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THE GREAT NORTH SHORE ROUTE!

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A Mad Love.

By the author of "Lover and Lord."

CHAPTER X.—Continued.

"And you!" he asked wistfully. "And me to," she answered with grave sincerity.

"Thank Heaven!" he exclaimed, in a tone that was almost as low as a whisper, and with what seemed curiously misplaced fervor. "I used to think that it would be a maddening torture to cross this threshold again, or to see even a shadowy likeness to the dead in a strange living face. Now I know that I was utterly wrong."

"I am so glad," the girl cried eagerly, her face flushing. "I hoped you had grown accustomed, reconciled to my face."

"Accustomed," the young man echoed, with a laugh that startled her—"reconciled! Those are not the words that I should use. I should rather say—"

What he intended to say remained unspoken; for there came the sound of voices in the hall and the door opened to admit Lady Dare, Mrs. Medwin and Crystal Joyce.

Bruce drew back with a quick angry look at the new-comers, and Ethel was vexed with herself for blushing without reason or pretense of any kind.

"So you are here, Bruce," Lady Dare said, with a well pleased nod of her handsome head. "How do you do, my dear?"—as she kissed Ethel in a manner that was more than ordinarily affectionate, and surveyed the pretty flushed face with admiring eyes. "But I need not ask; you are just as sweet and fresh and blooming as a rose. Where does the child get her tints from, Annie?"

The "tints" she commended deepened by several shades, as the girl drew her chair back into the shadow with a nervous haste that did not escape Crystal Joyce's cold searching glance.

In the meantime, having reduced one member of the company to embarrassed silence, Lady Dare settled herself comfortably on a well-cushioned lounge and turned her attention to her son.

"I told Crystal we should be sure to find you here, Bruce," she went on; triumph in her eyes and tone; "and, though Ronald and you went out together, I was equally sure that I should find you alone."

The young man muttered something hurriedly below his breath, with a look from under his dark lashes that made Ethel's heart beat in an uncomfortable fashion; she had not thought that Bruce could look so fierce.

But Lady Dare noticed nothing. She leaned indolently back in her luxurious seat, fanning herself from time to time with a big Indian feather fan, perfectly content with herself and her surroundings, absolutely unaware of the existence

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200 tons Blueberries

DELIVERED AT OUR STORE IN RICHIBUCTO FOR WHICH WE ARE PREPARED TO PAY THE HIGHEST MARKET PRICE.

Also, we want all the people of Kent County to know that we have a stock of Men's, Youth's and Boy's Ready-Made Clothing, Flannelette Shirts, Summer Underwear, Cotton Hose and Neckties; Ladies' Cotton Hose, Ladies', Misses and Children's Cashmere Hose, Ladies' Gloves, and a splendid line of Boots and Shoes which we wish to clean out to make room for fall goods. Below are a few of our prices:

20 Pieces FLANNELETTE	at 5c per yd.
20 " " "	from 6c upwards.
GREY COTTON	" 3 1-2 "
20 Pieces Shirting Gingham	" 6c "
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Ladies' " "	" 7c "
Men's Shirts	" 20c "
" Liners	" 18c "
" Drawers	" 18c "

It is useless to attempt to give anything like a price list in this small space, but we would be pleased to have you call at our store and we will show you the goods and quote prices.

A. & R. LOGGIE.

of any smouldering embers that her breath might fan to dangerous flame.

"How do you contrive to get rid of Ronald?" she asked, with ponderous jocosity; and Bruce answered with savage brevity—

"He dropped me here and drove on to the barracks."

"Ah!"—Lady Dare's "Ah" was long-drawn and suggestive—"Ronald is the wisest and most prudent of young men! He knows exactly when to come, and when to go; when to speak, and when to be silent."

"I wish to Heaven you shared the virtues you eulogize!" Bruce cried with irrepressible passion; then he turned to Mrs. Medwin, and said, with quivering lips, "I must bid you good-day now. I have an appointment for which I am already late."

He went out then, without even a look or a word to pale bewildered Ethel, leaving them all silent and dismayed.

Lady Dare was the first to recover, not her composure, but her voice, which she raised in an aggrieved tone.

"What did I say that could possibly have annoyed him? But, I cannot understand my own boy now, Annie; he is so changed and strange."

"Poor Bruce has had much to try him," Mrs. Medwin observed. She too had been pained and startled by the fierce unexpected outbreak, but hardly more so than by Lady Dare's recent pleasantries.

