

THE BACHELOR'S LOVE.

loved a maid with all my heart, And even now I feel the smart Of Cupid's dart, But in those days I never could Quite make my feelings understood As lovers would.

loved her from the very day We chanced to cross each other's way, But I must say I never dared to tell her so, For fear I would be my overthrow Were she to know.

When e'er I met her on the street, And saw those eyes and smile so sweet, I heard the beat Of my own heart. I blushed, and then When she was gone, kept wondering when We'd meet again.

Sometimes I thought that I would write And tell her all in black and white, My wretched plight; I wrote love-letters, read them o'er, And into fifty bits or more Each sheet I tore.

One lovely summer evening I Strolled up her street—don't ask me why— And saw, O My! The one for whom I would have died, And he who won her for his bride Was by her side.

Years have gone by; I'm single yet; But somehow I cannot forget That girl I met When I was young, so long ago, That girl destined to never know I loved her so.

—Linden Carter.

The Wraith of the Cellar.

You will come to the game Thanksgiving Day, won't you Mabel?" he asked, imploringly. "No, I thank you," she answered, icily. The young fellow's face fell.

"Why not?" "Because I don't approve of football. All you think of is how best you can develop your physique. To say the least, it is horribly animal."

Tom flushed. "Thanks. You used to like athletic sports. What do you think I ought to develop?" he asked, bluntly. "You? Oh, I don't know anything about you. Probably you only have a body to develop. But if you ask me what I like, I am forced to confess that I like intellect and soul."

Tom was angry, but at that he laughed. "Well Mabel, I always flattered myself that I was not lacking in intellect, and I fail to see why all three, soul, mind and body, cannot be enlarged—but I forgot that you are a member of the metaphysical-psychological society now. Well, as I am too much of the earth-earthy to please so occult a maiden as you, I might as well go and play golf with Bessie Lowndes, she is not yet a full-fledged astral body. Here comes Armour, the president of your spook club. I leave you to discuss mentality with him."

He lifted his cap carelessly, and strolled off with an air of indifference that he was far from feeling. "Confound it! Mabel used to be the jolliest and nicest girl in the town until this fellow came to enlighten our benighted village. She was the best tennis player, cyclist and golfer of all the girls. At the football games she infused the dullest fellow with her interest. Now she has gone in for soul, and talks mind to me till I wish that I were a dog or a cat. She hates people to develop their bodies; she says that we must look for less quantity and more quality in man. I think I'll send the minister around to her to explain that the length, breadth and height of a city are equal, and that means that we must develop all our gifts equally to be symmetrical. Well, I can't decrease my size by taking thought any more than Armour can add a cubic to his by thinking of it. If I had the will of that Armour I'd—and the young athlete doubled his fist and scowled angrily. "As for Mabel—I'd like to shake her, and then—well, then—to kiss her."

This time he laughed and entered Miss Lowndes's garden. Meanwhile Mabel watched him walk down the road. She was angry and she told herself that it was never, never jealousy, but contempt for so frivolous a creature. She turned with exaggerated interest to meet Mr. William Augustus Armour, and was soon engaged in the deepest metaphysical discussion. By dinner time she was in such an uplifted condition that she loathed the body, and felt it an insult that she should be expected to partake of food.

The following week Tom Gilbert and Mr. Armour called the same evening on Miss Castleton. She was all intellect and graciousness. Tom was relieved, however, that she was still able to pin a few distracting bows on her hair and throat. Bessie Lowndes was also present. Mr. Armour was in great feather. He stepped them to the eyebrows in occultism and Madame Blavatsky; harangued them on the astral body and retransmutation; talked telepathy, palmistry, clairvoyance, clair-audience, and at last got down to materialization of spirits. The girls had only given a half-hearted hearing. Tom thought until 'ghosts' were mentioned; then they shivered with pleasure and fear. Mr. Armour grew eloquent as he described the 'glimpes of the moon,' numbers of whom he himself had seen.

He craned his small neck and tried to look massive. He recalled his stories.

King's Evil

That is Scrofula. 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.

He was in the midst of a most thrilling account of a headless horseman, when a deep hollow voice resounded through the room. The two girls shivered and started. Mr. Armour turned deadly pale. "What is that?" he asked in hardly audible tones.

