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THE GREAT NORTH SHORE ROUTE!

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HER ONLY SIN.

BERTHA M. CLAY.

CHAPTER I.—Continued

"Take it from my sight!" he said to the weeping women. "Let me never see it. It has cost its mother her life." And they carried it away, weeping womanly tears of compassion.

He could not forgive the child because of its mother's death—he could not look at it. The nurses said the babe had its mother's eyes; and he thought to himself that to see Giulia's eyes in another's face would kill him.

He was more than half distraught when he bade Giulia's chief attendant to write to Assunta to tell her of her sister's death. She came at once. Perhaps the sight of the beautiful home he had prepared for his lost wife touched her heart, for, though she sternly refused to see Jasper, she declared her intention of adopting the child. She would not exchange one word with him. All business was transacted through the kind friend who had stood at Giulia's death-bed.

Assunta promised to adopt the child if Jasper would renounce all claim to her, if he would allow her to bring her up after her own fashion, in perfect ignorance of him and all belonging to him, believing that her parents were dead; moreover, he must promise never to claim her.

He was kneeling by his dead wife's side when the conditions were brought to him, and the dumb white lips could not open to say, "Love her because she was mine," the cold hands could not be clasped in supplication to him, the mother's heart could not speak in the closed eyes. The only human being who could have saved the little one lay there, "stone-dead and still," and, as he looked at the beautiful face, so calm in the majesty of death, he turned to the bearer of the message and said:

"Tell Assunta di Cynthia that in proportion as I loved my wife I dislike the child, and that I give her entirely to her, never wishing to see her or hear of her again."

At the same time he was just. He offered to settle a certain sum of money on the little one, more than sufficient to educate and dower her. Assunta's pale face flushed crimson when she heard it.

"I touch the accursed English gold!" she cried. "I would see all Venice perish first!"

Without another word, she took the child in her arms and left the house. Even in death she refused to look on the face of her sister again.

Then came for Jasper a long blank. He remembered in after-years that he had stood by the grave of his wife; he remembered falling upon it with a loud, bitter cry; then came a blank. The roses and passion-flowers were in full bloom when that happened; when he recovered his senses the roses had withered, the passion-flowers were dead, and winter was coming. He was lying, not in his own house,—wise doctors had forbidden that,—but in one of the large hotels in Venice, fighting for his life. He lived, but the world was never the same to him again. His youth, his hopes, his heart, all lay in the grave of his young wife. He was never the same.

When he was strong enough to travel, he returned home, and his parents were almost beside themselves with grief at his changed face.

"A fever caught in Italy," explained it all. Lady Brandon sighed mournfully over it. "Ah! if he had but been content to stay at home."

Then he realized what he had done, what he had suffered, what he had lost.

He was not ashamed of his marriage, but he shut up the sweet, sad love-story in his heart, guarding it as a miser guards his gold—not to have saved his life could he have spoken Giulia's name. It seemed impossible to him that any one could understand that sweet, mad love of his.

How should they? And he could not tell them. He shut up the sweet, sad story in his heart and lived on it. People called him proud and cold, reserved and silent; they never dreamed of the burning love beneath the ice; there was no one who ever suspected him of a wild, passionate love and a sorrow that would be his until he died. Time passed on; he grew stronger; the full tide of health and strength returned to him, and with it came a longing to take his share in the full, active life around him.

He plunged into the hottest fray of political life; his speeches rang through all England. Men named him with the deepest admiration; he was a power in the state; he spent his days in work, his nights in study. Did he forget?

At times, when the busy members around him were disputing vehemently, he found himself standing on the Rialto at Venice, gazing at a sweet girl's face. He found himself under the vines, with roses and passion-flowers clustering at his feet, white hands warmly clasped in his own and a golden head lying on his breast. They wondered, those who watched him, why at times he rose suddenly with a stifling cry, flinging out his arms as though the breath of life failed him. They thought the passion of his own words moved him. How should they guess of the sweet, short love, and the tragedy which had ended it?

