

# THE REVIEW

VOL. 9. NO. 14.

RICHIBUCTO, NEW BRUNSWICK, THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 25, 1897.

\$1.00 A YEAR

## THE GREAT NORTH SHORE ROUTE!

The Best, Surest, Safest, Quickest Route by which to reach purchasers in the North Shore of New Brunswick, is via

## THE REVIEW.

The regular news express to the homes of all the people, and most direct line to the pocketbooks of buyers everywhere.

See that your advertisement is ticketed via THE REVIEW.

### THE NEWSPAPER AND ITS FRIENDS.

Mildred reads the "Marriages"— Her interest in them never fails— Father reads the "politics," And mother reads the "Bargain Sales." Arthur reads the "Sporting News"— His special hobby is baseball— Save the man who reads the proofs, No one living reads it all.

Bridget reads the "small ad. page," Looking for a better place; Agnes reads the murders, and the Tales of men in deep distress. Ethel reads the list of guests At the big Van Astor ball— Save the man who reads the proofs, No one living reads it all.

Forty pages every week, Eight long columns to the page, To read everything would add A full twelvemonth to your age. So each reads his special part, Then he lets the paper fall, Pity for him who reads the proofs, For he has to read it all.

## The Love From Beyond the Tomb.

FROM THE FRENCH OF ARTHUR DOURLIAC.

### I.

"No, my dear friend, under no pretext whatever must you send your nephew to me. What pleasure I might experience in this meeting I prefer to forego rather than dispel our illusions. We have not seen each other since the day you took leave of me to accompany M. de Lafayette to the New World. Less wise than he, who had married before you, expected to marry me on your return. Sixty years have elapsed and you are still a bachelor. Pray do not have the fatuity to take this as a reproach. It would be unfair of me, for I who broke my vow of fidelity in allowing myself to become the wife of the poor Marquis whose life ended so wretchedly at Vendee while you were fighting for the cause of the revolution under Napoleon after your return from a similar mission to America.

"In order to return to my subject, from which I wander so at random, I would say that for sixty years we have cherished an unblemished picture of our beautiful youth, and the spectacle of our decrepitude would afford us no pleasure. I can always see you, my dear Tristan, as you appear in your portrait with that dove-colored coat which was so becoming to your slender form, and the first down just beginning to shade your chin; in short, an elegant gentleman.

"As for me, I know you have carefully preserved the miniature I gave you as I bade you adieu. In it I represent a shepherdess, a sheep hook in my hand. 'Tis thus you, in fancy, see your friend; 'tis thus you have portrayed her to your nephew. Alas! his smile would soon cause this reflection to banish; he would tell me of your wig; he would count my wrinkles and tarnish the mirror in which we still are reflected young and beautiful. Last year we dreamed of this folly; but believe me we did wisely to give it up."

The letter was lying open on the bureau. "Verily, my dear old friend," ran the reply, "from your ingenious letters one would never imagine the sum of our ages could make us contemporaries of Louis IV. Or rather, I am mistaken, to read you, my dear Marquis, one would think Mme. de Sevigne still in the world protesting against the usurpation of 'our cousin of Orleans.'

"So you do not wish that Gaston pay his respects and his uncle's, the latter being prevented by the gout—by the gout and that only—which opposed the real-

ization of last year's beautiful dream, which you so irreverently term folly?

"But why folly?"

"You must think I carry my fourscore years very badly! True, my strength and energy are exhausted, but it may yet be possible to present a fine appearance. Do not ridicule my pretensions, for you banter in regard to yourself offends me. That it is coquetry on your part I would swear, and your white hair must suit you marvelously.

"But never mind; as you will not deign to grant this favor either to an old gray-beard or a young fellow, your will be done! Although greatly grieved, we are resigned to kiss, from afar, your beautiful hands."

Signing this letter "Tristan de Haudret," the gentleman folded and sealed it and rose from the huge chair in which he had been sitting. Singular that this old man, far from wearing a wig, to which his correspondent had so ironically alluded, had black hair, white teeth, a sparkling eye and a fine moustache; and, attired in a coquettish uniform, the old person became a handsome officer of scarcely 25 years of age.

Having adjusted his belt he lightly descended the hotel steps and went toward the boulevards.

