SMALL BOY'S ASPIRATIONS.

I'd like to be a minister, With nothing at all to do But write a sermon once a week, And preach an hour or two; It must be fine to wear good clothes, 'N go out to eat at night, 'N spend the day-time making calls-

The minister's jab's all right.

I'd like to be a doctor, too, 'N ride around all day, 'N know that every call I made The folks had got pay; These doctors have an easy life, They must have lots of fun, They rather beat the ministers,

But I guess I won't be one.

I'd rather be the editor, He has the softest snap. Why all the good things come his way, Say? he's a lucky chap,

He has free passes to everywhere, And when there is a war He tells the generals what to do-I'll be an editor.

A Waif's Gratitude.

Not one word did he say to his young fiancée-he would tell her to-morrow when the miscreants were in custody. Of course he went over in the evening, but left after ten. Perhaps, unconsciously, he held his treasure closer at parting, but that was all. He had not been at home ten minutes when there was a sharp ring at the front door bell, and a minute after George, his page, brought in a letter.

"Please, sir, the bearer is to wait, It's the same little urchin that came last evening."

"Ah, is it?" The doctor rapidly opened and glanced at the letter. "Tell him to fetch a hansom, George. I shan't be in till late—a patient from a distance has

When Robin and the cab came, Ernest Aubrey was 'quite ready," as he grimly said to himself. Robin gazed up so wistfully that the doctor smiled-understanding exactly.

"You're very anxious about my safety, my lad, eh? Well, jump in too, then; only you must stop quite quiet in the cab till I come back to you."

"Yes, sir! Oh, sir, you is good to take me along of yer!"

"Where to, please sir?" asked cabby, down the trap.

"Dahlia Grove, Chelsea. Stop at the corner, and wait there. Drive fast."

They were off at o ce, but the doctor sat with folded arms, and his straight brows knitted, silent; nor did Robin venture a word, he was in a tremor of excitement and fear for his fearless companion's safety-if only the doctor would not have gone at all!

The cab stopped at length at the corner of Dahlia Grove, a long, semi-suburban road in the outskirts of Chelsea-a very "shady" sort of road, where the landlords and neighbours let, and took houses, and asked few questions, day or night. Aubrey sprang out, and turned to the driver.

"Wait here," he said; "it will be worth your while. The lad is to remain inside.'

Then he moved slowly down the road, and paused by the corner house. The next moment a man in a plain dark gray suit stepped from under the porch (which all the villas here had) and was at the doctor's side, with a quiet :

"All right, sir. My men are hidden close by No. 6, and directly the door is apened to you, we're ready to force our way with you. I'll pass on, sir, and hide before you knock, It's the end-the sixth kouse."

"All right:"

Aubrey strode on as the detective in spector vanished ahead under a portico, l It was now much past eleven, and most | the law." of the houses were darkened; the inmates either not back yet, or shuttered in, or in for it shone through the fanlight.

The doctor rang sharply, as a medical man hastily summoned to sudden illness would naturally do.

There was a heavy step inside, the door was opened a trifle on the chain, and a plainly falsetto voice, meant to sound fem-

inine, demanded timidly : "Is it you, sir?"

"Yes, Dr. Aubrey, my good girl," said the doctor. He could have laughed at the absurd farce-the affected caution of the miscreant played into the other's hands, for as the door was closed to loose the chain, the inspector and his four men stole to the foot of the steps, ready. The door was opened, the doctor set his foot on the threshold, and saddenly dashed the door back with one push from his powerful hand. There was a glimpe of a square hall, of three masked men-a shout of savage execration, a rush in of the police, and instantly a desperate

But one man instantly fired at Aubrey | right. as the tall figure flung off the first assailant into the arms of a constable, but the doctor swerved, and springing forward, caught Leicester by the throat; and after a short, desperate struggle, hurled him to the ground.



"You young villain!" he said, through his teeth; "your game is played out, and you are taken red-handed. Here's your chief prisoner, Hawkins-half senseless, I reckon."

Aubrey swung round to lend a strong hand to the other captives; but Red Jem and Bill were overpowered and handcuffed already, and now were unmasked. "Curse you," growled the fellow, sav-

agely; "it's that limb of a Rob, what's done this 'ere."

"By-, the gentry-cove shan't get off neither," from Jem; "he's--" "Shut up, you," said a constable, sharp-

ly, "you and Bill's been wanted an age,

before this j,b " Leicester now, with assistance, got up, a figure too contemptibly degraded for even pity-sullen, savage, rage, fear, hate all depicted on his once fair face, handcuffs on his wrists, a prisoner for attempt-

ed murder. Inspector Hawkins at once sent one of his men to call up two four-wheelers, which he had in waiting at the lower end of the Grove, and then said to Aubrey:

"We needn't keep you any longer, sir, now; if you and the lad will be at the police-court to-morrow at ten, please."

