

Scrofula

What is commonly inherited is not scrofula but the scrofulous disposition. This is generally and chiefly indicated by cutaneous eruptions; sometimes by pale-ness, nervousness and general debility. The disease afflicted Mrs. K. T. Snyder, Union St., Troy, Ohio, when she was eighteen years old, manifesting itself by a bunch in her neck, which caused great pain, was lanced, and became a running sore. It afflicted the daughter of Mrs. J. H. Jones, Parker City, Ind., when 13 years old, and developed so rapidly that when she was 18 she had eleven running sores on her neck and about her ears. These sufferers were not benefited by professional treatment, but, as they voluntarily say, were completely cured by Hood's Sarsaparilla. This peculiar medicine positively corrects the scrofulous disposition and radically and permanently cures the disease.

Engaged, Yet Not Engaged.

'You don't look very amiable to-night, Mr. Dalton,' observed Miss Wyld. When first Miss Wyld brightened the dull City Warehouse with her presence, all observed with joy that the lady's left hand was unadorned with jewellery of any description, and the general jealousy that arose in the matter of paying her attentions must have been highly gratifying to the lady's vanity. She accepted them all, but favored no one in particular. Then she walked through the counting house one morning, unblushing, and holding her left hand in a manner calculated to display to best advantage an engagement ring, which glittered and twinkled cheerfully on the correct finger. Therefore, Henry Dalton gazed at it sorrowfully on the evening in question. 'It's quite a quarter of an hour since we met, Mr. Dalton,' she remarked, with an amused smile at his troubled face, 'yet you've scarcely spoken a word.' Mr. Dalton fidgeted uneasily on his end of the seat, and pulled out his handkerchief. 'Not being sure what he wanted it for, he put it back in his pocket and coughed apologetically. 'That's encouraging,' she laughed. 'At all events, it proves that you have a voice.' 'Yes,' he admitted simply, with another furtive glance at the offending ring. 'I wish you'd say something,' she observed plaintively. 'If I'd thought you were going to be as moody and sally and disagreeable as this I would never have consented to see you, much less favor you with my company to-night.' 'You look upon it as a favor?' hinted Dalton. 'Of course I do,' she said. 'I know lots of other young fellows who do too. You ought to feel flattered instead of moping there like an owl!' 'Yes,' agreed Dalton absently. 'Then why do you do it?' she demanded. 'Why don't you say something pleasant?' Mr. Dalton was silent. He wanted to say something very badly, but the ring kept it back. 'Nice evening, isn't it?' she remarked, with veiled sarcasm, to force the conversation. 'Splendid!' he replied. 'How is—er—your—mother, Miss Wyld?' 'Very well, thank you.' She nodded smilingly. 'It's awfully good of you to inquire about her. She and I, living together alone, don't make very many friends. We are quite alone in the world.' 'How sad!' he commented sympathetically. She looked at him in surprise. 'Do you know, Mr. Dalton, that I'm getting sick of office life?' 'Are you?' 'Yes.' She looked him full in the face as she spoke, and colored slightly. 'I shouldn't be sorry when I have to give it up.' 'Are you thinking of giving it up then, Miss Wyld?' he asked. 'I—I don't know exactly. It all depends.' 'On him, I suppose?' thought Dalton. Then he said, with a nervous laugh; 'I hardly see why young ladies should go in for a commercial life at all. If they're pretty, like—er—pardon me—you, they're married and out of it before they've time to wear out a pen-nib!' 'Some prefer it to marriage,' she laughed. 'Do you?' he questioned eagerly. 'I—I don't know,' she replied jerkily, poking up the gravel with the end of her sunshade. 'I've—er—only tried one side of the question, and I don't like it. As for the other side, I—' 'What?' he interrupted, picking up courage, and edging along the seat towards her. 'Might try it some day,' she said presently, by way of rounding off her previous sentence. 'You'll have no difficulty about that,' observed Mr. Dalton, with another glance at the ring. 'No,' she agreed listlessly. 'I suppose my turn will come some day.' Mr. Dalton opened his mouth to ask a question, but shut it promptly as the enormity of his presumption struck him. Then he opened it again, determined to know the worst and hinted: 'Er—I hope he's in a—er—good position, Miss Wyld.'

