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Little Things.

I threw a pebble into the lake; The pebble was small, The lake was wide.

But the circling waves by that pebble Pictured a lesson that will not fade

While men on this earth abide. I gave of my love to a sorrowing world;

The word was feeble, The world was wide. But the love wave met with the sinking

Of one who was dying alone in the dark, And a pen rolled in with the tide.

I reached to heaven for a sinning soul; My prayer was weak,

But God was strong, And sins like scarlet were washed and

For the soul that grovelled sprang up the

And the weeping became a song.

"HOW EASILY THINGS GO WRONG."

CHAPTER I.

"And about the school-treat and the parish-tea, Miss Clare. I have been so anxious to see you. I am delighted to meet you."

He looked delighted, standing tall and somewhat gaunt in his clerical costume, gazing down with his true brown eyesthe best feature in his face-eyes large, and steadfast, and faithful as a dog'supon the bewitching vision in her fresh pink cambric frock.

But alas, no shadow of his delight was reflected upon her bonny face. Truth to tell, she looked vexed, as if this recontre with her curate was unwelcome to her.

"Yes, yes, Mr. Villiers; we will arrange all about them another day-there is any amount of time. At present I am rather in a hurry, and-"

"You are going this way, are you not? I will come with you if I may."

"I am not going your way !" she replied calmly; "and I will not detain you from all the poor spinsters in Bulridge, whom I know are dying to see you. This is the day for the working-party at Miss Taplin's, and-"

"Will you never come my way," the an broke out with sudden quick pas-

If he were always like that the girl might have liked him better. "Never, while your steps bear you to

the haunts of old maids and gossips. Go your way, Mr. Villiers; I know the muffins won't come in till you appear. You archeeping all those estimable ladies waiting for their tea."

" Answer me one question first." "No, I sha'n't. You are not my father-

confessor; you are only-" "What am I to you?"

He caught her hand as he asked the question, and his face grew white as he bent it near to hers.

" A surprise, when you conduct yourself in this unseemingly manner. You must have been drinking more tea than l surmised. Oh, Mr. Villiers, curb this fearful habit !"

Laughing, she broke from him and ran -fairly ran, fleet and light as a rabbituntil she turned the corner of the road; then, still running, she ran into the very arms of a man who held her fast when he caught her, and kissed her pretty blushing

face again and again The occurrence seemed to occasion her no dismay, possibly it was not an unusual

"My dear little Daphne, why are you rushing along in this warm fashion?" the new comer asked in an amused voice.

one.

He was a remarkably handsome man, and, better than good looks, he had aristocrat stamped upon him. But he had

proud calm bearing, did not speak of now.

Mr. Villiers, Dunstan," announced Miss Clare breathlessly.

ing love. It is a good thing I am not disposed to jealousy, you little flirt !"

"You could never be jealous, dear," she said softly. "Certainly not of me, for I don't flirt."

"My child !" "Well, not much. But gou could never be jealous of any woman, for you have only to look to attract, and speak to win."

man replied, smiling, but not contradict- sure of it." ing the assertion.

laughed. "I was heart-whole till you events. came by, Lord Reil."

some head closer to that sunny girlish whoever he was, to lose her senses for his

as you care for." Foolish pretty Daphne Clare! She was young, and had yet to learn that it is un-

they walked on slowly through the pic-

turesque lanes. "I am going to Dr. Fellowe's to ask how Mrs. Fellowe is, if you don't mind. This is the house. Will you wait for me?

I won't be long, darling," the girl said. "No, don't; minutes seem ages while you are absent."

"That is a very useful if a somewhat elderly observation," he soliloquised as he lighted his pipe after his fiancée's depart-

"Love-making is rather weariful work, though, as the Scotchman said, when it is perpetually expected from one. I shall be glad for that reason when we are married, and the necessity for it ceases. She is really a very nice little thing, however, and her money will be most convenientno doubt about that. The whole of it in her own right too, which makes a great deal of difference; when it is tied up and hedged round by trustees, a husband might almost as well have none of it. That was rather a pretty face at that window just now. I will stroll round here, and see if

I can espy it again." Meanwhile, Daphne Clare had entered the large walled-in garden which surrounded Dr. Fellow's house, and made her way

to the hall-door. As she did so, she came upon the figure of a girl croucking upon the ground in the most extraordinary attitude, her head bent upon the ground, her long bair sweeping around her, her thin fingers interlaced.

