

LITTLE WILLIE AND HIS SISTER GRACE.

They cut pa's trousers down for me; I don't get nothin' new; I have to wear his old coats out, his old suspenders, too!

THE RUSE.

BY FRANCES HENSHAW BADEN.

"Millie! Millie! where are you? Do come down and help me. That's a darling. Watch the pies, and fry the doughnuts, do!" called a merry voice.

A moment after, a tall, graceful girl entered the kitchen. She would have been beautiful, but for her pale face and sad eyes.

"Oh, Millie, we have had just the best luck with everything. Not a pie scorched! Every cake done beautifully! The pudding, I know, will be the best in the country, for Rachel was never known to fail! And just look at the turkey! Isn't it a perfect beauty? Don't you remember what Doctor Grey said two Thanksgivings ago? That we had the best dinner and the prettiest girls in our house that could be found in the whole State, he was sure! We will have just as nice a dinner to-morrow. But for the girls we will let somebody else speak. I hope Archie will come. He half promised."

A sigh from the sad girl reached the ear of her happy cousin, who quickly said:

"Oh, Millie, how thoughtful I am! I forgot—indeed I did—that you were not as light-hearted as when you were getting ready for Thanksgiving last year—no, two years ago. I can hardly think it has been so long."

"It has been very, very long to me, Katie," Millie answered, wiping away the tears that had gathered, and, filling her eyes, stole down the pale cheeks.

"Millie, indeed I would not stand it. It is just hateful in uncle to act so. He was always the strangest man I ever saw. But while auntie lived, he was not just so dreadful. She could win him to something like civilization."

"Don't, don't, Katie. Remember you are talking of my father."

"Can't help it. He is my father's brother. And I don't care if he hears me say it. And if I were you, I would not run away. I am opposed to that; but I'd wait until I was twenty-one—that will be in six months—then I'd send for Frank and have him ask once more for you. If uncle did not relent, I'd walk off with Frank right before his eyes, and be married. I would, just as sure as my name is Katie Gordon."

"No, no, Katie, I cannot do so. I am all that father has—the only one who loves him. I cannot leave him. He was good and kind until this trouble with Frank's father."

"Indeed, then stay miserable all the days of your life! And keep Frank 'sol! Bless his dear heart! I just hope he won't stay miserable! There are lots of pretty girls who will jump at him. I would try and comfort him myself, only I love Archie a little better," the merry girl said, with a bright blush.

Then, with more apparent sympathy, she continued:

"Indeed, I am very, very sorry for you, Millie. But what is the good of being so sad? You can, if you choose, be happy. If you will not, and have made up your mind to do the dutiful at all cost, then resign yourself with good grace, and be content in the path you have chosen."

"Katie, I will tell you just now why I feel so very sad. Frank is to be home to-morrow! His cousin told me. Oh, think of it! Only a half mile from each other, and yet so far apart! Millie could not help sobbing then.

"And you will not see him?" "Of course not; I dare not. Father forbade me. And it would only be going over the sad parting again; all the more sad because still more hopeless."

The entrance of Rachel, the cook, stopped the conversation.

Farmer Gordon and farmer Ralston were neighbors, and, at one time, good friends. Their farms adjoined. Once, a fine piece of meadow land separated them. Both wanted this land; both being willing to pay a very liberal price; neither was willing to resign his chance of purchasing, or to divide the possession.

So things remained for many months, indeed years, and then farmer Ralston came forward, and placed before his neighbor the deed for the land. It was obtained by some dishonorable means, farmer Gordon did not hesitate to declare. Since then, they had been bitter enemies. Well, folks in the neighborhood thought Ralston had done nothing wrong, and all espoused his cause. Farmer Gordon was

generally unpopular, and it was a source of gratification to many that he had not been the successful purchaser.

The only son of one, and daughter of the other, had played together from infancy. After the quarrel between their fathers, they were ordered to keep to themselves. But this they couldn't do. In the first place, they loved each other too well. Then they met at church and singing-school. So it continued, until Frank was twenty-one and Millie seventeen. Thanksgiving evening, two years previous to my introducing Millie to my readers, Frank had sought farmer Gordon, told him how truly he loved his daughter, and begged that he would give him permission to win her.

Even farmer Ralston, whose whole heart was centred in his only son, accompanied him, and joined his entreaties with Frank's, going so far as to offer the disputed land and his hand in friendship again. All of no use. The strange, hard man drove them forth. He told them he hated them both, and his girl should never bear their name.

