

GIRL WHO SINGS NEXT DOOR.
 We've got a girl next door to us—a pretty little thing.
 Who's got a crazy notion in her head that she can sing;
 She favors us with melodies from early morn 'til night;
 She bangs a grand piano—but she doesn't do it right.

Oh, the girl next door—the girl next door; She's just a public nuisance and an individual bore;
 I'd give a hundred dollars—yes, a thousand—to the poor,
 If some disgusted man would choke the Girl Next Door.

She'll start a day of torture with "Be-cause"—uncerthly sound!
 "Well, You haven't Any Money, Well, You Needn't Come Around"
 Will follow on the programme; then a comic opera lay—
 And that's the way she entertains herself the livelong day.

Oh, the girl next door—the girl next door; The walls are only two brick deep—
 I would that they were more.
 If every soul of man was stirred into its deepest core
 It's when that one girl band starts up—
 The Girl Next Door.

One night a fellow came to see this human graphophone,
 And then the air round the block was one discordant tone;
 She gave him "I Am Waiting," followed up by "Love, I Weep"—
 And she sang them with such feeling that the fellow went to sleep!

Oh, the girl next door—the girl next door; That fellow never came to see that maid—
 on any more;
 And now she's working overtime on "Happy Days of Yore"—
 I guess she means those happy days,
 Before She Moved Next Door!
 —Baltimore Sun.

A MAID TO ORDER.

Jenkins is a bright young lawyer, who has sat before an empty desk for nearly two years without earning enough to buy a whole suit of clothes. Of course he's busy. It takes him about ten hours a week to study out the diplomatic possibilities of his next encounter with his landlady. Then there is his affair at the restaurant. He has to keep watch of the holes in his meal ticket and look for chance invitations to more sumptuous meals. It took him nearly a year of finance with Chinese laundrymen before he adopted celluloid. What leisure he had was until lately occupied with a sort of credit correspondence with his father, upon whom he is at liberty to draw only in cases of extreme necessity. Jenkins has written home many really able definitions of "extreme necessity."

All this may not prove that Jenkins is willing to work, but he is, and he proved it last week. He "offices" with an eminent lawyer. This means, in his case, that he gets deskroom in exchange for his services as office boy, court messenger and a few more important vicarious duties. In the same office with Jenkins there is Stack the clerk whose chief excuse for being there is that he is a nephew to the afore-said eminent one. Then there is Harkins, the stenographer, who really is the envy of both Jenkins and Stack because he draws a good salary and is allowed postage on his own mail. Stack's salary is \$7.50, but as he lives with his uncle and pays no board he is really the aristocrat of the office. Jenkins gets two per cent. on the bills he collects.

Two weeks ago, however, somebody bought him a good dinner, and then such an unwonted courage rose up within him that he decided to approach the eminent lawyer with whom he "offices" and ask advice. To the lawyer Jenkins said:

"Mr. Lord, I'm not getting along very well, and I don't know exactly what to do to improve my affair. Of course I don't want to leave you, but the fact is if I don't commence to take in a little more money I'll have to get a situation, go into some trade—quit the law."

"Now, see here, Jenkins," said Mr. Lord. "I'll tell you what I'd do in your place. I'd start a collection agency. You can do it right here in my office. Take in the other boys; get up a little stock company, it doesn't require any capital, and if it runs right ought to pay. I'll give Stack all old accounts, and you can get as many more as you want by advertising."

Jenkins' eyes bulged with joy. Here at last was his chance. He thanked his superior repeatedly, and that very day the Calumet Quick Collection company was formed. Jenkins wrote a long letter to his father, explaining that postage stamps were an "extreme necessity," and then drew for \$5 Stack and Harkins each contributed as much, and the new concern began life with a stock of enthusiasm and hope that was not expressed in the amount of paid up capital. Jenkins contributed most of the enthusiasm but Stack and Harkins hoped for the best. The work was so divided that the young lawyer had to do all the outside work. The stenographer, of course, could not leave the office except for meals, and the clerk argued that it would pay to have some one at headquarters to meet customers

and clients; so with some misgivings, Jenkins agreed to this arrangement.