### II.

"And so you have come to say farewell?"

"Au revoir, at the longest. I do not think I shall be long absent."

"The soldier proposes, my poor Gaston; the state disposes."

"However, whether I grow moldy at Svissons—God forbid—or whether I am sent to Africa—as God will—it shall be absent from Paris for some time, and am obliged to make my arrangements accordingly."

"Do you intend making your will?"

"No, I have simply come to ask a favor of you."

"Proceed."

"It is this. I have with a certain person a correspondence which I am not at liberty to interrupt. As it is necessary that this person believe me still in Paris, I shall depend on you to post the letters which I shall send you, inclosed in an outer envelope that they may bear the postmark of the capital."

"The deuce! here is a mystery which comprises your prudence."

"O! if you but knew the lady whom it concerns."

"Allow me to say, dear friend, that I did not even ask if it were a woman."

"But I can name her without inconvenience; it is the Marquis de Tremble—and she is 80 years old."

"You are joking."

"Not the least in the world."

"Then why these precautions? The good lady cannot be under the care of a guardian?"

"It is a touching story; one that would cause you who are skeptical and blasé to smile."

"Thank you."

"You knew my uncle, Gen. de Haudret."

"Certainly! I have preserved a living remembrance of his handsome military figure."

"You know what he was to me. Unmarried, he loved me as a son and I venerated him as a father."

"This mutual affection excited general admiration."

"Deep as it was it did not entirely fill the life of this excellent man. When very young he had passionately loved the Marquis de Tremble. Separated by passing events they soon lost each other from view. Thirty years passed. One day, it was during the Polish war, my uncle received a letter from his friend. His name, accidentally spoken before her had awakened memories of long ago. Though a widow and grandmother her thought went out to the friend of her youth, and she wished him to share with her the delightful emotions which had reanimated her heart grown old.

"All this she told in a charming manner punctuating here with a tear and there with a smile, and alone in his tent on the banks of the Vistula the old soldier wept like a child over the evocation of his youthful affections. Since then this renewed correspondence has never ceased, and last year, when my uncle felt death approaching, he said to me:—

"I do not wish my old friend to learn of my sickness and death; it would cause her great pain. I depend on you, my child, to spare her the grief. You are the sharer of all my thoughts. Your writing so resembles mine that you might write in my stead without being detected by the good Marquis. When I am no more fill my place and always maintain this pleasant deception till our souls are united above."

"I have kept the promise I made my foster-father. Mme. de Tremble has never discovered the substitution, and this

is why, my dear friend, every week I exchange a love letter with a venerable dowager."

"But the General's death created quite a stir abroad?"

"The Marquis lived a retired life on her estates, receiving no one, and has not read a newspaper since the usurpation of Louis Philippe. The only communication she has with the outside world are the letters which I regularly address her. All has gone well until now. Fearing the awkwardness or negligence of a servant, I have counted on your friendship to serve me on this occasion without exposing me to ridicule."

"On the contrary, my dear Gaston, I respect your filial sentiments; I find a piquant charm in the romance of a past generation and accept the trust committed to me."

"Thank you."

"By the way, do you know this octogenarian?"

"No, and more curious still, those two old lovers never saw each other after their youth, and the General took with him to the tomb the fresh and smiling image of her whom he had loved."

"Do you think you will ever see her?"

"I had entertained such thoughts as her residence is but a short distance from my new quarters, but on reflection I feared disappointment. From afar I fancy I see one of these delightful old grandmothers of long ago, so beautiful beneath their white hair and coils of lace, while near by something ridiculous, or some whim might spoil my ideal; 'tis best so preserve the illusion."

"You sybarite!"

"Let us go; and once more thanks, and au revoir."

"Au revoir, but look out! Your enthusiasm disquiets me. Do not marry your grandmother!"

### III.

Lieut. de Hanchet had been in Soisson two months and found it dull enough. One day while returning from a visit to one of his friends with whom he had been hunting he crossed a dark valley lying between two hills covered with gigantic pines and rocks. The soft earth sunk under the weight of his horse and the odor of the spermint mingled with the acrid smell of the woods.

