

All Stuffed Up

That's the condition of many sufferers from catarrh, especially in the morning. Great difficulty is experienced in clearing the head and throat.

No wonder catarrh causes headache, impairs the taste, smell and hearing, pollutes the breath, deranges the stomach and affects the appetite.

To cure catarrh, treatment must be constitutional—alterative and tonic.

"I was ill for four months with catarrh in the head and throat. Had a bad cough and raised blood. I had become discouraged when my husband bought a bottle of Hood's Sarsaparilla and persuaded me to try it. I advise all to take it. It has cured and built me up." Mrs. HUGH ROBERTS, West Liscomb, N. S.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Cures catarrh—it soothes and strengthens the mucous membrane and builds up the whole system.

The Man And His Chance.

The man with the bowed shoulders and grey face rose from his desk and accompanied him to the door of his office.

"Thank you for coming, Sherard," he said in his tired voice. "I won't ask what you think of me. I only know I must tell some one, and I thought of you. It doesn't matter—everyone will know in a week!" He gave a hysterical laugh. "A world of fools—and the maddest goes to the wall, eh?"

Sherard, the doctor, gave him a searching look.

"What kind of wall is it going to be in your case?" he asked.

"Oh, I don't know yet!" answered the man with the grey face wearily. "Good-bye!"

Sherard gave him a last look.

"I shall send you that sleeping draught," he said with a nod. "Good-bye!"

He hurried down into the street, and, jumping into his private hansom was driven swiftly to his house in Grover Street, Mayfair.

He let himself in with his latchkey, and making his way to his study, flung himself into an armchair, relieved to find that there was nobody waiting to consult him.

Dick Sherard was about thirty-five, a good-looking man with a few premature streaks of grey in his hair. After qualifying, he had set up in practice in the house in Mayfair which had been left him by his mother. It had been an uphill fight at first, but by sheer hard work he had succeeded—first, in making a living; now he was reckoned as one of the most promising of the younger men in the medical profession.

He sat buried in thought, his mind beating out the sordid story told him by the man with the grey face. It touched his world, probably that's why he had been told.

He heard the whirr of the street bell, and roused himself with a sigh; it generally foretold the arrival of another patient. The door opened, and his housekeeper, Mrs. Newhouse, appeared, her homely face beaming with gratification.

"Miss Elsie and Miss Erskine, sir," she announced.

The two girls came into the room; both were pretty, but to Dick Sherard one was ever the most attractive he had set eyes on.

"A surprise visit, Elsie?" he cried, grasping her by the hand.

"Yes, Dick; Vi and I have been to St. James's Hall, and as we wanted to talk with you we thought we'd drop in on the way home."

"You'll have some tea, Miss Elsie?" put in the old housekeeper eagerly.

"Yes, please, Newhouse—if we may have it in the master's study," she added with a smiling glance of affection at Sherard.

Elsie Carew was the only daughter of a great railway contractor, who had spent most of his life in India. Being a widower, he had left his little daughter to Mrs. Sherard's charge in England, and Elsie had grown up at the house in Grover Street with Dick Sherard as her chief companion.

Then her father had died, leaving her a vast fortune to be inherited when she came of age, and Dick Sherard, who loved the girl with every fibre of his strong nature, felt more than ever the duties of his position. He was twelve years her senior, and it would be unfair to let the circumstances of the case influence the girl; besides, he was no fortune hunter!

So the quiet life in the house in Grover Street had gone on, the man never changing from his attitude of the elder brother until at last Mrs. Sherard died, and a fresh arrangement was necessary. Elsie went to live with an old friend, Mrs. Erskine, and passed to an extent out of his world. He threw himself more than ever into his work, and tried to fight the loneliness out of his life, but how he had failed, only himself knew.

"You'll never guess, Dick, what we have come to consult you about," she said, with another smile at him. "I am wondering whether I shall accept an offer of marriage!" she continued.

"Indeed?" he said, summoning a smile. He knew this would come some time, but he had always tried not to think of it.

"You see Dick," she went on, with a mischievous glance at her friend, "Mrs

Erskine and Violet both wish me to be married and out of the way—poor Vi doesn't get a chance!"

"Quite right!" put in Miss Erskine placidly, helping herself to a large cake. "Elsie is just sweet, and I love her very much! She gets a proposal once a week regularly!"

"And who is the latest?" he said, with an effort.

"Lord Hugh Bayntoun," Miss Erskine volunteered the information. "He hasn't actually proposed, but Elsie sees it coming. We think it will be to-morrow, as Sir Michael Evesham has invited him to join his party up the Nile, and he told Elsie that he hoped he would have a good excuse for not going—there was no mistaking his meaning. If Elsie accepts him he stays at home; if she refuses him he goes."

"And what do you say yourself?" asked Sherard manfully, looking at Elsie. "Do you love him?"

"No I don't think I do—yet," she said frankly. "I don't love anybody but you!" she said, looking at him with a smile.

Sherard's grip tightened on his chair. He knew very well that the remark was only meant in a sisterly way, but it stirred his blood.

