

# The Fan that Was Left Behind.

Miss Dorothy and I were sitting out a waltz. Miss Dorothy and I used frequently to sit them out. I cannot waltz with her over gracefully. I am rather tall. We were on this occasion doing the sitting-out in a conservatory, hidden from view behind a clump of palms. I had noticed the palms when selecting the seat.

Miss Dorothy held a fan in one hand; the other lay perilously near my own. Her hands are most kissable. I raised the disengaged hand to my lips and kissed it.

Miss Dorothy pulled it away sharply and an angry flood of color mounted to the roots of her wavy brown hair. She said nothing, but looked volumes.

I felt rather small—in fact, as small as a man of my dimensions can reasonably be expected to feel. I had kissed her hand at two former dances, and she had seemed rather to like it than otherwise.

"I am really awfully sorry!" I said, rather reproachfully; "but if you will exhibit such—"

Miss Dorothy turned away her head pettishly, and began feverishly to tug on her gloves. She had only a few minutes previously complained of the heat.

"You are feeling cooler now, then?" I suggested.

Miss Dorothy rose.

"Mr. Clissold, I consider your behavior most ungentlemanly!" she exclaimed. "Please excuse me; I am going to find my aunt."

I rose, too.

"You will permit me to assist you in your search?" I inquired penitently. Miss Dorothy passed me without a glance, without a word. I said only one word, and that was to myself; but it somewhat relieved my feeling. Presently I noticed with some satisfaction Miss Dorothy's fan lying on the settee. I picked it up and hurried after her. She had not gone far; she had evidently been searching the conservatory for her aunt.

"Miss Dorothy," I cried, "you have left your fan behind!"

She turned round. I hid the fan behind my back.

"Will you give it to me, please?"

"With pleasure," said I affably.

"Where is it?" she asked, rather shortly.

"You left it where we were sitting. Let me fetch it to you?"

"Oh, pray don't trouble! I can get it myself."

Miss Dorothy retraced her steps. I followed.

"The fan isn't here," she said coldly.

"Have you hidden it, Mr. Clissold? I would not lose that fan for worlds!"

Her last words conjured up a vision of a certain Major Stewart before my eyes. "Yes, it is an exceedingly fine one," I observed.

Miss Dorothy looked up at me. I like her to look up; her eyes are remarkable.

"I know you have hidden it!" she declared positively. "Are you going to give it to me or are you not?"

"Are you still anxious to find your aunt?" I asked meaningly.

"As soon as you give me my fan."

"What an inducement, Miss Dorothy!" She bit her under lip. It is a little trick of hers; I have noticed it repeated. It certainly becomes her, she has such pretty, pearly teeth.

"Your aunt, at the present moment," I continued, "is sitting out with my blase uncle, making him feel happy for the first time this evening. I fancy neither of them will exactly thank—"

She interrupted me; it is a little failing of hers.

"Are you quite sure you are speaking the truth?" she asked, severely.

"Oh, Miss Dorothy! Come, sit down and say you have forgiven my—er—my ungentlemanly behavior."

"Will you promise not to repeat it?" she inquired, smiling.

"I won't again run the risk of spoiling my uncle's tete-a-tete," I replied solemnly.

Miss Dorothy laughed and sat down as far away from me as possible. There was an embarrassing pause.

"Is Major Stewart here this evening, do you know?" I at length asked, carelessly.

"No," she answered, sadly. So sadly, in fact, did she utter the negative that I somehow felt certain it was Major Stewart who had given her the fan.

"What a pity!" I murmured, half to myself. "His absence will be such a disappointment to so many girls!"

Miss Dorothy took no notice of my observation. She was gazing intently at her programme.

"Mr. Clissold, who gave you that peculiar pencil you used on my programme?" she asked, abruptly.

I knew who she fancied gave it to me. I decided to keep up her wrong impression.

"A very particular friend," I replied, producing and stroking the pencil in question. "And, Miss Dorothy," I continued, impressively, "I would not lose it for worlds!"

"Yes, it is a remarkably fine one," she said, with a little laugh, and it was not a mirthful laugh, yet it sounded like the sweetest music to me. Miss Dorothy absently selected a white rose from sever-

al that nestled in her dress and proceeded to pick it to pieces. I felt annoyed—very much annoyed indeed! I recognized it as one that I had given her earlier in the evening.

"I thought you preferred white roses to red," I remarked, in an injured tone. Miss Dorothy looked at me, surprised.

"So I do," she said.

"Then why not dissect a red one?" I suggested, pointing to the fast diminishing flower. She followed the direction of my finger quite innocently.

"Oh, I'm so sorry!" she exclaimed. "It's the rose you gave me!"

"Yes, I am already aware of that fact!" said I, with feeling.

