

PROHIBITION.

Could I pour out the water that Char-  
 ottetown can,  
 I would fill up the glass to the brim,  
 And I'd drink to the success of the trav-  
 elling man  
 And the house represented by him  
 And could I but tincture the glorious  
 draught  
 With his smiles as I drink to him then,  
 And the laughs he has laughed and the  
 jokes he has told,  
 To fill up the bright goblet again.  
 And I'd drink to the sweetheart who  
 gave him good-bye  
 With a tenderness filling him this  
 Very hour, as he thinks of the tear in her  
 eye  
 That salted the sweat of her kiss,  
 To her trust of hearts, and her fairest of  
 hands,  
 I'd drink with all serious prayers;  
 Since the heart she must trust is the trav-  
 elling man's  
 As warm as the ulcer he wears.  
 I'd drink to the wife with the babe on her  
 knee,  
 Who waits his returning in vain;  
 Who breaks his brief letters so tremu-  
 lously,  
 And reads them again and again;  
 I'd drink to the feeble old mother, who  
 sits  
 By the warm fireside of her son;  
 And murmurs and weeps o'er the stock-  
 ing she knits,  
 As he thinks of the wandering one.  
 And I'd drink a long life to our Island  
 friends  
 Who have met him with smiles and  
 with cheer;  
 To the generous hand which the merchant  
 extends  
 To the wayfarer journeying here,  
 And when he is done with his earthly  
 abode,  
 And has paid the last fare that he can,  
 Mine host of the inn at our "Travellers  
 rest"  
 Will welcome the travelling man.  
 —W. S. L. in P. E. I. Magazine.

HIGHWAY WOOING.

It is no small matter to lose both home  
 and friends. Even at that moment of  
 the quarrel I had realized that, but now,  
 alone on the dark road all which the sac-  
 rifice was like to mean came upon me  
 with redoubled force. Still there was no  
 thought in my mind of turning back.  
 Though my heart was bursting, I merely  
 set my lips tight and rode on—on. When  
 a man's temper is bad his spurs are busy.  
 Poor Edward sprang along in great leaps,  
 threatening every moment to bring us  
 both down with broken necks.  
 Suddenly, I brought my beast up with  
 a jerk, and listened. In a moment it  
 came again—a cry for help.  
 I knew every foot of the country about  
 and I was sure that the sound came from  
 an old branch of the road now seldom  
 used, which ran parallel to the one I was  
 on. The two were separated by perhaps  
 fifty yards.  
 In a moment I was out of the saddle  
 and had scrambled into the brush, well  
 knowing at this point the woods were far  
 too dense to drive a horse through. After  
 what seemed an interminable time I  
 reached the second road, and stood gazing  
 up and down in the faint light. Then I  
 marked my quarry—a dark struggling  
 mass—and again I charged wildly forward,  
 sword in hand.  
 It was a sight to fill a saint with lust  
 for murder. Two evil-looking ruffians  
 had just succeeded in pulling a girl from  
 her saddle, and were now bent on tying  
 her hands. The maid was all but spent  
 from her exertions, and in a pitiable plight  
 her dress torn and her hair flying in wild  
 confusion. The villains were well pleased  
 to struggle with one defenceless girl; but,  
 by our Lady! in another moment they  
 were glad enough to drop her and to think  
 only of their own lives.  
 The light in the road was bad, and this  
 helped me, as there was small chance for  
 sword play, only fierce rushes and quick  
 cuts, with little attempt at defence. One  
 of the men went down with my sword in  
 his throat before we had fairly begun the  
 fight. His fellow touched me on the arm  
 before I could disengage; but it was a  
 mere scratch. The man still on his feet  
 was far superior to me in swordsmanship,  
 but I was young and agile, and I sprang  
 from side to side until he lost track of my  
 blade in the bad light, and I ran him  
 through.  
 The girl was standing by her horse  
 when I turned. A beam of light from  
 the rising moon forced its way through  
 the tangle of boughs and lit up her face.  
 I recognized it instantly; that calm  
 proud face which I knew so well and had  
 so little reason to love. As I looked at  
 her then I was forced to admit that which  
 my anger had made me deny many times  
 that morning—that she was a magnificent  
 woman.  
 Now that the danger was quite over I  
 was rather at a loss what to do next; but  
 the girl relieved me of this embarrassment.  
 "I am travelling to Aldgate and have  
 lost my way," she said. "If you can set  
 me on the right road I shall be still more  
 indebted to you, granting that possible,"  
 this with a glance at the two fallen men.  
 "My horse is on the new road fifty  
 yards from here," I said. "I am self  
 travelling to Aldgate and shall be glad to  
 offer you my escort."  
 "Which I shall be even more glad to ac-  
 cept," she said quickly; "and were I to  
 meet more ruffians I might not find an-  
 other so readily at my call."  
 Almost in a moment the woods were  
 more open, and after helping her remount,

