THE SLANG HABIT.

Tis a hideous practice, this using of slang A blot on the language we spiel! The bells of progressiveness never yet

A more inexcusable peal!

With its vilely contaminate touch; Makes a flippant, degenerate slave of the tongue

The mouth it pollntes of the old and the

When it once gets into its clutch! It throws all politeness clear off of the ing some time. Is Mrs. Graham in? I

Our delicate instructs it rips up the back!

Young fellows just starting upon a career That promises hourr and fame, Whose trail seems a smooth one, whose heavens are clear,

Who hold all the trumps in the game, Fall into the habit so damnably rank. Their language is that of the slums! They toy with the monster while trying

to yank From the tree of distinction the plums, Their shining escuteneon of language they

a pain!

A maiden as fair as the blush of a rose, A gem of the sex that we love, A model of grace from her head to her

As sweet as a sprite from above, Will riddle her chinning with hideous

things, With bum phraseology till

The language she so inadvertently slings Would give a cadaver a chill! Each flower of speech is attached to a bur with her!

And even the old, whom we ought to

Knock our true veneration to wreck By giving the language we all hold so dear

A chickeny slash in the neck! The ones who as shining examples should

As models of good for the young Lose respect for their training, and everything goes, As their slang they fire off from the

And, though at their slang ridden spielings we scoff They keep it a coming and never ring off!

Oh, we who believe in the chasteness of speech

Sit down on this idiot fad-This slime covered pebble that litters the He was there, and then he wasn's there. him!

Of purity; give it the gad! If all will unite in a vigorous war And hustle for all we are worth,

We'll knock out the habit we all so abhor, Just make it get off of the earth! If we all make a pass at the dizzy deal,

Well, say! We just won't do a thing to it! See?

-Denver Post.

### LOST.

A CHRISTMAS STORY FOR BIG AND LITTLE PEOPLE.

BY MARGARET EMMA DITTO.

(Harper's Bazar) "Little Arthur's mother is in there," said the children, softly to one another, gazing at a closed carriage which came up the hill where they were out coasting. "She doesn't know about Arthur. She'd

be looking out if she did," said one. "She is covered up in her veil, and she is leaning back so we won't see her cry." "She would cry more if they didn't find

Arthur." "I guess they've got to find him," said a stout little optimist. "He is somewhere

isn't he?" The carriage stopped at the top of the bill, and Mrs. Graham alighted at her own door; she was dressed in heavy black, with shudder as she passed through the group tubs. of neighbors' little ones on the sidewalk. The nurses exchanged glances, as if one said, "Shall we tell her?" and the other, with a head shake, said, "Not I." There was a barrier of exclusiveness about this sad lady which kept them silent. For Mrs. Graham, since the loss of her two children, half a year before, had been like one whom sorrow had set apart from her kind; she had no heart but for the saddest, most futile duties. She had been even now to put flowers in the cemetery. With the falling of the first snow upon these lonely little mounds, her heart was seized with a restless anguish which sent her to weep alone over them, and to spread her flowers and Christmas garlands tenderly above them, as if to tell her precious lost ones that they were not neglected or forgotten.

"One year ago, my Jamie, my Alice, and you were playing here with them Oh, my beautiful children, under the snow now, so deep in your graves, so still, so cold and white! No more to see, no more to hear you, never again to ho d you in my arms!"

She looked up to the sky, and wondered how the sun could shine and the icicles glisten, and how the evergreen trees could move and toss in the wind, how the twittering birds could hop so blithely from bow to twig, when her heart was so heavy with sorrow. She was glad to en' ter the door and shut out the daylight; she was glad the house was dark, and no one at home to welcome her or to speak to her. She lived once again the scenes of her children's sickness; the scarlet fever had suddenly seized upon their vigorous forms, and in a short time had done its deadly work. Then all the world went blank for her, and a blank it still was. As she thought, she sobbed and wept; tears

An hour slipped away. She started up, hearing the noise of a gentleman at the door. It was Mr. Montgomery, the next door neighbor,

"I called to see if Arthur is not in the house somewhere," he said. "Master Arthur is out with Elsie, sir,"

said the maid. "Not at all. Elsie is out here crying. She can't find Arthur. He has been miss-

must see her." Mrs. Graham flashed to the open door. "What is this?" she said. "Elsie crying? Arthur? Where is my Arthur? What is

all of this about?" E!sie came sobbing up the steps, her face blistered with weeping; a group of curious children and neighbors closed about the foot of the steps and gazed and listened, unmindful of the great flurrying snowflakes that were coming down in their upturned faces. What would Elsie With the foulness of slang! Oh, it gives us have to say, and how would Mrs. Graham take it?

