

A HOUSEHOLD HEROINE.

The woman behind the preserving pot is certainly deserving of fame; she's not like the man behind the gun. But she's getting there just the same! The hero is trying to maim or kill. And great is his showing of nerve. But praise also goes to the woman who is using her skill to preserve.

No time she is wasting in drill or march which fit the brave soldier for strife. Or she gathers round her what she'll attack.

And then gets to work with her knife. She pares, and she cores, and she cuts with care.

Till finger, and muscles are sore, Then bitter and thicker in other tasks. She's hurrying over the floor.

She gallantly stands at the firing line, Unmindful of heat and of toil; A flush is her face, and her eyes are strained.

By watching the things that there boil. She spices and sweetens and stirs and skims Till weary in arms, back and feet. But bravely she stands till her work is done, With never a thought of retreat.

She carefully gathers the stores of sweets That she has so patiently made, And soon the good things for the winter feasts.

In jars, cans and crocks are arrayed. She thinks not of plaudits or triumph won.

Yet, while she no laurels will claim, The woman behind the preserving pot Is certainly worthy of fame.

—Pittsburg Chronicle-Telegr. ph.

A CHRISTMAS LOVE-GIFT.

BY SILAS K. HOCKING

Continued from last week.

"People in reduced circumstances," he reflected; "poor and proud; spend more on clothes than in furniture; a five-pound note would purchase everything in this room."

On the following afternoon he sat up for a couple of hours, and the day following that he got downstairs.

The dining-room and drawing-room confirmed his impression. Evidently the widow and her daughter were not too well off. Yet they dressed beautifully.

"I think I'd spend less on clothes and more on furniture," he reflected.

The weather continued beautifully fine, and the next day he took a little walk on the cliffs, Ethel keeping him company.

Every day she seemed to get more beautiful, more gentle, more winning. He forgot everything else when by her side. She read to him when he was tired, and sometimes sang for him in the evening before the lamps were lighted. He forgot to notice the shabby furniture. Green Cottage was a fairy bower, and all the surrounding country was a land of romance and beauty.

So a week went by, a week of quiet, restful, unquestioning delight. Now and then his head ached a little, and after a walk he felt unreasonably tired; otherwise he was quite himself again. And when Ethel sang or read to him neither headache nor weariness troubled him.

He gave up all idea of continuing his bicycle journey. To stay longer at Green Cottage was, of course, out of the question. Home was the proper place for him, the doctor said, and absolute mental rest for a month.

So toward home he turned his face one morning, with a strange sense of loss gnawing at his heart.

III.

For several days after he reached Trefoil he did not know what ailed him. His appetite failed, his sleep went from him, and all interest in life seemed to depart. His old doctor, who came every other day, said he was suffering from nervous shock, and that nothing but time was necessary to set him perfectly right. But time was a cheat in his case; instead of getting better, he got worse. The days became more gloomy and depressing, and the nights were worse than the days.

He found his greatest pleasure in looking at a portrait of Ethel Brown, which he had annexed under protest the day he left Green Cottage.

That she made a pretty picture there could be no doubt. That she was sweet and winning in her ways was equally true. That he loved her—well, he might as well face the fact first as last. He did love her, with all his heart and soul; but to marry a penniless country maiden, when the law brought him in practically nothing, and the rent roll of Trefoil was only sufficient for a bachelor's needs, would surely be the height of folly.

He might be in love, but he hoped he was not a fool. Common sense and prudence must rule him, though sentiment was outraged in the process. Moreover, if he ever did marry, he must marry a woman who had some means of her own; and then, in addition to everything else, there was Warrenhurst to be considered.

But as time went on he hated the thought of Warrenhurst. It seemed to stand between him and happiness. Nevertheless, he struggled against his passion with a zeal worthy of a better cause. To marry a proud and penniless woman would be sheer insanity.

He spent a month in idleness, and then he went to the office every day. There was very little to do, and such as it was his partner could do better without him. But he was bound to kill time in some

way, and even pretending to work might help him to forget Ethel Brown.

