

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 Parson and "Ping-Pong."

Permit me to introduce to you a well known dignitary of the Established Church under the non de guerre of the Dean of "Larchester." A better man—physically, at any rate—for the decanal office, it would be hard to conceive. Tall, broad, stoutish, but not too stout, dignified of aspect, stately of bearing, he set off the shovel-hat and apron and gaiters to unrivalled advantage. To see him progressing with slow solemnity round the Cathedral close, to watch him marching with effective deliberation to his stall in the chancel, was of itself a liberal education in the art of imposing carriage. In brief, as an exponent of "presence," our Dean stood second to none.

Nor was this quality confined to his physical exterior. His inner nature corresponded. Not merely did he look the part of a Dean; he also felt it. He was even very sensitive on the subject. That is to say, nothing touched him so full upon "the raw" as the concurrence of circumstances, that might evoke laughter at his expense. Occasions, of course, come to all, even to Archbishops and Lord Chancellors, when they find themselves in ridiculous situations. If they have humour, and can turn the edge of such ridicule by joining in the laugh against themselves well. But if they lack this saving grace, what condition more pitiable than theirs in that conjuncture? Our Dean was one of these unfortunates. He had not a grain of humour in his whole composition.

From his earliest years the Dean had had the reputation of taking everything—even his play—much too seriously, and as he advanced in age, this propensity grew. During the days of his curate-hood, and afterwards of his vicar-hood, he had been warmly addicted to lawn-tennis. But whether he played that game at a frivolous garden-party, or at a formal club tournament, he always played it in the same serious, sober, solemn way. He never laughed himself. He disliked to see others laugh, for fear they might be doing so at his expense. Indeed, so hypersensitive was he in this matter that, despite his fondness for lawn-tennis, he finally abandoned it, in his forty-sixth year, for no other reason than that he happened one day to over-hear an irreverent youngster cracking rude jokes about the "parson's hippopotamus-like antics."

What demon, then, can it be that induced so sensitively dignified a man—a Dean, too, and a sexagenarian—to take up ping-pong? I cannot say. I can only tell you how—not why—it came about. The Dean had two daughters, Ruth and Rachel aged respectively twenty and nineteen. They were pretty girls, clever and vivacious, fond of all sorts of games, and as much up-to-date as it was possible for girls brought up in Larchester to be. Yet even into sleepy Larchester did the all-pervading ping pong penetrate, and Misses Ruth and Rachel were almost the first persons in the city to invest in a set. They soon developed into keen players; and often on wet afternoons, or in the evening after dinner, would they fix the little gauze net upon the dining-room table, and wage fierce contests, one against the other, with light, resilient sphere and rebounding battledore.

One evening, while they were thus engaged, their father, having finished his postprandial nap in his library, rather sooner than usual, came into the dining-room. He sat down in an easy chair, lighted a cigar, and watched the young people at their play with a gaze of bland condescension. "What a childish game!" his face plainly said. "What a pottering, doddering, silly little pastime! But I'm glad you like it, my dears. I do not in the least begrudge you your infantile enjoyment."

As he watched, however, the pity in his expression grew less apparent and the interest more pronounced. I do not know exactly how it was. Perhaps, 'twas the soul of the old lawn-tennis player reviving within him. At any rate a certain fascination for the game was evidently beginning to steal over the Dean, till, by-and-by, unless appearances were altogether deceptive, I would have sworn that his own fingers were itching to wield a battledore.

But he was not the man to admit any such childish inclination. He put it in another form—the form of "superior,"

yet kindly, admonition: "No, not that way, Rachel. You are holding your—what d'ye call the thing?" (you see he would not confess knowledge of such a babyish word as "battledore")—"all wrong."

"Why, how would you hold it, papa?" "I'll show you."

The Dean rose from his chair and took the "what d'ye call the thing" in his huge hand. I have often thought when I have watched W. G. batting, that the willow looked like a mere toy in the grasp of the ample Hercules. But the seventeen-stone Dean of Larchester brandishing a battledore! If it had been a child's whip or a baby's rattle, the contrast could not have been more incongruous.

"Serve me one, Ruth," he said.

Ruth served. The Dean, grasping his battledore tight in the extreme limit of the handle, returned the service at least four times harder than he should have done. The light celluloid ball travelled high over Ruth's head and pitched upon the sideboard at her back.

The big Dean looked critically at his small opponent.

"Bless my soul, how this little what d'ye call it, drives!" he exclaimed. "Serve me another."

Ruth served him another.

This time he tapped the sphere more gingerly. It did not pitch more than a yard or so beyond the end of the table.

"Hum!" said the Dean. "Are these bells the proper weight? They strike me as being too light."

"Oh, no, the balls are all right, papa," answered Rachel, smiling; "but it isn't quite so easy as it looks, is it?"

"Oh, it's easy enough when you once get the strength," remarked the Dean, with a patronizing air. "Now, you shall give me one or two more trial services, Ruth, and then I'll play you a set."

