HER ANSWER.

They were old friends, but they hadn't

In many, many years; And the tide of life had hurried on, With its joys and hopes and fears;-But both the women had met at last,-Old playmates once again, They talked of girlhood's dreams, now

past---Its buoyant hopes, now slaim.

"Ah, Kate," said Madge, you're not the

You've lost your charm of face,-You've lost your pretty, rosy cheeks,-You've lost your form of grace, Your chestnut hair has turned to gray, Your lips have lost their red; All things are changed-and soon our day Will turn to night instead."

"Dear one," said Kate, "I've nothing lost, For here's my hair of brown On Prue's dear head-my eldest born ;-And Bess has not a frown On her sweet face, that's just like mine

Of thirty years agone,-While Kittie's blue eyes dance and shine Like sunlight in the morn.

"Mine shone in just the self-same way When you, dear, saw me last, And Margaret's lips are just as red As mine in days gone past. No no, my dear, I've nothing lost,

My life is on the wane;-My children have my own youth cost,-In them I live again!" · - Madeline K. Van Peldt, in May Success.

THE MISSING KEY.

BY FRANCES HENSHAW BADEN.

nothing like them this season. Where did you get them, Ha!?"

smile, into his mother's eyes.

garden-"

"Ob, my sou! How could you? How at last? mortified I am, If you were only eight or ten years old I might excuse-but my almost man to-"

"Don't, mother! Don't say that. I'm mortified myself now, and was directly them a straw. I'll tell you just how came to take them. When I was going home with Millie," Hal's face flushed a little deeper just then, "we passed old Phil's. Ob, I never saw such quantities of roses. Millie stopped to admire them and wished for some. Just only one, she said. Old Phil sat on his porch. I opened the gate and stepped up to him-Millie stood where he could and did see ly then, as he bent down, and he asked: ber. I asked him to give me one rose. The old bear! he growled out 'No-let them fade and scatter their leaves, I won't give them away. I hate women, all of hand in his. them.' And with that he turned his back and went on with his reading. I just wowed then I'd keep a few of them from scattering their leaves over his ground. wonder how the flowers can bloom around such a hard-hearted old creature. Indeed, I doubt if he has any heart at all. Well, coming back I jumped the fence them to Millie, but I guess I will not. will find some others for her-not stolen ones."

"Poor old man! He is to be pitied rather than despised, my son. He must have had some sorrow or great wrongs, and from his words I think we may have the key. Like the roses, perchance, his joys have faded; his hopes been scattered. Then his hatred to women, or rather his imagining so---"

"Oh, mother, you are too poetical in your imaginings. If he has ever suffered, I wager it is only by the loss of gold. If he has ever had a heart, I don't think The door vielded, flew wide open, and old any one ever did or will find a door to

"Yes, my boy, the door can be opened, the old man's bosom. when some one with the key comes. I believe in every heart there is a tender chord, a spring whose waters once flowed, and may again. There, put your flowers in water and try and feel less harshly to poor old Phil."

Old Phil Kingsley had lived just where Hal saw him for twenty years and more. He kept to himself, neither visiting nor receiving visitors. One or two neighbors -the minister and the village doctorcalled once, but receiving no inducement. never went again. They had ceased long since wondering about the queer man; "Old Phil," the "Bear," and the "Dragon," the boys called him; and the girls, by their mothers taught, spoke of him as The man without a heart."

Old Phil sat, as he always did every afternoon, in his chair, on the shaded porch. The June roses had faded; their leaves were scattered all around him.

"Just so!" he mara uted; "just so!" The latch of the garden gate clicked. Old Phil's eyes were raised. A darker

scowl came over his face as he saw a wo man, with a baby in her arms, walking of delight came from the little one. slowly up the walk. "John!" he called, loudly: "John!"

And an instant after his only attendant, the faithful John, who, if he had chosen, could have told what it was that made his master "queer," came out.

"Send them off, away," the master said John hurried out and spoke, but the woman beeded not. She moved on, slowly tottering up, and sank on the steps !

near to old Phil's leet. John followed close, and caught the I noon."

babe that slipped from the relaxing arms.

