THE REVIEW RICHIBUCTO N. B. OCTOBER 24, 1901.

A GLORIOUS LAND.

Th re is a beautiful land in a northern clime,

Where the pine grows tall : nd strong, And the moose deer roves thru the maple groves,

With mis hundes so lithe and long; Where the beaver datus the silver creek, have to send Hannah to the drug store for And the buffalo was wont to roam; Where the cascade leaps from the dazzling

heights, To be lost in the feathery foam. To the land 1 love the best; For beneath her pine and maple groves

I would lay my bones to rest.

There are prairies vast, with their waving grass,

Where the browsing berds are seen, Where fields of waving, golden grain Do nod to the shimmering sheen Of the silvery moon, in an azure sky, And the bright aurora's gleam; Like the gates sjar in the heavenly land i see thee in my dreams. Then row me o'er to yon bright shore, 'To the land I love the best, 'Neath the maple leaf and the golden sheaf,

I would lay me down to rest.

The dancing waves of yon island sea Are lost on the shimmering sand, While the wavelets glint in the golden sun. Like a gleam from the fairy land. There are the floral bowers in her forest glades, And the song of her mighty rivers; The thundering boom of the great cataract, Which goes on and on forever. Theu row me o'er to Canada's shore. To the dearest spot on earth. To the land of heroes brave and true,

To the land which gave me birth.

The stalwart sons of Canadian soil Shall shoulder to shoulder stand, With their thews of iron and sinews of steel, For the good of the mother land; For the good of the land which gave them birth, The land of corn and wine, The land of gold and gigantic wold, Where the circling ivies twine.

Then row me back to the land I love. Oh, row me o'er the river, To the land of the maple, the land of the free---

O Canada forever!

ters in one window of Mrs. Treadway's vaultlike parlor were rolled open, a sure indication that the lady berself was sitting behind them.

"The neighbors will be running in to see what is the matter over here, so I shall the medicine," thought Miss Deborah, realizing that for a few hours she was to be the most interesting person in the vil-Then row me o'er to Canada's shore, lage. Her prediction was a true one. Within balf an hour both Mrs. Treadway and Mrs. Prescott were established in com fortable chairs in her sitting room making anxious inquiries about her health and going over the last bits of neighborhood gossip. Other ladies followed them, for the doctor's team hitched before the house had advertised to every one the fact that either Miss Deborah or Hannah was ill, and the last callers did not leave until Hannah's clatter over the tea table informed them that the old woman considered it time they were well out of the way and her mistress at supper.

> It was after sunset when she found herself at liberty to prepare the medicine for use. Dr. Bascom had informed her that it was a preparation of bromide which would come in the form of a white powder and would require solution. "To be dissolved in eight ounces of water," she read on the slip of instructions.

"Then the first thing I want is an eight ounce bottle," she thought, "and that ought to be very easy to find in the shed cupboard."

The twilight was almost darkness in the shed, but she did not take a light, and her hands groped about among the bottles io search of one that the sense of touch should tell her was of the required size In the very front row she came upon one that she judged would answer the pur pose. The kitchen was very dimly light. ed by its north windows, but Miss Deborah did not stop to light a lamp before sifting the powder through a little funnel into the bottle and filling it with cold water. Not until she was ready to take the first dose of the new remedy dld she discover that there was a small white label



No disease is older. No disease is really responsible for a larger mortality.

Consumption is commonly its outgrowth. There is no excuse for neglecting it, it makes its presence known by so many signs, such as glandular tumors, cutaneous eruptions, inflamed eyelids, sore ears, rickets, catarrh, wasting and general debility. Children of J. W. McGinn, Woodstock, Ont., had scrofula sores so bad they could not attend school for three months. When different kinds of medicines had been used to no purpose whatever, these sufferers were cured, according to Mr. McGinn's voluntary testimonial, by

Hood's Sarsaparilla which has effected the most wonderful, radical and permanent cures of scrofula in old and young.

spot. "I guess I'm not the sort of person to work faith cures on."

