

MR. DORSEY'S STUNT.

BY RUTH T. NETTLETON.

Promptly at nine o'clock a light, shining automobile, 'The Diamond Roadster,' sped up the long drive.

Mr. Dorsey, three hundred pounds of good nature inclosed in irreproachable white flannel, walked slowly down to meet it. A delicate blue tie fluttered on his breast, but aside from this bit of color his costume from white canvas shoes to white broadcloth cap, was as spotless as virgin snow.

Even in holiday attire his carriage was military, noticeably erect.

As chief of police, in his garb of office, with diamond star adash upon his bosom, and between his brows the stern official furrows which he put on and off with his uniform, Mr. Dorsey's was an awesome presence.

The young man who propelled the automobile moved a slender, nickel plated lever into a socket and the machine stopped noiselessly.

'Bravo!' roiled out Mr. Dorsey's deep, kindly voice. 'She stops like a charm. Now let's see her go. Of course you're Stevens from the Western Company?'

'Yes, sir—on your order for a trial spin at nine.'

Mr. Dorsey ponderously ascerdend and took his place beside the slim young man, whose physical structure fortunately enabled him to occupy one-fourth of the seating capacity without discomfort.

'I'm afraid I'm a little late,' said Stevens when they were well under way, 'but we entered a machine just like this for the road race to-day. One of her valves went wrong just as the fellow was starting out with her, and it was up to me to fix it.'

'Where is the race?' asked Mr. Dorsey, with interest.

'From the Cross Roads to the County Club House. Five miles. It'll be rather a unique thing. I imagine—there's a thousand dollar cup offered. Hello! There comes our man, now. He's testing his speed for the flying start.'

Mr. Dorsey turned and saw another automobile, twin to their own, rapidly bringing up the rear.

It overtook and passed them in a flash, with a wave of its driver's cap. A long wake of quivering steam lay behind it, like a serpent's trail.

Mr. Dorsey's round visage flushed with excitement.

'There are more coming a quarter of a mile back,' he cried. 'Dig in the spurs swing her up against the wind, and we'll make the Cross Roads in time to see the start!'

Mr. Dorsey was almost standing up in his enthusiasm and tossed his metaphors about with pleasing disregard for appropriateness.

The wheels gave forth a humming sound; the wind sang in Mr. Dorsey's blue tie; they gained the Cross Roads in three minutes.

There was an ominous, metallic whistling from behind a clamp of trees where a small lane left the main road. Stevens listened a moment and then threw down the steering bar and leaped to the ground.

'The devil! That's our machine. He's burned his boiler out! You sit still, Mr. Dorsey—as that startled person also prepared to alight. 'Just don't touch any of those little handles or screws that you see, and you're all right. I'll be here in a minute.'

Mr. Dorsey gasped and settled back; his companion had disappeared.

The automobile was in a shady spot, well to the side of the road. The seat was comfortable and I think Mr. Dorsey nodded a little.

At all events, when the sound of loud huzzas from a row of small boys on the fence, and a roar and rattle as of charging artillery, met his ear, he was obliged to grasp the sides of the carriage to gain an erect posture.

By mistake his hand closed upon one of the harmless looking nickel plated levers; it moved forward some five inches and slipped into a socket before Mr. Dorsey bethought himself to let go, so frozen was he with horror that it should move at all.

Zip! Whirr! Thirteen automobiles of widely differing structure swept by him like wind, but Mr. Dorsey saw them not. His eyes protruded with terror; he grasped the steering handle as a drowning sailor grasps a spar. He had inadvertently put on full speed pressure and had no knowledge of how to reverse it.

He understood the steering, for he had noticed that the principle was the same as that of the bicycle, but there his understanding ceased, and he dared not experiment beyond wildly tugging at the fatal lever, and finding it immovable in its present position.

The steam began to rush out of the boiler; a thin jet hissed from the valve under the carriage.

Like a war horse, charging to the fray, the Diamond Roadster made a magnificent leap, nearly sending Mr. Dorsey flying after his hat, and took the middle of the road in a direct bee line for a black spot in the distance where throngs of expectant people were waiting to see the automobiles pass the starting line.

The machines that had already passed him were now well ahead, bearing down the road at breakneck speed, in the full swing of their flying start.

That Mr. Dorsey's maternal grandfather had once followed the dark calling of horse jockey was a fact long since buried from the public, but the tinge of sporting blood that tainted the purer fluid in Mr. Dorsey's veins was the 'real thing,' and now began to leap, exultant.