She looked at him quizzically, a faint smile curving the corners of her mouth. 'Yes, she said slowly, 'he's in a good position—good enough for me; but he's so awfully dense!' 'Dense!' echoed Mr. Dalton. 'Yes,' she replied, 'woefully dense and stupid. I've encouraged him for a long time now, but he's too—er—He won't do as I want him to. I believe if I asked him to he'd run away. 'Some fellows don't know when they're lucky,' he observed. 'Well, it's not for me to say whether he's lucky or not. I know that I've encouraged him, and he's too dense to see it. Don't you think so, Mr. Dalton?' 'I—er—really don't know the chap,' he confessed, somewhat surprised. She looked at him with her eyebrows wrinkled perplexedly, and nodded her pretty head. 'Oh, yes, you do,' she stated emphatically. 'You know him very well indeed.' 'Do I?' 'Yes. He is employed—er—she stopped in obvious hesitation; then, lowering her voice, she continued—in the counting-house with you.' 'Oh!' Mr. Dalton's face first expressed blank amazement, then utter disgust. He said something under his breath that Miss Wyld did not hear—something he would have been very sorry for if she had heard. 'What's his name?' he demanded. 'She pursed up her lips and shook her head. 'I don't feel quite at liberty to disclose it at present,' she said naively. 'But I must know!' Dalton burst out. 'I have a right to—'

II. He stopped abruptly, and felt utterly disgusted as she burst into a musical peal of laughter. 'Oh, dear,' she gasped, 'this is killing!' 'It will be the end,' said Dalton, mournfully, looking at her joyous features, and thinking of his own sad fate. His doleful face only stimulated Miss Wyld's laughter, and her pretty shoulders heaved convulsively. 'I never saw anybody look as sorrowful as you,' she jerked out. 'Your face is funny!' 'Funny, eh?' he repeated. 'You go and play the deuce with a chap's feelings and tell him that his face is funny!' Miss Wyld nodded feebly and her laughter increased. 'Yes,' she said weakly, 'your face is funny—awful funny!' Dalton watched her for a moment in disgust. 'I shall hate you soon!' he observed vindictively, 'if you don't stop that sniggering!' 'You could never do that,' she said, rising from her seat, and nodding her pretty head confidently as she stood before him. 'A man never hates a pretty girl. He thinks he does—that's all.' Dalton gazed at the ring he hated on the finger he loved, and felt that his case was hopeless. 'When a fellow hints at his affection to a girl,' he argued within himself, 'and she laughs at him, it's time to chuck up the sponge.' Therefore, he determined to be nasty. 'You're not at all devoid of self-conceit!' he sneered as he rose, too. 'Who told you that you were pretty? I didn't.' 'No; but lots of other fellows have,' she asserted, with a pert nod. 'You have, too, in your own way. You haven't told me to my face that you think me pretty; but you've unconsciously hinted the fact, in more ways than one.' 'Then I emphatically retract all my late hints,' he said gruffly. 'Yes,' she replied calmly; 'it's the way with you men. I suppose you think me anything but pretty now. You can't find a word in your mind wicked enough for application to me, can you?' She smiled tantalizingly into his face, but Dalton sat down again without a word; and, after regarding him for a moment with an irritating smile, she sat down also. 'When I met you to-night, Mr. Dalton,' she said quietly, 'I had no idea that we should quarrel. I always thought you a nice fellow, but now I firmly believe that you are a nasty tempered.'

'And I always thought that you'd have more pity for a chap's affections than to laugh at them,' he observed. 'Why did you encourage me?' Something in his voice and manner tickled her again, and she once more indulged in a burst of laughter. 'You're nothing more than a heartless flirt,' he burst out angrily. 'You, being engaged to another fellow, have deliberately encouraged me to love you, and now you're laughing at me. Hang it all, it's too bad!' 'Too-oo funny, you—Oh, dear me!

Relieve those Inflamed Eyes!
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.
CAUTION!—Avoid dangerous, irritating Witch Hazel preparations represented to be "the same as" Pond's Extract which easily scours and generally contain "wood alcohol," a deadly poison.

