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THE GREAT NORTH SHORE ROUTE!

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FONTENAY, THE SWORDSMAN.

A MILITARY NOVEL.
BY FORTUNE DU BOISGOBEY.

(Translated by H. L. Williams.)

CHAPTER XXI.—Continued.

When he was quite sure that the visitor could not hear him from the room where he was left, George resumed, addressing his friend.

"What! were you ignorant that the Duke d'Otranto is Fouché? Why, where on earth do you come from?"

"From Spain, of course, where there is no question raised about such a duke. What can he want with me?"

"I cannot guess, but you may inquire of his envoy, for you cannot avoid receiving him. A refusal would bring disagreeable results upon you which had better be prevented."

"This is a little too much! I have only arrived this morning, and already this minister, whom I have never seen, pounces upon me!"

"You must allow that he is well informed."

"Only too well, the prying creature! I will have the gentleman shown in whom he sent, on condition that you witness the interview. Tournesol, bring him in!"

In twenty seconds Fouché's representative presented himself. He was evidently no subaltern, for he was dressed in a fine black suit and wore gold spectacles, and a white neckcloth; his appearance was that of the director of a branch of the civil service. He bowed to Fontenay on entering and looked at George de Prégny inquiringly, which induced him, understanding it, to state his name and position as auditor of the state council.

The visitor bowed again and said to the West Indian:

"Captain, I am instructed to inform you that his excellency the Duke d'Otranto desires to see you immediately."

These pompous designations nettled the American. Lannes, though Duke of Montebello and the capturer of Saragossa, contented himself with much less, as he let his officers style him the marshal.

"What does this duke of yours want of me?" roughly inquired Paul.

"His excellency did not deem it proper to inform me. I am merely instructed to conduct you to the ministerial offices."

"I can go there very well alone."

"But his carriage await us at your door, and if you would please to step into it with me, we should arrive the sooner."

"How, now?—but—if you came to arrest me, you would not proceed otherwise—suppose I am not pleased to follow you! I am curious to see what you would do! Carry me off by force?—me, a staff-officer of the Emperor's body-guard!"

With a glance George entertained his fiery colonial friend to be silent, and it was he who said, without emotion, to the police minister's employé:

"You see, sir, that Captain Fontenay was so far from expecting the call this day to the Duke of Otranto's that he was not able to prevent expressing his surprise in rather unstudied terms. You will excuse him. He will go with you, while I go straight to the Tuileries to announce to his brother-officers on the staff of his majesty that they will see him this evening."

Fontenay comprehended that George used this language to show the police minister's messenger that the young captain had friends in a high quarter who would inquire after him if his absence were too greatly prolonged. This was a precaution taken against any malicious

trick of which Fouché was perfectly capable, for he never shrank from arbitrarily imprisoning persons, as he knew how to invent motives to explain his conduct afterward.

Strong in his conscience, the creole was not at all alarmed over the sequel of this new adventure, even less expected than previous ones, and he said contemptuously:

"Let us go, sir. His excellency will have to excuse my appearing in undress. I have only the clothes I am wearing and I have worn them out in war in the Emperor's service. Where am I to find you, George?"

"Will the Palais Royal suit you, at five o'clock?" replied the auditor. "We can have dinner with some friends."

"Willingly, for I do not suppose that the duke will do me the honor of retaining me at his table," ironically rejoined the incorrigible jester.

The man in the gold spectacles pretended not to hear this gibe, and stalked over to the door, while Fontenay put on, over his uniform, the cloak which Tournesol brought. George accompanied him to the coach awaiting below; it had attracted several dwellers in the street, little accustomed to see such equipages. It was a closed-up landau, drawn by a pair of stout horses and driven by a coachman out of livery. A footman, in black, stood at the door-way, ready to step up behind the carriage, which did not bear on the panels the arms of the new Duke d'Otranto.

All this indicated what was called "spiriting away," as practiced by powerful noblemen when they had *petite maisons*. Fouché might have borrowed this system from the *ancien régime*, for application to persons whom he wished to conjure away without noise.

George de Prégny might have had some fear about his friend were it not for relying on the Emperor's patronage, and as he distrusted Fontenay's temper, he whispered in his ear:

"No outbreaks, I entreat you! Tell all you know, and do not forget that you speak to a minister of the Emperor. Soon again!" he added loudly.