There was a painful scene between Millie and her father. He said many dreadful things that wounded the sensitive, loving heart very sorely, and ended by telling her the only way she could gain his forgiveness for having allowed her affections to be won by one so hateful to him was to cast him from her mind and heart. So it was that Millie had never seen her lover since. She dared not even permit him to write to her. She had only sent him word that she should never love any one else. And so Frank, in return, sent word by his cousin that he would be as faithful, and they would trust to heaven for their future happiness.

Farmer Gordon had been harder and stranger since this affair than ever before. And poor little Millie would have been very miserable if merry Katie had not spent much of her time with her. She was an independent little piece, not a bit afraid of her "cross old uncle," as she called him. When she was with Millie, she would have merry young folks about her. Her uncle would take from her what he would from no one else. He really liked the straightforward, merry girl.

"Still sighing, Millie?" Katie said. "Now I just want to tell you plainly, you are being really wicked. How much you have to be thankful for! There are many girls more miserable than you. You just look as if we had a funeral in the house. You better thank our Father for blessing you with health and strength, and sparing you, and all dear to you, to see another Thanksgiving! Just think—"

"Oh, Katie, how could I be more miserable! What could make me?" Millie had hardly uttered these words when her father's own riding horse came dashing, riderless, up to the stile.

Millie was terrified. She knew that only an hour before her father had gone out on Victor, and she cried:

"Oh, Katie! where is father? Something terrible has happened! See! How terrified Victor looks?"

Her fears were soon realized. Slowly along the road came four of the hands bearing on a litter her father. Although no favorite with his servants, for they all feared him, the men looked grave enough as they placed their burden in the hall. Millie threw herself down beside the cold, still form.

"Dead! dead!" she cried; and in an agony of grief clasped her arms about him. One of the men, nodding his head, said:

"Tain't no use to go on so, miss," and removed her from her father's form.

Lifting gently, they bore him in, and placing him on his bed, stood around waiting further orders from Katie.

"Are you sure there is no life? James, go quickly and bring Doctor Grey."

"Tain't no use, Miss Katie; dead it 'tain't," the man said.

"Oh, father! father! Why, why are you taken from me? Oh, maybe he is not dead. Run, James; oh, please, tell Doctor Grey to come! Oh! if God will give him back to me, I never, never will be thankful enough."

Rachel, the cook, who had been in the family for years, came forward, saying:

"Tain't no use to go on so, child. If he is dead, it's God's will. I only wish he had been better prepared to go. And as for you, child, I think you'll be all the happier after a bit—"

"No, no, no! I loved him, indeed I did. I never would have left him. And, oh, he used to love me once, so very much. Don't you remember how he used to love me, Rachel? And I remember when I always used to go to sleep in his arms. Dear, dear father!" Millie sobbed.

"You had better go for Doctor Grey, anyhow, James. We want a friend at this time," Rachel said.

"Oh, oh, oh!" sobbed Millie, bursting forth anew with her grief.

"You will make yourself ill, child," Rachel said.

"Oh, I don't care! I wish I could go to heaven!" Millie cried.

"Miss Millie, Master Frank is home," whispered one of the men.

"Don't, don't, Bill! I can't think of anybody but my dear, dear father. Oh, if he would only open his eyes and speak to me! Just say, 'Millie,' and kiss me once more! Oh, please, dear Lord, give me back my father! Indeed, I cannot believe he is dead! Only fainted! Oh, if father is given back to me, I never will

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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grieve any more about anybody! Katie, come here, quickly! Can't you feel a little warmth coming?"

"Millie!" Farmer Gordon's eyes opened and he said: "Millie, I'm not dead. Kiss me, child!"

With a wild cry of joy Millie clasped her arms about him, and fainted on his bosom.

"I did not think the child loved me so!" Farmer Gordon said, looking not a bit like a dead or lying man.

"You scarcely deserve it, uncle, from her," Katie said, sharply. She began to see that it had all been one of her uncle's queer whims.

"There, Rachel! you know what to do for her. She is just like her mother. She would faint, alike for joy or grief. I know now how well you love me, Rachel, too."

"As well as you will let me. Be more like the Lord likes you to be, and you'll find more love," Rachel said, as she, with James' assistance, carried Millie to her own room.

"Uncle, you did this on purpose. I know it. Are you hurt at all?" Katie said, looking very reproachfully at him.

"Well, Miss Pert, I can do without a doctor," he answered.

