

THE QUEEN'S LAST DRIVE.

The following was cabled to the New York Journal on the day of the Queen's funeral, by Miss Ella Wheeler Wilcox, who was representing that paper in London:

The Queen is taking a drive to-day;
They have hung with purple the carriage way;
They have dressed with purple the royal track
Where the Queen goes forth and never comes back.

On her last appearance to mortal eye,
With heads uncovered let all men wait
For the Queen to pass in her regal state,
Let no man labor as she goes by.

Army and Navy shall lead the way
For that wonderful coach of the Queen's to-day;
Kings and princes and lords of the land
Shall ride behind her, a humble band,
And over the city and over the world
Shall flag of all nations be half-mast furled.

For the silent lady of royal birth
Who is riding away from the courts of earth—
Riding away from the world's unrest
To a mystical goal on a secret quest.

Though in regal splendor she drives through town
Her robes are simple—she wears no crown,
And yet she wears one; for widowed no more,
She is crowned with the love that has gone before,
And crowned with the love she has left behind
In the hidden depths of each thinking mind.

Uncover your heads, lift your hearts on high,
The Queen in silence is driving by.

MINNIE GREY.

BY FRANCES HENSHAW BADEN.

With an impatient little movement, Minnie Grey turned from the glass, saying:

"What's the use? No matter what I put on, I look just the same ugly, sallow little body. Oh, Grace! why could I not have been given some little beauty? I would willingly give half the days allotted to my life to be beautiful."

The fair, sweet face of her companion was raised from the book she had been reading to Minnie's.

"Of what profit is beauty, dear? Friends call me so; and I, Minnie—I would gladly change looks for your health and strength. Why do you crave beauty?" Grace asked, with a sad look on her lovely face.

"Why?—why?—you ask. That I might be loved. Just think! Here I am over twenty-one, and never have had a lover; and I'm sure I never shall. Who is going to love me, when there are so many beautiful girls everywhere?"

"Every one that knows you—"

"But you see, Grace, dear, no young man will care to know me. You see how they all seek out pretty girls."

"No; you are mistaken, Minnie. You do not think, or you would not talk so. Think of me, dear, and thank God you are as you are. I may find love; but who would wish to unite his life with one so feeble as mine? Never fear; some one will find out what a dear, sweet little girl you are. And you will be beautiful to him whose wife you shall be," Grace said, with a sweet, assuring smile.

"No, no; the one whose wife I shall have to be, I suppose, does not care if I am not pretty. He only cares to have somebody to rub and fan, and read the morning papers—yes, and cook. It will not be the old man's darling with me, I know; just the reverse—the old man's slave," Minnie said, bursting into tears, and, pulling off her hat, she threw it down, sobbing:

"I'm not going out. I look just as I feel, perfectly miserable."

"Why, Minnie, darling, what do you mean? Is it possible there is any truth in the rumor I've heard about old Mr. Plimpton?" Grace asked, gently drawing Minnie down beside her.

"Yes, too much truth for my happiness. Oh, dear, I would run away to-morrow if I'd only somebody to run with," sobbed the poor child. "I don't want to marry Mr. Plimpton. But what can I do? Aunt insists I shall; and—well, I do not see that a home with old Mr. Plimpton could be any worse than the one I have now."

"Poor, dear little orphan Minnie! would that I had a home to offer you!" Grace said; and while Minnie was sobbing on her shoulder, the sweet girl was thinking of some plan for her friend's relief.

"I have it, dear," she said. "You shall not marry for a home; you shall go to work for one."

"What can I do? Nothing sufficiently well," Minnie began saying.

"Yes, you can teach little children. Here, let me have writing material; I will, with your permission, put an advertisement in the paper immediately. May I?"

"Yes, with many thanks, dear Grace, for your kindness. Do with me as you choose. Any change from this will be acceptable. Oh, Grace, how I have suffered in this home by charity given! I have tried to earn all I get, but aunt does not think I do. Only this morning she was insisting on my giving a favorable answer to my venerable suitor, and said she was tired of supporting me; that now I have not only a chance of doing well for my-

self, but for my friends, to whom I was so much indebted. As long as uncle lived I was treated with some show of kindness; and he was always loving."

"Well, dear, I trust you will be happier soon. Now, I shall attend to this myself, and have any answers that may come delivered to me. We shall not want your relative here to know anything about it until you are ready to leave. And now, I'm going. Keep up a brave heart, and try to get a less woe-begone look. Mothers want cheerful faces about their little ones," Grace said, kissing her friend good-by, and receiving her promise to do as she bade her.

Three days after Minnie received a little note from Grace, saying:

"Come—I've good news. Prepare yourself to make some calls."

Minnie knew she must look the best she could, and when an hour after she presented herself to Grace, the sweet girl said:

"Why, how well you look, almost as happy as I shall expect to see you after you get to work. Now see, here are four answers to our advertisement. These two I like. This one of Mrs. Laurence particularly. You must go to her first. I know something of her; she is kind and good, I think, and the mother of two little girls and one boy. Should you not suit her, then we will try the next."