> "It wasn't a minute that I left him, ma'am, while I put on my things and straightened up what he had thrown around, and when I got down to the sidewalk he was gone. I have been everywhere looking for him, but he isn't anywhere."

The nurses and older children crowded up to corroborate the story. Yes, they Of slang, and that's just what's the matter | had all seen him, with long striped stockings and a cap.

"It could not have been Arthur," said his mother, keenly. "He has no striped stockings."

"No, ma'am," sobbed Elsie. "I hope you won't blame me for it, ma'am, but he pulled them out of the drawer where you keep the-the dead children's things, and I pinned 'em to his waistband because he hadn't any leggings and bis rubbers leaked, and I hope you won't think it is my fault for letting him go out. He acted so I had to, an' I didn't leave him out of my sight three minutes."

At this there was another chorus of corroboration. All had seen him on the sidewalk, and then they hadn't seen him.

"It was just as if the earth had opened and swallowed him up," volunteered the maid, who was in the habit of telling fairy stories to her own little group.

"There is not any man-hole around here that he could have gone down in, is there?" asked Mr. Montgomery, poking in the snow with his umbrella; but no, the place was untrodden; no footprint was visible either at the sides of the house or on the lawn on the back of it; but then the snow had a crust on it, which would not have broken with the weight of such a boy; there was also a hedge and evergreens, which seemed like tents with their weight of snow. Nowhere were there

signs of the missing child.

Meanwhile messengers were speeding in all directions; the telephone bell rang incessantly, the police were notified, men were sent out to search the river bank and the docks, others were at the railroad stations to go through all outgoing trains for a small stowaway. Word was sent to Mr. Graham's office in the neighboring city, and young Mr. Graham, Arthur's Uncle Dick, started for home immediate. ly, on a train over-crowded, as is usual with surburban trains at holiday times, with people standing up in all the aisles. Sandy McCulloch was coming home on the same train, he was a man who walked up and down the streets in a board shirt, with a restaurant sign painted on it, front and back; he was a jovial, easy going man. with a talent for eating the bread which a thick veil. She closed her eyes with a his wife carned at other people's wash

> "I have got a job for you," said young Mr. Graham, to Sandy, who was standing up in the aisle with him, and bouncing ness, into him back and forth at the sweet will of the train. "I have just thought of it, and it is just in your line. If my brother's child is not found by the time we get out to Dumbarton, I'll start you out in the streets with a big dinker-bell to cry, 'Child lost!' "

"All right, Mr. Graham. I'll be aither doing it hearty, sir. I wisht I had my shingle shirt to wear, just to show the risi dints of this surburbian town how I perform the juties of an advertisin medjium in the metropolys. Couldn't you wait till I sind for me costhome?"

"Don't fool, Sandy, there's money in it; I'll pay you by the hour, and if you find the boy there'll be a reward. You are to go straight through the streets."

The bellman was a new idea, and made an up-to-date sensation.

"Child lost!" cried Sandy, ringing his bell and letting out his sonorous voice in full tones. "Child lost! Blue eyes, curly hair, black clothes, long stockings-five-

year-old child lost!" Night had set in and the snow was coming down fast and thick before Sandy was started on his way. Every one who heard him ran out to question him as he loitered beneath the awnings of the stores, with their evergreen festoons and overhanging turkeys, their banks of winter vegetables, and the bright lights of the windows. He got his message a little mixed with often saying it over. Sometime the lost child was a blue child curly eyes, lost hair, or five year old stockings. But everybody knew that somebody's child was lost, and many a housewife, as she plied her evening task, stooped to catch up her own little darlings to her bosom, to lift her wet eemed to be the only luxury left in life. I eves and thank God that her little ones Wilful Waste

Makes Woeful Want.

