

**RUN DOWN WITH  
DYSPEPSIA  
STOMACH  
Liver  
AND HEART  
AFFECTED.  
Almost in Despair  
But Finally  
CURED  
By Taking  
AYER'S PILLS**

"For fifteen years, I was a great sufferer from indigestion in its worst forms. I tested the skill of many doctors, but grew worse and worse, until I became so weak I could not walk fifty yards without having to sit down and rest. My stomach, liver, and heart became affected, and I thought I would surely die. I tried Ayer's Pills and they helped me right away. I continued their use and am now entirely well. I don't know of anything that will so quickly relieve and cure the terrible suffering of dyspepsia as Ayer's Pills."—JOHN C. FRITCHARD, Brodie, Warren Co., N. C.

**AYER'S PILLS**  
Received Highest Awards  
AT THE WORLD'S FAIR

**FATE OF MADAME JONIAUX.**

**Full History of This Woman's Crime,  
Which Has But Few Parallels  
in Modern Times.**

ANTWERP, February 7.—The appeal of Madame Joniaux against the sentence of death, imposed upon her in the courts here, will be heard in the near future, but the woman's friends are hopeless of remitting the life imprisonment, which a sentence of death is construed to mean in the courts of this country.

Marie Joniaux, the Belgian poisoner, who begins her life sentence for the murder of her brother, her sister and her uncle, has not a parallel among civilized nations in this century. The prisoner is the most desperately wicked of murderers, because poison is a weapon which can only be used with deliberation and can never be used even with the self-deceiving semblance of passion. But there have been many poisoners, many more, doubtless, than the law has reached. To murder and to murder by poison, the members of one's own family, is a climax of wickedness, but that, too, has been reached before. But never in this century has a series of these crimes been done by a person of the highest education, the most assured social position and the soundest and sanest intellect. For this Marie Joniaux is the daughter of that distinguished Belgian cavalry leader, Gen. Jules Ablay. She was born in 1842, that is, she is now fifty-three years old. Not only was her father a General, but also his two brothers, one of them being aide-de-camp to King Leopold. Thus this woman was carefully educated and trained, and was from her childhood accustomed to the best society of Belgium.

She was a comely girl, but, being without fortune, counted herself as doing exceedingly well, when, at twenty-two, she became the wife of Frederick Faber, the author of several books of criticism and a member of an excellent Belgian family. She was reasonably happy in her married life, and continued to move in the society to which she had been accustomed, although this life caused the Fabers not a little anxiety on the subject of money. When Mme. Faber was about 40 years old, this pressure for money matters, becoming greater as Mme. Faber's desire for social leadership grew stronger, gradually estranged her and her husband. He was not ambitious socially, and his wife's continual struggles seemed foolish and useless to him.

Among the intimate friends of the Fabers was a young government engineer named Henri Joniaux, a widower with three children, a man of fine personal appearance, of small means and of gnawing ambition. He and Mme. Faber became great friends and were continually about together, to the great delight of M. Faber, who had the gout and loved his big chair and his books. In 1884 M. Faber, who had heavily insured his life for his wife's benefit, died suddenly of the gout. The widow had a small fortune in the life insurance, and for two years lived with her widowed mother, whose pension from the government was barely sufficient to support herself and her unmarried daughters. At the end of two years Mme. Faber quite naturally became Mme. Joniaux, and these two spirits, with their congenial tastes for shining and dominating, were able to work out their destinies together. In 1888 Joniaux, who was rising rapidly, thanks to his abilities, supplemented by the influence of his powerful family, was made Chief State Engineer of Roads and Bridges for the Province of Antwerp, and moved from Brussels to Antwerp. All the money his wife had got from her first husband's insurance was spent, and his salary, their only income, was but \$2000 a year. This means a good deal more in Antwerp than it would in New York. But it was not enough to sustain any sort of a social show.

Therefore those who knew the Joniaux family well wondered how they were able to keep up the fine establishment in the big white stone house in the Rue des Nerviens. But Mme. Joniaux was so

gentle and sweet and pious, and her husband was so good looking and popular, that nobody was willing to believe that the whole structure was built upon credit, that the Joniaux family owed everybody and were on the verge of being sold out every day. This state of affairs, which must have caused Mme. Joniaux many sleepless nights, kept on for four years. Then the crash was imminent and then came a windfall.

