

WAITING FOR MOTHER.

The old man sits in his easy chair, Slumbering the moments away, Dreaming a dream that is all his own, On this glad some peaceful day.

But far away in the years that have flown Grandfather lives again; And his heart forgets that he ever knew A shadow of grief or pain.

Oh! happy this dream of the "Auld Lang Syne," Of the years long slipped away! And the old man's lips have gathered a smile, And his heart grows young and gay.

The old man wakes at his daughter's call, And he looks at the table near— "There's one of us missing, my child," he says, "We will wait till mother is here."

But the old man pleads still wistfully, "We must wait for mother, you know!" And they let him rest in the old arm chair.

Susan Wilde's Choice.

Her aunt, Mrs. Gladstone, was working an embroidery pattern at the opposite end of the room. On a stand in front of Susan lay a necklace of pearls, and a simple white rose.

The rose and the pearls were each accompanied with a separate note. They had both been presented to her by special messengers within the last half hour.

"Dear Susan,—Will you wear this rose on your bosom, this evening, if there is any room for one who loves you truly and devotedly?"

"HENRY JOY."

The second reads as follows: "Springvale, June—, 18—.

"Dear Miss Wilde,—If you feel that you can ever love me with one half the ardor and intensity that I do you, please acknowledge the sweet truth by accepting the pearls, and wearing them at Mrs. Gladstone's reception this evening."

"ARTHUR FLOYD."

And these two missives were the source of the quandary into which Susan Wilde, the acknowledged belle of Springvale, had so naturally and insensibly fallen. Arthur Floyd was of the firm of Floyd & Son, dry goods merchants, while Henry Joy was simply a salaried clerk in the establishment of the aforesaid firm.

Susan was the only child of an elder sister, who had died some years before leaving her off-pring to Mrs. Gladstone's care.

Her father had left some property, which her mother, through tact and economy, had very materially increased, so that at the time of her death Susan was left quite an heiress, having an unencumbered farm, and some four or five thousand dollars at interest.

In their social intercourse she had shown no special preference for one more than the other. Their visits and attentions had hitherto seemed equally welcome to the young lady, and they were now both anxious to know which was in the future to be the favored one.

Susan had read both of the notes carefully, and was now deeply pondering. They had evidently brought the young girl to a profound sense of reflection, and she saw that she must decide between the two.

Arthur Floyd, aside from his personal attractions, had abundant prospective wealth to recommend him; while Henry Joy had only his intellect, beauty and fine physical powers to plead for him.

With almost unlimited means at his command, the former could place her in the most exalted position in society, while the latter, with no other resource than his salary, could only expect to support a wife comfortably, not ostentatiously.

"Well," said Mrs. Gladstone, after a somewhat lengthy silence, "you seem to be unusually reserved on the subject of your morning's correspondence. Can't you see that your good aunt is dying with curiosity to learn the contents of the notes?"

Susan looked up confusedly. "Will you read them?" she asked, "or shall I?" "You read them, deary. You see I am busy just now with the embroidery pattern."

"What am I to do?" she questioned, with a look of evident annoyance, although it was plain from the blush that accompanied it, that she felt not a little flattered.

"Why, you silly little innocent," replied Mrs. Gladstone laughing; "it is against all rules of propriety to keep two strings to your bow after they have become so importunate. The only thing you have to do is to consider the respective claims of these two daring aspirants and decide between them."

"I know Arthur is rich and Henry is poor." "Yes; and the former is certainly not greatly inferior to the latter in point of manliness and intelligence. Of course, you will discard the rose for the pearls?"

"I am not sure, aunt, dear. I have been pondering the matter deeply for the last five minutes. I have always prided myself that I am something of a judge of human nature. To be sure, Arthur Floyd is rich, and can lavish pearls, or even diamonds, upon the lady of his choice; but in my knight of the white rose I recognize a natural superiority that wealth alone cannot confer."

"My decision, auntie, ought not to be governed wholly by the present situation; for riches, you know, have wings; and, aside from that, I find in my poor admirer more sincerity, more strength of purpose, and a great deal less vanity and selfishness than may be found wrapped up in him who is represented by pearls."

