

EMPHATIC.

I sit in my chamber, bewildered and sigh. I've a maiden who is rouged, it is I've one lover rich, though he's awfully old. His pockets are just running over with gold. Another is handsome, and loves me, I know. With all of the love that he doesn't bestow. On himself. The other is poor, plain and true. But carries a heart that is pure as the dew. But—there are my sisters. Now beautiful Lou Has married a man who is rich as a Jew. She sighs for a husband who is handsome and gay. Whose face is not wrinkled, whose hair is not gray. Kate married a beauty, yet she has no joy; She's the head of the house—he's more like a boy. He don't know as much as a boy out of school; Like all handsome men he's a simpering fool. Meg wedded for love, and that's worst of all. For in a poor cottage that's terribly small She lives like the "woman who lived in a shoe." And groanings, grumbles; now what can I do? There's Lou would give wealth if it beauty would bring; And Kate, who wed beauty, would take anything; And she who has love is the worst of the three— Love, beauty or riches—O which shall it be? I say to my sisters, I'll be an old maid And to be sure of the sunshine, since they have the shade; And all three declare, with hand held on high, Than be an old maid, they'd much rather die Or live as they are. Now, that's just the way! I go to my mother—she's nothing to say. The way out of trouble I never can decay; If ever a maid was perplexed, it is I.

A CHRISTMAS LOVE-GIFT.

BY SILAS K. HOCKING.

George Warren was twenty-five years of age and his own master, which is perhaps equal to saying that he was unmarried. He stood five feet ten in his stocking feet, weighed thirteen stones, and rejoiced in a good digestion. By profession he was a solicitor. He left the practice mainly to his partner. George stood in the porch one morning early in June, looking out across the smiling landscape and wondering what he should do. He had succeeded at last in straightening his father's affairs, and knew to a pound or two what his income was likely to be for the next half dozen years. It was not an income that would admit of extravagance, and yet for an unambitious and careful bachelor it was enough. But was he careful, and was he unambitious? He was afraid he could not give a direct affirmative to those questions. While his father lived he had been compelled to practice the most rigid economy. But carefulness, like honesty, that is the result of compulsion, is of doubtful virtue. Moreover, his father had constantly dinned it into his ears that he ought to make money his supreme ambition, not for the sake of the money itself, but with the idea of getting back the ancestral home. "Warrenhurst is ours, George," the old man said to him again and again, "and no man who is not a Warren has any right to it. And when I am dead, George, keep your eye on it. Richard Brown's son is, I am told, a spendthrift, and if so he'll soon run through it, and the place will come into the market; that will be the time, George, to get it back." "But how am I to buy Warrenhurst if I have no money?" George would ask. "You must make money, George. Lawyers generally make money hand over fist; then you must look out for a young woman who has plenty of tin in her own right and marry her; and if the worst comes to the worst you can mortgage this place. I shall leave you Trefoil unencumbered." "It's easy enough to talk," George would answer, "but doing is another matter. There's precious little money to be made out of the law in a place like this, and as for marrying a rich woman I'd like to know where I'm to find her. Besides, Warrenhurst may never come into the market." "I have hopes, George," the old man would answer. "It was meant for me. Peter told me again and again that it should be mine. But Dick Brown got round him during my absence and induced him to alter his will. Oh, I've heard things since. He told the old man that I was a spendthrift and a wastrel. He was the good son, while I was the prodigal. So when I got back from Australia I found Peter in his grave and Richard Brown in possession." "But Peter left you money instead?" "Aye, but it was not the money I wanted. I wanted see Warrenhurst sometime. It's a lovely place among the hills of Derbyshire. When I knew it was gone clean from me I came down here into Cornwall. I wanted to get as far away from the place as possible, so that I might never see Dick Brown again or any of his tribe. Oh! I

