

### Get the Most Out of Your Food

You don't and can't if your stomach is weak. A weak stomach does not digest all that is ordinarily taken into it. It gets tired easily, and what it fails to digest is wasted.

Among the signs of a weak stomach are uneasiness after eating, fits of nervous headache, and disagreeable belching.

"I have been troubled with dyspepsia for years, and tried every remedy I heard of, but never got anything that gave me relief until I took Hood's Sarsaparilla. I cannot praise this medicine too highly for the good it has done me. I always take it in the spring and fall and would not be without it." W. A. NORTON, Belleville, Ont.

**Hood's Sarsaparilla**  
Strengthens and tones the stomach and the whole digestive system.

### When The Guests Found Out.

Bobby Dolbear swung a neat pair of legs from a fence opposite Battell Chapel on the campus and tried to form some plan for the summer. He had "killed" his last examination that morning, his things were packed, his classmates were fast leaving New Haven, but he had not yet decided where to go or what to do with himself. His parents were abroad, and he had been left to his own devices.

Bobbie pushed his broad Panama over his eyes, slipped down off the fence and with his hands in his flannel trousers' pockets walked over to Old South Middle, where he stopped to inspect the bulletin board in front of the "Co-op." A notice just posted, which attracted his attention, read as follows:

A Yale man who desires an exciting and profitable summer cannot do better than to consult the Gentleman in room 22, \_\_\_\_\_ Building.

"Sounds good," commented Bobbie; "let's see what it is."

Ten minutes later an alert, business-like little man in Room 22 in a downtown office building was looking Bobbie over with manifest signs of approval.

"Splendid figure," he muttered.

"Dance?"

"I beg pardon?" asked Bobbie astonished.

"Do you dance?"

"Well, some."

"Sing?"

"I was taken with the Glee Club Christmas."

"Play golf or tennis?"

"I won a cup at tennis my freshman year."

"Row a boat?"

Proudly came the answer: "That's how I won my Y."

"Play ping-pong?"

Hotly, "No, sir!"

"You'll do."

"What's the job?" asked Bobbie, sure that he didn't want it.

The little man sat down and nursed his knee. "Oh, it's a lark for you. I want you to go down to a summer hotel and amuse the ladies."

"I beg your pardon?"

The little man began pacing the room. "I'm agent for a place down on the coast. We have golf links, tennis courts, a sunny beach, a salubrious climate, and a river to row in. Lots of women come down to the place, but they don't stay long. We have a few men, but they're never the proper sort, and the women go away. We have no luck about men. Now, we want the man, and if he won't come of his own accord, we propose to hire him. I think from your appearance that you'll do, and I propose to hire you to come down to our place and be the man. We want you as an advertisement. We want you to bring business to the house. You will be allowed every privilege of the guest who pays, and no one but myself and the manager will know that you are employed by the company. Outwardly, you are a guest between us you are an employe. A salary will be paid you, a suite of rooms will be given you, and if you are in need of clothes they will be furnished."

An ecstatic smile swept into Bobbie's face and a light into his eyes as the magnificence of the lark made its appeal to him.

"Then I'm to be a kind of fusser for pay, am I?"

"Exactly. There is only one condition: You must be careful to distribute your attentions and not concentrate them on a particular person. That would be bad for the house."

"Of course," assented Bobbie. "It ought to be easy money for me."

"It certainly ought. Well, what do you say?"

"I'll take the job."

On the books of Twin Island Hotel Bobbie Dolbear, of Yale, was Robert Marston, of New York, a guest with three of the smartest rooms in the hotel; and only the manager of the place knew the difference. He was given every privilege. It would not be enough to say that he was a success, no, he was a sensation. Even more than golf, boating, bathing and the salubrious climate, did Bobbie at-

tract guests to the hotel.

This year the women did not tire of the place.

They remained.

Bobbie kept them there.

That was what he was paid for.

