RICHIBUCTO. N B. JANUARY 9, 1902. THE REVIEW

FROM SISTER'S BEAU.

(A plain statement from little Willie.)

Ma she got a pair of gloves from pa, And pa he got a pocket knife from me; I sot a story book from Cousin Bess About a boy that tun away to sea;

I got a box of handkerchiefs from ma, And an engine that'll really, truly go, But the present that I seem to like the

most

beau.

Pa he got a shavin' mug from ma,

Grace; Aunt Mary she sent ma a file and things

All fastened in a little leather case; I got a box of colored pencils, too;

I guess that there's a dozen kinds or so, But the present that I seem to like the best

Is the nox of candy Grace got from her beau.

Grace got a silver brush and comb from ma,

And a book with poems in from Uncle Will,

And a collar that's made out of fur from

Ma bought it, but pa says he got the bill:

I got a pair of rubber boots, and now I can wade right through the deepest bank of show-

But the best of all the presents that we have

Is the candy Sister Grace got from her bean.

I wish 'at every day was Christmas day, With presents pilld around most ev. ervwhere.

And when you went to dinner you could eat

Up all the things they pile before you there:

I like the presents Santa brings to me And the ones I get from other folks; but, oh,

The best of all is sneakin' to the box, From sister's beau, when sister doesn't know.

- Chicago Record-Herald.

the old man's grain, and that grain was exceedingly tough.

As it happened, however, Cyrus Stackpole fell into the clutches of a severe attack of inflammatory rheumatism soon after his visit to Colonel Bowker's law flice and about the time when the railroad came to grade and prepare the roadbed across his orchard. The work was all Is the candy sister Grace got from her done while the old man was groaning and faming in bed, and by the time he got about again the ties and rails were laid And a ju to hold clears from Sister through his orchard. Then the first train came along, roaring triumphantly and vomiting black smoke over what remained of the ancient apple trees.

Upon this Cyrus bestirred himself, though physical exertion still sent excruciating pains through his joints. The regular passenger train schedule had been in operation just a day when he began to do for himself what the law could not or would not do for him. At three o'clock on a Tuesday afternoon, his wife being driven to the village. Cyrus hitched up a yoke of exen and began to drag stumps from the stump feace on the north side of the orchard to the railroad bed. He chose the largest and soundest and toughest stumps he could find and by 6 o'clock had a formidable fence built across the rail road on the exact boundary of his orchard. The roots of the stumps bristled

in the direction from which the next train would approach, the train from Wilmington due to pass at eight o'clock in the evening. Should a locomotive strike these formidable roots the butt of the stump would only be driven firmer into the ground. Something would have to stop or smash, and Cyrus felt confident

that it would not be the stump. It was several minutes past six when the horn blew for supper. Cyrus was glad of the extra time and glad that his field of operations were hidden from the

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 mp 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 which corrects the acidity of the blood on which rheumatism depends and builds up the whole system.

Hoop's PILLS cure constipation. Price Si cents.

"Light the lantern!" cried the panting old man at last. His wife took the match he flung her and kindled the slight flame in the dusty globe. Cyrus bent and adjusted the chain anew by the lantern's feeble light. Then the oxen strained together once more, but the biggest stump of all would not move. The long tough roots were wedged between and under the rails.

"God!" groaned the old man. It was the shortest of prayers, but it was a prayer and not an imprecation.

'Hark!' cried the trembling old wife. From far off through the darkness came a faint rumbling sound. It was the evening train from Wilmington!

"Cyrus," exclaimed the woman, "red light'll stop 'em. I've heard so. Hain't we got anything to make a red light with? Quick!"