But the pain at his heart got worse and the longing to see Ethel more intense than ever. So after a while he began to argue the question from another standpoint. What was wealth without love? Did not someone say: "Is not the life more than meat and the body than raiment?" Was poverty such an evil thing after all when love was present to sweeten and sanctify it? Was there not a proverb: "Better is a dinner of herbs where love is than a stalled ox and hatred therewith?"

So he began to picture Trefoil with Ethel to brighten it. She was not used to luxuries, she would save in a hundred little ways; she would make the dull evenings glad with music and song; she would preside at the table, she would entertain his guests; she would bring flowers from the garden to brighten the rooms; she would meet him at the door with a kiss of welcome; she would be his inspiration in all his undertakings. Oh, yes, life would be worth living if only she were by his side.

By the beginning of September he had fully made up his mind what to do. He did not know what his friends might say; he did not care. His love for Ethel was no momentary passion. It had survived nearly three months of silence, it would last to the end of his life. But what if she did not care for him? What if she loved another? She had given him no sign that she cared more for him than for any other stranger.

It was the middle of September before he could get away, and then he started by the first train in the morning, but no train ever crept so slowly since locomotives were invented; no porters at stations were ever so prodigal of time. It was the middle of the afternoon when he reached Ilfracombe. Jumping into a cab at the station, he drove straight away to Green Cottage.

His heart was beating very fast when he drove up the neglected drive. No one was about. The place seemed strangely quiet and forsaken. The house had a forlorn and deserted appearance.

He got out of the cab and walked towards the door, but he did not knock. In one of the windows was a bill. "To Let." Apply to Lettem and Paye, Ilfracombe.

"Back again, driver," he said, returning to the cab.

Lettem was out, but Paye was seated at a high desk.

"I have come to inquire about Green Cottage."

Mr. Paye got off his stool at once.

"I see it is to let."

"It is."

"Can you give me any information respecting the late tenants?"

"Only that they are a pack of rogues."

George staggered back and leant against the door.

"Sharpest case of moonlight flitting I ever knew," Mr. Paye went on. "Got clean away and paid no rent for eighteen months."

"But you can trace them."

"Sorry we cannot. False names; bogus references; furniture on the hire system. No, sir; for once we are done."

George staggered out of the office like a man dazed. Could it be true? Was he awake, or was he the victim of a hideous nightmare? It seemed sacrilege to think evil of Ethel Brown, and yet what else could he think?

On the lounge of the Ilfracombe Hotel he sat and smoked the rest of the evening, and when he retired to bed it was not to sleep. Hour after hour he lay staring into the darkness with a misery that no words could express.

In the morning, while waiting for breakfast, he picked up the local paper and began listlessly to scan its columns. Suddenly he started, sat bolt upright and stared. Then his face brightened and something like tears came into his eyes. Here was the whole story and the explanation of the mystery. Mrs. Brown and her daughter were only sub-tenants. They took the house furnished for the summer. Mr. Paye was not referring to them at all.

"What a blank idiot I have been!" he muttered to himself. "May God forgive me for my thoughts."

During the morning he visited Mr. Paye again; also the doctor who had attended him after his accident, but he could get no clue as to the whereabouts of the Browns.

He spent nearly a week in the neighborhood and then returned to Trefoil gloomy and disconsolate.

Autumn deepened into winter, and winter brightened into spring, and spring gave place to glorious summer, but he could gain no tidings of the woman he loved. He instituted every possible inquiry, and in every possible direction, but there were ten thousand girls of the name of Brown in England, and to find the right one seemed more hopeless than the search for the needle in the proverbial bottle of hay; and yet he did not wholly despair. The world was not so big after all; and if God willed it so they would meet again. He was not a religious man, but he tried, nevertheless, very sincerely to cultivate a faith in Providence, and on the whole he succeeded.

Warrenhurst he put completely out of his mind. He did not want to see it or even to think about it. The passion that dominated his father was no longer any-

Dyspepsia

From foreign words meaning bad cook, has come rather to signify bad stomach; for the most common cause of the disease is a predisposing want of vigor and tone in that organ.

No disease makes life more miserable. Its sufferers certainly do not live to eat; they sometimes wonder if they should eat to live.