Tom laughed. "One of your ghosts come to call." "How can you be so brutal, Tom?" asked Mabel.

"Mr. Gilbert is a sceptic," Armour said, mildly and coldly. His tones and Mabel's reproachful eyes enraged Tom. He forgot his manners.

"Yes!" he blazed. "I am! I have too much respect for my friends who have gone from this planet to believe that they would belittle themselves to come whistling, groaning and shrieking around, or appearing in fearful mould, just to scare silly, timid women."

He was interrupted by another of those horrible hollow sounds. "It is under my feet!" screamed Bessie, and she jumped upon a chair.

Armour rose hastily. "I am afraid I must leave, Miss Castleton," he said. "No, Mr. Armour, not until these mysterious noises are explained," entreated Mabel.

"Yes," again laughed that heartless Tom, "you have roused the ghost, you must lay him, Armour."

Mr. Armour sank feebly back. Again that awful sound. "It comes from the cellar," said Mabel, and, remembering that Marley's ghost came up out of the cellar, she moved nearer Tom.

"The flooring is so thin that we can always hear sounds from there," she concluded. "I'll soon find out said Tom. 'If he is a ghost he has the worst cold that I've heard. Perhaps a change from a warmer climate to this one has given him bronchitis.'

"Oh, Tom, how awful of you! but you mustn't go alone. Mr. Armour, you have such knowledge, such occult power, surely you will be safe to go?" This from Mabel.

"Who, I? Oh I assure you, Miss Castleton, if I thought it was an unhappy spirit—a murderer perhaps—forced to return to earth, I should be only too pleased to interview him."

"You have a queer taste," muttered Tom, "but I fear that groan proceeds from some material being. Then come along; you aren't afraid of a man, are you?"

"Fear? Certainly not, but my time is limited; I think I had best remain with the young ladies. I feel that I am of so spiritual a nature that with rude clay I should be at a disadvantage. Oh, good gracious! there it goes again; this is really extraordinary."

At that instant the goddess from the kitchen, throwing the parlour door open, rushed in as though she had been propelled from without. She fell on her knees before Miss Castleton.

"Honest to heaven, Miss Mabel, I wint down into the cellar for some coal"—sob, sob—"and it's the truth I do be after tellin' you. I was lanin' over to get the coal, and—oh, Lord! Lord—I heard the awfallest size, jis' like a person coughin' tight under my feet. Oh, glory, it would scare the wits of any person right out of them. I wouldn't go back into that cellar, not for all the gold in Ameriky and there's niver a word of thrath in w'at Mary McGinnis do be after sayin' ag'inst my lookin' at Mike Casey when I cum out av church, sure, and it's a dacent lad he is, sure, and second cousin to me own uncle in glory, God rist his soul!"

"Down she sank in a mass on the floor, shaking and sobbing. "Under your feet?" asked Bessie.

"Yes, miss; it came right up from out av the ground. It's no human bein', sure. It's a ghost that hiven nor, till won't be either havin', sure."

"Well, I am going to find out what it is," declared the redoubtable Tom, seizing a poker.

Bessie screamed, and caught him by the arm. "Don't, don't leave us with the—thing," she wailed, pointing to the dough by Mr. Armour.

Tom released himself, shaking with laughter. "Let me go and see what the nuisance is," he said. Mabel suddenly caught up the tongue. "If you will go, Tom," she said, with a break in her voice, "I'll—I'll be killed with you."

It was mean of Tom, when she was so frightened and yet so stanch, but he couldn't forego his revenge. "Oh, you'd better stay with Armour, I'm only a great big body, you know. Now, Armour is all soul."

Just then the fearful, snorting sound was heard again. Armour fell forward on the sofa and hid his head. Mabel stamped her foot.

"All soul! All coward, you mean, and I hate a coward!" "Come on," answered Tom, feeling brave enough now to conquer any terror that might walk by night.

Into every nook he put his head and the poker, but nothing could be found, yet every few moments that awful sound was heard. At last he stood in the centre of the cellar, uncertain where to look. Mabel was shaking from head to foot.

