THE REVIEW RICHIBUCTO N. B. OCTOBER 3, 1901.

THE YACHT RACE EXPERT. (Josh Wink in Baltimore Sun.)

He meets you on the corner, He hails you in the car, He calls you up by telephone And tells you from afar. He braves you in your office, He stops you in the street-The man who knows Colum ha Or Shaurock's sure to beat.

He talks of shrouds and ratlines, Of binnacle and bow, Though all the whi e you may not care If Shamrock he a scow; He figures up the pressure Upon the Columbia's mast, Aud proves by Euclid's theorems That she is mighty fast.

He citrs the wind and weather As factors in the fame, And shows that calms and howling gales Produce results the same. He walks with sailor swagger, A yachting cap he's got-But generally you will find Was never on a yacht.

How Mrs. Peet Went to Prayer Meeting.

COMMUNION OF SAINTS.

(Mary E. Q. Brush, in American Messenger.)

Mrs. Darius Peet watched the minister's back as he walked down the path to the front gate. It was a straight, martiallooking back, for the Rev. Mr. Baynard had once served in the army; hence his military bearing. He also carried other soldierly attributes into his pulpit and pastoral work. Just now he had been engaged in looking up one reported as "missing" from his ecclesiastical ranks.

"Mr. Bayard remarked that he hadn't seen me at prayer-meeting in a long time," said Mrs. Peet, in a little tremulous solilcquy, as she turned from the window and pushed back the big rockingshair into its accustomed place in the porner.

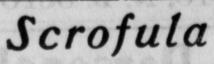
"I brind of wondered whether he'd missed me," she continued. "I've always been regular in my going when I could

her much cherished plan. She got the bulk of Thursday's work done in the forenoon; she cut out a calico wrapper for her neighbor, old Mrs. Holland, in return for the latter's promise to come over and look after the children-for that evening. When the sun's rays falling aslant the yellow painted kitchen floor told her that six o'clock was near at hand, she begau to prepare the evening meal.

Back and forth she pattered from pantry to tea table, the crisp ruffles of her petticoats rustling gently. A big white apron tied over her sateen gown-for, in order to save time, she had early dressed for prayer meeting-made her spare form look almost plump, the soft dark hair just a little sprinkled with white, and released from crimping pins, curled softly around her forehead and down over the tip of her ears: while a flush of excitement tinged her cheeks with a becoming pink flush.

While she awaited her hasband's com. ing from his work, and the children from their play, Mrs. Peet thought she might profitably spend the time in looking over her Bible and settle herself into a proper state of mind. "One needn't expect a blessing, if one isn't ready for it!" she said to herself "I do want a real spiritual uplifting to my soul this evening. Oh, how glad I'll be to sit down on them prayer meeting benches and hear Georgianny Burt play the organ, and see the folks coming in-dear old Mrs. Bender with her 'pumpkin hood,' and Deacon Gregg's pink, bald head, and that little Mrs. Barry, who always cries softly to herself-much need she has to cry too, with a drunken husband and a crippled child! Oh, my! How glad I'll be to see all the folks and hear 'em all ! I'll feel like singing Miriam's song after she and her folks had gotten over the Red Sea!" Alas! Poor Mrs. Peet's fond anticipa tions were in vain. There seemed to be a combination of all earthly powers against a happy consummation of her

plan The supper she prepared so carefully "Nearer, my God, to Thee." waited a whole hour. Darius came home late, and what was worse, he came home cross! Mrs. Holland sent word at the gloomy soul-"Nearer my God, to Thee.'



What is commonly inherited is not scrofula but the scrofulous disposition. This is generally and chiefly indicated by cutaneous eruptions; sometimes by paleness, 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 cor-rects the scrofulous disposition and radically and permanently cures the disease.

the pail was foaming full, white and warm. She gave the cow's sleek side a commendatory pat and push.

"Go along, Crumple-go along and nibble the red clover or make your bed among it! Your lot is easier than .mine! -a rich meadow in summer, a warm stable in winter, and all you have to do is chew your cud, with nothing to worry about. No. Crumple, you never have hopes and longings and glimpses of a higher life which one struggles toward and fails to reach! Ob, dear!"

Mrs. Peet set the pail of milk on a stump, while she leaned against the fence. "Not forsaking the assembling of yourselves as the manner of some is," she quoted. "Seems to me I have seen that command somewhere-in Hebrews I guess. But how can I obey it? I've tried and tried and failed."

"I feel the lack in my life for the warmth and cheer of the dear church heart-the glow from the altar fires. I suppose that the folk are over there in the chapel new, singing and prayingseems 'most as though I could hear

Something in her last sentence threw, as it were, a reflection of light back into her

NARROW ESCAPE.

OF THE TORPEDO DESTROYER QUAIL.

