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A CREOLE'S REVENGE.

BY CARL E. GROENEVELT.

"Marry the daughter of that viper, and all I am possessed of shall be yours. Curse those words, why will they eternally ring in my brain?"

Urgently summoned in my professional capacity of physician to the residence of Mr. Narcisse Ledoux in Rue Esplanade during the fatal yellow-fever epidemic of '78, I traversed the deserted, narrow and tortuous banquettes in the French quarter of New Orleans. Scores of houses I passed, upon the doors and gateways of which were tacked telltale bits of crape, the gauzy stuff visibly quivering in the scorching rays of a July sun. All traffic had ceased. Every soul capable of fleeing the city had done so, and no sound save the hurried motion of an improvised hearse, rumbling over the streets, disturbed the graveyard quiet, and it was with no sigh of regret that I entered the arched and imposing gateway of the Ledoux abode.

Ascending a flight of white marble steps with balusters of artistically wrought iron leading upstairs, and entering a darkened apartment, the above-quoted sentence fell upon my ears.

One glance at the sallow, jaundiced color of my patient, combined with the singular odor pervading the room, immediately convinced me that the dread emissary of the Grim Reaper, which for months had been depopulating the Crescent City, now entwined another victim in his greedy embrace. The negro nurse, in awe of his master, had allowed the richly embroidered and flowered coverlet, in keeping with the lavish furnishings of the room, to be thrown aside, revealing the invalid's swollen-veined hands crossed on his heaving breast, while a fever-racked head, tossing from side to side scanty gray locks, told that the age usually allotted to man had been passed. Aware of my presence, no further words escaped him, and after giving the necessary directions to the colored attendant, who, with his master, was apparently the only inmate of the large rambling house, I departed.

Calling next day and many days thereafter, my patient's condition varied; sometimes answering my questions rationally, oftener, however, he lay in a semi-conscious state and gave evidence that he labored under some great mental anxiety, some ever-present, all-absorbing thought. Finally the crisis was passed, and he be-

came convalescent, although the fever left complications which must eventually prove fatal. During this period it was that the words I first heard him utter, and which had for the moment aroused my curiosity, were of his own accord made clear to me.

From an inner portion of the house his lounge was wheeled to an apartment opening on a piazza. The room was wainscoted and floored with black oak, the mullioned window facing the west. The fierce noonday sun had melted into the light of a September afternoon, dimly revealing the furniture, an odd, delightful jumble of antique beauty and modern comfort, the whole overlooking a garden greatly neglected, but which for luxuriant beauty only in southern countries is possible.

My patient's back rested against a cushion; his hands twitched nervously, his eyes now shining with an unnatural lustre now half shut as in a dream or under the soft influence of some narcotic.

"Promise me that you will hear me out before you flee my presence as from that of a monster," said he.

In vain I strove to impress upon his mind the necessity of refraining from undue excitement; and thus it was I listened to the story which I here transcribe.

"Fool that I am," continued he. "Why has not my knife pierced this loose-wrinkled throat? And yet I am possessed by a longing first to unburden my heart of a secret. I have done so great a wrong that to live is worse than meeting the unknown and natural horror of death. It is said that vengeance is sweet, but instead, like the fruition of our fondest desires, it turns oftenest to bitter gall.

"As you know, I am a Creole and loved with a Creole's passion—yes, with an idolatrous worship. You could not peel a fruit you fear to bruise more carefully than I studied and humored each whim of Désirée La Reve. I see her now as I saw her then, my promised bride. A few hours more and we should tread the gates of paradise.