"She thinks she could love him presently—if he loved her," put in Miss Erskine. "But, like all disagreeable people with money she thinks he may only be wanting to marry her for her wealth. So she wishes to try him and we want your help."

"My help?" he echoed.

"Yes—it's just the old idea—I thought of it," said Miss Erskine, helping herself to another piece of cake. "We know you often meet Lord Bayntoun at your club; we want you to tell him that Elsie has lost her fortune and is a poor girl. If he then proposes, she will accept him and become Lady Bayntoun, confident that he has married her because he loved her!"

Sherard sat back in his chair. He looked at Elsie.

"You want me to do that?" he said helplessly.

She nodded.

"It's Vi's idea, but I think it a good one. It's a test anyway, and if I've got to marry, well, I'd rather marry a man who loves me for myself. You'll do it, Dick, won't you?"

Sherard glanced at the girl's fair face for a moment. He was thinking desperately hard.

"And you can explain afterwards that you were mistaken—that it was only a joke," said Miss Erskine airily. She looked up at the clock. "Why, Elsie, we shan't be back in time to dress for dinner. No idea it was so late."

Elsie rose hastily. Dick saw them down to the door.

"Good-bye, dear old Dick," said Elsie, pressing his hand affectionately. "Do it quickly, won't you?"

He watched them disappear down the street, then returned to his study. He stood in front of the fire place, his arms resting on the mantelpiece.

"Good Lord, what a coincidence! I wonder what will happen?" he murmured to himself.

Two days later, having in the meantime carried out his instructions, he met Elsie again. It was five o'clock in the afternoon, and returning to Grover Street, he found her waiting in his study.

"I said I would meet Vi here, but she hasn't come yet," she said as she shook hands with him.

He sat down and looked at her enquiringly.

"Well?" he said. "I did my share."

She gave a little nervous laugh.

"I met him the same afternoon as you told him. He informed me that Sir Michael Evesham absolutely insisted on his joining their party, so he had given a reluctant consent. I quite understood!"

There was a pause. Sherard stood up.

"You didn't love him, Elsie?" he began.

She shook her head.

"No, I didn't love him, so it doesn't matter," she continued, and there was a little falter in her voice. "But it's a little humiliating to think, Dick, that no one loves me for myself—only for my wretched money."

"No one?" he said interrogatively.

She looked up at him with a smile and stretched out a hand impulsively to him.

"Of course, there's always you, dear old Dick; but that isn't quite the same thing. You never think of me in that way do you?"

Sherard sat down beside her.

"Supposing, Elsie, that I were to say that I did?" he began in a slow voice.

She drew back suddenly, and shot a little frightened glance at him. He stood up suddenly in front of her.

"Supposing, Elsie, that I were to say that I did."

"Elsie, I am going to tell you now what I've kept to myself these last ten years. I love you—always have loved you, dear! I've stood by and let the younger men have their chance, but now they have failed I can't hold myself any longer. I ask you—will you marry me?"

"I only want to have you to work for," he continued. "You know me through and through—know what my life is. If you had loved another man, I should never have spoken. Don't hesitate to say 'no' dear, if you feel you cannot consent. I'm only taking my chance, and if I lose—well, I'm man enough to take it standing."

She looked up at his strong face with swimming eyes.

"You loved me all this time and never spoken, Dick?" she said.

"I didn't think it fair!" he said, between his teeth.

There was a pause, and to the man the seconds seemed minutes. At last he heard her voice.

"I think it was most unfair—to me!" she said softly. Then he felt her hand touch his. "Oh, Dick, dear, this has always been my real home—let it be now!"

A load seemed suddenly lifted from his mind. He bent down and kissed her on the lips.

Presently the bell rang, and Newhouse appeared showing Miss Erskine in. She held a newspaper in her hand and her young face wore a serious expression.

"Elsie, dear, isn't Mr. Vannick the solicitor who has charge of your affairs?"

"Yes," cried Elsie wonderingly. "Why, what's the matter, Vi?"

The girl unfolded the paper and pointed to a bold headline.

"A London solicitor absconds. Huge defalcations feared," she read out.

Sherard gave a start; the man with the grey face has chosen the first and most easy wall. Elsie read a few lines hurriedly then swung round on him.

"Dick it says he has lost huge sums through speculating and that he has ruined heaps who entrusted their money to him. He had charge of all my fortune—does it mean—?"

He faced her bravely.

"It means, dear, that what I told Bayntoun was the truth—I should never have done it otherwise!" he said gently.

She went very white.

"And you knew?" she said wonderingly. He bowed his head.

"Yes. Vannick confessed to me three days ago. He said all the world would know in a week!"

There was another pause. Then an idea seemed to occur to the girl. She came nearer to him and peered intently into his face.

"Dick, you—" she said with a half sob. You did not ask me to marry you—out of pity—because—?"

He caught her in his arms.

"No it only gave me the opportunity to ask for what I should have never otherwise dared to hope and I'm glad you've lost your money—glad!" he added almost fiercely.