The young lawyer was determined to do or die in this new venture, and to this end he came down to the office about day-break on the morning of his first effort. He had a package of statements an inch thick and a long book in which the names and amounts were listed. He began to work at 8 o'clock with 65 cents for car fare in his pocket and the anticipation of swift and certain success shining in his eyes. On foot, in street cars and in trains he literally flew about the town till noon.

Some of the men he sought were dead. Others talked as if they would like to be.

Many had left the city for good for their own good, Jenkins thought. Some were so poor that he knew they would never pay.

A few laughed at him.

Nobody paid him.

He got back to the office about noon broken in finances, but not in spirit. He almost lost his temper, however, when Stack laid down the paper covered novel he was reading, took his feet down from the steam radiator and asked:

"How much did you get?"

He even fancied that he could hear Harkins laugh when he answered: "I didn't collect a cent. Hard luck isn't it? I ran into a gang of tough ones and then ran out of car fare. Any answers to our dunning letters?"

"Not a glimmer, mourned Harkins.

Stack looked glad of it. He loaned Jenkins a half dollar for car fare, charged it up on the company's book and resumed his warm place in the corner.

When the young lawyer was gone out, the clerk sidled up to the stenographer and said:

"Say, Hark, I think we're on a dead one, don't you?"

I hope not, for Jenk's sake. He's so in earnest," said the stenographer.

"Well, it's Jenk's doings. He suggested it, and I guess he needs the money worse than we do."

"But if it fails?"

"Well if it fails I think Jenkins ought to stand the losses. I'm out five-fifty already and it's his fault."

"But he's doing all the work," suggested Harkins.

"Well, so he ought." And Mr. Stack went back to his novel.

The young lawyer worked like a fiend. When car fare was gone he walked, even ran, after his supposed victims. He quit going back to the office and worked far into the night. He pestered the life out of every debtor who showed the least sign of paying up, and if they offered him a dollar he took it and asked for two. In the meantime, a few answers to advertisements came into the office, but Mr. Lord seized upon them as "too deep for the boys." Nobody called. Stack began and finished three paper covered novels. Harkins plodded away indoors, both wondering how long Jenkins' nerve would stand the hardships of chasing his prey through ice and snow.

At noon on Saturday Jenkins appeared at the office. He looked thinner than ever. His shoes were worn out. He had a piece of red flannel round his neck and his voice was a husky whisper. Harkins didn't have the heart to ask him how he fared, but Stack yelled:

"Hello, old man! We thought you had absconded with the firm's money!"

Jenkins was very silent. He sat down at his desk and began to make out his statement. Stack watched him with curious interest as he piled up the few checks and green backs which represented the first week's business of the Calumet Quick Collection company. He had collected \$240, and the net earnings of the company at 10 per cent. amounted to \$24—just eight for each of the three stockholders.

"Good boy!" said Stack, picking up his share. "You're a wonder. I didn't think you'd make it go."

Harkins, being what Stack calls a "chump," clushed when Jenkins handed him his share of the profits.

"I'll tell you, Mr. Jenkins," he said. "I don't feel as if I were entitled to any of this money. You and Stack here did all the work, and you ought to keep my share for stamps and car fare, eh?"

But Jenkins insisted, and the stenographer yielded.

"All right," he laughed; "I'll take it on condition that you take dinner with me this evening. We'll celebrate the week's success—kind of christen the business. What do you say?"

Jenkins and Stack promised, and at 7 o'clock that evening the three partners were sitting together at a restaurant table christening the collection company.

When they got to the coffee, Jenkins let his bomb fall upon the festal board in this wise:

Now, Hark and Stack, as to this collection company, I don't know whether it is "the quick" or "the dead," but I want to announce that so far as I am concerned, it is dissolved, evaporated, vanished. Here are our accounts." He pulled out the package. They are supposed to represent \$5,000 of good accounts. You can have them. I wouldn't give \$4 for the bunch."

His partners looked at him in astonishment. "Your j-king!" they chorused.

"Why we have just got to work!"