"Surely you would not be so insane, my dear, as to resign Arthur Floyd, who has positive wealth and a recognized social standing, for a poor clerk in his employ, with nothing but his good looks to recommend him?"

"I might, aunt. A young girl is sometimes supposed to consult her heart rather than her ambition in these matters; and, surely, if I allow my heart to have a voice, it will plead most potently in favor of Harry."

"Well, I have no power to control your decision," responded Mrs. Gladstone somewhat impatiently. "I can only advise you, as I think, for the best. You are, of course, your own mistress; but as you make your bed, so must you expect to lie."

There was but little more said upon the subject, and that night Susan Wilde wore the white rose instead of the pearls. Arthur knew of his disappointment in season to send in his excuses to Mrs. Gladstone, for Susan had returned his present, with an appropriate declination, early in the afternoon.

Henry Joy, on the contrary, was in an ecstasy of happiness at sight of the simple white rose so modestly displayed upon the heaving bosom of the fond object of his heart's worship; and he found opportunity in the course of the evening to draw her into the conservatory, beyond the reach of listeners, where he poured into her willing ear the passionate story of his love, and described how feeble, until that hour, had ever been his hope of winning such an exalted prize.

"I could not afford such a costly present as Arthur sent you," he whispered, softly, "and, therefore, I had scarcely dared to hope. Had I not loved you so wildly, so madly, I should have hardly ventured to make the bold proposition to you that I did."

"I thought it a model of manly delicacy and cleverness," responded Susan, blushing and permitting him to squeeze her hand in a most demonstrative manner.

"I felt myself very much in the condition of a drowning man," said Harry, in a tone of happy triumph. "The faint hope I had of winning you from such a rival as Arthur was the straw, figuratively speaking, at which I grasped, and, lo! it buoyed me up and I gained the haven of my desires. O, Susan, darling, you don't know how happy your sweet promise has made me!"

"You know, Harry," said Susan, quietly, "that I have always aimed to be a sensible and steady-minded girl. When I chose you, dearest, I did not do it without reflection. In the first place I was fully sensible that I loved you the best—that there was more, in fact, worth loving

in your character than in Arthur's. He would be much more selfish and exacting, with a wife, and far less self-sacrificing than you; besides, I have been made acquainted with some things that do not reflect credit upon his character. For instance, I have heard, on very good authority, that he sometimes drank more than was good for him; that he preferred associating with gamblers and roughts, to sober, honest young men of his own age—a class whom that set characterize as 'old-fashioned'—and I have often heard it whispered that he, too, indulges in the pernicious habit of gaming. Considering these defects, the intrinsic worth of your character—for I have been assured by those who know that your record is a spotless one—weighs more in my humble, womanly estimation than all the wealth of the world associated with a tarnished name. I reasoned that Arthur, with habits of recklessness and extravagance already formed, though rich and courted now, might be poor, despised and degraded at no distant day; and then what would a loving, proud-spirited woman have to live for? I duly considered all these things, as well as my decided preference for you; and the result was, though contrary to my good aunt's advice, who had not the faculty, as she said, to discover any of these bugbears, I accepted the rose in preference to the pearls."

"Bless you, darling!" cried Harry, deep-impressed by the sensible discrimination of his promised bride. "If I ever disappoint you in your hopes or expectations regarding me, it will be because I lack the ability, not the will, to sustain the role I have marked out."

"I have the most perfect confidence in your ability, dear Harry; and to show you that I have, I shall place every dollar of my little fortune—some ten or twelve thousand in all, if the farm can be disposed of to advantage—entirely at your command, which will enable you to commence business on your own account—not so extensive as the Floyds to begin with, of course; but you will prosper. The man I marry is not to be cramped in his aspirations on account of my fears for the money I might have lying idle in some savings bank."

The lover could but express his emotion of gratitude by a tender pressure of the hand as they strolled back, and once more mingled with the gay company.

The next morning Susan informed her aunt, Mrs. Gladstone, that she and Henry Joy were to be married at the expiration of a month, and preparations for the approaching nuptials were immediately set on foot.

Everything was in readiness when the time arrived, and a very costly display was the legitimate result of Mrs. Gladstone's clever management.