Twin Island society had a boom. Mamas brought their daughters, aunts their nieces. A few men came, too, but they didn't amount to much. Soon all the rooms were filled.

Bobbie was busy. He had to earn his money, and he enjoyed it.

To his credit he said that for six weeks Bobbie Dolbear kept his head and was impartially nice to everyone. His generous amiability won him many victories; to the unattractive it gave hope, to the seductive it was maddening. The wise youth eluded every particular entanglement; he refused to go off with one to the neglect of the rest. Apparently he was enamored of them all, as all were enamored of him.

Did the young lady with the expensive suite of rooms show a disposition to tire of Twin Island society? Bobbie rowed with her in the harbor for an hour or two when the moon was out, and she remained. Did the elderly lady with the two pretty daughters on the third floor front complain that the food aggravated her dyspepsia? Bobbie gave the daughters a few extra dances that night on the veranda and sat with them separately in the garden; and mamma was persuaded to stay.

It was money for the house, and for Bobbie.

Over in the corner of the dining room was a small table, occupied by a plump old lady and her remarkably beautiful niece. The old lady was Mrs. Dobbins, the niece Martha Allyn. Occasionally a man ventured to take his seat at this table. At such times two persons were displeased—one was Mrs. Dobbins, the other was Bobbie Dolbear.

The impression has been given that Bobbie had them all under his belt. This was not quite accurate. Martha Allyn alone eluded him. Bobbie was nettled at her conduct. For she seemed not at all impressed by his merits. Actually, she seemed to prefer other men to him. Bobbie decided she must be punished.

One afternoon he took an hour to himself on the river. A sudden turn in the stream brought him opposite a thicket of laurel, and there, half-concealed by the bushes, a pale blue petticoat was moving about. What could Martha Allyn be doing? Bobby cautiously peered through.

The moment after he bent to the oars. When he looked up Martha Allyn was seated Turkish fashion on the bank, with her skirts carefully disposed about her.

"How d'ye do?" asked Bobbie, politely.

Martha Allyn bowed. The boat grated on the pebbly shore.

"Have a row?" suggested Robby.

"No; thanks."

"Why not?"

"I'm occupied."

"What with?"

"Myself."

"Nonsense! Get in!"

"I can't."

"Why not?"

"I won't."

"Why not?"

"Because I don't like you."

"That's frank."

"It's true."

Bobbie drew the oars into the boat, stepped out on the sand and seated himself on the prow. She looked worried.

He was glad to see that.

"You'll soil your skirts."

"How?"

"There in the grass."

"It doesn't matter."

He began to roll a cigarette. "Permit me to remark that pale blue takes grass stains easily. Better get up."

"Permit me to say that there is something to which you are not nearly so susceptible."

"What is that?"

"A hint."

Bobbie struck a match. "A hint?"

"Be off!"

"Presently."

"Right now."

He gravely lifted his hat and took the oars.

"By the way," he said, looking back, haven't you dropped something?"

Startled, she turned around. A pair of black silk hose fluttered from the laurel thicket!

On the veranda that night she eluded him; next morning she failed to appear; at dinner she would not look at him.

For days Bobbie followed her about, to the neglect of his duties and the growing disgust of the other guests.

One afternoon he met her on the beach at her sketching.

"You are rash," she said.

"You are forgetting your regular employment."

After that Bobby wanted to throw up his place as entertainer and become a paying guest, but the manager would not consent. Then he let business go hang and followed after Martha Allyn. He danced with her on the veranda, he rowed with her on the river, and in the afternoon she sketched on the beach, while he was permitted to hold the umbrella. Martha Allyn proved to be a tyrant. So long as he devoted himself utterly to her it was well, but the slightest neglect of her entailed bitter punishment.

It is never safe to neglect business. The guests began to leave, and the manager warned Bobbie; Bobbie laughed at him. The manager threatened; Bobbie ignored him, hoping he might be discharged. Then came the catastrophe.

One evening when he appeared on the veranda with Martha Allyn he became aware immediately that the house had received a piece of extraordinary news concerning himself. His appearance caused a sensation. Dancing stopped, groups of ladies gathered and began talking excitedly. Angry heads nodded in his direction, and the murmur of voices swelled with the general indignation.

Bobby Dolbear retired precipitately, and Martha Allyn immediately followed him. She, too, seemed nervous and distressed, and went immediately to her room.

So the secret was out, and Bobby must flee. One thing only remained to be done; Martha Allyn must learn from his lips, before she found out of her own accord that she had been receiving the attentions of a paid entertainer.

She was not down for breakfast, but he met her in the park after luncheon.

"I wanted to see you," he said abruptly. "I have something to say to you."

She looked at him steadily. "And I have something to say to you."

Bobbie flushed. So he was too late with the confession. Someone had told her already.

They walked down to the beach and sat among the rocks. She was the first to speak.

"I wanted to tell you that my name is not Martha Allyn, but Martha Mohr, and Mrs. Dobbins is not my aunt, but my employer."

Bobbie crushed by the weight on his own conscience, had at first no sense of what she was saying. He started to speak but she stopped him:

"Don't interrupt. I did it on a wager. I said I could earn my expenses this summer and have a better time than any of my classmates. So I hired out to Mrs. Dobbins. I read to her nights, sleep in her room and look under her bed, because she's afraid of burglars. She pays my expenses and lets me do as I please. I thought nobody knew, but they must have found out."

Bobbie took off his panama and feebly wiped his brow. "That makes it easier for me," he sighed. "I'm not a guest of this hotel—I'm an investment; I'm paid for. Robert Dolbear is my name, not Marston. I came down here after college closed under contract to be nice to the ladies and bring business to the house. I did first rate at it, too; it was a great lark—till you came along. You spoiled everything. Since then I've been no good, and now they've found out who I am. I'll have to leave to-day, and I want to say I'm sorry I offended you."

In the silence that ensued they both looked out to sea.

"What college?" she asked.

"Yale."

"I'm from Vassar."

**Corns Between the Toes.**  
Are removed without pain in 24 hours by Putnam's Painless Corn and Wart Extractor. Insist on your druggist supplying only "Putnam's," for it's the best and safest. Sold by R. O'Leary.

The Oceanic made a record trip from New York to Kingstown, in 5 days 18 hours and 30 seconds.

An orange tree in full bearing has been known to produce 15,000,000 oranges; a lemon tree 6000 fruit.

In fasting feats the sect of Jains, in India, is far ahead of all rivals. Fasts of from 30 to 40 days are very common and once a year they are said to abstain from food for 75 days.

It is reported that the Czarina's condition is serious.

Hon. Jas. H. Ross will be a candidate in the Yukon election, and there is no reason to doubt his election.

Advices have been received by the government, that parties of Boers have been chosen to visit Canada, New Zealand and Australia to look up desirable locations.

**AFTER SHAVING**  
**POND'S EXTRACT**

COOLS, COMFORTS AND HEALS THE SKIN, ENLARGING THE MOST TENDER FACE TO ENJOY A CLOSE SHAVE WITHOUT UNPLEASANT RESULTS.

Avoid dangerous, irritating Witch Hazel preparations represented to be "the same as" Pond's Extract, which easily sour and generally contain "wood alcohol," a deadly poison.

**COAL MINE DISASTER**  
MANY LIVES LOST, OTHERS IN GREAT DANGER.

LONDON, Sept. 4.—A explosion occurred to-day at the Tredegar Iron Company's colliery, near Rhydney, Monmouthshire, while 112 men were underground. Thirteen of these are known to be dead and seventeen are seriously injured.

**DOAN'S KIDNEY PILLS**

Are a sure and permanent cure for all Kidney and Bladder Troubles.

**BACKACHE**  
is the first sign of Kidney Trouble. Don't neglect it! Check it in time! Serious trouble will follow if you don't. **Cure your Backache by taking DOAN'S KIDNEY PILLS.**

**THE RELEASE OF A NAPANEE BANK ROBBER.**  
KINGSTON, Ont., Sept. 5.—Robert Mackie, who was sentenced to ten years in Kingston penitentiary for complicity in the robbery of \$10,000 from the Dominion Bank at Napanee, was released yesterday under ticket of leave system. He looks well. While in prison he learned a great deal about electricity.

**WHEN LIFE IS NOT LIFE**  
"Without health life is not life; it is only a state of languor and suffering—an image of death." The use of Dr. Chase's Nerve Food gives the weak, languid and discouraged a new hold on life. It makes the blood pure and rich, creates new nerve force and instils new energy and vitality into the whole being. It makes weak and sickly people strong and well by building up the system.

The writ for an election in Yukon has been issued by the clerk of the crown in chancery Wednesday. Nomination will take place on Nov. 4 and election four weeks later, on Dec. 2. Sheriff Eilbeck will be returning officer. At the last session of the parliament an act was passed giving representation to the Yukon in the Dominion House. Provision was made to have the election before January next. The returning officer will appoint enumerators to have the election lists prepared. Only British subjects will have the right to vote.

For Cholera Morbus, Cholera Infantum, Cramps, Colic, Diarrhea, Dysentery and Summer Complaint, Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry is a prompt, safe and sure cure that has been a popular favorite for nearly 60 years.

Immense deposits of iron in India are to be opened, and with the cheap native labor India may control the world's steel market.

Gen. Cronje and his wife have returned from St. Helena to South Africa, where he expresses himself as satisfied with the peace terms.

R. Waygood & Company, a pioneer English firm of elevator makers, has been absorbed by the England branch of the Otis Elevator Company.

**Children Cry for CASTORIA.**

The public works department has awarded the contract for the Lepreaux station bridge to Albert E. Smye, of Alma, Albert county.

Attorney General Pugsley has ordered an investigation into the death of Thomas Woodden, of Sunbury county, at the request of Harry Woodden, of the deceased, by a former wife.

At Milltown Tuesday a sad accident occurred, when the little daughter of J. G. Johnson had one of her legs broken above the knee while catching on a truck.

**RICH BLOOD Strong Nerves**

When the blood gets thin and watery, as it usually does at this time of year, the nerves are first to suffer; they are starved and exhausted. Headache, dizzy spells, indigestion, weak action of the heart, languid, depressing feelings, weakness and functional derangements of the bodily organs are the result.

You can feel Dr. Chase's Nerve Food doing you good day by day, as it strikes at the root of trouble and creates new, rich blood. You can prove that it builds up new tissues and adds flesh if you weigh yourself each week while using it.

Mr. J. McFaul, carpenter, 315 Manning Avenue, Toronto, states:—"I have used Dr. Chase's Nerve Food for acute indigestion, nervousness and inability to sleep, and now, after a thorough test, I am pleased to say that my nervous system has been built up, and I rest and sleep well. I can speak very highly of this preparation, knowing it to possess curative properties which I have failed to find in other remedies." 50 cents a box, at all dealers, or Edmansson, Bates & Co., Toronto.

**Dr. Chase's Nerve Food**

**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, DAIRYSALT,**  
**Molasses, Biscuits, Cheese,**

**PORK AND BEEF,**  
**HAMS, OATS, BRAN AND SHORTS.**

**HARDWARE, CROCKERWARE, GLASSWARE,**  
**BOOTS AND SHOES**

**DRY GOODS.**  
**Ready-Made Clothing, Scotch Horse Collars,**  
**IRON, CHAIN, ANCHORS, ROP.**

**NAILS OF EVERY DESCRIPTION LIME.**

**English House Coal.**  
**Blacksmith's Coal**

**HINGLES, DEALS, BEARDS AND SCANTLING,**  
**PITCH-PINE, HARDWOOD, LATHS, etc.**

**Rexton, Kent County, N. B.**

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