As Daphne passed, she sprang up, and grasping her arm, stood erect.

"I know you," she said. "You are kind and good. I like you. Have you seen anything of him?" She lowered her voice to a whisper-an urgent, plaintive, entreating sound. "I heard his step just now. I am sure he will come soon. I am always listening, you know, and I hear his step sometimes. I know it amid a thousand. I am sure if I could go outside and look, I could find him directly; but they say I am not well enough yet."

"No, no; you must get a little stronger -wait a little longer," Daphne said, stroking the other's hand as it rested upon her arm. "Look, Hilda; I have brought you some roses from the hedges outside."

She placed in the poor girl's hand a bunch of wild-roses which Lord Reil had gathered for her, and as Hilda clasped them in her fingers, the expression of the poor intellectless face suddenly softened. and seen thus, Hilda Norman was almost beautiful.

There were grand capabilities of more than beauty in the face, and form, and voice; there were glimpses, every now and again, of charms that might have been potent to sway an empire, had the light of reason kindled them. As it was, the large, lustrous, tawny eyes were vacant, the glorious auburn hair dull and almost

Streaming far below her waist, its own weight was constantly bringing it down a disorderly mass; but Hilda had wildly refused to have it cut off.

"He liked it-he admired it; he will not like me when I come back if I have not my hair," she moaned so pitiably that they always gave in to her, and she kept her masses of Kair, though Dr. Fellowe ing yet."

knew it to be bad for his patient. The girl's complexion was clear, though pale, her features were mobile and regular, her figure lithe and agile as a panther's, and had it not been for its attenuation and | She turned rosy red, and dropped all her

sufficiently highly; his grace of manner, graceful; but in her voice lay her greatest his drawling voice, his easy slow step, his charm-one that insensibly attracted even sort it all for me. I must just go and

Its deep, rich, clear inflexions were it." "I am running from that poor tiresome | musical even when she spoke in the monotonous tone she generally adopted; but when stirred by any excitement as now, "Poor Villiers! I presume he was mak- its varying, thrilling, plaintive sweetness touched the very soul of the hearer.

> Tears came into Daphne Clare's eyes as, Hilda whispered:

he send these by you?"

"Perhaps he did, dear," softly. said he had, but I knew he never-never -never-would. He stays away long,

And, bursting into a song, the girl danc-"I speak my own experience," Daphne ed away, happy for a moment at all

"Poor thing!" said Daphne, going into "And now?" Lord Reil bent his hand- the house; "she must have loved him, desertion. I can understand it-to love "I don't even know where the pieces and be betrayed must be the bitterest sorare. I suppose you have as many of them | row woman can know."

CHAPTER II.

As Daphne Clare emerged from the wise to tell a man how much one loves doctor's house, she was surprised to see that Lord Reil had entered the garden.

"Where are you going to, my pretty | "To find you, little truant," he said to maid?" Lord Reil asked presently, as her; in reality, he had come to gain another view of the pretty face he had seen at the window.

"But look at that poor creature-what do you call her?" he said in an amused way, pointing to Hilda Norman, who was cowering beneath a tree, and trembling with fear as she tried to hide from the

"Take him away-he frightens me," she muttered, with her head fast buried in her hands. "He is bold and cruel, I can see it in his face. He came up to me and stroked my hair. I don't know him -what right has he to touch my hair Take him away-oh, please, do!" with almost a shriek.

"If she wears her hair hanging all about like that, she must want it caressed," his lordship smiled languidly; "awfully jolly hair it is too." He turned to give another look at it.

"But what is the matter with the -poor "She is out of her mind," said Daphne,

as they went outside. "Does Dr. Fellow, then, keep an

asylum ?" "No, he has only this one patient, she is some relation—a niece or cousin of his. She was an actress, and rising to the top of her profession, they say when too much study affected her brain; also she had some love-trouble, poor thing! Some man treated her badly-deserted her, as

men so often do, you know." "You know nothing of that, certainly," with his languid laugh. "Your trouble, Miss Clare, is, I apprehend, that lovers will follow, not desert you."