"I know he has been tried; and are we not all patient and forbearing with him for that reason?" Lady Dare returned indignantly, too absorbed in her present wrong to think how her outspoken complaints might affect her well-laid plans for the future. "But there are limits to all forbearance; and I think Bruce is going just a little too far. He was always ill-tempered. I really can not imagine how Ronald contrives to get on with him. Do you not remember, Crystal, I made the remark to you only this morning?"

She raised her voice with the question; but Miss Joyce apparently did not choose to hear. She had just crossed to the window, and was speaking to Ethel with what, for her, was quite a remarkable show of interest in the embroidery stretched upon its oaken frame.

"There is another dreadful temper," her ladyship remarked, with a martyr-like shrug of the ample shoulders that seemed well able to support any burden laid upon them. "I never know whether Crystal Joyce is in the mood to be spoken to or not. Oh, my dear, your lot has fallen in

pleasant places, with your dear easygoing husband and that sweet-natured child; for I am sure Ethel is as good-tempered as she looks!"

"She is," Mrs. Medwin agreed, smiling. "She is a dear, sensitive, impulsive girl, a little inclined to fall into extremes of liking and disliking, but thoroughly good and sweet."

"Ah!" Her ladyship's "Ah!" was this time full of satisfaction. She fanned herself silently for a few seconds; then said irrelevantly, and with a bland conciliatory smile, "After all, I talked a great deal of nonsense just now, and gave my poor Bruce a much worse character than he deserves, for, of course, poor fellow, he has, as you say, been terribly tried, and, on my part at least, he comes of a hot-tempered race, but I know that I could not prejudice you against him."

"Indeed you could not. I formed my estimate of Bruce long since."

"When you gave him poor Florrie?" the other asked eagerly. "And he has done nothing to change it since then, Annie?" She drew a little nearer, and her voice sunk to a confidential whisper. "I think my boy will come to you again soon."

Mrs. Medwin drew back nervously, her face grew pale and then red, and her soft eyes turned with a vaguely troubled look toward Ethel.

"You mean," she faltered; and Lady Dare said, with an emphatic nod—

"I mean that Ethel has Florrie's face and Florrie's voice; and Bruce has found both irresistible. He loves her, I know; but he will shrink, naturally enough, from telling this to you."

Mrs. Medwin did not answer. The idea was not wholly strange to her—indeed her husband had encouraged and dealt upon it with considerable satisfaction—but it was one that pained and distressed her more than the gentle lady cared to own; and that not only because the mother's heart thrilled with the thought that her dead child was at last forgotten, but for reasons that were vague and indefinite even to himself.

"Would you refuse her to him, Annie?" Lady Dare asked, a little offense and anger in her tone. "The deepest wounds heal in time, you know. Bruce is not as old as you and I are, and—"

"Oh, do you think it is that—that I am so selfish, so cruel?" Mrs. Medwin broke in eagerly. "You are wrong, Lucilla. Bruce has proved his love; he has mourned as long as Jacob served. It is not that!"

"Then what is it? If you think that Bruce is free to marry any one, why should he not marry your niece? Take time to consider, my dear. In the meantime," her ladyship added, "let us talk of more pressing matters. Of course you and Ethel are promised to me for the twelfth!"

"The twelfth! For what?"

"For my garden-party—the only festivity by which Bruce will allow me to celebrate his return."

"Yes, we will be sure to come," Mrs. Medwin replied, thankful to escape with a promise so very much more easy to give than that the other had before tried to exact, and conscious that her feather-headed friend would be almost as well content with the one concession as the other.

"That is right!" Lady Dare's smile, as she rose to go, was radiantly content. "Dareholme will hardly know itself in gala guise; it has not opened its gates in any hospitable fashion for seven long years. But there, dear, I did not mean to hurt you. This is a world of joy and sorrow, we all know, and we should be thankful that, for us at least, the dark days are over and the sun shines again."

* * * * *

"But, James," Mrs. Medwin began, with a hesitating little sigh.

"But, Annie," her husband interrupted, with a smile, in which there was no hesitation, though there might perhaps be a faint trace of regret, "there really is no possible objection to be made to the match and everything to be said in its favor. Come, old lady," he added, placing one hand kindly and gently on the satin clad shoulder, "make up your mind to what is to be, and do not spoil Ethel's pleasure!"

