

A Happy Imprisonment.

Harry Grey was ploughing away on the last "land" of a twenty-acre lot, and feeling very comfortable over the thought that his spring ploughing was almost done, when he saw his neighbor, Mark Trowbridge, driving slowly past, in company with his wife, who was seldom to be seen away from home.

"Hang me, if I don't run over and see Lucy," said Harry, as he hit his horses a smart cut with the whip, to hurry them. "They are going to town, and will be gone three hours, at least, by the way old Mark drives. I can stay two hours and a half with Lucy, and get back again before they come home."

And the young man hitched his team to the fence, over which he bounded and walked away to the house in a double-quick, as though every minute now was doubly precious.

He was almost out of breath when he entered the house, which caused his mother to enquire rather anxiously what was the matter. Without heeding her question, he pulled off his brogans, leaving them lying in the middle of the room—a thing his wondering mother was sure she had never seen him do before. Then he surprised her still more by running, or rather leaping, upstairs, three steps at a time, to his own room. He pulled on a pair of calfskin boots, took off his blue frock and substituted therefor a white linen coat.

It was a raw day in April, and Farmer Trowbridge, when he started for town, had put on his overcoat. But Harry's blood was at fever heat, and he imagined the linen coat and straw hat would be just the thing. After filling his pockets with chestnuts wherewith to bribe Eddie Trowbridge to secrecy, he stole to his sister's room, and, emptying the contents of her cologne bottle into his hand, applied it without stint to his hair and handkerchief. Then, seeing a scarlet ribbon on the table, he appropriated it for a necktie, gave himself an approving glance in the mirror, dashed downstairs, slammed the front door after himself, and was gone.

"What in the world is Harry up to now?" exclaimed Mrs. Grey, in wonder, as she paused from her work to watch the fast receding figure of her son.

"He is going to see Lucy Trowbridge, I guess," replied Harry's sister, a demure little damsel, who was busy ironing. "You know, mother, that her father and mother have gone away. Won't there be a scene, though, if they get home before Harry leaves?"

"Your brother is just the biggest simpleton I know of," exclaimed Mrs. Grey, with spirit. "There's Clara Beamer, just as good looking and smart as Lucy, and she thinks the world and all of Harry, and her folks are always inviting him over, while Lucy's father won't even let her look at him if he can help it!"

"Lucy is worth a dozen such rattle-brains as Clara," said her daughter, "and I do believe Mr. Trowbridge had rather have Lucy marry Harry than anyone else. But he thinks a girl should never think of a lover till she's a horrid old maid, and too ugly to get one. He keeps Lucy as close under his eye as though she were a baby instead of a grown-up woman. I declare if I were in her place now I'd elope the first dark night. But I believe Lucy would see Harry married to Clara Beamer, and pine away to a shadow about it before she would do that."

Lucy Trowbridge had taken her seat by the window, where she sat quietly sewing, until the buggy containing her parents was out of sight; then she threw down her work and stood gazing for a few moments down the pleasant road along which they had disappeared.

Then she brushed her hair till it shone like satin, and fastened a knot of blue ribbon among the braids, after doing which she resumed her seat and her work. Did she expect that Harry Grey would come? He had not been in her stern father's house for a year, she had not spoken with him for a month, though she could see him at his work in his fields beyond her father's meadow almost every day.

Her father, she knew, would be very angry if he visited her and it should come to his knowledge, and yet she hoped he would come. Lucy was not long kept in uncertainty, for Harry was soon coming up the lane, followed closely by Eddie, with his fat hands full of chestnuts.

The young man's pants were tucked in his boots, and the wind was flapping the skirt of his coat about unmercifully, while the straw hat was only kept in its place by the owners hand. Lucy wondered what freak had brought her lover out in summer apparel, when nature had not put on so much as a leaf of hers.

Harry tossed his hat onto the floor and sat down before the glowing fire, stretching out his hands over the blaze, appreciatingly, for truth to tell, he felt rather chilly than otherwise, while Lucy sat down by the window to watch the road lest some mishap should bring her parents home prematurely, and Eddie took possession of the rocking chair, where with the cat purring on his lap, he amused himself by watching the young people, and occasionally throwing a chestnut at Harry's nose, which happened to be a

prominent feature. Harry, of course, wanted to talk love, but how could he with the urchin's eyes fixed upon him?

But Eddie was all unconscious and ate the chestnuts with relish, saying to himself, "It's most all fired stupid here, and I'd just like to go and fly my kite. There's a glorious wind, how it did toss his coat tail, though, but I won't budge an inch till he gives me the rest of them chestnuts. His pocket is bulging out with 'em." Had Harry had the benefit of these whispered words, his pockets would, without doubt, have been emptied in a trice, but he was kept in ignorance of the youngster's wishes, and Eddie remained obstinately stationary, notwithstanding Harry made several remarks calculated to let the juvenile know that his chair might, with propriety, be vacated. At length the clock struck four, and Lucy went about preparing supper.

