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### REVIEW

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

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#### The English Posies.

Buy my English posies-Kent and Surrey may, Violets of the Undercliff Wet with channel spray Cowslips from a Devon combe, Midland furze afire-Buy my English posies, And I'll sell you hearts' desire!

Buy my English posies !-You that scorn the may Won't you greet a friend from home Half the world away ? Green against the draggled drift, Faint and frail and first-Buy my northern blood-root

And I ll know where you were nursed! Robin down the logging-road whistles, "Come to me, Spring has found the maple grove, the sap is running free; All the winds o' Canada call the ploughing

Take the flower and turn the hour, and kiss your love again!

Buy my English posies!-Here's to match your need, Buy a tuft of royal heath, Buy a bunch of weed White as sand of Muysenberg Spun before the gale-Buy my heath and lilies And I'll tell you whence you hail!

Under hot Constantia broad the vineyards

Throned and thorned the aching berg props the speckless sky; Slow below the Wynberg, firs trails the tilted wain-Take the flower and turn the hour, and

kiss your love again! Buy my English posies!-You that will not turn, Buy my hot wood clematis,

Buy a frond o' fern Gathered where the Erskine leaps Down the road to Lorne— Buy my Christmas creeper, And I'll say where you were born.

West away from Melbourne dust holidays begin-They that mock at Paradise woo at Cora Lvnn-

Through the Great South Otway gums sings the great South Main-Take the flower and turn the hour, and kiss your love again!

Buy my English posies!-Here's your choice unsold ! ay a blood-red myrtle-bloom, Buy the kowhai's gold Fling the gift on Taupo's face Sing that Spring has come-Buy my clinging myrtle And I'll give you back your home.

Broom behind the windy town; pollen o the pine-Bell-bird in the leafy deep where the ra-

tas twine-Fern above the saddle-bow, flax upon the Take the flower and turn the hour, and

kiss your love again! By my English posies!-Ye that have your own Buy them for a brother's sake Overseas, alone. Weed ye trample underfoot

Floods his heart abrim-Bird ye never heeded, Oh, she calls his dead to him! Far and far our homes are set around the

Seven Seas, Woe for us if we forget, we that hold by Unto each his mother-beach, bloom and

bird and land-Masters of the Seven Seas, oh, love and only corners in which to hang things, for understand!

-RUDYARD KIPLING.

### Weman's Ways.

Been a-hunting all creation Fer them blamed old specs o' mine. Had'm here this very mornin', Sure as rain 'n harvest time. Know I put 'em-same as usu'l-On the shelf there in the cup. 'Clare to goodness! Can't find nothin' When the wimmen Cl'ar things up.

Always puttin' things in order!

Sets m' blood a bilin' red When these wimmen-tarnal nation Here they be, on top o' my head I'll be darned! I might uh knowed it; Sorry now I kicked the pup.

Hain't it funny Where the wimmen Put things when they're Cl'arin' up?

# THE TOWN CLOCK.

The heat was terrible : but Barbay did not seem to mind it as she hurried along the close, dusty street, her clean calico gown, giving her a bright fresh look that it did one good to see on such a day. In dle. She smiled happily as she hurried clouds play hide and seek from here." on, her thoughts all of father, dear father, to whom she was going.

Stopping as she reached the city hall she looked up half expectantly and hopefully, up at the tall tower reaching so far, far above her. A brighter smile came into her face as loud, clear and distinct came from above the clang-clang-elang -clang-clang-that told the hour of day.

She looked a moment longer, but father was not to be seen, dear father who was so good and kind and whom everybody loved. And why shouldn't they? How could they help it, and how could they do without him? Why, father was the town clock or one-half of it, as mother used to say, Mr. Harper being the other half. Poor Mr. Harper, she was so sorry for him, because his little baby boy was dead.

She was at the foot of the long flight of steps now; the steps leading to father, dear father, the town clock; for, strange as it may seem, there is in one of our southern cities a town clock whose only hands are human hands, and whose machinery is the muscle of a strong man's

Anyone else might have thought the long flight of steps leading to the tower a tedious climb in the heat; but Barbay only stopped a moment to look up. She loved the long climb, because it took her always nearer dear father and then it seemed so odd to be going up over the tops of the houses and stores, and to look down every little while through the funny little windows, and see the people growing smaller and smaller until they looked like fairies, then to look up at the beautiful sky and wonder about the dear Heavenly Father who loved everyone so dearly and who watched over them always. Up higher and still higher the little feet climbed, until there was only a wooden.door between her and father. Softly she opened it and peeped in.

"Bless my soul and body!" said a pleasant voice; and the next moment Barbay was in her father's arms.

"What brought you here this hot day, sweetheart, and what's in the bundle ?" he asked, after she had almost smothered him with kisses.

"The dressmaker next door let me do an errand and gave me this," said Barbay, taking up the bundle she had laid aside and proudly displaying a big cantaloupe.

"And you prought it for father to look at?" he said, with a twinkle in his eye. "For father to eat," she said sweetly. "You always remember your old father,

sweetheart," he said, lovingly. "Well, I will try to manage one-half if you'll attend to the other. I could not possibly eat more than that while you are here. It would be so impolite, you know."

"I could not touch it, I would be so ren? disappointed," taking off her hat and kissing her forehead. He always called her his little sweetheart; but everyone else herself when very little.

It was in a queer corner of a still queerer room in this tall tower that they sat she? Dare she? She must try for dear Y. Independent. down by a narrow table pushed close to the wall to enjoy their feast.

A hanging cupboard, from which a couple of spoons, some salt and a knife were taken, suggested certain housekeeping arrangements, while on the table were pen, ink and paper, with a book or two, strike well. Her little eyes went up to evidently taken from the hanging shelves, in another corner. Indeed there were the time. She was not too late. the sides of the room were great windows looking over the city in all directions. But the most curious thing in this curious room was the great bell, reaching almost of the bell, Barbay caught her breath and from the ceiling to the floor—a tongueless, clapperless bell that had made no motion of any kind since the day it had been placed in position, many, many years ago. Hanging in another corner was the iron hammer that, guided by the hand of him who watched in the tower, struck on the body know it was not father? How rim of the bell those clear, loud notes that | dreadful it all was! Would they do any-

strike. To Barbay it was a matter of kind to him.

tide and the seasons. here in such a storm as those angry-look- around him, as though she would protect ing clouds are bringing us"

"Oh, father," said Barbay, "I should not mind anything where you are. Let me stay, please. I love to watch the

He looked at her hesitatingly a moment and as he did so a sudden flash of light- it; indeed he could not; for he's been the time, and could not use her right hand ning almost blinded them, while great drops of rain splashed on the windowsills. There was hardly time to close the windows before the flashing and booming of the heavenly artillery began; for it was one of those storms that come suddenly only to leave a sad story behind.

To Barbay it was grand and beautiful. It seemed as though she could look right into heaven if the flashes would only last longer, she seemed so close to it. She could not talk, but looked occasionally at her father, who sniled on her from his seat in the great easy chair for which mother had made soft, comfortable cush-

Suddenly she wondered what made her feel so queer, and why she was on the floor. She must have been asleep. She picked herself up and wondered what made her go to sleep all in a moment. And, father, why he had fallen asleep in his chair, too. Dear father, he looked so white and tired; but then he had been at the town clock all day and all night, so that Mr. Harper could be at home with his little baby boy.

Would he sleep long and get rested, she wondered. Before father canie, the town clock had fallen asleep, and, failing to strike the hour on time, had been discharged. It gave her such a happy, helpful feeling to think she was here now to wake father in time. She was so glad she had stayed. She would let him rest a few moments longer, but it would soon be time for the town clock to strike.

She stood at one of the windows, and looked down, down on the busy city, then up at the rapidly moving clouds, already being kissed by the sun, as he bade them a loving good night. She loved to watch from here as his day's work was done, he slowly disappeared from view, leaving such beautiful and hopeful promises behind. But better still she loved to be here with father when he watched over the sleeping city. Once she and mother had stayed till they could hear him call out, so loud and clear: "Twelve o'clock, and

Sometimes he was forced to rouse the sleepers when a fire broke out, lest their beautiful city should be damaged or destroyed. No wonder everyone loved the town clock, who warned them of danger and watched over them sleeping or wak-

It was time to wake him now. "Father," she said, softly, going to his side. "Father," she repeated louder, as

ed again and again, even shook him; but | "Oh," gasped Barbay-"oh, how beau- from a life of misery, and I would strong-"If I go away will you eat it all?" she If she could not wake him the clock would mind all that dreadful part-I don't mind Dr. Williams' Pink Pills create new asked, again putting her arms around his not strike, and they would discharge him, anything "-and putting her head on the blood, build up the nerves and thus drive neck, but looking into his face as though as they did the other man, and then what Mayor's shoulder, she burst into tears. she loved every curve and impress on it. | would become of mother and the child-

father and the mother and the children.

Climbing on a chair, she took down the hammer, that felt so heavy, and then, pushing the chair close to the great bell, she climbed into it again, this time on her knees, so she would be where she could the clock, that still marked one second of

Clang-c-lang-c-lang-c lang -c-lang-c lang!

The hammer dropped to the floor, and, burrying her face in her hands on the rim gave a terrible sob.

Had she counted right? It had never sounded as before. It seemed as though the first sound had deafened all the others and would never stop. Did it sound so to those who were listening? Did everykept a record of the passing of time over thing to father-or to her-if it was all the alternately waking and sleeping city. wrong?

The fourth corner held the tall, old-fash- She locked up. How soundly father ioned clock, as old as the bell itself. that still slept! Mr. Harper would soon come had served in all that time to tell the ex- now and let him go home. He would not act moment when the town clock must mind his going to sleep, for he had been BRINGS ON A SEVERE ATTACK OF

great interest, for its face was always There were footsteps on the stairs. Mr. changing as it told of the moon and the Harper was coming. No, there were voices. In an instant Barbay was at her "Barbay," said her father when, their father's side, and putting her arms round feast over, he saw a rapidly approaching her father's neck, kissed the white, tired From the Napanee Express. storm; "much as I love to have you here, face, and called him by every endearing I must send you home now as fast as you name she could think of. As the door can. You would not like to be way up opened she drew her arms more tightly

Mayor, as he and the janitor entered.

him from threatened harm.

him," said Barbay, her big, sad eyes look- badly before from nervous disorder She ing at the two men. "He could not help was violently jerking and twitching all the town clock all day and all night. Oh, at all. Anything she would try to pick don't-please don't !" she pleaded, the ap with it would instantly fall. When

"This is more serious than I thought," would twist and turn, the ankle often said the Mayor, gently drawing the child doubling down and throwing her. Lately away, and putting his ear down to her I heard that she had been cured but father's heart.

"How long has he been this way?" he went out to see her. The statement asked, quickly.

"I don't know. I went to sleep all of a sudden, and when I waked up I was on

the floor, and father was asleep too." "Get a doctor here as quickly as possible," said the Mayor to the janitor. "He is stunned, and may be so for hours; but I think he'll come out of it all right. I confess I do not know what to do my-

"Now," he said, turning to Barbay, who was again leaning protectingly over her father, "who made the clock strike just

With a terrified look Barbay crept closer to her father as she said

"Oh, please, I can't wake him; and was afraid they would discharge him." "Well," said the Mayor, "who made the clock strike?

"Please, please don't let them do anything to father !" said Barbay, "I tried so

hard to do it right." She balf sobbed out the last words, as her head went down on her father's was brought on by hard study in school."

The Mayor's eyes threatened to give ment :- "All through the fall of 1894

him trouble, as he said kindly.

