## Your Nose

I That is what you should breathe through -not your mouth.

But there may be times when your casarrh 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

Alfred E. Yingse. Hoernerstown, Pa., ffered from catarrh for years. His head hit bad, there was a ringing in his ears, and he could not breathe through one of his nostrils nor clear his head.

Atter trying several catarrh specifics f om which he derived no benefit, he was empletely cured, according to his own

#### 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. 25c.

### A Young Socialist.

(Temple Bar.)

Betty, notwithstanding her refined little face and aristocratic air, showed even from her cradle most democratic tendencies.

Not only did she ignore all class distinctions, but she seemed to lack uttering that sense of the fitness of things so necessary in preserving social barriers and keeping each man in his proper place.

When taught to use special terms of endearment to her rich old uncle, Betty applied the same next day to the butler as he supplied her with a favorite dish: "Thank you so much, dear kind Wil-

liams; I do love you."

The difficulties which beset the path of Betty's would-be trainers increased as years went on.

One day Betty, walking with her mother, passed a dilapidated old woman who followed them. pouring out a piteous tale.

"Oh, mother, do you hear what she says?" cried Betty, tugging at her mother's arm. "She's not had a morsel to eat since yesterday, and her son's dyin', and ber dear little gran'son's starvin'!"

"There, you may give her that shilling," said her mother, not daring to suggest a doubt of the woeful history, for Betty's faith in her fellow-creatures was prompt and unwavering.

The old woman called down the blessing of Heaven on the "dear kind leddy" and the "sweet little missie" who was "just a hangel that she was," and the 'Lord 'ud reward her."

"Her name is Mrs. Robert Macpherson, and it's her dear dead daughter's husband what's dving," said Betty, as she overtook her mother and walked on for a while, lest in thought.

Presently she asked:

'Jesus Christ was very kind to all the poor people when He lived here, wasn't He, mother?"

"Yes, Betty dear. He was always kind to everyone, and specially to the poor and sick." her mother answered, half apprehensive as to what might be coming next. "Yes, but He wasn't on'y just kind,

like givin' them a shilling; He made them His frens, didn't He, mother?"

"Yes, darling, He did make them His friends!" replied the mother slowly, feeling rather as though she and her child should change places.

"Then why don't we make frens with that poor old woman there, and ask her to come back to tea with us?"

"Wby-well, I will try and tell you, dear. I should be very glad to have that poor old woman to tea with me, but it is be who would not like it; she would only feel very miserable and uncomfortable if I asked her into the drawing room. She is not accustomed to it, you see, and she would ever so much rather have the money and buy her own tea and enjoy it quietly in her own home. Do'you see, my Betty?" "Yes, mother dear."

The voice was sad and the "yes" lacked conviction, still Betty felt if this were really so, there was nothing more to be enid.

She took comfort in the thought that it was not her mother who drew back from the friendship. But again she asked herself. How was it poor people never seemed to have felt uncomfortable in having tea or supper with Jesus Christ? Clearly there was something still unexplained.

A few days later Petity, playing near the garden gate, looked up to find Mrs. Macpherson standing just outside. She seemed more woe-begone than ever, and at her side was a small boy with a sharp impish face.

Bless you, my sweet little missie! Why, if it ain't the very self-ame little hangel I teld yer about, Jackie; that it

The old woman's face lit up with a wan

smile of recognition. Betty ran forward joyfully and opened

"Oh, how do you do, Mrs. Robert Macpherson? Come in-do, please come in,"

she said heartily. "Is this your little boy who was starving?" turning with eager interest to Jackie. "Yes, my dearie, that's Jackie! And it's 'is father that's ill. Please the Lord

'e won't never get no better, I say. 'E's real bad to-day, 'e is!" Mrs. Macpherson spoke with genuine

cheerfulness.

ter?" she asked. "Na," broke in the impish boy. "See, ween 'e's sick 'e can't whack yer! 'E can on'y frow fings at yer, and yer can dodge 'em it yer sharp!" he added, confidentially. "Grau' an' me we prays the Lord 'e'll take 'im purty soon."

stand. Bless yer sweet little langel face! Me and Jackie we'll just be going, it ain't fer us to git talking to a blessed innercent

Mrs. Macpherson made a clutch at Jackie, but that nimble youth promptly dodged round Betty.

"Lemme alown. The little missie's got a brawnie fer me, aincher, missie? Gran and me, we've not 'ad a bite the 'ole o' this 'ere blessed dye!"

He began to wnimper, rubbing two grimy little fists in o a pair of dry, twinkl-

"Oh, please don't go, Mrs. Robert Macpherson," entreated Betty. "Come with me and see my mother-both of you. She will be so glad. She did want you to come back the other day and have tea in the lrawing room!"

Betty looked up into the weather beaten old face with one of her most beguiling

"Lor' now-did she though?" Mrs. Macpherson's surprise was quite nnaffected. "Your ma mus' be a reel Christian leddy, that she mus', my dearie!"