"That is a very tiresome trouble in its way," sighed Daphne comically. Her opinion was confirmed when, as she

sat at the piano on the following morning, Mr. Villiers was announced. He followed upon his announcement so

quickly, and with such a look of import

upon his face, that she was impressed involuntarily. "Something has happened, or is going to happen, I know," she smiled, as she

gave him her hand. "Tell me which it is instantly, also whether it is good, bad, or indifferent." "That is for you to tell me. I only

know that it must be one of the two former. It cannot be a matter of indifference to me."

"Mr. Villiers, are you any relation to the sphinx ?" "You mean my cast of countenance?"

"No; I mean this terrible air of mys tery you have assumed; it is not natural, I know. I have known you so long."

and coming nearer. "And how many hours?" asked she. "Oh, but don't frivol when this terrible unknown catastroph e is hanging about.

"Ten months and eight days," softly,

Tell me the worst." "I have had the offer of the living of Lowry."

"Oh, the poor Lowrians !- I mean the poor spinsters of Bulridge! You can't ask them all, I fear. It would be a very good thing for your successor if you could,

"I have not decided to accept this liv-"What does it depend upon?" with

"Upon you." Then she saw the import of his visit.

also the appearance of valuing his charms angularity, would have been unusually music upon the piano's keys with a crash. "Oh, Mr. Villiers, do pick it up, and

She tried to escape, but he was too quick for her.

her hand; and when she saw his white anxious face, and met his deep, loving, entreating brown eyes, she regretted bitfixing her large tawny orbs upon her, poor | terly that she had ever flirted-even ever so little-with this man. The old fable "He always brought me flowers. Did of the frogs and the stones recurred to her

from the first moment I saw you, but unwould you-"

She did not laugh at his incoherence- duce. nay, the look in his eyes brought the tears

said very gently. "But you will know how utterly impossible it is when I tell you, as I will do at once to save further pain, I am engaged already."

and for a moment there was silence, then

"I did not know-I never surmised," he said, and his voice was harsh and strain-

for one or two family reasons; but it will never pretended to be immaculate, as you edification. be published soon now, and I am to be know. I dare say Villiers can bring up

married shortly." "To whom?" the interruption came, in

the same hard gasping voice. Daphne hesitated for just one instant, then said softly:

going to marry Lord Reil." Then the clergyman came up and took both the girl's hands firmly in his, as he

looked her earnestly and sorrowfully in "I had rather you had told me anything else, Daphne. I had rather you had named any other man I know than this one I am not speaking from jealousy; it is regard for your own happiness that prompts me-that happiness for which I lay down my life." His voice broke, con- you!" vulsed by a hard sob; he forced it on; he was strong in that mightiest evidence die for you Dunstan!" she sobbed in the ringing from pit to gallery as the curtain of strength, self-control: he spoke calmly, coherently. "As your clergyman it is my take this step, which, assuredly as we two

destroy your happiness. Lord Reil is a bad "Mr. Villiers!" For an instant indignation prevented her utterance of another syllable; then Daphne cried in passionate anger. "You carry your sense of duty too far indeed. You presume on your clergyman's privileges as I will not

now stand face to face, will ruin your life,

He answered quietly: "You have known Lord Reil for six weeks; I have known him for years, and his repute far longer. Have you ever heard me asperse any one's character before?"

"I have never heard you talk behind the back of a successful rival before." He winced beneath her cruel stab, but

"Lord Reil is one of the most dissipated, selfish, unprincipled men in England. I would say it to his face if he were here, and if necessary I could prove it all. He has fascination, rank-all charms to win hearts, I know; but if you were my sister by the change that had passed over it. I would follow you to the grave sooner than see you united to such a man; as a thousand times dearer than any sister could be" again his voice broke hoarsely-"I dare to warn you, though I fear it will have no effect but to bring upon myself your enmity."