hate the whole brood of them, and I want you to hate 'em, too." "I don't see that that will mend matters." "It will. It will make you all the more eager and determined to win it back. Ah! you must see it some day. Dick Brown and I grew up together there from being lads." "Then his right to it is as great as yours." "No, no! He is no Warren, don't you see? Peter had no children, nor brothers, nor sisters. Dick and I were cousins' children, I on his father's side and Dick on his mother's. So he adopted us, brought us up as his own. But because I was a Warren I was to have the place. A Brown to be the heir of Warrenhurst was absurd." "Absurd or not, he's in possession." "But he'll die. He may be dead now for all I know, for I've heard nothing of him for years. But his son is a roysterer. I rejoiced when I heard that. He'll make the money fly. You might hunt him up when I'm gone. Lawyers finance such sparks as he and in the end get the estates into their own possession. I've brought you up to the law, my boy, that you might miss no chance. Keep your eyes open. Work for one object. I shall sleep in my grave better when I know that a Warren is in possession of Warrenhurst." George recalled all this as he stood in the porch of Trefoil House in the morning sunshine, looking out across the green park and fields. "I don't know that I need bother," he said to himself. "Very likely Warrenhurst is no better than Trefoil. Father fancied it because he grew up there. There's always a glamour, they say, over the scenes of one's youth." But in spite of this style of reasoning he knew he would have to go some day and see for himself. He could not rid himself of the influence of his father's teaching. Something of the old man's passion and animosity appeared to be in his blood. He hated the Browns and their sleek, crooked, thieving ways. He was more ambitious than he knew to possess the ancestral home of the Warrens. "I may as well go first as last," he said to himself at length. "At any rate, I'll keep the thing in view. I've promised myself long enough a run through England when I had the chance. Now my chance has come," and he put two fingers into his mouth and gave a shrill whistle. "Yes, sir," said Charley—gardener, butler, and general factotum—appearing at length round the end of the house. "Bring around my bicycle, Charley," he said. "I'm off for a week or two." "For a week or two, sir?" Charley said, opening his eyes in astonishment. "Why not?" "What, on a thing like that?" "Aye, on a thing like that. Pack as many things in the knapsack as it will hold, and take my portmanteau down to the station and book it to Bristol till called for." Charley stared at his master for a few seconds, scratched his head with a great deliberation, and then walked away without a word. Half an hour later George Warren mounted his bicycle and rode off. The roads were lovely, hard and dry, the wind was at his back; the hedgerows were a mass of flowers. "I'll take things easy to-day," he said to himself. Nevertheless, nightfall found him in the little town of Launceston, over forty miles from where he started. By the evening of the second day he had reached Bideford. "I'm getting on," he reflected. "I shall reach Derbyshire in time." He was in no mood, however, to rush the north coast of Devon. His wild and rugged coast line appealed to him as it appeals to most people. "I'll loiter a day or two between Clowelly and Lynmouth," he said to himself. "There's no reason in the world why I should be in any hurry." It was on the afternoon of the fourth day out that he was descending a steep hill into one of the many coombs that intersect the coast, when on turning a sharp corner near the bottom, his machine skidded on some damp and sloping ground and threw him violently against a stone wall. Only one person saw the accident and she was a girl of some twenty summers and a comparative stranger in the neighborhood. She was walking her bicycle up the hill and had only just caught sight of the handsome young fellow who was riding down it, when she saw his machine, and before she had time to cry out he was lying senseless and bleeding not twenty yards from where she stood. For a moment she seemed paralyzed, then, leaning her machine against the opposite hedge, she rushed to his assistance. At first she thought he was dead, for he lay quite still and not even a moan escaped his lips. With her dainty pocket handkerchief she wiped away the blood that was trickling slowly down his forehead, then she tried to shift him into a more comfortable position, but her strength was not equal to that. What could she do? The village was more than a mile away. The only house near was the one she and her mother occupied, and there was not a soul in sight in any direction.