"You mean I've just got to work," said Jenkins. "Well, I'm done too. I'm out

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, rickets, 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.

\$5 for stamps, I've worn out a pair of shoes, I've done \$100 worth of the meanest work on earth, and I haven't got anything but \$8 and the grip. This is the first square meal I've had for two weeks, and I tell you the quick collection business is all off.

The next day Stack said to Harkins that Jenkins wasn't such a mark after all. As for the young lawyer, he is in doubt whether to go back to the farm or look for a more congenial place to "office," for now Mr. Lord, the eminent attorney, says that Jenkins has "no sand" and will never get along unless he learns to "love work" —Chicago Record.

THE SUFFERING OF JOB.

If the agonies of Job were any worse than the tortures of itching piles from which so many people are now suffering he had much to endure. The difference is that there is no reason for any one to endure the miseries of piles for a single day. Dr. Chase's Ointment has cured tens of thousands of cases and is absolutely guaranteed to cure each and every case of piles. 60 cents at all dealers or by mail from Edmaison, Bates & Co., Toronto.

FIRST EXPERIMENT OF THE KIND.

An experiment the first of its kind was successfully performed a few days ago by Dr. Garel, a well known physician of Lyons, France. Being called upon to prescribe for an infant who was suffering from an incessant cough, he fancied that the trouble might be due to some foreign body which was clogging the respiratory organs, and a test which he made with Rontgen rays satisfied him that he was right, for they showed distinctly that one of the bronchial tubes was obstructed.

He learned then from the mother that the infant had swallowed a large nail about two months before that time, but that, as no grave symptoms had appeared at the time, little importance had been attached to the accident. Doctor Garel felt convinced that the nail was still sticking in the throat, but what puzzled him was how he should extract it. Finally he determined to try an electro magnet.

He knew that pieces of metal had been extracted from eyes in this way and he thought it barely possible that he might be able to extract the nail. Consequently he provided himself with a magnet and, having made the necessary incision in the skin, he placed it as near as he could to the nail. The result was exactly what he had hoped for. The nail left its lurking place in the child's throat and fixed itself to the magnet. At once the child's cough ceased and it is now in perfect health.

Physicians throughout France claim that this is one of the most interesting experiments which have been performed in our time, since it shows that the magnet may be made of great service as a surgical instrument.

THE BEST IS THE FAVOURITE.

If so common an article of daily consumption as Tea, the people want pure goods and the best value at the price. Red Rose Tea meets both requirements, and is therefore a popular favourite. Are you using Red Rose?

NEW INVENTIONS.

- For the benefit of our readers, we publish a list of Canadian patents recently procured through the agency of Messrs. Marion & Marion, Patent Attorneys, Montreal and Washington.
 - 71,964—Elias Jones, Carberry, Man., Pneumatic Straw Stacker.
 - 71,966—Frank E. French, Laconia, N. H., Combined Lock & Latch.
 - 71,967—Onesime H. Champagne, Providence, R. I., Ventilator.
 - 72,020—J. D. Oigny, et al, Montreal, P. Q., Artificial Fuel.
 - 72,036—August Meuschel, Montreal, P. Q., Speed Regulator for Prime Motor.
 - 72,271—H. R. Macdonald, Alexandria, Ont., Thrashing Machine.
 - 72,272—D. C. McDonald, Mabou, C. B., Hot air Furnace.
 - 72,311—Edmond Parent, Montreal, P. Q., Disending Forms.
- The "Inventor's Help," a book on patents, published by Messrs. Marion & Marion, will be sent to any address upon receipt of 10 cents.

