WOMAN AND THE CHURCH.

Oh. is it faith in God above
That leads you on, sweet woman?

Ah, do you think His holy love
Is still for you, sweet woman?

Ah, do you think His holy love
Is still for you, sweet woman?
Or do you go to church to wear
Your fixest clothes—to make them star
Who have the chance to see you there,
Fair woman, lovely woman?

Ob. when you fall upon your knees,
Sweet woman, pretty woman,
Do you believe the Father sees
You kneeling there, fair woman:
Or is it social prestige you
Expect to win there in your pew?
Does Faith or Fashion draw you to

The church, oh, lovely woman?

Nay, let them smile who will, but I
Believe in you, sweet woman;

Your hope is still in Him on high,
Sweet woman, trusting woman!

I see your fair, fond face aglow

With love for those you lead, and oh,
I think of her that, long ago,
Led me to church, sweet woman.

I hear the scoffers, day by day,
Oh, woman, lovely woman;
But still you keep the good old way,
In spite of all, sweet woman;
And while you have the faith to raise
Your voice in earnest songs of praise,
Man ne'er can stray far from the ways
To heaven, sweet, sweet woman.

AUNT CHARLOTTE'S RESPONSIBILITY.

THE STORY OF A FAITHFUL SLAVE'S FAITH IN HER MASTER'S PROMISE TO RE-TURN.

(By Hays Blackman)

Beyond the neglected shrubbery, the blackened timbers and the crumbling heap of bricks that marked the place where the big house of the plantation had stood before the war was a small inclosure surrounded by a rail fence.

In the plat were two graves—those of a grown person and a little child.

Without the rail fence nature had done her best, hiding the scars of war under a tangle of wild honeysuckle that wrapped the vines of the old mansion in a caressing greenery.

But within the inclosure there was evidence that nature had a helper in her ministry.

The plantation kitchen was a brick building that stood just back of the ruins of the house. From the door the frequent passage of feet had worn a path through the buffalo grass to the rail fence and the top rail of the panel of fence to which the path led was smooth and sagging where an old negres had climbed over it every day for many years.

She stood this morning in the little burying ground. She had been clipping the grass in the inclosure and the graves were covered with roses—white roses of the old fashioned "thousand leaved" variety that grow in old gardens. The old woman had brought them from the garden at Captain Terrill's, where Captain Terrill's wife, the new mistress of the plantation, gave her flowers for the graves or provisions for her larder with a beautiful impartiality.

Captain Terrill, riding down the levee road to the field, saw the pathetic figure by the graves and drew rein at the fence. "Howdy, Aunt Charlotte?" he called. "Your graves look mighty nice this morning."

The old woman straightened her bent back.

"How you come on, Mist' Joe?" she inquired. "You lookin' peart. "I'se jist tolluble, thanky, suh. Yes, suh, de grabes moughty fine. Miss Dell gin me de roses fo' Miss Ma'gret's grabe dis mawnin. Miss Dell moughty good to me, Mist' Joe."

The young owner of the plantation smiled and nodded as he touched bay Selim with the whip.

"That's all right, Aunt Charlotte," he called over his shoulder. "You go to your Miss Dell for anything you need."

Aunt Charlotte watched him out of sight beyond the bend in the levee road. She sighed as she turned back to the graves.

"Miss Dell moughty good," she said, stooping to touch a flower on Miss Mar garet's grave. "She moughty good, but her an Mist' Joe ain't my own folkses."

A tear rolled down ber withered cheek

and fell among the roses.

"Miss Ma'gret," she whispered, "I'se lonesome, Miss Ma'gret. Cyan't you ax de good Lord to sen' Marse Cunnel home an tek po' ole Charlotte long er you an lil' Marse John?"

One June morning, just after the des perate struggle to rend the Union asunder began, Colonel Murray rode away from Riverview to join the Confederate forces. From the door of the big house Miss Margaret watched him, and Charlotte held the colonel's little son up in her arms that he might watch the erect figure on the big horse out of sight be-

"Charlotte," Colone! Murray had said,
"I know you are faithful. I leave your
Miss Margaret and your little Marse John
in your especial care. Until I come home
again I will hold you responsible for their

welfare."

After her master had ridden away Aunt
Charlotte took up her trust. How faithfully she had fulfilled it only Miss Margaret and little Marse John could have
told—Miss Margaret and little Marse John
who slept beneath the roses.

