams' Pink Pills do not\*let him persuade vou to take any substitute he may say is "just as good." Dr. Williams' Pink Pills may be had by mail, post paid, on receipt of price, 50 cents a box, or six boxes for \$2 50, by

### Measies More Fatal than the Grip.

There is little comfort, as a general rule, in the columns of the Lancet, but that journal contains this week the most practical observations that I have yet seen on the subject of the epidemic. It points out that the mortality from measles "exceeds anything that can be attributed to influenza." It appears that over 13,000 deaths from measles occur annually in England and Wales, and the rate of mortality has greatly increased during the last decade. Why do we take no account of it? Because, I suppose, measles is most fatal to infants, whereas influenza chiefly carries off the aged. We all of us expect to grow old, but we can none of us hope to be young again. Yet the life of a healthy infant is of more value than that of a sexagenarian who had not strength to combat the influenza microbe.-London

Weak lungs are strengthened by Johnson's Anodyne Liniment, as directed by

#### PUMPING FOR LIFE.

#### A Unique But Startling Cure for Lazis

A traveller, in the course of a morning walk in Amsterdam, came upon a group gathered round a well into which a s rongly 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.

The traveller, pitying the man, asked for an explanation of what seemed a cruel heartless joke.

"Sir," replied an old man standing and strong I have myself offered him work twenty times, but he always allows laziness to get the better of him and will make any excuse to beg his bread from door to door, though he might easily earn

"We are now trying to make him realize that he must work. If he uses the strength that is in his arms he will be saved; if he lets them hang idle he will be drowned. Bu; look," continued the old Dutchman as he went to the edge of the well, " the fellow finds out that he has muscles already; in an hour we shall let him out with better resolutions for the future."

The traveller watched until the man was liberated from his watery prison, and felt sure that at least a temporary cure had been effected .- Youth's Companion.

#### Some Synonyms.

The construction of the English language must appear most formidable to a foreignor. One of them looking at a picture of a number of vessels said : "See what a flock of ships!" He was told that a flock of ships was called a fleet, and that a fleet of sheep was called a flock.

And it was added for his guidance in mastering the intricacies of our language that a "flock of girls is called a bevy, and a bevy of wolves is called a pack, and a pack of thieves is called a gang, and a gang of angels is called a host, and a host of porpoises is called a shoal, and a shoal of buffaloes is called a herd, and a herd of children is called a troop, and a troop of partridges is called a covey, and a covey of beauties is called a galaxy, and a galaxy of ruffians is called a horde, and a horde of rubbish is called a heap, and a heap of oxen is called a drove, and a drove of blackguards is called a mob, and a mob of whales is called a school, and a school of worshippers is called a congregation, and a congregation of engineers is called a corps and a corps of robbers is called a band, and a band of locusts is called a swarm, and a swarm of people is called a crowd."

#### Home Without a Mether. The room's in disorder,

I'he cat's on the table. flower-stand upset, and the mischief to pay ;

And Johnny is screaming As loud as he's able. for nothing goes right when mamma's

What a scene of discomfort and confusion home would be if mamma did not return. If your wife is slowly breaking down, from a combination of domestic cares and female disorders, make it your first business to restore her health. Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription is without a peer as a remedy for feeble and debiliated women, and is the only remedy for the class of maladies known as female diseases which is sold under a positive quarantee from the manufacturers that it will give satisfaction, or the money will be refuded. It is a positive cure for the most complicated cases of womb troubles.

### A Badly Done Joke.

"Hello, parson," said the man who rang the bell. "How are you?"

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"Why, how do you do?" was the parson's pleasant greeting. "What? Remember you? Of course I do. You're the young gentleman I married to a charming lady last year, are you not ?"

"Yes," said the man, "and that marriage hain't gone just right, either. You

see we're divirced, an'---' "I am very sorry," said the parson.

'What can I do to help you? I---" "Wal," and the man twirled his hat nervously, "I was wondering if you wouldn't think you was doin' the square thing if you-"

"Yes ?" "If you gave the money back I paid you for marryin' us!"-Boston News.

While attempting to light his pipe at an electric light as he was told to do in a joke by a fellow-workman, a Hungarian was instantly killed Thursday night at Johnstop, Pa. A current of 2000 volts passed through his body.