THE REPART RICEISI CTO N B. FREPUARY THE REVIEW, RICHIBUCTO, N. B., FEBRUARY 6, 1896.

RETRIBUTION.

It was one of the bitterest of December's bleak and bitter days. The white firgers of the driving snow were tapping sharp and furiously at the crystal surface of the plate-glass windows, and the marble-mounted thermometer in the vestibule was rapidly lowering its crimson vein toward zero.

"It's dreadfully cold !" mused Mrs. Angell, as she sat with one slippered foot en 'he fender. "I'm glad I am not compelled to be out of doors on such a day as this."

And she looked complacently round at the elegantly furnished little - boudoir where the sat. A handsome octagonal room, its wall panelled in oak velvet and gold, with a heavy tracery of gold vine eaves around the ceiling by way of cornice, it had all the charm of novelty.

eyes, hair brushed in the fashionable style, away from a square, low forehead ; and] lips that, although rather thin, were of the brightest vermillion.

" Mamma !"

She looked up quickly, and held out her arms as a rosy little girl of nine, the fac-simile on a small scale of herself, came bounding into the room."

"What is it, Nina, cara ?"

"It's Miss Elmer, mamma. She says could she see you just for a moment ?" Mrs. Angell consulted a small watch.

"It is 10 o'clock, my child, your lessons shou'd have been begun long ago."

'But Miss Elmer has just come, mamma."

The handsome brow contracted ominously.

"Tell Miss Elmer that I will see her." Little Nina tripped away to deliver her message. A minute afterwards there was a low tap at the door, and Juliet Elmer. the daily governess, entered.

great haste even to think of herself as she

sped along. Just as she came opposite a brilliant gas light, however, the roll of music slipped from her hand. She stooped to recover it.

"Juliet ! Miss Elmer !" She gazed at the tall young man who had seized both her hands in his.

" Mr. Clay !" "My dear little school-mate, who on

earth would have thought of meeting you in the streets this dismal evening ? Where did you come from ? and where are you going ?"

For an instant Juliet had been back in the bright scenes of the past ; this question brought her back into the forlorn present. Things had changed, sadly changed, since people were wont to laugh Mrs. Angell herself was a pretty brun- at the pretty, prosperous belle about Paul ette of about 30, with hard brilliant black Clay's manifest admiration. The two years that he had spent among the palm groves of Asia had changed the rich merchant's daughter into a fatherless orphan, who earned her bread by going

out as a "visiting governess !" She told Paul these things with quiet dignity, as he walked by her side, carry. ing the little roll of music as differentially as if it had been a queen's sceptre.

"Why did I not know this ? Why did vou not write to me ?" he asked.

"We did not know where you were,' she said simply ; "and besides-" "Besides what ?"

"I had no right to ask aid or sympathy."

"Juliet, you know better," he exclaimed, passionately. "Juliet, if I had-" She put her hand on his arm.

We live here. Will you come up?" He followed her silently up the dark and narrow stairway. She stopped on the third floor.

"Juliet, have you come to this ?"

driving sleet, the pavements were as slip- | melancholy past. But when Mrs. Augell pery as glass. But Juliet was in too took her leave that night, she bent and pressed her lips almost passionately to Juliet's hand.

"If you had turned me away I must have starved,' she murmured incoherently.

When little Paul came to his mother's side that night to learn his daily Bible verse she turned the leaves over with a grave absent face.

"Mamma," said the little fellow, check ing her hand, "you have lost the place. My last verse was in Psalms."

"I know it, Paul; but there is another verse that I wish you to learn to-night. And the boy, bending towards the the words indicated by his mothers slend. er finger read in low reverent tones." "Forgive, and ye shall be forgiven." -New York Times.

"That Singgish Feeling."

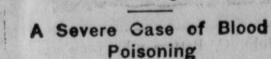
Rev. D. L. Joselyn, Crystal City, Man: -"I found real benefit from your medicine, K. D. C., in saving me from that sluggish feeling cause by my food not properly digesting. I consider it a very valuable medicine to all under like conditions to myself. I have heard of K. D. C. working some marvellous cures among acquaintances, and have recommended it favorably many times."

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An Arab Legend about Tobacco.

There are no more faithful votaries of 'the weed" on earth than the Arabs. According to one of their legends, which is told in the Kieler Zeitung, Kiel, the origin of tobacco was as follows :

"The Prophet was walking in the garden, when he came upon a viper, stiff with cold, and stretched upon the ground. Full of compassion, he took it up and warmed it in his bosom. When the reptile recovered, it thus addressed its preserver : 'Oh, divine Prophet, I shall now bite thee.' 'But why,' asked Mohamet Because thy race persecutes mine, and tries to efface it altogether.' 'But does not thy race, too, war everlastingly against mine ?' replied the Prophet. "Why will thou be thus ungrateful, and forget that] have but now saved thy life ?' . 'There is no gratitude upon earth," replied the viper. "Were I to spare thee, another of thy race would kill me. By Allah, I shall bite thee.' 'Since thou hast sworn by Allah, I shall not ask thee to break thy vow,' said the Prophet, and held out him hand. The reptile bit him but the Prophet sucked the poison from the wound and spat it upon the ground. And lo there sprang up a plant. in which the serpent's venom is combined with the Prophet's mercy. Men call it tobacco."