W. A. Nugent, Belleville, Ont., was greatly troubled with it for years; and Peter R. Gaetz, Eau Claire, Wis., who was so afflicted with it that he was nervous, sleepless, and actually sick most of the time, obtained no relief from medicines professionally prescribed.

They were completely cured, as others have been, by

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according to their own statement voluntarily made. This great medicine strengthens the stomach and the whole digestive system. Be sure to get Hood's.

thing to him. His father loved a place, he loved a person, therein lay all the difference. If he could only find Ethel he would willingly sacrifice everything else.

IV.

As the summer advanced George grew restless and nervous. The doctor said it was the result of the previous year's shock and advised him to go abroad for a change. George's partner backed up the doctor.

"You have been working like a slave the last six months," he said, "and it's beginning to tell on you."

"There's been more to do," George said, with a laugh.

"And consequently more to spend," was the reply.

So George packed his bag and started for Switzerland. It was a new country to him, for he had never been out of England before. Like most beginners in travel he followed the beaten track and went the way of the crowd. He loitered in Lucerne and climbed the Rigi, and rode up Mount Pilatus. He crossed the Brunig pass in a railway train and spent the best part of a week in Interlaken. He "dij" the lakes of Brienz and Thun, and went by diligence to Grindelvald. After two days he found it hot and stuffy in the valley and decided to get on higher ground; so, with a porter to carry his bag, he set out for Rosenlani.

It was afternoon when he got to the top of the pass, and reaching a clump of pine trees he sat down in the shadow to rest and smoke. How wonderful nature was! How glorious the mountains! How white and solemn their peaks of snow. Hark! Was that thunder? No, it was but the roar of an avalanche. Now all was still again save for the tinkling of a clear stream of water threading its way down the pass.

He was growing drowsy, so still and restful was the place. Then he started, opened his eyes wide, and leant forward. Could it be possible? No, he was mistaken. Coming towards him was a young girl with a satchel over her shoulder and an Alpine stick in her hand.

He stared eagerly, then sprang to his feet. "No, I'm not mistaken," he gasped, and rushed to meet her.

She saw him coming and stopped. Then a bright smile broke over her face, and she came towards him with outstretched hand.

"To think I should have found you here," he gasped, and he pressed her fingers till they ached.

"You are quite well again?" she said, with a questioning tone in her voice.

"I am now," he said, eagerly. "And you?"

"Oh, I am always well," she answered, with a laugh.

"And your mother?"

"She's back at the hotel and all the better for the change."

"Then you are staying here?"

"Till next week. We've been here a fortnight."

Then there was a pause while he looked at her steadily. He had found his opportunity and was not going to let it slip. He had made any number of speeches for the occasion, but they all left him now. No matter, the first words that came to his lips would do.

"Do you know," he said at length.

Continued on page 5.

POLA LOVED HIM.

Samoan Boy Who Wanted to Own a Portrait of Stevenson.

After Mr. Stevenson's death so many of his Samoan friends begged for his photograph that we sent to Sydney for a supply, which was soon exhausted. One afternoon Pola came in and remarked in a very hurt and an aggrieved manner that he had been neglected in the way of photographs.

"But your father, the chief, has a large one."

"True," said Pola. "But that is not mine. I have the box presented to me by your high chief goodness. It has a little cover, and there I wish to put the sun shadow of Tusitala, the beloved chief whom we all revere, but I more than the others, because he was the head of my clan."

"To be sure," I said, and looked about for a photograph. I found a picture cut from a weekly paper, one I remembered that Mr. Stevenson himself had particularly disliked. He would have been pleased had he seen the scornful way Pola threw the picture on the floor.

"I will not have that!" he cried. "It is pig faced. It is not the shadow of our chief." He leaped against the door and wept.

"I have nothing else, Pola," I protested. "Truly, if I had another picture of Tusitala I would give it to you."