She laughed. 'You—you're too ridiculous!' Dalton rose in disgust, and stood looking down on her wrathfully. 'I'll leave you to finish your laughter in solitude,' he remarked, with angry sarcasm. 'And—and I'm hanged if I won't find out the chap that you are engaged to, and get him the sack!' This awful threat appeared to have the very opposite result to what Mr. Dalton had anticipated, for she laughed more than ever, nodding her head feebly. Dalton stood for a moment in angry indecision, and seized her left hand. 'Who put that ring on there?' he demanded. 'I'm going to know before we part to-night!' Miss Wyld struggled with her mirth for a while and became suddenly serious. 'If you'll promise not to fulfill your threat of getting the person dismissed, I'll tell you.' 'I promise. I didn't mean it,' he pleaded anxiously. 'I wouldn't play such a trick!' 'Then,' she said slowly, 'the person who put that ring on my finger was—' 'Yes?' he queried eagerly, as she paused, and seemed on the point of laughing again. 'My—oh, dear—myself!' she gasped. 'You put that on yourself?' he repeated. 'Why?' It was some time before she was able to speak at all coherently, and Dalton waited impatiently. 'Come, tell me why you engaged yourself to marry yourself?' he demanded eagerly. 'I will if you will go away to your own end of the seat and promise not to move,' she replied. Dalton, in some astonishment, slid back along the seat, and Miss Wyld watched him roughly. 'When I first took up my present employment,' she said, 'there were such a nice lot of fellows in the counting house that I didn't know which I liked best. I tried them all for a little while, and managed to make them all so fond of me that I could see I was going to get into hot water. I liked one better than all the rest, but he was so dense and bashful that I began to be afraid that I should receive the proposals of all the rest before his, and—and I didn't want them. So, to make a long story short, I put on my mother's engagement ring, to keep them at their proper distance. I knew the one I liked best was safe enough, and then I could draw him out whenever I wished; but I couldn't resist the temptation of teasing him—er—to-night.'

'To-night!' echoed Dalton. 'Do—you—' Then he paused undecidedly. 'Now say that you are not dense and stupid!' she said. Then she stamped her dainty foot, looked at him severely, and concluded: 'And I don't believe that you care for me at all!' Dalton edged cautiously along the seat towards her, and, as it was nearly dark, ventured to put his arm round her slim waist. 'Haven't you been rather rough on me—er—Lucy?' he inquired plaintively. 'You don't mind now, do you, Harry?' she replied, with a bright smile. 'I—' What she was going to say further was lost in Dalton's moustache.—London Answers.

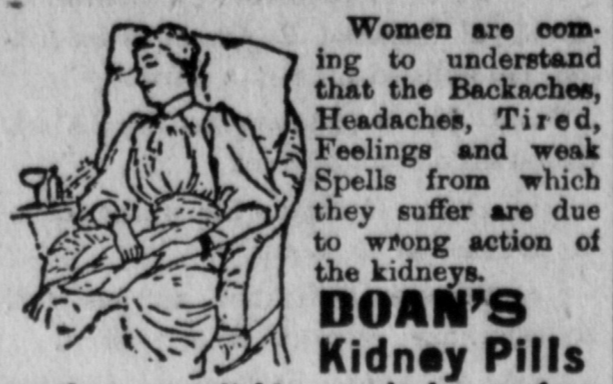
How the Cocaine Habit Starts.
Generally from using catarrh snuffs and ointments containing this deadly drug. It is well to remember that the only direct scientific cure for catarrh is Catarrh-ozone, which cures by the inhalation of medicated air. Simply breathe Catarrh-ozone, and it will cure all forms of Catarrh, Bronchitis, Asthma, Lung Troubles and Deafness. Every breath from Catarrh-ozone Inhaler soothes, heals and relieves. Permanent cure guaranteed even though other remedies failed. Try Catarrh-ozone, price \$1.00; small size, 25c. Druggists, or N. C. Polson & Co., Kingston, Ont. Sold by R. O'Leary.

DR. HAMILTON'S PILLS CURE BILIOUSNESS

SALE OF INVENTIONS.
On March 6th, 1902, J. T. Cottle assigned to R. L. Barns, of Chicago, Ills., the entire right in his invention relating to Saw-sharpening machines, No. 648,982, in consideration of the sum of \$49,500. In consideration of the sum of \$100,000, R. L. Barns assigned to the American Tool & Saw Filer Co. of Chicago, Ills., his entire interest in Saw-sharpening machine, No. 648,982. Assignment dated March 6th, 1902.
On March 5th, 1902 Benj L. Blair, assigned to the Block Bridge & Culvert Co. of Indianapolis, Ind., all his right, title and interest in and to patent No. 568,830, covering "Bridges", in consideration of \$16,000.