led her horse to the new road, came  
 upon Edward and swung into the saddle.  
 For some time we rode in silence. I  
 could feel her eyes, however, and I knew  
 she was reading me as only women can  
 read men; but I possessed one little secret  
 which I mentally defied her to guess.  
 "It is very fortunate for me that com-  
 merce should call you to Aldgate on this  
 particular night," she said, at last, and she  
 could have said nothing which I would  
 have found more exasperating, for it  
 showed clearly that she had decided I was  
 a clerk.  
 "I have no business in Aldgate," I said  
 tartly. "Aldgate is a seaport, and I am  
 headed for the low countries."  
 "The wars?" she questioned, quickly.  
 "The wars," I repeated with my head  
 high.  
 She answered this with a low laugh and  
 question that made my cheeks burn.  
 "What has made you suddenly desire to  
 turn soldier?"  
 The girl seemed to read my past life  
 like an open book; but one fact she did  
 not read, nor did I intend she should.  
 Still there was no reason why I might not  
 tell her part of the truth.  
 "My father," I said, "has rather a quick  
 temper. People say that I have inherited  
 somewhat of it. We disagreed on a small  
 matter."  
 "Your speech is brief and to the point,"  
 said my companion. "And now, princi-  
 pally, I believe, because you have not  
 asked me, I will tell you why I am rid-  
 ing alone to Aldgate. My father has  
 rather a quick temper; people say that I  
 have inherited somewhat of it. We dis-  
 agreed on a small matter."  
 And then, in a flash, I saw it all why  
 she was on the road. Truly, there never  
 was such a trick of fate as that we should  
 meet on this night.  
 "It seems that a few mad words have  
 cost us both our homes," I said.  
 "My quarrel was more than a few mad  
 words," she said, angrily. "He would have  
 married me to a churl, a clerk, a scrib-  
 bler."  
 I bit my lips at that and said nothing.  
 I knew well enough to whom he would  
 have married her.  
 "A clerk," she continued, "with no more  
 spirit than a leveret. One who loves a  
 book better than a sword. 'Tis said he  
 does needlework like the maids of the  
 house, and I can well believe it."  
 It is easy for idle tongues to invent lies  
 when a man does not follow the fashion  
 of his age. I had killed too little and  
 read too much.  
 "Have you never heard of Sir Francis  
 Bayard?" she asked suddenly changing her  
 tone.  
 "Yes," I answered. "Often."  
 "I am his daughter," she said briefly.  
 I already knew that well enough, but  
 she seemed to expect some surprise, so I  
 drew in my breath quickly, and gave a  
 low exclamation. It sufficed and she con-  
 tinued:  
 "I am his daughter, and we have quar-  
 relled because I would not marry a churl."  
 (She seemed to have a special relish for  
 that title.)  
 "I have left his house and go back I  
 shall not. I have an uncle in Aldgate,  
 but in truth he can do little for me. My  
 father will scour the country, and this  
 man is no man to hold out against Sir  
 Francis Bayard. I doubt much," and this  
 she said in a low voice, which seemed to  
 invite contradiction, "if there be any man  
 in all the country round who, for my  
 sake, would brave my father."  
 No gentleman could listen unmoved to  
 such a challenge from such a woman.  
 "I have little beside my sword to offer  
 you," I said, "but, believe me, that shall  
 ever be at your service."  
 I know now just when the change came,  
 but at that moment I meant every word  
 I said.  
 "It is a brave sword," said Mistress Bay-  
 ard. "I have brought with me jewels of  
 considerable value. Enough to raise a  
 company of men to take with you to the  
 low countries;" she paused waiting for  
 me to speak.  
 I knew not whether to be angry or to  
 laugh at her. Miss Mary Bayard rather  
 than marry Henry Sheldon, was ready to  
 throw herself into the arms of a nameless  
 adventurer; but then I was the nameless  
 adventurer.  
 "You have not asked my name," I said.  
 "I have heard your voice. I have  
 caught a few glimpses of your face, and I  
 have seen you fight; but in truth I would  
 know your name."  
 The moon had come out bright and full  
 by now. I threw Edward across her path,  
 and doffing my hat, said:  
 "Mistress Bayard, I am Henry Shel-  
 don."  
 She half rose in her stirrups, and the  
 color rushed into her face, but her eyes  
 did not fall before mine. We were long  
 so, looking into each other's eyes.  
 "So you did not wish to marry me?" she  
 said finally.  
 "At least the disinclination was mutual."  
 "I knew of you only through hear-say.  
 Why have you always kept away from  
 me?"  
 "No man values what he does not  
 know."  
 "But you must have seen me some-  
 times."  
 "Yes," I said, "I have seen you. I knew  
 you were beautiful, but I knew of your  
 character only through what I have heard.  
 I was afraid we should not find much in  
 common."