But at 9 o'clock she decided to give the drug one more trial. She sat up on the edge of the lounge and reached for the bottle. The motion made her head whirl, and she sat with closed eyes for a minute to steady herself before trying to pour out the liquid. When she ventured to open her eyes, she noticed at once the white label on the bottle.

"That tells how much to take, I suppose," she muttered. "I don't believe Miss Deborah gave me half enough for dose." And she brought the bit of paper close to her eyes to read for herself the directions. The next instant she was standing in the middle of the room, the bottle on the floor and her headache en. tirely forgotten.

"Poison!" she gasped. "No wonder felt worse and worse all the time."

She ran to the window which looked into Mrs. Prescott's yard and called wildly: "Help! Help!" And when a startled face appeared at an opposite window, added: "Send for the doctor! I'm poison-

village, ten minutes' walk from the Mark- One day he suggested to the doctor who called to see him that he would be grate. ham house. Miss Deborah lost no time ful for a wee drappie. "No, no." said on the way, and the business was transacted without delay. Both women were the doctor "Do you know that your anxious to get it done that they might be stomach is in such an ulcerated condition free for other matters. Mrs. Pratt had a that a spoonful of whiskey would kil long ride before her, and Miss Deborah vou?" did not like to leave Hannah alone longer "Aweel, sir," replied the patient, "I than was necessary. must just do without it; but, doctor, just come up close to me." The doctor ob After she left the dressmaker she stepped briskly along the street on her way liged. home. There was no one in sight except "Ab, doctor," said the soldier, sighing a man scurrying along far in front of her. contentedly, "yer breath's veraa refresh-He disappeared through some gateway not ng!"-Scottish-American. far from her own, but the shrubs leaning over dooryard fences and the flicker of 40 RED-COATS lights and shadows on the narrow sidewalk obscured the view and deceived the PUT TO ROUT AN ARMY OF FORMIDABLE vision so that she could not be sure which TRESPASSERS. house had been his destination. Constipation, Dizziness, Pain under the "I wonder if that was Ezra Greene. Shoulder Blades, Sick Headache, Depressed Maybe Mrs. Greene is having one of her Feeling, Bloating after Eating, Debility bad spells and has sent for Mrs. Prescott. and Insomnia, result from an Inactive If I wasn't in such a hurry I'd stop and Liver. see," she thought as she passed the Greene Dr. Agnew's Liver Pills, 40 little Red house. There was no sign of excitement Coats, at a cost of 10 cents will set you about the place, however, and she had no right in short order. Piles of testimony to time for further speculations on Ezra prove it. Vials containing 100 pills 25 Greene's reasons for haste, for she saw the 37 cents. doctor's team turn into the village street from one of the crossroads leading out HAMPERED GENIUS. into the farming districts. Dr. Bascom "Here are some verses which wuz writ was on his way home, but in answer to a by a young son of mine," said the Geor call from behind him he stopped his horse gia farmer. "Are they all right?" and turned about on the seat of his buggy "Well," replied the editor, "he rhymes to listen to the shouted summons. Then he backed his horse around and drove up all right, but something seems wrong with to the side of the road where a man came his 'feet.' " "Well," said the farmer, 'I won't deny out to take charge of his team while he it-he has got corns!"-Atlanta Constituhimself vanished as Ezra Greene had done. tion. "There's trouble at the Prescott's," thought Miss Deborah, and she began to Bentley's Liniment cures Croup. run, but she stopped short when she came - ---in sight of the Prescott house and her HER COMMENT. own, for her neighbor's premises were de-"Fame," said the youth with the earnserted, while in her own vard several men est, intellectual exoression, "is so hard to were gathered about the door talking attain. It is so difficult for one to get earnestly, and it was to her hitching post himself talked about." the doctor's horse was tied. "Humph!" rejoined the woman with Her pause of astonishment was a brief cold blue eyes and a firm ja «, "you just one. Then she dashed into the yard, ought to live up in our neighborhood "through the group of men and into the Washington Star. kitchen. A woman was stirring something over the fire, and a hum of voices came from the sitting-room. Miss Deborah did not stop to question the occu-KIDNEY DISEASE pant of the kitchen, who was so interested FOR TEN YEARS. in the contents of her stewpan that she did not potice Miss Markham's entrance. A Glen Miller Man's Terrible Mrs. Prescott was standing over the ounge, with an empty bowl in her hands. Trial. "There, if it was an acid you've been tak-He Found a Cure at Last in ing there's a chance that the soapsuds will POST OFFICE ADDRESS. Doan's Kidney Pills. save you," she announced, cheerfully, "and the sweet oil ought to help you Mr. P. M. Burk, who is a well-known whatever the stuff was. Don't you feel resident of Glen Miller. Hastings Co., any better yet, Hannah?" Out., was afflicted with kidney trouble for A feeble groan was the only reply. Dr. ten years. So pleased is he at having found in Bascom was at a window examining the ADDRESS: Doan's Kidney Pills a cure for his ailcontents of a bottle. Suddenly the look ments, which he had begun to think were incurable, that he wrote the following of perplexity on his face changed to a statement of his case so that others simibroad smile. Looking up, he saw Miss larly afflicted may profit by his experience: Deborab in the kitchen door. "I have been afflicted with kidney trouble for about ten years and have tried several "This tastes like the bromide I prescribremedies but never received any real ed for you a few days ago, Deborah. How benefit until I started taking Doan's did you happen to ticket it this way? Kidney Pills. My back used to constantly You've frightened Hannah out of a year's ache and my urine was high colored and milky looking at times. Since I have growth and furnished the whole nei hborfinished the third box of Doan's Kidney hood with a most welcome excitement." Pills I am happy to state that I am not "Oh, Miss Deborah, it was all a mistake, bothered with backache at all and my urine is clear as crystal. I feel confident wasn't it?" cried Hannah, catching sight that these pills are the best kidney specific in the country."