The two or three more trial services were given, and the set began. Now, our Dean, despite his assumption of lordly contempt for so trifling a pastime, was in reality of that disposition that he could not help getting keen on any game he engaged in. So on the present occasion he skipped and hopped about with an energy that fairly shook the floor and set all the glasses on the sideboard tingling, while he plied the little battledore with quite a surprising rapidity. He dived behind the chairs or sofas, or under the table, after truant balls, in all but figure, like a man of twenty. The exercise resulted in much perspiration, much rumpling of hair, and in his apron becoming twisted round into a most fantastic and unorthodox position. But in the excitement of the contest he recked naught of this—probably did not even perceive it—but continued to play with unabated vigour until the set was finished, Ruth winning by six games to three.

"Not a bad game is it, papa?" inquired Rachel.

"Umph! Rather childish, if you ask me," replied the Dean, in his most "superior" manner. "All very well, of course, for girls just out of the school-room, but—"

Just then the front-door bell rang with a loud peal.

"Dear me! I wonder who that is—at this hour," he exclaimed, hastily, smoothing his hair and re-arranging his displaced apron. "No visitor, I should hope."

Ruth turned a momentary meaning glance on her sister, whose face flushed palpably. The butler entered.

"Mr. Charles Battersby is in the library sir. He wishes to see you."

The Dean frowned. Then he strode off to the library looking very much the reverse of pleased.

"Good evening, Mr. Battersby," he said, stiffly, as he entered the library.

"Good evening," replied Mr. Charles Battersby. He was a nice-looking, manly young fellow, apparently of about five-and-twenty. The expression of his face betrayed a certain nervous eagerness.

"I have received your letter," he continued, quickly, "and have come to see you about it."

"Oh," remarked the Dean, with distinctly discouraging coolness.

"I—I do venture to hope," pleaded young Battersby, earnestly, "that you will reconsider the decision expressed in your letter."

"I shall do nothing of the kind," retorted the Dean. "My decision is final. I decline to re-open the question, Mr. Battersby."

"But considering how much your daughter Rachel and I love one another—"

"My daughter Rachel is too young to know her own mind," interposed the Dean. "And even if it were otherwise, I should strongly discourage this foolish affair, for the reasons which I gave you in my letter. You know what those reasons are. I need not repeat them."

ent," answered young Battersby. "It is true that I have at present only £200 a year, but my prospects are very good—"

"When my daughter marries, she shall marry on something better than prospects," said the Dean, sarcastically.

"And then you say that my father has expressed to you his disapproval of the match. That, of course, is the case. The governor wants me to marry my cousin, who has £1,200 a year. But the notion, I assure you, is ridiculous. I don't care a rap for my cousin—at least not in that way. And I wouldn't marry her if she was the only woman in the world."

"It seems to me that parents wish go for nothing nowadays," pronounced the Dean, with solemn disapproval. "You young people ignore the existence of a fifth commandment altogether."

"But even with the fifth commandment in view you would not have me marry a girl without loving her, would you?" expostulated young Battersby.

"Since your father desires you to love the young lady, you ought to make yourself love her," retorted the Dean. "It is your bounden duty."

"But I cannot love to order."

"You could, if you tried. And, anyway, I refuse to countenance disregard on your part of your father's wishes, or to allow my daughter to disobey me. It is no use your saying anything further. My mind is definitely and finally made up."

"It is cruel—it is tyrannical of you," exclaimed young Battersby, now beginning to lose his temper.

"I am obliged by the compliment, Mr. Battersby," answered the Dean, with ironical politeness. "And now" (he rang the bell) "I will wish you good evening."

... Simmons, open the door for Mr. Battersby."

The Dean returned to the dining-room. "Rachel," he said, with pompous sternness.

"Yes, papa," replied his daughter, looking up at him in anxious trepidation.

"Young Battersby has been trying to re-open that silly affair, the impertinent jacks! But I put my foot down at once. Now, mind. I decline to hear another word on the subject. You are to give up, once and for all, the idea of such preposterous folly. Do you hear?"

"Yes, papa," answered Rachel, meekly.

A few evenings later Canon Battersby—(Charles's father—the then Canon-in-residence, came to dine at the deanery. Like the Dean, he was a widower; like the Dean, also, he was sleek and stout. But unlike the Dean, he was short of stature, standing only about five-feet-four in his boots. For the rest, he was a typical Canon of the old school—suave, bland, cultured, averse to hard work, fond of good living, and endowed with a large idea of his own dignity.

He was polite—tolerantly polite—to Ruth and Rachel, whom, however, he evidently regarded in the light of mere children. And it appeared to be a relief to him, as it certainly was to them, when, at the conclusion of dinner, they escaped to the drawing-room.

"If we have not joined you, my dears, by ten o'clock," said the Dean, helping himself to port, "don't sit up for us. Canon Battersby and I have important matters to discuss, which may take us a long time."

"Very well, papa," answered Ruth.

"What a mercy!" she added to her sister when they were out of the room. "Horrid, patronizing old man, that Canon. I detest him."