In the autumn of 1891 Leonie Ablay, Mme. Joniaux's youngest sister came up to visit her and to enjoy the social season which was gayer nowhere than in the big mansion in the Rue des Nerviens. Soon after her arrival Mme. Joniaux insured Leonie's life for \$14,000 in favor of Mlle. Faber the only child of the first marriage. In mid-February Leonie Ablay fell sick, and on February 24 died of pneumonia, complicated with influenza. Soon after her death the insurance companies paid her over the \$14,000, and Mme. Joniaux paid her most pressing debts.

It was well known to the friends of the Joniaux family that they had great expectations from Mme. Joniaux's uncle, Jacques Van den Kerchove, the bachelor manufacturer of Ghent, rich and generous but abominably healthy. In Ghent he was liked by everybody, was a member of all the best social organizations and had been elected a Senator. In March, 1893, the King made him an officer of the order of Leopold, and he sent out cards for a banquet for that evening. For several years he had been living with a young woman of Ghent, and in 1888 she presented him with a son, he had got so fond of her and her boy that he privately legitimized the boy and made a will, in his favor. He had planned to make public this fact at the banquet, and also to announce his approaching marriage with the boy's mother. But the Joniaux family knew nothing of this when they invited the old man, for with all his vigor—he was over sixty—to come over to a banquet they were giving on the evening of March 16, in honor of M. Joniaux's promotion to be a director of engines. M. Van den Kerchove was one of the jolliest of the many jolly guests at that dinner. It lasted for five hours, and just as the last toasts were being drunk the old man gasped, fell back in a fit and died of apoplexy before morning. M. Joniaux supposed that, of course, his wife was the heir, and took an early train for Ghent to enter into possession. He found the young woman and her son and several of M. Van den Kerchove's friends there, laughing, joking, getting ready for the banquet. He asked them all to leave, announcing the old man's death and declaring himself as the representative of his wife, the heir. The young woman entered at his insulting treatment of her, let him know right shortly the truth he did not suspect.

The Joniaux were thus cheated of the profit they expected through the old man's death, and, although they felt that a contest was hopeless, they went to law and some of the suits are still pending. The insurance money for the much-mourned Leonie was all gone, the prospect of wealth had vanished, the debts were piled up and were piling higher daily. The end of 1893 found the Joniaux, husband and wife, living as extravagantly as ever, but spending the nights in discussing how to placate the creditors who dogged them by day.

About this time a letter came from Mme. Joniaux's elder brother, Alfred Ablay the only scamp in the family. He had been kicked out of the Belgian army for drunkenness. He had rambled all over the world, carousing, getting into trouble and living by his wits which grew duller every day. At last, desperate and at the end of his resources, he wrote his sister from Paris. To his joy and amazement she wrote him the friendliest letter in the world, asking him to come and visit her.

He arrived early in February and Mme. Joniaux at once insured his life in her favor with the Gresham Company, of London, for \$20,000. Soon thereafter he fell sick, and before any decision had been reached on the suit he had brought against his son for support he died at Mme. Joniaux's house. Everybody in Antwerp was telling how devoted Mme. Joniaux had been to this wayward brother and how misfortunes had lashed her resigned and beautiful soul, when the agents of the Gresham Company appeared and fell to prying about. Some people began to whisper and then to talk openly. And at last, on April 16 of last year, Mme. Joniaux was arrested.

But she never flinched from the first. They dug up the three bodies, but they found traces of poison only in the last buried, that of Alfred Ablay, Mme. Joniaux was so confident, so resigned and cheerful that opinion was suspended. When they came to see her they found her the lady born and bred, courteous, calm, with clear, gray eyes, looking honestly from a face in which fifty-three years had left many traces of trial and suffering. Then came the trial, and although no witness ever made a better showing, her guilt was made clear.

The whole horrible story of the woman's struggles and crimes was laid bare. The money-lenders came and told how they had threatened to close in upon her just before each death and how she had fought with them for time, trembling, sobbing, cursing and at last promising to have the money in a few days. Police officers and

proprietors of gambling resorts in the various watering places of Europe told how she had gambled there, how in private games she had been caught cheating and had not been exposed because of her high social position. She had run up and down Europe gambling, making acquaintances and borrowing money.

The servants in her own household told how she had wheeled them into lending her their savings. Callers at her house, members of Antwerp's high society, told of the curious pretenses on which she got loans. She had written letters to every one she knew, and for one reason or another, had got gifts or loans from everybody. The servants and the friends also told of the splendor and extravagance of her domestic establishment. The tradespeople helped to fill out the details of this part of the story with their accounts of the huge bills she had run, and also completed the picture of her harassments with their accounts of how they had wrestled with her in vain for settlements.