Cyrus disgorged the content: of all bis pockets at one sweep. Among them was an old fashioned red bandanna handkerchief. His wife seized it with a cry of joy, and catching up the lantern, hastened down the track toward the approaching train. She turned up the wick of the lantern until it smoked furiously. Then she wrapped the red handkerchief around hands and slowly swayed it to and fro. The train was almost upon her before the engineer saw the faint red signal. But the airbrakes did their magic work, and the engine stopped within 20 feet of Stackpele's fence across the railroad. Frauk Stackpole was one of the first passengers to leap from the intercepted train. "What in thunder-why, father's old orchard!" he exclaimed. "And here's mother!" He caught a tottering gray haired figure in his arms. Mrs. Stackpole, like all heroes, had first accomplished her deed and then fainted away. The railroad company did not enter a complaint against Cyrus Stackpole. His big black bearded wealthy son may have had something to do with that and he may not Very likely the unrestricted and undisputed right of way through the old man's orchard was an inducement. At any rate the matter was dropped and Cyrus Stack pole proved to be so subdued in spirit that only two days after his stump fence disappeared from the track, he rode through his own orchard on one Dear Father and Mother-I am coming of the detested trains on his way to buy a brand new suit of clothes and "see the sights."

Time and Telephone Work Wonflers, an entirely new way," said a prominent telephone has become so much a part of my life that in talking with my friends and acquaintances every few days I apparently kept up the acquaintance as of old. when I used to see them more regularly. A few days ago I had occasion to visit an old time friend of mine with whom I had talked probably once a week or oftener for the past three or four years, but whom

I had not seen during that period. "When I met him, I was startled. His black beard had turned gray, almost white, and he had changed in other respects, as was natural, during the three or four years of that period, yet through the use of the telephone I had in my mind's eye seen him as of old every time I had talked with him, and you may imagine how surprised, even shocked, I was to see this change in

"Did you ever have a similiar experience? I imagine the increasing use of the telephone causes many of them. You hear the usual voice on the telephone and mentally picture the friend as he looked when you saw him last. which may have been a year or several years in the past."

The Florida Razoriack. The Florida "razorback" is the bog indigenous to this climate and soil. He is usually large of limb and fleet of foot, being the only known porker that can outrun a darky. He has a tail of wondrous length, which, while he is in active motion, he twists into the tightest corkscrew, but with which while quietly feeding he raps his leathery sides much in the same manner that the docile cow uses her tail.

He is self supporting. He earns his own living and thrives equally well in the highwoods, in the flatwoods, in the hummocks and in the marshes. He subsists upon anything he can find above the earth or underneath its surlace. He has a clear, farseeing eye

and is very sensitive of hearing. Na-

& T. Jardine.

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Ready-Made Clothing,

Scotch Horse Collars,

Stackpole's Stump Fence.

BY JAMES BUCKHAM.

I don't see but what you will just have to submit, Cyrus, said Colonel Bowker, "The law seems to be pretty clear on the sufject. When the state grants a railroad a charter and a town grants it the right of way, the railroad company can take at a fair appraised value any property lying in the line of its survey, provided the owner refuses to sell at an agreed price. That covers the facts in this case. You refused to sell the company a strip on the south side of your or chard. The state says to the company 'We give you the right to appropriate that land at our appraisal.' It's no use for the owner to protest. The law can do nothing for him. If there was a ghost of a chance to fight, Cyrus, I'd be glad to do what I could for you. But a lawyer can't do anything when there's no law on his side.'

Colonel Bowker tipped his chair back and threw one leg over the corner of hi littered table. An old man trembling with impotent rage, sat in a rickety arm chair or the other side of the table. Hi chin quivered and his thin lips kept open ing and shutting as the village lawyer spoke.

'Then ef the law can't do anything for me I'll do it for myself,' cried the old man, bringing his withered fist down on the arm of the chair. 'I'll see ef a man kin be robbed of what's be'n his'n for 50 year and be'n in the family for more'n a bundred!'

'I hope you won't do anything rash, Cyrus,' said the Colonel, blandly. 'It's a case where the welfare of many overrides the welfare of the individual, you see. The law provides no recourse for the individual in such a case.'

"I got done with the law, I tell ye! shouted the old man fiercely. I'm dependin' on myself now. I said if the law couldn't help me I'd help myself. I'll see if they can run their consarned trains through my orchard without my permis sion. A man's proputty's his own. The' ain't no law that kin knocked that fact out o' the Ten Commandants.

Colonel Bowker accompanied his irate client to the door. 'Better be cautious, Cyrus,' he said as the old man plunged

house by a rise of land. When he came slowly up from the orchard with his tired oxen, his wife met him at the back door.