Time passed on. Sir Francis grew old and feeble; his one longing was to see his son married before he died. The first time he mentioned it, Jasper drew back with horror on his face.

"Marry!" He with his heart in that far-off grave! And the father, looking into his son's face, saw a tragedy there. He said no more to him for a long time; but one day when he was weak and ill, he cried out:

"Jasper you must marry. My son, let me see your children round my knees before I die."

The words touched him greatly; and that same day his mother came to him with a pleased, expectant look on her face.

"Jasper," she said, the daughter of my dearest friend is coming to Queen's Chace, Marie Valdoraine, and I should die happy if I could see her your wife."

Lady Marie came, a handsome, animated blonde, with the worship of Mammon in her heart. She was most lively and fascinating. She won the heart of Sir Francis. She made Lady Brandon love her; even Jasper, with the shadow of his dead love darkening his life, was pleased with her. Lady Marie Valdoraine was of the world worldly; she knew the just value of everything.

She saw that there was no position in England more enviable than that of Lady Brandon of Queen's Chace, and she determined that it should be hers. She devoted herself so entirely to Jasper that in a certain way he relied upon her; her keen worldly knowledge and her just appreciation of persons and things were useful to him.

"If you are really going to devote your life to politics," said a friend to him one day, "you should marry Lady Marie. She could manage everything for you."

And the end of it was that, to give pleasure to his parents, he married Lady Marie. But he was not quite honest with her. He did not tell her the story of his marriage; he could not have borne her questions, her wonder, her remarks, and have lived; his dead love was too sacred, far too sacred for that, but he told her that he had no love to give her, but honor and esteem only.

Lady Marie smiled in the most charming manner. She mentally congratulated herself—if she could have all the good things that belonged to Queen's Chace without being teased about love, so much the better.

The marriage took place, and every one thought well of it; people said it was the most suitable match they had ever known—universal approval followed it. Sir Francis declared he had nothing left to live for. Lady Brandon was quite content.

As time passed on, it became more and more evident that the marriage was a most suitable one. Lady Marie Brandon flung herself, heart and soul, into her husband's interests; he owned, himself, that she was his right hand. When his reasoning, his clear, pitiless logic failed, then her powers of fascination succeeded. Lady Marie Brandon became a power, in her way; her season in town was always one of brilliant success, her drawing-rooms were always crowded, people attended her balls and soirees as though they had received royal biddings.

Jasper had his reward. When old Sir Francis lay dying, he called his son to his bedside and laid his trembling hands in blessing on him.

"You have been a good son to me, Jasper," he said. "You have never given me a moment's sorrow or pain. So in dying I bless you and thank you."

They were pleasant words; they repaid him for having sacrificed his inclination and married Lady Marie Valdoraine. Old Sir Francis died with a smile on his face, and Jasper succeeded him.

Some months afterward a little daughter was born to him, who by his mother's wish, was called Katherine; and when Katherine was a child of seven, Lady Brandon died. Then Jasper and his wife took up their abode in Queen's Chace.

He was centered in the beautiful young heiress. She was just seventeen, and a more perfectly lovely ideal of an English girl could not have been found. To look at her was a pleasure. The tall, slender figure, with its perfect lines and curves; the face, with its glow of youthful health; the subtle grace of movement; the free, easy carriage; the quick, graceful step,—were all as pleasant as they were rare. Like her mother, she was a blonde beauty, but she had more color, greater vigor. Her hair was of golden brown—pure gold in the sunlight, brown in the shade.

Her eyes were of a lovely violet hue; they looked like pansies steeped in dew. Her face had a most exquisite color—lilies and roses so perfectly blended that it was impossible to tell where one began and the

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The time came when his name was a tower of strength in the land, when men rejoiced to see him at the head of the mightiest party, when he became the very hope of the nation from his clear, calm judgment, his earnest truth, his marvelous talents. No one ever asked if he were happy in the midst of it all.