Rheumatism

No other disease makes one feel so old.  
 It stiffens the joints, produces lameness,  
 and makes every motion painful.  
 It is sometimes so bad as wholly to dis-  
 able, and it should never be neglected.  
 M. J. McDonald, Trenton, Ont., had it  
 after a severe attack of the grip; Mrs.  
 Hattie Turner, Bolivar, Mo., had it so  
 severely she could not lift anything and  
 could scarcely get up or down stairs; W.  
 H. Shepard, Sandy Hook, Conn., was laid  
 up with it. was cold even in July, and  
 could not dress himself.

According to testimonials voluntarily  
 given, these sufferers were permanently  
 relieved, as others have been, by  
**Hood's Sarsaparilla**  
 which corrects the acidity of the blood  
 on which rheumatism depends and builds  
 up the whole system.  
 Hood's PILLS cure constipation. Price 75 cents.

"And this short ride has made you  
 change your estimate of me?"  
 "This short ride has changed a disobe-  
 dient prodigal into a most obedient son,  
 and were I not pledged to give you safe  
 conduct to Aldgate, I should even now  
 turn back and marry as my father wished."  
 "Far be it from me," she said in the tone  
 of a father confessor, "to distract thi-  
 youth from so worthy a resolution. Ever  
 obey thy father and all will be well with  
 thee."  
 I know not which parent was more as-  
 tonished at the sudden change in his way-  
 ward offspring, but we told them no word  
 of our affair until after the wedding.

Why Catarrh Cures Catarrh.

Because it is carried by the air you  
 breathe to diseased parts, because it de-  
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CAPTURED AFTER NINE YEARS.

LEVESQUE, CHARGED WITH ROBBERY  
 MONTREAL BANK.