"Again I see her with proud head bent and heartstricken, a victim to her broken yows and my vengeance. That face persists, it haunts me, its lineaments are burned into my brain. Fortune smiled on us, and society gave us its fickle homage; but at the last moment Désirée played me false, eloping on her bridal eve and wedding my former rival, Pierre de Jarreau, a man whom I hated and despised. I would call, 'Désirée! Désirée!' with the shrieks of desperate creatures for their dead. Kind friends in vain would have me forget and forgive her who was able to strangle my soul in a mesh of her dusky hair. And yet I lived. Oh, why did they not commit me to a madhouse! I swore that if I had to wait until those raven tresses were streaked with gray Désirée would be made to suffer by my hand. I was haunted, the one thought evolving torture—exquisite torture worthy of the Inquisition. A year went by, and, as if in mockery of my curses, a daughter was born to her. Not long after this occurrence I was possessed suddenly by an inspiration, and in a very ecstasy of delight I laid my plans.

"I shudder now at the great wave of fierce joy that pervaded my entire being.

"One of my slaves was a youth scarcely in his teens, an octoroon. Next day I engaged passage for myself and slave to France. But why recount the years that intervened, during which Estelle, the daughter of Désirée, blossomed into perfect womanhood? Suffice it to say that by every means revenge was instilled into the mind of my protégé. It became part of his education, his existence, and meant wealth, culture, luxury, position.

"Receiving the education of a Parisian of high social standing, no outward sign of the foul taint of negro blood visible, well molded and comely, of commanding height and lithe frame, his face dark and clear-cut as a Neapolitan's, can it be wondered that he was the winning card in the game of hearts?"

"Marry the daughter of Désirée, and all I am possessed of shall be yours," said I. "Marry her, but tell no one the story of your birth; keep that for your secret."

"I finally returned to New Orleans with my foster son, to whom I gave the name, Narcisse Ledoux, and made him my heir, and as such I introduced him into New Orleans society.

"So distinguished in appearance, so cultured and refined was he, that the élite were proud to do him honor and he soon won the heart and the hand of the beautiful Estelle. A year later a child was born to him, but it was dark as an Arab and possessed typical African features. Never for a moment did the innocent, confiding girl or her mother suspect the master fiend's handiwork, but rather considered this affliction as a visitation for

some unchronicled crime committed by an ancestor, a gay gallant of la belle France; and Narcisse said nothing.

"Time passed, and another child was born, and the same sorrow befell the mother. Still Narcisse said nothing, and I gloated in my triumph.

"Mme. Désirée de Jarreau, now widowed, lived with her daughter Estelle and son-in-law Narcisse. After the second affliction the family left New Orleans and dwelt at their country villa in Pascagoula, a small town in Southern Mississippi; and here was the crowning of my revenge consummated.

"At table they sat. The Bay of Pascagoula is rippling before the land breeze, one sheet of living flame. The mighty forests are sparkling with myriad fireflies. The lazy mist which lounges round the sand dunes shines golden in the sunset rays; then the rose fades to leaden hue, till stars flash out, one by one, and again are shed across the bay long yellow lines of rippling light; the air is heavy with the scent of flowers and quivering with the murmur of the Gulf, the humming of countless insects. Yet into this spot, which might have served as a model for heaven, man's hell followed.

"Flushed with wine, Narcisse began a dispute, and Désirée, denying some statement, said to him:

"Oh, you can call me nothing! How well I know your ways! You are not the foster son, but the true son of, my old lover, Narcisse Ledoux, whom I jilted."

"The supreme moment of revenge had come. It glided in like some gaudy snake and unwreathed its coils round all his heart and brain, and the man who had been trained for it from boyhood was equal to the occasion.

"Raising himself to his full height, he glared at the still lovely Désirée and hissed:

"You do not know who I am. I am the negro son of Delphine, the parlour seller in Canal Street. I am not white at all; and it was to please and avenge my foster father, Narcisse Ledoux, I married your daughter and have made you the grandmother of negro children."

"With a shriek the wretched woman snatched a knife from the table, rushed at Narcisse and would have stabbed him, but his wife sprang between them.

"He is my husband," she said, simply.

"Whatever his crime, he is my husband, and it is too late. I love him."

"When the hurricane has spent its fury and laid low many a giant oak a sweet wild flower will sometimes lift its modest head serenely above the dreary waste, its delicate petals unscathed by the storm's rude blast.

