

A SONG FOR SCHOOL.
 Some boys, when they come into school
 (And some girls, too),
 I grieve to be obliged to say
 That this is what they do:
 They wiggle
 And jiggle,
 They wiggle their heads
 And giggle;
 They twitter
 And titter,
 They bounce and bounce
 And fitter.
 Whatever thoughts their mind may fill,
 They've no idea of keeping still.
 Some boys, when they take up their books
 (And some girls, too),
 I weep to be obliged to say
 That this is what they do:
 They batter them,
 They tatter them,
 They crumple, rumple,
 Scatter them;
 They scrawl them
 And maul them;
 They snatch and pull
 And haul them.
 It makes me very sad to state
 A schoolbook's is a wretched fate.
 —St. Nicholas.

Stupid Jabe Horton.

Jabe Horton was lying under a maple tree behind the evergreen hedge that bordered his father's farm. The day was sultry and he was exhausted with his long forenoon of labor.
 He gazed admiringly at the fine peach orchard before him, well laden with ripening fruits. It was the only peach orchard in Centerville, and he was proud of it.
 At the sudden sound of approaching wheels, he peered through the thicket. He could see without being seen. The low, uncovered wagon stopped nearly opposite him.
 "Caleb Horton did a mighty good thing 'imself when he set out that peach orchard," Farmer Swain said to his wife. "Don't them red an' yaller beauties fairly make your mouth water, Sary? Caleb'll do well on them peaches, I'll bet! Shouldn't wonder a mite if he'd pay off half of his everlastin' little mortgage this year. 'Tain't much, but he c'd more'n make ends meet; that mortgage has pestered 'im fer years. Caleb must be gittin' enterprisin' in his old age!"
 "Mebbe so," Mrs. Swain responded, "but I guess Jabe is a good deal o' help to him."
 "Jabe. Yes, Jabe's got muscle if he ain't got brains. Does seem a great pity that Jabe sh'd a ben born so stupid dull, when all the rest o' that big family wuz so talented. Too bad there wa'n't quite smartness enough ter go 'round!"
 "Don't talk to me," said Mrs. Swain, with some spirit; "Jabe ain't much to look at, I own, an' mebbe he ain't got any genius to spare, but he's good to his mother and father an' so steady. I don't believe his folks ever worried a mite for fear he'd go wrong. Ain't that a comfort? I wish our Tom was half as steady." She spoke with a sigh.
 The wagon rattled away in a cloud of dust. Jabe had heard every word. He lay thinking a long time. He had always known he was "thick-headed," as he expressed it, but Mr. Swain must think he was a simpleton.
 "Perhaps I be," he thought, humbly and sorrowfully; but he bitterly rebelled that fate had been so unkind. Why hadn't there been 'nough smartness to go 'round?' All his brothers and sisters were distinguishing themselves somewhere; only he, Jabe, stupid and good-for-nothing, was left to help on the farm. Father and mother were getting old—he couldn't leave them if he wanted to, and he was sure he didn't want to. He was glad Mrs. Swain thought he was good to his parents.
 The dinner horn sounded and Jabe put on his hat, gathered up his long legs and sore heart, with all the awkwardness of his 19 years.
 After dinner, while helping his mother wipe the dishes, as he often did, he said in a slow way: "Ma, jes' why do you s'pose there wa'n't smartness enough to go 'round?"
 "Go 'round where? What do you mean Jabe?"
 "Why, in our family; why was all my brothers an' sisters born so knowin' an' able ter sit erlong—an' all that—an' only jes' me be stupid-like? I'd like ter ben somebody too!"
 "Why, Jabe, wherd' you get such notions? Nether your pa nor I could get along without you at all; we just need you, and I'm so glad you didn't want to leave us, but cared to stay an' be such a blessing to us! God hasn't given ten talents to everybody, nor five—mebbe not but one, but if we use that the best we know how, it'll be all right, Jabe. Don't forget that. I know you're doing your best an' God'll bless you, my son!" Jabe was in a measure comforted.
 "Jabe," said his father, later, "I wish you'd burn that brush beyond the south meadow this afternoon. I'll come, too, as soon as I can, and help you."
 It was a warm day for brush burning, but Jabe worked faithfully.
 About four o'clock his mother brought him a lunch and a pitcher of cool lemonade. "I thought you'd like 'em," she said, "and I wanted to see the fire. I've always liked to watch fires ever since I was little, an' I guess I always shall."
 "Got right on that log, ma, an' rest."