'Here's a letter for ye.' she said. 'Supper's a lettle mite late, but the old mare limps so I couldn't git home as soon as 1 planned. Better read the letter afore ye the globe, held the lantern up in both set down to eat, hadn't ye?'

'No,' answered Cyrus, limping to the harn with the oxen. 'It'll keep until arter I've had a cup o' tea, I reckon.' Cyrus Stackpole ate his supper deliberately and then sank into the old padded the last huge bristling stump of Cyrus rocker by the window and opened his letter. Hardly had he begun to read it when, with a startling cry, he sprang to his feet again and ran stumbling to the barn. Her husband's cry and sudden leap caused Mrs. Stackpole to drop a lot of plates she was carrying to the sink, but not even the terrific crash of broken crockeryware elicited the slightest attention from Cyrus. The letter had fluttered from the old man's hand to the floor as he ran, and Mrs. Stackpole stooped and picked it up with shaking fin ;ers. Something in that letter, she knew, had caused

her husband's sudden dismay. She turned first to the signature. It

was from Frank, their own dear boy, from whom they had not heard for two years and whom they had about given up for dead, since he disappeared in the alaskan goldfields. He wrote :

home at last-a rich man! Have been out of the world practically, since I wrote you last-living in a hut 200 miles from

civilization. Will tell you all when I see you. Look for me next Tuesday evening.

and I can reach you by train the same evening I get to Wilmington. God bless glistening snows, and sometimes by drivyou both! Lovingly, Frank.

What was there in that blessed letter that could have caused her husband such distress? Mrs. Stackpole wiped the tears of joy from her eyes and sped out to the barn.

"Cyrus," she cried. "what on airth air ve doing?"

Cyrus was hurriedly replacing the yoke on the necks of the weary oxen. His hands trembled. His face waa overspread with an ashen gray pallor.

"Git out of the way," he shouted as he lashed the oxen from the barn, the long chain that dangled from the yoke clatterdown the steps. 'Don't do anything in a ing behind. He caught a lantern from a hurry. Take time to think it over And nail and hurried after the startled and be

The Spirit of Winter.

The Spirit of Winter is with ue, mak i learn that you have a new railroad now, ing its presence known in many different ways-sometimes by cheery sunshine and ing winds and blinding storms. To many people it seems to take a delight in making bad things worse, for rheumatism twists harder, twinges.sharper, catarrh beomes more annoying, and the many symptoms of scrofula are developed and aggravated. There is not much poetry in this, but there is truth, and it is a wonder that more people don't get rid of these ailments. The medicine that cures them-Hood's Sarsaparilla-is easily obtained and there is abundant proof that its cures are radical and permanent.

- -----TREACHEROUS MEMORY.

"Oh, pshaw!" exclaimed the husband as the wife, carrying the baby, met him at

ture has equipped him with a shout almost as long as the beak of the wild pelican of Borneo, with which he can penet ate the earth many inches in quest of worms, suckes and insects. He is the most intelligent of all the hogs and is likewise the most courageous. He has been known to engage in mortal combat with a coon for the possession of a watermeion and to read asunder a barbed wire fence.

Hints For Smokers.

Here is a good tip for a smoker: The best pipe grows foul sometimes, and the various patent cleaning devices are of little use in making it fresh. But if you pack the bowl tight with grass or hay and lay the pipe aside for a few days you will have it as sweet as when t was new Talking about smoking, here is a good idea for lighting matches: Don't light them on your trousers, for you'll burn slits in them, nor on your shoe soles, for you'll rub the heads off. The plan is to rub them on a piece of paper-a folded newspaper, an envelope, a ticket. The silic: in the paper

acts like sandpaper. Many people can't smoke a dozen cigarettes without getting a sore throat. Inveterate eigarette smokers are frequently troubled with a perpetual cold in the head. It is not the smoke that is to blame, but the dust. Now, if you use a cigarette tube - amber, cherry or cardboard-a tiny bit of cotton wool in the bottom of it will eatch every particle of dust. 'Try this, and you'll have no more sore throats. But you may not enjoy the smoke.-Exchange.

When Hurry Was the Fashion.