"So the young wife, her soul shining out pure and radiant through the darkness of her wrecked and clouded life, refused to leave her husband, although aware that in his veins coursed negro blood.

"Désirée, goaded to madness and foiled in her attempt to stab Narcisse, turned the point of the knife against herself and fell mortally wounded at his feet. I was avenged."

Soon exhausted nature in slumber brought him for the moment peace, while I, conscious of the futility of nostrums, retired, knowing that ere long the earthly woes of him who had greatly sinned and as deeply suffered would be over. During the three months preceding and succeeding the death of Narcisse Ledoux I verified the truth of his story, the peculiar and wretched features of his wasted life, and that his adopted son and his wife removed to Paris, taking with them their unfortunate children; while the woman whose heart he had broken sleeps in one of the tombs of an old New Orleans cemetery.

DIZZINESS IN THE HEAD.

This is a Sure Precursor of Apoplexy, and Dr. Agnew's Cure for the Heart is Once to be Taken.

No one can read the daily papers without being seriously impressed with the fact that a large number of people in the present age have within their system the evidence of apoplexy. This is seen and felt often in the trembling and uncertainty of the limb, and frequently in a unpleasant dizziness and lightness of the head. He is a very unwise man who knowingly takes measures to have them removed. We know of no remedy that has been so remarkably successful in this particular as Dr. Agnew's Cure for the Heart. Primarily it is a heart Cure, but it is equally effective in what is to some extent a parallel disease, apopleptic symptoms. In a season when unusual heat prevails and excitement often runs high, we are doing a kindness to men and women by letting them know of this remarkable medicine. Sold by W. W. Short.

PARLIAMENT OF CANADA.

OTTAWA, April 23.—The House met in the morning and after quite a lengthy discussion on the Soulange canal matter good progress was made in supply.

On the postal items, Mr. McMullen made a plea for better salaries for village postmasters, while Mr. McShane protested against the two cent drop postage in cities. With the exception of a few items left over for further explanations, all the supplementaries were passed.

Before the house rose, Hon. Mr. Foster urged that the main estimate for three months be allowed to pass in order to avoid, if possible, the necessity for a session of parliament in July which would be expensive and inconvenient.

Sir Richard Cartwright said it was utterly impossible to accede to the request; it was unreasonable.

Therewith the matter dropped. At three o'clock the house re-assembled and immediately proceeded to concur in supplementary estimates.

Before the item of \$1,000,000 for arms and ammunition, Mr. Rinfret seconded by Mr. Legris, moved in amendment that the item be not concurred in, but that "this house regrets that the government, without the authority of parliament, has entered into contracts for the purchase of arms and equipments to the amount of nearly two million dollars."

The house divided on the amendment, which was defeated by 67 nays and 35 yeas. Messrs. McCarthy and Stubbs voted with the opposition; Mr. Wallace with the government.

On the item of \$20,000 for enlarging the Lachine Canal, Mr. McShane raised all sorts of objections, claiming that the amount was unnecessary.

Sir Donald Smith made an urgent appeal to have the vote taken and put through, but Mr. McShane was obstinate and being backed by Mr. Laurier the vote was reduced to \$10,000. The remainder of the supplementary estimates were concurred in and the supply bill passed at six o'clock.

Sir Richard Cartwright wanted to know about the next meeting of parliament and was informed by Sir Charles Tupper that it was the intention to have the new parliament meet about the middle of July, to which Sir Richard Cartwright rejoined that the election should have been brought on a week earlier, as the government would have trouble enough getting on without supplies in the meantime.

At the evening session five private bills, including the Chignecto Ship Railway bill, were withdrawn and the fees ordered to be repaid. The business over, Mr. Bergeron brought up the matter of the commutation of the sentence of Valentine Shortis, upon which Mr. Tarte is making his campaign in Beauharnois. The Deputy Speaker, to place himself right with his constituents, reviewed the whole circumstances of the case and read letters to show that he was anything but favorable to the commutation. Although Mr. Tarte was endeavoring to prove to the contrary in Beauharnois.