It is as wasteful not to secure what you need and might have as it is to squander what you already possess. Health is a priceless possession. You can secure it and keep it by taking Hood's Sarsaparilla which purifies the blood, cures disease, and invigorates the whole system.

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Hood's Sarsaparilla Never Disappoints

were safe, and to pray for that other child out in the storm and cold, and that other mother with empty arms and anguished

Alas, the poor mother! From the moment she had heard that Arthur was lost, Mrs. Graham had ceased to weep. She grew suddenly quite calm and still. She collected herself, and gave directions for all that had been done; her voice was clear, her mind worked like lightning; she forgot no detail; she thought of more things to do and of more ways to go than Riddle. all the rest of the people put together.

"What a detective she would make!" said the chief of police, as he went down the steps after a brief interview with her in which she bad left him without a suggestion of his own to make as to the case.

But finally the last order had been given. Every clue had been followed up, and having ceased to plan and think, she became the prey of wild and despairing imaginations. She went up and down her desolate house with ceaseless tread, as if she were in a cage.

Suddenly there was a noise outside. Sleigh-bells were jingling; some one was knocking snow from his feet. She ran to the door. Perhaps they had found

"No, not yet; it is nobody but I," said Mr. Dick Graham, in a make-believe cheery voice, blustering in, half covered with snow. "I just ran up to tell you not to worry. We are bound to find him soon. Everything is under way."

'Where is my husband? Why did he send instead of coming himself?" "He had to go to Albany to-day. He

is aboard the lightning express now, on his way home, but he can't get here under two hours." "Oh, how terrible-terrible!" she said,

wringing her hands. "If he were here he would think of something else to do." "I doubt it. Everybody is on the search. I have Sandy McCulloch out in the streets

now, with a bell, crying 'lost child.' " "Oh, let me go too and call him!" she cried, desperately. "He would know my voice. I'll be heard farther than Sandy McCulloch. I know that Sandy. He will Ind. sit down in some warm place and go to sleep, and then nobody will be calling to my poor darling. Let me go!"

you see it is an awful storm?"

Mr. Dick Graham thought best, from the look in her eyes, to let his sister-incloak to help her on with it.

"She had better have something under it," said Mrs. Montgomery, stripping off her own warm beribboned little sacque and putting it on her friend. Then she clasped the cloak, helped on her mittens and cap, and watched while she was led down the steps and tucked into the cutter. Mr. Dick Graham sprang in after her and they dashed away into the dark-

All truly great things are very simple, and this great event in Arthur's life was just as easy as a loose board in a fence, and it began in the spring when the Graham house had a board-of-health placard on it and Mrs. McCalloch was hanging out washing in the back yard. Lonely little Arthur was playing with clothes-pins on the gravel walk near the nedge, when be heard a rustle of the leaves and saw an eye peeping through the opening close to the ground. It was a blue eye, and a little red fist was pulling away at the twigs. The space widened and showed the tangled red head and rosy face of a little girl,

"'Ain't you got no one to play with," she asked-"no little dog nor nobody?" "I've got these," said Arthur. "They are soldiers. See them stand up and

march to the music!" · Norah crept through the hole and look-

ed incredulously at the clothes pins. "Cry-cry hard, now," said Arthur. "You must be the mother, and cry because the soldiers are going to war. I am the captain."

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gotten rid of a hacking cough which had troubled me for over a year, and have gained consider-ably in weight. T. H. WINGHAM, C.E., Montreal 50c. and \$1 per Bottle DAVIS & LAWRENCE CO., Limited, MONTREAL.

Norah did not believe a word of it, but she dug her fingers into her eyes and made believe cry.

"That's good," said Arthur, at which she boo-hooed quite aloud. "You are a good one," he said, looking critically at her. "Where do you live?"

