

TID

Do you be Mr. Kane, sir? It's Mr. Peter Tidmore Kane, in the real estate business, I'm wantin' to see.

The gentleman address'd look'd down with some astonishment upon the sharp little freckled visage that was upturn'd as he replied: "I am Mr. Kane, my boy. What do you want with me?"

"Sure I'll be tellin' ye, but it's mighty glad I am to see you, sir. Shake, then! I'm a namesake of yours, though belike you're not knowin' it and I'm glad that I favor you, now that I've set me two eyes on ye."

"For me, indeed, you young scare-crow?"

"On the inside, I mane, and I'd be glad if it was on the outside, for it's a mighty fine lookin' gentleman ye are, then. They do be tellin' me you have the rinitin' of a many of the houses herabout, and it's to rint the small place at the foot of the hill I'd be askin'. I'll pay you as much as 50 cents a week for it, and work out the rint if you say it's a bargain."

Mr. Kane was growing interested. The small boy had a brisk, business way with him, quite out of proportion to his size, which was that of an average 10-year-old.

"It is a little out of the usual line to take work in return—"

"Oh, it will be equally satisfactory if ye pay me in cash, then, Mr. Kane, sir, and 'tis a good bargain ye'll have, wid me mother along wid me, and she that aiger to be at rest want more. 'Tis the plazed woman she'll be that all's settled so well."

"But hold on said Mr. Kane. "I like to know something about my tenants. What security can you give me that I shall find you responsible?"

"Sure, I could you that I was named after you, didn't I? It's Peter Tidmore Kane Mulligan I am, and me mother says ye'll be sure to mind Biddy Moran that was cook to ye want. But I'm Tid for short. We'll move in the day, and I'll just come up for me orders in the mornin', and Tid walked away as contented as if he carried a signed lease in his pocket.

"Biddy Moran? To be sure. She worked for us one summer a dozen or more years ago," said Mrs. Kane, when her husband appealed to her for confirmation of the boy's story. "Not much of a cook, very green and a little queer, as I remember. I'm afraid they'll be a load on your hands, Tidmore."

"Well, the old shall can't be much worse with them in it than standing empty, and I'll warn them out if they prove a nuisance. The boy will get along if he favors me 'on the inside,' as he says," and Mr. Kane laughed in recollection of the sharp, little, uncouth figure as contrasted with his own well favored person.

Sure enough, the first sight that greeted Mr. Kane the next morning was Tid, keenly examining his garden-beds, shaking his head portentously over poppies and lilies, and getting down on his knees to sniff at the tomato-vines, with a curious uncertainty, not to say contempt, that sent the garden's owner hurrying down to prevent any possible catastrophe.

"It's a fine lot of weeds ye've saved up for me, sir," Tid greeted him brightly, "but I'm feared they've run over the plants indrely. Or it is a wild garden you do be havin' here? Me mother tells me that you grow things small in this state, and ye do it uncommon well, I should say. Belike it has to be tuk out of you that way for the big hearts ye've got," with a respectful deference that disarmed his employer's wrath.

"Why, you young jackanapes where have you seen anything finer that you should be turning up your nose at my garden, pray?"

"Faix, I think it wor in Californay," hazarded Tid, as if he were drawing his recollections from some deep well of memory. "The tomatoes growed on vines as high as the house, I mind, and there were men up on the step-ladders pickin' them, and the lilies and the v'lets and the poppies all run wild in the fields, they did, and the roses were like to smother the house, and the cucumbers were as long as I am, and a dale longer sometimes. That's the country, if it's gardenin' ye're after."

"I wonder you left it," remarked Mr. Kane, sarcastically.

"I'd wonder that meself, if there wor any show for dacin't Americans out there," admitted Tid. "The pigtails and the greasers have it all their own way. It's queer how there's something fornat was most everywhere in the West. In Nebraska it wor the hoppers, and in Kansas the drought. Up in Washington it aither rained all the time or the chinook blasted things, and down in Texas there wor the cattle every which way. It do be good to get home to the states," and Tid drew a long breath of satisfaction. "But this isn't worruk at all, and if ye'll put me to it, I'll be diggin' in."

Mr. Kane found the boy eager to learn and tireless in his efforts to please, and although he made some blunders, by the end of the week he had won the favor of the household, and was allowed to make himself useful about the place in very much his own way. This sometimes resulted in queer turns of fancy, according to the Eastern view of things, as when he was found in the early morning sweeping

up grasshoppers from the lawn to feed the fowls, and carefully treasuring pockets of gravel while he was still new to the situation.

