

Pains in the Back

Are symptoms of a weak, torpid or stagnant condition of the kidneys or liver, and are a warning it is extremely hazardous to neglect, so important is a healthy action of these organs

They are commonly attended by loss of energy, lack of courage, and sometimes by gloomy foreboding and despondency.

"I was taken ill with kidney trouble, and became so weak I could scarcely get around. I took medicine without benefit, and finally decided to try Hood's Sarsaparilla. After the first bottle I felt so much better that I continued its use, and six bottles made me a new woman. When my little girl was a baby, she could not keep anything on her stomach, and we gave her Hood's Sarsaparilla which cured her." Mrs. THOMAS INNES, Wallaceburg, Ont.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Cures kidney and liver troubles, relieves the back, and builds up the whole system.

"ONLY GOOD-BYE"

"Good-bye, then," and he turned away. No other word between them spoken; You hardly would have guessed that day How close a bond was broken.

The quick, short tremor of the hand That clasped her own in that brief parting,

Only her heart could understand, Who saw the tear drops starting

Who felt a sudden surge of doubt Come rushing back unbidden o'er her, As at the words, her life without His presence loomed before her.

The others saw, the others heard A calm, cool man, a gracious woman, A quiet, brief farewell unstirred By aught at all uncommon.

She knew a fatal die was cast She knew that two paths hence must sever.

That one familiar step had passed Out of her life forever.

To all the rest it merely meant A trivial parting lightly spoken; She read the bitter, mute intent, She knew his heart was broken.

The Winning of Lillian.

From the day on which I first met Lillian Elsmore at a tennis party I put forth my utmost effort to win her affection. Fortune was kinder to me than I could have hoped. I soon saw that she was not averse to my attentions, and when in due time I plucked up courage and confessed my love she blushingly acknowledged that she loved me, and referred me to her papa.

To my surprise and disappointment her father refused his consent to a formal engagement between us.

"Lillian is all I have," he said, "and I have no wish to part with her yet awhile. You are both young and can afford to wait. Let things drift for a time; then if you both remain in the same mind—well, I may give my consent."

"Lillian and I understood each other perfectly, and we were both sure—"

"Yes, yes, I know," he interrupted. "I don't object to a secret treaty between you; all I say is that it must not be made known until I give my consent. Now run away and tell her so."

I was disappointed but not altogether discouraged by the result of my interview. Squire Elsmore was a fine type of the real old English gentleman, comprising the bluff heartiness of the typical squire with the shrewd common sense of the successful business man. If he had not been satisfied with me he would have said so in his blunt, straightforward fashion.

The more I saw of Elsmore the more I liked him. He was a self-made man and a terrible boaster, but his boasting seemed in keeping with his character, and pleased instead of irritated me.

"I started as an errand-boy, and finished up as a well-to-do far richer man than the Commissioners of Income Tax have any idea of," he would say. "During a long and successful business career I never made a mistake; few men can say that! But I was an early riser, and the man who wished to get before me would have to stop up all night—and many nights!"

One evening his boasting got a kindred spirit within me.

"There is no doubt you did fairly well," I said, patronizingly. "But it was in your favor that you operated in the days before the rain came. If you lived and moved and had your being in the City to day, we'd lime the twig and catch you every time."

I was surprised at my own temerity, but my astonishment was nothing to his. He looked at me and gasped. I thought for a minute or two that my words had choked him, but he managed to swallow them somehow.

"Well, I'm jiggered," he ejaculated. "So this is your opinion, is it?"

I nodded.

"You think you could manage it, do you?"

I nodded again. He looked at me wondering—pityingly. He cleared the plate and glasses from before him and, leaning forward, rested his folded arms upon the table.

"You are keen on marrying Lillian?" he queried, slowly.

"Very," I replied.

"You love her, and I believe she loves you," he continued deliberately. "I

rather like you myself, and have only withheld my consent to your engagement because I do not want you to live an idle life. Idleness very often breeds vice, while work with its engrossments and responsibilities, makes for health and happiness. But you are fairly established now, so I am going to make you a sporting offer."

"Yes?" I said, eagerly.

"Go and buy an engagement ring, then I'll tell you what it is," he answered.

"I have one already," I said, fumbling in the corner of my waistcoat pocket.

"Oh! Let me look at it."

"You are certain you can take a rise out of me?" he asked suddenly.

"Yes, I rather think I could," I answered confidently.

"All right, do it!" he said, emphatically, bringing his clenched fists down upon the table with a bang that made the plates and glasses rattle. "And the day on which you manage it you may place this ring on Lillian's finger, and not before."

"But how?" I asked, nervously.

"That's for you to find out and not for me to tell you," he said, good-humoredly.

"Bar silly joking it can take any form you choose," he replied. "Now run away and tell Lillian about it and let her hold the stakes."