"Water, please," she whispered. "She's well-nigh spent. Let her lie," John said, as he hurried off to get a glass of wine.

wonderingly to the stern, hard face. Mewarm, tiny clasp. Again the old man's Uncle Phil.' " eyes met those shy, yet tender, beseeching eyes.

"The same kind; false, cruel as the grave, for all that," he said, in a hard tone. Yet his eyes softened a litle and his hand was not snatched from the baby's

"Master, she may be dying, or dead! look on his face.

Old Phil gently put the babe aside. His face grew somewhat softened as he stooped and drew off the bonnet from the fallen head. The bair fell in long, heavy the laborious breathing and soreness in tresses about the pale face.

"Master," said John, "this looks as if we had gone back well-nigh a score and a half of years."

Old Phil answered not, but lifted the slight form, and bore it under the shade of the porch, as John harried for pillows.

It was long ere the closed eyes opened. During which time old Phil's thoughts "Ob, what beautiful roses! I've seen and young and wonderfully like this it for Bronchitis, Asthma and Catarrh. strange woman had rested in his arms.

The youth's face deepened to a bright from overjoy, sorrow, or excitement of son & Co., Kingston, Ont. hue as he looked, with a balf doubtful any kind; I used to know just what to do then." There was a look in old Phil's "Tell me who gave them to you -? eves then that John had net seen for "Nobody. Now don't scold, mother; many weary years. An angel perhap I hooked them from old Phil Kingsley's was knocking at the long-closed door. Would it open? Was the key to be found drying up very fast. A few warm days

> Still with the past old Phil remained. ing in his arms. Oh! curse him! Curse | the water lasts. They have loaded some

"Hush! master, she's coming too," after I took them. I did not care for The master's face had grown hard and his season's grinding, which has been the

> come," she whispered to John who was bending over her.

John did as she wished. His master touche to be ready for the summer. drew near, closer, as the soft pleading eyes were raised to his.

His features were working convulsive

"Who are you, child?" "Mother said you would surely know me," the woman answered, putting her

"Yes, yes, you are Nellie's child-and" -his voice was choked and husky as he asked-"And where is she?"

"Gone! Years ago, when I was a child scarce ten years old, she said some time might find you. She wished me to. I've a little note sne wrote you a few days before she passed away. Eleven years ago, and helped myself. I did intend sending I married very young. I was an orphan, with none but distant relatives to care for me. Father was killed in the war before mother went to keaven. Often I've us again and remind us of former wanted to find you, but I could not leave my husband. I knew we should have but a short time to be together in this world. Mother told me if I should ever need a friend, I must come to you. Others said you would drive me off; but I minded them not. Mother always told me true."

> Again the beautiful eyes were looking into his, wanting their answer. The key was in the lock, and turning, turning. Phil's arms were extended, and the weary head of Nellie's child was pillowed on

> "Glory be to God!" John fervently ex claimed. "The wrath is turned aside." "Nellie's child and mine now!" the old

> man said. "What are you called, dear?" "Nellie, too, and baby is little Nell-"

a time-worn letter from Nellie's hand. The eyes of Uncle Philip, as Neline called him, were turned away, and shaded

"I'm glad 'tis so," he answered, taking

by his hand, as he read: "DEAR PHILIP. I could not tell you then, for father's sake, why I gave you up, and gave my hand to my Neihe's paper when applying. father. My heart was broken, Philip. Father was old, his name, his honor, i could save. He entreated me to marr the man whose money would relieve him. Love my child and think of me. Wait- Bicycle. ing your coming in that land where all is

When the last roses of summer were Games. blooming, Hal and his loved one were again passing old Phil's home. Milie B. C., Automatic train pipe coupling. would stop to look in. Under a tree, near the old man, sat a beautiful woman, Banana shipping crates. and in his arms was a baby girl. A cry

"See, pretty lady!" pointing to Millie Uncle Philip arose quickly, bowed, and smiling, approached. Cutting a cluster any address upon receipt of 10 cents. of beautiful buds, he put them in little