She put the kettle over, made biscuits, and then signified her intention of going to the smokehouse for a ham. Harry took his hat and followed, glad of the chance at last to escape Eddie's vigilance. Lucy unlocked the door of the smokehouse and Harry stepped in to get one of the hams. He took it down, and, holding it in his hand, was on the point of saying something sentimental, which he had been rehearsing in his mind all the afternoon, when the old people drove up to the gate. Lucy snatched the ham from her lover and whispered in an agitated voice as she closed the door:

"You can't come out now, Harry; stay where you are till you hear me singing 'Old Hundred,' and then run across the fields."

So Harry was left in utter darkness. "I've a good mind to go right out and 'beard the lion in his den,'" he muttered, as he leaned against the smoke grined wall of the prison. Presently he heard the key turn in the lock and realized that he was fastened in. The farmer, in passing from the barn to the house, saw that the smokehouse was unlocked, and locked it, putting the key in his pocket.

When her parents and Eddie were seated at the table, Lucy took a pail and went out to the well, singing loudly and clearly that sweet old tune, "Old Hundred." Then, without glancing at the smokehouse, she came in and took her place at the table.

"I wonder where Harry Grey is?" said Mr. Trowbridge. "His horses are tied to the fence, and I know by the looks he hasn't turned a furrow this afternoon."

Eddie looked very wise, but his sister trod on his toes to make him keep still.

"He's up to the house, no doubt," said his wife.

"Clara Beamer is there, with her hair all in ringlets. There'll be a match, shouldn't wonder."

"Well, I should then," replied Lucy's father. "What does any sensible man want with such a gadabout as she is? Why, sooner than see that happen I'd give Harry leave to court our Lucy three or four years from now."

Nothing further was said until the farmer grumbled:

"These hams weren't half smoked. I must take them in hand," and true to his word, as soon as he rose from the table he procured an old kettle and made a smudge, which he carried to the smokehouse. He removed a plank which covered a small square hole, left there for the sake of convenience, through which he thrust his kettle of smoking corncocks and sawdust. Then he replaced the plank and left the hams, and, alas! Harry, too, to be thoroughly smoked. Lucy watched these proceedings with interest, thankful that her signal had given Harry time to escape. But her feelings underwent a change when Eddie, with a comical look, told her that "her beau" was locked in the smokehouse. Without waiting to see whether she was observed or not, she hastened to the smokehouse and removed the smoking kettle.

"Harry, Harry!" she called in a hoarse whisper.

"Is that you, Lucy! I'm in purgatory. Have you taken the confounded thing out? I'm blind as a bat and my throat is full of soot and ashes."

Harry's voice came from near the ground. He was lying prone on the ashes, soot and lime, which composed the floor of the smokehouse.

"I cannot liberate you at present, Harry; father has the key. But I'll bring you some supper, and when he goes to bed I'll get the key and release you." In a few minutes a plate of edibles was shoved through the aperture and the board restored to its place. But, as ill luck would have it, the farmer discovered by the absence of the smoke about the crevices that his smoke had gone out, so the board was again removed and the farmer's arm thrust in to get the kettle; but, instead of that, Harry's untouched supper was brought to light.

"Well, this puts the cap-sheaf on everything I ever heard of."

Just then a ham fell to the ground with a dull thud, sending a cloud of ashes into the farmer's face, for he was still kneeling before the hole. "There, what on earth can that be? Well, I've got to search into the matter or I shall always think the smokehouse was haunted."

So saying, he opened the door, when the form of Harry, unrecognizable in his coat of ashes and soot, rose up before him.

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The farmer stepped back and yelled as he involuntarily grasped his jack-knife. "Murder! Murder!"

"Stop, man, stop! Don't call them all out!" said Harry, as he glanced ruefully at his dirty coat.

"A thief! a thief! again roared Mr. Trowbridge, and by this time all with the exception of Lucy were on the spot. "It is only I, neighbor; don't you know me?"

Harry felt rather sheepish and could not help speaking so.

"Who?"

"Harry Grey."

"Well, you're in a nice pickle. I doubt if Clara Beamer would know you, or would own you if she did. What are you doing here?"

All at once Harry felt bold as a lion. "I want your daughter, Mr. Trowbridge. Will you give her to me?"

"Were you lying in ambush watching your chance to steal her?"

"No; but if you don't give her to me you may repent it. I shall never ask again."

"That means he will marry Clara Beamer, and I should repent it then," thought the farmer as he scratched his head meditatively. Presently he said:

"Eddie go and call Lucy." She came out shortly, hanging her head and blushing deeply.

"Lucy, do you want to marry this chimney sweep?"

"If you please, father."

"How long will you wait?"

"As long as you say if—"

"If what?"

"If you will let him come over once in a while."

"And, Harry, how long will you wait?"