Mr. Laurier made reply by attacking the government for having gone back upon their position taken in regard to the sentence of Reil.

Hon. Mr. Dickey pointed out the inconsistency of both accusing the government of failing in their duty by not advising his excellency and charging the government with the responsibility of his Excellency's action. The responsibility was one, however, which the government fully accepted.

While Mr. Davies was on his feet attacking the government with might and main, rap went the black rod's gavel on the door, and the sergeant at arms stepped forward to announce him. But Mr. Davies kept on talking, he was bound to get in the last word and would have succeeded but that his remarks were replied to briefly by the Minister of Justice, against whom they were directed.

Then came the summons of the Senate when the final scene of the sixth session of the seventh parliament was enacted.

In the senate to-day a discussion was largely in connection with the fast Atlantic steamship line. Nothing new was developed.

The closing scenes of parliament were a repetition of former ones. There was the usual amount of hustling by members preparing to leave the city. At 8 o'clock this evening his excellency, Lord Aberdeen having taken his seat on the throne, read the following speech:

Honorable gentlemen of the Senate: Gentlemen of the House of Commons:

I am glad to be able to relieve you from further attendance in parliament. I desire to express my regret that the commission which my government recently despatched to confer with the local author-

ities of Manitoba has been unproductive of any immediate result and that the question relating to the schools in that province still awaits settlement.

I thank you for the appropriations which you have made towards proceeding for the better arming and equipment of the militia forces of the country.

The powers with which you have endowed the commissioners appointed under the Behring sea claims convention will I trust, facilitate the investigation of that tribunal and hasten a just settlement of those long standing claims.

Gentlemen of the House of Commons: I have to thank you for the supplementary provision you have made for carrying on the services of the current year.

Hon. gentlemen of the Senate: Gentlemen of the house of commons:

Inasmuch as in the opinion of my advisors it is desirable that the judgment of the people upon the questions which engage public attention should be obtained at an early day, I have to announce my intention to cause this parliament to be immediately dissolved.

The guns boomed once more from Upean Point and the seventh parliament of the Dominion of Canada was at an end.

The closing day of parliament has witnessed the disappearance from the commons of a well known figure in Canadian politics, Sir John Carling, who long ago announced his intention to retire from active political life, was to-day called to the Senate and took his seat in the upper house this afternoon. Accompanying him, was another member of the commons, Thos. Temple, for many years member for York county, N. B.

Liquid Fuel on Locomotives.

The use of liquid fuel has been so extended on the Great Eastern Railway (England) that a large storage plant has been erected at Stratford, England. Twenty-five locomotives are not fitted with oil burners under the Holden system, and twelve stationary boilers and three furnaces at the shops burn the same kind of fuel. The oil arrives at Stratford in bulk, old locomotive tenders being employed in transporting it at present. The storage tanks are thirteen in number, and are placed on low ground not very far from the main line. The oil flows to them by gravity. A peculiarity of the tanks is the rectangular shape. Nine of them hold 3,000 gallons each and the remaining four 2,500 gallons each.

LITTLE MONEY NEEDED

HOW TO DRESS THE YOUNGSTERS WELL.

Diamond Dyes Keep the Children in New Clothes.

Little money is needed to keep the children well and handsomely dressed. Thrifty mothers rarely buy new clothing for their little ones, yet they always appear nicely dressed. This is the result of using the Diamond Dyes: which make all the fashionable colors with but little work and trouble.

Father's suits and mothers dresses can be taken to pieces, re-dyed and made over for the boys and girls at a very small expense. When this work has to be done, be sure you use the Diamond Dyes in order to get good colors. The use of imitation dyes means loss of your materials, as well as waste of time and money.

"What's the difference between a poet and a poet laureate?" "The poet laureate gets paid for his poetry."—Chicago Record.

In The Neg Future.—Lawyer—"I now offer in evidence a photograph of the broken heart of the plaintiff, taken by the Rontgen process." Judge—"Admitted. Let it be marked 'Exhibit X.'" —Puck.

