

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. NICKERT, Belleville, Ont.

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

AN ABORIGINE.

"Sally, you are a saint to help me out in this way. If I had not known your angelic disposition, do you think I should have dared to send for you at the eleventh hour? Of course it is that wretched Mrs. Parker who has given out."

"Of course I knew it when your note came. Who has been suddenly carried off this time? Not the grandmother, I hope, for that poor woman has died on at least six different occasions this winter, to my certain knowledge. Oh, Kate, what a blessed thing it is to have relations living out west! Well, here I am clothed and in my right mind, but I never dressed in such a hurry before. It was good practice in case of fire. Do you see any errors or omissions about my gay and festive attire?"

"No, it is charming—perfect, as usual. I believe if you wore your gowns hind side before, you would look better dressed than any woman in town, you witch! Now prepare for a treat! You are to be taken in to dinner by a very distinguished person, the Honorable Algernon Godwin, son of his father, who is a real live lord. He brought a letter to me. He has only been here two days, and this is his first taste of American society, so you will represent for him the typical American girl on her native soil."

"My dear, you are too good." Sally's blue eyes sparkled with fun. "Depend upon me. I will do justice to the role. Has the conquering hero come! In a hasty survey of the room, as I came in, I didn't notice anything startlingly new."

"Here he is this moment. See his god-like form advances. Oh, Sally, he is an Apollo. Look out for yourself. Good evening, Mr. Godwin. I was very sorry to miss your call yesterday. I shall not begin our acquaintance by asking what your impressions are of America, but by presenting you to Miss Emmet, who has undertaken to pilot you through an American dinner. She will remind you of Mrs. Mieswiler, I dare say, for though her form is fragile, her grasp of a subject is inferior to none."

"Does that refer to a British subject, Miss Emmet?" said the Honorable Algernon, glancing down from the altitude of a Grenadier Guard upon the self-possessed young woman beside him, and conscious of an entirely new sensation. Instead of being crushed at a blow into blushing confusion, she was smiling back at him impersonally, apparently not a whit overcome by either his pedigree or his good looks.

"I cannot answer for that," returned she. "My experience with British subjects is very limited. I have only met one Englishman, and he was a peevish fellow. He used to come to our house when I was a child, and when I saw his red wagon crawling up the hill I always flew down to the kitchen as fast as I could just to hear him drop his h's. He seemed to me the embodiment of English literature. I hope you drop your h's, Mr. Godwin?"

"Can't say I do, as a rule. You see I'd no idea that sort of thing would be popular over here, or I'd have taken some lessons. It's considered most awfully bad form at home, don't you know?"

"O, it really! We have always heard that the Royal family never used an H when they could help it, but these stories will get about. Mrs. Wendell's butler puts on with an artless grace that has made her the envy of every woman in town. Did you notice him as you came in, by the way? Isn't he a dream? So English!"

Mr. Godwin laughed and offered his arm to his pretty partner, for the dream had at that moment announced in deliciously Cockney accents that dinner was served. The dainty drawing rooms in pale buff and pink and gold, with softly shaded lamps, many cushions and palms giving them an air of cozy luxury, the women all well dressed, and, if not all handsome, refined and delicate in appearance, the men not so unlike those he was in the habit of encountering in London houses, except in size, and, above all, the exceedingly good tone and style of Mrs. Wendell's establishment, had filled him with a surprise from which he had not yet recovered. His ideas of America had undergone great changes since he landed in East Boston two days earlier, and in spite of a native reticence, he could not refrain from a burst of confidence while the guests were settling into place about a perfectly appointed table.

"Do you know this is all so different from what I expected?" said he involuntarily. "Where is your local color? I might easily believe myself back in London except for a few trifling customs of your people."

"Local color? Ah, you mean the Indians, I suppose. Boston has become too civilized in the last few years to offer you much in that way. Did you expect that braves in war paint and feathers would come out in canoes to take you off the ship in the harbor?"

"Something like it, I confess. But I have not seen an Indian since I arrived. Where do the noble red men keep themselves?"

"O, when the electric cars were introduced they fled to the suburbs. Now, in Ponkapog, where I live—have you ever heard of Ponkapog?"

"Never. Is it near Tehicago?" His pronunciation of that celebrated city was so new and original that Miss Emmet glanced up from her little neck clams admiringly, feeling obliged to own that a handsome guardsman in a Poole dress coat is a pleasant object to contemplate.

"Oh, yes, we do all our shopping and most of our visiting in Chicago. Well, Ponkapog is a primitive little village, left just as the pilgrim fathers found it, and there, if you like, are plenty of Indians. They do add picturesque to the scene there is no denying that, but we are kept in a constant state of excitement which is very trying."

