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HER ONLY SIN.

BERTHA M. CLAY.

CHAPTER II.—Continued

She was as English in character as in face. She had none of the characteristics of the silent, courtly race of Brandons. She was essentially Saxon, true in thought, word, and deed; sincere, transparently candid, generous, slightly prejudiced and intolerant, proud with a quick, bright pride that was but "a virtue run to seed"—a most charming, lovable character, not perhaps of the most exalted type.

All her short, sweet life she had been called "Heiress of Queen's Chace." She was woman enough to be more than pleased with her lot in life; she was proud of it. She loved the bright, beautiful world, and, above all, she loved her own share in it. She would rather have been heiress of Queen's Chace, she declared, than Queen of England. She loved the place, she enjoyed the honors and advantages connected with it. She had inherited just sufficient of her mother's character to make her appreciate the advantages of her position. The great difference between them was that Lady Brandon loved the wealth, the pomp, the honors of the world, while Katherine loved its brightness and its pleasures.

Sir Jasper was very much attached to his daughter; his own wife never reminded him of his lost love, but his daughter did. Something in her bright, glad youth in her sunny laughter, in her bright eyes, reminded him of the beautiful Venetian girl whom he had loved so madly. In these later years all the love of his life had centered in his daughter, all the little happiness that he enjoyed came from her—with her he forgot his life-long pain and was at peace.

She was heiress of Queen's Chace. He had taken the greatest pride and care in her education. She was accomplished in the full sense of the word. She spoke French, Italian and German. She sang with a clear, sweet voice. She danced gracefully, and was no mean artist. Her father had taken care that no pains should be spared in her education, no expense, no labor. The result was, she developed into a brilliantly accomplished girl. He was delighted with her.

Katherine Brandon had made her debut; royal eyes had glanced kindly at the fair, bright young face. She had more lovers than she could count. If there was one she liked a little better than the rest, it was Lord Wynleigh, the second son of the Earl of Woodwyn, the poorest earl in England.

Lord Wynleigh was handsome and clever. He had had a hard fight with the world, for he found it difficult to keep up appearances on a small income; but he forgot his poverty and everything else when he fell in love with charming, tantalizing, imperious Katherine Brandon. Would she ever care for him? At present the difference in her behavior toward him and her other lovers was that she laughed more at him, affected greater indifference to him, but never looked at him, and she flushed crimson at the mention of his name.

So the whole family went to Queen's Chace. Sir Jasper invited a party of friends for Christmas. Until Christmas he promised himself perfect rest. It was at the beginning of October that he received the letter which so altered the course of his life and that of others. It was from Assunta di Cyntha—written on her death-bed. Perhaps her approaching dissolution had shown her that she had misjudged some things and mistaken others. She wrote to the man whom she had hated with such deadly hate, and the words she used were more gracious than she had ever used before. She told him that she should soon rejoin her sister, the young wife he had so dearly loved, and that she could not die until her child was safe and well provided for.

"If I had money of my own," she wrote, "I should not trouble you; but I have none—my income dies with me, and the old palace that has been my home passes into other hands. I have nothing to leave my beautiful Veronica, and you must take her. She is beautiful and gifted, but she is unlike other girls because she has led a lonely life. She believes that her father is dead. She knows nothing of her parentage or of her birth. I have taught her—Heaven pardon me if I have done wrong!—to hate the English. My lessons may bear evil fruit or good. I know not. I understand the child as no one else ever can, and I say to you most decidedly, if ever you wish to win her love or her heart, do not shock her first by telling her that you are her father; remember that she has been taught to hate the English, and to believe that her father is dead. Let her learn to know you and to love you first; then tell her when you will. I will forward by her all papers that are necessary to prove her birth. Send for Veronica at once. I know that I have not many hours to live."

He was sitting in the Drawing-room at Queen's Chace when that letter was brought to him. His daughter Katherine was at the piano, singing some of the old English ballads that he loved. Lady Brandon lay on the couch, engrossed in a novel. A clear, bright fire was burning in the grate; the warm air was perfumed with the odors of flowers.

He raised his haggard face as he read. Great Heaven! what was he to do? He had almost forgotten the very existence of the child. She had faded from his memory. His passionate love for her beautiful mother was as keen as ever, as full of life as it had been on the first day he had met her; but the child he had disliked; the child had cost her mother her life. Why had Assunta given her that sweet, sad name of "Veronica"? What was he to do with her when she came? He looked at his handsome wife, with her high-bred face and dignified manner; he looked at his lovely young daughter, and then bowed his head in despair.

A thought had pierced his soul. During all these years he had forgotten the child; she had passed, as it were, out of his life; Assunta had taken her, and would keep her. She had refused his help, she would have nothing from him. She would take no money nor anything else from him. She had told him that he must wash his hands of the child, and he had done so. If ever he thought about her, he concluded that she would be brought up in entire ignorance of England and of him; that she would marry some Venetian. But of late he had thought but little of her, and during the past three or four years she had faded from his mind.