NEW YORK, July 18.—After eluding  
 the Canadian authorities for nine years  
 and a half, Joseph Levesque, thirty-four  
 years old, a member of a prominent and  
 wealthy family of Montreal, was arrested  
 and passed a night in the Adams street  
 police station, Brooklyn. He and another  
 man are wanted in Montreal on a  
 charge of robbing the City Bank there  
 some ten years ago of nearly \$20,000. Le-  
 vesque and his alleged accomplice were  
 employed in the bank. Levesque was  
 considered one of the exemplary young  
 men of Montreal ten years ago but he  
 suddenly disappeared and with him went  
 a fellow official charged some time after  
 the young man's departure that there was  
 a shortage in the accounts amounting to  
 \$20,000. Warrants were sworn out for  
 the arrest of the two, and Chief Detective  
 Carpenter has been on the hunt for Le-  
 vesque ever since. He lost track of the  
 other man some three years ago. Since  
 Levesque left Montreal he has had a var-  
 ied career and has travelled all over the  
 country and South America. The police-  
 say he assumed the name of J. C. L. De  
 Rompre. "He has been employed as tra-  
 velling salesman, but at the time of his  
 arrest he held a place as a waiter in a big  
 restaurant in Brooklyn. Captain Rey-  
 nolds, Chief of the Brooklyn detectives,  
 received information some time ago that  
 a man answering the description of Le-  
 vesque was in Brooklyn. Detective Ser-  
 geant Roache was placed on the case and  
 he found the man in a boarding house at  
 No. 4, Middagh street. The Montreal  
 police were informed, and Chief Carpenter  
 and Capt. Mahon arrived in Brooklyn  
 with extradition papers. In company  
 with Detective Sergeant Roache the  
 Montreal men went to the restaurant  
 where Levesque was employed, and  
 Roache picked out his man from a row of  
 others. Chief Mahon recognized him as  
 once as Levesque. He was arraigned in  
 the Adams St. court, but the case will  
 probably be transferred to the United  
 States District Court, where Judge Thom-  
 as will pass on the requisition papers.  
 Levesque told the Montreal detectives  
 that he had kept track of his fellow fugi-  
 tive for five years, but did not know  
 where he was now.

A Red Hot Season

During the hot summer season the blood  
 gets over-heated, the drain on the system  
 is severe and the appetite is often lost.  
 Burdock Blood Bitters purifies and invig-  
 orates the blood, tones up the system, and  
 restores lost appetite.

THE PLACE FOR HIM.

"I'm surprised at the stupidity of the  
 sultan."  
 "What has he done now?"  
 "Failed to engage that peerless wrest-  
 ling Turk as his bouncer of bill collect-  
 ors."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

An Abbreviation.

A colonel of a British regiment in  
 South Africa who was repairing a rail-  
 road after one of General De Wet's  
 many breakages discovered a fine em-  
 pty house, which he proceeded to occu-  
 py as headquarters.  
 When the news of the colonel's com-  
 fortable quarters reached Bloemfont-  
 ein, he received a telegram which  
 read:

"G. T. M. wants house."  
 The colonel was unable to make out  
 what "G. T. M." meant and inquired  
 of officers, who translated it "general  
 traffic manager."

"All right," said the colonel. "If he  
 can use hieroglyphics, so can I."  
 So he wired back:  
 "G. T. M. can G. T. H."

Two days later he received a dis-  
 patch from Bloemfontein ordering him  
 to attend a board of inquiry. On ap-  
 pearing in due course he was asked  
 what he meant by sending such an in-  
 sulting message to a superior officer.  
 "Insulting?" repeated the colonel in-  
 nocently. "It was nothing of the kind."  
 "But what do you mean," demanded  
 his superior, "by telling me I can 'G.  
 T. H.'?"  
 "It was simply an abbreviation," re-  
 plied the colonel—"G. T. M. (general  
 traffic manager) can G. T. H. (get the  
 house)."

The Tobacco Taste.