HALIFAX, Sept. 26 - Your correspondent was informed by one of the officials of the Ophir of a thrilling event which occured outside of the St. Lawrence, when the torpedo boat destroyer had a very narrow escape from total destruction. A second or so more and she would have been struck by the Ophir and sent to the bottom. It was a thrilling moment for those on board both vessels and the occurence was witnessed by the Duke of Cornwall himself.

The royal yacht Ophir was speeding along at the rate of sixteen knots an hour when the Quail was seen astern, throwing the waters over her bows and going at a twenty-knot clip. Both vessels were outside the Gulf of St. Lawerence. The Quail had left the Tribune and other warships out of sight and a signal was displayed on the Ophir ordering the Quail to take off despatches for the Dake of Cornwall, to be transmitted to England with all possible speed.

The commander of the Quail ordered the destroyer to speed full steam ahead. The craft shot through the water at the rate of 35 miles an hour. The Ophir was straming at the rate of sixteen knots. When approaching the Ophir the Quail slackened speed and bounded along at a twenty clip. The signal displayed from the Ophir indicated that a bag containing despatches would be slung from a boom at the side of the Ophir, and with out the slacking of the speed of the royal yacht the Quail would without stopping clip the bag off and make for Quebec at full speed and flash the messages under the ocean to King Edward. The bag with the mail was ordered to be so placed that it could be readily taken off by a man on the Quail detailed to do that work. Sufficient play was given to the rope so that the Quail could have at least a margin of fifty yards in case a hitch occured. Everything was supposed to be in readiness for the Quail-

She rapidly came to the side of the Ophir.

The man was at his post on the torpedo

boat destroyer. He caught the bag, but

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be. Somehow, I always felt the need of the mid-week meetings. One feels the need of a little spiritual rest and strength to hearten one up. Seems like what I read in a book of Lucy Maria's. Told about all the days of chivalry and King Arthur and tournaments. There, one Knight'd battle against another and they'd fight all for honor and glory, and when the tolks'd see the knights were getting tuckered out, the king'd tell the herald to blow a trumpet for a halt, that'd give the knights a chance to take breath and rest. So they'd lay down their weapons for a while, drink refreshing draughts, tinker up their armor if it was out of order, and maybe, if they'd been wounded, their wounds would be bathed and balm put to 'em. So they'd get all heartened and could fight on again. Seems to me the prayet meeting bell is just like that herald's trumpet! But, oh dear! I haven't been inside that chapel door in I dou't know how many weeks!"

Mrs. Peet sat down with a weary thud into her low rocking-chair, and drew her sewing work forth from the overflowing baske: at its side. She was putting very large patches on a very small garment. It was suggestive of her daily efforts, the patient striving to bring up a large family on a small income.

"I've been struggling a long time, and feel like a real tired-out knight," said Mrs. Peet, sadly, as she nipped off the ragged edges of the abyss her son Tommy had made in his trousers. "A real tired-out knight!"

Short and leap and faded with much baffeting from that big opponent, the world, there was not much about her to suggest the golden days of chivalry, the gay litter of tournaments and the stalwart knights who took part therein; but, be it known, not even King Arthur himself had purer face, more earnest eyes or more steadfast purpose to deal valiantly with the sins that do beset us than had this plain, middle-aged woman.

"Darius don't believe in prayer meeting," Mrs. Peet continued. "He says the Bible says, 'Go into your closet and pray,' "My!" with a sigh, "I'd be glad if he'd do that. He never goes into the closet un less it's to get the umbrell or boot-jack, on 'em first thing he uses language that he that set against my going! Don't say I shan't-isn't that mean-but there's al- face, into seeming youthfulness ways something extra he wants done Thursday night, or he's late to supper, or has to go see a man, or a man's coming to see him, and so be can't stay with the children! That's the way it's been for a long time. Then the children had the measles and Darius's mother was here sick with the grippe, and, well, not a Thursday evening have I had in I don't know when. But I'm bound to go this week!" Here Mrs. Peet made her back almost as straight as the minister's. "Yes, I'm going, and I'll testify, too! It's hard to speak out in meeting! There's a big lump comes in my throat, but I most ings know that my heart'll be so filled with joy at being able to come to meeting once more that I can say something, 'For out of the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh.' "

last minute that she had sprained her ankle aud couldn't come; the children, tired from long play, were unusually troublesome and rebelled strenuously at having Lucy Maria, red-haired and autocratic, placed in authority over them.

In the midst of the confusion Mrs. Dart sent over her little boy for some dried poppy leaves to make a poultice for a felon, and Mrs. Peet had to trudge up to the attic to hunt for the paper bag containing the dry, purple blossoms.

With cobwebs draping her hair and streaks of dust on her sateen, she present ly came down the stairs.

"Twenty minutes past seven! I shall have to give up going. It's too much for Lucy Maria to manage those young ones, and as for asking Darius to stay and help her, that's no use-he's got one of his cross-grained streaks, and eaten his supper and gone to the village to "caucus" or "primary" or something. I declare I don't believe he's milked the cow, either. He came home late, I suppose he thought | hungered for came to the famished soul! she was milked. Well! Well! It does beat all!"

adjoining bedroom, the door of which | be afraid!" presently opened, and Lucy Maria's head, with its radiant halo of tawny brown locks, peered out.