Nell's hand, saying: "Give them to the lady, and ask her to come in and see mamma." An hour after, Hal rushed into his

mother's room, exclaiming: "Can you believe it? Millie and I spent a half hour with old Phii this afterAnd then he told her all about it, add-

"You were right, mother; only the key was wanting. Old Phil has a heart, and a warm, true one, too, I know, for I have Back quickly he came, but too late to the proof of it. He loves little children; help her then. The poor woman had he told me so; and asked me to bring fainted. The babe had crawled quite up them to see his little one. Yes, Uncle to old Phil's feet, and raised her eyes Philip is at peace with the whole world now. His Nellie's spirit is guiding him, chanically his eyes rested on the child's. drawing him to her. The boys have He turned them quickly away, and put ceased their old cries; the girls their doubt forth his hand as if to push the little one of his having a heart. And now we only off. His fingers were caught and held in hear from all, 'Kind Uncle Phil,' 'Dear

Bronchitis is Now Epi-

demic. Bronchitis is becoming very prevalent, but is not now incurable for Catarrhozone cures even the worst cases. Catarrhozone Inhaler sends the healing medicated air Help me here!" John said, a doubtful into every sir passage in head, bronchial tubes and lungs, it reaches the germs and destroys them. Catarrhozone soothes and cools the inflamed membranes, quickly cures the dry cough and feverishness, and the windpipe are relieved at once. When Catarrhezone is inhaled, Bronchitis is cured in one to five days. It has been extensively used, and never once failed. Even cases of 5, 10 and 20 years standing, that have baffled the skill of the best physicians, have been cured by Catacrhozone. Your doctor can tell you that Catarrhozone is one of the grandest discoveries of Get it to-day, and be cured. Price \$1.00; "Nellie was given to such spells, either small size 25 cents, at druggists or Pol-

> McKEE'S MILLS AND VICINITY. (Too late for last issue.)

APRIL 22nd. - The weather keeps cold, but the snow is all gone, and the roads are will make things quite summer like.

Mr. McKee's mill is running on full "The last time I saw her, she lay faint- time They want to get through while cars already,

> Mr. Alfred Sherilan has about finished | position to nature. He has had the patronage of two counties.

The farmers are busy putting up fences to be ready for the seeding time when it comes.

A number of our young folks left for Boston on Friday morning. We wish hem every success. Some more would like to go but lover's ties are binding, so they have decided to stay.

The gunners report great shooting at the beach. Two of our young sports spent a few days of last week with their guns at the post road. The found a flock which were very easily captured, as the old ones had flown away and left them parentless. Our young folk bave had a series of

parties this winter. We think they are about done.

vows made in that line.

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THE INVENTOR'S WORK.

Feeling confident that the report of

70,911-H. Burnet, Victoria, B. C., Rock drill

70,960-Jos. Foreman, Hamilton Ont.,

70,962-D. R. Allan, Chatham, Ont., This signature is on ev Truss rods for waggons. 70,963-B. Dixon, Montreal, P. Q.,

70,940-W. G. Trethwey, Vancouver, 70,937-Geo. W. Walker, Guelph, Ont .. !

The Inventor's Help, a 148 page book, containing all informations necessary to inventors, the cost of patents in the principal countries of the world, will be sent to

For Infants and Children

WILL CANADA WIN?

GIGANTIC INTERNATIONAL RACE.

EVERY NATION REPRESENTED. THE MOST REMARKABLE CONTEST IN THE HIS-TORY OF MAN.

Owing to the success of the recent expeditions in search of the North Pole all nations are alert. In all parts of the world scientists have risen to the emergency, and now with victory in sight it will be a struggle to death to plant the flag at the earth's axis' No less than seven expeditions are being fitted out and will sail from as many ports. Practically unlimited means bave been placed at the disposal of the explorers in other lands. Russia has placed unlimited means at the disposal of Admiral Makaroff. William Zeigler, a millionaire of New York is willing to spend one million five hundred thousand dollars to enable Edwin B. Baldwin to plant the stars and stripes at the Pole. The Duke of Abruzzi who spent five hundred thousand dollars on his first expedition is prepared to spend twice as much if necessary to accomplish his purpose.