"Oh, come upstairs; see, there is nothing to find. Oh, dear! that sound is uncanny, isn't it?" "Miss Mabel! Miss Mabel!" called a voice from the stairway. "The poor gentleman in the parlor is takin' on awful and Miss Bessie is in a dead faint. Hove-t to hiven, what a quare nize!" Down on her knees went Mary, uttering appalling shrieks and pointing in the corner of the cellar, Mabel clung to Tom, weeping.

"Oh, Tom, I'm so thankful you're so big," she moaned. "What is it, Mary? Stop your howling and tell me what you see!" demanded the athlete.

"Somethin' atwixt the ash barrel and the wall," she answered, her eyes nearly starting out of their sockets.

Tom gave Mabel a hasty embrace and deposited her on the cellar steps. With one bound he reached the ash barrel, threw it over, and raised his poker in his hand for a tremendous blow upon the unseen foe. Suddenly he dropped it and laughed aloud. Amid the blinding clouds of dust and ashes which filled the cellar he discerned, crouched close to the wall, a small, black and disconsolate-looking being it opened its mouth and gave forth the sound which caused so much alarm.

At that moment Jim, the ten-year-old hope of the family, strolled in. "What in Jingo's name are you doing with my hen?" he demanded. "She's got the croup awful bad—hear her snort when she breathes? I put her in here just before I went to the circus. Gee! what's Mabel doing there, too?"

"Learning to admire common sense and courage," answered his sister, meekly. "The most enthusiastic young woman at the football match on Thanksgiving Day was Mabel Castleton."

WHY CROUP IS FATAL

When croup attacks your child you must be ready for it. It comes as an accompaniment to an ordinary cough, or it may attack without warning. All ills of children develop quickly, and when any kind of cough appears there should be something at hand to stop it with promptness. Many a child has choked to death with croup because the right remedy was not convenient. Every one should know that the right safeguard for a child's cough or any cough is Adamson's Botanic Cough Balsam. With this soothing compound in the house, croup is always easily checked and relieved.

To give a child a "cough mixture" containing a narcotic is a very serious matter, yet most preparations contain something of this kind. Adamson's Botanic Balsam is prepared from the purest extracts of herbs and roots and gums of trees, and is health-giving in every component part of it. Wherever it touches an inflamed surface, it heals and soothes it. Nothing ever compounded for cough is so harmless, and nothing so efficacious. Adamson's Balsam is an old remedy and it has never lost a friend through failure to help. Keep it in the house. Try it on your own cough and do your child a good turn by being ready for any emergency. Price 25c. at any druggist's.

NEW PATENTS.

The following patents, granted by the American government, have been recently procured through the agency of Messrs. Marion & Marion, Patent Attorneys, Montreal Can. and Washington, U. S.

Information regarding any of these patents will be supplied free of charge by applying to the firm above mentioned.

651,077—Etienne Poulin, St. Germain de Grantham, P. Q., Railway crossing frogs.

651,400—William Rioux, Fall River, Mass., Shuttle guard.

651,462—Alphonse Vezein, Bedleyville, P. Q., Car coupler.

651,644—Narcisse Leger, Valleyfield, P. Q., Potato digger.

651,711—Gordon R. Kennedy, Winchester, Ont., Nut lock.

654,077—Eric Marchand, St. Prime, Lake St. John, P. Q., Stone and stump extractor.

655,921—P. J. M. Waslying, Savanne, Ont., Safety envelop.

655,104—G. P. Clapp, Montreal, P. Q., Nail making machine.

655,853—Joseph Zotique Lejeune, Terrebonne, P. Q., Beverage.

RAIN. The patient rain at early summer dawn; The long, lone autumn drip; the damp, sweet hush. Of springtime, when the glittering drops seem gone into the first notes of the hidden thrush; The solemn, dreary beat Of winter rain and sleet; The mad, sweet, passionate calling of the showers To the unblossomed hours; The driving, restless, midnight sweep of rain; The fitful sobbing and the smile again Of spring's childhood; the fierce, unquenching pour Of low hung leaden clouds; the evermore Prophetic beauty of the sunset storm; Transfigured, into color and to form Across the sky, O wondrous changing rain! Changeful and full of temper as man's life; Impetuous, fierce, unquenching, kind again; Prophetic, beautiful, soothing, full of strife; Through all thy changing passions hear not we Thy eternal note of the unchanging sea. —Laura Spencer Porter in Atlantic.