"Sure, it wor the lashings of 'hoppers we had out on the perraries, but niver a stone to the size of a pea there. Ye have them better distributed here, and it's a fine country, though the things do grow small," he decided, approvingly, when the waste of his efforts was pointed out to him. It would appear that the Mulligans had drifted all over the West in an aimless fashion, "saking health and betterment," as Tid expressed it, till the death of the father left his mother free to return "for the making of me," he confided to Mr. Kane.

"Sure, a lad nades to be looking up to a good man, me mother says, and it's a power of 'achin' I'll nade to come up to me name, I do be thinkin'."

The amusement that Mr. Kane derived from the glorified ideal upon which Tid was basing the formation of his character gave way sometimes to a fleeting wish that he had cultivated more of the virtues which Tid credited him with possessing. There are drawbacks to being held as little less than a saint by even an ignorant Irish boy. Suppose, now, that Tid could look beneath the surface and see the true state of the man within him, how would the revelation affect the lad's moral growth?

Mr. Kane shrugged his shoulders and threw off his uneasiness. It was his choice of his that he had been held up as a model. Let the effects of disillusionments fall where they belonged. It was not likely that he was going to change his business methods, his sharp dealing, his keen seizure of apparent advantages, simply to spare the tender susceptibilities of this small vagrant; nevertheless the thought of Tid was at the bottom of more than one reform that he made in these days.

Meantime Tid was cultivating a tender heart among other things, and when he had the misfortune to set his foot unawares on a toad one day, he was the most hurt of the two.

"I'd no more scrunch the crature, and it sitting by to do me a good turn, than you'd squeeze a tenant, sir," he protested, remorsefully.

"There are some tenants that need the thumbscrews put on them, Tid."

"Of course, just as there are pertaty bugs and cut worms and squash beetles to clane out. It's a fine thing to have the head to pick and choose amongst them as I weed out the docks and fave the cabbage, to hould the helpin' hand to the wake and nadey, and turn the cowl'd back on the undesarvin'." "I'm feared I'll be long learnin' all that from you, sir."

"Oh, you aspire to a share in the management of the tenants, too?" inquired Mr. Kane, with that sarcastic accent which was quite thrown away upon Tid.

"I'm studyin' hard to be fit to go in the office come fall, when you'll not be nadin' me in the gardin'," admitted Tid, modestly. "I'll be worth me keep outside of me schoolin', I will that, ye'll see."

"Hum-um-m!" That Tid was acting like a prickly bur on his conscience, the real estate man knew, and the far-reaching consequences of this proposed move, rather alarmed him. Hadn't he closed up the typhoid well and drained Ague Alley and given a contract for rebuilding Ramsbackle Row—all good-paying investments, to be sure, and much-needed reforms—simply and solely through the quickened moral responsibility that the boy had roused in him?

"If this thing goes on," he said to himself, "I'll be renewing the Taft mortgage and letting the Hope farm slip through my fingers. It's sheer imbecility on my part. Who wants an inconveniently active conscience in these days? I'll throw off the yoke before it fastens tighter. I'll discharge Tid and send the Mulligans packing."

But to look into Tid's trustful eyes and make this decision known was more than Mr. Kane cared to do at that moment. It might be better to talk the matter out with Tid's mother, he concluded. A little bribe, now, to persuade her to move on, say, without betraying his part in the transaction, would make everything smooth and easy.

Mr. Kane had not seen Mrs. Mulligan. Tid had caught his fancy, but he had felt sure that the mother would be a bore and had avoided the house. Well, they had transformed the desolate shanty into rather a picturesque spot by the vines they had trained over it, and the woman displayed some of Tid's own confidence in receiving him.

"Sure, I felt yez comin', sir," she explained. "Be sated, please. I'd pass the chair if I could step a foot under me, but it was the Lord's mercy that I kept on me legs till we r'ached ye, that it was and I can hunch me chair about while I do me chores quite nate and convenient." "This honored I am to have ye come sakin' me—regardin' Tid is it, then? He's a credit to ye, that he is, sir. He couldn't take ather you astronger if he war your own blood-born."

Dyspepsia

From foreign words meaning bad cook, has come rather to signify bad stomach; for the most common cause of the disease is a predisposing want of vigor and tone in that organ.