Undoubtedly the greatest factor in the world's race for the Pole is the expedition of Captain J. E. Bernier, of Quebec, a Canadian by birth, who has offered his services to his King and Canada gratuitously. The Captain's plans are unquestionably the best that have been conceiv. had flown back to a time when one as fair | the century, and that he always prescribes | ed. They have been endorsed and approved by the Geographical Society of Quebec, the Colonial Institute of London, England, the Dominion and Provincial Governments, and have received the commendation of such anthorities in arctic research as Sir Clements Markham, Dr. Bell of the Dominion survey, J. W. Tyrell, chairman of the committee on Polar research of Toronto, and the late Dr. G. M. Dawson, of the Geological Survey.

The strongest testimony that can be brought to bear in favor of Captain Bernier's expedition is the fact that his plans are fully in accord with nature while those of his competitors are in direct op-

In view of the great interest manifested largest for some years, as he did the grind. by Canadians in the Canadian Polar Ex-The woman's gaze was fixed earnestly, ing himself. His work surpasses any pedition, it has been decided by the comeagerly on old Phil's face "Ask him to in Kent, both in quality and quanity, mittee in charge of the Expedition, of whom His Excellency the Earl of Minto He is fitting up his Carding Mill at Buc- is Patron Lord Strathcona and Mount Royal, President; Sir Clements Markham. 1st Vice-President; and Hon. R. R. Do. bell, M. P., P. C., 2nd Vice-President and chairman; Lt. Col. De La C. T. Irwin. Hon'y. A. D. C. to the Gov. Gen., Treasurer, to immediately appeal to the Canadian Public for assistance in the shape of a popular subscription to supplement the grant given by the Dominion Govern-

> Subscription Lists have been opened in all the Banks and Newspaper offices in Canada, and it is earnestly requested that the necessary funds be supplied with as little delay as possible; you are, therefore. asked to subscribe now, and any amount you may feel disposed to contribute will be most acceptable. Funds will be deposited as received in the Band of Mont-A religious wave may pass over real, Ottawa, and every sum received will be duly acknowledged, and the name of the subscriber will be recorded in the official records of the undertaking.

> > Subscriptions may be sent to the nearest bank or Newspaper Office, or may be mailed direct to the Polar Expedition Committee, 117 Bank Street, Ottawa.

[We will be pleased to accept any subsccriptions to the above fund.]

New York Herald: Despite the fact that gambling is supposed to be a lost art, in New York, one of the heaviest faro games ever played in the state began in an uptown resort early last Monday afternoon and concluded fifteen hours later. patents granted, which we have been in | More than \$50,000 changed hands and it the habit of publishing heretofore interests | was the bank that was the winner. The a great many of our readers, we have de- loser turned over cash to the amount of eided for the future to supply regularly a several thousand dollars and drew his list of patents recently granted to Can- check for \$50,000 at the conclusion of the game. The check was presented at the Information regarding any of these bank for payment Tuesday and was patents will be supplied free of charge by promptly cashed. The loser is one of Messrs Marion & Marion, Patent At: "- those concerned in the formation of the neys, Montreal and Washington. D. C., to | Steel Trust, and his wealth is so great that any reader who mention the name of this he will be inconvenienced in no manner by his loss.

6 Th Grove

Laxative Bromo-Oumine Tablets the remedy that cures a cold in one day

London, April 26.—Premier Bond, of Newfoundland, has requested the British government to secure the ratification of the Bond Blaine convention, and Mr. Chamberlain, the Colonial Secretary, has notified Mr. Bond that he has taken the matter up and has communicated with Canada. A representative of the Associated Press learns that negotiations between Canada, Great Britain and Newfoundland are likely to come to a definite conclusion shortly after Mr. Bend's arrival here on the Tunisian, on which vessel he will sail May 2.

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