"Very well," answered the doctor; "are any of your men hurt?—because---" "No, sir, thank you, only some bruises;

but that bullet has torn your coat-sleeve." "Ah. that's a pity-spoilt a good coat," said the doctor, coolly. "Well, goodnight, then."

"Good night, sir."

When Rose opened the breakfast room door the next morning, at half-past eight, there stood the tall figure of her lover.

sprang to his open arms. "My darling, you didn't expect me so soon?" said Aubrey, smiling, as he stooped to take his lover's right, and only released

her as familiar voices were heard outside. "What you, my dear fellow? Well, you're no laggard lover, by Jove," was Mr. Morland's laughing greeting, as he and his wife shook hands with the young-

"Not I," said he, with a flash in his dark | home. eyes, as Rose coloured and laughed, halfshy, wholly proud of her handsome lover; "but I had a double reason for such an early intrusion this morning."

"Breakfast here, of course?" put in Mrs.

"Oh, no, thanks, I've had that nearly an hour ago; but whilst you folks have yours, I want to tell you a small matter which might startle my child here," dropping his hand tenderly on Rose's shoulder, "if she heard it suddeuly elsewhere, before | terseeing me alive and unhurt,"

"There, pale as a ghost already," said he, laughing. "Mustn't be a coward about the buccaneer doctor, you know, my dear, or you'll be gray before I am."

black to be seen yet on the fine head. "Have a cup of coffee, for company's sake, anyhow," said Mrs. Morland. "There's your chair beside Rose. Now tell us the news, please."

Scarcely, perhaps, quite what they hal imagined, except Rose, who was, at least, not surprised. She trembled at the thought of Aubrey's narrow escape from that sh t-which he treated with careless contempt-but, when the story was told, she, womanlike, blazed out on behalf of the man she loved.

"The dastardly assassin," she said, with flashing eyes. "The base coward, too. Oh, I am glad he is taken; so glad. He deserves no mercy, no pity from you nor find \$6 00, send six outfits to friends" as

Heaven!" said Ernest, grimly. 'For, so bed. But No. 6 had the nall lamp alight long as he was at large, I should never I secured one in Montreal, having been inhave been quite easy about you. I should formed of your remedy by my father: have made an hospital case of the scoundrel, soon; so it's long odds for himcrippled for life or whole limbs in Portland,"

"And that poor, grateful little Arah," Rose said, eagerly. "What good there must be in him, and just like you to--"

"Chut, child; nousense! The child made a lot out of nothing," interposed the doctor, his swarthy cheek reddening for a moment, as he rose. "And I must be off, as Robin has to meet me at the policecourt. I've packed him off an hour ago, under my George's care, to the baths, a barber's, and a clothier's. Ha, ha, I guess the little chap will say, like the old Irishwoman in the workhouse, 'Yes, thank

vour honour, I'm horrid clane." "Ha, ha; now, honour bright," said Mr. Morland, "where did that waif pass last

The doctor looked at him so comically, flushed a little, and then laughed out-

"Well, by Jove, the child had saved my life, hadn't he? I camped him down, in a huge blanket, in my dressing-room; he

slept like ten drops, I tell you." "What are you going to do with him?"

asked Mrs. Morland, smiling. "I've hardly thought, yet. I reckon I had best get him into an Industrial school, at first. Now I'm off; but I'll look in ater and tell you how things have gone. One kiss, my rose. Oh, never mind these old married folks," as he took it, laugh

ingly, and went off. "Rose, my child," said Mr. Morland, "you have won a treasure, more fine than finest gold."

"Deride Not Any Man's Infirmities.

Tell him, rather, how to get rid of them. Most infirmities come from bad blood and are cured by Hood's Sarsaparilla. Every person who has scrofula, salt rheum, humors, catarrh, dyspepsia or rheumatism should at once begin taking this medicine that the infirmity may be removed.

Weakness-"I have given Hood's Sarsaparilla to my boy whose blood was poor. He was very weak, could not keep warm, and suffered from pains in his stomach. Hood's Sarsaparilla made him strong and well." Mrs. W. C. Stratton, Thomas St., Deseronto, Ont.

Hood's Sarsaparilla Never Disappoints

"I know it," the girl said, under her breath. "Oh, if I were but worthy of such a heart! If I ever could be!"

"Don't you let Ernest hear that, though," said Mrs. Morland, smiling. "Come, dear, you and I have to go shopping; Saturday week isn't far off, you know."

At the police-court the magistrate heard the main points of the evidence, the charge being, of course, the grave one of conspiracy to murder.

The magistrate remanded the case for a week, refused all bail for Leicester, and told Robin Sear that he had behaved very well, and seemed to be a very intelligent boy.

"He seems to have no parents," said the magistrate. "Who can be bound over for his appearance as a witness next Wednes "Ernest-you!" she cried, joyously, and day, unless you, Dr. Aubrey?

