

Your Nose

That is what you should breathe through—not your mouth. But there may be times when your catarrh is so bad you can't breathe through it. Breathing through the mouth is always bad for the lungs, and it is especially so when their delicate tissues have been weakened by the scrofulous condition of the blood on which catarrh depends.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

This great medicine radically and permanently cures catarrh by cleansing the blood and building up the whole system. HOOD'S PILLS are the favorite cathartic.

Rebellious Angels.

"You're the most aggravating man that ever lived," observed Mrs. Mulville with conviction, as she crunched her toast viciously.

Her husband smiled benignly. He was in that sweetly reasonable, logical frame of mind when, as his wife once said in a moment of irritation, "men make beasts of themselves."

"It is not a play that is fit for anyone to see," he remarked heavily. "May I trouble you?" and he handed in his cup with an air of moral satisfaction which would have irritated an angel from heaven.

"I see no harm in it," said his wife, airily, "except to a degraded mind. In fact the moral at the end is a beautiful one."

"Two hours of solid immorality," said her husband, "and three minutes of virtuous platitudes, when people are feeling for their hats and cloaks."

"You've been talking to that horrid old Peterson," said his wife. "And you've been talking to that detestable Yorke woman."

"You dislike her because she's intellectual," said Mrs. Mulville. "Perhaps I do. Intellectual women are always a nuisance," he growled.

"That's a very pretty compliment to me, dear," said his wife sweetly. "I'm still waiting for my coffee," said Mr. Mulville with a scowl.

His wife refilled the cup as if she were mixing poison. "You treat full-grown women as if they were children," she remarked as she pushed it towards him and splashed some on the cloth.

"Not at all," said Mr. Mulville. "'Rebellious Angels' is a play to which I would not go myself. I object to supporting such work on principle."

There was a look of holy self-denial on his face as he spoke that made his wife angrier than before. "I detest 'principle,' she said; 'it's always dragged in to spoil somebody else's fun.'"

Her husband looked shocked, and prepared to leave the table. During the last twelve months Mulville and his wife had dropped into this way of sparring on points of propriety.

He was not a bad sort of fellow, but, under the influence of Peterson, his senior partner, he had developed a taste for explosive moral sentiments, which his wife, being fifteen years younger, and full of animal spirits, had scarcely learnt to appreciate.

On the subject of "Rebellious Angels," a play that the press agreed was the most reprehensible and alluring production of recent years, he had been more than usually annoying; and his wife ground her pretty little teeth at his hide-bound sense of propriety.

Her argument was that it was quite right to be shocked after you've seen a highly-colored play, but to avoid seeing a play for fear of being shocked is like starving to death for fear of indigestion.

"And suppose you are shocked?" she would say. "What then? It doesn't kill you. Besides, it's so nice to warn everybody against a thing which you have already thoroughly enjoyed."

During the morning by one of those odd accidents which the devil prepares to undo all Mrs. Grundy's noble work, Mrs. Yorke, the already mentioned "detestable" woman of intellect, called to invite her young married friend to accompany her to the very play in question.

Mrs. Yorke was in some mysterious way connected with the theatrical profession—a fact at which Mr. Mulville used to sniff unpleasantly—and had received a box for the night at the King's. Would dear Mrs. Mulville and her husband share it with her?

To take something for it, he only glares at me." Mrs. Yorke closed her eyes like one whose soul is stirred to its depths by bitter memories. "Nobody knows better than I do, my dear," she murmured, "what tiresome creatures men are."

Mrs. Yorke spoke feelingly. Her husband had long since packed up his Gladstone bag and gun cases, and was busy hunting wild animals in unknown regions, facing the perils of deadly reptiles and nameless diseases rather than existence with his wife. It may have been bad taste on his part, or gross stupidity, but the fact remained that Mrs. Yorke's handling of men had not been a striking success.

She therefore felt herself peculiarly fitted for the task of advising a woman twenty years younger than herself. "If he won't come with us, why shouldn't we go alone?" she said, suddenly.

"Why should we be treated as puppets? Besides, they say it's most beautifully acted."

Mrs. Mulville gasped at the bare notion of setting her husband at defiance, but tried hard to look plucky and reckless. "It would be great fun, wouldn't it?" she stammered uneasily.

"I consider it's your duty to make a stand," said Mrs. Yorke. "I've got the stage box."

"I should love to if I only dared."

"Mrs. Yorke gave a sniff of contempt at the word 'dared.' If defiance of marital authority were properly rewarded, she would have received the V. C. years before. 'But I'm such a silly kid!' continued Mrs. Mulville apologetically.

"You've no idea how fearfully repentant I shall be afterwards."

