

**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. NUGENT, Belleville, Ont.

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

**Hiram P. Yorker's Little Plan.**

Hiram P. Yorker dropped his head and moaned.

"I guess this here's the last straw and the old kemel's back is jest about broke," he muttered.

All round him the great crowd was cheering the splendid victory of the favorite—Mr. Reginald Wycherley's four year-old Foxhound—which had just won by three clear lengths the race for the Ascot Cup.

Hiram P. Yorker had staked £100 on Saucy Lass, and the filly had come in last but one!

This miscarriage of fortune was a very serious matter, for it left Hiram with barely a £5 note to pay his hotel bill and his saloon fare across the herring-pond to his native Boston.

He had come to London primarily to hunt up his neglectful cousin-in-law, Bill Jackson, who, report said, was now a rich aristocrat; incidentally, to "do" a few innocent Londoners, and thereby earn his holiday expenses. But the programme had proved abortive. Nobody had heard of a rich aristocrat of the name of Bill Jackson, and endless advertisements appealing to that gentleman to make known his whereabouts to an anxious relative had brought no reply. And instead of "doing" a few innocent Londoners, the genial cockneys had managed to "do" him!

"I guess I ain't in it," he went on muttering, heedless of the cheering crowd. "I guess these cockney fellows take the diploma, and Hiram P. Yorker is jest about stranded. I guess I'll git home," he added, and began pushing his way through the living mass.

In a few minutes, by dint of great exertion he had worked his way to the fringe of the crowd, when he suddenly stopped and gazed with open mouth at the jubilant owner of the winner, some few yards away, who was receiving congratulations from a host of smart-looking people who surrounded him.

"By 'Frisco! if it ain't Bill himself!" he exclaimed, after a prolonged gaze. "I guess this jest about licks creation, anyhow."

He took a stride forward and, mounting the enclosure, dropped into the midst of the small crowd.

"Bill—Cousin Bill—I've found you out at last!" he said, eagerly, holding out his hand to Mr. Reginald Wycherley, who appeared confused and annoyed. "I've bin inquirin' after you and advertisin' after you for the last four months. So glad to find you Bill! 'Liza'll be glad to hear I've found you, and so'll old Mammy Bridgin. Shake hands' old couz."

A few of Mr. Wycherley's friends were amused, but most of them felt disgusted.

Mr. Wycherley himself smiled, now that the shock of the thing was over, and professed to have no knowledge whatever of Hiram P. Yorker.

"You have evidently mistaken me for someone else," he added, "for my name is not Bill and I have no cousins."

Hiram P. Yorker rubbed his eyes, preparatory to a further close survey of his supposed cousin.

"You ain't Bill, and you don't know Cousin Hiram?" he ejaculated, presently. "What's come to you, Cousin Bill! Had sunstroke or brain fever and clean lost your memory? Guess I know you anyhow. Wasn't I best man when you married Cousin Sarah A. Yorker? Remember that?"

Wycherley laughed like one amused; but in his heart was war.

"I suppose there's a near resemblance between some cousin of yours, Mr. Yorker, and myself," he said, "to explain the mistake you are making. I am sure this is the first time I have had the pleasure of seeing you, and, as I said, I have no cousins. As for marrying, I am quite innocent of that, so far."

"Well, by 'Frisco, I guess this licks creation, anyhow!" declared Hiram P., with much perplexity. "I guess these peepers have jest about played a real mean trick on me this ereasion, and I must sort of apologize for the error. Hiram P. Yorker bugs yer pard'n, mister, and—scouts."

So saying, and a general titter, the crest-fallen Hiram took a hasty departure, and the little crowd returned to their interrupted congratulations.

A week later Hiram P. Yorker betook himself to Little Seeling. It cost him a sovereign (first class) to get there. It was a last effort to discover that neglectful cousin of his, Bill Jackson.

Hiram duly arrived at Rosemount, a big white house, which, with its beautiful surroundings, impressed him deeply.

In answer to his knock a nice-looking, liveried youth swung the door open, with a flourish and a graceful bow, which also impressed Hiram very favorably.

"I guess you can tell me, young man, if my cousin's in?" he asked.

"Mr. Wycherley, do you mean, sir?" inquired the youth, dubiously. "Of course," responded Hiram. "I'm your master's cousin—cousin-in-law, anyhow—Hiram P. Yorker, from Boston, Ameriker. Guess you'd better show me in ther parlor and tell yer master a geut from London wants to see him on real partickler business."

The youth showed him into a handsome reception-room and then went in search of his master.

Hiram had ten minutes to which to admire the costly splendour of his surroundings, then the door opened, and he sprang forward with extended hands to greet his "Cousin Bill."

"Guess I've jest about found you this time, Bill," he concluded. "Liza wanted pow'ful bad to come, too, but it costs a sovereign to get here, and I couldn't spare it."

