

## FLYTIME.

At about this time the flies come back, and mother takes alarm, declaring that if they're not stopped in every room they'll swarm.

It doesn't take her long to make up her mind what to do, and she says pap must fix the screens as soon as supper's through.

Pap doesn't like the job a bit and says it's much too soon. Because flies never come around until some time in June. But, just the same, although he growls he finally gives in. Then to the cellar goes, and soon there's heard a fearful din.

He throws the screens all round the floor to get them sorted out. Then stacks them up by sizes so there won't be any doubt. And then he pulls them down again so he can clean them off. And raises such a cloud of dust he has to choke and cough.

At last he gets them all arranged and settles down to work. While mother stands near by as though she feared that he might shirk. Pap fusses round and hits and bangs; at last he steps to frown; then mother says, "My goodness, man, that door's on upside down!"

Pap says it isn't so, but soon he sees that he is wrong. Then yanks that door off, and you bet, it doesn't take him long. He tries again and gets it right, but it won't snugly fit. And then he has to hunt a plane and shave it off a bit.

By this time pap is mighty cross and says he's had enough. But mother keeps him right at work; she won't stand any bluff. At last the screens are all in place on windows and the doors. And it is after midnight ere pap in his bedroom snores.

There's always trouble round the house about this time of year. For mother gets excited when she sees the flies appear. And pap gets so disgusted that he figures in some scenes. And says harsh things about the man responsible for screens.

—Pittsburg Chronicle-Telegraph.

## Misplaced Confidence.

Before breakfast that morning Delia's voice summoned me into the kitchen. I make a point of always obeying Delia and I went.

Delia pushed me in front of the dresser, stretched out both hands and said ecstatically, "Look."

I looked, but I did not know what on earth to look for. There was no speck of dust on the dresser and it was wonderfully tidy. So I thought that Delia had been scrubbing it herself in a fit of repentance. Our servant has an artistic nature and is an enemy of all tidiness and order.

"Well, it does look nice and clean," said I, with enthusiasm.

"How very dense you are!" said Delia. I had said the wrong thing as usual. She clambered on to a chair and took down an enormous plate from the top shelf of the dresser. The plate was in gorgeous colors and represented a yellow dragon playing on a red field. Delia held it up for admiration.

"Now that is pretty," I said nodding my head wisely.

"I'm so glad you like it," said Delia. "Isn't it sweet? I bought it for a shilling in the Lanes. At Jackson's sale they've got some at four and eleven that are not half so big."

I turned the thing over in my hands. "But it's cracked all down the back," I said.

"I'm sure it isn't," Delia snatched it from me. "It's only just a tiny split in the surface." And she replaced it on the shelf.

I mention all this because it was the beginning of Delia's bad temper. She had not intended that I should observe the crack in her bargain.

We went in to breakfast. One of the letters on the table was an invitation for Delia and myself from an uncle of mine—an influential and enormously rich uncle, of course. They always are.

"Of course we'll go," said Delia. "You don't know how much he may be able to help you."

I should mention that I am engaged in making a career, but I was pained by Delia's insinuation.

"My dear Delia," said I, "I regret that you should make any observation of that kind. If we go, we go for the enjoyment of his company and nothing else."

"How good we're getting!" said Delia.

Then Delia announced her intention of taking her jewels with her. She has rather a valuable collection, what with wedding presents and one thing another.

"Of course I shall take them," she said with her head in the air when I tried to dissuade her. "Do you think I'm not going to look nice when we stay with your uncle?"

"My dear Delia," I said again, "you would look nice under any circumstances."

I rather flattered myself at the policy of that speech, but Delia was not appeased and would not be dissuaded.

"Very well," said I resignedly. "Have your own way."

Delia had her own way. She generally does.

We travelled first for the sake of appearance. It would never do to let my uncle think that we generally went second class. Besides my own luggage, I took a

good sized bag in the carriage with us, a d at the bottom of that was a small hand bag with Delia's jewels. Delia thought that way was safer.