With a friendly wave of the hand, the messenger invited the captain to step in first. This is what gentlemen of the police force never omit to do in such cases; their politeness being prudence, they yield precedence to those they have in custody not to lose sight of them. He took his place beside Fontenay; the footman closed the door and jumped up behind the vehicle, and it started off instantly.

Fontenay thought of Palafox's coach and sighed for the time when he escorted him on horseback. It was he now who was guarded closely and he had not the consolation of having heroically defended at Saragossa.

He did not open his lips all the journey—not a long one as the ministry of police was on the quay, near the Institute of France. The vehicle entered into a vast court-yard where the gates closed behind it. To alight, Fontenay again took the lead and walked up some narrow stairs which his obliging guide pointed out to him.

CHAPTER XXII.

NAPOLEON'S EVIL GENIUS.

On the first landing, he found a long room, at the end of which was sitting at a desk a man in a dressing-gown, with his head done up in a handkerchief. He was writing and did not raise his eyes. Fouché's messenger closed the door on retreating and the captain walked up and down. He took the seated scribbler for a clerk and did not condescend to salute him. Soon tired of pacing the long room, and still seeing nobody but the writer, he halted in front of him and said:

"Hark ye! the minister of police has summoned me. I have no time to lose. Where is he?"

"I am the minister," replied the man, looking at him fixedly.

On seeing his full face, Fontenay recognized him by the portrait his brother-officers of the staff had more than once drawn. They had depicted Fouché's colorless and flabby face, his flat, scanty and yellow hair, his small, dull and blood-shot eyes, his expression like a flurried weasel's, his curt, broken speech, and his spasmodic attitude—as General Philippe de Segur had written in his memoir; the general knew him well from having contended with him.

But Fontenay never would have imagined his giving audience in such a negligent attire and his astonishment appeared upon his countenance.

"You expected to see me in my ministerial full dress, eh?" queried Fouché, divining his thoughts. "It is all very well for your generals to flaunt their gold embroidery! I am not a military man."

"I have the honor to be a military captain!" replied the American, keenly piqued.

"Since two months ago. I know how it came about. Her majesty the Empress favors you, and you owe to her an exceptional promotion."

"I have paid for it with my blood." "I do not dispute the value of your services, but I did not call you here to speak about them."

"I am waiting for you to say about what else?" Fouché's glance became cold and clear as a steel blade.

"Where is Palafox's valet-de-chambre?" he brusquely asked.

This shot at close range might have disconcerted Fontenay; but he had almost expected it and he answered without being agitated:

"I was charged by Marshal Lannes to accompany General Palafox, but not to watch his valet."

"I grant that," said Fouché; "but you were very well aware that this valet—who was nothing of the sort—disappeared at Bayonne."

"I knew it." "Why did you not immediately acquaint the gendarmerie commander with this disappearance?"

"Because I was not bound so to do. I am a soldier. It is not within my province to inform the police. I owe reports to my own chiefs alone."

"Then, if you were to meet this man in Paris, you would not denounce him?" Fontenay making no reply, Fouché went on to say:

"Yet you know that he has come into France to assassinate the Emperor!" "How should I know that?"

"Do not try to play the fox with me. I know your whole story. Four months ago, you saw this man in Malmaison Park and you learned afterward who he was. One of your friends imparted this to you in Spain whither he went to carry dispatches, and he learned it in the suite of her majesty the Empress. After having committed a theft at Malmaison to the injury of a person in whom you are interested, the man escaped my agents' searches and I had the certainty that he had returned into Spain as I have that of his recrossing into France disguised as a valet. For a fortnight, you traveled with him. How is it that you did not recognize him?"

"You have yourself just told me that he was disguised and consequently was not recognizable."

"By everybody, excepting you who had seen him closely at Malmaison."

"Yes, very closely: for he fired a pistol on me with the muzzle all but touching. I saw him again at Somo Sierra where he tried it again with a blunderbuss; but on that day, he did not wear the same face, while, at Bayonne—"

"His eyes can never be forgotten." "I might have remembered them if I had thought of him, but I have little regarded him. I do not look at servants."

"You are wrong. All faces must be looked at and studied."