Agreeable to the promise given him before marriage, Mrs. Joy surrendered all her property into her husband's hands and he immediately set up for himself in a limited way in the same line of business as the Floyds.

As Susan had prophesied before their marriage, his business grew, and its growth proved a healthy and profitable one. In five years Susan's twelve thousand dollars had multiplied to fifty, and Harry Joy was beginning to be spoken of as one of the "heavy men" of Springvale.

But during that five years a great change had come over the fortunes of Arthur Floyd. His father had died, leaving him in full control of his extensive business. For a while things seemed to go on as smoothly as ever with Arthur, though prudent people observed that he was becoming daily more fond of the wine-cup and the disreputable company of fast men and professional gamblers. He let his business go at loose ends, trusting to the integrity of the salesmen he employed, and they robbed him. He spent much of his time in the city, and a rumor reached Springvale one day that he had lost twenty thousand dollars at faro in one night—nearly twice the amount of money that Harry Joy had to commence business upon.

From that time Arthur Floyd became more reckless and dissipated than ever and cautious people began to whisper of impending bankruptcy; and, sure enough, it came sooner than the most observant had predicted. An officer from the city arrived one day and seized upon everything. He had been running his business for a long time on the strength of a credit which his father had previously established for the house through his business tact and integrity.

The next morning after that ruinous and to some unexpected failure, Arthur Floyd was found suspended by the neck to a great beam in his own barn, and quit dead when discovered. Susan Joy had just received a call from her aunt, Mrs. Gladstone, when the sad news of the suicide reached them.

"Where should I have been now had I accepted the pearls?" was all that Susan said. "Indeed, deary, you were wiser than I, after all," confessed Mrs. Gladstone, with a sigh.

Gen. Hutton has written a sharp note to Col. Sam Hughes over his proposed volunteer corps for the Transvaal. Under the British army act it appears Col. Hughes rendered himself liable to a fine of £20 for attempting to procure recruits for the army without authority.

"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."

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SAW HIM MURDERED.

WIFE AND CHILD SEE RUTKOSKY KILLED, DONE THROUGH A MISTAKE.

SHENANDOAH, Pa., Sept. 27.—Joseph Rutkosky, a respectable citizen of William Penn, a suburb of this city, was brutally killed with a hatchet before the eyes of his wife and seven year old son at 10 o'clock last night.

He was standing with Mrs. Rutkosky and the child at his door talking to a neighbor, when ten men rushed up to him. The leader, with but the least provocation, pulled out a hatchet which he had concealed under his coat, and deliberately struck Rutkosky on top of the head, crushing his skull and felling him to the ground. He died instantly.

The wife with a frightful scream fell upon her husband's corpse. At this cry of alarm the assassins turned and fled. It is supposed that they mistook him for another man.

When friends and neighbors reached the scene they found the little boy struggling with the bodies of his parents and pitifully appealing to them to wake up and attend to his complaints.

All the mining men of the village went wild when the report of the crime was circulated. A posse was organized immediately and started in hot pursuit of the murderers, who escaped to the mountains, where they were finally surrounded, and seven of them were captured and locked in jail in this city. They are John and Anthony Sankawicz, Mathew and Releigh Babis, Charles Kutchis, Michael Brokesky, and Andrew Kuruis.

Raleigh Babis, it is alleged, is the man who struck the blow. The only thing that saved the suspects from being lynched as soon as they were captured was the efforts of the officers and constables that accompanied the posse. They kept the angry mob back at the point of their revolvers, and succeeded in leading the prisoners safely in the hands of the authorities of Shenandoah.

A second posse started in pursuit of the three men who escaped, and if they capture them there are no legal officers with them to prevent them from being hanged at once.

No one can explain the attack upon Rutkosky except through the theory that he was mistaken for some person against whom his assailants had a violent grudge. Mrs. Rutkosky is in a precarious condition to-night, the physicians despairing of saving her life on account of the shock she received on witnessing the murder.

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Children Cry for CASTORIA.

P. Laine, of Tracadie, N. B., has been appointed wharfinger at that place. Theo. Laine has been made harbor master of the same place.

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