The colonel had never come back to Riverview. The tide of war swept over the plantation and the soldiers left desolation behind them. When they burned the big house, the flames spared the brick kitchen, that, after the southern fashion, stood at some distance from the main building. And here, while the flames from the house, the outbuildings and the negro cabins in the quarter lighted the level delta country for miles, Aunt Charlotte carried her mistress and little Marse John. And here she had lived ever since.

The little boy died of a slow fever the last year of the war. Aunt Charlotte herself dug the little grave near the house so that Miss Margaret might still have her boy close to her. Miss Margaret lived till three years after the war, a heart-broken woman, for whom the faithful negress cared tenderly and patiently as for an ailing, fretful child.

When at last Charlotte turned from the new grave beside little Marse John's, it was to new responsibility—to wait for Marse Colonel; to keep the graves fresh and green; to give back to him the trust she had kept. She had waited now for more than 30 years and though to every one else the colonel's name was only a memory, Aunt Charlotte still believed that he would come.

On the night after Captain Terrill had stopped at the fence on his way to the fields Aunt Charlotte sat by the hearth in the old kitchen. As always, her thoughts were in the past. For her the breeze that blew through the open door, damp and sweet, was heavy with the fragrance of the roses that bloomed by the galleries of the big house 30 years before.

A negro melody broke the stillness of the night. To the old woman the song came from the quarters where long ago the negroes sang on summer nights like this, and the years rolled back to give her again master and mistress and the old care free, irresponsible, happy life.

"We gwine fix dis heah place up w'en Marse Cunnel come home," Aunt Charlotte mused. "Miss Dell say Marse Cunnel daid. She say he ain't nevah gwine come back. Law! Miss Dell ain't know my ole marster. 'Miss Dell,' I say, 'my Marse Cunnel nevah bruk he wud yit. He done 'low he gwine come back, an he comin'. Moughty long time hit tek 'im. Spec' he done chase dem Yankees dat fur norf dat hit tuk 'im all dis time to git back. But he sho' gwine come. I spec' 'im erlong enny time. Law, law, 'twouldn't 'sprise me none to see Marse Cunnel walk in dat are do' dis bery minnit"—

In her eagerness she turned to the open door. The words died on her lips. Her jaw dropped, and her face grew gray with fear.

A man stood in the doorway. Behind him the darkness made a frame for his figure, and the fire that flickered on the hearth—kindled there to light the room—showed his ragged clothing, glinted on the tangled white hair that covered his head and the white beard that hung unkempt on his breast. His eyes looked out hungrily from beneath shaggy brows.

He took a step into the room. Aunt Charlotte rose to her feet.

"Is it you, Charlotte?" the stranger said. "Charlotte, where is my wife? Where is the home? Where is your little Marse John? I left them in your care."

The old woman gave one cry of happi-

ness.

"Marse Cunnel," she cried, "my marster! Bress Gawd dat you come home.

Whut dey do to you, ole marse, dat you

What dey do to you, ole marse, dat you look dat ole an po'?"
"I want my wife and child," the man

repeated sharply.

The old woman knelt at his feet.

"Marse Cunnel, dey bofe gone dese many yeahs," she said, her tears beginning to fall.

"Gone," he said after her—"both gone?"
"I done de bes' I could, Marse Cunnel,"
she begged. "Gawd knows dat I kep' dat
trus' de bes' I could. I kep' de grabes
moughty nice an green, suh."

"The graves!" this wreck of her old master shouted. "Dead! Margaret dead! My God!"

He pushed away Aunt Charlotte's de taining hands and rushed out into the night.

"Lawd," Aunt Charlotte whispered, kneeling with upraised hands where her master had left her, "you know dat I done filled dat 'spons'bility de bes' dat I knowed how. O Lawd, you know how I wuk with dem grabes an cut de grass and fotch de water an kep' um green. Miss Ma'gret, Miss Ma'gret, I'se ole an lonesome. De 'spons'bility is ober. Ax Gawd to lemme come erlong wid you an li'l Marse John."

They found the colonel next morning lying among the faded roses on his wife's grave. And in the old kitchen, on the bed where Miss Margaret had died, Aunt Charlotte lay, her responsibility over, the years of her trust fulfilled.