"Oh, yes, she is!" Betty agreed heartily. "She on'y didn't ask you before 'cause she Betty hesitated, uncertain how to put it without hurting her friend's feelings. "She was-in rather a hurry, you-you see. But now she will be so glad if you'll come in "

Mrs. Robert Macpherson was not in a position which warranted her refusing any chance of a meal. Her grandson's mind also was, she saw clearly, made up. So, escorted by Betty, they went round

the garden to the drawing room, which opened on a verandah.

"Mother, mother, here is Mrs. Robert Macpherson and her dear little boy-" Betty rushed in jubilantly.

But the drawing room was empty. The cups told of five o'clock tea already over. The dainty provisions, however, were hardly touched, as Jackie's keen glance soon discovered.

Betty's face fell. "Mother is not here! On, she will be

thought) "I can give you tea just the same. Come in, Mrs. Robert Macpherson -please do come in." Jackie needed no second invitation.

sorry! But" (brightening with a happy

Already he had sidled up to a plate of tempting cakes and managed surreptitiously to transfer three of them to his coat pocket.

But Mrs. Macpherson lingered uncertain on the threshold, gazing wistfully at the Paradise within and at its presiding angel! "Bless yer dear little 'eart, but are yer sure as the leddy 'ud find us welcome an she come upon us suddint?"

"Oh, yes truly, indeed she would," Betty assured her. "Do you know my mother was afraid you would not be comfortable here, but I know I can make you quite comfortable-so do come in." And Betty, taking Mrs. Macpherson's withered old hand in her own tiny soft one, led her to a luxurious easy chair near the tea table, and installed her with cushions at her back. A wondrous strange sensation for Mrs. Macpherson.

Jackie's instinct prompted him to prefer a standing posture; his eight years' experience of life naving taught him that you never know when you may have to

ed even Betty.

"Ob, Jackie, you can eat fast!" said Mrs. Macpherson. The contents of two plates of bread and butter and cakes had vanished before she had finished creaming and vestigate the case. sugaring her visitor's tea.

"Jackie, mind ger manners, ve limb!" cried the grandmother sternly-then apologetically to Betty-" is pore inside is as empty as my old pocket, that's the Lord's truth, missie, so you mus' excuse 'im, my dearne. For 'e's a good lad is Jackie-the lars tuppence 'e earned off a gent 'olding 'is 'orse blest if 'e didn't buy 'is ole Granny a box o' corf lozengers. My corf is the very deuce at nights!" genial and communicative under the combined influence of tea, cakes and arm-

Betty looked from one guest to the other with radiant satisfaction-refilling their cups before they were half empty and

plying them with every variety of cake. "I do hope you are quite, quite comfortable in our drawing room?" she inquired of Mrs. Macpherson, as she took a

small chair beside her friend. "Bless 'er dear little 'eart-it's jus' like

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Pond's Extract

Reduced one-half with pure soft water, applied frequently with dropper or eye cup. the congestion will be removed and the pain and inflammation instantly relieved.

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being in 'eaven-that's what it is-I shall never forgit this to my dying day, never, that I sha'nt! And when I'm trampin' the roads sick and weary in me body, and hard and bitter in me soul I'll jus' think back on you, my blessed little hangel, and the fine tea you giv' us, with the lovin' "There, little missie, 'ow can you onder. | all the while out o' them sweet eyes."

"Oh, but I don't want you to go atramping the roads any more-I want you to come here very often, so we can be frens--like Jesus Christ used to be frens, don't you know!"

"Is that my young friend Miss Betty, I hear? Ah, there you are!" said a voice outside, and in walked the Reverend Percy Simpkins, vicar of "St. Augustine's on the Hill," young, zealous and austere, the last person somebow whom Betty would have invited to join this particular tea

"Bless my soul!" he exclaimed slowly. and surveyed the scene aghast.

Betty advanced with dignity. "How do you do, Mr. Simpkins? We are just havin' tea, and this is Mrs. Robert Macpherson and her dear little gran'son who was very hungry-we was all very hungry!" added Betty with a vague instinct that she must justify her friends to this visitor.

Mrs. Macpherson rose and commenced a series of agitated curtseys accompanied by voluble excuses and apologies; among other things she mentioned that her aunt had washed for a clergyman for fifteen years and that she herself had been to school and was once reckored quite a "scholard."

Strong as such bonds should have proved in drawing together the reverend gentleman and Mrs. Macpherson. Jackie, for one, placed no reliance on them. He made a prompt bolt for the window, and, on being intercepted by the outstretched arm of Mr. Simpkins, plunged his head into that gentleman's waistcoat in such professional style as to send him reeling and breathless on the nearest sofa.

Betty was greatly distressed. "Jackie, come back, do come back," she cried, then turned reproachfully to the panting vicar of St. Augustine's .-

"Oh, you've frightened him away!" "Frightened him away! I hope I have, the young rascal-he has nearly killed me! My dear child, what in the name of fortune was that ragamuffin doing in here? Surely your mamma is unaware that these people are here—she has been taking us round the garden; see, here she comes with Mrs. Simpkins."

Betty rushed out eagerly to meet her

"Oh, mother, mother I am so glad you've come! Jackie's gone, he was so frightened of Mr. Simpkins he ran away -but Mrs. Robert Macpherson is in the drawing room, and she's not a bit uncomfortable, we've been having tea jus' like you said you'd like her to!"