Then came the story of the poisonings, of the buying of morphine and antipyrine of the sudden deaths and the payments of insurance money. The connection was too close, the inference was inevitable. They put the woman herself on the stand and accused her and cross-examined her. She had an answer at every point. She was shrewd and apparently frank, and never contradicted herself. She wept when tears were necessary, she stormed when storming would be effective, she was the quiet self-contained, consciously innocent woman of high birth and high position when there was need of that attitude.

But all her adroitness and all the eloquence of her lawyers were useless. There could be but one verdict, and that verdict came in the early hours of yesterday morning. She received the verdict and the death sentence which followed with perfect calmness. She wore the mask of innocence to the last.

Under the Belgian law this sentence of death must be commuted to a sentence of life imprisonment. But this life imprisonment is of such a hideous form that death must soon follow. They will put her in a cell, into which daylight cannot penetrate. She will never see a human being, never hear a human voice again. They will push her food in through a slit in the wall of her cell. She will go mad at the end of a few months if death does not come first. Even the most stupid and degraded have succumbed to this horror of living burial within two years.

**Piles! Piles! Itching Piles.**

**SYMPTOMS**—Moisture; intense itching and stinging; most at night; worse by scratching. If allowed to continue tumors form, which often bleed and ulcerate, becoming very sore. SWAYNE'S OINTMENT stops the itching and bleeding, heals ulceration, and in most cases removes the tumors. At druggists, or by mail, for 50 cents. Dr. Swayne & Son, Philadelphia. Lyman Sons & Co., Montreal, wholesale agents.



**JENKINS.**—At Chatham, Feb. 1st., to the wife of Fred Jenkins, a daughter.

**FAULKNER.**—At Kingston on Friday, 8th, to the wife of Capt. James Faulkner, a son.

**DEGRACE.**—At St. Louis, Feb. 7th, to the wife of John Degrace, a son.

**LONG.**—At Richibucto, Feb. 8th, to the wife of James Long, a daughter.



**BLANCHARD.**—At Richibucto, Feb. 7, Susan Blanchard, aged 6 years.

**FEARON.**—At Main River, Feb. 1st, Mrs. Robert Fearon, aged 64 years and 19 months.

**Nerves**

REGULATE and CONTROL

- the Brain
- the Stomach
- the Heart
- the Lungs
- the Muscles
- the Intestines
- the Liver
- and Kidneys.

**WEAK NERVES ARE MADE STRONG**

BY  
**HAWKER'S  
Nerve and Stomach  
TONIC.**

It gives new strength and vigor to Nerves, Brain, Stomach, and Blood, and all weakened organs.

All Druggists sell it. 50c a Bottle. Six for \$2.50. Mfd. only by Hawker Medicine Co. Ltd., St. John, N. B.

**Alizerine Blue---** THE NEW COLOR FOR GENTS' LIGHT SUITS AND LADIES' DRESSES.

**AMERICAN DYE WORKS CO.'Y.** OFFICE, SOUTH SIDE KING SQUARE.

WORKS, ELM STREET, NORTH END.

SAINT JOHN, NEW BRUNSWICK.

Orders from a distance by Express or otherwise promptly attended to.

**Interesting Information**

FOR ALL READERS OF THE REVIEW.

That Short's Cherry Chlor is the best all around preparation for Coughs and Colds in the Market, the public of Richibucto are rapidly finding out. We sold considerable the first winter, more the second, and this winter it has become a regular thing in a great many homes, especially where there are small children. The preparation has been in use for thirty (30) years, and this fact speaks more for its merit than words possibly can.

**"CHERRY CHLOR"**  
CURES Coughs and Colds Quickly!  
RELIEVES Asthma and Bronchitis Quickly!  
PREVENTS Congestion of the Lungs that so often follows severe colds!  
It is pleasant to take, and penetrates every part of the Throat and Lungs, producing a feeling of immediate warmth and relief.  
Price 25c. per bottle.