"I've got 'em quieted down, ma," she said with an important air. "They're all in bed, and I'm going to tell 'em about Goliath. You can go right on to meeting if you want to."

But Mrs. Peet shook her head wearily. A strange depression of spirits seized her. She felt bruised and baffled in the strug-

"There ain't any use in trying to go now!" she exclaimed. "I heard the bell ring some time ago. It'll take me ten minutes to walk there, and I don't want to go in when everybody's seated and the praying's begun. Besides, there's the cow to get."

With many a sigh the palm leaf sateen gown was exchanged for an old, faded calico one. The milk pail was taken down from its hock and Mrs. Peet sallied forth. The evening air was touched with coo'ness and she shivered slightly. She was glad that she had thought to tie a worsted and, most generally, if he can't lay hands "fascinator" about her head. The "fascinator" was stringy from many washings, shouldn't. Now, as to prayer meeting, it but its woolly lace meshes contrasted Persuaded to try South Amerireally seems sometimes as though he was prettily with her abundant dark hair and softened the sharp, faded outlines of her Twilight still lingered and the distant hills had faint touches of pink on them, and so did the silver-curves on the creek braiding the green skirts of the meadows. But darkness brooded nearer the house, the first dose I was free from pain-three bottles for the tall evergreen and locust trees cast | cured me."-J. D. McLeod, Leith, Ont. 20 black shadows, falling sharply on the clover that lay like drifts of snow all over the front yard, its fragrance as sweet as the dropping manna of old. Down the garden path and across the road went Mrs. Peet. She let down the pasture bars with a sharp clatter as an outward evidence of her perturbed feel-

She looked down humbly and tearfully upon the white stars of the daisies at her feet. They had been placed there at the command of the heavenly Father-every golden heart-every pearly petal!

She turned her gaze upward toward other stars-the eternal ones! Her heart leaped forth following her gaze.

A strange, brooding Presence-silent, loving, holy-seemed to unfold her.

The night wind softly stirred the bunches of elder blossoms leaning against the fence rails-the flowers seemed like soft white lamps. Somewhere among their green depths, a night bird trilled softly. Mrs. Peet knelt down among the grasses. "Lord," she marmured, "forgive that I have rebelled because these things have not turned out as I had planned! longed for Thee and thought I could find Thee best among my chosen ones and in the house of Thine abode. But Thou art bere as well as there!

Ave God was there! The "blessing" so ". . . My peace I give unto you; not as the world giveth give I unto you. Let There was a subdued murmur in the not your heart be troubled, neither let it

> * * * Darius came home late that evening. He was in better humor; his pet candidate had been nominated.

He entered the house a little shamefacedly, remembering his ungallant departure after supper.

He found his wife carefully mending his big cotton socks.

"Nice evenin' out," he said, and then with a deprecatory cough. "You've been out, I s'pose-prayer meeting, eh?" Mrs. Peet looked up brightly. There was a happy light in her gentle eyes. "To prayer meeting? "Yes, to a kind of one!"

"Many there?" Darius was exerting ordinary strong, penetrating liniment to himself to be sociable.

"Yes," composedly, "the daisies, the elder blossoms, and old Crumple, and a d ar little bird, and the stars, and-and-(reverently-) and God!"

FAITH NO FACTOR

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there was something wrong. He could not get it off. Both vessels were going very fast. The Quail was drawn towards the big steamer by the suction, and tie waters splashed high between them. The torpedo boat destroyer was forward near the Ophir's bow. To those on both boats it looked as though the Quail would swamp, and intense excitment pevailed. The official who related the story said: "I was an eye witness to the scene and wc certaiply thought it was all up with the Quail. The latter was drawn so close to the Ophir's side by the suction that one of the ropes got caught on her deck. The man finally got the despatches bag by cutting the rope. Then a supreme effort was made by the commander of the Quail to get clear of the Ophir. He did not know that a rope from the Ophir had fouled the Quail, and shouted aloud, "all clear astern," and ordered the engines full speed ahead. Fortunately the rope from the Ophir cleared itself but not before it had swerved the bow of the Quail around. The latter responded immediately to the hand of the engineer when he touched the lever and the Quail jun ped ahead, and just grazed the bow of the Ophir. Those on the steamer expected to see the torpedo destroyer rent in twain, but she had escaped only by a few inches, and sped along at the rate of over thirty miles an hour for shore to send the Duke of Cornwall's despatches to the King.

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POST OFFICE ADDRESS.....

Let it be set down to Mrs. Peet's credit | Peet exclaimed. that she did make an effort to carry out

"Come, boss! Come!" she cried! A square, dark shape rose up against a patch of ox eyed daisies, and there was a warm whiff of clover-scented breath. "That you, Crumple-good cow!" Mrs.

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