Three days later, when the keepers of a northern insane asylum came to Riverview in search of an escaped patient who had been an inmate of the institution for more than 30 years, and who had never been able to tell them where was his home and who were his friends, they found two new graves in the plat behind the rail

Master and mistress and faithful servant were united.—St. Louis Republic.

BENTLEY'S is the best Liniment.

King's Evil

That is Scrofula.

No disease is older.

No disease is really responsible for a

larger mortality.

Consumption is commonly its outgrowth.

There is no excuse for neglecting it, it makes its presence known by so many signs, such as glandular tumors, cutaneous eruptions, inflamed eyelids, sore ears, rick-

ets, catarrh, wasting and general debility.
Children of J. W. McGinn, Woodstock,
Ont., had scrofula sores so bad they could
not attend school for three months. When
different kinds of medicines had been used
to no purpose whatever, these sufferers were
cured, according to Mr. McGinn's voluntary
testimonial, by

Hood's Sarsaparilla
which has effected the most wonderful,
radical and permanent cures of scrofula
in old and young.

NICK NAMES FOR CITIES.

Many of our towns have adop ed topical names, or have had such forced upon them by a generous and observant public. Most of these require no explanation. A few of the cities and towns, with their supplementary titles, are as follows:

Toronto-The Queen City. Ottawa-The Capital City. Hamilton-The Ambitious City. London-The Forest City Kingston-The Limestone City. Brantford-The Telephone City. Windser-The Frontier City. St. Thomas-The Railway City. Chatham-The Maple City. St. Catharines-The Garden City. Guelph-The Royal City. Stratford-The Classic City. Belleville-The Bay City. Woodstock-The Century City. Peterboro-The Electric City. Galt-Little Manchester. Berlin-The German Town. Cornwall-The Factory Town. Goderich-The Salt Town. Brockville-The Island Town. Horold-The Hill Town. Going further east we have of course: Montreal-The Royal City. Quebec-The Rock City and also the Ancient City. Halifax-The Garrison City. Annapolis--The Bluenose City. Charlottetown-The Island City.

Annapolis—The Garrison City.

Annapolis—The Bluenose City.

Charlottetown—The Island City.

Manitoba presents:

Winnipeg—The Prairie City.

Brandon—The Wheat City.

In the Territories:

Calgary—The Cattle City.

Vancouver-The Pacific City, and also

the Western Liverpool.

Victoria—The Capital City.

New Westminster—The Royal City.

Nanaimo—The Coal City.

Kamloops—The Indian City.

Nelson—The City of Destiny.

Rossland—The Mining City.

Greenwood—The Smelter City.

New Denver—The American Lucerne Slocan—The Baby City.

Sandon—The Canyon City.

Revelstoke—The Railway City.

To this list a dozen other ambitious towns might with propriety be added, while the list for Canada would certainly be incomplete did it fail to include the northermost centre of population under the flag of Britain:

Kalso-The Lake City.

Dawson-The Klondike Capital or City of Gold.

HARD, RACKING COUGHS.

Barring accidents, the person who get along with the least amount of cough wil live the longest. Of course, the right time to attack a cough is at the commenc. ment, when it is a simple thing for the right treatment to drive the cough quick ly away. As a general thing, however people spend so much time experiment ing with various remedies that the cough is well under way before they know it Then comes the long siege. You feel the hard, racking all through your system and get relief from nothing. You fil your stomach with nauseating mixture to no purpose. Then you use compounds containing narcotic, which deceive temporarily, and leave you slightly worse Some coughs of this kind hang on hir weeks or even months, and, of course they frequently develop into serious lan. troubles. A true specific for all coughs is Adamson's Botanic Cough Balsam, and it should be kept in the house against any emergency. With a cough that has be come chronic the first effect of this rem edy is a lessening of the dull sensation of pain which usually is felt with such a cough. Then you are conscious that the soreness is leaving you, and presently the desire to cough grows less frequent. All this process is brought about by the healing properties of the Balsam. It is compound of barks and gums. You can test it. 25 cents at any druggist's. G the genuine with "F. W. Kinsman & Co. blown in the bottle,

"What does the man next door do?" asked the assessor. "There's nobody at

"My husband says he's a bureau draw er. He sits in one of the city bureaus and draws a salary. Philadelphia Times.

Children Cry for CASTORIA.

THE WHIRL OF FASHION.

Some of the new hats are again absurdly large, with piles of trimming heaped upon both crown and brim.