CHAPTER II.

Seventeen years had passed since the birth of Katherine Brandon, and no other child had been given to Queen's Chace. The long-wished-for heir had never appeared, and the hopes of both parents

other ended. The mouth was beautiful, the lips were sweet and arch, revealing little white teeth that shone like pearls; a lovely dimpled chin, a white rounded throat, and beautiful hands completed the list of charms. There was an air of vitality and health about her that was irresistible.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

In Asthma and Bronchitis.

Norway Pine Syrup gives great relief rendering breathing easy and natural and enabling the sufferer to enjoy refreshing sleep, while a permanent cure often results.

New Brunswick Legislature.

FREDERICTON, Feb. 27.—Powell committed a bill consolidating and amending the acts incorporating and relating to the city of Moncton, Howe chairman. Agreed to with amendments.

Salaries under the probate bill as agreed to with amendments are as follows:

	Judge.	Registrar.
St. John city and county.....	\$2400	\$1500
Kings.....	750	600
Queens.....	275	175
Sunbury.....	70	56
York.....	650	520
Carleton.....	350	280
Victoria.....	70	56
Madawaska.....	40	32
Restigouche.....	125	65
Gloucester.....	100	80
Northumberland.....	300	205
Kent.....	220	180
Westmorland.....	1050	650
Albert.....	150	120
Charlotte.....	575	415

Blair introduced a bill amending the Elections act of 1889, respecting the representation of certain counties in the province in the Legislative assembly. He said the bill proposes to add one member each to the representation of Madawaska, Victoria, Carleton, Kent and Gloucester. It also proposed to give one member to the city of Moncton, and three to that part of Westmorland outside of Moncton. It further proposed to give one member to the city of Fredericton, and three to that part of York outside of Fredericton. The total proposed increase in the representation of the province was therefore five members. The government did not propose to have the bill considered before Friday and he would move that it be now read a second time.

Piinder opposed the second reading of the bill now, as it had not been distributed.

Adjourned.

FREDERICTON, Mar. 1.—Mr. Mitchell recommitted the bill amending the N. B. elections act, Mr. Killam chairman. Bill agreed to with amendments.

Mr. Martin committed the bill enabling the municipality of Madawaska to relieve certain mills from taxation, Mr. Pitts chairman. Agreed to with amendments.

Mr. Phinney committed the bill authorizing the municipality of Kent to borrow money to pay county school warrants, Mr. Pitts chairman. Bill agreed to with amendments.

Mr. Dibblee committed the bill authorizing municipality of Carleton to effect temporary loans. Mr. Pitts chairman. Bill agreed to with amendments, making it applicable to Westmorland county.

Mr. Ferris committed the bill to incorporate the Colonial Iron and Steel Company (limited), Mr. Flewelling chairman.

Mr. White committed the bill to further amend the act relating to proceedings and practice in the Supreme court, Mr. Killam chairman.

Adjourned.

A LIBERAL FARMER.

He would Pay \$100 for One Fifty Cent Article if the Price were Raised that High.

NEWCOMB MILLS, Feby. 25.—Chester Loomis of this place is willing to pay \$100 for what can now be bought for fifty cents, in case the price rose to that figure. Mr. Loomis says Dodd's Kidney Pills are worth that to him or any man afflicted with kidney disease. He ought to know, too, for he had kidney disease so bad for some years that he could do no work and could not ride in a buggy because of the pain it gave him to do so. Dodd's Kidney Pills cured him and he is willing to make affidavit to this fact if his plain statement is not thought sufficient.

Interesting Things About the Bible.

We take the following statement from The Belfast Witness: "Bible students will be pleased to hear that an inscription recording a seven years' famine has been discovered in Egypt. This new and important discovery throws light on more than one question. It gives to Biblical scholars the fact that a seven years' famine, such as we find recorded in the Bible, is by no means impossible, and the geographical information contained in the inscription is such as might satisfy geographers. The tablet is written in the hieroglyphic character, and is dated in the eighteenth year of a king called Tasert, who probably reigned about B. C. 300—250. This date would, of course, be too late for Joseph, but the text does not actually refer to the famine as having taken place in the reign of Tasert, but refers to an event.