"What a pity it is you didn't give it to the girl in blue!" she cried suddenly, with just the glimpse of a smile.

"She certainly would not have torn it in pieces before my eyes," I agreed.

"Ah, no! She would have pressed it to her—in a book, and kept it for ever and ever!"

I stroked my moustache thoughtfully. "She might have given me a flower in return."

Miss Dorothy gave me a decidedly scornful look.

"Oh, most probably!" she said. "I believe that girl is remarkably free with her gifts."

"She has a most generous heart," I admitted, trying hard to appear confused.

"She certainly has a large one!"

I replaced the pencil tenderly in my waistcoat pocket.

"You know, I admire that sort of girl!" I said warmly.

"Yes, you must find them extremely useful! Mr. Clissold, will you give me my fan?"

I laughed aloud; I could not help it. I produced the fan.

"On condition—" I began.

But Miss Dorothy snatched it from me, jumped up, and ran out of the conservatory into the grounds.

As soon as I had recovered from my astonishment—for Miss Dorothy is usually so very sedate—I followed her. I had passed through the door, when I heard a faint scream. By the light shining from the conservatory I was astonished to see Miss Dorothy fall to the ground. Before I could reach her a man darted out from behind some bushes and made straight toward her. I was horrified to see him raise a villainous looking stick. For an instant my heart seemed to stand still; a sickening languor overcame me—but, thank God, it was only for an instant. I rushed at the man and was just in time to wrench the uplifted stick from his hand. Quick as lightning he turned on me. My blood was up, and I struck the brute with all my strength full in the face. A groan of pain escaped him as he fell with a thud, senseless.

It hurt my fist horribly; took most of the skin off, and made it bleed. I abhor getting in a mess. I turned to Miss Dorothy, who stood by me, trembling, and held out my handkerchief.

"Would you mind binding up my hand?" I asked, quietly. "That ruffian's head is abominably hard!"

Miss Dorothy gave a hysterical cry. I thought she was going to faint, so stepped forward to hold her in my arms. But she started in terror and screamed, "Oh, Jack, run!"

I turned on my heel in a flash. A big burly man was coming toward me. In his hand he held a steel instrument, which glittered ominously as the light from the conservatory fell upon it.

I lost no time in following Miss Dorothy's timely advice. I ran—at the burly man. In an instant I had thrown myself upon him. He raised his weapon—which was a jemmy—and, beating down my arm, cut my forehead open with the infernal thing. I felt the warm blood trickling down my face on to my shirt front. In spite of Miss Dorothy's presence an oath escaped me; I knew I was spoiled for the rest of the evening.

However, the blow was his last for I got my arms round him. The man was strong, but, thank heaven, I was stronger. We swayed backward and forward. My muscles stiffened like iron bands; his breath came in short, hard gasps. He bit and kicked, and tried to trip me. But, with a cruel joy, I exerted all my strength and heard his ribs crack beneath my ever-tightening grasp. Suddenly, with a cry of agony, his hold of me relaxed and I hurled him headlong to the ground. Then I tripped over a wire, lost my balance and fell.

When I recovered consciousness I found myself lying on a sofa in the library. The room was dimly lighted by a shaded lamp. My head, which had been bandaged, throbbed with suffocation. I felt dizzy, and fell back again among the cushions.

There was a rustle of silken skirts, then a soft, cool hand was gently laid upon my burning brow. I instinctively knew the touch of that hand, and opened my eyes immediately. Yes, it was the dear little hand that I had kissed in so ungentlemanly a manner. Miss Dorothy was bending over me.

"How are the burglars?" I inquired anxiously, and my voice sounded absurdly shaky.

"A cry very like a stifled sob escaped her.

"Oh, Jack—Mr. Clissold!" she faltered, "I thought—I thought you had been killed."

"Oh, no, not at all!" I said, foolishly;

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"I'm only in a beast of a mess. I trust you are all right?"

A warm tear fell on my hand. I caught Miss Dorothy's arm almost roughly.

"Please don't cry," I said, huskily; "It—it will knock me over if you do, you know."

"I shall never be able to forgive myself!" she cried. "It was all my fault for being so silly over that wretched fan! Oh, when I came back with your uncle and found you lying there so still and with your head all bleeding I thought you were dead, and—" Miss Dorothy buried her face in her hands and sobbed convulsively. I really believe I blubbered a bit myself—I am an awfully emotional ass at times. Then I called myself all the strong names I could think of for having given her such a fright. But in my heart of hearts I knew well that I would not for worlds have altered the course that events had taken. I smoothed Miss Dorothy's hair; her hair is wonderfully soft. Presently she grew calmer. I always aver that a sure remedy to calm a girl is to smooth her hair.

"The doctor will be here in a minute!" she exclaimed. "Your uncle has ridden off for him."