Mr. Wycherley stood regarding him for several seconds with mute perplexity.

"My dear sir, you are making a great mistake," he said, at length. "I am not your cousin; I have no cousins, as I told you at Ascot. You are either confusing me with somebody resembling me or—you are the victim of some mental disorder. I have company, so I must ask you to take your leave."

Hiram crossed his legs, and falling back into his chair gave a hearty laugh.

"I guess, Bill, you're jest missin' your vocation in life," he said, chuckling. "You was meant by Mother Nacher to be a real star actor of the very first magnertood."

"Look here, sir, you had better be going!" broke in Wycherley, angrily. "There is the door; if you are not through in two ticks I will send for a constable."

Hiram regarded him with a placid smile.

"Cous," said he, calmly, "don't yer get excited. I ain't for goin' jest yet. Keep cool, it don't pay to get excited. It's a waste, a unnecessary waste, of the nervous system. I guess it won't pay you nohow to try bullyin' Cousin Hiram. Sit down, and let's talk of old times."

"Man, you are mad!" cried Wycherley. "If you don't clear out I tell you I will send for a constable and have you removed forcibly."

"I guess you won't be so cruel onkind, Bill, to Sarah A. Jackson's own couz?" drawled Hiram, provokingly. "You was very fond of me in them days. Remember, I lent you ten dollars, and you never paid me back. And wasn't it me, Hiram, you would have to be best man when you married pore Sarah A.? Pore Sarah! And now you're rich and got to be a big pot, you're ashamed of your relations, and won't acknowledge us if yer ken help it. Shame on yer, Bill!"

"Really, you must be a lunatic," returned Wycherley, more calmly. "I don't understand a word of all you have been saying. But I'll leave that for the moment, and ask what it is you are after? Why are you so anxious to make me your cousin?"

"For pore Sarah A.'s sake," promptly answered Hiram, critically eyeing Wycherley, who gave a start and went deadly pale.

"I guess you served pore Sarah shockin' cruel Bill," continued Hiram. "It was sort of downright onkind to leave the pore thing in that condition and come all the way to this country, thousands of miles away. Of course she took on tarnation cruel, and when the youngster didn't live 'Liza and me and all the rest took it she was for the long bimeby; but she warn't. She took to livin' on, and she's better to-day than ever she was. Ain't yer glad to hear it, Bill?"

Wycherley gave a low groan and covered his face with both hands. His wife living, whom he had believed dead these ten years! And a month, just a little over a month, that day he was to marry Frances Rivers!

"You—you say she is livin'?" he stammered, at length. "Why did they write me she had died?"

"I guess it was kinder spiteful of Sarah to indooce Mammy Bridgin, 'genst the old critter's conscience, to write yer to that effect," returned Hiram. "But Sarah A. was allays prooty 'centric, anyhow. Comin' to biz, couz, I kinder conclude you ain't real partickler glad to hear

the danger which menaced him kept Wycherley awake the greater part of the night. He must remove that danger from his path.

Before sleep came to him he had settled on a plan of action, and early next morning he rode over to the railway station and had an interview with the station master. From that official, in the course of the day, he received a note saying that "the gentleman whom you described, left with a lady, by the 10.45 train for Easton. There were no other passengers from here."

"Then," muttered Wycherley, "they have left her at home. Now, if I don't make a mess of it, she'll be missing when they get back."

At midnight, disguised beyond recognition, he sallied forth to Hiram's "place."

Sarah A.'s alive, eh? You ain't Bill Jackson nohow nowadays, and you kinder contemptin' marryin' into the aristocracy prooty soon? Nice place this, Bill; too good for pore Sarah A., eh?"

"Where is she?" asked Wycherley. "With 'Liza, I reckon up in London. Want to see her, couz? Shall I bring her down to yer to-morrer?"

"Take her back Hiram, take her back, for Heaven's sake!" cried Wycherley. "Return by the first steamer. Tell her I am dead—died years ago. I will reward you for it."

Hiram's face looked propitious, and Wycherley added, "I will give you two hundred pounds now, and remit you another two hundred as soon as I know you are back in Boston."

"I guess I'm your man Bill."

"Very well," said Wycherley, counting himself lucky to get off so easily. "I'll give you a couple of hundred now and a further two hundred when you get back to Boston."

Hiram got the money and, bidding his "dear couz" an affectionate farewell, took his departure, with the pious hope that, if they never met again in this life, they might, at any rate "do so in the sweet bimeby."

They met again, however, in this life, shortly afterwards.

Hiram had an idea which he guessed was money. He discussed it with 'Liza, who said there was no doubt about it; it was real good money, and plenty of it too. And on the strength of it they decided to settle down in this country—at Little Seeling. Next day 'Liza went down, looked over several vacant houses to let, and then and there engaged one on a three year's agreement. They spent most of the two hundred pounds in furnishing it, and in less than a week were in residence.

