

Rheumatism

No other disease makes one feel so old. It stiffens the joints, produces lameness, and makes every motion painful.

Hood's Sarsaparilla which corrects the acidity of the blood on which rheumatism depends and builds up the whole system.

Hood's Pills cure constipation. Price 7 cents.

PROVING HIS MANHOOD.

The transport was at last nearing Cuba. With a glass one could make out the scattered sails and the dark hills rising behind the white beach.

"Kids for luck!" he cried, throwing down the cards.

"Nobby," said a lad with the badge of the band in his forage cap, "say, I can't help it if the cards will come my way."

"Come your way! I'm only an innocent veteran, with three service stripes and I can't afford to play with sharks like you. Did you fetch that last ace down your sleeve, or was it hidden under the blanket? You're a match for any."

Young McRafferty, commonly known as "Bones," looked up, with a glint of eagerness in his eyes. "Honcst, Nobby," he asked.

"Haven't I just lost half a month's pay to you, and me a man, more the shame? But what will the parson say to me for letting you into a game?"

Bones threw a scared look aft, but grinned cheerfully as he said, "Hope he's seasick yet."

He sauntered far forward into the nose of the ship. Thrusting his hand in his shirt he drew out a precious case. Opening it he fitted together the pieces of a flute—the flute which, as all the regiment knew, was a marvel in his hands.

Bones could play many instruments. His dead father had been bandmaster. Thence arose the enlistment of little McRafferty, the child of the regiment.

Now his eyes were filled with sad desire as he fitted the flute to his lips and breathed out a sweet, familiar air, the Lorelei. Suddenly he started, for a tenor voice had taken up the strain.

Then the man laid his hand on the boy's shoulder. McRafferty, I hear that you have been breaking all my rules while I was seasick."

The boy's eyes glanced up, apt in denial without the need of compromising words.

"McRafferty," cried the chaplain almost angrily, "don't lie, don't lie to me to-day, for it may be the last time I may ever talk to you!"

His voice softened at the last words. He held out his delicate hand. The boy took it eagerly, for if anyone in the world could influence him it was the chaplain.

"To-night we shall be in Cuba. Tomorrow I shall be in the front, where the men need me, you in the rear with the nurses."

"No, no!" cried the boy passionately. "How can they march without music?"

"The colonel has ordered it. But, lad, lad, where are the promises you made me? You think that I have not heard these things, but I have. The men have hidden you away twice because you were the worse for drink. You gamble every chance you get. They even say—O, Bones—that you don't play fair."

Bones faced him stubbornly. "I don't like the beer. It makes me sick. And I don't care for the money when I'm gambling."

"Then why do you sully your father's memory and hurt your best friends?"

The boy drew in his breath with almost a sob as he said slowly: "Because I'm a man, and I want to prove it. I'm tired of being called 'kid' by all the regiment. When I beat them enough they'll stop."

The chaplain laughed bitterly. "You a man, and break your word! You a man and cheat at cards! If you keep on as you have begun, you will become not a man, but a disgrace to the regiment!"

Bones turned away without answer. If the chaplain could have seen the tears in his eyes, he might have added a comforting word. The boy's heart was swelling with grief and indignation. "Some day he shall call me a man," he promised himself.

Mules, men and ambulances were crowded in the narrow, muddy, heavily rutted road which led through the tangled jungle.

blockhouses, where the red and yellow flag still fluttered. A regiment of regulars came swarming along. With them marched the chaplain. A slender figure came up panting from the rear. The sergeant, who was following, ran up with an oath.

"What brought you here, you young devil? Do you think we are on dress parade? Get back to the ambulances where you belong."

"I can't, Sergt. Bull," said the boy, with an injured air. "The doctor said I was only in the way, didn't know the difference between the litter and the lanceet. Told me to go to the devil, so I came to you."

"Blame you, Bones," said the sergeant, with a grin, "do you think I can't tell one of your lies? Go back to the rear, and be quick about it!"

"O, serge," cried Bones, "Don't send me back! I can shoot as straight as the rest."

"You're no brag. 'I'll take your gun when you're killed.'" "You little beast, go back like a man and obey orders."

McRafferty's eyes glowed. "That's why I'm here!" he cried. "The chaplain said I'd never make a man, but I'll prove he is wrong."