"When one belongs to the police. I am a captain."

"Then you believe that your rank excuses you from observing when his majesty's life is at stake—for this villain seeks to get near to murder him."

"I am ready to be killed for the Emperor, but I do not know how to keep up that kind of an observation, as you call it."

While replying to his high and mighty examiner, the American had not yet styled him Grace, Excellency, or even *M. de Ministre*, so averse was he to use any respectful titles to the ex-Jacobin, and regicide, for he knew very well that the future Duke d'Otranto had voted for the execution of King Louis XVI. in the convention. More than this, from the outset of the dialogue the creole had taken a chair without being asked. These independent manners never calculated to displease Fouché, who had preserved from his revolutionary past an absolute scorn for etiquette.

"Have it so," he coldly said; during the fortnight's journey from Saragossa to Bayonne, you paid no attention to a man whom, nevertheless, you did not once lose sight of for a single instant; it is strange, but I admit it may be true. But I cannot allow that you ought not to have notified the fact of his disappearance at Bayonne in the house-yard of the commandant general."

"Why did not the police spies who have informed you, publish the fact? I suppose they were on the spot and it was their trade to arrest him if they deemed him suspicious."

The argument struck home, for Fouché could not conceal a start of vexation, but he took care not to reply, for he would have had to reveal whence came the reports so precise and at the same time so fruitless. But he changed his tone.

"Captain," he said dryly, "you are not

under my orders and you have not to give an account of your conduct to me. The Emperor shall know that it has been careless—I ought to say criminal."

"Criminal!" broke forth Fontenay losing all self-control. "Dare you accuse me of complicity with a scoundrel who seeks the Emperor's life?"

Fouché put many questions. He never answered those which it suited him to elude. This was his method and he did not depart from it on this occasion.

"I know this man is in Paris," he said. "He arrived before you and has found shelter. So did George Cadoudal, but I had him arrested. This other will not escape me. But if he forestalls my pursuit—if before I run him to earth, he succeeds in striking down the Emperor, you will have your share of responsibility in the catastrophe. You have but one means of redeeming your negligence—if it be merely negligence—it is by aiding me to find that man."

"If I fully understand you, it is proposed for me to enroll myself among your spies—I, a French officer! you do not insult me alone, but the whole army—Napoleon himself, whose orders I carried in Spain."

"You military gentlemen," interrupted Fouché slightly—"you have a craze for mounting phrases and abusing grandly sounding words. I do not suggest your joining the police. I recommend you—in your own interest—not to repeat the folly you committed at Bayonne; I mean, omitting to 'collar' the villain when met. He would perhaps defend himself but you will soon have assistance."

"In the first place, I must be able to recognize him."

"Who could do so but you who have seen him under two or three different costumes—you who have spoken with him and heard the sound of his voice? You will certainly encounter him. I know his ways about. He has come to do what he did when in Paris in November last. He will rove about town, preferentially near the Tuileries, lying in wait for an occasion to approach the Emperor who is wrong in sometimes going out at night, *incognito* with only Berthier, or Duroc."

Fouché said "Berthier, or Duroc," unadorned, though he thought it bad manners not to have his title of Duke d'Otranto given him, and Fontenay remembered a line in some comedy he had heard:

"With what irreverence this clown speaks of the gods!"

But Fontenay did not frown while awaiting the sequel.

"I had the Emperor watched," continued the minister, "but he was vexed when he saw the secret guards. You having been upon his staff, will not be identified with my agents if he meet you and thus you may unsuspectingly act, indeed as a life-guard. All you will have to do is walk about before a private door of the Pavillon de Marsan at the time I will indicate to you."

"For this his majesty must give me the order," quickly replied the young captain.

"But suppose I give it to you—"

"I receive orders solely from the Emperor."

"Have a care, captain! were I to give an account of this interview of mine with you, you might repent refusing to watch over his safety, menaced by an assassin whom you alone know."

"This is what I flatly deny. I have seen him—so must your agents, since they assert he is in Paris—but I might pass beside him on the pavement without recognizing him."

"You have a very poor memory."

"For faces. I am a soldier, and we have no need to recollect if the enemy whom we cut down has been seen before."

"In a charge, but this is not a combat."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

A Question of Time.