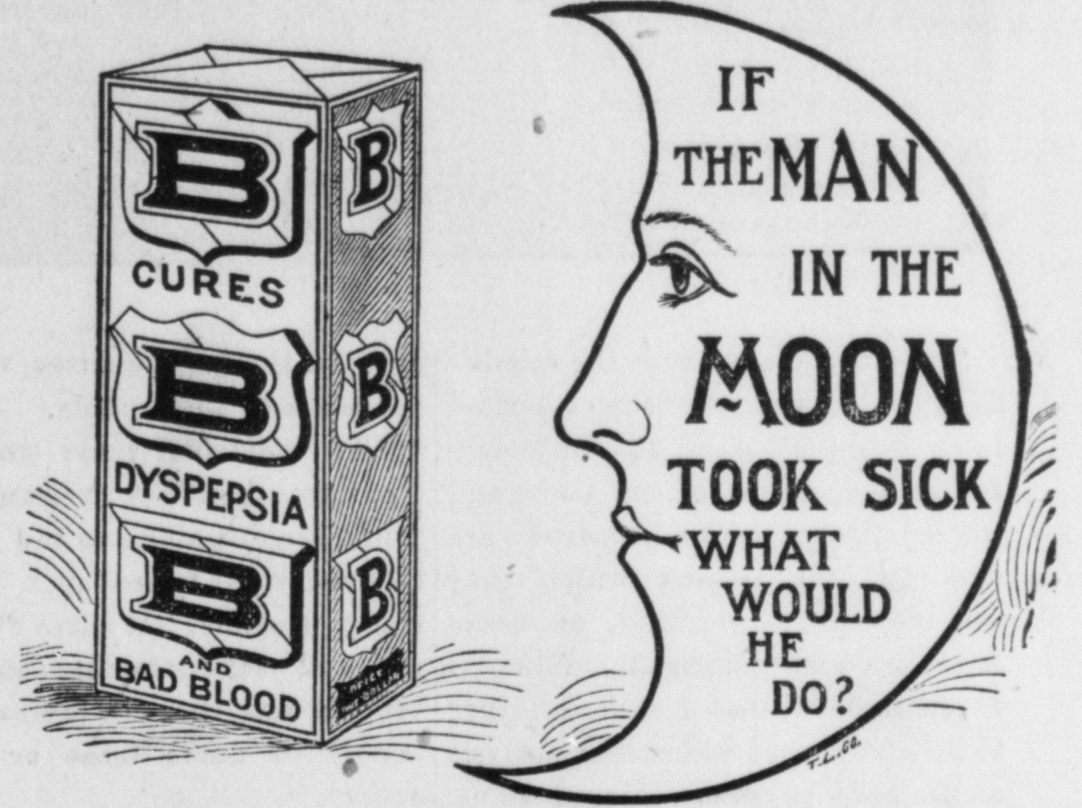
**W. W. SHORT, RICHIBUCTO,**  
Wholesale & Retail Agent.

A man went to a well with a five-quart can and a three-quart can. He wanted to bring back four quarts of water. How will he measure this? Answer—He fills the five quart can. Out of the five-quart can he fills the three-quart can; he throws the three quarts away, and pours the two quarts into the three-quart can. He fills the five-quart can again, and fills up the three-quart can out of this, which takes one quart out of the five-quart can. Therefore he has four left, accurately measured.—Edinburgh Scotsman.

**Rheumatism Cured in a Day.**

South American Rheumatic Cure for Rheumatism and Neuralgia radically cures in 1 to 3 days. Its action upon the system is remarkable and mysterious. It removes at once the cause and the disease immediately disappears. The first dose greatly benefits. 75 cents. For sale by W. W. Short, druggist, agent for Kent Co. \*

Jim French and "Verdigris" Kid, two members of the Cook gang, were killed Wednesday night while attempting to rob the general store of W. C. Patton & Co., at Cattoosa, I. T. All the notorious murderers and thieves of the Cook gang are now either dead or in prison.



**JUST SPEND HIS FOUR QUARTERS FOR A BOTTLE OF BURDOCK BLOOD BITTERS AS ALL SENSIBLE PEOPLE DO; BECAUSE IT CURES DYSPEPSIA, CONSTIPATION, BILIOUSNESS, BAD BLOOD, AND ALL DISEASES OF THE STOMACH, LIVER, KIDNEYS AND BOWELS.**