No disease makes life more miserable. Its sufferers certainly do not live to eat; they sometimes wonder if they should eat to live.

W. A. Nugent, Belleville, Ont., was greatly troubled with it for years; and Peter R. Gaure, Eau Claire, Wis., who was so afflicted with it that he was nervous, sleepless, and actually sick most of the time, obtained no relief from medicines professionally prescribed.

They were completely cured, as others have been, by

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according to their own statement voluntarily made. This great medicine strengthens the stomach and the whole digestive system. Be sure to get Hood's.

ly a better subject for his retaliation than Tid himself would have been.

Nettled and disconcerted, but unwilling to retreat, he demanded, sharply, "How did you come by that ridiculous notion of training the boy after me? Wasn't there any better model to be found?"

"Sure, I'd want no better if I'd a badder to choose from," averred the little woman, stoutly, "but I'd none other fit to pattern him by but yourself, that's the truth. You see it were this way. There wor me brothers and me cousins in the ould country did be breaking their heads in their fights; and there was Mulligan got so in the way of bating people when he wor on the police that he couldn't lave off the thrick while he lived, and there was you with a good worruk to the fore, and a joke when a poor garrul blundered, and a gentleman's way, whether it was to the high or the low—and it's the way that comes aisy to Tid, now that he has ye before the two eyes of him," said Tid's mother, proudly, while Mr. Kane groaned in spirit.

How could he make these people understand that their attitude toward him was both unwarranted and unwelcome? Why should he content to saddle himself with them? It was only his foolish good nature that had got him into this scrape. They had no real claim on him.

"It isn't ivery fine gentleman that I'd pattern him by, that's the truth," went on Mrs. Mulligan. "There's thim, if you'd believe it, wud see but the impudince and niver the honor of havin' a poor by thraiped ather thim. Like as if Tid wud be walkin' on the creepin' things wid no thought for their hurts, that's how some wud be lookin' at the poor people that's to do thim the good turn."

"Oh, I assure you that I feel the honor of it!" murmured Mr. Kane, ironically; but the struggle to express herself filled the woman's mind, and she went on without noticing the interruption:

"But if he thraiped thim all out he'd be thrapin' on the good friends of him, and thrapin' out the tinderness as wud make the good man of hisself, and niver know that he wor more hurt by hadelessness than thim. That's why I'm thankful to the Lord that I'd the right kind to pattern him by," concluded the woman fervently; and no light retort fell from Mr. Kane's lips now.

Why if this were so? What if he were crushing the better nature that was struggling in him when he turned from them? What if the loss were his rather than theirs? What if these people were sent to awaken his conscience and show him where he was drifting?

It was a new thought to him that the claim of humanity might work both ways. From this point of view, he might owe something to the Mulligans instead of their owing everything to him. Suppose he turned them out, foreclosed the Taft mortgage, seized the Hope farm, fostered the spirit of greed and selfishness and thrust aside responsibility, as his impulse had been; how would his gain weigh in the balance against what?

Surely the opening vista held more than he had considered thus far. It was not only that he would shatter their faith in man's goodness by shattering the idol they had made of him. There was the hardening of his own heart, the turning from his chance to become an uplifting force to the people about him. He was no better and no worse than the majority of careless, thoughtless men; but did he not have in him to be either better or worse? And which should he choose?

He was still wrestling with that problem when a small shadow fell across the threshold, and Tid stood in the doorway. He brightened at the sight of the visitor and turned to his mother in triumph.

"Didn't I be tellin' you he would come wud day? She wor cravin' a sight of ye, sir, that she wor, but we wouldn't be askin' a busy man like yerself to come out of yer way for that."

"It's for the good of ye that he's come now, Tid. He's said as much."

"Sure, he's been doin' us the good turn since the day we r'ached him," said Tid, contentedly. "Thrust his honor for that."

Mr. Kane stood up and shook his shoulders as if he were throwing off a load. To crush out trust like this to refuse the blessedness of such simple faith and gratitude, surely that was not work for Tidmore Kane. Let the name mean as much for him as for Tid.

"Blarney!" he said, lightly. "I don't want the roof here comin' in on your head, and givin' you an excuse to sue me for damage. I'll just look around and see what repairs are needed. And, Tid,—more slowly—if you feel ready to come into the office to-morrow, I find that I am ready to have you there."