"One year."

The farmer scratched his head again.

"Well, you can have her, and I s'pose I'll have to let you come over as often as you please. But see that you keep out of the smokehouse," and with that, spoken gruffly enough, the farmer walked off.

Harry was soon on his way home, whistling merrily, despite his forlorn appearance.

He nearly frightened his mother and sister out of their wits when he bolted into their presence. They listened to his story, and at its conclusion agreed with him that, although a ludicrous occurrence, it was a very fortunate one.

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GOOD REASON FOR GOLF.

"What is it you like so much about golf?"

"You don't have to keep it oiled or pumped up."—King.

The D. & L. EMULSION advertisement with logo and text: 'The D. & L. EMULSION is the best and most palatable preparation of Cod Liver Oil, agreeing with the most delicate stomachs.'

W C T U COLUMN.

"And let us not be weary in well doing for in due season we shall reap if we faint not."—Galatians 6: 9.

A BISHOP'S VISION OF THE DRINK TRAFFIC

The rum-seller has been petted by the state; respectability has been thrown around his most atrocious crime; he has been protected in it by law.

He has become the boon companion of law-makers; permitted to appear in Court and sit in juries as a virtuous citizen.

The scurvy miscreant, once despised but patronized, has become the acknowledged gentleman of fashion.

The rum-seller is a criminal pure and simple; he must be treated as such in law and administration.

Have we not exhausted all possible methods of rescuing his victims, only to find him, at the end of a hundred years of unsuccessful effort, still entrenched and defiant?

Have we not bound him with the withes of low license and high license, and hampered him with local option and obstructive legislation?

The remedy is not alone by sermons, prayers, or the abstinence of the well disposed, no, there is but one road of deliverance from this pestiferous evil.

There is but one way; it is plain and simple. Treat the criminal as he deserves; let criminal law do its function.

The felon's dock, the felon's cell, and if need be the felon's gibbet, is the only remedy for such a crime.

Moderation, no! Who talks of moderation in the coils of a boa-constrictor? We have temporized too long. It is time we talk and act like men. A murderer, cold, heartless, cruel, is among us. Not the assassin of one or of a family. His victims count by millions.

All that is demanded is concert of action. It will come. It is at the door. There are men enough not hopelessly debauched to vote such law. They will yet unite and rid the earth of this foul monster.

—Bishop Randolph S. Foster.

The remarkable address of Mrs. Leonora M. Lake before the Catholic Total Abstinence Union at its annual meeting in Philadelphia in August, is reported to have been the most notable event of the convention. Those who have listened to Mrs. Lake's earnest, eloquent, fearless words at any time, can readily believe this, and the Catholic church is to be congratulated upon having one of its women qualified to do such earnest work on the platform in favor of total abstinence.

She spoke a second time at the mass meeting held in the Academy of Music, on the evening of Aug. 8, and on both occasions had much to say in reference to the increase of drunkenness among women. Much of this she charged to the kind of life led by society women. She said at many afternoon teas intoxicating liquors have taken the place of tea. Women drink cologne of which 96 per cent. is alcohol, and all of the toilet essences. There are peppermint drunkards even. At Bellevue Hospital the doctors say the number of women brought to the alcoholic ward for treatment seems incredible. The habit of drinking light wines by the upper classes and of beer drinking by the lower classes is growing.

To quote a sentence—"With the virtues, purity and endurance of loyal women drowned in the punch bowl and wine glass of wealth, and the beer can of poverty, God pity our children, our homes and our country."—Temperance Tribune.

NO TOBACCO ALLOWED HERE.

This is the rule adopted by Lieutenant Peary for the house which is to be the winter station of his Arctic expedition. No doubt the rule is as desirable for the health of the party as for the neatness of Mrs. Perry's cozy residence in Upper Greenland. The captain of the "Falcon" told this curious yarn, according to a newspaper reporter, showing one way in which anti-tobacco rules are enforced at sea. A distinguished passenger on an ocean steamer took the liberty to eject not only the tobacco juice but the "quid" itself on the immaculately clean quarter-deck. "All hands on deck with marlin-spikes, shovels and brooms," shouted the chief officer. The order was immediately obeyed by all the men of the watch, and the ungentlemanly gentleman given a rebuke for his lack of good manners.

The conductor of an electric car on an Essex county line taught the same lesson in a similar way not long ago. A tobacco-chewing passenger declining to take any hint as to the use he was making of the floor of the car near him, the conductor brought in a pail of sand when a siding was reached and gravely spread its contents around his feet. The passenger took that hint and left the car. Of course no true gentleman will trespass on the rights of others by using the filthy weed in public places—least of all in the presence of ladies.

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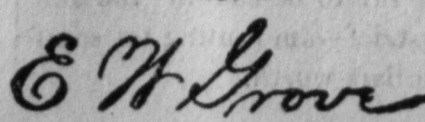
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