Brutally Murders His Aged and Infirm Mother.

EAST LEBANON, Maine, Feb. 27.—The town of East Lebanon was very much excited this morning by a brutal murder and attempted suicide. The crime was committed by a man 38 years old, named Leroy Fernald, the only son of the late Selectman John L. Fernald, and his victim was his mother, a woman 60 years old.

It was about 8 o'clock this morning the farmers residing in the vicinity of Fernald place saw a barn on fire and rushed to the rescue.

Arriving on the scene of the fire not a soul was to be found. It was at first supposed that Mrs. Fernald and her son Leroy must have perished in the flames, when some one chanced to look into the house and smelled smoke. On further search Mrs. Fernald was found lying by the side of a burning bed with her skull fractured and a bloody hammer lying near her.

A search for the son was at once commenced but it was nearly noon when he was found crouching in a remote part of the attic, where he had crawled to await a horrible death by fire. An aged relative of the Fernalds, who resided with them was found a little later near the house of a neighbor overcome by exhaustion and fright.

She said that Leroy had done the morning chores and gone out to the barn a second time for something. When he came in he said something about burning up the house and barn, and dragged his mother into the bedroom, and struck her several times with a hammer, then set the bed on fire.

The old lady, who alone of the family survives, then escaped from the house. She says Leroy was wildly insane when he committed the horrible deed. The barn, six horses and a cow were taken. Leroy Fernald was arrested and taken to Alfred jail this afternoon.

ALFRED, Me., Feb. 28.—Leroy A. Fernald who murdered his mother in their home in East Lebanon yesterday morning, and after setting the building on fire ran to an attic to await death in the flames made a desperate attempt at suicide in jail this morning. He is in a critical condition.

A Humorous Fact

About Hood's Sarsaparilla—it expels bad humor and creates good humor. A battle for blood is what Hood's Sarsaparilla vigorously fights, and is always victorious in expelling foul taints and giving the vital fluid the quality and quantity of perfect health. It cures scrofula, salt rheum, boils and other diseases.

Hood's PILLS act easily, yet promptly and efficiently on the bowels and liver, 25c.

St. Swithin and Rain.

The superstitions referring to particular days are very numerous. The legend of St. Swithin is an example that will occur to everyone:—

St. Swithin's Day if thou dost rain,
For forty days it will remain;
St. Swithin's Day if thou be fair,
For forty days 'twill rain a rare mair.

St. Swithin, Bishop of Winchester, according to the author of "The Popular Antiquities," was "a man equally noted for uprightness and humility. So far did he carry the latter virtue that on his deathbed he requested to be buried, not within the church, but outside the churchyard on the north of the sacred building, where his corpse might receive the eaves-droppings from the roof and his grave be trodden by the feet of passers-by. His wily request was complied with, and in this neglected spot his remains reposed till about 100 years afterward, when a fit of pious indignation seized the clergy at the fact that the body of so holy a member of their order was allowed to occupy such a position, and on an appointed day they all assembled to convey it with great pomp to the adjoining cathedral of Winchester. When they were about to commence the ceremony, a heavy rain burst forth and continued without intermission for the forty succeeding days. The monks interpreted this tempest as a warning from heaven of the blasphemous nature of their attempt to contravene the direction of St. Swithin, and, instead of disturbing his remains, they erected a chapel over his grave." "St. Swithin is christening the apples" is the more poetical way of describing St. Swithin's rain.—The Gentleman's Magazine.

To search out impurities and drive them from the system is the work of Burdock Blood Bitters: thus B. B. cures dyspepsia, constipation, bad blood, biliousness and all diseases of the stomach, liver, bowels and blood.

Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria.