

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

MISS MARRISTON'S JIM.

By Howard Fielding.

Pretty Mary Marrison had lost the Boston terrier which her brother had given to her. It was an ugly creature and I love it no good will, but I was sorry for Miss Marrison when I read of her misfortune in an advertisement— which, by the way, offered \$20 reward, "with no questions asked." Like myself the brute answers to the name of Jim, but Miss Marrison applies the name also to only one of us.

It occurred to me that I would call and offer condolences, and it also came into my mind that fellow Tom Judson would probably make the loss of the dog an excuse for paying his respects. He rushes to the house in every possible pretext. On the whole, I felt pretty positive that Judson would see the advertisement and get away from business early that he might take his worthless sympathy to 679 Madison avenue.

I found it possible to get away myself about half past 3 o'clock that afternoon, and it was not long past 4 when I reached her home. Judson was already there. He had installed himself as chief mourner, and he could not have been driven out of that parlor with a battering ram. It was quite a good sized room, but Judson and I crowd it uncomfortably.

Miss Marrison was telling the story of Jim's loss when I entered. Jim had been chained to the leg of a large chair in the young lady's boudoir in the latter part of Monday afternoon. When Miss Marrison was about to dress for dinner, she had discovered the dog's chain and pretty silver collar lying on the floor in a most pathetic manner, but there was no Jim. A half eaten rubber overshoe found on the front door steps indicated that Jim had made his way out while a servant had been arranging two mats in the vestibule. I understood that the servant was in a dungeon in the cellar subsisting on bread and water, but perhaps that may have been only a suggestion of Judson as to what would be appropriate.

When we three had shed a few tears Judson began to relate anecdotes of Jim in a soft and tremulous voice. Jim may have been about a year old, and his brief span of life was utterly inadequate to hold the adventures which Judson tried to crowd into it. Why, the cunning things which Jim had done on the way to New York would have enlivened a journey from Boston to Hilo. Yet Miss Marrison listened to this "Arabian Nights" entertainment as if every word had been vouched for by the recording angel.

It appeared that Judson had endured the hardships of the baggage car on the way over in order to enjoy the pleasure of Jim's society and to prevent the baggage men from dropping trunks on him, and that Jim had won the hearts of the train hands to such an extent that the engineer could with difficulty be kept in the cab, so great was his desire to crawl back over the tender and play with the dog. All the truth in these stories—and some of the fiction—was old and stale, for Judson had made the most of it two months before; but Miss Marrison listened, with tears in her eyes.

I didn't play second fiddle to Judson that day. I wasn't in the band at all. When we finally ceased to eulogize and got down to practical suggestions for the recovery of Jim, I ventured to offer such small assistance as a man of no importance would be supposed to render, but it appeared that everything had already been done. I understood Judson to say that he had notified the police of America and Europe and had engaged a large corps of detectives.

While he and I were at the home a score of men and boys called with nondescript animals which they were willing to exchange for twenty dollar bills. Judson claimed all these people as his agents and

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went out on the steps to give them special instructions for a further search of the city. If he had not done so, I should hardly have had a chance to say a word to Miss Marrison.

On the following day I telephoned several times to the house to inquire about Jim and was informed always that he had not returned, but that Mr. Judson had just "called up" to say that the search was progressing satisfactorily.

It was absurd for Judson to call that evening, but he did, and made the occasion very dull for Miss Marrison and myself. It was the same on the evening next succeeding.

By that time I had made up my mind that Jim was gone forever. The sight of Miss Marrison's grief affected me deeply, and I resolved to end it by means of an innocent deception—a pardonable fraud that should bring back the smiles to the lady's cheeks and incidentally make Judson look like a franc and a half, as the president of France recently said in expressing his idea of something cheap.

A man named Bundy has a little dog shop on Lexington avenue not so very far from my abode. I pass by in the mornings and evenings and have often stopped to chat with Bundy and to see the dogs.

There was in his collection a Boston terrier so much like Miss Marrison's that when I had first seen Jim at her house I had taken it for granted that she had bought him from Bundy. Would she know the difference if I bought Bundy's dog and carried it to her house? Probably not. I took a look at the animal on Thursday morning and experimented with him a bit to see whether he would answer to the name of Jim. He answered to that as well as to any other and much better than the original Jim, that had never been known to come when he was called.

I resolved to buy him that afternoon, and during the day I concocted an elaborate story of my detective work in recovering the lost pet. Not with any selfish motive did I plan all this, but for her sake—and a little for Judson's.

It was about 4 o'clock when I entered Bundy's noisy shop and inquired for the Boston terrier.

"Just sold him, sir," said Bundy. "But I can get you a better one any time on twenty-four hours' notice."

"I don't want a better one," said I, stifling a terrible disappointment. "I want one just like him. Can you duplicate the brute?"

"Certainly, certainly, sir," replied Bundy, and upon this assurance I gave him \$10 as a guarantee of good faith.

Then I went up to 679 Madison avenue to shed a few tears over Jim's poor little collar and chain.

There were no tears in the house when I arrived. All was mirth and jollity. The fatted calf was expiring and the prodigal was in clover. The servant who opened the door informed me, with a happy smile, that Jim had come back.

In the parlor I found Miss Marrison, with the terrier clasped in her arms. She was squeezing him so hard that he looked somewhat alarmed and cast an appealing eye toward Judson, who sat there radiant with joy and triumph.

"Oh, Mr. Reynolds," cried Miss Marrison, "Tom has found Jim!"

"Tom!" Well, that settled my case. "I congratulate you, Judson," said I in a voice like the wind through weeping willows.

Then I cast my eye upon Jim. And, by the high hump of the sacred gnu, it was Bundy's dog. I knew it in a second.

This infamous rascal Judson, this creature without a heart or conscience, had dared to palm off a bogus brute upon a gentle, trusting woman. He had done it cold-bloodedly, with his own selfish interests in view and not for her sake alone, as I would have done. The difference was as wide as the ocean. It involved the fundamental distinction between good and evil.

Of course, the only right course for me to do was to expose the fraud at once. Yet I hesitated to bring pain to a tender heart, and, moreover, I might not be able to prove my accusation. Without doubt, Bundy was bribed. My own common sense told me that. It had been in my mind to pay him \$10 extra for an oath of silence. A sinuous, underhand fellow like Judson would surely not neglect so simple a precaution.

I thought this all over carefully and then decided that my regard for Mary Marrison was too great to permit of my bringing unhappiness to her. It would be better to punish Judson some other way or even to leave him to be gnawed by remorse unless I could get absolute proof of his guilt.

It was obvious that he had made a tremendous hit. I did not cut as much of a figure as the pattern on the wrong side of the wall paper. I was plastered against the wall, and Judson shone resplendent on the outer side.

There is, however, a Providence that works in mysterious ways, and, though the wicked flourish for a time, they are soon cut off just above their collar buttons.

We heard a loud outcry approaching. It seemed to me that it was coming down the chimney, and then it was in the hall. Even before I could distinguish the words I recognized the voice of an avenging angel, speaking considerable brogue, but

very impressively: "Oh, Miss Mary! Miss Mary, darlint, the little dorrug is come back!"

A young woman of Irish extraction burst into the room bearing in her arms the original Jim. He was so thin that I could see his heart beat, and thus I was aware that he was alive.

The shivers that were passing over Judson at this moment were so cold that it was painful to stand near him, so I moved away.

The servant set down the real Jim upon the carpet, where he feebly lapped a white spot in the hope that it might be milk.

"The poor little caayture has been shut up in Kitty Malony's room these three days without a toothful o' food to eat!" cried the girl. "However did he get there I dunno, but 'twas there I found him, sure enough."

Meanwhile Miss Marrison had stood like a statue, holding the bogus Jim head downward and oblivious to his discomfort, while she stared at the ghost of a dog that staggered toward her across the carpet.

"Mr. Judson," she said at last. But at that moment her hand released its hold on Bundy's dog, and he fell to the floor upon his head.

The instinct of these animals is wonderful. Bundy's dog seemed to know in an instant that he had lost the softest job in New York on account of Jim. He also saw how easy revenge would be in Jim's weakened condition. The next moment I could not have sworn on the evidence of what I could see whether there was one dog or nineteen in the room. The two Jims went round and round so fast that the eye could not follow them, but ever I heard the lean dog rattle like a child's toy as the bogus Jim shook him.

Judson seemed nailed to the floor, Miss Marrison could only scream, while the servant called upon the saints.

