

Rheumatism

No other disease makes one feel so old. It stiffens the joints, produces lameness, and makes every motion painful. It is sometimes so bad as wholly to disable, and it should never be neglected. M. J. McDonald, Trenton, Ont., had it after a severe attack of the grip; Mrs. Battie Turner, Bohivar, Mo., had it so severely she could not lift anything and could scarcely get up or down stairs; W. H. Shepard, Sundry Hook, Conn., was laid up with it, was cold even in July, and could not dress himself. According to testimonials voluntarily given, these sufferers were permanently relieved, as others have been, by

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 25 cents.

A TRAMP'S JOB.

BY EDWARD WILLETT.

In one of the many manufacturing villages of Rhode Island a young man, who was obviously and veritably a tramp sat on a stone step at an early hour in the morning. Under better circumstances he might have been a better looking young fellow; but just then he was decidedly rough, seedy and shabby, having doubtless slept in some hallway or out house, and having had no breakfast or the prospect of one.

"I may as well give it up," he said, as he rose and buttoned his thin coat around his shivering form.

"Give up what?" asked a cheery and fresh young voice, and he turned to see a bright and rosy-cheeked girl, not yet out of her teens, who came tripping down the street, with a lunch-basket in her hand.

"Give up everything, miss. Give up trying to be an honest man, or to find an honest man's work to do."

"I don't believe I would give up, if it killed me to hold on," was her clear and firm response. "What sort of work can you do?"

"I am a book-keeper, miss, and have not been trained to any other kind of work, but I am willing to do anything that will keep me from starving."

"Starving? Are you very hungry?"

"I have had nothing to eat since yesterday morning, and then only a few scraps."

"Here, take my lunch. You are welcome to it."

"I don't want to rob you of it, miss, but will take half if you will give it to me."

She insisted upon emptying her lunch-basket into his hands, assuring him that she could easily fill it again.

"My father has a factory down here, and I work in it," she said. "Perhaps he will do something for you. If you will be here at six o'clock this evening, I will let you know. Anyhow, you shan't starve."

Escaping his thanks she tripped away, and he sought a more retired spot, where he eagerly devoured the nice lunch that had filled her basket.

Refreshed by the food, he sallied out in search of employment, but his efforts were never more unsatisfactory than they were that day. Every possible place seemed to be full, and his appearance was decidedly against him. He wished, but wished in vain, that he had a few dollars with which to make himself more presentable. Few would even listen to him, and twice he was threatened with arrest. He would have despaired utterly, if it had not been for that girl's lunch, her kind words, and her promise to meet him in the evening.

Finally he stopped at a factory near the edge of the village, which was apparently devoted to the manufacture of steel implements. It was not a large establishment, but seemed to be a brisk and thriving one. He asked for Mr. Simpson, having noticed that name over the door, and was shown to a large man with careworn countenance. Although he was severely snubbed by this gentleman, he persisted in asking for employment.

"What can you do?" asked Mr. Simpson.

"I have been a bookkeeper, sir, and have been considered a good one."

"Humph! The poor-houses are full of bookkeepers."

"And everybody outside of the poor-houses is supplied, it seems."

"I know that I am. Besides, how could you expect a business man to trust a tramp? The law of this State is quite ever against people of your class."

"I suppose I am considered a tramp, Mr. Simpson. I look like one, no doubt. But I will gladly do any kind of work that will enable me to live and keep me

if the street."

"Are you willing to work for your dinner?"

"Yes, sir."

"I will try you. Come with me."

Mr. Simpson took the tramp into the yard attached to the factory, where he showed him a tank nearly full of water, that stood against the main building, a nearly empty reservoir in a corner of the yard, and a bucket.

"Empty that tank into the reservoir," said the proprietor, "and when the job is finished I will give you money for a dinner."

It seemed to be about a two hours' job, and the tramp began to work upon it with alacrity, inwardly thanking the kind man with a care-worn countenance who had given it to him. But a change came over the spirit of his dream when he perceived, at the close of half an hour's hard work, that his dipping and carrying and emptying had not diminished the amount of water in the tank, and it was evident that by some invisible means the supply was constantly kept up.

This was a practical joke of the meanest and most discouraging quality, and his feelings toward Mr. Simpson was anything but amiable. But he persevered, partly because he hoped to receive some reward for his labor, and partly because he had become interested in a conversation which he overheard between two men in an outbuilding which he was obliged to pass on his route between the tank and the reservoir. He attended more closely to that conversation, and carefully observed the appearance of the two men when they came out and went into the main building.

"You here? What are you doing?" His eyes brightened as he recognized the voice of the girl who had given him her lunch, and he told her about his job, who had given it to him, and how it had turned out.