The train was just starting when an old gentleman climbed painfully into our carriage. He was peculiarly dressed in a very loud check ulster, and he wore a Tam O'Shanter cap with two ribbons hanging down at the back. He had white hair and a white beard and fierce eyes. I was almost afraid of him, but Delia whispered "What a nice old gentleman!" as he sat down in the opposite corner.

The three of us sat in strained silence for a long time. Suddenly the old gentleman grunted "Stuff!" and looked round at us.

"Stuff!" he grunted again, and then he asked Delia very politely if she would mind him pulling the window down.

Delia didn't mind, and we got into conversation with the old gentleman. He was a Scotchman going back to his home in the north. His name was McColin—Colin McColin of Siegel's Brae. Then he began talking about the storms we had experienced lately. The fishing people of his district had suffered severely. Their boats had gone out and not returned, and the families were destitute. When he grew more confiding, he told us that as a matter of fact he was just returning from business in connection with these accidents for which he has been organizing subscriptions. Immediately afterward he seemed very sorry that he had let the secret out.

Delia had tears in her eyes, and I blew my nose. Keeps him nudging my arm, I could not understand why at first, but presently I did. "If you would permit me," I said (Delia still nudging my arm all the time,) to offer—if you would accept a trifle from us toward helping—these—

"My dear sir," interrupted Colin McColin "I could not possibly allow you to do such a thing."

"But these poor people must be so unhappy," said Delia, "and we would be only too glad."

"I am delighted to meet with such sympathy," said the old gentleman. "But it is really quite impossible."

He began to talk of something else. But Delia asked him again and in the end he said that he had never been able to refuse a lady. That is just what I think about Delia. So in the end we wrote our names on a piece of paper, and he accepted something for the fishermen, and just as he thanked us and put the slip of paper back into his pocket the train drew up for its first wait.

"We stop here ten minutes," said the old gentleman. Delia said that she would like a cup of coffee. She glanced up at the bag on the rack as she left the carriage.

"Oh, I'll look after your luggage," said Colin McColin. "I shan't get out."

"Thank you so much said Delia very sweetly.

The buffet was at the other end of the platform. The coffee was not nice, and it was very hot but it was not wise to drink out of a saucer under the withering eyes of a railroad refreshment maid.

"Besides," said Delia, reading my thoughts—"besides, there's heaps of time, 'You say so," I retorted.

"And, again," said Delia, "drinking coffee is an art."

"Losing trains is also an art," I observed.

"What an old silly you are!" said Delia.

"Didn't Mr.—Mr. Mac—what was it, Jack?"

"McColin," said I. "It's not a name you could easily forget."

"He said there was a wait of ten minutes," "Let's hope he told the truth."

"Jack," said Delia. "I'm sure there never was such a nice old man. Men are always so dreadfully suspicious."

I swallowed my coffee desperately. It was unpleasant and very hot, and it burned my throat.

"Do hurry up," I said to Delia. She grasped the handle of the cup courageously. She was lifting it to her lips when a shout startled me, and I sprang through the swing doors just in time to see our end of the train moving rapidly by. The old gentleman was leaning out of the window and waving his arms. He shouted as he saw me at the doors.

"I'll put your bag off at the next station!" he cried. "The next station!" he shouted from the distance.

Delia came leisurely out on the platform.

"What horrid coffee that was!" said she and she waved her handkerchief in farewell to McColin, still leaning out of the carriage window. "How very fortunate that he should be there to look after the bag—my jewels and all!" she finished in a kind of a gasp.

"Very lucky!" I said.

But somehow I began to feel dubious. There was 35 minutes before the next train stopped at the station and we could continue our journey. At the next station I enquired after the bag, but the officials of the cloakroom knew nothing whatever of the gentleman or the bag. When I explained this to Delia. I am afraid that she lost her temper for the second time that week.