There is simply no limit to the variety of pretty and picturesque dress

The tulle draperies which again veil some of the flowers on spring and summer hats look like an afterthought and are a dainty and becoming addition.

Guipure laces, nets, bands, edgings, appliques, etc., will be the rage next season for decorating light and dainty gowns of india mull, organdie, mercerized swiss goods, barege, linen lawn, batiste and similar hot weather fabrics.

The prettiest and most effective trimmings for a dress of black point d'esprit net are ruffles and flounces of the net scalloped at the edges and if desired finished with an additional decoration of rows of very narrow ribbon set above the scallops.

With the elbow sleeves of the summer will come a revival of the old fashioned mitts of other days and also the reappearance of delicately wrought bracelets of gold, silver and black enamel, with a line of gold at each side and a small gold clasp.

Dresses of sheer linen lawn and of silk ecru batiste will form part of very smart summer outfits. They will be made up without lining to wear over a silk or sateen slip, or else they will have a silk lining throughout of deep rose, golden yellow or mauve.

THE HORSE SHOW.

Starlight, 2:27, and Dolly S, 2:19, are driven to pole by Caruthers Ewing, Memphis.

Memphis.

There is a fast green youngster on the San Jose (Cal.) track that "moves like The Abbot."

The Baron Dillon (2:12) colt out of Good Morning, 2:151/4, born on March 4, has been named Inauguration.
Rather late, but at last one fast 3-year-

old filly has been named Carrie Nation. She (the filly) is owned in Maine.

Bob Shockency drove a mile a few

days ago in 2:13 over the Selma track. He was behind a pacer who has yet to hear the bell ring.

The 4-year-old filly Cassie B, by Thorndyke, out of Baby, by Pay Rock,

owned by Dr. A. G. Van Ness, Denver, is said to be wonderfully fast.

Jean de Reszke, the famous tenor, has agents in New York and Pennsylvania purchasing trotting horses which

he will take to Poland for breeding pur-

poses.

Maiden Fair, a 14-year-old brood mare by Happy Medium, out of Mambrino Maid, by Mambrino Patchen, was sold at auction in Kentucky for \$5 a

few days ago.

Herbert Gray has added to the Lawson stable the 4-year-old filly Baroness, 2:30, at Canton, N. Y., Sept. 13. She is by Baronet, 2:11½, and is said to possess phenomenal speed. The reported price is \$1,500.—Horseman.

THE JEWEL CASKET.

Coral is more than ever worn. It is now prominent in sleeve links and studs.

Gold beads, coral beads, opal beads and imitation pearls in necklets and chains all figure extensively in the everyday costume.

Elegant santoirs are composed of enameled and pierced gold links set with diamonds, emeralds, sapphires, rubies and pearls.

The finest platinum links, making hardly more than an invisible thread, are used for the neck chain that supports pendants or costly ornaments of large diamonds, rubies, emeralds, singular baroque pearls, etc.

Pear shapes are popular in jewels. A pendant of turquoise matrix in this shape has no added ornament other than a little "cup" of brilliants into which it is set. This pendant interests also by its unusual markings, which are of a brown that is almost golden.

THE EASTERN TANGLE.

There seems to be no doubt that Great Britain can get a game if she wants one.—Detroit News.

Japan will probably have to fight the Anglo-Saxon for her life sooner or later, and the Russian sooner.—Boston Transcript.

If the powers cannot agree among themselves, the Chinese will allow them all the time they require to quarrel in.—Philadelphia Times.

What the powers could or would do if Russia, without the consent of China or of any other power, should remain in occupation and control of Manchuria is a question easier to ask than to answer.—Philadelphia Record.

War, like peace, has its humorous side too. The spectacle of General von Waldersee, the direct representative of the great war lord, appearing in the role of a golden haired angel of peace is funny enough to make even Tom Cooper smile.—Philadelphia Inquirer.

тне сооквоок.

Onions in any appetizing form are well adapted to the spring bill of fare.

To serve a hot ham take it from the water when cooked, draw off the skin, rub the surface with brown sugar and set before the fire to brown.

Rice flour for browning soups is better than sugar and should be kept in the store closet ready for use. To prepare it spread it in a baking pan and place in a moderate oven. As soon as it is tinged with yellow stir it and continue until the required color is obtained. Let it cool and put away in large mouthed bottles.

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