Mrs. Medwin plucked nervously at the soft ostrich trimming of her sleeves, and answered with a very forced smile—

"If it were only the day's pleasure; but James, I have all along hated the thought of this garden party. I am so sure that Bruce will speak of her to-day."

"And if he does? Why should it be worse to-day than to-morrow, or this day week? Ethel is a good and pretty girl, and deserves the best husband in the world; but I'm afraid that world will hardly call her heroically selfish for consenting to share an old title and six thousand a year with a handsome young fellow like Bruce Dare."

Mrs. Medwin turned away with a little restless movement of impatient pain. Her husband's light tone jarred upon nerves that were, she knew, unreasonably excited and unstrung. She was angry with him for being so placidly content with what seemed to her nothing less than a calamity, and angry with herself for being so.

"Come, Annie," the man said gently, "it is not like you to be unreasonable. Why should we be more exacting now than we were seven years back? Did you think we were sacrificing Florence, Annie?"

"Oh—no!" the woman answered, with a frightened gasp. "I—that was so different!"

"How different. Bruce has done nothing to forfeit our confidence then."

"No—but— Oh, here is Ethel!" Mrs. Medwin cried, turning with manifest relief to greet the girl, who entered with a laughing apology for being late.

"How do I look?" she asked, standing in the full glow of the hot July sunlight, in which the soft peach-like skin showed as flawless as the roses at her round white throat.

"You look—pretty well," Mr. Medwin replied, after a laughing pause that was eloquent enough in its way. "If that praise does not satisfy your vanity you must wait till you see Bruce or Ronald Dare. No doubt they know how to turn a compliment in proper modern fashion; mine would be altogether out of date."

"I do not think Captain Dare very complimentary," Ethel responded, with a half-laughing, half-vexed look, as though she were recalling some deed or word that had not greatly pleased her.

"Well, Bruce then," Mr. Medwin said; and either because she felt the glance he gave her then to be more keenly searching, or because she always grew graver at the thought of Bruce Dare, the girl was

silent, not answering that last speech even by a look.

Mrs. Medwin was unusually quiet during the drive to Dareholme, and once or twice Ethel paused in the gay chat she was having with her uncle to ask if she was ill, finding each time that she turned that her aunt's eyes were fixed with a curious anxious interest upon her. The close scrutiny made her a little nervous at last.

"Am I wrong in any way, auntie?" she asked, with a smile. "You look as though you wanted to tell me something disagreeable, but had not the heart to do it. Perhaps I have lost a ribbon or a feather, or Pinnock has not fastened my buttons in a mathematical line, and you think I shall make a lop-sided entrance into Scantlebury society. Pray tell me and set my mind at ease!"

"It may be quite at ease, my dear," Mrs. Medwin answered, smiling too; but thinking how ludicrous was the contrast between the girl's mock anxious questions and the real care that perplexed and troubled her. "Feathers, flowers, buttons, are all perfect. Pinnock has surpassed herself to-day."

"And here we are," Mr. Medwin broke in, glancing round with a suppressed yawn, as the carriage passed through the great gates, and entered the wide tree-shaded avenue that was cool even that hot July afternoon. "Here we are; and I wonder how long this tomfoolery is to last."

Ethel looked round her with dazzled eyes, as they crossed the wide lawn dotted with groups of gaily dressed young people, and came in front of the house. Surely some magician had been at work, and metamorphosed calm stately Dareholme—the place that had hitherto almost chilled and oppressed her by its silence and repose! To-day the lawn was dotted with long marquees, and red and white striped tents; the sparkling lake was gay with pleasure boats, and in a tall kiok raised in the center of the grounds the band of the Horse Artillery played Bucalossi's and Hutchinson's latest valses in inspiring succession.

From the group of more distinguished guests who had gathered round Lady Dare upon the terraced steps, Bruce sprang eagerly forth to meet them, and there was no mistreading the look that lighted up his soft dark eyes as they rested upon Ethel's dainty loveliness.

"How late you are!" he said reproachfully. "I believe you are the very last to come."

"Never mind, Bruce, we will be the first to go, if that will make things even," Mr. Medwin put in cheerily; but Bruce did not hear or heed him. He was looking with a sort of jealous passion into Ethel's face, wondering if it were he or Ronald Dare, who just then addressed her, who brought the deepening glow into her cheek.