"I will be responsible for him, Sir Henry," said the doctor, as he felt the small hand clinging tightly to his own. "He will be under my care in future."

"I am truly glad to hear that, Dr. Au brey. I would have sent an officer with the child to the workhouse for a time."

The case was over now, and the doctor and his new charge-the latter in a kind of bewilderment-got away to a cab, and

Robin was consigned, pro. tem., to the elderly housekeeper and George, and the doctor went off to his patients, whilst presently the evening papers came out with big headlines-"Extraordinary charge of attempt to murder an eminent physi-

As yet Dr. Aubrey had only stated that the motive of the attempted crime was jealousy, as he himself was engaged to lany who had refused the prisoner Leices.

The trial, later on, ended, of course, in the conviction of all three prisoners, and heavy sentences; so heavy, that Robin often says, with complacent security on his beloved master's account:

"That cove won't be out of the stone-And, certainly, there was only raven- jug till I'm a man, and a-driving master and missus's carriage my own self."

> Which ambition will doubtless one day e attained, for Robin, when home from day school, is the most invaluable factotum in the doctor's house; and when, later, a baby son was born, the little one had no more devoted a slave, indoors or out, than grateful-hearted Robin, the some-time waif.

E. S. D.

Catarrh Philanthropy.

Which means, do good as well as get good. This is how it operates .- Pearl Lake Mill, Que, August, 1800, "Enclosed follow-"A short time ago I wrote you "He'll get none, my dear, from me, by for an outfit for Mr. Liberge, he would not now part with it for twice its value. it has acted wonderfully in Nasal Catarrh of long standing. Signed,

Thos. Sissons. Mr. Sissons says a great deal more but when a man sends for six outfits of Ca tarrhozone that means more than a bushel of words. Such action stands for conviction that he has discovered a remedy of superlative value. Druggists. all sell Ca tarrhozone, ask them to show it to you ask them to let you try it. We will so d it to you for \$1 00 or a sample for 10 cents. N. C. Polson & Co., Kingston, Ont., Hartford, Conn.

HE WAS NO EGOTIST.

"Will you marry me, Miss Tommey?"

asked Mr. Collingwood "No, indeed," replied she. "I wouldn't marry the best man on earth."

"Of course, you won't. You'll nevel have an opportunity. But that is no reason why you shouldn't marry me."

The D. & L. **EMULSION**

The D. & L. EMULSION Is the best and most palatable preparation of Cod Liver Oil, agreeing with the most delicate

The D. & L. EMULSION Is prescribed by the leading physicians of

The D. & L. EMULSION Is a marvellous flesh producer and will give you an appetite. 50c. & \$1 per Bottle. Be sure you get | DAVIS & LAWRENCE the genuine | CO., Limited, Montreal THE STORY OF LIFE.

Only the same old story, told in a different strain; Sometimes a smile of gladness and then a stab of Sometimes a flash of sunlight, again the drifting

Sometimes it seems to borrow from the crimson rose its hue:

Sometimes black with thunder, then changed to a brilliant blue; Sometimes false as satan, sometimes as heaven

Only the same old story, but, oh, how the changes

Prophet and priest and peasant, soldier and scholar and king: sometimes the warmest hand clasp leaves in the palm a sting.

Sometimes in the hush of even, sometimes in the midday strife. Sometimes with dovelike calmness, sometimes

with passion rife, We dream it, write it, live it, this weird, wild

CONKLING'S GREATEST EFFORT.

Where the Famous Senator Made the Speech of His Life.

"The best political fighting is done in a convention where there is stubborn opposition," said an old delegate to many national gatherings. "The most effective oratory is heard where speakers realize that they must be convincing. The difference in the speeches of Conkling and Garfield in the Chicago convention was as marked as the personality of the men themselves. And yet undoubtedly each man caused intelligent and conservative delegates to halt in their opinions. Conkling, in nominating Grant, aroused the convention and the galleries to the summit of enthusiasm. It seemed as if it could never be subdued. The speech of Garfield, in which he presented the name of Sherman, had, however, exactly that effect. It was necessary that it should be so in order to quiet the tumult started by Conkling.

"Great as Conkling's speech is conceded to have been, the convention and the galleries did not hear his greatest effort, and unfortunately there is no record of it. It was unwritten. The day before the bailot there was a meeting of the 306, as the Grant phalanx is known in political history. Some attempts had been made to break it. Strong overtures had been presented to several of the 306. The meeting to which I refer was held in a room under the roof of the hotel. We met there secretly. We were pledged to say nothing to others about our caucus. It was a hot day, and a skylight was opened to admit air. Mr. Conkling got up to make his last talk to the 306 before they went to the convention. It was not a speech to convince those heard it. There was no occasion for that. But it was intended as a warning

against threatened combinations, and a

reassertion of fealty to our candidate.