When he found that the steering gear was manageable his courage returned in a tidal wave. His fat hands guided the flying carriage with a steady grip.

He wavered not for bump nor rut nor steep down grade, but took each vicissitude that beset his path without finching, and he gained steadily.

'I'm going to be the whole thing in this race, whether I want to or not,' he stutered, between jolts, smiling strangely. 'I'll win out all right, but where in thunder am I going to stop?'

Another rifle shot split the air; his time was taken.

He had passed three of the contestants already, and crossed the line amid deafening cheers from the army of onlookers, whose sympathies appeared to be all with the hatless fat man, his suit thick with dust, his hair and eyebrows gray with it, and his teeth showing in an easy smile as he bowed to right and left, but kept his eyes always on the road before him.

Owing to the prominence of his public office, his face and immense size were well known. Some one in the crowd recognized him at once and shouted his name; it was caught up by many voices and went down the long line of spectators that bordered the road.

The people went wild. When the Country Club House came into view Mr. Dorsey saw that a yet larger throng filled the piazzas and crowded even to the edge of the highway.

He was now well in the lead; the goal flag was near, and three hundred yards beyond it the road was blocked with carriages.

To the left, beyond the Club House, were the golf grounds, the pride of Lakewood. They had been modeled after the famous Glencraggen Links on the Scottish estate of the Duke of Gloucester.

Water hazards and bunkers abounded; a frail rustic fence, reinforced by a thorny hedge, shut off the road.

Even at the height of his triumph, with his own name sounding in his ears like thunder from a thousand straining throats, with the goal flag just before him, Mr. Dorsey felt an overpowering longing to lie down and rest.

He passed the goal in perfect form, but the Diamond Roadster, obedient to her open throttle, kept her way down the road at the same frightful speed.

Mr. Dorsey made another frantic, useless tug at the lever; he saw that in a moment he must crash into the group of carriages which, with their freight of gaily dressed women, filled the road a few yards ahead. His only alternative was the fence.

Beyond this inclosure—well, Mr. Dorsey resolutely shut out the future from his mental vision and moved the steering handle steadily to the left.

The carriage made a gradual turn without losing equilibrium, although it careened dangerously for a moment; then, plowing recklessly through the thorn hedge, with lacerated tires it charged on the fence.

The compact demolished three rails and bent the dashboard in against Mr. Dorsey's knees, but the Diamond Roadster had the bit in her teeth and went dauntlessly on.

The golf grounds were smooth shaven; around three sides lay the lake, cool and silent under the noon sun.

The golf players scattered frantically as the wild automobile dashed into the field. 'Oh, stop him! He'll go in the lake!' the women screamed, but no heroic soul rose to the occasion.

The Diamond Roadster was in full cry across the links, giving out hoarse notes of warning now, for Mr. Dorsey's foot had found the gong.

Suddenly before him loomed the highest of the bunkers, a soft mound of earth that rose gradually to a height of seven feet. Here at last might be a haven from that awful state of breathless transit which Mr. Dorsey gaspingly felt he could endure no longer.

The Diamond Roadster seemed to realize that his little space of fierce, intoxicating freedom was approaching the end, for with a baffled shriek of escaping steam it took the bunker head on.

They helped Mr. Dorsey out of an adjacent water hazard, smiling and uninjured, but a trifle dazed.

His white flannel suit, its generous coating of dust now figuring as mud, hung limply about his stalwart person. As for the blue tie and the white canvas shoes, their day had been brief, but eventful.

The Diamond Roadster lay on its back, panting out its life in agonized jets of steam, while the wheels revolved more and more slowly as the ebbing pulse grew feebler.

Mr. Dorsey, loudly remonstrating, was carried into the club house by four strong men.

Young Stevens and the driver of the disabled machine that should have taken part in the race arrived on the scene some five minutes later and entered the club house at once, attracted by wild cheers from within.

They saw Mr. Dorsey standing on the platform at one end. The president of

Torpid Liver

Is sometimes responsible for difficult digestion, that is, DYSPEPSIA.

When it is, What headache, dizziness, constipation, What fits of despondency, What fears of imaginary evils, conduce with the distress after eating, the sourness of the stomach, the bad taste in the mouth, and so forth, to make the life of the sufferer scarcely worth living!

Dyspepsia resulted from torpid liver in the case of Mrs. Jones, 2320 N. 12th St., Philadelphia, Pa., who was a great sufferer.