It is impossible to say how the matter would have ended, but just at this critical moment accident turned the scale. A telegram arrived from Jack Mulville. "Peterson requires my assistance. Shall not be home until late," it ran.

That of course settled it. "I shall go to the play," said Mrs. Mulville briskly. "We'll drive both ways—I'll stand the carriage—and get back before Jack arrives. Then I can explain matters afterwards."

So the stage box at the King's was that night occupied by two married ladies—a young one, who had temporarily deserted her husband; and an elderly one whose husband had permanently deserted her.

But for some unexplainable reason, Mrs. Jack Mulville was not really enjoying herself, though she tried to convince herself she was.

For one thing, she didn't really like the play. It was morbidly naughty, and although Mrs. Jack had frisky spirits, there was nothing morbid about her, and once or twice she blushed, whereas to maintain her character for independence she ought of course to have laughed.

Then, too, she didn't really quite like her companion, and she certainly didn't like her companion's friends, one or two of whom—men, of course—came to see them between the acts.

Altogether, Mrs. Jack began to be rather a miserable little rebel. The attack of repentance seemed to set in so early. It wasn't due until they were half way home, but its earliest symptoms appeared before the close of the first act.

"I wonder what I'd better say to Jack," she said directly they got in the carriage to drive home.

"I shouldn't say anything," snapped Mrs. Yorke. "You've done nothing to be ashamed of."

"I'm quite aware of that," said Mrs. Jack, coldly. Then she added tremulously, "but I'm horribly ashamed all the same. That's what is so annoying."

"You see, Jack is such a funny man," she added, dreamily, cleaning the window with her gloved hand, and then absentedly wiping it on her companion's dress. "He doesn't swear and rave at you like a man ought to. He'll look grieved, and be sorry for me, just as if I had the measles. I'm certain I shall cry."

"I hope you won't be such a fool," said Mrs. Yorke, grimly. "I always cry when Jack and I quarrel," said Mrs. Mulville, firmly.

"Where's this man driving us to?" said Mrs. Yorke, peering out of the window, anxiously. "I believe he's intoxicated."

She lowered the window and put her head out. "Where are we?" she inquired, sharply. "I dun' know, ma'am," said the man, frankly.

"Then you'd better find out, or I'll send for the police," said Mrs. Yorke. Probably this sobered the charioteer, for in another ten minutes or so they regained the right road.

But they had lost nearly half an hour and Mrs. Jack had dissolved into silent tears. "Jack is sure to catch the 11.15," she murmured. He'll get home first and be wondering where I am."

To a certain extent she was right. When she reached home, feeling very repentant and low-spirited, she observed Jack's overcoat hanging in the hall. As she closed the door he emerged from the dining-room. "Hullo! little woman!" he said, cheerily. "Where have you been to? By Jove! Evening dress, too! Been to the theatre?"

"Yes, Jack," she said meekly. "I've been with Mrs. Yorke. She—she had tickets, and—as you were going to be late, I knew you'd like me to go."

"Quite right, old girl," said the brute, good-temperedly. "Come and have some supper. Where did you go?" "I've been to see 'Rebellious Angels,'" she said.

She watched his face anxiously, expecting to see the look of severe moral sorrow settle down upon it.

But he only chuckled, and she began to pluck up courage, wondering with all her might why he took it so blandly. "What a sham of old Peterson to keep you so late!" she said, kindly. "You must be tired. What did he want?"

Mr. Mulville cleared his throat elaborately. "He—he wanted me to go to the theatre. You see, they've got a niece staying with them, so his wife wanted me to go to make up a quartette. Of course, it was a beastly nuisance, and it was only arranged this morning. I knew you wouldn't mind, old girl."

"Of course not," said Mrs. Mulville with a twinkle in her eyes. "Where did you go to?" "To—eh—The King's."

His wife said nothing. She smiled curiously. "We had circle tickets," he added, hurriedly, "and it's a funny thing, but I thought I saw someone in the stage box rather like you, only you kept behind the curtains, and I wasn't sure."

They sat down to supper in silence, and Jack Mulville watched his wife rather anxiously. Presently she looked up, and said, "Suppose we shake hands on it? I think it's about level pegging. There's only one thing, Jack."

"What's that, dear?" "No more heavy moral sentiments," she said, holding up a pretty finger warningly. "They don't come well from Rebellious Angels. We must just be decent human beings."

And Jack laughed, and celebrated the occasion by ordering up a bottle of champagne.

