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IF WE DIDN'T HAVE TO EAT.

Life would be an easy matter If we didn't have to eat, If we never had to utter, 'Won't you pass the bread and butter Likewise push along the platter Full of meat.

We could save a lot of money If we didn't have to eat. Could we cease our busy buying, Baking, broiling, brewing, frying, Life would then be, oh, so sunny And complete!

All our worry would be over If we didn't have to eat. Would the butcher, baker, grocer, Get our hard earned dollars! No, sir! We would then be right in clover, Cool and sweet;

FROM FOUR TO FIVE: WHAT HAPPENED.

Miss Kate had never shared the popular prejudice against the Emery twins. On the contrary, many a time when public indignation ran high over their madcap pranks she had stood up for them stoutly.

So, recklessly speaking, this rash young woman smiled and unconsciously egged on the fates to do their worst against her. It was on one winter afternoon that she was ushered into Mrs. Emery's beautiful drawing room, whither she went by appointment to discuss some charitable work on which they served on a committee together.

Miss Kate looked down graciously at the cherubic faces upturned to hers. The roughened fair hair gleamed about their heads like halos, and she wondered at the narrow-minded neighbors who judged these pretty children severely.

darkness, indeed! They were more like angels. 'Won't you sit down?' continued John, affably, drawing forward a large armchair. Perhaps it was her innate sense of humor that caused her to glance furtively at the seat where bent pins might have been lying unsuspected in ambush.

'Shall we ring for tea?' asked John. 'Oh, no, indeed, not until Mrs. Emery comes in!' 'Shall we?' John turned to his brother as if she had not spoken.

'Why, I—' began that startled lady, but her voice was drowned by John's loud, authoritative: 'And she don't care for crackers, Wilson. Have some hot buttered toast made. 'Lots of it,' put in Jim, 'and jam, too. Don't forget the jam.'

'Miss De Forest would like you to bring up the tea, Wilson.' 'Why, I—' began that startled lady, but her voice was drowned by John's loud, authoritative: 'And she don't care for crackers, Wilson. Have some hot buttered toast made. 'Lots of it,' put in Jim, 'and jam, too. Don't forget the jam.'

'How silly to be annoyed! Of course I can explain to Mrs. Emery, and all sorts of queer things must happen in this house.' So she laughed with them, and only asked, shaking her head: 'What will Wilson say of my manners, you rogues?'

'Is your Uncle Bob here?' asked Miss Kate, a wild thrill of happiness running over her, and bringing the sudden color into her pale cheeks. The little boys glanced at her keenly, and John sharpened his wits.

'He writes letters all the time, and Jim and I know a secret about Uncle Bob, Miss De Forest. Shall we tell her, Jim?' 'Would you?' Jim's tone was doubtful, judiciously so, for he had not the dimmest idea what the secret might be.

'You won't breathe it to anybody else?' John pursued, and Miss Kate pledged herself to everlasting silence, feeling rather treacherous all the while, yet unable to resist hearing anything about Robert Emery, the only man in the world for whom she had ever cared a straw.

'Well,' said John, sitting on the arm of her chair, and speaking slowly, 'he is going to be married.' 'Yes,' he's going to be married, Jim echoed dutifully—'with a wedding and wedding cake.'

'Yes, I heard him telling mother. I was behind the door, and they didn't see me. He can afford it now; he has made ever so much money.'

'Whom is he to marry?' The question seemed wrong from her—she looked from one guileless face to the other. 'Oh, a lady,' said little Jim—'the pretty lady in the picture on his table, I guess. It has a stunning frame, silver, you know.'

'That's her,' nodded John with a reckless disregard of grammar. 'She is coming here to-day, and Uncle John will take her home. If she comes, we shall see her, shan't we, Jim?'

'How long she sat there motionless she did not know, but a time came when she realized that a still small voice was addressing her with the simply directness that speeds home.

'Are you pretty, too?' it asked, and Miss Kate started as if she had suddenly stepped on a serpent in a flower bed. The twins stood in front of her, taking an inventory of her charms. The eyes that met hers were as blue and limpid as May-time skies.

'I don't know whether I am or not,' returned Miss Kate, desperately. She glanced at the door and wondered if it would be cowardly to make a dash for it. 'Did—has your mother gone out of town?'

'We can easily find out,' said John. His lips twitched as Miss Kate's hand went up involuntarily to the ringlets she had pinned on with great care some hours before.

'And she walks like a duck,' continued he, applying rack, as well as thumb-screw. 'Don't you remember the day Alay was showing us how she looked hurrying down the street?'

'Upon what?' Hurt to the quick by her manner, he, too, spoke coldly now. 'Upon your engagement.' 'My what?' That amazement was not feigned, surely, and Kate repeated, a tremble in her tone: 'Your engagement. Aren't you going to be married?'

'No-o,' confessed John, reluctantly—'you didn't speak loud enough.'

'No-o,' confessed John, reluctantly—'you didn't speak loud enough.'

'Boys!'—Uncle Bob laid a hand on each white serge shoulder, and the two rosy faces grew serious at his touch—'you might have made a great deal of trouble with your listening behind doors. It's not an honorable thing to do. Now I want you to go up to my room again and bring down the picture of the lady on the table. Be off with you!'