ing her. "You didn't try to poison me on j purpose, did you?" Miss Deborah looked about her with

THE PARTY PARTY

sparkling eyes. The doctor's words had explained the situation to her.

"Mistake!" she exclaimed, scornfully. "Have you all lost your wits? Do you think I shall have to poison you when I want to get rid of you, Hannah? I've a good mind to set you packing this instant, but nothing short of an insane asy lum would take you in, I'm afraid. If your morning's work isn't further along thar mine is, ladies, perhaps you had better go where you can attend to it!" And she turned and walked out into the back regions of the house, shutting several doors sharply behind her.

Dr. Bascom watched her retreat with liveliest enjoyment; the stern-faced old man could enjoy a good joke hearily. Then be turned to the astonished group. in the sitting-room.

"I think, Hannah, that if you have swallowed everything these impromptu physicians have been ordering, you may consider yourself thoroughly poisoned, and now, neighbors, shall we leave her to make her peace with Deborah?"

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TOOK THE NEXT BEST THING.

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A Scottish soldier at Bloemfontein was ed!" Mrs. Pratt lived at the far end of the just recovering from an attack of enteric



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---A. J. Mark. Toronto, September, 1901.

A VERY NATURAL MISTAKE.

NEW ENGLAND VILLAGE STORY.

(Copyright, 1901, by Mary Bolton Peck.)

Miss Deborah Markham stood at her kitchen sink one morning washing a bottle. It was one that had held an acid preparation for removing fruit stains. Almost any other woman would have thrown it on the ash pile as soon as it was emptied, but to Miss Deborah the natural thing was to clean it and store it away on a shelf in her woodshed expboard with an army of other bottles, large and small.

No article ever seemed to Miss Mark. ham to have outlived its usefulness; there was always a possibility that "it might come in handy some time," and it was treasured for the expected need. The ell of the great white house on the main into the possession of Miss Deborah at the death of her father more than 20 years ago, was a veritable junk shop, but it differed in one essential from ordinary repositories of wornout and worthless odds and ends. Miss Deborah's storerooms were scrupulously clean and well ordered, they furnished no retreat for moths or cobwebs, and the floors and windows com pared favorably with any kitchen in the village in their freedom from dust.

People might by turns feel amused and exasperated by Miss Deborah's exaggerated love of economy, but their comments upon her always endea with, "After all, she's dreadful good-hearted, there's nobody in the whole town more ready to lend a hand than Deberah Markham and if she takes any comfort in being so sav ing that's her own affair. She can afford to be over particular." For she had the finest house and the largest income in East Elmere.