Saved My Arm



causes great Poisoned Blood suffering. It cannot be otherwise, because the blood is the vital fluid, the current of life. The following case illustrates the terrible effects of poisoned blood and the wonderful power of Hood's Sarsaparilla in curing this trouble:

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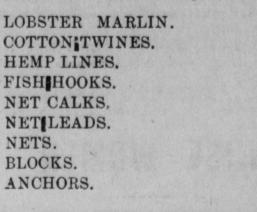
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" My blood became poisoned by getting dye into my blood by a little scratch on my arm. I called in the doctor and he told me to poultice it, but he did not give meany medicine for my blood. Finally the poison broke out on my other arm. I 50 then told the physician that I wanted something for my blood. He told me to get Hood's Sarsaparilla. I did so and began taking it. After using four bottles, my arm is entirely well and I have never since been troubled with blood poisoning. I firmly believe that Hood's Sarsaparilla prevented me losing my arm." MRS. R. WILSON, 243 Manning Ave., Toronto, Ont.

Blood Impure. "For more than a year I was troubled



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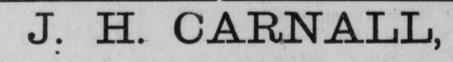


This question has been frequently asked.

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"I am surprised, Miss Elmer," began Mrs. Angell, after she had recognized the governess' presence by a stiff inclination of her head. " Nine is your hour, and it is after 10. Nina, call your little brothers and sisters immediately and tell them to proceed directly to the school room, sufficient time has already been lost."

She opened her book once more, as if to dismiss the subject and the governess together, but Miss Elmer still stood by the door.

"Mrs. Angell," she said, in a low tone, "I am afraid I must beg you to excuse me to-day, for-"

"Indeed, Miss Elmer. I shall do no such thing," sharply interrupted Mrs. Angell. "If you wish to be relieved from the duties of your situation, I beg you will say young people who would be but too glad | with you !" to take the position.

"I do not, madam ; I do not indeed," faltered Juliet, growing scarlet in her his presence. embarrassment. "But I should esteem it a great favor to be excused to-day. My mother is very much worse, and I have no one to leave with her.

"Of course, I am very sorry for that worthy person, your mother, but I'm not in any way responsible for her illness, nor do I see why it should interfere with my children's lessons. They lost two days last week for the same reason. It is quite out of the question, Miss Elmer."

Juliet stood pale and irresolute.

"But my mother is dangerously ill, madam."

Mrs. Angell turned a new page in her book, and went on reading with a face of placid interest Juliet came a step or two nearer.

"Mrs. Angel!, I must go."

"Just as you please, Miss Elmer ; only of course you understand that if you go you forfeit your quarter's salary."

The blood rushed it a hot tide to Juelit Elmer's brow at this cruel stab. " Mrs. Angell !" she pleaded.

But the lady held up her jeweled hand deprecatingly.

Juliet was silent. For an instant she was half resolved to rush from the house, never again to set eyes on this hard-hearted, elegantly attired tyrant. But then she remembered the quarter which expired that week, and thought of the many comforts and necessities that the fifty dollars were to purchase for her mother.

She threw up her hands with a despair-

She opened the door and motioned him in without replying.

"Mother-mother !"

There was no voice, no sign of recognition from the quiet figure stretched on the little bed. Juliet hurriedly lighted the gas with fingers that trembled, she knew not why. In the same instant Paul sprang forward, as if to intercept her sight.

"Juliet-my poor Juliet !"

And she knew that the quiet repose of the marble face was the seal of Death ! Like a statue Juliet stood gazing down at her mother's serene dead face-gazing

with dilated eyes and white quivering lips. "Juliet, my dearest," Paul murmured in a voice half choked with emotion, "this is no time to speak to you of the wish of so at once. I know several deserving my heart ; but you are not alone-I am

Juliet seemed scarcely to hear him ; indeed, she appeared quite unconscious of

"Mother !" she moaned, " mother ! and I was not beside you! Oh, that cruel, cruel woman. If I live for a thousand years, I never, never will forgive her for what she has this night brought upon me !"

It was a brilliant March day, just 10 years after the dreary night when Mrs. Elmer died alone in the tenement house, and Juilet was sitting-a fair matron-in the superbly furnished drawing-room of her home on Madison avenue, with three golden haired children playing around her. The eldest, leaning against her shoulder. with one hand playing with the diamond arrow that sparkled in her dark tresses, had blue, wistful eyes like Paul Clay's ; the others were like her.