Her statement made in her 77th year is that she was completely cured of it and all its attendant aches and pains, as others have been, by a faithful use of

Hood's Sarsaparilla

That acts on all the digestive organs, cures dyspepsia, and give permanent vigor and tone to the whole system.

The Lakewood Automobile Club also occupied the stand.

He had evidently just concluded some well chosen remarks concerning Mr. Dorsey and his prowess, for that embarrassed individual was beaming cheerfully through the little streams of mud that trickled down from his hair.

The applause was swelled into a deafening storm as he stepped to the front of the platform and bowed profoundly, with a gracious smile. In his arms he held the thousand dollar loving cup.

Your Nerves Are Weak

You sleep badly, appetite variable. You eat but gain no strength. Morning tiredness makes you wish it were night. When night comes refreshing sleep is hard to obtain. You're run down, your blood is thin and watery, your nerves have grown weak, the thought of effort worries you. You need Ferrozone; it makes blood—red, strong blood. An appetite! You'll eat everything and digest it, too. Strength? That's what plenty of food gives. Ferrozone gives hope, vigor, vim, endurance. Use Ferrozone and get strong. Sold by R. O'Leary, General Merchant, Richibucto.

DIDN'T NEED A NERVE TONIC.

(From the New York Times.)

He had called on a Fifth avenue physician and reported that he was "knocked out generally." As he took the prescription, he said:

"Well, doctor, what do I owe you?"

"Two dollars."

"I'm sorry I can't pay you to-day. You won't mind waiting a while, will you?"

"No; that's all right."

"And, doctor, how much will this prescription cost?"

"About one dollar."

"Say, doc, you couldn't lend me a dollar to get it with, could you? I'm dead broke."

"Let me look at that prescription again," said the physician. He took it, examined it, and erased a line.

"I had prescribed something for your nerve," he said, "but I see you don't need it."

KIDNEY-WORRY

When the Kidneys fail to perform their functions perfectly you may know that the tension on the health cable is too great—and it's time to call a halt.

South American Kidney Cure eases the strain—prevents Kidney-Worry—and will put them to rights when they are worried. It is the only medicine necessary when kidney treatment is required, because it cures any form of Kidney disease. Purely and solely a Kidney Specific. Thousands have tested it—and owe their lives to it. It relieves in six hours.

A QUESTION OF OWNERSHIP.

"Are you the man who advertises 'Own your own home?'" said the dejected looking caller.

"I am," answered the real estate dealer.

"Well, I'd like to get the receipt."

"The what?"

"The receipt. The modus operandi. I want to know what to do to own my own home. Our cook has a temper like a raging lion and muscles like Hercules. If you can, tell me how to dispossess her. Money's no object."

WHAT CAUSES PAIN?

Most pains and aches come from excess of uric acid poisons in the blood, due to deranged kidneys, rheumatism, backache, lumbago, pains in the sides and limbs accompanied by bladder and urinary troubles, are warnings too serious and painful to be neglected. Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills act directly and specifically on the Kidneys, make them active, vigorous and thoroughly cure these ailments. One 25 cent box of this great Kidney medicine will do you a world of good.

HE WASN'T IT.

"My dear Miss Billmore," sadly wrote young Hankinson, "I return herewith your kind note, in which you accept my offer of marriage. You will observe that it begins 'Dear George.' I do not know who George is, but my name, as you know, is William."—Chicago Tribune.

Stops the Cough and works off the Cold.

Laxative Bromo-Quinine Tablets cure a cold in one day. No Cure, No Pay. Price 25 cents.

CENSUS RETURNS ARE GIVEN OUT.

THE TOTAL POPULATION OF THE DOMINION IS 5,369,666.

OTTAWA, Jan. 15.—The census department gave out to-day the official figures of the census of 1901 for the whole Dominion. The total population is 5,369,666. By provinces it is as follows:

Prince Edward Island.....	103,259
Nova Scotia.....	459,574
New Brunswick.....	331,120
Quebec.....	1,645,898
Ontario.....	2,182,942
Manitoba.....	254,947
British Columbia.....	177,272
North West Territory.....	158,941
Yukon.....	27,167
Unorganized Districts.....	25,546

Total..... 5,369,666

The unit of representative is therefore 25,367.