A CHIEF DISPATCHER.

One Railroad Official Who Has All Work and No Play.

The chief train dispatcher "handles the power," distributes the cars to the various stations, decides what freight trains shall be run and in what order, and in the operation of trains. The duties of the superintendent and the trainmaster keep them away from the office about half the time, traveling up and down the line, stopping overnight at important stations and terminals. The chief dispatcher is always at headquarters and is the man of details. He is assisted by a "trick dispatcher" for each dispatching district. Like the sentinels at Gibraltar, the three trick dispatchers never leave their post unguarded. It may happen for a few minutes some Sunday night that there is not a train running, "not a wheel a-turnin on the division," as the men say, but there sits the dispatcher, the ever ready representative of the official staff, the incarnation of alert administration. Where business is heavy and the management is progressive there is a night chief also, who thus renders the position of chief dispatcher uninterrupted.

These chiefs work 12 hours each, as the nervous tension is less than that of a trick dispatcher, who is "glued to the train wire" his entire tour. In the absence of a night chief the details are looked after by the trick dispatcher, whose work becomes much more responsible. The chief in such a case usually comes down after supper and maps out the night work and sometimes breaks in later with instructions on the train wire, which is "cut in" at his room.

The railroad man is seldom entirely out of touch with his work. The telegraph sounder lulls the tired chief to rest and wakes him in the morning. So trained is his ear that if wanted at night the dispatcher has to "sound" the private call on the wire only a few times to elicit a response from the sleeping chief. On Sundays the chief is on hand most of the day in obedience to the unwritten railroad commandment. "Six days shalt thou labor, and the seventh come down to the office and catch up." In most occupations "all work and no play makes Jack a dull boy," but in railroading it makes him a bright boy, so stimulating and fascinating is the excitement of the work.

Rise of the Mustache.

The custom of wearing mustaches did not prevail in France until the reign of Louis Philippe, when it became obligatory in the whole French army. In England the mustache was worn by Hussars after the peace of 1815, and it was not until the close of the Crimean war that English civilians as well as English soldiers in general wore hair on the lip.

Shortly after the mustache came into favor among gentlemen Horace Mayhew was passing through an English country town, and was immediately noted and followed by a small army of children, who pointed to his lip and called out derisively:

"He's got whiskers under his snout! He's got whiskers under his snout!" For a long time the mustache was the subject of railery, even after it was becoming common, and the famous caricaturist, Leech, printed in Punch a picture of two old-fashioned women who, when they were spoken to by bearded railway guards, fell on their knees and cried out: "Take all we have, gentlemen, but spare our lives!"

A Difference.

"Sir," he said to the manager of the store, "I want to warn you against that clerk at the ribbon counter. I understand he has a wife in the east and left her on account of his bad habits, and his character, sir, his character?"

The visitor became emphatic and excited. "I beg your pardon," interrupted the manager. "You were saying something about his character."

"Well, sir, they say"— "Ah, quite a difference, my dear sir; quite a difference. My friend, such people as you may establish a reputation for a man, but you can't touch his character. A man's character is what he is; his reputation is what people say he is. Good day, sir."

And the young man at the ribbon counter just kept on working and didn't feel a breeze.

Instructed as to His Duties.

A young clerk in a wholesale house has been spending a large portion of his salary for the last few days buying cigars for friends who are "on" to a joke that was perpetrated on him. His employer engaged a new boy, and as soon as the boy came to the establishment he was instructed in his duties by our friend, who had been promoted to the position of assistant bookkeeper and given a small office by himself. About an hour after the boy started in the "boss" came around and, seeing him working, asked: "Has the assistant bookkeeper told you what to do?"

"Yes, sir," was the prompt reply; "he told me to wake him up when I saw you coming around."—Albany Journal.

A Judicial Mistake.

"Cordin' t' th' statoots," began Judge Wayback as he stood up. "I'll hev 'em giv' ten years t' th' penitentiary."

"But," exclaimed the lawyer for the defendant jumping to his feet, "there are extenuating circumstances."

"They is?" cried the judge in alarm. "Ef I thought they'durned if I wouldn't giv' 'em 15 years."

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