"Rest assured of that."

blaze, because some inward advocate- much bored. something she could not quell, urged upon her the truth of the words she so bit-

future husband, and you dare to backbite him in wicked j-alousy -nothing else. No other cause have you for saying one word against the man who has been more fortunate than yourself. Mr. Villiers, unless you retract every word of this base calumny and make a full apology for having dared to utter it, I shall never speak to you again-that I vow.

eyes literally blazing; her pretty form stood two inches higher than its wont; her beauty was greater than he had ever seen it. A look of ineffable sorrow, of acute agony passed over his own plain face as he surveyed her, and her hard, bitlashes; but he only said:

from lifelong misery."

"You will have no other chance of ed, it allured, it dazzled all its beholders. "Speak to me first," he said, holding after to-day we are strangers, Mr. Villiers. down!" muttered Lord Reil, putting Until you have retracted and apologized aside his glasses at length, but leaning for this wicked calumny, I will not speak | forward yet more earnestly, anxiously so or listen to you again,"

he—he bowed his face upon the table near which he stood, and wept bitter, seen for a long time. What is her name? scalding tears, such as only a strong man Oh, Ethel Rowena." "Tell me-let me tell you," he pleaded | can shed-tears such as no woman's eyes "Then he has not forgotten me; they gaspingly. "Miss Clare, I have loved you could have seen unmoved; tears that tiful," replied Lady Reil coldly. "I must have quelled Daphne's anger and til to-day. I have had nothing to offer you. brought back her kindness if she had seen "It is very kind of you to say so," the but he will come back-I know it, I am This living would give me position and them; tears wrung from a tortured, quivindependence. Could you-can you- ering, bleeding heart, and a pain greater but almost as if the actress had heard the than any physical torture could ever pro- murmured sentences, she at that instant

"If I gave her proofs of his true character would she alter?" Villiers asked of they read the passionate admiration held "Of course I would if I could," she himself sadly. "I could easily bring be- in them. For an instant she looked at fore her that Somersetshire affair. I will him only, almost forgetting her part, as it appeal to her once again."

He went back as if she had struck him, hint of what had occurred to Lord Reil, he as this strange beauteous creature spakelit, said calmly,

"I shall have no thread of character left | regarding her so fixedly. some faux pas if he tried, but this I say"-his splendid eyes, the glance that won her heart, looked straight into her's, his languid, careless manner changed to turned towards their box. deep earnestness-"whatever my past "You have the right to know. I am may have been, neither Villiers or any of your influence, your love Daphne, upon the future. You have it in your hands dark, handsome face to save or ruin my life." So she had, for if her money did not clear his estates, they were lost to him. This was the last chance the Jews gave him. "I appeal to your love darling; which is it to be?" He bent nearer and nearer as her face quivered and glowed beneath his words. "You care

strength of her feelings.

"I ask you to live with me," he smiled, in answer to the furore she had caused, duty to remonstrate with you ere you as he bent and kissed her again and again; and the sooner we begin the better. A quet and threw it at Miss Rowena's feet. month from to-day let me claim you dear-

She yielded, and she accepted the invitation he gave her to spend the month with his aunt; he with her always then he said. And Daphne who had no one to counsel her (her answered nothing. father was old and almost superannuated) followed the dictates of her own heart and seeing that Miss Rowena did not appear

became Lady Reil. Philip Villiers had no chance of entreat- to his unsuspicious wife, and went round ing her again, and the only effect of the warning he had given her was to hasten the marriage that he wished to pre-

CHAPTER III.

Lord and Lady Reil had been a year All false ideals, yes, who scorns deceit,

married, and Daphne had altered. one of the leaders of society in London, gave to her manners more stately calm and coldness; the old girlish carelessness could not cling around the titled matron, and her beauty was if possible improved

As she sat in her box at the theatre this evening, exquisitely clad in a gown of heliotrope satin, with costly lace about it diamonds glittering in her fair hair and upon her round bare arms, she was the The pure in heart, from the high road of loveliest woman in the house.