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It is safe to follow the example of the millions of wise women who have made the Diamond Dyes their chosen and only dyes for home coloring. The faith of all is so firmly established in the excellence of the Diamond Dyes that they would not use any other make, even if they were given the common and imitation dyes free of cost. Valuable goods and garments should not be risked with poor and untried dyes. Ruin, loss of money and bad temper is the sure result.

Mrs. R. F. Swallow, 108 Harris St., Vancouver, B. C., says: "I have used a great many of the Diamond Dyes and have always had most satisfactory results. I have dyed silks, dresses, mens' clothes, curtains and any quantity of wool goods to my entire satisfaction."

General O'Grady-Haley is to take a month's leave at the end of May, and will then retire from the command of the Canadian militia.

A new proposition for the construction of the Coast to Kootenay Railway was made to the British Columbia Government by a firm of New York capitalists.

KEEP YOUR EYES OPEN and be sure that when you ask for Perry Davis' Painkiller you get just that and nothing else. Use it promptly to cure cramps, diarrhoea and all other bowel complaints in summer.

The Government grant of \$60,000 for the city of Ottawa will be capitalized, and some permanent and comprehensive scheme of city improvement will be inaugurated.

W. F. Robinson of Hamilton, has been appointed leader of the Kiltie band of Canada, which will take up the concert work in the States of the 48th Highlanders' band of Toronto.

Hans Peter Peterson, of the Danish Settlement, east of Grand Falls, was stabbed by another Dane named Anderson Wednesday evening. Peterson and a companion met Anderson near the Red school house. Anderson is a tramp and Peterson told him that it would be better for him to be at work than running around doing nothing.

Anderson threw himself upon Peterson and stabbed him in the throat with a dirk or two-edged knife, which penetrated the wind pipe. The victim is in a critical condition. Anderson fled to the woods. The council of the Montreal Board of Trade has endorsed the application of George Robertson, M. P., of St. John, to the Dominion government for a three per cent. annual subsidy for twenty years on the cost of the proposed dry dock in St. John.



THE ORIGINATOR OF DOAN'S KIDNEY PILLS, The original kidney specific for the cure of Backache, Diabetes, Bright's Disease and all Urinary Troubles. Don't accept something just as good. See you get the genuine DOAN'S.

At Fredericton Thursday a court-martial was held to try Hospital Sergeant Lincoln and Sergeant Sheldon on the charge of intoxication. Corporal Wallace is to be tried upon a similar charge. Peter Clinch, of St. John, will be one of the judges of saddle horses and hunters at the coming Montreal horse show.

MEDICAL SCIENCE ADVANCES.

It is not more than half a century ago that physicians considered a surgical operation with its risk, expense and pain as the only cure for piles. To-day it is only the out of date doctors that think of such treatment. It is cruel and extravagant to operate for a disease which is far more certainly cured by the application of Dr. Chase's Ointment. You may be skeptical, but for proof you are referred to tens of thousands of cases that have been cured by this famous preparation.

Queen Alexandra, who has been visiting her father at Copenhagen, has left for England.

One hundred and seventy-five barrels of blue points have been ordered from a Long Island dealer for use at King Edward's coronation, and the shipment will be made at once in order to allow the oysters to drink in English waters.

The latest fad in English society, an automobile wedding, was followed to the letter in the marriage of Miss Orde-Powlett to Sir Leslie Falkiner, the whole party and many of the guests coming in automobiles, and an auto-brougham being among the presents.

The coronation contingent from Hong Kong will go to England by way of Canada, arriving there on June 12.

The British Government will not permit of any further documents being published concerning the Warren-Buller trouble.

The German miners threaten to strike unless their demands are granted. Robert Chapman, one of the Plymouth Brethren, is preaching in Devonshire at the age of 100 years. He has preached for seventy years without a break. He once was a London lawyer.

Sweden's census shows the lowest death rate on record, an average of 16.49 per thousand for this last ten years. Norway comes next, with 16.9. The death rate of the Scandinavian countries a hundred years ago was 26.22 per thousand.

The large 25c size of BENTLEY'S Liniment is the largest bottle of Liniment sold at this price. It is the best at any price.

Germany now turns out porcelain violins and Mandolins. The tone is said to be better than that of wood instruments, and they are unaffected by change of temperature. A Meissen manufacturer of ocarinas and porcelain organs is the inventor.

Sir J. Rose Innes, the new chief justice of the Transvaal bench, has arrived in Pretoria to take up his duties, and the high court opened yesterday.

Chronic Bronchitis

Mr. Wm. Davidson, St. Andrews, Que., states:—"Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine has cured me of bronchitis. I have, without success, tried many remedies for the past six years. Last winter when I had a severe attack and was unable to work I procured a bottle of Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine, and am happy to state that the third bottle made me a well man."

Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine.

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