De Sappy—"I once held 13 trumps in whist, and only took one trick." Softleigh—"Nonsense." De Sappy—"No, fact; my partner led an ace, I trumped it, and they threw me out of the window."—Judge.

Well Qualified.—"Is dis where dey wants a boy?" "It is; but he must be a boy who never utters an untruth and does not use slang or swear." "Well, me brudder's a deaf mute. I'll send 'im 'round."—Puck.

Charlatans and Quacks

Have long plied their vocation on the suffering pedals of the people. The knife has pared to the quick: caustic applications have tormented the victim of corns until the conviction shaped itself—there's no cure! Putnam's Painless Corn Extractor proves on what slender basis public opinion often rests. If you suffer from corns get the Extractor and you will be satisfied. Sold everywhere.

Make Good Nominations.

These are the days when the people decide what the next Parliament of Canada is to be, personally.

Very soon all hands will be so taken with the great and vital matter of deciding what it is to be politically, that the personal question will be more or less pushed aside or hidden by the smoke of the party battle. But now the party leaders and the party conventions are picking out their candidates; and the members of both parties are perfectly able to say at this moment that they must have men of honor, men of tried integrity, men of ability.

In a few days this chance of selection on personal grounds will be gone for many a good citizen whose belief in the necessity of a triumph for this or that party outweighs his conviction that we should send worthy men to Parliament. Now, however, he has a chance to make it reasonably certain that he can vote for his cherished platform at the coming elections without being compelled to mark his ballot in doing so for a candidate of whom he will be ashamed.

There is an element in our politics that desires the nomination of bad candidates. This element is in politics for what it can make out of them; and it wants to see men sent to Parliament who understand that they are there to act as open faucets stuck into the treasury "bar" and emitting a honied stream into the cups of those who wait. It is emphatically in the public interest that this element should not be able to foist its candidates on either party; and the present is the time for the great mass of the people, who undoubtedly oppose such candidates but who are usually asleep while these "practical politicians" are preparing a case of "heads, you lose; tails we win," for themselves, to see that the right kind of men are nominated.—Montreal Star.

Millions For Defence!

NOT ONE CENT FOR TRIBUTE.

SAFETY OF CANADIANS ASSURED

When Paine's Celery Compound is Used.

It has ever been the boast of Britons, that they never shall be slaves. The Briton's heart warms to freedom; his blood is aroused when human beings become mere chattels—bought and sold like animals. British subjects will suffer patiently even extreme taxation for the raising of millions for defence; but, never, never will they pay tribute to any foreign master. British subjects—men, women and children—are slaves too often! What do we mean? Just what we say—that we are too often miserable bondmen and bondwomen, when we might revel in freedom and strength.

Thousands of us are slaves to some trouble or disease that makes this earthly pilgrimage burdensome and oppressive.

Why suffer longer? We have near us a mighty and powerful deliverer and restorer known as Paine's Celery Compound that quickly banishes our aching and tormenting enemies that come too often in the form of rheumatism, neuralgia, dyspepsia, indigestion, constipation, heart disease, nervousness, sleeplessness and blood diseases.

Why encourage and pay tribute to such death-dealing masters? Our bodies should be free, clean, pure, and fitted for the full enjoyment of true life. That world renowned prescrip-tion, Paine's Celery Compound, gives perfect health, strength and life. It removes every trace of disease from the body and purifies the blood.

This is the season to banish every weight and oppression. Let the renovating work be commenced now, so that summer and the hot weather may be met with strong and vigorous bodies and clear heads. Paine's Celery Compound has in past spring seasons saved thousands of sufferers; it will do the same for you to-day, weary and sick mortal.

When you decide to use the great health-giver, see that your dealer gives you the kind that CURES. Ask for Paine's Celery Compound, and see that it has the trade mark, the "stalk of celery." No other preparation will suit your case.

Miss Wicks—They tell me, professor, that you have mastered all modern tongues.

Pro. Polglot—No, exactly, not exactly, all but two, my wife's and her mother's.

Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria.