

LIFE WORTH LIVING.

Life is a thing worth living to the brave,
Who fear not fortune's spite: in truth,
Who trust,
Whose spirit, not thrall'd by pride or
earthward lust,
Stands up while mortal tumults round
them rave,
Like Teneriffe above the ocean wave:
Who, mailed in duty, with divine dis-
gust,
Recoil from frivolous joys and aims un-
just,
Nor miss rewards which reason scorns to
carve,
Life is worth living to those souls of
light
Who live for others, and by gift bestow
On them the jubilant beams of their
own right:
Who, knowing life's defects, more fully
know
This life is not the temple, but the gate,
Where men secure of entrance, watch
and wait:

—Spectator.

THE OLD MAN AND
THE NEW WOMAN.

The trouble began in this way: He was an Old Man; not old in years; but a man of Old-fashioned ideas. He believed that the whole predestined end of women was wifehood and motherhood; that she should not mix (her domain being pre-eminently the home) in affairs outside that home. Her husband, as the head of the family, would be the proper person to interest himself in all those things; in the meantime she was to occupy herself in making home comfortable and entertaining for her lord and master; always, notwithstanding her trials of the day, meeting him with a smiling face and immaculate attire. The Old Man was a masterful man, and his father had been a masterful man before him. Looking back to his childhood home, he could remember that it had been always masculine rule that prevailed there. He remembered his mother, a patient, tired little woman, who seldom went anywhere, and whose life had been unselfishly devoted to others. Long ago that sweet mother had folded her weary hands over her meek breast and had gone to that rest she might never find on earth. At last she had broken the stern decree of her woman's earthly fate, and left a life of grinding monotony and toil, to go on that one last trip from which no traveller ever returns.

Everything had gone well with the Old Man until he met the New Woman. From the beginning he had not approved of the New Woman; but love is an unruly passion, and he who is smitten with it cannot always choose its object. So the sweet brown eyes of the New Woman had proved too much for the Old Man, and he had succumbed to the witchery of their glances, and had whispered the sweet, old story, the old story that is ever new, into the ears of the New Woman, and her heart had throbbled with all the responsive sweetness of her old-fashioned sister woman's.

But he had no intention of putting up with her new notions, he had won her love, and now he intended to conquer her. Oh, yes! certainly, her views must be brought to blend with his, for should not husband and wife be one? It had never occurred to him to doubt which one; and this is the way that the trouble began.

In the cool of the early twilight he was riding his bicycle. After long hours of confinement during the day, it was relaxing and soothing to his nerves to spin along over the smooth pavements and give up his mind to the idle nothings of the hour. Soon he spied a lady bicyclist coming toward him. It was the New Woman! For his part he did not believe in women riding bicycles; they could get enough exercise without such unwomanly exhibition of themselves. He dismounted, and bowed coldly and gravely, meaning to make her feel the weight of his displeasure. The New Woman was looking bright and rosy with her unwomanly exercise. She alighted from her wheel and strolled along by his side. Looking up the street, far, far in the distance, they could see the mountains with their silvery blue haze, while the lingering red of the setting sun lay above them like a halo of glory; and the New Woman drank in the peaceful beauty of the twilight with as keen an enjoyment as the Old Man.

"I must say, Eleanor," began the Old Man at last, "that I am surprised to know that you ride a wheel."

She laughed. "Ah, then, I suppose I shall surprise you in many ways."

"I don't consider it ladylike," he went on, "for a woman to ride a bicycle. She should be at home, cultivating more womanly accomplishments. I call your attention to this, dear Eleanor, with no wish to offend you; but as you are to be my wife so soon, it is best that we should understand one another. I should never think of allowing my wife to ride a wheel."

"No!" she said, sarcastically.
"Ah! I see you are angry, my dear. A true woman will hold her temper in check. My mother did not ride a wheel."

"H'm! Did your father?"
"Eh? Ah! well, of course the wheel was unknown in those days." Then he hurried on to say: "My mother was not a woman who would neglect her home to gad about or ride a wheel."

"She's dead now," remarked the New Woman, drily. He put aside her remark with a gracious wave of his hand.

"Then those women's clubs! I do not approve of them. Our mothers did not have them, and they were happy and contented in attending to their home duties and serving their families. Neither do I believe in woman's suffrage. Why does a woman need to vote? I, as your husband, would attend to such matters, and I should expect you to keep out of all these things. A quiet, womanly woman is a rare sight in these days, and we regret the passing of the old-fashioned woman; we are sorry to see the women of to-day laying aside the womanly occupations and taking the places of men. Man always has provided for woman, and attended to public affairs without her assistance."

"But, suppose," she said slyly, "that there are not enough men to go around?"

"Oh, of course there are occupations for which women are especially adapted, and by which they may make a livelihood."

"Teaching school and dressmaking, for instance," retorted the New Woman, mockingly. "Isn't it about time that men ceased prating about the woman of to-day? Even the newspapers are filled with jokes about the 'new woman,' and with the wails of some disconsolate lords of creation who fear that their reign of absolute authority is at an end; and occasionally one hears the cry of some poor deluded woman who cannot become reconciled to the new state of affairs. But the mark of progress moves serenely on, for the new woman has come to stay. I am sorry that you object to my bicycle," she continued, caressing it tenderly. "I find it a delightful recreation. Bicycling as an exercise, is health-giving and stimulating, and I need it after hours of indoor work and care as much as you do, and more; and I shall take it. As for women's clubs! What do you know about them? Have you taken the trouble to investigate? In the first place, the women's club has reached out and supplied that want in a woman's life—intellectual interest. It has broadened her views, and made her a better wife and mother. It lifts her above the petty trials of her everyday work. It reaches the poor woman in the narrow limits of her home, hungering for knowledge and social intercourse, and opens up to her a new world, and the more fortunate woman of leisure is able to help her hard-working sister intellectually, and becomes less selfish in doing so."

The plan whereby an association of women can meet and interchange ideas is excellent, and brings the different classes in closer touch with one another. After all, the club is but a school to fit women for the new life in which she is about to enter. I have not time to tell you of all the good work that women's clubs are doing; but you might tell me what your clubs have been doing all these years. Has their tendency been eventually for evil or good?"

"Well—our clubs—" he hesitated. She smiled scornfully.

"Well, let that pass. Now as to voting. Colorado has said that her women can vote, and whether I am your wife or not, I shall exercise my rights. I shall not speak now of the unjust laws in some states that give the children to the father, or that do not give women property rights independent of the husband, except to say that they are man-made laws, and in some states, therefore, all the protection that a married woman has is a good husband who is better than the law makes him. But, all men are not good husbands. Think, too, of a woman slaving and toiling by her husband's side until she is old and spent, in order to require property, and then in the end he may will the greater share of the property wherever it pleases him! In a certain state, recently, a judge decided that a man may slap or kick his wife, provided it does not injure her. Would that judge have dared to render such a decision if the woman of that state had held the power of the ballot? I think not. Now, when the women throughout the United States vote and are represented as well as taxed, such injustice will not be done them. And what thousands of scattered women cannot do, organized women will do. Now Albert, I hope I have explained my position to you and made my views plain; also the fact that I shall not change them."

They paused and looked at one another in silence, each measuring the other by one long, steady glance. Her eyes were calm and determined, and in his there was no sign of relenting.

"You mean, then—?"

"I mean that I will not give up the free life of a single woman for a fettered life as a wife. You must change your views, or keeping them, let me be free to have mine."

"But, Eleanor—"

"My mind is made up."

He looked at her as she stood there, her waving brown hair wind-tossed, her cheeks flushed, and her mouth firmly set. She was the most beautiful woman in the world to him, but he could not yield his will to obtain her.

"You cannot love me," he complained bitterly, "or you would put away all this folly for my sake. But then, what can one expect of the woman—of to-day, the new woman, the woman's rights woman, the organized woman, the club woman,

who has taken it into her head to reform the world, and even to change the very law of her being? She had better attend to the home that it was God's plan for her to fill."

"I have seen club women and other women," she returned, calmly, "and I notice that if a woman is inclined to neglect her home she will do so, even if she spends her time in gossiping and reading cheap novels. Was there ever a time when certain women in every walk of life did not neglect their homes. No," she added, quietly drawing a ring, "take your ring, and be free to find a woman whose world is centred in you without one single outside interest."

He looked at her in a dazed way, and his hand closed mechanically over the ring. Then she sprang lightly on the offending wheel and rode away. He watched the slender, graceful figure as it sat erect on the saddle, and seeing the ever-increasing distance between them, felt that the best part of the world was slipping from his grasp. Then a sudden blur in his eyes shut her out of his sight.