The following extract from the London Times of May 14, 1801, gives an interesting picture of the good old days: "It is now the high fashion to run, or at least to trot, through the streets at a rate of six miles an hour. A running walk is absolutely necessary for any young man who has the least pretension to ton. You must lounge in a hurry and saunter with expedition. It is an old proverb, the more haste the worst speed, but Bond street daily shows us the more hurry the less to do. When we see our idle youths riding race borses, walking for wagers or boxing for fame, we must agree with Horace that 'strenua nos exercet inertia.''

Ceaseless Growth of the Ears. The systematic examination of more than 40,000 pairs of human ears in England and France has resulted in some interesting conclusions. For one thing, it is ascertained that the ear

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THE REVIEW.

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remember that I am always ready to ad. wildered beasts. "Where air ye going, Cyrus?" demandvise you on any point that may come up."

Cyrus Stackpole drove home in a rage. | ed his wife, following the distracted old prise. He was one of those old men who are as | man as he led the oxen over the crest of set as the everlasting hills and the fact the hill to the orchard bars. Cyrus made ging to day about how smart their baby that everything seemed to be arrayed no reply, and his wife followed him. against his will in this instance only serv- Then she saw the bristling stump fence ed to make his resolve the stronger. He across the railroad, and the whole dread. was bound and determined that the new [in] truth flashed upon her. Cyrus had railroad should not pass through his or. put up a fence to stop or wreck the next chard There was no particular reason main, and that was the very train that why it should be denied this right of way | Frank had written he should take from except that Cyrus had taken a notion not | Wilmington.

The village station was a mile beyond-"to allow it. The trees in the orchard had been set out by his father's father, and Stackpole farm. The train would not their knotted and wrinkled trunks and have even begun to slow down when it limbs had long since passed the age of passed through the orchard. It was alfruit bearing. They only served to cum- ready getting dusk. It would be pitch ber the ground but Cyrus would not cut dark by the time the train came along, in them down and plant new ones. They | j ist an hour.

were a part of the old order of things and | Cyrus Stackpole never looked at his Cyrus was a conservative of the conserva | wife, but worked with feverish haste, and tives. A peck of bitter worm-eaten she did not interrupt him, for she knew windfalls from the old trees was more to that every moment was precious. The his liking than a bushel of toothsome oxen strained mightily at the great stumps fruit from younger and more vigorous but they were so crowded together and stock. That the pert modern railroad interlocked that it was hard to get them should descerate his venerable orchard off the track. Cyrus had performed his was not to be endured. It went against ' defiant task unfortunately well.

the door. "What is it, George?" she asked, in sur-

"Why," he replied, "Bilkins was bragis, and just to think I never thought to tell him ours has a tooth!"-Boston Post.

POISON-PAINS

Rheumatism is really a poison in the blood, and where there is poison there's disaster in a lesser or greater degreebut there's a cure.

South American Rheumatic Cure neutralizes the acid poison in the blood in a few hours, and hence relieves at once-the complete cure is effected a little more slowly, but surely. When the disease is of only a few years standing, not more than one to three days' time is required to effect a complete cure. When it has been present in the system for 10 or 15 years the acid poison has permeated the flesh and often the marrow of the bones, In such cases, relief is obtained at once, but a cure cannot be secured under two or three weeks. 92

The Suitor-Here's some candy for you, Johnny. Does your sister's other young man ever give you cand.? Johnny-Naw! He's got better sense. He always gives it to sis .- Phil. delphia North American.

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continues to grow in the later decades of life. In fact, it appears never to stop growing until death. A woman who has small, shell-like ears at 20 years of age will be very apt to possess medium sized ears at 40 years and large ears at 60. - Saturday Evening Post.

A Pozzler.

Lady Passenger-Do you know, captain, I have never been able to understand how you find your way across the ocean? Captain-Why, by the compass. The needle always points to the north. Lady Passenger-Yes. 1 know, but

supposing you want to go south?

The Same Old Cry. "I wonder what Eve said when she found she had to leave the garden of Eden," said Mr. Grumpin's wife. "It was just about what all women say when they are starting on a jourrey. She complained that she didn't have a thing to wear.".

Wanted Her to Have the Best. Nell-Rather conceited, isn't he? Belle-1 should say. He said the best was none too good for me, and then be proposed .- Philadelphia Record.

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

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