Lady Dare, looking like a brilliant old gypsy queen, in a daintily picturesque arrangement of coral satin and black lace, throned in her tall chair, and with her crowd of courtiers round her, received them with becoming graciousness and pleasure.

"At last! I told Bruce you would come," she exclaimed, tapping Ethel's wrist with her great waving fan. "Annie, I am sure you would like to sit here out of the heat. It is so terribly warm to-day!"

"It is warm; but you are fortunate in the weather. Imagine what a downpour of rain would make of this gay scene!" Mrs. Medwin answered, trying to fix her mind and thoughts alike upon the pretty panorama, and not let them wander so persistently to Ethel and Bruce Dare.

As soon as it was in any way possible, Bruce took possession of the girl, and together they strolled on under the wide-spreading branches of the trees, which made a cool shade even in the burning heat; he with his every pulse throbbing and tingling in a feverish ecstasy; she scarcely less troubled at heart for all her tranquil grace.

At last they reached the margin of the lake. A boat was drawn up under the shadow of the rustic bridge. Bruce glanced at it and then at Ethel. Once out in that

broad stretch of sparkling water, away from all chance of interruption, he could put his fortune to the touch to win or lose it all. He could plead his cause with all the passion and energy at his command, and surely, surely, so pleading he must win!

"You will come?" he asked eagerly. "It is so cool and pleasant on the water, and the music sounds so well there."

"Yes, I should like it," Ethel answered frankly; and his face glowed with a look of such quick and rapturous delight that it almost frightened her.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

Ease and Disease.

A Short Lesson on the Meaning of a Familiar Word.

Disease is the opposite of ease. Webster defines disease as "lack of ease, uneasiness, trouble, vexation, disquiet." It is a condition due to some derangement of the physical organism. A vast majority of the "dis-ease" from which people suffer is due to impure blood. Disease of this kind is cured by Hood's Sarsaparilla which purifies, enriches and vitalizes the blood. Hood's Sarsaparilla cures scrofula, salt rheum, pimples and all eruptions. It tones the stomach and creates a good appetite, and it gives vigor and vitality to the whole body. It reverses the condition of things, giving health, comfort and "ease" in place of "disease."

PROVINCIAL APPOINTMENTS MADE.

These provincial appointments have been made:

Sunbury—Robert W. McLellan to be clerk of the peace, in room of Charles E. Duffy, resigned.

Kent—William Ayer to be revisor for the parish of Wellington, in room of Henry Berthe, resigned.

Queens—Asa Upton to be a justice of the peace.

Carleton—Denis B. Gallagher, Charles T. Tracey, Russel C. Hatfield and DeLancey Foster to be justices of the peace.

Kings—Martin Hebert Parlee to be clerk of the circuits, in room of James P. Byrne, resigned.

Charlotte—George H. Byron, of Welchpool, to be an issuer of marriage licenses.

St. John—Charles F. Sanford to be a referee in equity, in room of Clarence H. Ferguson, resigned; Jeremiah Donovan to be a commissioner of sewers for the Great Marsh near the city of St. John; Robert McLean to be a justice of the peace.

Albert—Willard O. Wright to be registrar of probates, in room of Joseph H. Dickson, resigned.

Eating and Sleeping.

Food supplies the substance for repairing the wastes of the body, and gives strength. Sleep affords the opportunity for these repairs to be made. Both are necessary to health. If you can't eat and sleep, take Hood's Sarsaparilla. It creates a good appetite and tones the digestive organs, and it gives the sweet, restful sleep of childhood. Be sure to get Hood's.

Billiousness is cured by Hood's Pills, 25c.

Count Toulouse De Lauric who was arrested in Chicago and extradited in Montreal, at the instance of the Bank of Nova Scotia on a charge of passing forged bond coupons, was found guilty Friday by Judge Desnoyers under the speedy trials act and was remanded for sentence.

MANY CHILDREN SUFFER FROM Worms through loss of appetite, fits, sleeplessness and pains. Give McLean's Vegetable Worm Syrup, the original and genuine. For all Summer Complaints for children or adults, Fuller's Blackberry Cordial is unsurpassed.

Use Fuller's Blackberry Cordial. Give Fuller's Blackberry Cordial.

Dr. Morrison, of Kingston, Ont., has been appointed to the position of house surgeon in the New York Polyclinic Hospital.

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