For a while the New Woman sped along; then, at last, with swift weariness, she dismounted, and, holding her wheel by the handle bars, walked slowly on. A burning lump was rising in her throat, and perhaps she suffered the same pain that the "Old Woman" would have suffered under the same circumstances.

For several days the New Woman saw nothing of the Old Man, and a vague loneliness was creeping over her spirits—a sense of something gone out of her life. One afternoon she came slowly down from the steps leading from the woman's club rooms. Her face was pale and distraught, and the subject of the afternoon's discussion occupied but little of her thought, for the problem that most women must meet sooner or later was confronting her. She mounted her wheel and rode away, and as she rode, she felt a sense of exultant freedom and self-reliance taking the place of her listlessness of the afternoon. The fresh breezes kissed her flushing cheeks and played at random in the sunny ripples of her hair. Soon she had left the city behind, and was travelling over the quiet suburban roads. Before her was the vast prairie, its fading green broken only by patches of castles, and now and then a fine residence rising on some prominence. Behind her lay the great city, standing like a queen of beauty, with its tints of greens and drabs, and its soft, shadowy mountain backgrounds—a marvel of man's handiwork, planted on the great thirsty plains of the West. Its high domes and church spires rose far above its homes, and the smoke of the smelters seemed to enfold it like a pall of transparent gray, through which the low sun sent a broad band of mellow gold.

Suddenly her face blanched, and she sprang from her wheel. A man was lying on the roadside, among the shattered remains of a bicycle. Here, indeed, was a fallen hero, fallen in all his pride and glory "and great was the fall thereof."

She bent over him with a little cry, for it was the "Old Man." He lay there silent and motionless, his white face turned up to the twilight sky. She clasped her arms about him in a speechless sorrow, and all her pride and dignity, all the rights of the "new woman," were merged into her great love, the look of the woman for the man. She looked helplessly about her, but there was no one near. The windows in an empty brick house looked coldly and pitilessly down upon her from the distance, and the quiet twilight lent its stillness to the surroundings. But the New Woman had learned to be self-reliant, and now she wasted no time in useless wavering. Once more she was on her wheel, hastening towards the city. She fairly flew over the ground, the wheel answering to her slightest touch, for her errand was of life or death.

The day was bright and fair. The sunshine streamed into a pleasant, upstairs room in a large hospital in the city. Lying on the bed, and looking very pale, was the Old Man, and sitting by his side the New Woman. A nurse, in cap and spotless apron, was flitting noiselessly about the room, while the doctor was preparing to leave.

"It is well, Miss H——, that you are a swift rider, for that and your promptness saved this young man's life," and he glanced at the Old Man.

"Such accidents ought to teach young people not to ride so recklessly, but a bicyclist never learns anything," and sniffing contemptuously, he hurried away to other patients.

Then the Old Man took the hand of the New Woman in his, and said:

"Eleanor, I have been a conceited fool. How you must have despised me! I've been thinking, these few days that I've been lying here, of all the unselfish devotion that man requires of woman as his right, and how little he is ready to give in return. I thought of my mother—" He turned away his head and checked, and presently he went on: "Eleanor, dear, forgive me, and you shall never regret that you became my wife. Hand in hand we will go through life together, as God intended that man and woman should. God made woman and placed her by man's side, not at his feet. Eleanor—" he stretched his arms toward her. The New Woman bent over and kissed him.

"Great Haste is Not
Always Good Speed."

Many people trust to luck to pull them through, and are often disappointed. Do not dilly-dally in matters of health. With it you can accomplish miracles. Without it you are "no good."

Keep the liver, kidneys, bowels and blood healthy by the use of Hood's Sarsaparilla, the faultless blood purifier.

Rheumatism—"I had acute rheumatism in my limb and foot. I commenced treatment with Hood's Sarsaparilla and Hood's Pills and in a short time was cured." WILLIAM HASKETT, Brantford, Ont.

Scrofula—"I was troubled with scrofula and impure blood. A cut on my arm would not heal. Hood's Sarsaparilla was recommended and after I had taken three bottles I was well." DANIEL ROBINSON, 52½ Treasley Street, Toronto, Ont.

Hood's Sarsaparilla
Never Disappoints

Hood's Pills cure liver ills; the non-irritating and only cathartic to take with Hood's Sarsaparilla.

