

THE ORGANIST.

I wonder how the organist  
Can do such funny things;  
He's getting ready long before  
The choir stands up and sings.  
He's pressing buttons, pushing stops,  
He's pulling here and there,  
And testing all the working parts  
While listening to the prayer.  
He runs a mighty big machine,  
It's full of funny things,  
A mass of boxes, pipes and tubes,  
And sticks and staves and strings!  
There's little whistles for a cent,  
In rows and rows and rows;  
I'll bet there's twenty miles of tubes  
As large as garden hose.  
There's scores as round as stovepipes and  
There's lots so big and wide,  
That several little boys I know  
Could play around inside;  
From little bits of piccolos  
That hardly make a toot,  
There's every size up to the great  
Big elevator chute.  
The organist knows every one  
And how they ought to go;  
He makes them rumble like a storm,  
Or plays them sweet and low;  
At times you think them very near  
At times they're soaring high,  
Like angel voices singing far  
Off somewhere in the sky.  
For he can take this structure that's  
As big as any house,  
And make it squeak as softly as  
A tiny little mouse;  
And then he'll jerk out something with  
A movement of the hand,  
And make you think you're listening to  
A military band.  
He plays it with his fingers and  
He plays it with his toes,  
And if he really wanted to  
He'd play it with his nose;  
He's sliding up and down the bench,  
He's working with his knees,  
He's dancing round with both his feet  
As lively as you please.  
I always like to take a seat  
Where I can see him go,  
He's better than a sermon, and  
He does me good, I know;  
I like the life and movement and  
I like to hear him play;  
He is the most exciting thing  
In town on Sabbath day.  
—Toledo Times.

An Illusory Terror.

AN AUSTRALIAN STORY.

The day's shearing was at an end, and the two old college chums were sitting opposite each other, with their feet on the same chair. Bob Clare, the prosperous owner of Wingaroo, smiled over his cigar at George Millington, the out-at-elbows tramp, who had, as often before, just called at the station for a job. It was a smile of pity as well as affection.  
"When are you going to settle down, old chap?" he asked, as his smile faded away.  
"Never, Bob, never. That's a sure thing."  
"Still the old sound?"  
"Just about as sore as ever. I've given up hoping it will heal—even wanting it to, I think." This with a shrug.  
"The more fool you, old chap—as I've told you before. Come! Make a big effort. I want to run down to Melbourne, and there's no one I'd like better to be in charge while I'm away."  
But George shook his head.  
"None of your benevolent larks, Bob," he replied. "I know that 'run down to Melbourne.' I know the size of your heart and what a downright good fellow you are. Not but what it's very jolly to have a week with you like this. I reckon I was the best man of the lot to-day. Seven score to my own cheek isn't bad."  
"You must be a fool, George," cried the master of Wingaroo. "It's five years now, isn't it?"  
"Five precisely, at half-past four on the twentieth of June."  
"It beats all!" exclaimed Bob Clare. "Can't you yet guess at the meaning of it?"  
"Er—I don't trouble to, old man. The facts satisfy me. For quite eighteen months we were as thick as—well, thieves, I suppose. I always got the pick of her dances; we always drifted together when ever we were within a hundred yards of each other; she called me 'George,' and never looked better pleased than when I called her 'Reggy'—Regina is such a stately name for a girl, you know. So it went on, and all but the knowing ones in our set booked us for a coupe through life. Why, hang it all, I'd nearly got as far as giving the guard a tip to lock us up together for the journey and ordering two luncheon baskets to be shoved in at Preston, withiced claret, and all that. How do you like this for metaphor, Bob?"  
Bob Clare winked seriously.  
"It's my opinion you're killing yourself—your brain won't stand much more of it."  
"Fudge! We're made of wire out here. I'll be the same fool this time thirty years."  
"The saints forbid! Let's see—how did she actually say 'no' to you?"  
"That's just the cream of the joke. She never said it. She kissed me and said, 'Go, there's a dear good boy!' She piled on the wood and coal, blew up the fire with a horse-power bellows, then yawned and said, 'Go out, can't you?'"  
"Wasn't there something about a parent?"  
"Oh, of course. A convenient father! A gentleman with the tastes of a recluse. 'Twas for his sake. She'd be a sister to me, if I wanted a sixth, which I didn't.