IF YOU WANT TO GET SOME

**NEW IDEAS FOR  
House  
Finishing,**

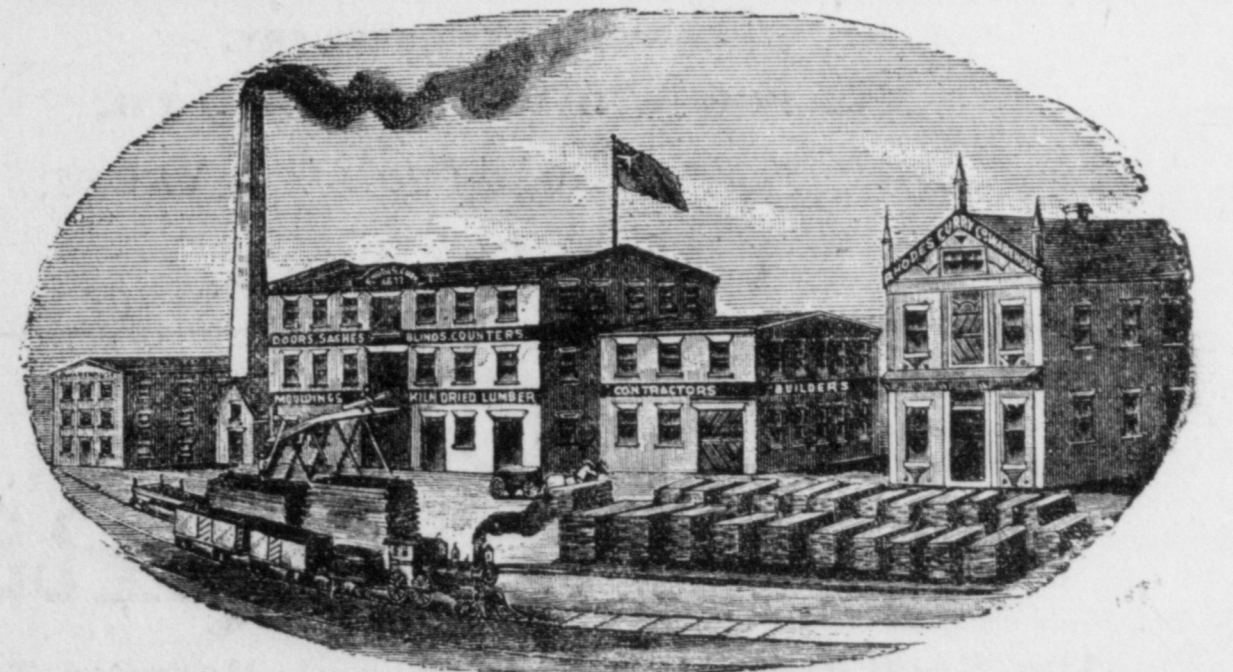
EXTERIOR OR INTERIOR,

Send for our new and finely illustrated Catalogue.

500,000 feet Best Grades **SOFT PINE** always in Stock.

**HALEY BROS. & CO.,**  
Manufacturers.

SAINT JOHN, N. B.



**RHODES, CURRY & CO., Amherst, N. S.**

**Manufacturers & Builders.** 1,000,000 FEET OF LUMBER KEPT IN STOCK.  
Walnut, Cherry, Ash, Birch, Beech, Pine and Whitewood, House Finish, Doors, Sashes, Blinds, Wood Mantels, Mouldings, &c. "CABINET TRIM FINISH," for Dwellings, Drug Stores, Offices, &c. SCHOOL OFFICE, CHURCH, and HOUSE FURNITURE, &c. Bricks, Lime, Cement, Calculated Plaster, &c. Manufacturers of all kinds of Builders' Materials. Send for Estimates.

**SEED OATS!**

5000 Bush. Ontario White Seed Oats, 1000 Bush. J. E. I. Black Seed Oats,  
500 Sugar Cured Hams, 200 Pails Pure Lard  
50 Tubs Butter, choice quality, 50 Bbls. Black Potatoes,  
20 Bbls. Short Cut Roll Bacon.

TELEPHONE 260 A.

LOWEST PRICES

**A. C. SMITH & CO.,**  
CARLETON, ST. JOHN, N. B.

WHOLESALE PRODUCE DEALERS AND COMMISSION MERCHANTS.

PRODUCE BOUGHT FOR CASH, OR SOLD ON COMMISSION.

CORRESPONDENCE SOLICITED.

SEALED TENDERS addressed to the undersigned, and endorsed Tender for "BURNT CHURCH WORK" will be received at this office until Tuesday the 26th instant, for the construction of a wharf at Burnt Church, Northumberland County, New Brunswick, according to a plan and specification to be seen on and after the 11th instant at the Post-Offices of Newcastle and Chatham, and at the Department of Public Works, Ottawa. Tenders will not be considered unless made on form supplied, and signed with the actual signatures of tenderers. An accepted bank cheque, payable to the order of the Minister of Public Works, equal to five per cent of amount of tender, must accompany each tender. This cheque will be forfeited if the party declines the contract, or fails to complete the work contracted for, and will be returned in case of non-acceptance of tender. The Department does not bind itself to accept the lowest or any tender.

By order,  
E. F. SEAY,  
SECRETARY.

Department of Public Works, Ottawa,  
2nd February, 1895.