"Yes; and who is looking after the burglars?" I asked, feelingly.

"Our host has left them under the tender supervision of the gardener and a groom. You have hurt them!"

"Poor burglars!" I murmured.

"Brutes!" cried Miss Dorothy, fiercely. I laughed—such a contented laugh! I felt contented—supremely contented.

"I shall feel much more happy," said I, "if you will relieve my mind of something that's weighing heavily upon it."

"What's the something?" she enquired, shyly.

"Who was it that had the abominable audacity to give you that fan?"

"I thought you would ask! My aunt—not Major Stewart," she added, with a little silvery laugh.

I caught her to me and drew her sweet face down.

"Darling," I whispered in her ear, "now take another load off my mind, will you?"

For answer she twined her soft arms round my neck.

"My big, noble Jack," she said softly. "I love you—I have always loved you."

Then our lips met in a long, sweet kiss.

We were brought back suddenly to the things of this world by the sound of approaching footsteps along the passage. Miss Dorothy escaped in a most miraculous manner; I shall never cease wondering how she managed it.

But she hurried to my side again before the door opened.

"Jack," she whispered persuasively, "tell me quick—who gave you that pencil?"

I looked into her remarkable eyes and laughed provokingly.

"Ah!" I exclaimed. "I thought you would ask!"

Miss Dorothy shot an apprehensive glance in the direction of the door, then tapped the floor imperiously with her little foot.

"Tell me, Jack!" she commanded.

"You must tell me! I have a right to know."

"My uncle," I replied. "Not the girl in blue!"

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# IMPORTANT MATTERS

DISCUSSED BEFORE GOVERNMENT IN SESSION AT FREDERICTON.

FREDERICTON, Nov. 16.—The government of New Brunswick was in session last evening and transacted a large amount of routine business. It was expected that the question of fixing the date of the by-elections would come up but so much time was taken up considering matters of urgent importance that the question of filling the vacancies in the legislature were permitted to stand over for the time. Every member of the government was present. Ex-Commissioner of Public Works, White, and Ex-M. P. P. Frank Carvil, who are in Fredericton attending the Supreme court greeted the new members of the government on their arrival in town.

After disposing of a number of routine matters, Mr. Henderson, representing the Pan-American Exposition, who has been in Fredericton for some days awaiting the meeting of the government was heard in the interests of the Exposition. He is desirous of obtaining a display of the products of New Brunswick at the Exposition which opens in Buffalo next year which, as its name implies is to be representative of the two Americas—North and South. The government of Canada has not as yet decided to undertake a display of Canadian products at the exposition and Mr. Henderson has been sent to interview the provincial governments and if possible secure their co-operation. He explained the extent of the exposition and the facilities it would afford to make the products of New Brunswick better known. No decision was reached or was any action taken pending action by the Federal government. The expense of preparing an exhibit would be very large as would also be the cost of maintaining it at Buffalo during the period the exhibition will be open. If the federal government decides to exhibit there is every probability that the New Brunswick government will co-operate, but if the federal government does not act it is doubtful what action the provincial government will take.

SHERIFF YOUNG.  
 A NATIVE OF FREDERICTON KILLED IN MONTANA.

One of the most deplorable tragedies that was ever enacted in the state of Montana took place on Nov. 9th, when Sheriff George T. Young, a native of Fredericton, N. B., was shot down and instantly killed by a cowardly thug, and his under Sheriff, Frank Beller, was mortally wounded.

The tragedy took place on the railway station platform at Springdale, whither Sheriff Young and his deputy had gone to arrest a fellow whom the station agent suspected of being the murderer of a man named Beaver at Logan, Montana, two days before.

It appears that as the officers approached the suspect he opened fire on them. Under Sheriff Beller was struck with the first shot, and a moment later the stranger turned his deadly fire on Sheriff Young, who by this time had advanced to within a few feet of him with handcuffs in his hand. He was going steadily forward when the fatal shot was fired. The Sheriff reeled and fell heavily forward upon the depot platform, shot directly through the heart. The murderer then fired two more shots at random, frightening off those who thought of interfering, and escaped. The remains of the sheriff were placed on a west bound freight and taken to his home at Livingston.

Born in Fredericton, April 2nd, 1856, George T. Young became a resident of the United States. He lived three years in Minneapolis and, starting out for Montana, he overtook the Northern Pacific railway construction at Glendive in 1880. He followed the road westward. When the city of Livingston, Montana, was incorporated he was appointed city marshal. He became Sheriff of Park county in 1894 and held that office without interruption until the day of his death. In 1879 Mr. Young married Miss Carrie Shaw of Delno, Minnesota. He leaves four children. At the time of his death he was grand master of the Ancient Order of United Workmen of Montana. Mr. Young was a man of undoubted courage, with a splendid record as sheriff.

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