'I wonder if I am going to be married?' said he. 'Who knows, if you do not?' she answered, and tried to pass him, indifferently, as she moved toward the door. But he blocked the way.

'Well, I haven't asked the lady yet Do you think she will have me, Kate?' 'How can I tell?' she faltered, and his man's conscience smote him.

'Hang Mabel!' growled that young person's uncle, fiercely. 'I love every wrinkle you have, though I can't see any. They mean that you are the dearest, most patient and faithful woman that ever lived. Oh, we are going to have such glorious times together, you and I!'

'I'm sure I hope you'll be very happy, sir,' he said, 'and you, too, Miss!' Then he withdrew, eager to spread the glad tidings in the servants' hall.

'Is that the lady you are going to marry?' Kate glanced up at her lover with an arch smile.

'Because she has a sense of humor,' finished Miss Kate, pulling down her veil.

But in spite of that, the new aunt set her teeth together hard when Wilson stepped up just as she and Uncle Bob were opening the front door.

'Beg pardon, Miss, but Master John thinks these must be yours. He found them in the chair, where you were sitting.'

'That's the lady who's just gone out, sir.' Wilson enlightened them, passing by.

The increase has been tremendous. It is largely due to the fact that circular and printed matter formerly sent through the mails, unsealed, at the one cent rate, is now being sent by letter postage and sealed.

'The local postal officials, speaking to a Star representative this morning, expressed the belief that, judging from the effect of the reductions in the domestic postal rate in Montreal, the increase in the amount of matter handled under the reduced rate would to a large extent make up for the loss to the revenue from the reduction of the rate.'

'The public seemed to have understood and taken advantage of the reduction in both instances at once. The new rate of postage on newspapers of a quarter of a cent a pound went into effect yesterday at the city post office. Very little difficulty was experienced in weighing and handling the matter received from the various newspaper offices in the city. The revenue from this source will be considerable in Montreal alone. Taken all over the Dominion the imposition of a postage rate on newspapers is expected to make a considerable increase in the revenue.'

With pure, rich, healthy blood, which may be had by taking Hood's Sarsaparilla, you will not need to fear attacks of pneumonia, bronchitis, fevers, colds or the grip. A few bottles of this great tonic and blood purifier, taken now, will be your best protection against spring humors, boils, eruptions, that tired feeling and serious illness, to which a weak and debilitated system is especially liable in early spring.

FATALITY SHOT WHILE MOOSE HUNTING. YARMOUTH, N. S., Jan. 6.—A terrible accident occurred to-day at Yarmouth, 25 miles from Yarmouth, Victor Baker, aged 19, a son of the Hon. L. E. Baker, was with his brother, Seymour, and Geo. Cain, a teacher, on a moose hunt and young Victor was by accident shot dead.

It's Hay Fever that is the bug-bear of your life, you won't know the pleasure of freedom from it till you've tried Dr. Chase's Catarrh Cure.

A LETTER FROM MANILA.

IT DISPOSES OF A POPULAR IDEA OF THE DISCOMFORTS OF A TRIP TO THAT PLACE.

(New York Mail and Express.) The following which is an abstract of a letter received by the wife of an army officer here from the wife of flag officer connected with Rear-Admiral D. wey's fleet, is so interesting as to be worthy of reproduction:

MANILA Nov. 5, 1898. 'My Dear Emily—Well, I have arrived in glorious health and delightful humor. The trip was the greatest surprise of my life. You know how I hate to travel how dreadfully unhappy I was when I had to follow—'

'I don't know.' Jim grew thoughtful. 'It's the lady who's just gone out, sir.' Wilson enlightened them, passing by. 'That's the lady who's just gone out, sir.' Wilson enlightened them, passing by.

At Montreal I made a connection with the Canadian Pacific Railroad, and right here I want to say this: You doubtless will have to come out here in a few months when your husband is ordered to Manila, and for goodness sake do not let anybody persuade you to travel over any line but the Canadian Pacific. It beats the others all hollow. I was as comfortable and happy in the run between Montreal and Vancouver as a well fed child at Christmas time.

'But it did not end there, either. I found the scenery even finer than Switzerland. I said to one of the conductors on the train: 'I suppose one must travel on a nasty, tiny ship on the Pacific to get to Hong Kong?' He laughed at my fears, and said: 'Madame, you will be surprised when you see the Empress of India or the Empress of China.'

'The weather here is delightful, almost as balmy as the passage across the Pacific. Talk about your Florida weather! Give me that of the Pacific and the Philippines every time. Looking for your early arrival. I am yours,'

P. S.—The Canadian Pacific, I have since ascertained made a substantial reduction for United States officers families.

Racking Rheumatism.

Mary Odell, 262 Dunn Ave., Toronto, writes: 'I have used Milburn's Rheumatic Pills for Rheumatism and have been cured. The pain ceased after the first day's trial of the remedy.'

A good story is told by Rudyard Kipling at his own expense. During his stay in Wiltshire one summer he met little Dorothy Drew, Miss Gladstone's granddaughter, and being very fond of children, took her in the grounds and told her stories. After a time Mrs. Drew, fearing that Mr. Kipling must be tired of the child, called her and said: 'Now, Dorothy I hope you have not been wearying Mr. Kipling.'