The young man, admiring the wild scenery, reached a sort of glade, watered by a brook whose waters were clear and silvery. On the edge of the stream was constructed a rural cabin surrounded by hives alive with bees. Seated on the trunk of a tree before a rough table a young girl was lurching on a piece of brown bread and a golden honeycomb.

Charmed by the sight, Gaston halted.

The fair stranger had fine, delicate features and thick, blonde hair coiled under a small hat; her riding habit delineated a willow form of perfect grace and symmetry. At a short distance stood the horses attended by a servant.

The Lieutenant, motionless, sat contemplating the beautiful tableau, when suddenly with a cry of pain, his nag reared, a swarm of bees surrounded him.

The young girl looked up.

"Do not stir, sir," she cried. "Father Vincent! Father Vincent!"

An old man appeared on the threshold of the hut.

At that moment the horse, maddened by the terrible stings, suddenly jumped aside and threw the horseman to the earth.

### IV.

"Are you sure, doctor, that all danger is past?"

"Sure and certain, mademoiselle; the violence of the shock caused the swoon, but to-morrow he will be up, and in two days can rejoin his regiment."

"You see, Cecile, how utterly useless it was to burden yourself with this boy—useless and improper."

"Pardon, aunt, but humanity comes before propriety."

"Besides, madame," interrupted the doctor, "though the condition of the young man is not serious, he required more care than Father Vincent could have given him at the hut. Mademoiselle Cecile did well to have him carried here, your chateau being the nearest."

"But we know nothing of him."

"That he is a French officer, aunt, is sufficient."

"That sufficient! Only a gentleman."

"Pardieu! madame," again interrupted the doctor, and thus preventing the girl from making an indignant reply, "the good Samaritan cared not for the rank of the unfortunate one whom he rescued."

Notwithstanding his weakness the wounded man heard every word of the discussion, suffering indescribable agony at his inability to take part. Though conscious of his surroundings he remained unable to move or speak.

He was lying on a bed in the centre of a large room flooded with light, admitted

through three large bay windows looking out over the fields. The persons about were, first, the physician, a large man with a red face; he was carefully arranging his case of instruments. The second personage was an old lady, whose harsh face was in keeping with the amenities she was lavishing on her unlucky guest. The remaining one was the beautiful girl he had seen in the valley and whose melodious voice had with such warmth defended him.

"How pale he is!" she remarked.

"Well, he lost enough blood from the wound in his head. However, it was fortunate you called Father Vincent, else he might have fared worse."

"I have said a hundred times that those hives should be taken from the old fool."

"You forget, aunt, that Father Vincent is the oldest and most faithful servant in our family. He enjoys the rude life he lives, so why disturb him?"

"Come, come," said the doctor, "enough of this. Let my patient sleep quietly if you wish him to leave the Chateau de Tremble."

### V.

This, then, was the Chateau de Tremble! And this crabbed, scolding old woman was the venerable Marquise whose bright letters seemed to reflect a soul so benevolent and amiable. The young man was broken-hearted at the deception. But who was this graceful person who called her aunt?

He sought to collect his thoughts.

Had there not been something said of a granddaughter or niece? He could not recall.

But this radiant apparition had so completely upset him that he passed a very restless night, falling asleep toward morning. Notwithstanding, he awoke refreshed and collected. His short rest had sufficed to repair his strength and alter his thoughts.

However, if the Marquise did not exactly correspond to the picture his imagination had traced, the niece surpassed the ideal of his dreams and at the age of 25 one finds the merits of a young girl of more interest than the faults of an old woman.

When the doctor entered he found his patient up and dressed.

"The deuce! What is your hurry, young man? Yesterday you weren't so lively when you were brought here covered with blood. O, youth! Youth! the great remedy."

"The nursing I received was a powerful auxiliary, doctor, for which I thank you—likewise the Marquise de Tremble."

"The Marquise de Tremble?"

"Certainly; am I not in her home?"

"In her home, her home—"

"And I sincerely desire to pay her my respects."

"That, my young friend, would be difficult!"

"Because?"

"Because the Marquise has been dead one year."

"Impossible! She wrote me eight days ago."

The doctor looked anxiously at his patient. In his fall had he injured his brain?

"But, who then is this lady?"

"It is Mme. de Griec, Mlle. Cecile's relative and chaperone."