The tears came into her eyes in spite of every effort to keep them back. It was so sad. This handsome young fellow was somebody's son, and perhaps he might never recover consciousness to tell who he was or where he came from. Then the sound of wheels fell on her ear and a few minutes later a farmer's cart lumbered into sight with two men sitting in it. They were not long in comprehending the situation. Fortunately there was a heap of straw in the bottom of the cart and George Warren was lifted in with as much tenderness as the circumstances would allow. "Bring him on to Green Cottage," she said; "and I will go and tell mother," and mounting her bicycle she rode swiftly away. II. Later in the day the girl and her mother sat together in the small drawing-room discussing the situation. George Warren had not recovered consciousness. He was lying almost as one dead in the room above, and a trained nurse from Ilfracombe was watching by his side. In his coat pocket the doctor had discovered his card case, with his name and address, and a telegram had been sent to "Warren, Trefoil Cornwall," which, as the master was away, lay on the hall table of Trefoil House unopened. "What a strange providence it seems, Ethel," the mother said, "that of all people in the world George Warren should be thrown upon our care." "It does seem strange, mother; but if he gets better we had better not tell him who we are, for of course he will have been taught that we are his greatest enemies." "No doubt, no doubt; and yet your father was never the enemy of Nicholas Warren. Your father was a good man, Ethel, who always tried to do honestly. If only poor Douglas had been like him," and Mrs. Brown sighed and looked out of the window. Ethel did not reply. She had heard the story of the feud between her father and Nicholas Warren so often that she was in no humor just then to listen to it again. Also she was afraid that her mother might be led to talk about Douglas, and it was a subject too painful to be discussed. Douglas was dead. Dead by his own hand. In a bout of drunken madness he had shot himself through the heart. To talk about him, therefore, was only to tear open the wound that was beginning to heal, to open out the whole miserable story of disgrace and shame. After a long pause, Mrs. Brown sighed again. "This young man has not an evil face," she said, as if speaking to herself. "Why should he?" Ethel asked, sharply. "I don't know. Only I never fancied, somehow, that Nicholas Warren could have a well-favored son." "Was he ill-looking himself?" "No, not exactly, though he had never a pleasant face. But he was so bitter against your father, and wrote to him such terrible letters, and revealed such an ungenerous disposition that one did not think of his face—." "But it is not always like father like son," Ethel interrupted. Then she checked herself suddenly, and hoped that her mother would not seize the opportunity of discussing Douglas. "No, that is true, Ethel. But whatever he may be, we must do our duty by him; treat him as though he were our best friend—." "And never let him know that we are the hated Browns, of Warrenhurst," Ethel interrupted. "I don't know how we shall be able to keep it from him if he gets better," Mrs. Brown said. "Oh, that will be easy enough," Ethel said. "He will think we are natives. Brown is one of the commonest names in the country, and he will never associate us with Warrenhurst." "Perhaps not, but the servants may tell him." "You leave that to me, mother. The servants know nothing about Warrenhurst; they only know that we have rented the house furnished for the summer." "And a miserably furnished house it is!" sighed Mrs. Brown. "It will be a long time before I trust to an advertisement again." "Oh, it might have been worse," Ethel said, with a smile, and she stole silently out of the room and up the stairs to have a look at the sufferer. "I think he is better," the nurse who perched; "he has ceased moaning and talking, and he breathes regularly now, like one asleep." "Had you not better go downstairs, nurse, and get something to eat?" Ethel replied. "I will stay here till you come back." A few minutes later she was sitting in the nurse's chair, watching with a look of intense solicitude in her eyes every change that passed over the sufferer's face. Why did she feel so interested, so painfully anxious for his recovery? Was it because he was so handsome, or because he was suffering, or because he was the son of her father's enemy? She could find no satisfactory answer to these questions. The only thing that occurred clear to her was that Providence had thrown this man on her care, and not whether he was friend or foe, it was

her duty and her privilege to bring him back to life and health. The summer sun was dipping down behind the sea and filling the room with a soft yellow light. She was sitting with her face towards the window, her elbow on the arm of her chair, her eyes bent on the strong, sunburnt face. Suddenly the eyelids opened, and a pair of dark blue eyes looked curiously into hers. Ethel removed her elbow from the arm of the chair and sat bolt upright. "I beg your pardon," George said, feebly, knitting his brows; "but I don't quite—." "Oh, please don't worry yourself," she interrupted, quickly; "you've had a nasty accident, but you'll be better directly." "An accident?" he questioned, looking at her intently. "Your machine skidded, you know, turning a corner." "I don't remember turning any corner," he said, closing his eyes. "Don't try to remember," she said, earnestly. "Everything will come back to you as you get stronger." But his brain had begun to work in a confused kind of way, and he had no power to put on the brake. After a while he opened his eyes again. "What day is it?" he asked. "Friday." "And the time?" "About eight o'clock." "Eight o'clock. Let me think; I left Ilfracombe at eight in the morning. At twelve I had some bread and cheese at the Blue Anchor; then I rode on towards Coombe-Aslow. Were you walking your machine up the hill?" "Yes." "I remember looking at you, but—." and he closed his eyes again. "There's nothing for you to remember after that," she said, with a pathetic smile. "It all happened in a moment, and you've been unconscious ever since. But here comes the nurse, and you must not talk any more." Saying which she stole silently out of the room. The doctor rubbed his hand in a pleased kind of way when he called next morning. "He'll soon be all right again," was his verdict. "Slight concussion of the brain, no bones broken. Keep him in bed a couple of days, if possible, and don't let him get excited." After breakfast Ethel went and sat by him while the nurse retired to get some sleep. "I see you are better," she said, with a pleased smile. "Oh, yes, I'm nearly all right again," he answered brightly. "Don't you think I might get up? It's a shame to trouble you in this way." "The doctor says you must stay in bed two days at least, and not excite yourself," she answered. "Oh, bother the doctor! He is an old woman." "No, he is a very clever man," and she turned away to arrange some flowers on the dressing-table. He watched her narrowly through half-closed lids. "How dainty she is!" he said to himself. "And what lovely eyes she has, and isn't her figure just perfection, and doesn't she show some lovely teeth when she smiles! I wouldn't mind being ill a week if she would sit with me." Later in the day, when he lay alone, he took stock of the room. Concluded in next issue.

Scrofula What is commonly inherited is not scrofula but the scrofulous disposition. This is generally and chiefly indicated by cutaneous eruptions; sometimes by pains, 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 15 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 corrects the scrofulous disposition and radically and permanently cures the disease.

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