So the letter was a terrible blow to him. He asked himself what he should do, for it had suddenly occurred to him that Veronica was his eldest daughter, and that she—not the golden-haired girl singing with the clear voice of a bird—was heiress of Queen's Chace; and the thought pierced his soul like a sharp sword. What should he do?

His first impulse was to tell his story; then second thoughts came, he could not. Of all people living, his wife was the most unsympathetic; he could not take the treasured love-story from his heart and hold it up to public gaze; he could not have uttered the name of Giulia, nor have told how she died, when the sun was setting, with her head on his breast. It would have been easier for him to tear the living, beating heart than to do this.

So he sat there musing, with Assunta's letter in his hand. He found afterwards that he had missed one paragraph, in which she told him that she had prepared Veronica to live for the future with her English guardian.

Sir Jasper Brandon suffered keenly. He was an English gentleman, with English notions of right and wrong. He hated all injustice, all concealment, all deceit, all fraud, all wrong-doing, all dishonesty; yet he did not on receipt of Assunta's letter, tell his wife and daughter the truth. He said to himself that he

would come to no decision, that he would wait and see what Veronica was like.

"You look perplexed and thoughtful, papa?" said Catherine Brandon. "Let me help you. Women's wits, they say, are keener and quicker than men's."

"It is a libel," he replied, trying to speak lightly. "I may well look perplexed, Katherine; I am dismayed."

Lady Brandon closed her book and looked at him. "You dismayed!" she cried. "What has happened! Has Brookes voted for the opposition, or what?" "It is nothing of that kind," said the politician. "This is a domestic difficulty about which I shall have to ask your help." At the word "domestic" Lady Brandon opened her book again; matters of that

description never interested her.

"Of course if it be any one of position, that would make a difference."

"The young lady, my ward, Veronica di Cyntha, is descended from one of the first families in Italy," he said, "and she has, or will have a large fortune."

"And that is, too, placed in your hands?" asked his wife.

"That also is in my hands," he answered, briefly. "But, Jasper," cried her ladyship, "surely you are going to tell us more? Who is, or rather who was your friend? Tell me; I want to know the whole history."

He walked to the end of the long drawing-room and back before he replied; then he said briefly: "I have nothing to tell. I met the Di

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"The fact is," continued Sir Jasper, "that a friend of mine has died lately in Italy and has left me a ward." "A ward!" cried Lady Brandon. "How intolerable! What a liberty to take!" "A ward!" cried Katherine. "How strange, papa!" Sir Jasper turned quickly to his wife. He never spoke unkindly or angrily to her, even when she annoyed him. "Do not say 'intolerable,' Marie; we must make the best of it."

Cynthas when I was abroad, and that account for the trust, so far as I can account for it." (TO BE CONTINUED.) **This is Concentration.** One pill a dose, one box 25 cents. One pill relieves constipation. One box cures an ordinary case. One pill aken weekly neutralizes formation of uric acid in the blood and prevents Bright's Kidney disease and Diabetes. True only of Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills. K. D. C. the household remedy for stomach troubles.

Card

To the Electors of the County of Kent:

GENTLEMEN.—As an election seems probable in the near future, I wish to take time by the forelock and announce that I shall be a candidate for political honors.

I shall briefly state some of my reasons for wishing to become your representative at Ottawa.

1st. I love honor and it would give me the greatest pleasure to represent the county of Kent in the Dominion Parliament, to be able to give all the offices at disposal of the government to my friends, to keep my enemies and opponents down, and especially to be in a position to grasp any higher honor that should offer itself to me, such as becoming Minister of Finance, Minister of Justice, or even Minister of Marine and Fisheries. I should dearly love to occupy a niche in the history of the country, and if you should see fit to assist me with your votes I shall never miss an opportunity of making myself conspicuous, and I shall promise that I will do all in my power to attain one of the aforesaid honorable positions. Even should the premiership be vacant I will use any fair or unfair means of securing that position. If I should succeed in securing the latter position, you could all hold your heads up proudly and say, "Our representative holds the highest position in the country. Isn't he a dandy?"

2nd. I am not rich by any means and I would like to make some money in order to pay off some people who are dunning me for little bills. These I have to turn away with a good excuse or they will sue me. If I were able to pay their little bills I might treat them with withering scorn. As it is I have to assume a winning manner no matter how much I despise their meanness. Over and above the \$1000.00 seasonal allowance, there are many ways of securing an extra amount of boodle, and I will always devote special attention to this part of my duty as your representative. I shall consider it my duty to accumulate all the money I can during the time I shall have the honor of representing the County, because men change their views, and I might not always possess your confidence; and should I fall from greatness, as others have done before me, it would be wise to have a plaster to heal the wounds I might receive in the fall.

3rd. I will give an independent support to the strongest party, because I think my ends can be better accomplished by this course. Should the opposition offer me more money for my vote on any great question, I should feel at liberty to support them. As an independent member I should not feel justified in supporting any party in anything that would be unprofitable to myself or which might work against me in any future election. Should I ever discover that your confidence in me is on the wane, and that I might possibly be defeated in an election, I shall endeavour to secure some permanent position, such as the Senate.