"Men are so stupid!" said she after some time. "To be taken in like that!"

I remind her gently but emphatically that if I had had my way she would not have taken her jewels with her. It was the last we ever saw of them or of that very nice old gentleman, Colin McColin, of Siegel's Brae.

## Scrofula

What is commonly inherited is not scrofula but the scrofulous disposition. This is generally and chiefly indicated by cutaneous eruptions; sometimes by pain, nervousness and general debility.

The disease afflicted Mrs. K. T. Snyder, Union St., Troy, Ohio, when she was eighteen years old, manifesting itself by a bunch in her neck, which caused great pain, was lanced, and became a running sore.

It afflicted the daughter of Mrs. J. H. Jones, Parker City, Ind., when 13 years old, and developed so rapidly that when she was 18 she had eleven running sores on her neck and about her ears.

These sufferers were not benefited by professional treatment, but, as they voluntarily say, were completely cured by

## Hood's Sarsaparilla

This peculiar medicine positively cures the scrofulous disposition and radically and permanently cures the disease.

## The Cause of Dyspeptic Pains

They arise from the formation of gas owing to improper digestion. A very prompt and efficient remedy is Polson's Nerviline. It relieves the distention instantly, and by its stimulating action on the stomach, aids digestion. Nerviline cures dyspeptic pains by removing the cause. Nerviline is also highly recommended for cramps, colic, summer complaint and inflammation. Sold in large 25c. bottles everywhere.

## POOR WANDERER HEIR TO MILLIONS.

NEW YORK, July 4—The Swedish Consulate at Hamburg was officially notified years ago that the heir to a property in Sweden, valued at \$3,000,000, was being looked for and as he was last seen in the vicinity of Hamburg, the Consulate was requested to make a vigorous search.

The Consul complied, but no trace was found. Meanwhile the property was rapidly increasing in value, and, as there was no other heir, many were the conjectures as to what would become of it. The Consul was pondering over this matter recently when news was brought to him that a Swede, who might be the lost heir was traveling through the farming district near Hamburg, earning his living by cleaning chimneys and doing odd jobs.

The Consul sent for the man and soon he felt satisfied that this itinerant was the missing millionaire. He advanced a sum of money, which seemed princely to the poor Swede, who never earned more than a few cents a day. A few days later, his identity being fully established, he provided him with means to return to his native country and claimed his property.

## MEDICAL SCIENCE ADVANCES.

It is not more than half a century ago that physicians considered a surgical operation with its risk, expense and pain as the only cure for piles. To-day it is only the out of date doctors that think of such treatment. It is cruel and extravagant to operate for a disease which is far more certainly cured by the application of Dr. Chase's Ointment. You may be skeptical, but for proof you are referred to tens of thousands of cases that have been cured by this famous preparation.

## EASY TO MAKE A TYPOGRAPHICAL ERROR.

Newspaper men frequently have their attention called to typographical errors which sometimes creep into publications, says the Medaryville, Ind., Advertiser. If newspaper men only understood their business, these errors can tell you much. In an ordinary column there are about 12,000 pieces of type; an average newspaper man sets from seven to ten columns a week, which makes 150,000 pieces to be picked right side up with care. These must be replaced in the case, which necessitates the handling of 240,000 pieces of type each week. Now, if in the first place the editor gets correct information, and makes his copy legible to the compositor, and if the galley boy knows enough to take a decent proof, and the copy holder is sober, and if the proof reader marks the errors, and if the makeup gets them into the right form and if the press don't smash any letter—why it is easily seen how unnecessary are typographical errors, and how easy it is to run a newspaper.

PICKING THE NOSE is a common symptom of worms in children. Mothers who suspect their child is troubled with worms should administer Dr. Low's Pleasant Worm Syrup. It is simple, safe and effectual. Price 25 cents.

## HOW IT DOES IT.

"They say that new play is turning people away."

"Is that so?"

"Yes; it usually turns them away by the time the first act is over."

