

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 j.b.'s all right.

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.

"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 Jen and Bill were overpowered and handcuffed already, and now were unmasked.

"Curse you," growled the fellow, savagely; "it's that limb of a Rob, what's done this 'ere."

"By—, the gentry-cove shan't get off neither," from Jen; "he's—"

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—spoil a good coat," said the doctor, coolly. "Well, good-night, 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.

"Ernest—you!" she cried, joyously, and 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 younger man.

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

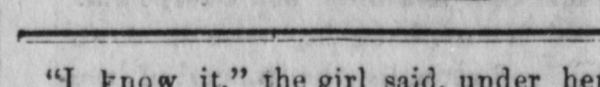
"Breakfast here, of course?" put in Mrs. Morland.

"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 suddenly elsewhere, before seeing me alive and unhurt."

"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.



"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 Wednesday, 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. Aubrey. 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 home.

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 physician."

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

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-jug till I'm a man, and a-driving master and nissus's carriage my own self."

Which ambition will doubtless one day be 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 same-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 find \$6 00, send six outfits to friends" as follows—"A short time ago I wrote you for an outfit for Mr. Liberge, he would not now part with it for twice its value. I secured one in Montreal, having been informed of your remedy by my father:—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 Catarrhzone 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 Catarrhzone, ask them to show it to you ask them to let you try it. We will send 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 never have an opportunity. But that is no reason why you shouldn't marry me."

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 a clothespin bag or a slipper holder.

Time's Changes.

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

Love is a happiness, yet it is father, mother and first cousin to a heap of trouble.

Spoiled children are not confined to those of tender years.—Buffalo Times.

THE STORY OF LIFE.

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

Sometimes it seems to borrow from the crimson rose its hue; Sometimes black with thunder, then changed to a brilliant blue; Sometimes false as satin, sometimes as heaven true.

Only the same old story, but, oh, how the changes ring! 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 middy strife, Sometimes with dovelike calmness, sometimes with passion rife, We dream it, write it, live it, this weird, wild story of life.

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 ballot 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 who 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 short-handling 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 representative 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 editor.

A Nervy Publisher.

In the "Personal Recollections of Sutherland Edwards," English music critic, the editor tells of Tinsley, the publisher, who "came up to London in a lilycock 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."

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