"So do I," asserted Rachel.

By ten o'clock the gentlemen had not joined them.

Ruth and Rachel went upstairs to bed. The two girls shared the same room, a spacious and comfortable apartment over the dining-room. They could just hear the Dean's and the Canon's voices from below.

"How they do yarn!" exclaimed Ruth.

"Yes; when Canon Battersby dines here, he and papa always talk till midnight."

(Continued on page 7.)

Nervous, Sleepless and Exhausted.

Not sick enough to lay up, but you are out of sorts, blood is weak, nerves unstrung, kidneys deranged, vitality is slow. You should take Ferrozone at once; it will enrich, strengthen and purify the blood, invigorate and pacify the nerves, and increase your energy, vitality and power. Ferrozone will renew your appetite and digestion, make you sleep soundly—in fact will make you well. Try Ferrozone. Price 50c. per box, or 6 boxes for \$2.50; at druggists, or N. C. Polson & Co., Kingston, Ont. Sold by R. O'Leary.

The widow of President McKinley has been granted a pension of \$5,000 a year. Lieut. Col. Pellatt, of Toronto, who will command the Canadian contingent which will attend the coronation, has offered to send the bugle band of the Queen's Own Rifle corps he commands at his own expense.

BENTLEY'S Liniment is a strong White Liniment. Penetrating, powerful, yet clean to use. It is a reliable remedy for Sprains or Strains. Pains in the back or chest. For bruises cuts and burns it will be found the best thing to use. Put up in two sizes, 10 and 25c.

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Mrs. I. STEEVES, Edgett's Landing, N.B., writes on Jan. 18, 1901: "In the fall of 1899 I was troubled with a severe pain in the back. I could scarcely get up out of a chair and it gave me great pain to move about. I took one box of Doan's Kidney Pills, and was completely cured. I have not been troubled with it since."

At Goa, the Portuguese colony on the west coast of Africa, rebellion has broken out, and 5,000 rebels have burned the military barracks at Valpooy and killed some of the soldiers.

The executive committee of the Canadian Manufacturers' Association of Toronto passed a resolution Thursday advocating the granting of a subsidy to steel shipbuilding in Canada. The annual meeting of the association will be held in Halifax on Aug. 13th and 14th.

HORRIBLE PAINS.

French Gentleman's Sufferings are Beyond Description.

Many Doctors Treated him, but Without Success—Dodd's Kidney Pills Cured him and now Life is a Pleasure to him—He tells the story.

ST. URBAIN, Que., April 21, (Special).—Fearful indeed has been the experience of Narcisse Barrette, of this place. For fifteen long and wearisome years he has suffered with an acute Malady of the Kidneys and back which has caused him the most agonizing pains.

He consulted physician after physician and followed their treatment patiently and carefully. Some of them afforded him a little temporary relief (which was in itself a great blessing), but the pain always came back to torture him even worse than before.

Rheumatism added its terrors to his already great burden of misery and his life was a succession of spasms of the most violent pains it has ever been the lot of any mortal man to endure.

The story as told by Mons. Barrette himself is in part as follows:

"For more than fifteen years I suffered with a severe Malady of the back and Kidneys which caused me horrible pains in the back.

"I tried many doctors, but the relief I got was only temporary and the Malady always returned. My suffering was so great at times that it was almost beyond endurance.

"I had Rheumatism as well as the pains in my back, and between them I was sorely tried. I would rather die than suffer again the way I did, but now life is very pleasant for me and I am anxious to live.

"You ask me how I was cured?"

"Well, after trying in vain doctors' treatments and almost everything else, I began to use what has been to me the greatest medicine in all the world, Dodd's Kidney Pills, and very soon the pains all left me. They acted almost like magic. I am now in perfect health and work every day."

England's greatest man of science, Lord Kelvin, sailed from London for New York with Lady Kelvin on the Campanian on Sunday.

Radica, the survivor of Dr. Doyen's operation which separated her from her twin sister, has been baptized a Catholic in Paris.

Rheumatic-warped Limbs, Pain and Suffering.

Not a Trace of Rheumatism Left After Using Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills.

If you are a sufferer from rheumatism it is possible that you have tried many remedies without reaping much benefit. Judging from the number of cures that have been reported, Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills must be about the best medicine obtainable for rheumatism. It cures thoroughly, by ridding the blood of uric acid poisons, the cause of rheumatism and severe body pains.

Mr. S. Mann, Stittsville, Carleton Co., Ont., writes: "I was afflicted with rheumatism, had severe pains in the knees, hip joints and across the back. Rheumatism remedies did not help me and I began using Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills, which have since completely cured me. There is not the least trace of rheumatism left, and I am no longer subject to biliousness, headache and stomach sickness, which formerly attacked me frequently."

Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills have a larger sale by far than any similar remedy. They cure when others disappoint. One pill a dose, 25 cents a box, at all dealers, or Edmansson, Bates & Co., Toronto.

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