Then Hiram paid his second visit to Rosemount, Wycherley of course, was very much surprised to see him.

"Why, I thought you were on your way back home by this," he said, somewhat resentfully. "How is it you are not?"

"Well, you see, couz, it's all along o' old Mammy Bridgin takin' to peggin' out," Hiram explained. "When the sad noos reached us pore Sarah A. and 'Liza took on jest about cruel. Says Sarah A., 'I can't—I can't—I can't ever go back to the old home now.' And 'Liza says ditto so we've got a place down here to be near you, Bill."

Wycherley gasped.

"Good Heavens! man, is this what I paid you two hundred pounds to do," he cried. "What on earth can you be thinking of to bring Sarah down here, Hiram? Some fine day she'll be coming here, perhaps when—"

"I guess you ken leave that to me and not worry yourself," broke in Hiram. "Sarah don't go out, never; she sticks to her room, mostly. And you bet I've told her never a word about you except that you was dead, havin' popped into the Noo Jerusalem or elsewhere, kinder sudden years ago."

"You must move—go away, go out of the country," said Wycherley. "I can't have you here, not a day longer."

Hiram shook his head.

"Can't couz. 'Liza took the place on a three years agreement, and 'Liza's strong-minded, anyhow. Guess she won't budge nohow, won't 'Liza."

"Hang the agreement!" ejaculated Wycherley. "I will take it over, if needs be. And I'll call on 'Liza to-morrow and propose terms to her, if you can keep Sarah out of the way."

"We won't be in to-morrer, we're goin' to town for a couple of days," said Hiram. "And that's what I've come for, to borrow a hundred pounds 'Liza kinder used up the bulk of them two hundred in furnishin' the place. Guess you'd better let 'Liza come here when we're back, and run no risk of Sarah A. clappin' peepers on her runaway devoted."

"Perhaps that would be safer," agreed Wycherley, pensively. "I think I will get you to bring her—on Friday say, after breakfast."

"I guess 'Liza'd appreciate comin' time for breakfast better, couz," observed Hiram. "Guess you'd better make it a family meal, barrin' Sarah A. Tell you what, Bill; better give me a little note in yer old style to take 'Liza. Reck'n she mightn't come without."

The liveried youth came to say that Lord Lyptus was in the drawing-room. Wycherley thereupon hurriedly scrawled off a note to 'Liza in familiar terms, and giving Hiram the hundred pounds packed him off.


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Avoiding the public roads he made his way thither rather circuitously, though quite safely, across fields and meadows.

No light was visible, and no sound from within reached his listening ears. He tried several windows; with the fourth he was successful; the fastening slipped back easily and he crawled through into the room. There was nothing there. Upstairs he crept noiselessly, in stocking feet, pausing at intervals to listen. He could hear his heart beating, nothing else. On the landing he turned on his dark lantern. The light fell upon a door facing him. It was locked. But to-night he was a burglar determined on spoil of more value than gold, and had provided himself with the crackman's tools. He stooped on one knee and got to work. A strong door and a strong lock opposed his efforts but at length he overcame them and entered the room.

The light from his lantern streamed full upon the form of a woman lying on the bed, apparently in deep sleep.

The sight made him stand still for a moment. It was Sarah, almost as fresh looking and as pretty as when he, with boyish impetuosity, made her his bride.

Standing his lantern on the floor, he began his preparations. When these were completed he stepped to the bedside and held a large sponge saturated with chloroform over the woman's mouth for five or ten minutes. Then, with a sigh of relief he took up the unconscious form in his arms and bore it away.

When he laid it down on a couch in his private room and gazed on its impassive features, a smile came over his face.

The following day came a letter from Hiram—

"Dear Cous, We shall have an extra day in town. 'Liza's decided on a motor. It's goin' to cost three hundred pounds. Please send us the money by return of mail. No nonsense. 'Liza's made up her mind on that motor, and I paid the deposit to-day—fifty pounds."

Wycherley wired back: "Must refuse, unless we can come to terms. Home to-night, if you care to call."

Hiram was back at Little Seeling by the first train.

'Liza's took on pow'ful cruel about that telegram," were his first words. "Says if I don't scoot back sharp with them three hundred pounds she'll tell Sarah A. and expose you all over the country. 'Liza means biz, couz, I reckon. Pow'ful strong-minded, 'Liza."

"Hiram, you're a scoundrel!" said Wycherley. "You think you have me in your power and can levy blackmail on me whenever you have a mind to, but you'll find out your mistake. I have made up my mind not to give you another penny. Now you can do your worst."

Hiram smiled.

"I guess couz don't mean that, nohow," he said, confidently. "I guess you wouldn't kinder like it if 'Liza was to let Sarah A. loose on society. Guess there'd be no weddin' nex' month, and Lord Lyptus would be feelin' uncommon like giv-

(Continued on Page 5)

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