Suddenly the company buglers rang out: "Forward, double time! March!" At a run the company came out of the jungle into the open. Bones was forgotten.

A shell screamed through the air and seemed to burst immediately over his head. Three men fell shrieking in front of him, dropping their guns. For a moment he thought of the rear and safety. Then the grizzled captain, old in Indian wars, stepped out calmly.

"Steady, my men. They'll never hit us like that twice. They don't know how."

McRafferty's voice led the answering cheer. He ran forward, grabbed a gun and cartridge belt from one of the dead soldiers and pushed himself into the ranks beside Nobby. The veteran took a moment to give him a hug.

"Good for you, my beauty! You've no business here, but keep close to me, my little mad soldier."

And Bones obeyed him—ran forward, dropped, fired. In straggling groups through tangled underbrush and a snags-beet stream, the men charged the hill.

At last bones sat down exhausted by a little group of panting men. A despairing corporal looked up the ridge where the Spanish flag still haunted and down the hill at the stragglers.

"It's no use, boys," said he; "we can never make it."

"To h—l we can't!" cried the maddened child of the regiment. An inspiration came to him. Drawing out his flute, he pieced it together, and put it to his lips.

Standing erect, his fair, capless head gleaming in the sun, his blue eyes glared at the flag on the ridge, while Yankee Doodle rang out bravely above the noise of musketry.

From below came a great shout, and hundreds of bluecoats came on with a run. Bones advanced with them, head well back, triumph in his air.

There was a rush past him. The red and yellow flag fell at last. Bones threw up his arms with a cheer. Something, the last shot of a retreating foe, struck him in the chest. He fell, grasping his flute.

There was a crowd about him, and his head was in the chaplain's lap. Bones looked up.

"It's taps, ain't it?" he whispered.

"Yes, my man," said the chaplain.

Bones tried to straighten up. "I proved it to you! I am a man." Then he fell back.

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

According to the London Daily Telegraph the will of Cecil Rhodes deals with a total of £6,000,000. Mr. Rhodes has left a sum roughly capitalized at \$10,000,000 for the foundation of Anglo-American scholarships at Oxford, for three years. The central principle of his scheme is that to every English-speaking colony and every state and territory in the American union should be offered a scholarship of the value of \$1,500 a year, for three years at Oxford. No student shall be qualified or disqualified for election to a scholarship on account of race or religious opinion. Mr. Rhodes desires that the students should not patronize any particular college. The trustees are allowed to suspend or remove any scholar at their discretion.

After Work or Exercise POND'S EXTRACT. Soothes tired muscles, removes soreness and stiffness and gives the body a feeling of comfort and strength. Don't take the weak, watery witch hazel preparations represented to be "the same as" Pond's Extract, which easily sour and generally contain "wood alcohol," a deadly poison.

CLARKE-BLAIR. MARRIAGE AT OTTAWA OF MISS MARION BLAIR.

ELDEST DAUGHTER OF THE MINISTER OF RAILWAYS AND C. WALTER CLARKE OF ST. JOHN, N. B., IN ST. ANDREW'S CHURCH.

OTTAWA, April 2.—The marriage of Miss Marion Blair, eldest daughter of Hon. A. G. Blair, to C. Walter Clarke of St. John, N. B., took place at two o'clock this afternoon in St. Andrew's Church. The edifice was beautifully decorated with white and yellow flowers, daisies, white lilac and daffodils being lavishly used. Rev. D. Herridge officiated. There were about fifty people invited to witness the ceremony.

Mr. and Mrs. Clarke left on the four o'clock train for New York. The bride's going away gown was of black, strapped with silk and velvet and trimmed with steel passementerie. The hat she wore was of black.

Among the presents received was a silver jewel casket, the gift of their excellencies the Governor General and Countess of Minto.