"That looks rather mean," she said, "but father ain't a mean man, and he will make it right with you, I am sure. You had better keep on with the work—it can do no harm—and I will turn off the water that runs into the tank."

"Is Mr. Simpson your father?" asked the tramp.

"Yes, my name is Nelly Simpson."

"Well, Miss Simpson, I mean to do a good job of work for your father."

She smiled as she left him, and he again applied himself to the task of transferring the water from the tank to the reservoir. Thanks to the kind hand that shut off the source of supply, he had nearly finished the task when Mr. Simpson came out into the yard. The countenance of that gentleman had a more careworn appearance than it had exhibited in the office, and his look and movements spoke of serious trouble. He seemed to have forgotten the job at which he had set the tramp, and his attention was recalled to it by the sight of his casual workman, who stood near the tank with a bucket in his hand.

Mr. Simpson walked to the tank, and a faint smile raised the corner of his mouth as he looked in it.

"You have nearly finished that job," he said. "I didn't think that you would get through with it so soon."

"I have been favored by fortune," answered the tramp.

"So I should suppose, or you are much smarter than I took you to be. But you have earned your dinner, and here is the money to pay for it."

Mr. Simpson drew a half-dollar from his pocket, but the tramp stepped back with a gesture of refusal.

"Perhaps you had better keep it, Mr. Simpson," he said. "You may need it more than I do."

"What do you mean by that piece of impertinence?"

"I don't mean to be impertinent, sir; but you may need money to-morrow, more than I need it now."

"This is a little too much. I want to know what you mean."

"I will tell you plainly," replied the tramp. "You are on the verge of bankruptcy. You have a note to pay to-morrow, which you find it impossible to meet. That note must go to protest, and protest is ruin."

"How does it happen that you, a stranger, and a tramp, know so much about my affairs?"

"I will tell you how I gained my knowledge, and will also tell you how you can escape the peril that threatens you. While I was carrying this water to the reservoir I heard the voices of two men in the low building yonder. Something that was said attracted my attention, and I listened closely. I also noticed the men carefully when they came out. One of them was a slim young man, with sandy hair and mustache."

"My bookkeeper," said Mr. Simpson.

"The other was a short, stout man, with a heavy black beard."

"That was the foreman."

"Those men have been conspiring with a rival manufacturer to ruin you and get possession of your business. The bookkeeper has embezzled your money, and the foreman has stolen your stock, and thus you have been made to believe that you were doing a losing business. This note that falls due to-morrow is controlled by these conspirators, and they are only awaiting your failure to pay it to step in and seize your business."

Mr. Simpson was astounded. He stag-

ered, and for a few moments was unable to speak.

"Is this possible?" he said at last. "Is this strange story true, or is it an invention of your own?"

"It is no invention, Mr. Simpson, and I am glad, for your kind daughter's sake, that I am able to expose those scoundrels and save your business and your reputation."

"What can I do? What do you advise?"

"Your course is plain, sir. You have only to cause the arrest of those two men to-night! Have them arrested separately, and confront me with each of them. Charge them with their crime, and compel confession and restitution."

"Where are you from, and who are you?" asked the bewildered merchant.

"I am from New York, and my name is Edward Seely."

"I had a friend in New York of that name—Henry Seely, of Seely and Winchester."

"That was my father, sir. He failed, and died poor, and his only son has been very unfortunate."

"I believe you, Seely, and I believe that you have saved me from a great disaster. Come home with me."

The plan proposed by young Seely was put in operation that night, and resulted in a complete success. The bookkeeper and foreman confessed their embezzlements and speculations, and restored a large portion of the missing money and goods. The bottom fell out of the conspiracy and Mr. Simpson was placed firmly upon his financial feet.

Edward Seely is now a bookkeeper in the prosperous factory of Mr. Simpson, and that gentleman has cheerfully given his consent to the temporary tramp's matrimonial alliance with the girl who gave him the contents of her lunch-basket.

Consumption is Infectious.

Every precaution should be taken to prevent its spread of the "White Plague." Persons coming in contact with consumptives should inhale Catarrhzone several times each day as it is a powerful destroyer of disease germs, and renders them innocuous. Catarrhzone is a most efficient preventive and may be thoroughly relied upon to promote expectation, soothe the cough, and benefit in many ways too numerous to mention. Both from a medical and scientific point of view Catarrhzone is the most valuable addition to the armament against consumption. Its merit cannot be too warmly applauded. Sold at R. O'Leary's General Store, Richibucto, two months' treatment, price \$1, small size 25c., or by mail from N. C. Polson & Co., Kingston, Ont.

THE INVENTORS WORK.

Below will be found a list of patents recently granted by the Canadian Government through the agency of Messrs. Marion & Marion, Patent Attorneys, Montreal, Canada and Washington, D. C.

Information regarding any of these patents will be supplied free of charge by applying to the above named firm.