Mr. Godwin pricked up his ears. He was not an absolute idiot, but his ideas of geography were of the vaguest. Chicago was on the frontier, and so, he knew, were the Indians. Besides, it was impossible to suspect mischief from that artless young person in pink, whose eyes were so clear and candid and whose manner was so straightforward.

"I should like to see Ponkapog uncommonly. I dare say it is not at all like one of our English villages."

"Oh, not at all. At least it is not like one of Anthony Trollope's. The wigwags would be sure to amuse you."

"Are they really wigwags?"

"Why, certainly! I live in one myself. Should you think I had Indian blood in my veins?"

"You?" He bent a scrutiny upon the arch face upturned to his that left his cheeks a little pinker than before. "Why, you have blue eyes! Who ever heard of a blue-eyed Indian?"

Her voice was low as she made her confession with a sigh. "Shall you despise me if I tell you I am a down East Yankee?"

The son of his father felt a sudden chill at being brought into contact with anything so aboriginal. Yet she was as fair and sweet to see as a hot house flower, with a skin as white as his own.

"I don't remember that Cooper speaks of that tribe at all," he said presently after an embarrassed pause. "But I had no idea that the Indian races had become so highly civilized. Would you think me very rude if I ask whether or no they are all like you?"

"Well, you see, I have had exceptional advantages. My father is a medicine man, who made a corner in pork, and he sent me away to be educated. So I learned the pale face ways, but at heart I am a Yankee still. Oh, I have seen many a stirring time in Ponkapog, I assure you."

Naughty Sally! She had a moment of wicked joy as she stole a glance at the future Lord Godwin, taking his soup with fazed perplexity. She could hardly keep her face straight when she thought of her father's horror if he had heard that outrageous story, her dignified, patrician papa, whose only occupations in life were sitting in the club window and cutting off coupons.

The Honorable Algernon was lost in wonder. Nothing but admiration was possible in connection with that charming creature, full of refinement and intelligence. Her voice alone was a patent of good birth, gentle and carefully modulated. He had to admit that the Honorable Misses Godwin, his sisters, descended from Edward the Confessor and kept unspotted from the plebeian world, would have cut a pretty poor figure if set down beside the little squaw, who, according to her own account, had no better antecedent than a copper-colored savage daubed with gaudy clay.

"But I have understood," he said presently, determined to get as much information as possible in this interesting case which was certainly quite as characteristic of American queerness as anything he could hope for. "I have understood that the Indians were comparatively quiet now, and that there are so few in comparison with the whites that they realise the folly of opposition."

"True. You never hear of great general uprising now, such as there were in the time of King Philip of the Narragansetts, peace be to his memory! But the Indians fight among themselves and the war-whoop is still heard in the land. I have seen too dreadful work done with tomahawk and scalping-knife even to mention them without a shudder," murmured Miss Sally, picking the truffles daintily out of her pate de foie gras.

"What, do you know anyone who has been scalped?" Algy grew excited. Perhaps there was a rarer sport in store than the buffalo hunting he had promised himself, especially after the depressing information of the cowboy he had met on the ship; to the effect that there was only one herd of buffalos left in the West and only one buffalo in that herd.

"Mercy! yes, indeed! Scores of people. Look at Mr. Wendell, across the table. Can't you see that he has on what they call a scratch? He is very sensitive about it, but when he knows you better he may tell you an interesting tale." (Poor old Mr. Wendell had a very bald head and a very young and pretty wife, hence the scratch).

"And I, myself, I was scalped when a child, so that I am forced to wear a wig."

Never was there such a successful wig before. Its bright chestnut curls and ripples would have deceived a hairdresser.

"By Jove," cried Mr. Godwin, "it's an uncommonly good imitation of the real thing."

"Yes," agreed Sally. "Paris, you know, the rue de la Paix. I really don't mind at all because I have them to match all my gowns, which gives me a great advantage over the other girls, and in summer, when the mercury boils over at the top of the thermometer as it often does in this climate, I can take it off altogether and be delightfully cool and airy. I always say that I have as nearly as possible realized Sidney Smith's idea of taking off one's skin and sitting in one's bones. Besides, it is considered quite a mark of aristocracy here—like a strawberry mark on the right arm with you."

"It must have been very painful," mused Mr. Godwin, "the scalping, I mean. I should like to hear how it happened, if you don't mind."