He brightened up at once. "There is the one in the smoking room," he said. "where he walks back and forth. That pleases me, for it looks like him." He referred to an oil painting of Mr. Stevenson by Sargent. I explained that I could not give him that. "Then I will take the round one," he said. "of tin." This last was the bronze base-relief by St. Gaudens. I must have laughed involuntarily, for he went out deeply hurt. Hearing a strange noise in the hall an hour or so later, I opened the door and discovered Pola lying on his face, weeping bitterly.

"What are you crying about?" I asked. "The shadow, the shadow!" he sobbed. "I want the sun shadow of Tusitala."

I knocked at my mother's door across the hall, and at the sight of that tear stained face her heart melted, and he was given the last photograph we had, which he wrapped in a banana leaf, tying it carefully with a ribbon of grass.

TOO GOOD TO BE WELL.

A Hospital Doctor's Experience With an Out Patient.

There is an interval of silence; then a sudden peal as the accident bell is heard, and the next moment an agitated parent is seen running down the passage with a child tucked under the arm, its bare legs streaming behind it in the wind of its mother's rapidity.

"What's the matter, missis? Has she swallowed some poison?"

"No, sir; it ain't that," she pants; "but I'm that scared I don't know 'ardly which way to turn."

"Well, but what's happened? Has she hurt herself?"

"No, sir; and 'er father 'e's that upset 'e couldn't do nothink, else I ain't used to runnin' like that, and 'ed 'ave brought 'er up, but 'e says as 'ow 'e daren't touch 'er, and I've run all the way, and me 'out!"

"Come now, missis, just tell me quietly what's the matter with the child."

The patient, a pretty little thing of 4, looks inquiringly at her alarmed parent; there seems to be little the matter with her.

"It's all very well yer a-sittin' there and a-tellin' of me to be quiet," cries the mother. "If yer 'ad children of yer own yer wouldn't like ter see 'em die afore yer eyes. Oh, dear, oh, dear, and there ain't no two more and the baby!"

The doctor in despair examines the little girl, but fails to discover anything wrong. "Now look here," says he firmly. "I can't find anything the matter with your child, so you'd have to go away unless you tell me why you brought her up to the hospital."

"Well, doctor, we was all a-havin' our tea a minute ago as it might be, and 'er father was eatin' a nice bit of tripe as was over from dinner, when Susy, that's 'er, says as 'ow she loved 'er and was goin' to 'eavin' when she doited. What!" in tones of horror. "Ain't yer going to give 'er no medicine?"

Dwarf Trees.

To dwarf trees as the Chinese do you must follow their methods. They take a young plant, say a seedling or a cutting of cedar when about two or three inches high, cut off its taproot as soon as it has enough other rootlets to live upon and replant it in a shallow pot or pan, allowing the end of the taproot to rest upon the bottom of the pan. Alluvial clay moulded to the size of beans and just sufficient in quantity to furnish a scanty nourishment is then put into the pot. Water, heat and light are permitted on the same basis.

The Chinese also use various mechanical contrivances to promote symmetry of growth. As, owing to the shallow pots, both top and roots are easily accessible, the gardener uses the pruning knife and the sawing iron freely. So that the little tree bent on every side eventually gives up the unequal struggle and, contenting itself with the little life left, grows just enough to live and look well.

How Symbols Look to the English.

There are many quaint old restaurants and inns around London, and some of their signs are very curious, writes a London correspondent to the New York Times. Among these is one known popularly as the Goose and Gridiron. In reality it is the Swan and Harp, which are the well known symbols of the Company of Musicians. The Angel and Steelyards, as another one is known, really represents Justice holding her scales. The Bull and Bedpost shows a bull fastened to a stake ready to be baited, and the Ship and Shovel is a memento of Sir Cloudesley Shovel's naval exploits.

Some Laughs.

An American traveler in Europe remarks the Italian laugh as languid, but musical, the German as deliberate, the French as spasmodic and uncertain, the upper class English as guarded and not always genuine, the lower class English as explosive, the Scotch of all classes as hearty and the Irish as rollicking.

Said an Irishman, "If a Yankee was cast away on a desolate island, he'd get up early the next morning and sell every inhabitant a map of the place."

Many a man spends half his time anticipating tomorrow and the other half in regretting yesterday.

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