It remained for me to do the right thing at the right time. I bent over the bundle of dogs and seized a hind leg. It seemed to be one of five hundred that were revolving on an axis with the speed of lightning, but I knew that it was a leg of Bundy's dog because it was not thin enough to be Jim's.

"Open a window!" I yelled to Judson, and he obliged mechanically.

Seeing what a complete automaton he was, an inspiration came to me.

"Jump out!" I cried. And the idiot jumped.

I detached the bogus Jim from the struggling mass, and, running to the window, I dropped him out.

"Catch him, Judson!" I said. And then I closed the window.

"Maria," said I to the servant, "Mr. Judson will need his coat and hat."

Oh, what a nice time we had bringing Jim back to life and feeding him with meringue pie and other nourishing foods! We petted and talked to him, and by and by I actually couldn't tell whether Mary was talking to me or the dog! Rapture! She called me Jim!

End Neuralgia's Agony.

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ON THE RESTIGOUCHE.

MILLIONAIRE FISHERMEN WANT THINGS.

OTTAWA, Feb. 28.—A delegation representing those who have leases on the Restigouche River for salmon fishing will arrive here this afternoon to interview the Minister of Marine and Fisheries. It is estimated that the delegation represents about \$150,000,000. In addition to Canadian millionaires, there are several American millionaires represented. What they object to is some government nets used by the Department of Fisheries at the mouth of the Restigouche River, which they want to have removed. They say the nets prevent the salmon from going up the river. The department will endeavor to meet their views.

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FIRE IN A COAL MINE.

FEARED ONE OF THE SLOPES OF THE MARITIME WILL BE LOST.

AMHERST, Feb. 26.—Fire broke out in one of the slopes of the Maritime Coal Co., yesterday, and it is feared that the slope will be lost. The company secured some hose from town and are doing their best to subdue it, although it may be two or three weeks before it can be done.

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Got His Price.
"Away over on the east side of the city," said a New Yorker, "I see the shop of a well known butcher, who rejoices in the euphonious and suggestive name of 'Four Cent Miller.' He sells meat in smallest quantity to his customers, and, as the coin of the realm in that locality is principally conspicuous by its absence, there is a constant effort to beat him down in price. The other day Miller and a would-be customer all but came to blows over a pound or so of pork chops, and the discussion finally culminated in Miller irately demanding: 'Well, why don't you go to Smith (a rival butcher) if you can get them cheaper?' 'Because,' explained the customer, 'Smith hasn't got any.' 'Oh!' said Miller, 'is that so? Well, when I haven't got any my price will be 4 cents, too, but while I have they cost 7 cents. See?' 'The customer saw and purchased.'

Alaska's Inhospitable Interior.
In the vast and almost unknown interior of Alaska the climate is arctic. The winter is of eight months' duration, dry and, excepting certain restricted localities, entirely free from wind. The temperature descends as low as 80 degrees, with a mean of perhaps 40 degrees. Ice forms in the rivers and lakes to a thickness of eight feet and more. Summer extends over four months. During its earliest month high winds prevail. The balance of this short season is mild and the temperature pleasant, rarely exceeding 86 degrees. The snow and rain annually precipitated is about 12.9 inches.—Era.

An Owl's Toes.
It is alleged that taxidermists are careless in the mounting of owls. In museums and elsewhere our wise eyed friends are set up with three toes in front of and one behind the perch on which they are seated. One who has observed the habits of the hooters maintains that this is incorrect and that no living owl ever places three toes in front of his perch. How is this?

Nearing the Finish.
"How long has the minister been preaching?" whispered the stranger who had wandered into the church and sat down away back. "About thirty years, I believe," replied the other occupant of the pew. "That being the case," rejoined the stranger, "I guess I'll stay. He must be nearly done."

Strange Misapprehension.
Borus—How do you like that last poem of mine? Naggus—First rate. It's so restful, so soothing, don't you know. Borus—Restful! Great Scott, man! It's an epic! Naggus—Good heavens! I thought it was a lullaby!

His Good Wife.
Dr. Price—Your husband's trouble is melancholia. Now, you'd help him materially if you'd only arrange some pleasant surprise for him. Mrs. Sharpe—I know! I know! I'll tell him you said he needn't bother about paying your bill till he feels like

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