Grace kissed, and hurried her off, saying, as the door closed after her:

"If I had let the dear child get a chance to think or say a word, she would have gotten so nervous and timid I should have had some trouble in getting her to go alone."

With a trembling heart Minnie rang the hall bell of Mrs. Laurence's home—an elegant brown-stone house on—avenue. Her agitation was in no way relieved when a pompous man-servant stood before her. She managed to inquire if Mrs. Laurence was in and hand the card Grace had given her.

An instant after, her fright was chased away by a lovely little girl of five years, who came dancing up to her, saying:

"I know you. You are going to teach me to sing and read and sew. Come see mamma," and catching Minnie's hand, the little one drew her along to the door of the parlor.

A sweet, smiling little woman came forward with extended hand, saying:

"You see, Miss Grey, this little girl has taken possession of you. I trust we shall like each other. I do want some one to help me with the children so much!"

Minnie was so relieved, so delighted by the pleasant, cordial greeting, that, in her own quick, impulsive manner, she answered:

"Oh, if you will let me come, I will be so glad! See my letters! Here they are. Please read them, and then you will know more about me and if I will suit you."

Quickly the little lady read the first from the kind doctor, and only glancing at the signatures of the others, she answered, smiling:

"This one would have been sufficient. I know the good doctor, and am very glad to secure the services of one recommended by him. I will read the others by-and-by, and show them to my husband. Now Miss Grey, we will to business. I like you, and want you to come just as soon as possible, to night, if you please. And about the remuneration?"

"I have no idea about it," Minnie said.

"Let me come, and you can see about that afterward. I only want a home, with a kind word sometimes."

Minnie's lips quivered, and her voice broke completely then.

Half an hour after she had given Mrs. Laurence all her story, and the kind little lady bade her good-by, with assurances of a happy home in future.

Grace was anxiously waiting Minnie's return. The happy girl's face was an answer to the question she was about to ask.

"Ah! I see, you have been successful. Now look in that mirror and tell me if my little friend is not grown almost pretty," Grace said.

Minnie glanced as directed, and with a blush answered:

"I've been with such a sweet, beautiful lady, it would not be very wonderful if, while breathing the same atmosphere, I may have lost some of my ugliness."

By Grace's advice, Minnie collected her scanty wardrobe, packed, and had it in the hands of a porter before she went down and explained to her aunt that she had found another home.

Completely surprised, not only by the news, but by Minnie's calm, decided manner, for a few moments her aunt could offer no resistance, and when she recovered herself and began to pour forth a torrent of reproaches and threats, Minnie was beyond their reach.

Very happy Minnie grew to be in her new home. The children's hearts were soon won, and Mrs. Laurence grew daily more attached to her.

"What should I do without her?" Mrs. Laurence said, speaking to her husband of Minnie. "She is so patient with the children. Emma and Rosie love her dearly, and she can do more with Willie than any one but you."

"Willie is very trying sometimes, Lotie, and I fear very much will exhaust Miss Grey's patience. Unseen by her, I watched him yesterday. And indeed, I fear, if we do not manage to curb his temper, we may lose this prize, as you seem to consider Miss Grey. Indeed, I

should think she might prefer a life with old Mr. Plimpton to the charge of that little tyrant," Mr. Laurence returned.

The children were in great glee—even Willie became very docile, while visions of expectant presents "danced o'er his head"—Uncle Armand was coming home.

Little Emma, in her confiding way, told Minnie that her uncle was the best uncle in the world.

"We all love him so dearly, and you will love him too, Miss Minnie; you can't help it," she said.

"And I'm going to tell him he must love Minnie," baby Rosie chimed in, with her arms encircling Minnie's neck.

Uncle Armand's arrival caused the books to be laid aside. A holiday was proclaimed. Uncle Armand had begged for it, and no one ever thought of denying any request of his. Armand Leslie was Mrs. Laurence's only brother—a grave, earnest-looking man, several years older than his sister, to whom he was very much devoted.

"He is a confirmed bachelor, Minnie," Mrs. Laurence said; "but he is not queer and cranky. Years ago I thought I should have to resign him to a very beautiful girl. They were engaged, and he was happier than I ever knew him."

"Did she die?" Minnie asked, quickly, her eyes filling with tears.

"Die! No, indeed. She ran off with a man old enough to be her father—almost her grandfather. She threw away love for gold. Armand has had no faith in woman since."

"Oh, how could she—how could she have deserted him? What is gold compared to love? I'd die for one who loved me!" Minnie exclaimed, clasping her little hands and raising her eyes to meet those of—Armand Leslie!

He stood on the portico, looking at her through the open window. How much of their conversation he had heard she knew not, but was sure her last remark had reached his ears.

Drooping eyelids and crimson cheeks told how much the artless girl was embarrassed and mortified to know that the cry of her eager, hungry heart had reached a stranger's ear.

When Minnie found a chance, she stole away to her own room, resolving to keep as much as possible out of Mr. Leslie's sight.

"What must he think of me, I wonder?" she said.

What he thought he was, just at that moment, saying to his sister.

"What a devoted little love she would be!"