The above, gentlemen, are some of the planks in my platform. Should any elector desire to know my position more definitely, I shall be happy to answer any questions through the columns of THE REVIEW. As the time for the election has not yet been set—or at least has not yet been made public—I cannot promise to shake hands with every one of you. The bad state of the roads will prevent me from calling at your homes to inquire if the baby is recovering from the whooping cough, or to interest myself in the progress of the butter and cheese business in your locality, or to say that your horses and other stock look better than any of your neighbors, but should any of you happen my way I would only be too happy to drink a glass of wine at your expense, and discuss politics personally with you.

I have the honor to be gentlemen, your most obedient servant till after the election,

INSTAR OMNIUM.
Kingston, Kent, Mar. 1st, 1895.

Don't Put It Off.

The necessity of a spring medicine is universally admitted. This is the best time of year in which to purify the blood to restore the lost appetite, and to build up the entire system, as the body is now peculiarly susceptible to benefit from medicine. The great popularity attained by Hood's Sarsaparilla, owing to its real merit and its remarkable success, has established it as the very best medicine to take in the spring. It cures scrofula, salt rheum, and all humors, biliousness, dyspepsia, headache, kidney and liver complaints, catarrh, and all affections caused or promoted by low state of system or impure blood. Don't put it off, but take Hood's Sarsaparilla now. It will do you good.

Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria.

McNairn.

MARCH 5.—Like all of Nature's manifestations a great calm comes after a great storm, and now the lumber for the church is being hauled to the different mills whence it is to be sawed into suitable kinds for building purposes, although some of the residents remain adamant of heart, as of old when the Ark was in building, but the call comes, "If ye obey my voice and hearken unto my word, I shall be to thee a God and thou shalt be to me a people; but if ye disobey my voice then I shall smite thee with mildew and rust, etc."

The lumbermen are doing good work, expect to be through hauling by the middle of the month.

M. T. Wathen, our popular teacher is teaching science to his scholars, which is a step in the right direction, and should be taught in all schools and practiced by the teachers; instilling into the youthful minds the uses and abuses of alcohol and tobacco on the system. It is not uncommon in this district to hear very young children explaining to their elders the evils intemperance, but it is to be regretted that the trustees and parents show such a lack of interest in the good which arises from scientific training. For instance, had the Buctouche commercial traveller who got into the slough of despond in Mill Creek some time since been taught science, he would not have required the scientific man to help him out, but would have driven round the quagmire instead of into it. The poet asks, "What's in a name?" Science proves everything—"A good name is to be chosen rather than great riches." As McNairn is always to the front so the trustees have decided to refit and repaint their school house, and level the grounds in the spring, so this will be one of the finest schools in the county. Then science says "as you sow so shall ye reap," that is why the child cradled in the lap of ignorance, turns out to be of the monkey or gorilla species. Consequently this district has two in the specimens of Pat Butler and Joe Boesour.

HEART DISEASE.

A Toronto Physician says it Never Exists without the Presence of some Kidney Disease.

TORONTO, March 4.—The number of sudden deaths due to heart disease is appalling. The medical profession is devoting more attention to the heart and its ailments at the present time than ever before, and many physicians are making a specialty of diseases of this organ. A Toronto doctor, who devotes much attention to this branch of his practice said to your reporter to-day "I have yet to learn of a single case where heart disease caused death, in which a post mortem examination did not show the existence of Bright's disease, diabetes, or some other kidney disease." Dodd's Kidney Pills will cure all disease of the kidneys and thus ward off the danger of heart diseases.

Kouchibouguac Beach.

As I have not seen any notes in your valuable paper for the few past weeks, I was beginning to think that all your correspondents had left the country, and gone to Portland.

Smeltfishing is over, and the Bay looks dismal, as the genceel cent has moved his shanty from Last Chace this week.

I have not heard the honk of a wild goose yet, but John L. Kelly is making great preparations for the wounded birds. He says he don't expect to get many this spring, as Callander is not here to wound them.

A huge bear was seen on the school-house bank the other day.

Con says he will have to put a bell on Andy, as he cannot keep the run of him.

Miss Mamie Murphy is visiting her friends at Portage River.

Hugh McDonald goes down to the school-house occasionally. Some of the boys say that he wants to be a trustee.

I see Carlo is in the land of the living yet, and takes a trip around the farm in the silence of the night.

HEAD LIGHT JOE.

CATARRH RELIEVED IN 10 TO 60 MINUTES.—One short puff of the breath through the Blower, supplied with each bottle of Dr. Agnew's Catarrh Powder, diffuses this Powder over the surface of the nasal passages. Painless and delightful to use, it relieves instantly, and permanently cures Catarrh, Hay Fever, Headache, Sore Throat, Tonsillitis and Deafness. 60 cents. Sold by W. W. Short.