"And Mlle. de Cecile?"

"Is the deceased Marquise's granddaughter."

Gaston was greatly disturbed.

"Doctor, I must speak to Mlle. de Tremble. My name is not unknown to her. I am Count de Haudret, nephew of Gen.—"

An instant later the Lieutenant found himself in a small room where a young girl stood by a table.

"Mademoiselle, first of all, I must thank you for your generous hospitality."

"Sir, I am happy to have had the opportunity of assisting the kinsman of my grandmother's dearest friend."

A short silence followed.

"Is the General still in good health?" finally asked Cecile.

"My uncle died last year," gravely replied M. de Haudret.

"Last year! Well, who then—"

A glance at the open letter on the table finished the thought.

"Pardon me mademoiselle," said the young man, "I only fulfilled, as you did, a sacred duty."

### VI.

"My dear Raoual, your prediction is realized—I am to marry my grandmother! But compose yourself, she is but twenty years old, and has the most beautiful eyes. The two noble hearts who so loved each other ceased to beat at about the same time, and in their touching solicitude one for the other, had conceived the same ingenious plan. I held my uncle's pen and Mlle. de Tremble that of her grandmother. But we have inherited from our dear de-

parted their mutual tenderness and their love from beyond the tomb blooms again in the hearts of their children."—Translated by Marie Bertrand.

### ENGLAND'S POTATO CROP.

PRICES RULING HIGH—A FAMINE IN TUBERS CERTAIN.

A West of England newspaper speaking of the potato crop says:—"The potato crop has proved a dismal failure this year. In the West the tubers are already very scarce. The price per bushel in Cornwall stands at from three to four shillings higher than is being asked in the London markets. Over the whole of England this scarcity is being felt. The potato has come to be looked upon as an important and unvarying factor in our daily diet. We are unable to imagine how our forefathers got on without it. We have not a great variety of easily produced vegetables at our command. Hence we have elevated the potato to the importance of a national dish in our dietary. But the importance we in this country attach to the potato dwindles into insignificance when compared with the esteem in which it is held by the Irish. In a marked measure many poor families in Ireland are as much dependent on it as the Highlanders of Scotland once were on the oat which gave them their daily meal of porridge. A potato famine in Ireland is, therefore, a very serious thing indeed to the peasants. It means dire poverty, lack of food, affliction, loss of health and extreme wretchedness. But the peasantry and farmers are not the only class who suffer in such times of failure as the present. To a large extent the shopkeepers and merchants generally share the same fate. Many families in West Kerry and other districts will have to part with everything saleable in order to get through the six or seven worst months of the year. Before Christmas numbers will not have a single potato for food or seed. They will be unable to get food for themselves, much less rear cattle, pigs or poultry. In one parish every one of the 600 families will have to depend on the credit of shopkeepers for the wherewithal to live. It is impossible that these shopkeepers can give credit to the extent of £300 or £400 a week. The whole situation is intensified by the fact that farmers are now parting with their milch cows. Nothing can save the people but prompt government action. That is absolutely imperative."

### THE GOLD RUSH.

Is Not More Enthusiastic Than are the Prices of the Thousands who are Living To-day Because of South American Kidney Cure.

Thousands verify what is claimed of South American Kidney Cure. Greatest, safest, quickest acting, permanent results. A specific for kidney disorders in young or old, male or female. It enjoys the distinction of a hearty recommendation by most eminent physicians. It relieves distressing kidney disease in six hours. Never fails to cure if persisted in. Acts directly on the circulation and eradicates from the system all solids and foreign substances which clog up these sanitary organs of the human anatomy. You test what others have proved. These words from a letter received to-day: "I despaired of recovery until I used South American Kidney Cure." Sold by W. W. Short.

### HALIFAX MILITIA.

HALIFAX, N. S., Nov. 17.—A despatch from St. John's says the governor to-day cancelled all the appointments made by the Whiteway administration after its defeat at the polls a few days ago. The new government's commission on the reform of the custom tariff will begin work in December. The commission consists of Receiver General Morine, Attorney General Winter and Hon. Geo. Shea. By-elections for departmental officers have been fixed for December 6th.