You're awful good to yer boy!" said Jabe gratefully. Mrs. Horton fanned herself with her big sunbonnet, but soon she began piling brush to make the flames leap higher. The snapping and cracking of the dry branches as the fire shot through them was music to her.
 "Don't get too near, ma, the wind is pretty strong an' the sparks might fly on ye."
 "O I ain't afraid, Jabe; I'll be careful," and she threw another armful of brush on the blazing pile.
 Jabe was standing on the opposite side of the fire, shoveling the partially burned sticks farther up into the flames. When he stepped back he was horrified to see that the bottom of his mother's dress was a blaze; he tried to speak, to spring toward her, but tongue and limbs seemed paralyzed. At last he faltered: "Ma! Ma! Yer dress is afire."
 She turned quickly, but in the depths of her sunbonnet did not at once discover the burning. "I don't see any fire," she said nervously; "I guess not—where is it?" Then Jabe sprang towards her. At the same instant she felt the breath of the hot flames as they leaped to her neck. She started to run, screaming frantically.
 "Ma, don't run! Roll! Roll, ma! Roll in the dirt—quick!" Jabe shouted, as he sought to overtake her. The bonfire was near an open field of cultivated land and Jabe seized his frenzied mother, forcing her down to the soft earth and rolling her over and over in this, trying to smother the flames with his own hands. He sprang for the shovel which, in his first terror, had been thrown away, and with tremendous energy began flinging huge shovelfuls of the moist earth over his mother's burning garments.
 The fire was speedily subdued, but not before Mrs. Horton had been considerably burned. She was moaning with pain. Jabe made sure that the last spark of fire was extinguished, then regardless of his own burns, he caught up his mother and fled to the house, laying her tenderly upon her bed. When the doctor had dressed the wounds of the injured woman he turned to Jabe. "How did you happen to think of anything so sensible as shoveling earth over your mother's clothes, young man?" he inquired. "I rather think you saved your mother's life. Her burns are not very serious after all."
 "I dunno," Jabe answered, with some embarrassment. "It jes' come fer me I guess. I knew fire couldn't burn bare ground. Anybody'd know that."
 "Yes, but it isn't everybody who knows how to apply his knowledge so promptly and effectively. I shall have to thank you that my job will be a short one; but I'll be glad it was my job and not the undertaker's!"
 "Yes, sir! We'll all be glad o' that," Jabe responded, simply and fervently.
 One evening not long after this when Jabe had gone to the village store, he noticed Tom Swain among the usual set of loungers, enveloped in tobacco smoke and rough talk. As Jabe turned to go home he spoke to Tom: "I'm 'jst on my way home, Tom, an' you can get a ride with me if ye want ter."
 "No, thank you, Jabe, guess I ain't quite ready to go home yet."
 "Better come, hadn't ye? Pretty muddy to walk; the moon'll be down soon, an' it'll be black dark 'fore long; come on I want ter tell ye 'bout a fishin' plan I've got!"
 "All right, Jabe, guess I will go," Tom answered, and slamming his hat violently on his head, he shambled out with Jabe.
 The fishing plan was duly discussed and decided on; then for awhile they drove in silence.
 "Scuse me," said Jabe after a time, "but is that thing useful or just ornamental?" pointing, as he spoke, to the cigarette Tom was smoking.
 "Not either, I guess," Tom laughed; "but all the boys smoke; why don't you?"
 "Me! Don't want ter; an' if I did, I ain't got any money ter burn yit; I'm helpin' pa ter pay off the mortgage an' I guess that wouldn't help any. Smokin' seems like wastin' ter me."
 "Th wastin'," said Tom, "and I'm wastin' money, not only smoking but other ways. I wish I could quit, but s'pose I've gone too far. Well, here's home, and I guess mother'll be glad to have me home early for once. She wastes a lot o' worry over me."
 "Does she? Wal, I guess mothers do, fact I know some do."
 "How do you know that, Jabe?"
 "Wal, its reasonable that mothers should; an' then I heard one mother say so. She didn't say it ter me, but I heard it."
 "Did you? Well, I'll bet it wasn't your mother."
 "No, it wa'n't mine, but it made me feel bad. We don't never have but jes' one own mother long as we live, do we? An' we make 'em a lot o' trouble, but when we are old enough to know better, it seems kind o' mean not ter make it up to 'em as well as we can, don't it?"
 "Fact! Tom replied; 'tis dirt mean for a feller to disappoint his folks, and I'm going to do something pretty soon. I'm about tired of herding with those store loafers, and I want to quit."
 "Wife," said Mr. Horton some time later, neighbour Swain told me to day that Tom is a different boy now—doing well, and that it was on account o' something our Jabe said that it happened. I