But she wasn't unselfish, I will say that, for, having kissed me (she took me unawares, you bet), she bade me seek another and a fitter spouse. She feigned tears, or something of that sort. 'Is that final?' I asked, for I'd begun to have my suspicions. 'G., George,' she whispered, 'it is final!' And I went—rather, and didn't stop anywhere until I found myself in Melbourne."  
Bob Clare pushed the whiskey, feeling very sad, for there was no misreading the deep set despair and bitterness behind the other's words.  
"I've not had much to do with women," he said slowly, "but I'd rather enjoy humbling that one. I'd like to see her, rarely. She seems the sort that feed on men's hearts with a most Epicurean relish, and—Hullo! who's coming now?"  
The sound of a rider drawing up outside was heard. Both men rose and went into the passage.  
"It's a telegram, boss," said Bob's housekeeper.  
Then Bob read these words aloud:  
"Come home promptly. Uncle dead—leaves you everything."  
"WILLIS,"  
"Liquor him up and feed him," said Bob quietly, when he had looked at George without a word.  
The two then resumed their seats, George having first heartily congratulated his friend.  
"Old chap," said Bob, "Fate's pretty funny. Now I'll just have to entreat you to boss my show while I'm away. I know you'll pull me out of this hole. And—I tell you what—I'll do you a good turn, too, George, if you'll give me her address. I'll find out what's become of that vampire and report progress. Five years makes a lot of difference with women."  
But George just smiled his old bitter smile.  
"Please yourself about that," he said. "Of course, if you like, now, I'll squat at Wingaroo until further notice."  
"It's a bargain, then," exclaimed Bob Clare, and the two clasped hands across the cigar-box.  
All the same George Millington was not very happy when he went to bed. Regular habits irked him like a pain, and he did not want to know what rich man Regina Nixon had married and how many children she had borne.  
\* \* \* \* \*  
When he had seen to his own affairs in the old country (they were highly satisfactory, by-the-by), Bob Clare took train to Capperton. He was more than ever set on championing the cause of George Millington—in the way that seemed most suitable. As it happened, too, his legal adviser, Mr. Willis, could give him a letter of introduction to a Mr. Neve, of Capperton, who, as estate agent for Lord Grazebrook, was likely to be in the best Capperton set.  
But Bob made Miss Nixon's acquaintance before he had shaken hands with Mr. Neve. In accordance with his colonial habits, he rose early on the morning after his arrival at Capperton, and, going out into the cool August air with a cigar, came face to face with a woman of surprising beauty.  
She was walking quickly towards a church, the bell of which was tinkling quietly. On the pavement behind her was a prayer-book. It was so evidently hers that Bob did not hesitate about picking it up and following her with it.  
But before giving it to her he looked inside to see if there was a name. Then the words "Regina Nixon" met his eyes, and he understood that Fate had played one of its fine old mellow tricks of coincidence upon him.  
"Miss Nixon, perhaps?" he asked in the church porch, where he caught her up; and she, noticing the prayer-book, looked full at him with the most magnificent purple eyes Bob had ever seen, thanked him and took the book.  
He now had much to think about. By-and-by he had still more to think about, and it was only by main force that he constrained himself to remember his wronged friend.  
Mr. Neve was quite at his service, and when he heard that Bob purported to stay in Capperton, did what he could to make things agreeable for him. Thus he saw much of Regina Nixon.  
She was a lone girl of four-and-twenty, living in a large house, with a cousin as companion. But though thus lonely, she did not live the life of a recluse like her father. Bob met her at garden parties, golf, and wherever social sport was in progress. And she was more often than not at such times the gayest of the gay, basking, as it seemed, in the admiration she excited.  
"What's the meaning of it?" he asked Mr. Neve on one occasion.  
But Mr. Neve did not answer the question point blank. He shook his head as he said:  
"I don't pretend to understand women, and least of all girls like Miss Nixon. She might marry a baronet, if she would, but—she prefers to have a good time first, I suppose."  
"That's it!" exclaimed Bob to himself afterwards. "She is one of those lovely monsters that get born into the world now and then to curse mankind. Since she broke poor George's heart I dearsay she has trodden on scores of others in the same way."