When I told Lillian her remarks were neither comforting nor complimentary.

Elsmore was in fine form when he joined us in the drawing room. But his ancient stories and hearty laughter depressed me; while Lillian made no effort to conceal her disappointment.

When I kissed her goodnight she broke down and sobbed helplessly, and I walked home the most miserable man on earth.

Days passed in hepeless inactivity. Hair-brained schemes were concocted and dismissed hourly. I hadn't a mind above a practical joke.

Then an event happened which drove all other thoughts from our minds. The Dutton Diamonds were stolen—stolen so cleverly that the whole county was filled with consternation at the consummate daring of the thieves.

The Duchess, after placing the case upon her dressing table, left the room for a few moments. When she returned the case had vanished. There was absolutely no clue. The police were at their wits' end.

Like everyone else, Elsmore had a pet theory which he advanced with his usual dogmatic persistency. His idea was that the jewels had been hidden somewhere in or about the house by someone connected with the establishment, who was also a member of a clever gang of thieves and forgers, acting under the leadership of an American known to the police as Red Erick.

"As soon as the storm blows over they will remove their booty," he said; "and as they cannot communicate with each other by post, for fear of the letters falling into the hands of the police they will have recourse to a cipher advertisement in one of the daily papers."

I shook my head doubtfully.

"The police are too clever at reading ciphers for the thieves to have recourse to such a method," I said.

"They could easily concoct a code which the whole of the Criminal Investigation Department could not read quickly enough to frustrate their plans," he said confidently. "Watch the papers, and see if I am not right."

The manufacture and elucidation of codes and ciphers was Elsmore's pet hobby. His ambition was to compile a unique and comprehensive commercial code, and he had devoted years to that object.

Lillian's eyes twinkled merrily as she led him on to boast of his ability as a cipher reader, and once started on his favorite topic he certainly did himself justice.

"Your old dad may be behind the times in many things, but there is no expert in England who can give him points in the making and reading of codes and ciphers," he said.

Then he seated himself comfortably in a deep easy chair, and took up a paper.

Lillian challenged me to a game of billiards, and we left the room together. As soon as the door of the billiard room closed behind us she threw her arms around my neck and kissed me.

"Isn't he the dearest old boaster that ever lived?" she said, enthusiastically.

"He certainly does not hide his light under a bushel," I answered, sarcastically.

"No, he boasts and performs; whereas some people of my acquaintance—"

"Yes, I know," I interrupted. "You

"Oh, I thought perhaps you had forgotten it," she said, sweetly. "What do you propose doing? Have you any plans?"

I replied woefully that I had not the ghost of a plan.

"Well, answered Lillian, giving me another hug. "I have. A real beauty. I thought it all out while he was boasting. Now listen."

For half an hour I played the part of interested listener, then we went back into the drawing room and talked Dutton Diamonds to her father.

A few evenings later I found Elsmore in a state of suppressed excitement.

"Have you seen the 'Times'?" he asked as I entered the room.

"Not to-day. Why? Anything special in it?"

"Come into the library and I'll show you."

I followed him into the room, where he took up the paper and pointed to the following cipher advertisement:

"Arqohzmsi. JBkCdes 2 r 3' teux. cypBzCd Hirfgtzrq. 5 qq. (9) 2 15 14 3' 1882 13 L2."

"The man who solves that cipher will have the thief of the Dutton Diamonds in the hollow of his hand," he said, impressively.

"Think so?" I queried.

"I know he will. It confirms my theory, and I intend to solve it. I wish I had seen it first thing this morning. I would have worked it out before now. Prompt solution is everything in a case of this kind. To-morrow will be too late."

"Then why bother about it?" I asked.

"Because it proves the truth of my theory," he answered, shortly.

"How do you know?"

"By the numerals at the end. There are so many cipher communications in the daily papers that interested watchers would wish to know at a glance the particular one for which they are waiting. As soon as I saw the cipher it struck me that the numerals were the signature and the key to them were in the cipher itself. I worked it out and got the following result:

"9f. 2r. 15e. 3'E. 18r. 13c. 12k. —(F) red Erick."

"Federick," I said. "Well, and how—"

"Red Erick," he interrupted testily.

"Can't you see that the F is bracketed to show that it is useless. It's as plain as a pikestaff that the cipher is Red Erick's instructions to the man who hid the Dutton Diamonds. I wish to goodness I had seen it this morning. I should have missed it altogether if Lillian had not pointed it out to me.

"Then you have not been able to solve it?"

"I have not had time to do more than catch the drift of it. I believe, the capitals are intended for numerals, having the value of their place in the alphabet, and that the numerals were either frequently recurring consonants or vowels. The 2 and 5 are probably the vowel e, the two signifying its order as a vowel and the 5 its place in the alphabet. The 3, is probably q, the third letter which occurs four times."