And the silvery sunshine, creeping towards them, lingered solemnly and lovingly on the heads of the New Old Man and the Old New Woman.

BOUND TO ADVERTISE.

Once, writes an old journalist, when I was conducting a paper in the Western States, I convinced a man that it paid to advertise. He was a fairly prosperous merchant, and I tried for a long time to get him to insert an advertisement in my paper.

"Oh, its no use," he would say. "I never read the advertisements in a paper, and no one else does. I believe in advertising, but in a way that will force itself on the public. Then it pays. But in a newspaper pshaw! everybody who reads your newspaper dodges the advertising pages as if they were poison."

"Well, said I, 'if I can convince you that people do read the advertising pages of my paper will you advertise?'"

"Of course I will. I advertise wherever I think it will do any good."

The next day I ran the following line in the lightest-faced azure in the office and stuck it in the most obscure corner of the paper between a couple of patent medicine advertisements:—

"What is Cohen going to do about it?"

The next day so many people annoyed him by asking what the line meant that he begged me to explain the matter in my next issue. I promised to do it if he would let me write the explanation and would stand to it. He agreed and I wrote:—

"He is going to advertise, of course."

And he did.

BETTER THAN THE KLONDIKE.

No one who has a bad cough, which has racked their system, and bids fair to hold on through the entire winter, with all its misery and suffering should begrudge 32 cents to have certain relief. That is just what a bottle of Dr. Cook's old time English remedy, Cook's Sure Cough Cure will do. Sold by all dealers.

BURNED TO DEATH.

YARMOUTH, N. S., Aug. 17.—A sad accident happened here Tuesday afternoon which resulted fatally yesterday morning.

Some of the younger members of the family of the stipendiary magistrate, S. H. Pelton, were preparing a parlor performance of Cinderella to be given at home for the entertainment of visiting relatives, and Tuesday afternoon while the older members of the family were away, Keith Pelton, aged about 13, put on his muslin dress as Cinderella and was standing at the gas with curling tongs curling his hair when the sleeve of his dress caught fire, and in an instant he was in a blaze. The curtains, too, caught fire. The little fellow ran down stairs, where the servant threw a rug around him and extinguished the flames. The dress had been almost completely burned off, however, and the boy's body was terribly burned, especially about the stomach. Prompt surgical assistance was procured, but the little fellow died at an early hour yesterday morning.

Fact, Fancy and Fable.

Have convinced people that Putnam's Painless Corn Extractor should be given the preference. Get rid of your corns; get rid of them without pain; use Putnam's Extractor and no other.

A cork that is steeped for a few moments in hot vaseline will serve all the purposes for which a glass stopper is used.

A QUICK CURE
FOR COUGHS
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Pyny-Pectoral

The Canadian Remedy for all
THROAT AND LUNG AFFECTIONS
Large Bottles, 25 cents.

DAVIS & LAWRENCE CO., Limited,
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New York Montreal

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44 & 46 DOCK STREET ST. JOHN N. B.

Bonded Warehouse No. 8

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to Purchase

is where you can buy the Best Goods and the Most for the Least Money. Our advertisement is simply an index to which you may refer with Profit.

Fancy Wool Waist Plaids,
Plain and Fancy Black Dress Goods,
Colored Dress Goods—Fancy and Plain,
New Stock of Spring Prints,
Eancy Shirts,
Fancy Cottons suitable for Blouses,
Grey and White Cottons,
Flannelette,
Flannels,
Lace Curtains,
Art Muslin,
White and Fancy Spot Muslin,
Furniture Covering,
Linings of all kinds,
Flannelette Blankets,

Carpets and Oil Cloth,
Spring Roller Blinds,
Curtain Poles and Fittings,
3000 Rolls Wall Paper,
Ladies' Blouse Waists,
Men's and Boy's Shirts,
Men's Clothing,
Boy's Clothing,
Men's Underwear,
Ladies' Underwear,
Fancy Drapery,
Felt for Fancy Work,
Men's Boots, Shoes and Rubbers,
Ladies' " " " "
Child's " " " "

Men's and Boy's Hats and Caps.

Our stock of Mixed Paint, White Lead and Paint Oils ready for spring use will be found complete. Full Stock of Groceries, Flour, Oat Meal, Corn Meal, at Lowest Prices.

J. & W. BRAIT, KINGSTON,
KENT CO., N. B.

ESTABLISHED 1889.

The Review,

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