"There," she said, pointing through the hole to a forlorn and blackened tenement

"What a little hole to come through! I could do it," he said, and through he went, scrambling down the steep bluff to make his first visit at the McCulloch residence. It was a place full of fascinations; there was a pig and a hen-coop in the lean-to which formed the vestibule of the house, and inside of it there was a cradle with a big cat and a baby, a litter of pups and another baby in the corner. A big woman with red arms gave them all some soup, and his cup had letters on it. After this Norah had helped him up the bluff and through the hole, carefully putting the loose board back in its place.

(Concluded in next issue.)

#### Cured a Bad Case of Deafness.

St. Thomas, Ont .- "I have used Catarrhozone for impaired hearing and have been much benefitted by its use, so much that I can now hear quite well. I am recommending it to my friends." Thos.

Fully nine tenths of cases of impaired hearing arise from Catarrhal Irritation. There is no question as to the efficacy of Catarrhozone in cases of impaired hearing from this cause, as the evidence of many testimonials similar to the above emphatically proves. Any one suffering in this way can test Catarrhozone by sending us 10 cents in stamps for which we will promptly mail them trial outfit sufficient to demonstrate its great officacy. N. C. Polson & Co., Kingston, Ont., Hartford,

INDEMNITY PAID FOR LYNCHING

MRS. LULU C. JENKINS, OF CHICAGO, AWARDED FOUR THOUSAND DOLLARS.

CHICAGO, Dec. 27 .- Mrs. Lulu C. Jenkins now of Chicago has just been awarded \$4,000 for the lynching of her husband in Ripley county, Ind., three years ago The money will be paid over by the eight bondsmen of former sheriff Henry Bushing and is the result of a private settlement of indemnity suit instituted by the widow three months after the murder.

Will Jenkins, who was one of five men lynched in Sept. 1897 for alleged complicity in the stealing of a horse from Leslie Levi, of Osgood, Ind. Levi also was a victim of the mob. The men killed were Robert Andrews, Heine Chuter, William Jenkins; Clifford Gordon, a 17 year old boy and Lisle Levi, an aged soldier. There was a fight in which shots were fired at a deputy sheriff. Jenkins with others was arrested and taken to jail at Versailles,

Mrs. Jenkins, suspecting that mob violence was brewing, walked from Osgood to Versailles that night and paced "Why, you are beside yourself! Don't | the streets till dawn, armed with a revolver. For several hours she waited under the windows of her husband's cell, ready to challenge any who came to do law have her own way. He lifted her fur him harm. Her fears being finally allayed Mrs. Jenkins started home.

No sooner was she out of sight than a mob gathered and dragged out the five men. The members of the mob then killed them in succession by beating them over the head with a musket stock.

Mrs. Jenkins was compelled to flee to save her own life and came to Chicago. Here she brought suit for \$5,000 damages against Sheriff Bushing's bondsmen. The suit dragged along for three years and finally the bondsmen decided to settle outside of court. Mrs. Jenkins, when compelled several months since to go to Ripley county, to attend the trial of the case, was protected by a bodyguard of government detectives. She will go to Versailles next week to get the \$4,000

GOSSIPING NEIGHBORS

People will talk, and when neighbors get together there is very likely to be mething said about Dr Chase's Ointment, and the surprising cures it is effecting among sufferers with piles and itching skin diseases. It is by words of mouth, from friend to friend, that the fame of this great Ointment has girdled the globe. It stands to-day as the only actual and guaranteed cure for every form of itching, bleeding and protruding piles.

UTILITY DOES NOT COUNT.

Mrs. Cannaford-Yes, it is a really high class school. Teddy is learning Latin and Greek, Babylonian art and prehistoric gradations.

Mrs. Pick-But do you think they will be useful?

"Useful? Thank Heaven we haven't come down to that yet."-Life.

HOUSE CLEANING TIME is a good time also to cleanse the system. Use Wheeler's Botanic Bitters. They prevent and cure all Headaches, Dizziness, Boils, Pimples, &c., and purify the Blood. Sold on its merits. Every bottle of

Kendrick's Liniment is guaranteed to give satisfaction. A clear skin and bright eye usually in-

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