"Come here, little woman. Do not be to anyone about it, for I was going to afraid. No one shall do anything to your school and was afraid if I said anything father that you do not like. Come and about it to my parents they would keep tell me how you made the big clock

Encouraged by his words and by the hold my pencil. My right side was aftone of his voice, she loosened her hold of fected most, though the trouble seemed her father and had soon given an account to go through my whole system. In Janof how she had tried to be the town clock. "Did I count all wrong?" she ask d,

wistfully. "Oh, it was so dreadful!" The Mayor put his arm round her gently, and drew her to him, his eyes glistening and a lump rising in his throat, as he thought of all she had gone through.

"You are a dear, brave little woman," he said, earnestly, brushing her hair back from her eyes. "Yes, you counted all right, and everybody knew what time it for me. Before the first box was done I was; but the old clock sounded as though it was almost too weak and too tired to the Pink Pills for about a month, my strike, that was all."

"And they won't discharge father?" "No, he shall not be discharged; but I of the pills, and I have not had the slight. think that we must see that he has a few est trace of the malady since. I am satis-

he would not wake. What must she do? tiful! Then I don't mind-no, I don't ly recommend them for nervous troubles.

The next day the story was told all over cases they have cured after all other medithe city of how the tall tower had been cines had failed, thus establishing the With the tears rolling down her cheeks struck by lightning, and the town clock claim that they are a marvel among the she made one more agonizing effort to had been stunned and unconscious for triumphs of modern medical science. The waken him, and then looked in helpless hours; and of how Barbay, who had been genuine Pink Pills are sold only in boxes, called her Barbay, a name she had given despair at the clock and at the motionless stunned too for a few moments, had tried bearing the full trade mark, "Dr. Wil- Newspaper Row; his only failing is that bell. Suddenly a thought came to her to be the town clock, so that her father, liams' Pink Pills for Pale People." Pro- he has asthma, which he has to drown out that made her start and tremble. Could dear father, might not be discharged .- N. tect yourself from imposition by refusing occasionally.

### A Voice From Virden

GENTLEMEN,-I have used Hagyard's Yellow Oil for the past ten years, and find it a splendid remedy for colic, neuralgia, bronchitis, croup, pains in the back, ulcerated and sore throat, sprains, chilblains, etc., in fact we use it for almost every pain, and it always relieves quickly. I can safely say I know of no other remedy of the sort that can equal it. We always keep a good stock in the house.

MRS. J. L. MADGE. Virden, Man.

### A Comprehensive Word.

"What's his profession?" said the man with a wide range of taste. "He's an artist."

"Yes, but what kind? Does he dance, paint pictures or walk the tight rope?"

# Hard Study in School.

ST. VITUS' DANCE.

Miserable-Could Not use her Hands and Found it Difficult to Walk-Health Restored.

Nervousness is the frequent cause of much misery and suffering. One of the effects of this breaking up of the nerves, particularly among young people, being chorea or St. Vitus dance. A correspon-"Hulloa! What's this?" said the dent tells of a young lady at Selby who was badly afflicted with this trouble. He "Don't, please don't let them discharge | says :- "I never saw anyone suffering so tears beginning to roll down her cheeks. she would attempt to walk, her limbs doubted the truth of the statement and



proved quite true, and believing that a recital of the facts of the case would be of advantage to some one who might be similarly suffering, I asked permission to make them known, which was readily granted. The young lady is Miss H. M. Gonvou, a general favorite among her acquaintances, and it is thought that her trouble, as is not infrequently the case, Miss Gonyou gave the following statehad been feeling unwell. I did not speak me at home. I kept getting worse, and at last grew so nervous that I could not uary I was so bad that I had to discontinue going to school, and I was constantly growing worse. I could not use my hands, because I would let everything drop, and frequently when I attempted to walk, I would fall. My brother had been ailing for a long time and was then using Dr. Williams' Pink Pills and getting better, so I thought as they were helping him so much they would be a good medicine was feeling much better, and after using health was fully restored. It is now more than a year since I discontinued the use How soundly he slept. She called, call- days to rest before he goes to work again." fied Dr. Williams' Pink Pills saved me

disease from the system. In hundreds of any pill that does not bear the registered trade mark around the box.