A story is going the rounds about a local jurymen an Irishman, who cleverly outwitted the judge, and that without lying.

He came breathlessly into court, saying:

"Oh, my lord, if you can excuse me, pray do. I do not know which will die first, my wife or my daughter."

"Dear me, that's sad," said the innocent judge. "Certainly you are excused."

The next day the jurymen was met by a friend, who, in a sympathetic voice, asked:

"How's your wife?" "She's all right, thank you."

"And your daughter?" "She's all right, too. Why do you ask?"

"Why, yesterday you said you did not know which would die first?" "Nor do I. That's a problem which time alone can solve."

Minard's Liniment Cures Burns, &c.

A Grand Book for the Young.

A book published by Gall & Inglis, Edinburgh, Scotland, "An Easy Guide to the Constellations," should be in the hands of every young person. It is true to its title, "an easy guide." With this book any young person of ordinary intelligence, with a little study and observation of the heavens, can soon name the various constellations. The Rev. James Gall is the author of this grand book. Few, if any, excel him in addressing young people, or in writing a book especially adapted for them. His plan in giving instruction on such a sublime subject is admirable. If you have young people by all means procure it for them as soon as possible. It contains 25 maps of the heavenly bodies executed with great artistic skill. It costs only 30 or 40 cents. Here are a few extracts from the author's preface:

"What can be more interesting than to look up into the deep blue sky and to watch the brilliant groups as they stretch out around and above us, or to watch the eastern horizon for the rising of some bright star, which we hope soon to appear. Surely our evening walks would partake more of intellectual and refined enjoyment if we would hold converse with these silent but glorious witnesses of their creator's power."

"Forever singing as they shine, The hand that made us is divine."

"To what can we attribute the almost utter want of knowledge of the constellations? Most assuredly it is the want of some simple guide to assist us in our study. Is it not strange that the constellations should be so little known even to men of education and refinement? Men whose eye can scarcely turn to any object around them whose history they do not know, and with whose nature they are not intimately acquainted, and yet Vega and Cappelia look down upon them night after night, and year by year, holding on their majestic course, not, perhaps, unnoticed, but unrecognized and unknown."

"This little work is worth cartloads of novels. Get it by all means, and you will have some pleasant lessons with your young people in pointing them to the glorious objects that shine upon us from afar."

She Was no Phonograph.

The door leading from the reception room to the young lawyer's private office was not yet closed, yet he no doubt thought it was.

A gentleman calling on business heard voices in the next room and awaited his turn. As he innocently sat there he heard something like this amid the clicking of a typewriting machine:

"Mr. Gushing, Pigston, Suem, Kansas—you know I love you—dear sir—what makes your cheeks so red? They're pretty as roses—I desire to inform you that—the other girls aren't in it with you—I hold for collection your promissory note—you've got such lovely hands? They should be playing a golden harp instead of an old typewriting machine—given the 9th of January—I think June, with its moonlight nights and hammock parties, lots nicer, don't you!—1891, for \$200—I wish I had \$200,000,000; I'd give every cent of it to you—payable six months after date—loan me your gum awhile—with interest of 10 per cent—had your hair curled to-day, didn't you?—if not paid at maturity. Will you kindly inform me—what size glove do you wear?—if you desire to forward the amount—I like the way you dress your neck—or shall I send note there for collection?—But really I must put my lips close to your ear or you can't hear what I say.—A prompt reply will greatly oblige—your ear is awfully warm—yours truly, etc."

Then the waiting man grew weary and went away wondering what the man in Kansas would think when he got such a letter.—Chicago Times.

"I am so Tired"

Is a common exclamation at this season. There is a certain bracing effect in cold air which is lost when the weather grows warmer; and when Nature is renewing her youth her admirers feel dull, sluggish and tired. This condition is owing mainly to the impure condition of the blood, and its failure to supply healthy tissue to the various organs of the body. It is remarkable how susceptible the system is to the help to be derived from a good medicine at this season. Possessing just those purifying, building-up qualities which the body craves, Hood's Sarsaparilla soon overcomes that tired feeling, restores the appetite, purifies the blood, and, in short, imparts vigorous health. Its thousands of friends as with one voice declare "It Makes the Weak Strong."