"Yes, indeed. But I'm just selfish enough to hope no one will find out what a dear, sweet, patient little girl she is, so that we may keep her. Wouldn't she make just the nicest little old maid imaginable?" Mrs. Laurence said.

"No, I think she would make the dearest little wife imaginable!" Armand answered, with a look in his fine eyes that his sister did not understand.

Although Minnie made up her mind to keep out of Mr. Leslie's way, that gentleman seemed determined she should not. Almost every day he would present himself in the school-room; sometimes with the plea of helping Willie through his task; again, because Rosie would not come without him; once, to beg them all off for a frolic in the woods, in which Minnie was forced to join. And so it was until, with no longer an excuse, he came to read an hour or write a letter, or, oftener, to sit and "watch the children," he said.

Those were pleasant days for Minnie. Happiness was in her heart, beaming forth from her soft brown eyes, and making the little plain face grow really pretty. Grace saw the change in her friend, listened to the low, love-tuned voice as she talked of the kindness of all in her new home, and of Mr. Leslie particularly. Grace's gentle heart grew anxious, as she thought:

"Will this stranger care to win the heart he has taught to love?"

One day Uncle Armand had started on some pleasure excursion. Willie was very cross at not being permitted to accompany him. Mrs. Laurence resigned the little tyrant to Minnie's charge, believing that, as hitherto, he would soon yield to her gentle firmness. But Willie's good-humor could not be restored. In fact, he grew worse and worse. Minnie, knowing the boy's love for his uncle, said:

"Willie, what will your uncle say, when he hears how naughty you have been? If you will be good now, no one shall tell him. Do you think he can love you if you go on this way?"

"I don't care if he don't love me. He don't love you either. He sha'n't love you. You are ugly. I heard him tell mamma no one could say you were pretty. If he can't love naughty boys he can't love ugly girls. Now, miss! And I'm going to send you away, 'cause if you had asked uncle I could have gone. You sha'n't stay now!"

The boy looked up to see the effect of his words. The sullen expression on his face passed away quickly, as Minnie's hand slid from his shoulder, and with lips pale and quivering, she said:

"Yes, yes, I will go!—I must go!"

And turning from him, she sank in her chair, dropped her head on the desk, and sobbed as if her poor little heart would surely break.

"Minnie!"

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She raised her head. Willie was gone. By her side, bending over her, looking down into her eyes, stood Armand Leslie.

"Minnie, are you crying because Willie said those cruel words?" he asked, gently.

"No; I don't care about what Willie said. He was angry, and will be sorry by-and-by. He did not mean it. But everybody thinks I'm so ugly! No one will ever love me!"

Again the little brown head dropped on the desk; again, in a low, tender voice, Armand Leslie said:

"Minnie!"

She raised her eyes wonderingly to his.

"Minnie, I love you."

The words filled her soul with delight; yet how could she believe such joy was for her?

"You—you pity me! You are sorry for me, you mean?"

"No, I love you, Minnie, truly. I came back to tell you so, and heard Willie's cruel words."

"But I'm so plain, so ugly, you know, and—"

"You may be plain to others, dear; you were to me once. But believe me, little one, I'd sooner have your love than the most beautiful woman I ever knew. To me you are more than beautiful. Look up, dear."

Gently he raised her head.

"Can you love me, Minnie?"

With all the love of her ardent, loving nature beaming from her eyes, she looked into his, and answered:

"More than all the world."

"Ah, little Minnie, love is a great beautifier; and that yearning, hungry heart of yours is fully satisfied now," said Grace, embracing the happy girl.

"Oh, yes! And I'm so truly thankful to you, dear Grace, that instead of marrying old Mr. Plimpton for a home, I went to work to earn one. And what a happy, happy one it will be!" Minnie answered, with tears of joy in her bright eyes.

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SKOWHEGAN, Me., April 4.—Deacon Tracey, of Smithfield, who has had an inclination to elope with young girls, was sentenced to one year in state prison to-day for a statutory offence. In this instance it was charged that the deacon went away with a 17-year-old girl, although previously warned to follow the straight and narrow path. Once before the deacon was in court for a similar offence, and being fined, his wife, believing that his penitence was sincere, raised money enough to get the deacon's release. This time, however, the district attorney felt that it was not right to make the wife suffer hardships, as was the case when she assisted her husband before, and so asked for a prison sentence after the deacon had been convicted. Deacon Tracey is not a young man, and his doings have been the cause of much comment in Smithfield, his last escapade exciting not a little indignation.

GET WHAT YOU ASK FOR

When you ask for any of Dr. Chase's remedies look for his portrait and signature on the box, other wise you may get an imitation. Beware of the druggist who tries to induce you to take something said to be "just as good." If he substitutes medicines he will substitute drugs in prescription. Insist on getting what you ask for and remember that there are no family remedies to be compared to those of Dr. A. W. Chase, author of the famous Recipe Book.

THE REVIEW

"I may say," remarked the physician, "your husband is in a bad way. Any arrangements you may want to make—"

"Oh, doctor," she cried. "I could never think of marrying again."—Philadelphia Times.

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