Torpid Liver

Is sometimes responsible for difficult digestion, that is, DYSPEPSIA.  
When it is, What headache, dizziness, constipation, What fits of despondency, What fears of imaginary evils, conduce with the distress after eating, the sourness of the stomach, the bad taste in the mouth, and so forth, to make the life of the sufferer scarcely worth living!  
Dyspepsia resulted from torpid liver in the case of Mrs. Jones, 2320 N. 12th St., Philadelphia, Pa., who was a great sufferer.  
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Nevertheless, he himself soon fell under the fascination that held so many others in Capperton, and in a month he found himself saying, "Will she be there?" whenever he was bound for some social gathering at which Capperton's elite might be expected to be present.  
He fought against the temptations desperately, but Regina Nixon's face was always stronger still. There was this, besides; though he had not said a word to her to imply that he knew George Millington, she felt a strange interest in him which heightened her beauty and set a certain connecting link of sympathy between them.  
At last the inevitable happened.  
The twain were together alone in a secluded part of a garden.  
"Will you let me speak seriously to you?" Bob asked her, with trembling lips.  
She looked at him—almost compassionately, yet with a smile as well.  
"Seriously?" she echoed.  
"I—I want you," he then said abruptly, with singular lameness, and was at once interrupted by her little upraised hand.  
"Stop, Mr. Clare!" she exclaimed. "For your own sake, please don't continue. I can see what is coming. I have had experience," she sighed, and added, "it is no use."  
"I love you," he said, notwithstanding.  
"I am sorry to hear it," said she; "and do me the justice to confess that it is not my fault."  
Then, in a flash, Bob realized that he had been treated much as George Millington had been treated, and he hated himself. Also, for the moment, an overmastering hatred of this beautiful girl gripped him.  
"You serve us all alike," he said fiercely, "from poor George downwards."  
At these words Miss Nixon started and went pale as the water-lilies in a fountain near them.  
"George!" she muttered. "George—who?"  
"George Millington, whom I left the other day in Australia, cursing for your sake the hour he was born. As good a fellow as ever breathed, yet wrecked—by you! But I hope I am of sterner stuff. Good afternoon, Miss Nixon!"  
He was leaving her when she put her hand on his shoulder.  
"Mr. Clare," she said calmly, "I fancy you do not know what you are talking about. Where is this Mr. George Millington whom you—"  
"Where?" he cried. "Well, you may as well have it, to minister to your fiendish pride!"  
With this he threw her a letter he had received only that morning from George, and, careless of manners and aught else, left her. That evening, too, having written a note to Mr. Neve, he left Capperton also.  
There was not much actual mention of Regina in George Millington's letter, but the tone of the whole communication was evidently inspired by the extremity of bitterness and resignation of a sort. But there were these words:  
"I can't help it, old man, get me her photograph, by hook or by crook, and I'll ask no wages of you for playing 'locum!'"  
Even as Bob Clare left the party without word to anyone, so, too, did Regina Nixon, and she kept her head bent until she reached home—that people might not see the tell-tale gleam in her eyes.  
\* \* \* \* \*

Bob Clare did not return to Capperton. He wrote George such a letter, confessing everything, and discussing Regina as if she were a vile sort of pestilence, and then he gave himself up to business and pleasure. And five weeks afterwards, having wired to George, he set off back to Wingaroo.  
"My word, Mr. Clare," said the man at the "Bushman's Rest," where Bob called in his ride from Crossfire Station to Wingaroo, "them's startling changes up at your place!"  
"What!" cried Bob. "What's happened? No fire, rot, or anything, is there?"  
The man preferred to draw his hand across his mouth, grin and say, "I reckon it's nothing to distress you, sir. I'd rather it sprang itself on you as a surprise."  
Then Bob rode away; he expected some trifling improvement in sheds or fencing, due to George's keen mind—that was all. But instead, when he got to Wingaroo, he saw the head of a lady in the garden that fronted the house, and by the time he was at his own door the lady had a

companion, and Mr. and Mrs. George Millington stood smiling before him.  
"Thought you wouldn't mind, old man," said George, gaily. "We spliced and settled down two days after Reggy's arrival. There've been a lot of howling mistakes about, but, God bless her, she made none of 'em. We've fixed up in the blue-faced hat, and are as happy as sandboys."  
After this, Regina held out her hand and quite timidly said, "Can you forgive me, Mr. Clare—for George's sake?"  
Then Bob dashed away his personal emotion.  
"If there's anything to forgive," he replied, "of course, I forgive it—for George's sake!"  
But it wasn't until later that he understood how the main cloud of trouble had originated. Regina's father had for the last years of his life been mad—this was the secret she had had to guard so jealously, and it was in terror of the hereditary curse that she had said "no" to George when he asked her to marry him.  
The terror had since then been proved illusory, and remorse had worried her night and day until Bob's visit to Capperton had given her new hope, which she had herself fulfilled.

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THE YOUNG WOMAN WAS ONLY HUMAN.

They occupied two \$3.50 seats at the opera, those two women did.  
They wore high and costly hats on their heads and an aspect of grim determination on their faces.  
For a young woman in a \$3.50 seat behind them had said:  
"I beg your pardon, but will you please remove your hats?"  
And each had answered:  
"No, I will not."  
When the first scene was over she asked them again, and again they answered "No."  
Then she went to the head usher and made complaint.  
"Yes," he said, "it is a hardship, madam, but I hesitate to ask them to take off their hats, for I know them, and I know they would refuse, and if I should undertake to compel them there would be a scene. But I can do better for you than that. There is a vacant seat directly in front of them. Go and take that and I will see that you are not disturbed."  
She took it. With her face wreathed in smiles she turned to them and said:  
"Keep your hats on ladies, if you choose. You will not incommode me in the least."  
Then she put on her own hat, a close imitation of a Gainsborough in its design, make-up and general scope and sat serenely with it on her head through all the rest of the performance. For she was only human and the provocation was great.

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TRANSPARENT, VERY.

"What is the meaning of transparent?" asked the teacher of small Bobby.  
"Dunno," answered the little fellow.  
"Anything is transparent which permits the light to pass through," explained the teacher. "Now can you name something transparent?"  
"The hole in a stovepipe," replied Bobby.

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RESTRICTIONS.

"You believe in etiquette to a degree at least, don't you?"  
"Oh, yes. When a man gives another man a dinner, he oughtn't to try to borrow money of him until the next day."  
—Chicago Record Herald.

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