Rheumatism
 No other disease makes one feel so old. It stiffens the joints, produces lameness, and makes every motion painful. It is sometimes so bad as wholly to disable, and it should never be neglected.
 M. J. McDonald, Trenton, Ont., had it after a severe attack of the grip; Mrs. Hattie Turner, Bolivar, Mo., had it so severely she could not lift anything and could scarcely get up or down stairs; W. H. Shepard, Sandy Hook, Conn., was laid up with it. Was cold even in July, and could not dress himself.
 According to testimonials voluntarily given, these sufferers were permanently relieved, as others have been, by
Hood's Sarsaparilla
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 HOOD'S PILLS cure constipation. Price 25 cents.

was tellin' 'im how it was owin' to Jabe that we got the mortgage paid off—the peach orchard idea was his, you know—an' he helpin' so faithful an' all—an' when he said that I was glad. 'Tain't the least thing in the world to turn a sinner from the error o' his ways, is it? I used to think Jabe wa'n't quite so smart as other children, but he'll do. If he ain't got but one talent he don't bury it in no napkin an' he don't squander it. He does his best an' Jabe'll do! I guess tain't more smartness the world stands in need of, so much as 'tis a willin' mind ter use what there is. Jabe is all right, an' I'm proud of 'im!"

Coughing all Night.
 An old cough. You've tried many things and they all failed. You ought to be uneasy. Summer is here, so is the cough, and a summer cough is always dangerous. You can get instant relief and speedy cure by breathing Catarrhazone. This remarkable lung and throat remedy relieves congestion, promotes expectoration and cures the cough in a few hours. Thousands say Catarrhazone is an unfailing cure for coughs and colds 25c. and \$1.00 at R. O'Leary's General Store, Richibucto.

SPECIAL EXCURSIONS TO ST. JOHN.
 DURING THE VISIT OF THEIR ROYAL HIGHNESSES, THE DUKE AND DUCHESS OF YORK.
 Arrangements have been completed with the principal Railroad and Steamship Lines offering exceptional inducements to visit St. John at this time, thus affording an opportunity to take part in the celebrations which are being prepared on an elaborate scale by the Provincial Government and City Council.
 Return tickets will be issued at one single first class fare, good to leave on Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday, October 15th, 16th and 17th, and good to return, leaving St. John up to and including Wednesday, October 23rd, 1901; excepting in the case of the Dominion Atlantic Railway, whose tickets will be good to leave on Monday, October 14th Wednesday, October 16th and Thursday, October 17th, returning up to the including Wednesday, October 23rd. Excursions by the Intercolonial Railway apply only to their line in New Brunswick.
 The arches to be erected in various parts of the city will be unique and beautiful.
 The decorations and illuminations, public and private, will be on a grander scale than ever before in the history of St. John.
 Among the attractions will be a great display of fireworks which will take place from floats in the harbor.
 Other events will be the distribution of medals to the South African heroes, presentation of addresses, the evening reception in the Exhibition Building, and the largest and most imposing military review ever witnessed in this province.
 All visitors will be welcome at the St. John Board of Trade's new rooms, 85 Prince William Street, where will also be found the Bureau of Information of the Tourist Association.
 In the Board rooms will be found the latest newspapers, both local and foreign, trade papers, etc. Out of town merchants are free to write their letters and have their mail addressed there.
 Those desiring to make enquiries or obtain information, will please address or enquire of
 F. O. ALLISON, Secretary,
 St. John Board of Trade.