"What do you mean, Betty, dear? I don't quite understand. Who is Mrs. Robert Macpherson, darling?"

"Oh, she's goin'-she's goin'!" cried Betty in sudden dismay, as she saw the figure of her friend emerge from the drawing room and hobble away down the path to the gate.

She caught her up quickly, and her earnest entreaties prevailed on Mrs. Macpherson to wait till Betty's mother overtook them. Mr. Simpkins followed more slowly, wearing a somewhat disconcerted

Mrs. Macpberson was terribly agitated, her lips trembled, tears of wounded pride stood in the poor, dim, old eyes.

Betty quickly gathered, however, from | disrespect. the short, broken sentences and indignant The rapidity of his movements surpris- denials that it was all "Mr. Simpkins." The bitterest grievance seemed to be that he had demanded Mrs. Macpherson's name and address and had spoken of sending the Charity Organization Secretary to in-

> "Vestikate, indeed!" Mrs. Robert Macpherson "didn't pant no curicks with their charity sercieties to come a 'vestikatin' of her and hers! She knew all about that sort! Hadn't that got her took to the 'ouse once? No, thank you, no more curicks for her!"

Nothing either Betty or her mother could say would prevail on Mrs. McPherson to delay her departure. She was respectful but firm on the point, and showsaid Mrs. Macpherson, becoming quite ed such nervous apprehension at the approach of the Reverend Percy and his wife that Betty's mother forebore to press

> "Well, then, good-bye for to day, Mrs. Macpherson, she said kindly; "as you have left your address Betty and I will hope to come and see you very soon."

> "May God bless the darlin' child, and keep 'unger and 'eartache far from 'er, and may the Lord reward 'er for what she's done fer me this day. Ah, leddy, it wasn't the fine tea and cakes, it was the luve, it was jus' the luve, bless 'er!"

Betty clasped the worn, toil-stained old hands in both hers. Tears brimmed in her eyes and her voice shook as she half

"Good-bye, dear Mrs. Robert Macpherson. We'll come very soon to see youand I do hope Jackie's father will keep on bein' ill so that he can't beat him any more. I shall come very early to-morrow mornin'!" she called after her friend as the gates closed behind her.

Next morning while Betty's father and mother were at breakfast, the maid en-



tered with a small parcel which she hand ed to her mistress.

The same of the sa

ARNOLD MTTTE CO.

Dept W AE For nto.

"A little boy left this at the back door, mam. He said it was 'for the little miss,' and then ran away as fast as he could." It was a curiously shaped parcel wrapped in a very grimy piece of notepaper

and tied with a bit of old shoe lace. On being opened it was found to contain three small sugar cakes, decidedly the worse for wear. And inside the paper

were scrawled these words: "From Misses Robert Macpherson with fond luv jaky as giv thes up e is Sorie e tukem unbeknown e his not a thef deer litul mis god Bles u im gorn ter .unon wi jaky is pa is ded lars nite Thank the lord. I giv a ron Strete to the curik so e Shudant cum rite."

Betty is trying to find her friend Mrs. Robert MacPherson.

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Send a Postal Card with your address and The Wells & Richardson Co., Limited, 200 Mountain St., Montreal, P. Q, will mail you free of cost full range of designs of Diamond Dye Mat and Rug Patterns to make selections from.

J. S. Brierley of the Montreal Herald, has been summoned before the Bar of the Quebec legislature to answer a charge of

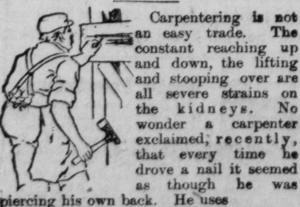
Mrs. Catherine Soffel who was arrested on the charge of assisting the Biddle Brothers in their escape from jail, has been sent up for trial.

The alleged refusal of Canada to discuss nothing but trade relations at the Coronation is a matter of much exultation among pro-Boer journals.

The failure is announced of Lord Francis Hope, the husband of May Yohe, the American actress. The petitioning creditor's claim was £4,000

The merchants of Canton, China, bave petitioned the viceroy to check the Mandarians levying extortionate taxes, an uprising being feared.

## arpenters Kidneys.



constant reaching up and down, the lifting and stooping over are all severe strains on the kidneys. No wonder a carpenter exclaimed, recently, that every time he drove a nail it seemed as though he was

DOAN'S Kidney Pills now on the first sign of Backache and is able to follow his trade with comfort and

"I have had kidney and urinary troubles for more than three years with severe pain in the small of my back and in both sides. I could not stoop without difficulty, and I had severe neuralgic pain in both temples. Seeing the advertisement of Doan's Kidney Pills, I got a box. They have given me quick relief, removing the pain from the back and sides, and banishing the neuralgic pains from my head. The urinary difficulty is now entirely gone, I feel fresh and vigorous in the mornings, and am much stronger in every way since taking these pills." CLARENCE E. SEEDS, Carpenter and Builder, Trenton, Out.

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"Why don't you wantihim to get bet-

Betty's eyes grew big with surprise.