She looked up into his face and a smile crept through her tears.

"I'm glad, too—if keeping it meant my losing this!" she whispered.

Miss Erskine had been watching the little scene in amazement. The situation gradually dawned on her.

"Well, of all the idiotic nonsense—," she began.

—Gilbert Dayle.

Irritating Pimples and Disfiguring Blisters.

They place many young girls at a great disadvantage in life. The only cure is a blood purifier like Ferrozone. It cleanses the crimson flood of poisons and impurities, renews and strengthens it, and makes lots of red corpuscles that manifest their presence by a ruddy, healthy glow in the cheeks and lips. Ferrozone quickly masters all skin eruptions, builds up broken-down constitutions, and gives to weak, sickly women an abundance of spirits, vitality, energy and beauty. Try Ferrozone, it's all right. Price 50c. per box, or six boxes for \$2.50, at druggists, or N. C. Polson & Co., Kingston, Ont. Sold by R. O'Leary.

During a friendly wrestling match, F. Thewer was killed in Montreal by a companion on Monday, while engaged in unloading a steamer.

Bradford B. McGregor, son of one of the organizers of the Standard Oil Co. was operated on Saturday for kidney disease and died at his home in New York Monday.

Lieut. Gov. Snowball, of New Brunswick, was present at the banquet given to Sir Edmund Barton, Australian premier, Monday night.

An engrossed address will be given to Sir Wilfrid Laurier on his return to Ottawa.

The Czarina is progressing towards complete recovery.

Premier Barton denies the report in an English newspaper that he will resign.

The town of Bolivar, Argentine, was wiped out by a cyclone Monday and 14 persons killed.

Soo canal returns show an increase of 5,007,013 tons in five months this year.



Sick Headache, Biliousness, Dyspepsia, Coated Tongue, Foul Breath, Heart Burn, Water Brash, or any Disease of the Stomach, Liver or Bowels.

Laxa-Liver Pills are purely vegetable; neither gripe, weaken nor sicken, are easy to take and prompt to act.

WOOLLEN FACTORY BURNED.

BRIDGETOWN, N. Z., Sept. 12, The large factory of the East Lake Woolen Mills Company, of which J. Edward Addicks, of Del. is the head, was destroyed by fire today entailing a loss of \$100,000. Two hundred men and women are rendered idle.

Children Cry for CASTORIA.

A great whale hunt took place at Hills-wick in the Shetland Islands last Saturday. The whales were driven ashore and 166 slaughtered. The largest measured thirty-five feet.

Despatches received from Buenos-Ayres announce the destruction of the town of Bolivar, Argentine Republic, by a cyclone. Fourteen persons were killed and fifty were injured.

Mrs. White, wife of Mr. C. L. White, light-house keeper at Parry Spund, Ont., and her son, Jackson, went out in a sail boat on Saturday. Mrs. White's body was found Monday. It is supposed a squall capsized the boat.

There is no special legislation against Canadian cattle in Great Britain.

Of Special Interest to Ladies.

Unightly warts can be removed in a few hours by Putnam's Painless Corn and Wart Extract; it is reliable, safe and sure and costs but 25c. Insist on "Putnam's," it's the best. Sold by R. O'Leary.

OLDEST TAMMANYITE DEAD.

NEW YORK, Sept. 13.—Stephen McCormick, said to have been the oldest employee of New York city in point of service, and the oldest member of Tammany Hall, is dead. He was 75 years old.

The Cape Town Legislative Council have discussed the martial law and the Dutch members have condemned it, and claimed a conspiracy has existed between the Hottentots and some of the English against the Afrikanders.

It is stated on good authority that as a result of the Shah of Persia's recent visit to England, a rearrangement of Persian finances has been accomplished. It is further stated that English influence in Persia, on which Russia has lately encroached, will be restored.

Sixteen thousand sheep-shearers in New South Wales are on strike, and the Government refuses to exercise its powers towards compulsory arbitration.

Lord Charles Beresford says that Great Britain is apathetic in matters of trade, and that she must work upon the same methods as lead foreigners to success.

The French-Canadian line of steamers is thought to have failed on account of the backwardness of French capitalists in investing.

Legs so Swelled He Couldn't Walk

This case of Mr. James Treneman, the well-known butcher of 536 Adelaide Street, London, Ont., is another proof that Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills are effective in the most severe and complicated diseases of the kidneys.

Mr. Treneman states:—"Two years ago I was laid up with kidney disease and urinary troubles. Besides the pain and inconvenience caused by these troubles, I became dropsical, and my legs would swell up so that I could scarcely go around at all. Hearing of Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills, I procured a box and continued the use of this valuable medicine until now I can say for a certainty that I am entirely cured. I never took any medicine that did me so much good, and am firmly convinced that if it had not been for this medicine I would not be working to-day."

These pills act directly on the kidneys and liver, regulate the bowels and ensure the perfect action of the digestive and filtering systems. One pill a dose; 25 cents a box. At all dealers, or Edmanson, Bates & Co., Toronto.

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CAUTION:—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.