### The Complete Angler.

"What's a fishing rod?" "It's a handsome-jointed arrangement your father holds out over the water." "What's a fishing pole?"

"It's a long wooden stick your Uncle ty Bill catches fish with."

### 100 per cent Better

Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills are curing heart and nerve troubles in every city, town and village in Canada. Mrs. F. Abbey, Toronto, says, "Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pilis cured my husband who had for fifteen years suffered with weak nerves caused by heart trouble. He was subject to pains in his head, dizziness, fainting spells, sleeplessness, etc. He is using the pills."

# The Elections.

Montreal Star.

The Conservative party never had less reason to fear the future than to-day. Fate has done its worst, and the party has nothing to lose but honor. From ocean to ocean the Liberals are not merely in the ascendant, but in absolute command; free to carry out almost unchecked, the principles they have professed through long years of opposition. If "seven halfpenny loaves "are not "sold for a penny," and if "the three hooped pot " does not have "ten hoops" in the new regime, there will be nobody to blame but the brave captains who have "vowed reformation" for the country. The people of Canada certainly agree like brothers just now in their choice of their political lead. ers or as Mr. Tarte would express it of their "masters." This popular agree. ment should make the experiment of Government on Liberal principles an easy one and neither in Federal nor in Provincial affairs can there be the slightest excuse for concessions to selfish interests or to sectional prejudices. Yesterday's victory must be regarded as the finally final settlement of the School Question. Mr. Flynn was most careful not to drag that or any other Federal issues into the campaign, but the Liberals courted rather than shunned the popular judgment on the question. How much that, or how much anything else had to do with the result is not very apparent. The flood which evertook the Flynn administration is evidently a part of the tidal wave that has overrun the whole Dominion. Nothing succeeds like success, and many people make their party preferences in much the same way as they select a horse to put their money on for a race, they vote for the party they expect to win. The personal integrity of Mr. Marchand is conceded by everybody, and his selection of a Cabinet from his ratner mixed following will be watched with interest not unmixed with aexiety. With such a strong party at his back there can be no excuse for taking into the Government any of the men whose names were preminently associated with the discredited regime of

The Conservatives have been pretty well relieved of responsibility; they have little to do but to retire gracefully and promptly and for a longer or shorter period to perform the duties of a loyal opposition faithfully. For the sake of the party they might well wish their opponents to stay in power long enough to attract to themselves some of the leeche that have been living on the Conservative party so many years.

## SPECIAL WARNING TO LADIES.

The proprietors of Diamond Dyes are the only people in the world that make special dyes for coloring cottons and all

It is now admitted by all the best color chemists that a dye prepared specially for all wool goods will not color cotion or mixed goods successfully.

When Diamond Dye Pink, Purple, Orange, Garnet, Navy, Yellow, Blue, Scarlet, Turkey, Red, Green, Cardinal, Brown and Black for Cotton and Mixed Goods are used, satisfaction is always

Beware of the dyes that pretend to color all wool goods and cotton with the same package of dye.

The verdict of millions on this continent is, "Diamond Dyes are first and best."

### Where Did He Get Them?

Last week he started out to drown his hay fever on pay day. When he left the office he counted among his possessions \$25, his week's salary. Just what happened to him is a mystery, because he never gained consciousness until he woke up in the station house the next morning. He searched his pockets; they were emp-

Eight o'clock came, and the station keeper came to let him out. There was no charge against him; he had only been locked up to sleep it off. The station keeper called out Bob's name, and then began to hand out things that had been taken away from him when he was locked up, of which Bob had no knowledge; first his watch, then \$37.50, half as much again as Pob had when he started out, then a new suit of clothes, an umbrella, a box of

paper collars and a basket of grapes. Bob is still wondering where they came now free from these troubles, and feels from. But he entertains the highest opin-100 percent better than when he began ion of the police department and the board of public safety.