"Hooray!" shouted Tid. Youth's Companion.

The Jockey's Bogey.

"The bogey of a jockey's life is 'tak'ing on flesh,'" says Ainslee's. "He dreads this as a beauty dreads to lose her charms, and his whole thought from the age of 16 to 25 is to avoid the catastrophe. This is the pernicious feature of the life and distinguishes it as a healthful sport from boxing or from football, in which the physical being is developed according to the laws of nature and is not outraged or balked. In order to reduce his weight nine pounds Monk Overton once remained in a Turkish bath from 10 p. m. one day until 2 p. m. the next, with no nourishment except a cup of tea and some toast.

"Again, Mike Bergen, mounted on a favorite, rode such a poor race that the stewards came to the paddock to investigate and punish him for fraudulent riding. They forgave the performance, however, when they found him collapsed and unable to speak. Knowing that he had to ride at a certain weight, Bergen had spent 48 hours in a Turkish bath, eating nothing whatever. When he reached the track, he was so weak that a stimulant was necessary. The one drink of whisky he took so demoralized his faculties that he could scarcely keep his seat in the saddle.

"Such a violation of physical development at the age when a boy should be most rapidly maturing makes it difficult for a jockey ever to become robust. Moreover, the mere riding of a race is a terrible drain on the nerve force of a jockey. A boy may lose a pound of weight in a hard race."

Did Not Speak With Knowledge.

On a clear and beautiful Sunday morning in a parish not far from Milwaukee a priest was pleased to note the presence at service of an unusually large number of the male members of his congregation, and, since he had been informed of considerable trouble in his flock, he considered it an opportune time to give those present a friendly, yet pointed, sermon on forbearance. He charged the men, particularly the married men, to be ever kind, courteous and considerate to women, to overlook all opportunities for trouble, to be good to them and solicitous of their welfare, and finished with a masterly peroration relating to conjugal decency on the part of husbands.

Shortly after he met an old and respected member of the church and said:

"Michael, I was glad to see you at church Sunday. And how did you like the sermon?"

"Well, father," the old man answered, "the language was beautiful, and the delivery was noble; but, be jabbers, father, if you was only married about three months you'd tell a different story!"

Resented the Allegation.

Two men zigzagged unsteadily down Long street the other morning shortly after midnight. It was a case of "united we stand, divided we fall." Each of course was trying to steer the other safely home. At length No. 1 came up against a pole and held fast. No. 2 tried in vain to pull him forward. Then No. 1 became impatient at the other's obstinacy and spoke very frankly:

"Shay, you're—hic—you're a shump—thash what you are! I've seen worse men 'n—hic—you in jail!"

This was more than No. 2 could stand. He felt that his honor as a gentleman had been sullied, and, bracing himself stiffly, he replied, with spirit: "If you shay you're—hic—seen worse men 'n me in jail, why—hic—you're a liar, thash what you are!"

Don't Believe All You Hear.

A man in a railway carriage was snoring so loudly that his fellow passengers decided to awake him. One particularly sensitive old gentleman shook up the sleeper with a start.

"What's the matter?" he exclaimed. "Why, your snoring is annoying every one in the carriage," said the old gentleman testily.

"How do you know I'm snoring?" "Why, we can't help but hear it." "Well, don't believe all you hear," replied the culprit and went to sleep again.—London Standard.

Took No Chances.

"I'll tell you how it is, parson," said the board of trade clerk. "You've married us, and you'll admit that it is a good deal of a speculation. Now, I'll pay you \$2, the regular fee, now and call it square or I'll wait 60 days and pay you what experience teaches me the job is really worth to me, even if it's \$100."

The clergyman looked long and earnestly at the energetic, determined young woman and sighed. "Give me the \$2," he said.

They Hadn't Made Up.

"Well," said he, anxious to patch up their quarrel of yesterday, "aren't you curious to know what's in the package?"

"Not very," his wife, still unrelenting, replied indifferently. "It's something for the one I love best in all the world."

"Ah, I suppose it's those suspenders you said you needed."

A Serious Complaint.

What made you leave your place wif dat geunman?" asked Miss Miami Brown. "Didn't he pay you right?" "Yes," answered Mr. Erastus Pinkley. "He paid fus' rate, but his clothes was so out of style dat I was almost forced to keep out of society."

Waited For the Appropriation.

"Yes, he has cut loose the dogs of war." "What was holding them back?" "The sinews."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

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