CASTORIA
 For Infants and Children.
 The fact is simple and true. It is on every wrapper.
 NOTHING DOING.
 "Did't git somethin' t' eat at dat house, Weary?"
 "Nii! W'en I broaches de subject, de loidy springs a joke on me."
 "Wot was de joke?"
 "Aw, de same old saw!"—Denver Times.
 Bentley's Liniment cures Croup.

KITCHENER LOSES THIRTEEN SCOUTS.
 HELLBROOK, ORANGE RIVER COLONY, Oct. 7.—Thirteen of Kitchener's Scouts have been captured in a Boer ambush.
 LONDON, Oct. 10.—The secretary for war, Mr. Brodrick, replying to Sir Charles Howard Vincent's offer to raise fresh troops or do anything else to assist the government, declines the proposal and, in doing so, lengthily reviews the British position in South Africa, obviously in answer to the persistent and searching criticisms of the ministerial journal and members of parliament, that the government is languidly content to let the war drag on. Mr. Brodrick says that nothing Lord Kitchener has asked for has not been promptly met. He adds:
 "We have, roughly, 200,000 men and 450 guns in South Africa, and over 100,000 men are under training at home. We have no difficulty, therefore in keeping the field army up to its requisite strength, by drafts, and if a future call be made, we are in position to meet it with the utmost promptitude."
 Mr. Brodrick says the anxiety can be set at rest at home. The government has never interfered with Lord Kitchener, in whose vigorous prosecution of the war they have entire confidence. He points out again to the vast extent of the country.
 LONDON, Oct. 10.—The chancellor of the exchequer, Sir Michael Hicks-Beach, speaking at Odham today, said he believed parliament would be summoned earlier than usual, but would not be called to attend an autumn session, contending that organized resistance in South Africa really ended a year ago, and that only guerillas were now in the field. He said the British government of the Orange River Colony had raised nearly as much revenue as was raised before the war.
 Sir Michael also explained that the special object of the extension of martial law at Cape Town and elsewhere was to stop the supplies of ammunition which had been making their way through Cape Colony to the Boers and rebels.

CHOKY "HEART"
 Do you have that dreaded sensation of suffocation—fluttering and palpitation—ever feel as though every heart beat would be the last one? If you do, your heart is struggling under too heavy a load—and needs help.
 Dr. Agnew's Cure for the Heart will bring it's "strong arm" to your rescue—it quiets, soothes, stops pain in an incredibly short while, and will cure the most obstinate Heart Disease—no matter how deep-seated. One dose gives relief in thirty minutes. 35

THE BRIGHT SCHOLAR.
 Only one boy remained standing in the "spelling down" contest.
 "Pseudoperipteral," said the teacher languidly.
 "P-s-e-u-d-o-p-e-r-i-p-t-e-r-a-l," spelled the bright scholar.
 "Bed," said the teacher.
 "B-e-d-d," said the bright scholar.
 "Wrong," said the teacher. "How did you happen to fall down on such a simple word as bed?"
 "Because," said the bright scholar, "I am tired, and I am sure there is nothing better to fall down on."
 And he rolled over and went to sleep.
 —Indianapolis Sun.

"OIL OF GLADNESS"
 South American Nerve has proved itself the "oil of gladness" to many a nerve-sick sufferer. It starts to work at the fountain-head of the trouble—the digestion. It tones the stomach, helps to assimilate the food, promotes healthy circulation, stimulates the flow of rich, red blood, accelerates the action of the organs.
 South American Nerve cures nervousness, sleeplessness, neuralgia, nervous prostration, nervous choking, nervous twitchings, hot flushes, sick head-ache, dyspepsia, indigestion, and all kindred ailments. It is the very nectar of health. 34

STRONG AND VIGOROUS.
 Every Organ of the Body Toned up and invigorated by

 Mr. F. W. Meyers, King St. E., Berlin, Ont., says: "I suffered for five years with palpitation, shortness of breath, sleeplessness and pain in the heart, but one box of Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills completely removed all these distressing symptoms. I have not suffered since taking them, and now sleep well and feel strong and vigorous."
 Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills cure all diseases arising from weak heart, worn out nerve tissues, or watery blood.

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