And Katie went off to help take care of Millie. From James she worried out the truth, who said:

"For heaven's sake, don't let old master know I told! But he got off Victor. Give him a sharp cut, and sent him flying. Then made us fix a litter and bring him home. It was lying still in the cold that made him look and feel dead. He said he wanted to see if anybody cared if he was dead."

Thanksgiving Millie was quite herself again. All the day her father had been more as he used to be years before.

"More like a Christian," Rachel said, "Less like a heathen," Katie declared.

He had patted Millie's head several times, and kissed her, saying he wanted to see the roses come back to her cheeks again.

Katie was as gay as a lark. Her Archie came from town, and she presided over her dinner, she claimed, surrounded by a merry host of young friends and Doctor Grey, the family physician. He had always been Farmer Gordon's friend, asserting he knew there was good enough in Gordon's heart if one knew how to find it.

The young folks were gathered in the parlor. Katie was going to have a dance. Millie's face, although not as sad as usual, looked not as Katie wished to see it. She had been trying to make up her mind to plead with her uncle for Millie.

"I'm not afraid to do it; only I don't want to put him in a rage when he is acting something like a human—I—yes, I'll risk it."

"Uncle, come here," she said, drawing him off to herself. "Uncle, if you had been dead yesterday, do you not think Frank Ralston would have found his way over here to—"

"Give thanksgiving to God for delivering the neighborhood in general, and himself particularly, from such a pest, I suppose," said her uncle, with a half serious, half comic expression.

"Nothing of the kind. Only to try and comfort Millie."

"She would not have let him—not so soon."

"No, dear girl, she is so dutiful that she would not, I fear. Uncle, why won't you be worthy of that girl's love?"

"Be off with you, you saucy piece!"

"No, not until I say my say, uncle; send for Frank—send now."

"I will not; neither now, to-morrow, nor ever! Go along! Mind your own affairs, and let Millie's alone!" farmer Gordon answered, yet not so wrathfully as she thought he might.

All were dancing but Millie. She sat with thoughts far away. Her father came up to her, and asked:

"Will you not dance, my darling?" He had not called her so for years. She looked up with much surprise, and answered:

"I care not to dance, father."

"Come, I will find you a partner."

He took her hand and led her out into the hall. With a cry of joy she sprang forward.

"There is a partner for life, little girl! Take her, Frank, and send to heaven with her a prayer of thanksgiving for bringing an old man to his better nature! God

bless you and make you both as happy as she deserves to be!"

"Oh! uncle, I thought you said you never would," Katie exclaimed, almost choking her uncle with kisses.

"Because I had already done it, and knew I would not have to send for him twice," farmer Gordon said, with a merry chuckle.

"We will build a home for Millie right in the middle of the meadowland. And it shall be hers—a peace gift from two old men who, praise be to God, are trying to get a little nearer heaven!" said farmer Ralston.

It was the happiest Thanksgiving ever known to both families. All joined in a grateful prayer to Him who doeth all things well.

TWELVE RULES OF THE ROYAL HOUSEHOLD.

The New York World publishes the following:

LONDON, May 4.—The royal household at Windsor Castle, the World correspondent learns, has just received fresh proof of the king's determination to abolish the lax system which had grown up under his mother.

The king has dug up from some forgotten corner an ancient black-letter document prescribing "Twelve rules found in the study of Charles I, of blessed memory." These rules Edward has had framed and placed in a prominent position in the castle. Here are the rules:

- Profane no Divine ordinance. Touch no state matters. Urge no health. Pick no quarrels. Maintain no ill opinions. Encourage no vice. Repeat no grievances. Reveal no secrets. Make no comparisons. Keep no bad company. Make no long meals. Lay no wagers. These rules observed will maintain thy place and everlasting vain.

The gambling mania rages violently among high and low in the royal household, and Windsor supports more book-makers than any town of its size in England. The posting of these ordinances provokes considerable resentment in the household, although the king has signified that they constituted the best rule of life for his royal servants and others that he had yet seen.

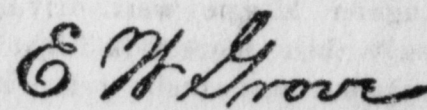
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THE WILY CELESTIAL.

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"Because," answered the man with diplomatic experience, "those people know better than to trust one another any farther than is absolutely necessary."—Washington Star.



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The Publican—Well, all de states are passin' laws ag'in prizefightin.

The Puglist—Yes, an it's all wrong. Don't de constitution give everybody the right of free speech!—Kansas City Independent.



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