"I hardly know. I was not more than three years old at the time, a little papoose by my mother's side. We were picking up fagots in a wood when a band of Wampanoags fell upon us from an ambush and walked off with our scalps at their belts shouting the battle cry of freedom. I have only a confused recollection of the fray, but my mother often speaks of it as the most unpleasant surprise of her life. But there! Let us change the subject. I do not care to talk about those harrowing experiences. You must come out to Ponkapog and see for yourself what aboriginal existence is like. My father will lend you a mustang and we can ride over to Chicago some afternoon to give you an idea of the prairies. Now tell me something about England. You are very intimately connected with Queen Victoria, I hear. What size shoes does she wear?"

"Number 11s," said Algy, "with another of his jolly laughs, which he heard was to adore. In his heart he had the true Briton's loyalty to his sovereign, but he had once seen her spoken of in an American newspaper as the Grand Old Lady, and was prepared for any flipping after that. Now it was his turn to chaff, and the Grenadier Guards could have told Miss Emmet something about his skill at that sort of thing. "Have you heard, too, about her latest amusement? She will play tennis on the lawn at Windsor every afternoon, and she's not at all the figger for it, don't you know?"

"No, I should hardly think so." Sally's dimples showed at the painful picture his words called up. "Is she really a familiar friend of yours?"

"Of my family, yes. The governor and Prince Albert used to be constantly together when they were boys."

"But I fancied prizes were only allowed to associate with other princes."

"Ah! there was no difficulty about that. We are descended from Edward the Confessor."

Miss Emmet gasped. "In my history," said she, "Edward the Confessor was a sort of monk, and never married."

"Can it be possible? There, you see, is an instance of the way in which stories get perverted crossing the Atlantic. In England it is a matter of history that he had four wives—a good deal of a Mormon, in fact. By the way, I should like to see a Mormon."

"Next but one to you at this very table sits one in the flesh, Mr. Phillips. He has only two of his flock here to-night."

Mr. Phillips moved uneasily in his chair at the prolonged and deliberate survey which the Honorable Algernon proceeded to take. He was Boston's most unmitigated bachelor.

"Poor old chap! I'm sorry for him. Half a dozen sets of milliners' bills have apparently seamed his noble brow with care. I know what it is to have a crowd of women in a house."

"Have you six sisters? I believe every Englishman has."

"No."

"What a glorious exception to the general rule!"

"Glorious indeed; for I have nine."



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this dish? It is our famous terrapin, imported from Baltimore for your benefit."

"Ah, ye! The terrapin is the of freedom. I remember that well. I like it. Its praises have not been too loudly sung."

At this point pretty little Mrs. Cartwright, who occupied the seat next Mr. Godwin on the other side, could no longer restrain her impatience to get in a word with the handsome stranger. She plunged madly into the conversation, and skilfully leading the way, returned to Piccadilly and Pall Mall, with which she showed herself to be perfectly familiar. Miss Emmet's neighbor gave her hand a sly squeeze under the table. He was Mrs. Wendell's brother, and well known to be fast in the bewitching Sally's toils; you would not have called this misfortune if you had caught the momentary tenderness of the sidelong look she cast upon him.

"Have you been listening, Dick?" she murmured demurely.

"Yes, but I will never betray you. I should like to read his first letter home."

Sally shook her curls. "He has gleams of intelligence," said she, with a long drawn sigh.

He certainly had, for when the ladies rose he bent in Grandisonian grace over Miss Emmet's pale pink train and watched her fluttering through the portiers with an amused smile hidden under his blonde mustache. He had suspicions, and yet could such a fair outside harbor such black deceit? Over the liquors and cigars, while the droll American after-dinner stories were being related, he found his mind returning again and again to the curious and charming little person with the aboriginal antecedents. Strange things are possible, he knew, in a pure democracy. Once back in the drawing room, he was just in time to catch the last verse of a song she was singing at the piano, and then, after she had made her laughing adieux to the hostess, he managed to shake her hand, with an assurance that she had rendered his first evening in America memorable.

"You won't forget to come to Ponkapog," she said. "Mrs. Wendell has promised to bring you, and I will see if we can't get up a war dance for your benefit. Good night. Give my love to Queen Victoria when you write."

And off she went. Half an hour later Hon. Mr. Godwin and the young man called Dick went out into the bright avenue together.

"I say," broke out the former involuntarily, as they neared the Public Garden. "Do you know that Miss Emmet at all?"

"O yes. Very well."

"Is she a Down East Yankee?"

"She is indeed if ever there was one but an uncommonly nice girl for all that. Here I must leave you. Don't forget you are to lunch with me at the club tomorrow at 2. Good night."

"Good night," Algy reached his hotel in a brown study, which no amount of brandy and soda could dissipate, and while the midnight bells were ringing he got into bed still shaking his head dubiously. "Most extraordinary!" said he.

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