John J. Bertche, of St. Louis Mo., paid \$10,000. for one half right, title and interest in patent No. 656,562, covering Clamp device, invented by F. C. Billing. The assignment was dated Feb. 18, 1902. Communication of Mess. Marion & Marion, Patent Attorneys, Montreal, Write for a copy of "The Inventor's Help".
A ten cent package of Magnetic Dyes and very little work will make a new blouse of your faded silk one—try it.

Women's Ailments.



Women are coming to understand that the Backaches, Headaches, Tired, Feelings and weak Spells from which they suffer are due to wrong action of the kidneys. **DOAN'S Kidney Pills** are the most reliable remedy for any form of kidney complaint. They drive away pains and aches, make women healthy and happy—able to enjoy life to the fullest. Mrs. C. H. Gillespie, 204 Britain Street, St. John, N.B., says: "I had severe kidney trouble for which I doctored with a number of the best physicians in St. John, but received little relief. Hearing of Doan's Kidney Pills, I began their use. Before taking them I could not stoop to tie my shoes, and at times suffered such torture that I could not turn over in bed without assistance. Doan's Kidney Pills have rescued me from this terrible condition, and removed every pain and ache."

"Did Lindsay get that fortune that was left him a year or so ago?"
"No, there were legal complications in the way."
"What sort?"
"The lawyers took it all."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

True Economy In Well Regulated Homes.

In well regulated homes in city and country there are many avenues open for the practice of economy, but none so simple and satisfactory as the use of the Diamond Dyes in renewing for wear old and faded dresses, skirts, blouses, capes, jackets, ribbons, shawls, yarn and feathers. The husband's or boy's suit now off color and apparently worthless can be dyed a rich and fast black, navy blue or dark seal brown, practically making new and stylish garments. The Diamond Dyes are the easiest to use; a child can dye successfully with them. No failures or disappointments when the very simple directions are followed. Thousands of ladies are now making up pretty Mats and Rugs from the Diamond Dye Mat and Rug Patterns. These patterns are favorites all over Canada. Sheets of designs showing the various sizes made may be obtained from The Wells & Richardson Co., Limited, 200 Mountain St., Montreal, P. Q. Send your address.

HOLLAND'S QUEEN.
THE HAGUE, May 3.—The bulletin posted this morning at Castle Loo referring to the health of Queen Wilhelmina, announced that her majesty's condition was satisfactory.

The essential lung healing principle of the pine tree has finally been successfully separated and refined into a perfect cough medicine—Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup. Sold by all dealers on a guarantee of satisfaction. Price 25 cents.

RATE FROM ENGLAND TO CHINA ONLY ONE PENNY.
LONDON, May 2.—The postmaster-general has issued a notice to the effect that on and after May 1st the rate of postage to China will be one penny to all points maintaining British post-offices.

PREPARATION FOR BUILDING IN SYDNEY MINES.
SYDNEY MINES, May 1.—The Cape Breton Lumber Company have received a cargo of building material from Liverpool, which is already sold to parties intending to build houses in the town.

"Will you excuse me for about five minutes?" said the apartment house lodger, as a bell tinkled in the corridor.
"Certainly," replied the caller.
"We have to go and take our drill at this time in the day."
"Your drill?"
"Yes; climbing down the fire escapes."
—Chicago Tribune.

An Editor's Opinion.

Of the Marvellous Restorative Qualities of Dr. Chase's Nerve Food.
Mr. A. R. Fawcett, the well-known editor and proprietor of The Leader and Recorder, Toronto Junction writes: "It is very seldom that I need medicine of any description, but this spring I got so badly run down and out of sorts generally, that I became somewhat alarmed. Chancing to read a testimonial about the results derived from Dr. Chase's Nerve Food, from a gentleman whose case seemed to be identical with my own, I purchased a box, and commenced using it. "The result was simply marvellous. I was benefited from the first, and soon restored to my usual good health. I never felt better in my life than I do now. To tell the simple truth, I did not have very great faith in any medicine until I used Dr. Chase's Nerve Food, but now I have no hesitation in strongly recommending this great remedy to others, as a valuable and effective remedy."
Dr. Chase's Nerve Food, the great nerve restorative and blood builder is making hosts of cures in all parts of this broad Dominion. Gradually and thoroughly it builds up the system and overcomes weakness and disease. 50 cents a box, all dealers, or Edman-son Bates & Company, Toronto.

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