Conkling was at his best, and I had seen

him under all circumstances. "Just as he was beginning there was a disturbance on the roof. A reporter who had got an inkling of the meeting had crawled up there and flattened himself so that he might hear the proceedings. A party of linemen on the roof at the same time, but ignorant of the meeting below or of the reporter's presence at the skylight, came along, and the reporter, thinking they were after him, skedaddled. It was this disturbance that caused Conkling to stop, and then the skylight was closed. The incident had no effect upon Conkling's effort, but it prevented the reporter from shorthanding what we all conceded to be a much greater effort than the one made by Conkling the night he placed Grant in nomination. I know this is saying a good deal, but I heard both, as did 305 others, and our opinion on the speech in the hotel room was unanimous. Several times a number of us asked Conkling to write the speech he made in the room, but he always replied that it couldn't be done; that it was an inspiration and that inspirations never repeated themselves."

Brougham's Joke.

Lord Brougham was the author of a rather sharp practical joke, the victim being the London Times. The editor of that paper was a particular enemy of the great statesman, and it occurred to the latter that it would be a good joke to give out that he was dead and see what kind of obituary notice the great London

newspaper would give. Lord Brougham was traveling in the provinces at the time, and the report of his death was soon circulated. A reprentative of The Times called at his lordship's residence to verify the rumor. There he was assured the report was indeed true and in proof was shown the coffin and pall, which had already been laid out.

The next day The Times appeared with a notice of Brougham's death, in which the statesman's life and character were depicted in the most virulent terms. It was very small satisfaction to Lord Brougham when, a few days later, he exacted an abject apology from the ed-

A Nervy Publisher.

In the "Personal Recollections of Sutherland Edwards," English music critic, the manuer tells of Tinsley, the publisher, who "came up to London in a Lalycock hat on the top of a hay cart." He proposed to begin as a publisher by buying a book from Miss Braddon and offered her £1,000 for it. Unfortunately, he had not any money, so he went to some paper makers, told them that he had made a contract with Miss Braddon, and they agreed to give him credit for the paper.

Then he went to a large firm of printers and said that the paper makers would furnish the paper, and he would be glad if they would undertake the printing. This they agreed to do, whereupon he returned to the paper makers and borrowed the money to pay Miss Braddon. The novel in question was "Lady Audley's Secret.'

When the Dark Days Come.

The money spent in buying a golf outfit is not entirely wasted. The golf sticks are of the right size for stirring clothes in the wash boiler in the days to come. and the sack to carry them in will be just right for s clothespin bag or a slipper holder.

Time's Changes.

Before marriage a man's display of affection is very apt to be overdone. After warriage it is more likely to be

mother and first cousin to a heap of trou-Spoiled children are not confined to

those of tender years .- Buffalo Times.

Love is a happiness, yet it is father,

& T. Jardine.

DIRECT IMPORTERS OF BRITISH AND FOREIGN GOODS.

-AND-

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL DEALERS

-IN-

FLOUR, CORNMEAL, OATMEAL, COFFEE.

TEA, SUGAR, TOBACCO, COARSE SALT, in bulk and bags, DAIRY SALT,

Molasses, Biscuits, Cheese,

PORK AND HAMS, OATS, BRAN AND SHORTS.

HARDWARE, CROCKERYWARE, GLASSWARE BOOTS AND SHOES

> DRY GOODS.

Ready-Made Clothing.

Scotch Horse Collars.

IRON, CHAIN, ANCHORS, ROPE,

NAILS OF EVERY DESCRIPTION LIME.

Ingish House Coal.

Blacksmith's Coal

SAINGLES, DEALS, BOARDS AND SCANTLING, PITCH-PINE. HARDWOOD, LATHS, etc.

Kingston, Kent County, N. B.

COMBINATION OFFER.

In order to extend the circulation of THE REVIEW and to introduce one of the brightest Canadian dailies into this section of the Province, we will make the following combination offer:—

THE MONTREAL DAILY HERALD --AND--

THE RICHIBUCTO REVIEW

will be sent to subscribers for one year for \$1.50

The Montreal Daily Herald is an 8-page daily with 16 pages or Saturday and is without doubt one of the best papers in Canada.

Considerable of its space is devoted to agriculture, while its editorials are unsurpassed. We can recommend it as one of the newsiest and brightest papers in the Dominion. The HERALD and REVIEW combined will keep any family

posted on the doings of the world, local and foreign, and at the price quoted are within reach of every family in the County.

Cut the blank out and return it to us with your subscription and we will have the two papers forwarded to your address.

Enclosed find \$1.50 for which send me for one

year THE REVIEW and The Montreal Daily Herald.

POST OFFICE ADDRESS.....

ADDRESS:

THE REVIEW Richibucto, N. B.