"It would be a pity not to keep this bottle," she commented, holding it against the light, "it's such a convenient size and the glass is so clear. I wonder what sort of glue that label was stuck on with; after all the hot water it's been in it hasn't right away and have your dress fitted, so's started a mite. I've a good mind not to scrape it off, but keep the bothie just as it is. Like as not I shall want a bottle sometime for holding poison, and then this one will be all labeled and ready Not long afterward Miss Deborah deeided that she must have the advice of the village doctor. All summer she had been tormented by nervous headaches and elecpless nights. She had doctored her self and had tried one kind of diet after another without relief, and her one ser vant, an old woman who had been kit chenmaid in the house since the days when Miss Deborah had been little Debby Markham, had experimented upon her mistress with all the potent mixtures she knew how to compound, but she, too, had failed to work a cure. Accordingly Dr Bascom was summoned. The result of this professional visit was a slip of paper that Miss Deborah twisted between her fingers as she watched the doctor climb into his high buggy before her gate. She noticed that Mrs. Prescott also was watching from her side

pasted across one side of the bottle--a skull above two crossbones and the word "Poison" ornamented the label. It was a startling occurrence, but her

sense of humor came to the rescue. "I've no doubt it fits well enough," she remarked grimly. "Most drugs are poison. I shall have to show Dr. Bascom the name I have given to what he calls 'a harmless remedy.""

> She found the "poison" so efficacious that a week later, when Hannah came down in the morning with white face and dull eyes, complaining of a sick headache, her first thought was of the medicine that had helped her own headache.

"Go and lie down on the sitting room lounge," she commanded. "I'll give you a spronful of bromide, and you needn't give a thought to the breakfast, for I'll see to that myself."

Hannah gladly allowed herself to be tucked up on the big lounge that was, in fact, a couch, and she swallowed the medicine obediently, then lay waiting impatiently for the pain to abate, but the head ache was not to be routed so easily. street of East Elmore, which had come When Miss Deborah peeped in through the kitchen door after she had finished her breakfast, expecting to see the old woman asleep, she saw instead Hannah's wide open eyes gazing at her from a confused pile of pillows and shawls.

"One dose doesn't appear to be enough: you must take another," was her decision, "and if you don't feel much better in an hour I shall give you a third spoonful."

When Miss Deborah returned to the kitchen, she found a barefooted boy stand. ing on the doorstep. The severe expression on his freckled face showed that he considered his errand one of importance, and the weight of responsibility upon him gave great gravity to his voice as he said, "Good morning, Miss Markham."

"Why, Joseph, what's the matter?" she exclaimed. "Is your mother sick? Has anything happened to my dress?" For the boy's mother was the village dressmaker, and she had a new black silk for Miss Deborah under way in her workroom.

"No'm, mother isn't sick, but my sister Julia is, and mother's going to Sharon to see her. She's going to start before dinner, and she says please to come down she can take it with her to work on, 'cause she may be gone three or four days."

This was a message to be obeyed at once. Miss Deborah hastened to change her wrapper for a more suitable dress for the street and then looked into the sitting. room to see how Hannah was feeling. "Mrs. Pratt has sent for me," she said. "She's going out of town this morning and wants to fit my dress before she goes. I shan't be away long, and you must lie still till I get back. If anybody comes to the house, let them rap till they give it up. You are not to stir. Your headache isn't much better yet, is it? But it's too soon to give you any more medicine. I'll leave the bottle and spoon here on the stand at the head of the lounge, and you can see the clock without moving. When it's 9 o'clock take another spoonful unless you get rid of the pain before theu." By this time Hannah's opinion of her uistress' much lauded medicine was not a flattering one.

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NAME

"Nothing in the world but salt and water!" she grumbled, rolling her head of her mistress above the ring of the piazza, where she sat sewing, and the shut | restlessly on the pillow in search of a cool | fr ght ned and bewildered faces surround-

REVIEW THE Richibucto, N. B.