It is generally easy to find fault, but you will find no fault in Red Rose Tea.

Are you drinking Red Rose Tea?

The utmost care and cleanliness are observed in blending and packing Red Rose Tea.

## SURELY COMING.

THE GREAT PAN-AMERICAN SHOWS.

Every man, woman or child who knows anything about circuses, and who ever saw The Great Pan-American Shows will be delighted to know that the big shows, in all their magnificence and exalted grandeur, will surely exhibit at Richibucto, on Wednesday, July 17, and precede both exhibitions with the grandest morning street parade ever seen since parades were first exploited. In the great shows will be seen several new features which can not be seen elsewhere. Those who have seen the monster Bovalapus pronounce it the greatest, the strangest and most unique marvel to which the deep ocean ever gave birth. The shaggy, fierce, though beautiful, horse-riding lion; Rajah, the biggest born of brutes, taller, longer, cost more than the world-famous Jumbo—the very lord of beasts, and is worth the price of admission alone. The Roman Hippodrome, an exact reproduction of the Corse of ancient Rome, and the modern races attached to it, are at once exciting, exhilarating, and in all things equal to the best races run on a modern race-course. The circus, which consists of one hundred and fifty superior acts, given by one hundred superior arenic stars, requires three full hours in which to give them.

The Menagerie will be a delightful study for all because it comprises more wild, tame and strange beasts than our people have ever before had an opportunity to see. The show is great in everything and small in nothing.



## DISQUALIFIED.

Miss Swagger—I don't think Miss Warble ought to be permitted to sing in our choir.

Mr. Basso—Why, she has a lovely voice!

Miss Swagger—That may be, but she's wearing her last year's hat trimmed over.—Ohio State Journal.

## NEPTUNE WINCED.

They were speaking of their lineage. "I do not hesitate to say to you," remarked the intellectual mermaid, "that I am a cross from a lobster."

The peculiar light in her eyes, and the fact that she sat on the opposite side of the table from him, made Neptune wince.—Marine Journal.

## FORTIFIED.

Mrs. Hatterson—I am going to meet my husband at 1 o'clock to select some decorations for the drawing room.

Mrs. Catterson—What do you want him with you for?

"Well, in case they don't turn out right I can say it was his fault."—Life.

## VACANCY NEEDED.

"Do you think it would improve my style," inquired the varsity man who had got into the crew through favoritism, "if I were to acquire a fast stroke?"

"It would improve the crew," replied the candid trainer, "if you got a lightning stroke."—Philadelphia Press.

Mr. Footinit—Are you eligible to—

Miss Passe—Oh, dear, yes; I'm 35, but this is so—

Mr. Footinit—I was about to ask if you are eligible to membership in the Spinners' club.—Ohio State Journal.

Blobbs—It seems funny that living altogether on the ocean they should never get their sea legs on.

Slobbs—Whom are you talking about.

Blobbs—The mermaids.—Philadelphia Record.

The wind blows sweetly from the west, The furnace fire dies, And in a little while we'll get The sticky paper out and set The old snare for the flies.

—Chicago Record-Herald.

Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills cure Anæmia, Nervousness, Sleeplessness, Weakness, Palpitation, Throbbing, Faint Spells, Dizziness, or any condition arising from Impoverished Blood, Disordered Nerves or Weak Heart.

## POINTED PARAGRAPHS.

One head is better than two—for a boil. If you would polish a fool, apply a varnish of flattery.

The man who indulges in self-praise adds nothing to his reputation.

Justice often pursues with a leaden heel, but smites with an iron toe.

Every man is presumed to know the law except the judge, and there is a court of appeals to correct his mistakes.

If the average man knew as many mean things about himself as he does about his neighbor, he would be ashamed to look in a mirror.—Chicago news.

TO CURE A COLD IN ONE DAY. Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. All Druggists refund the money if it fails to Cure. 25c. E. W. Grove's signature is on each box.

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