Among the invited guests were Lord and Lady Minto, ministers of the crown and their wives, Sir Louis and Lady Davies, Mr. and Mrs. A. George Blair of St. John; Lady Ritchie, the Misses Ritchie, Mr. and Mrs. R. F. Randolph, Fredericton; Sir Oliver and Miss Mowat, Mr. and Mrs. George McAvity, Mr. and Mrs. Robert Thomson and the Misses Thomson, Mr. and Mrs. C. P. Clarke, Rev. Chas. D. Schofield, Miss Margaret Patton, Miss Keator, Miss Charlotte Smith, Mr. and Mrs. H. F. Puddington, Dr. and Mrs. Stewart Skinner, Alex. McMillan, James G. Harrison, St. John, N. B.; Hon. Fred Thompson and Mrs. Thompson, Mrs. Whitehead, Miss Myra Sherman, Mr. and Mrs. Slipp, Fredericton; Mr. and Mrs. Jack Smith, Mr. and Mrs. Litchenhein, New York; Mr. and Mrs. Brewin, London, England; Rev. F. E. Brewin, Brighton.

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PROHIBITION DEFEATED BY MANITOBA ELECTORS.

WINNIPEG CITY AND THE RED RIVER VALLEY WENT HEAVILY AGAINST. WINNIPEG, April 3.—The total vote with a number of distant rural municipalities to hear from, which are expected to split about even, is: against the liquor act, 18,896; for the act, 12,283, majority against, 6,237. Winnipeg's official majority against the act is 3,406.

Walter S. Davidson, clerk in the general I. C. R. offices at Moncton has gone to St. John to take the position of mechanical clerk there, which was vacated through the death of J. W. Cameron on the 17th inst.

MILBURN'S HEART AND NERVE PILLS FOR WEAK PEOPLE. These pills cure all diseases and disorders arising from weak heart, worn out nerves or watery blood, such as Palpitation, Skip Beats, Throbbing, Smothering, Dizziness, Weak or Faint Spells, Anaemia, Nervousness, Sleeplessness, Brain Fog, General Debility and Lack of Vitality.

LITTLE BUCTOUCHE. There is not much to write about, nothing but rain and mud. The snow is nearly all gone and the river is clear of ice, the earliest for many years.

Another one of our old people has passed away in the person of Mrs. E. Biggs, at the home of her son, Mr. Samuel Biggs, in the 76th year of her age, leaving three sons and three daughters to mourn the loss of a kind mother.

The many friends of Mr. D. McIntyre will be pleased to learn that he is able to be out again after a long illness.

The measles have all gone now, gone out with the ice.

Mrs. Andrew Farrell is quite ill. Her many friends think with good care she will be about again in a few days.

John S. McKee left on the 22nd for Boston to make his fortune. We wish him success.

The farmers are getting their summer wood cut.

There are quite a number of our young men going to leave for Boston. Then there will be a score of sad hearts.

There was a party at Mr. Ed. Kay's on Friday evening. The young people were treated to maple sugar. There was also another party at the widow's. The young fellows fired some guns and one young lady, being nervous, had a large plate of candy in her hands, threw the plate up and it came down on the stove and broke. It had been in the family for nearly a hundred years.

Miss Janie May Ward and her sister, Lulu, were the guests of Mr. Corey Hicks, on Friday evening.

The sportsmen of this place are getting their guns put in repair for the spring shooting.

House-cleaning will soon be the rage.

A True Nerve Tonic

acts not so much upon the nerves themselves, as upon the digestive functions, and the abundant formation of rich, red blood. The nerves cannot be fed on medicine. They can be fed and strengthened by digested and assimilated food.

Use Ferrozone. For Sale at R. O'Leary's General Store, Richibucto.

Two Extreme Cases of Itching Piles

That Were Positively and Thoroughly Cured by Dr. Chase's Ointment—The Only Actual Cure For Every Form of Piles.

Mr. F. Stokes, 116 Dunlop street, Barrie, Ont., writes: "I was troubled with blind, itching piles for years, and could get nothing to stop the constant itching. I was always in pain until a friend of mine told me of the wonderful cures Dr. Chase's Ointment had made among his acquaintances. I only used one box, and am entirely cured. In gratitude for this marvellous cure, and for the benefit of others suffering as I did, I send you this record of my case."

Mr. Amos P. Fisher of Somerset King's Co., N.S., a commercial traveller, well-known throughout the Provinces, writes: "It is great pleasure to inform you that I have been cured of itching piles by using Dr. Chase's Ointment. I was bothered with the above malady for twelve years, and suffered extreme agony at times. Thanks to Dr. Chase's Ointment, I am completely cured, and would recommend it with fullest confidence to all suffering the torture of this terrible disease."

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