"Mamma, I don't want a governess," with you !'

"But mamma has not time to hear per bottle or six bottles for \$2.50 and is your lessons,' 'said Juliet, smiling, "And Aunt Rosa thinks you will like this lady very much."

"What is her name ?"

"I don't know, my son; she will be here in a minute."

As she spoke the door was thrown open and Mrs. Clay rose with a gentle reassuring smile to greet, the applicant for the situation, who advanced slowly-a darkeyed, haggard woman, with hollow cheeks

and a dress of worn black She started back as her eyes met Mrs. Clay's eyes. "Good heavens! Juliet Elmer." And Juliet knew that she was standing face to face with the widow of John An-

It is Bracing.

When we go abroad on a crisp winter morning we say the air is bracing. That is also what the weak, nervous or debilitated person says of Hawker's nerve and stomach tonic after giving it a trial. It is bracing. But it is more than that. It is a health restorer in the fullest sense. It enriches the blood, ensures a healthy

digestion, and promotes restful sleep. It rebuilds the wasted tissue of the nerves and makes them strong again. It restores and invigorates the whole system and is just the remedy needed by the sufferer from nervous dyspepsia. nervous debility general prostration or the "run down" condition following an attack of grippe or other disease. Hawker's nerve and stomach tonic grows in favor year by year as a great blood and flesh builder and nerve and brain invigorator, the friend pouted little Paul. "I had rather study of the over-taxed human system. It is sold by all druggists and dealers at 50 cts.

> manufactured only by the Hawker Medicine Co. (Ltd.) St. John, N. B., and New York City.

English papers state that a remarkable demonstration occurred recently at Chard, in Somersetshire. At a public banquet the toast of "The Queen" was, as is customary, followed by that of "The Prince and Princess of Wales and all the members of the Royal Family." To the latter, however, were added the following words : -" Excepting one grandson of the Queen." This, of course, pointed to the Emperor of Germany. The toast was received with loud cheers, intermingled with groans and hisses when the Kaiser's name was mentioned. What will the Emperor William think of this ? It is the first time such a manifestation occurred in England. This is a striking proof how much he has aroused English indignation.

with a distressing pain in my side. Some of the time it was very severe. I was also afflicted with severe headaches. My blood was out of order and, in fact, my constitution was generally run down. Having read how others had been benefited by Hood's Sarsaparilla, I thought I would try it, and before the second bottle was all gone I was entirely cured." MISS MAY FLANNIGAN, Manning Ave., Toronto, Remember Ontario.

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HENRY O'LEARY, - Richibucto.

ESTABLISHED 1889.

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RICHIBUCTO, NEW BRUNSWICK.

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ing gesture, and then her face settled into white, uncomplaining pallor.

"Mro. Angell, you are very cruel to me! but God is over us all."

Then she went slowly away towards the school room.

How long the short December day clared that they stood absolutely still, as from time to time she glanced at them with feverish eagerness.

tioned little Nina, looking up, as the governess stooped over the French exercise book ; "your hands are so hot."

"Sick ; yes, heart-sick !" said Juliet, almost involuntarily. Then recollecting herself she murmured :

come to you !"

It was quite dark at five, the hour at which Miss Elmer was released from her bondage. Nor was the weather out-of doors at all reassuring to her state of

gell. the bankrupt broker, whose suicide had been a nine days' wonder but a few months since.

The moment for her revenge had come. seemed. How slowly the tiny hands of As she stood looking at the haggard widow the little school-room clock moved over he past s eemed to rise up before her, as their dial. Juliet could almost have de- if it had been but yesterday. Ah ! times were different with her now. Mrs. Angell cowered before Juliet's

calm eye, as if she had expected a scath-"Are you sick, Miss Elmer ?" ques- ing rebuke. Juliet saw her white cheeks and worn features, and a heavenly pity came into her heart.

"Sit down,' she said. "You must be very weary."

"You-you will engage me for your restored to health by the use of this medigoverness," faltered Mrs. Angell, tasting, "Dear little Nina, may this trial never in all its bitterness, the cup she had once Montreal. held to Juliet's lips.

"Why should I not?' asked Juliet calmly 'The children are quite ready for their first lesson, Mrs. Angell!" And she never alluded by word or

nd. The snow had turned into a dull, glance then or at any other time, to the weel if ye wad gang the noo !'

Kidney Facts.

In Jan., 1892 my son was taken with Kidney disease. Though attended by three physicians, and change of climate he grew worse and by '93 had fallen fron 195 lbs to 95 lbs. In 10 days from starting to use Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills we

were able to move him home. In 4 months he gained 50 lbs, and was fully

cine. Jno. S. Hasting, 23 St. Paul St.,

'Dod, Peggy, 1 think I'll pu' through this time yet.

'Tam,' answered the partner of his hosom, as you are a' prepared an' I'm quite resigned. I think it wad be just as Advertise in The Review

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