### (By Associated Press.)

ST. JOHNS, N. F., Nov. 17. Sir James Winter and his colleagues in the new cabinet formally assumed office at noon to-day. The first act of the new government was to cancel all appointments made by Sir William Whiteway and his colleagues, in immediate anticipation of their resignation yesterday.

### SIGN OF STRENGTH.

The sign of strength, a ruddy countenance depends upon rich, red blood. To make the blood rich and ruddy, the countenance clear and bright, and the step firm and elastic, use BURDOCK BLOOD BITTERS. J. A. Gillan, B. A., Toronto, Ont., says: "I enjoy good health now to the greatest degree, ever since the day I started to use B. B. B."

### KIPLING'S HYPNOTIC POWERS.

(From the San Francisco Argonaut.)

An American traveller who spent some time in the company of Rudyard Kipling in London lately, tells the following story:

"One afternoon we went together to the Zoo, and while strolling about our ears were assailed by the most melancholy sound I have ever heard, a complaining, fretting, lamenting sound proceeding from the elephant house.

"What's the matter in there?" asked Mr. Kipling of the keeper.

"A sick elephant, sir; he cries all the time; we don't know what to do with him; we're the answer."

"Mr. Kipling hurried away from me in the direction of the lament, which was growing louder and more painful. I followed and saw him go up close to the cage where stood an elephant with sadly drooped ears and trunk. He was crying actual tears at the same time that he mourned his lot most audibly. In another moment Mr. Kipling was right up at the bars, and I heard him speak to the sick beast in a language that may have been elephantese, but certainly was not English. Instantly the whining stopped, the ears were lifted, the monster stopped his sleepy little suffering eyes upon his visitor and put out his trunk.

Mr. Kipling began to caress it, still speaking in the same soothing tone, and in works unintelligible to me at least. After a few minutes the beast began to answer in a much lowered tone of voice, and evidently recounted his woes. The white went out of his voice, he forgot that he was much to be pitied, he began to exchange experiences with his friend, and he was quite unconscious, as was Mr. Kipling of the amused and interested crowd collecting about the cage. At last, with a start, Mr. Kipling found himself and his elephant the observed of all observers, and beat a hasty retreat leaving behind him a very different creature from the one he had found.

"Doesn't that beat everything you ever saw," ejaculated a compatriot of mine, as the elephant trumpeted a loud and cheerful good-bye to the back of his vanishing visitor, and I agreed with him that it did.

"What language were you talking to that elephant?" I asked when I overtook my friend.

"Language? What do you mean? he answered, with a laugh.

"Are you a Moggli," I persisted, "and can you talk to all those beasts in their own tongues?" but he only smiled in reply."

### SUDDEN DEATH OF FATHER BRADLEY.

The sudden death of Father Patrick Bradley, of Cape Baild, Westmorland County, will be heard with sincere regret wherever the reverend gentleman was known. Father Bradley was an early riser, but was not about at his accustomed hour last Wednesday morning, and his servant, hearing an unusual noise in his room about 6 o'clock, suspected something was wrong. Father Martineau, the assistant priest, was accordingly summoned, and entered Father Bradley's room, was shocked to find him in a dying condition. He passed away a few minutes later, heart disease being, no doubt, the cause of death. The funeral took place Friday morning.

Linseed and Turpentine are not only popular remedies, but are also the best known to medical science for the treatment of the nervous membranes of respiratory organs. Dr. Chase compounded this valuable Syrup so as to take away the unpleasant tastes of turpentine and linseed.

Mothers will find this medicine invaluable for children, it is so pleasant to take, and will positively cure Croup, Whooping Cough and chest troubles.

### BACK FROM THE KLONDIKE.

Opening the door in response to an insistent knock the lady beheld the figure of one she remembered.

"Oh, it is you, is it!" she said, icily.

"It is me," was the answer. "Your long-lost husband, who has come to tell you that he is sorry he ran away two years ago."

"Maybe you are sorry you went," retorted the lady, "but I ain't. What did you come back for?"

"My dearest, I have been to the Klondike, and last summer I accumulated 50,000—"

"Fifty thousand dollars!" shrieked the loving wife as she fell on his neck.

"No! Mosquito bites."

It was a moment later only that he fell on his neck himself.—Exchange.