It is found by dividing 65, the number of representatives in Quebec, into the population of that province, the representation by population will therefore stand as follows:

British Columbia.....	7 members
North West Territories.....	6 members
Manitoba.....	10 members
Ontario.....	56 members
Quebec.....	65 members
New Brunswick.....	13 members
Nova Scotia.....	18 members
Prince Edward Island.....	4 members
Yukon.....	1 member

Total..... 210

This shows that British Columbia will gain one member, North West two, Manitoba three, while one goes to the Yukon. The losses are six members in Ontario, one in New Brunswick, two in Nova Scotia and one in Prince Edward Island.

The representation in the present parliament is 23, in other words, while seven will be added after the redistribution ten will have to be deducted, making a difference of three less than at present.

The figures were as follows:—

Prince Edward Island.....	100,078
Nova Scotia.....	450,396
New Brunswick.....	321,203
Quebec.....	1,488,535
Ontario.....	2,114,221
Manitoba.....	152,506
British Columbia.....	98,173
Northwest Territories, Yukon and Unorganized territories....	32,168

Total..... 4,833,239

DIAMOND DYES EARTH'S FIRST AND BEST.

Diamond Dyes the peoples' choice. Diamond Dyes make all rejoice; Diamond Dyes for mothers, wives, Diamond Dyes make glad their lives, Diamond Dyes are fast and true, Diamond Dyes make old things new; Diamond Dyes cost but a dime, Diamond Dyes save money, time; Diamond Dyes a household name, Diamond Dyes have world-wide fame; Diamond Dyes stand every test, Diamond Dyes earth's first and best.

Have you tried to make a Hooked Mat or Rug? With such helpers as Diamond Dyes to color your materials, any intelligent woman can make up a pretty floor ornament. Send your address to The Wells & Richardson Co., Limited, 200 Mountain St., Montreal, P. Q. and you will be sent sheets of pretty designs.

WHO HE WAS.

"Wait a minute, John. Don't read so fast. Who was it that there crowd turned out?"

"Eh! Turned out?"

"Yes; you read it there that the crowd turned out N. Mass. Who was N. Mass?"

"Why, I suppose he's some Frenchman. You ought to listen closer."

FREE A SILVER WATCH FREE



LADIES OR GENT'S SIZE

In order to have Dr. Arnold's English Tonic Pills in every home in Canada, we will give away to every person who will act as agent for us, and sell only 10 boxes of Dr. Arnold's Tonic Pills, at 50c per box a Reliable Silver Watch, open face or hunting case (1. Ladies or Gent's size as desired). We do not want any money until you have sold the Pills. Just send us your name and address and we will send you the Pills post paid with full particulars, together with our illustrated circular, describing the watch. This is the greatest offer ever made by any medicine concern in the world. Dr. Arnold's English Tonic Pills are a standard medicine that cures the disease by killing the germs that cause the disease. Thousands of testimonials have been received from all classes of people who have been cured of Kidney Trouble, Rheumatism, Backache, Female Troubles, etc. Any smart person ought to sell 10 boxes in a few evenings. Remember, we don't want any money in advance. If you are willing to act for us send your name and address, and we will send you the Pills with full particulars.

ADDRESS: ARNOLD MEDICINE CO., Dept. W. + C. Toronto.

J. & T. Jardine,

DIRECT IMPORTERS OF BRITISH AND FOREIGN GOODS, —AND— WHOLESALE AND RETAIL DEALERS —IN—

FLOUR, CORNMEAL OATMEAL, COFFEE.

TEA, SUGAR, TOBACCO,

COARSE SALT, in bulk and bags, DAIRY SALT,

Molasses, Biscuits, Cheese,

PORK AND BEEF,

HAMS, OATS, BRAN AND SHORTS.

HARDWARE, CROCKERYWARE, GLASSWARE

BOOTS AND SHOES

DRY GOODS.

Ready-Made Clothing, Scotch Horse Collars,

IRON, CHAIN, ANCHORS, ROPE,

NAILS OF EVERY DESCRIPTION LIBE.

English House Coal.

blacksmith's Coal

SHINGLES, DEALS, BOARDS AND SCANTLING,

PITCH-PINE, HARDWOOD, LATHS, etc.

Rexton, Kent County, N. B.

Cut this out

and return it to us with a year's subscription to THE REVIEW.

The Review

RICHIBUCTO, N. B.

Enclosed find \$1.00 for which send me for one year THE REVIEW.

NAME.....

POST OFFICE ADDRESS.....

ADDRESS:

THE REVIEW Richibucto, N. B.