Lord Reil might have been proud of the admiring glances directed from all sides All the more fiercely did her anger upon his wife, but he yawned as if very

He sat by her side to-night for a wonder, generally he went his own way and she hers, and they were seldom seen together. "You hear me declare my love for my Ah, the difference between the dreams of love and the realities of fashionable mar- He is my friend, who offers me his hand,

"These things are much better in Paris," said his lordship with a larger yawn. "When is this new star coming on? They say she is worth looking at. Oh, I suppose these cheers mean her appearance.

He cast his glance upon the stage, then Though others fail me, yet will he abide, he leaned forward and levelled his glasses She faced him crimson with anger. Her critically upon the figure now standing alone upon it.

A lovely figure radiantly beautiful and dazzling; a form exquisitely proportioned lithe and graceful in every movement, tall and svelte, and rounded, each perfect line shown to advantage now by the classical cashmere, fringed with gold.

"I never retract words I know to be Her face was pale, refined, proud, as it truth, and I shall make no apology for first appeared, but as she spoke as she warning you, as I hope to warn you while moved, as she acted and carried her audispeak to my father while you are doing there is a chance of your being saved ence insensibly with her into the thrill of her acting, it changed, it softened, it smil-

> warning me," she stopped his words for "By Jove! she'll bring the house as not to lose a movement of that alluring And so she turned and left him. And figure, an inflexion of that delicious voice. 'She is the most beautiful woman I have

> > "She is to me more peculiar than beauonly admire her voice, but of whom does

> > that now remind me?" Her husband did not trouble to reply, glanced up at Lord Reil's box.

Her eyes met his lordship's and perhaps would seem, then she went on with her But he never had the chance, as Daphne speech - a passionate entreating lovehad declared, for directly she breathed a speech made to the hero of the stage, but her eyes went back to that man in the box

Daphne, if all your rejected admirers are For the rest of the evening it seemed allowed to pull it to pieces before you. I to Daphne in careless wonder, to Lord see that the only way to preserve any is to Reil in self complacent conceit, that "No, it has not been made public yet, make sure of you without loss of time. I Miss Rowena acted principally for their

> As her voice softened her eyes tear-filldo led, her hands went out in irresistible beseechment to the man she loved, the man so cruelly about to desert her, the actress When in passionate scorn and withering

declamation she denounced her cowardly other scandalmonger can guage the might betrayer, her blazing anguished orbs flashed past her supposed lover to lord Reil's As she knelt, in her grand despair, pushing him from her when her lover would have tried to sooth her, her white

convulsed face turned to Daphne's hus-

band, her soul-stirring voice seemed to ring in Daphne's ears. "I do not like her acting: it is too for me, Daphne? Ah, darling, I worship tragic, it overpowers me," Lady Reil murmured quite nervously, but Lord Reil "I would give up all the world, I would only joined in the tumultuous applause fell, and when the actress appeared again Lord Reil seized his wife's exquisite bou-

Other flowers were around her, but she picked up that lovely bunch of white exotics, and she looked straight at its donor

as she smiled and disappeared. "My charming flowers, Dunstan! Lady Reil said disconsolately, but her husband

He glanced down the programme, and, during the next act, he made some excuse

behind the scenes. (Continued on Page 8.) .

He is My Friend.

He is my friend, who finds in everything Something to praise; who casts beneath his feet He is my friend.

Of course, her position as a peeress, and He is my friend, who loves the good and And hateth evil with a holy ire; Who nerves himself to conquer and as-

He is my friend.

He is my friend, who throweth narrow Unto the wind, and like the wind is free; Whose mind is broad, who loves humanity,

He is my friend. He is my friend, who scorns to lead astray Whoever guards them like a gallant

He is my friend. He is my friend, who tries, though he may To reach the goal that he afar has sought;

Who moves mankind by earnest deed and thought, He is my friend.

And never shrinks to welcome me with

When'er we meet, a peasant or a peer, He is my friend. He is my friend, who hastens to my side, And like a brother would my name de-

He is my friend.

E. J. Sheldon, Esq. Travelling Agent of the Mutual Life Insurance Co.

Takes great pleasure in testifying that Scott's Cure for Rheumatism relieved him almost instantly from a severe attack of ter, reckless words stung him like so many dress she wore-a trailing robe of white Rheumatism in the arm, and recommends it highly as a Lousehold Remedy.