In the Old Testament, though great numbers of women are mentioned, there is but one—Sarah, Abraham's wife—whose age is recorded.

Home Topics.

SALADS, AND HOW TO MAKE THEM.

At this season of the year one wearies so of everything, and longs for spring's earliest offerings, lettuce, radishes, etc. In the mean time let us make the best of what we have, and a salad is always delightful.

TRY BEET SALAD.—Take 3 or 4 beets, boil, and slice in vinegar over night. In the morning take an equal quantity of celery and chop both very fine, make a simple dressing of one tablespoon of sugar one of mustard, one of salt, and enough cream to make your salad quite moist. Garnish with hard boiled eggs or celery tops.

CABBAGE SALAD.—Beat three eggs, two teaspoonfuls of sugar, one tablespoon of butter, one teaspoon mustard, and last a cup of vinegar, (if vinegar is too strong, dilute with water.) Cook like soft custard. Some add half a cup of thick sweet cream. Pour over chopped or shredded cabbage.

WOODLAWN POTATO SALAD.—A pint of cold mashed potatoes, season by putting slices of onion in, but remove before serving. Dressing, three tablespoonfuls of butter, three teaspoons cream, one-half teaspoon salt, one-half teaspoon white pepper, one-half cup of vinegar; cook like soft custard. When cold pour over potatoes mixing lightly with pork.

One house keeper recommends the melted fat of chickens for chicken salad. Garnish salad with slices of hard-boiled eggs, carrots, beets, green or pickled cucumbers, lemons, olives, celery tips, parsley and the heart of lettuce or radishes. Cold-boiled beets, potatoes, string-beans, asparagus, make excellent salad. Shrimps and lobsters are prepared with lettuce. Oysters, chickens, turkey, ham and veal with celery or cabbage.

MAYONNAISE DRESSING.—Put the yolks of four eggs, with two hard-boiled ones into a cold bowl. Beat well, then stir in by degrees four teaspoonfuls of oil. When thoroughly mixed, introduce gradually two teaspoonfuls salt, one of pepper, one of made mustard. Adding the salt earlier coagulates the albumen of the eggs. Add gradually two tablespoonfuls of vinegar. Should it curdle, place on ice thirty minutes then stir till smooth. This makes a fine chicken salad composed of equal parts chicken and celery. For lobster salad use the coral parts mashed, cover with dressing and serve on lettuce leaves or in shells.

In house plants the great point now is by all means to keep down those troublesome little green pests, for there is no season when their increase is more rapid than during the spring months. Handfuls of tobacco stems, kept moistened and laid among your plants, may almost wholly take the places of the inconvenient fumigation in helping rid you of them, but hand picking is the most effectual.

A Five-Act Tragedy.

Act the first of the tragedy: A young man starting off from home; parents and sisters weeping to have him go. Waggon rising over the hill. Farewell kiss flung back. Ring the bell and let the curtain fall.

Act the second: The marriage altar. Music on the organ. Bright lights. Long white veil trailing through the aisle. Prayer and congratulation and exclamations "How well she looks!"

Act the third: A woman waiting for staggering steps. Old garments stuck in broken window panes. Mark of hardship on her face. The biting of nails of bloodless fingers. Neglect, cruelty and despair. Ring the bell and let the curtain drop.

Act the fourth: Three graves in a dark place—grave of the child that died for lack of medicine, grave of the wife who died of a broken heart, grave of the man who died with dissipation. Ring the bell and let the curtain drop.

Act the fifth: A destroyed soul's eternity. No life. No hope. I close my eyes to the last act of the tragedy. Quick! quick! Ring the bell and let the curtain drop.—Rev. Dr. Talmage.

The length of the Suez Canal is 92 miles; depth, 60 feet, and it was thirteen years in construction. Tolls average \$4,300 per vessel. Steamers pass through in forty hours. For sailing vessels tugs are provided at a charge of \$1,000 extra. The entire cost of constructing the canal was \$85,180,000. The British Government owns one fifth of the shares of the canal having bought 176,602 from the Khedive in 1876, for \$45,976,600, being 11 1/2 per cent. premium. The coupons having been cut off, the Khedive pays the interest till 1892. The canal shortens the voyage between England and the East by one-third; that is, it enables two vessels to do the same work that should require three by the Cape of Good Hope.