"Even the best judges of tobacco  
 can't always be depended on," remark-  
 ed a dealer to a reporter recently.  
 "Sometimes their taste goes back on  
 them, so to speak, and remains blun-  
 ted for a week at a stretch. One of my  
 customers, for instance, is a well to do  
 merchant, who is very particular about  
 his cigars and one of the few real con-  
 noisseurs in town. When he is in  
 good form, he can tell more about to-  
 bacco on a superficial examination than  
 anybody I know, with the single  
 exception of a dealer who has a big  
 reputation as an expert. About a  
 month ago this gentleman began to  
 complain about a favorite brand of  
 very high class cigars. I knew the  
 goods were all right and advised him  
 to buy something else for awhile. He  
 finally began smoking a pipe and used  
 a cheap cut plug that he declared was  
 the best smoke he ever tried. One  
 day, all of a sudden, his taste return-  
 ed, and he went back to the cigars.  
 At present the bare smell of cut plug  
 will make him sick. Strange, isn't it?  
 They tell me that the professional sam-  
 plers of tobacco take a week off every  
 few months and never look at the  
 weed until they return to duty. In  
 that way they keep in condition."

Tapioca.

This elegant and delicate starch is  
 the product of a plant that is culti-  
 vated very extensively in the Malay  
 peninsula, where its culture is almost  
 entirely in the hands of the Chinese.  
 The tubers of the plant (Manihot uti-  
 lisima), which weigh on an average  
 from 10 to 25 pounds, are first scraped  
 and then carefully washed, after which  
 they are reduced to a pulp by being  
 passed between rollers. This pulp is  
 carefully washed and shaken up with  
 abundance of water until the fecula  
 separates and passes through a very  
 fine sieve into a tub placed beneath.  
 The flour so obtained is repeatedly  
 washed and then placed on mats and  
 bleached by exposure to the sun and  
 air. It is finally converted into the  
 pearl tapioca of commerce by being  
 placed in a crude shaped frame cov-  
 ered with canvas. It is slightly moist-  
 ened and subjected to a rotary motion,  
 by which means it is granulated. It is  
 next dried in the sun and finally over  
 the fire in an iron pan greased with  
 vegetable tallow and is then ready for  
 the market.

When Booth Laughed.

William Mestayer, the comedian, once  
 said: "I never saw Edwin Booth laugh  
 heartily but once. We were playing  
 Julius Caesar at Baldwin's in Frisco.  
 Booth was Brutus, McCullough was  
 Cassius, Harry Edwards was Caesar  
 and Charley Bishop and I were plain  
 everyday citizens. It was the last  
 night of the run, and we all felt frisky.  
 So when Caesar spoke the well known  
 line, 'Let me have men about me that  
 are fat,' Bishop and I, both fat men,  
 walked boldly up to Caesar and shook  
 him heartily by the hand. It broke  
 Booth all up, and he laughed outright."

No Difference Perceptible.

Jones—Very stupid girl, that Miss  
 Wilpin.  
 Smith—How so?  
 "Why, you see, we were guessing  
 conundrums the other evening, and I  
 asked her what was the difference be-  
 tween myself and a donkey."  
 "Well?"  
 "Well? Why, by Jove, she said she  
 didn't know!"  
 "Well, as far as that goes, I don't ei-  
 ther."—London Answers.

He Had Molted.

"That fellow is a bird," said the ad-  
 miring stranger as he looked after the  
 fresh young man.  
 "Not now," replied the native, "but  
 there was a time when your descrip-  
 tion might have been justified."  
 "When was that?"  
 "The night we tarred and feathered  
 him about a year ago."

Hygienic.

"Your poetry," we ventured, "is emi-  
 nently healthy!"  
 "It should be!" rejoined the poet,  
 with dignity. "I am always extremely  
 careful to boil my Perian spring water  
 before drinking, or, rather, quaffing it!"

It is asserted that the idea of the  
 pipe organ was borrowed from the  
 human chest, mouth and larynx.

In poker and politics they bluff the  
 laser.—Atchison Globe.

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