"You may be right," I said, as he paused to take breath, "but I doubt it. In fact, I don't believe it has anything whatever to do with the Dutton Diamonds. My opinion—"

"Your opinion," he sneered, "is like your boast—worthless. When you have fulfilled the one I shall be glad to listen to the other."

He turned angrily and seated himself at his desk. I accepted my dismissal and joined Lillian.

We strolled into the billiard room and switched on the lights. But we did not play—at least not until we heard the sound of approaching footsteps, then I grabbed a cue, and when Elsmore entered Lillian was marking and I was busy with a sequence of nursery canons.

There was an eager light in Elsmore's eyes and he waved a sheet of paper triumphantly.

"I've got it," he cried, "and we shall have time to collar the beggars. The cipher was a teaser, but I managed it."

He laid the sheet of paper on the billiard table and we crowded eagerly around it. Instead of the solution we expected it contained the following cipher: "Bsrpianrg K 2 1 3 e dresrsbty. Bwo 2 y 3 c '8 hsebsatrepr. (F) red Erick."

"Why, that's another cipher," Lillian said in a disappointed tone.

"Of course it is," he cried. "You didn't expect that Red Erick was fool enough to trust his message to a cipher which an ordinary police expert could solve at a glance, did you? He is a clever fellow, but your old dad has been too many for him. I was a long time before I hit upon the key, and when I did the answer was a puzzler; but I stuck to it like death to a darky until it yielded up its secrets and there it is."

"It may be," said Lillian, sarcastically; "but I am not an expert. If you wish me to understand you will—"

"All right, girl," he answered, soothingly. "The cipher, though intricate, was really very simple. They had substituted 'a' for 'b', 'r' for 's', and so on, and had mixed up the words so that the answer formed a second cipher. In order to add to its difficulty and prevent the recurrence of certain letters, they had used both the preceding and following letters. To any-

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one who held the key to the second cipher this presented no difficulty, but it was a million to one on a stranger hitting the right sequence. Even I did not get it until I noticed that the letters separated by the numerals 2, 3, 8 were oych, and that the first letter was b; then running my eye along the remaining alternate letters I spelled out the word Boychester. After a little alteration I applied the same method to the whole cipher, and read its hidden message: 'Bring sparklers, 23 Derby Street, Boychester, W., 23, 8 sharp (F)red Erick.' Sparklers is the slang for diamonds; W. is Wednesday; 23 is the date, and as the 23rd does not occur on Wednesday again for eight months it must be to-morrow. Now do you understand?"

"Yes," we chorused. "And what will you do now—communicate with the police?"

"No," he answered, promptly. "Holstone and I will work this thing ourselves. Lawson, the Chief Constable of Boychester, is an old friend of mine. I shall go down there by the first train in the morning and ask him to find out whether Frederick—or any one answering to the description of Red Erick—is staying at 23 Derby Street. Then I will wire you, Helstone, and you can come down and be in at the death. By George! Won't the county be surprised!"

We complimented him on his cleverness and the old boy spread himself like a green bay tree and boasted so loud and long that we reminded him he was only at the beginning of his venture.

At three o'clock the next day he wired me, "Come by train arriving, 7.30."

As the train steamed into the station I saw him pacing the platform excitedly.

"It's all right," he said, as I alighted, "23 is an hotel—the Albion. They have engaged two private rooms and ordered dinner for four at 8.30. Scotland Yard have not the slightest idea of the meeting. Police-like they are on another tack altogether. I pledged Lawson to secrecy before I showed him the cipher. As a J. P. I'd have played the whole thing off my own bat rather than have been robbed of the glory. It's the biggest coup of my life!"

A few minutes before eight we were ushered into the private sitting-room reserved for Mr. Frederick. It was empty. As the time passed Elsmore's anxiety was painful to witness. Watch in hand, he paced the room, starting nervously at every sound.

"Do you think they have got wind of our movements?" he asked.

"Oh, no," answered Lawson, reassuringly. "There is a train at 8.15. A cab can easily do the distance in five or six minutes and the dinner is ordered for 8.30."

The rattle of a cab drew Elsmore to the window.

"Don't look out," I cried, "they may see you."

He darted back into the middle of the room and stood with a tense, strained look, listening eagerly. The sound of (Concluded on Page 5.)

Dyspepsia and Heart Trouble

Mr. George Webber, St. George Street, Chatham, Ont., states:—"I was very nervous, troubled some with my heart and suffered a great deal from nervous dyspepsia and indigestion. Dr. Chase's Nerve Food has proven a thorough cure in my case. After having used it for some time I am pleased to say that I am entirely restored to health. The indigestion does not trouble me, my nerves are strong and vigorous and the action of my heart is regular."

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