74,690—Messrs. LeClerc, Tremblay and Lalumiere, Montreal, P. Q., Machine for wiring sheet metal articles.

74,696—Jos. Alph. Lesperance, Montreal, P. Q., Folding bed.

74,699—Wm. J. Curry, Kamloops, B. C., Grater for nutmeg, vegetables, etc.

74,720—John R. Beck, Terminus, Ont., Door check.

74,760—Wm. And. Brewster, Edmonton, Alta, Grain Separator.

74,788—Joseph Plouffe, Plessisville, Que., Portable Acetylene lamp.

74,790—Geo. Gregory Smith, Florence, Italy, Acetylene gas generator.

Write Messrs. Marion & Marion, New York Life Building, Montreal, P. Q., for a copy of their Inventor's Help.

Out of The Shadow.

The discouragement, the despair of ill-health, out into the noon-tide glory of health, vigor and strength. Are you seeking this way? Are you wishing to replace weakness by strength, despondency by hope and expectation, pale cheeks and lusterless eyes, by the roses bloom and sparkling eyes. If you but use Ferrozone, you will make rich, red blood, your nerves will grow strong. Old time vigor will return and with it endurance that will enable you to live an active, energetic and successful life. Remember the name, Ferrozone. Sold by R. O'Leary, General Merchant, Richibucto.

It has been decided to hold a coronation service in Christ Church Cathedral, Montreal, on June 26, simultaneously with the great ceremony in London. The service will be carried on with all the grandeur which the Church of England affords.

The C. P. R. will build a new steel bridge across the Kootenay River below Nelson.

The breath of the pines is the breath of life to the consumptive. Norway Pine Syrup contains the pine virtues and cures coughs, colds, bronchitis, hoarseness, and all throat and lung troubles, which, if not attended to, lead to consumption.

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A Testimonial Worth Saving.

An inventor, having produced a wonderful hair invigorating fluid, sent a case of bottles to a bald editor, with a request for a testimonial. He got it in these terms:

"A little applied to the instand has given it a coat of bristles, making a splendid penwiper at a small cost. We applied the lather to a twopenny nail, and the nail is now the handsomest shaving brush you ever saw, with beautiful, soft hair growing from the end of it some five or six inches in length.

"Applied to doorsteps, it does away with the use of a mat; applied to the floor, it will cause to grow therefrom hair sufficient for a brussels carpet. A little weak lather sprinkled over a shed makes it impervious to the wind, rain or cold. It is good to put inside children's cradles, sprinkle on the roadside or anywhere that luxurious grass is wanted for use or ornament. It produces the effect in ten minutes."

Africans Wash, but Never Wipe.

Great attention is given in most of the African tribes to the care of the body. The teeth are cleansed with a stick which has been chewed into a kind of brush. The hands are washed frequently, not by turning and twisting and rubbing them together one within the other, as with us, but by a straight up and down rubbing, such as is given to the other limbs. This manner of washing is so characteristic that an African might be distinguished by it from a European without reference to the color. The sun is their only towel.

The Earliest Cigars.

The earliest mention of cigars in English occurs in a book dated 1735. A traveler in Spanish America named Cockburn, whose narrative was published in that year, describes how he met three friars at Nicaragua, who, he says, "gave us some seagars to smoke: * * * these are Leaves of Tobacco rolled up in such Manner that they serve both for a Pipe and Tobacco itself; * * * they know no other way here, for there is no such Thing as a Tobacco Pipe throughout New Spain."

A Change.

"We must economize," he said emphorically.

"I'm so glad!" his wife exclaimed.

"You take the announcement more good naturedly than usual."

"Yes; it's pleasant to hear you use the plural pronoun. Ordinarily, when there is any economizing needed, you expect me to do it all."

Quite Loud.

Tudor—Harris gets all his clothes ready made now.

Sutton—So he told you too?

Tudor—He told me nothing. He didn't have to.

A white object can be seen at a distance of 17,250 times its own diameter in strong sunlight—that is to say, a white disk a foot across can be seen 17,250 feet away.

The Koreans as a people are better developed physically than the Japanese. They are taller and mentally are liberally endowed.

DOAN'S KIDNEY PILLS CURE

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DIZZINESS AND ALL
KIDNEY & URINARY DISEASES
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MRS. I. STEEVES, Edgett's Landing, N. B., writes on Jan. 18, 1901: "In the fall of 1899 I was troubled with a severe pain in the back. I could scarcely get up out of a chair and it gave me great pain to move about. I took one box of Doan's Kidney Pills and was completely cured. I have not been troubled with it since."

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Avoid dangerous, irritating Witch Hazel preparations represented to be "the same as" Pond's Extract, which is really sour and often contains "wood alcohol," a deadly poison.