E. W. Snow
 This signature is on every box of the genuine
Laxative Bromo-Quinine Tablets
 the remedy that cures a cold in one day

A Modern Polonus.
 "My son," said the fond but wise parent, "you are leaving me to go out into the world. I have nothing to give you but advice. Never tell a lie. If you wish to put one in circulation, get it published. A lie cannot live, but it takes one a blamed long time to fade out of print."
 "Always read your contract. A man might consider he was getting a sinecure if he were offered a position picking blossoms off a century plant; but, you see, he wouldn't have a remunerative occupation if he were paid on piecework."
 "Be not overcritical. Even the most ordinary sort of a genius can tell when the other fellow is making a fool of himself."
 "Remember that the young man, like the angler's worm, is rather better for being visibly alive."
 "Be careful in the choice of your surroundings. Environment will do a great deal for a man. For example, flour and water in a china jug is cream sauce. In a pail on the sidewalk it is billsticker's paste."
 "Don't forget that there's a time for everything and that everything should be done in its proper time. Never hunt for bargains in umbrellas on a rainy day."
 "You may make enemies. If you know who they are, don't mention them. Silence is golden. It saves the money that might otherwise be spent in defending a libel suit. If you don't know who they are—well, abuse lavished on a concealed enemy is like charity indiscriminately bestowed; it's a good thing wasted."

How Blaine Remembered Henderson.

It was before General Henderson had been elected to congress, and Blaine was speaker of the house. Henderson was in Washington, and naturally Blaine was one of the statesmen that he much desired to meet, and the opportunity came of a morning just as the speaker was passing through the lobby on his way to the marble rostrum. The formal greetings were exchanged in a brief moment, and General Henderson was left to see the swinging doors close on the form of the Republican leader.

Six years later General Henderson again came to Washington, this time to get Iowa divided into two judicial districts. He put up at Wornley's, where Blaine also lived, it being in those days a fashionable and flourishing hostelry. A week or so after his arrival from Iowa, as General Henderson was entering the dining room, he met Blaine after having passed and repassed him many times. The Maine man grasped him cordially by the hand, called him by name and inquired about Iowa.

"I had heard of Senator Blaine's wonderful faculty for remembering names," says General Henderson. "When I had seated myself at the table, I beckoned to the head waiter."

"Hasn't Mr. Blaine asked you my name?" I said to him. "Now think hard and be sure of your answer."

"Yes, sah," replied the waiter. "He done called me ovah las' night an asked yo' name an all about yo'. I told him yo' was Mistah Henderson."

Origin of the Yosemite Valley.

It is perfectly obvious to those familiar with glacial phenomena that Yosemite is quite an ordinary and necessary product of glacial erosion under the conditions prevailing in that locality. The main glacier came down Tenaya canyon, cutting it to a steep but fairly uniform grade. Yosemite valley is but a continuation of that gorge. The end of the glacier at the time that it was cutting Yosemite extended not far beyond Fort Monroe. It remained there for a long time and therefore plowed out the bottom of the valley to a considerable depth. Branch glaciers joined the Tenaya glacier when it filled Yosemite, coming down the valleys of Yosemite, Little Yosemite, Illioulouette and Bridal Veil and other creeks and forming hanging valleys at the junction points. The formation of the vertical cliffs of the valley may have been due to undermining and may have been aided by the cleavage of the rocks. On the recession of the glacier doubtless the bottom of the valley was occupied by a lake which has since been partially filled by detritus and drained by the erosion of Merced river cutting through the rock wall at the foot of the valley. —National Geographic Magazine.

Where Girls Must Marry.

In Russia if a girl desires to study at either of the universities etiquette requires that she should be married. Accordingly she goes through the civil form of marriage with one of the men students, whom she may never have seen before and perhaps may never speak to again.

These marriages are perfectly legal, and if the contracting parties like each other they are united for life, but otherwise the marriage is dissolved when their university course is finished and both are free to marry again. Sonya Kovalevski, the celebrated mathematician, went through the civil marriage ceremony with a student whom she then saw for the first time, but who eventually became her husband. —Home Notes.

A Refutation.

"They are accusing you of trying to take money out of the public treasury and give it away."
 "Now, isn't that nonsense!" exclaimed the cold blooded politician. "Anybody who knows me knows that if I could get money out of the public treasury I wouldn't give it away. I'd hang on to it!"

Late Realization.

"I now realize," said the pig as they loaded him in the wagon bound for the butcher's—"I now realize that overeating tends to shorten life." —Indianapolis Press.

J. & T. Jardine.

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