

WHEN FATHER SHAVES HIS FACE.

When father shaves his stubby face At nine on Sunday morn, There always steals upon the place A feeling of forlorn. An awful silence settles down On all the human race; It's like a funeral in town When father shaves his face. He gets his razor from the shelf And strops it up and down; And mutters wildly to himself, And throws us all a frown. We dare not look to left or right, Or breathe in any case; E'en mother has to tiptoe quite When father shaves his face. He plasters lather everywhere, And spots the window pane; But mother says she doesn't care, She'll clean it off again. She tries to please him all she can, To save us from disgrace; For he's an awful nervous man When father shaves his face. We try to sit like mummies there, And live the ordeal through; And hear that razor rip and tear, And likewise father, too. And if it slips and cuts his chin, We jump and quit the place; No power on earth can keep us in If father cuts his face.

WON AGAIN.

BY FRANCES HENSHAW BADEN.

"How could she have married him? That stern, cold—" I was going to say something more, but stopped. I would not speak disrespectfully of him to his housekeeper, although I almost hated him, because of the change, the terrible change, I found in the child of my dearest friend. In form, features, eye, in mind and heart I met the change. Sixteen years had passed since I saw her last, and then at fourteen Clarice was the loveliest, brightest, merriest, and truly the most bewitching little maid I ever saw. A beautiful Southern singing bird, wild and free, although now only the shadow of herself. You could see she came from those of a sunny clime. Her mother was French, her father from the South of our own land. I was upon the sea when the little Clarice's mother went to heaven. And when, four years after, I came home, they told me the child was fatherless, too, and with her guardians in the North. And this man—now her husband—was the one her father left her to. "How could she have married him?" again I asked, my thoughts going back to a frank and noble youth who loved her well, I knew, and of the hope that filled my own heart for his success. "Ah! that's what many before you have asked," said Margery Moore. "And now I wonder so myself. But then he was not quite so bad. No, I don't mean that. I don't know how I came to say it. For never a cross word has he ever said to me, and I've lived with him full thirty years. I meant to say so—so—still and strange. Then it did not seem so wonderful. She could have liked—yes, loved him. I'll tell you just how it was, as near as I can. Just thirteen years and a half ago my master, Mr. Hugh, called me into his room. He was sitting, with an open letter in his hand. "I saw directly something was wrong with him. His eyebrows were drawn close together, his lips as tight as could be. "Margery," he said, "an old friend, one that I loved, and one that has placed great confidence in me, is dead. His only child, a little girl, he has left to my charge. Do you think you can take care of her? Can you attend to her wants until she is old enough to be sent to school?" "Indeed I can, sir, and should love to have a child about the house," I said. Then he looked a little relieved, and said: "Very well. Oh, I dread it. I suppose we shall have nothing but whining and crying for the next six months, until she gets used to us. Margery, you must go fetch her. Take lots of things that children like—a doll, toys, and sugar-plum—to stop her crying and win her over. And I say, Margery, the day before I expect you home I shall go off—only for two or three weeks—travel a little until the child gets used to the place. I could not stand her fussing around, crying for her mother and father. I don't know, but she may need a nurse. Well, you will know. Go as soon as you can, and don't let us talk any more about the child." "The next morning he put a purse, well-filled, in my hands. And two days after I started to fetch the child. "Well, you know what a surprise it was to me when I found her. I need not tell you that if she had chosen she could have remained in a Southern home. Why she could not have loved one who seemed so worthy I can't tell." "Ah, Margery, who can tell the why of a woman's heart?" I answered, my own full of regrets and sorrow. "Yes, yes, you are right," said Margery. "I fear she has pined for a brighter home than ours. Mr. Hugh was absent, as he had said he would be, when I got back again. "How well I remember the look of surprise and disappointment on the child's face when I carried her to see the portrait of her guardian hanging in the great hall." "Does he never laugh?" she asked. "I shook my head. "Nor smile?" she continued, her great eyes growing larger.

"Rarely," I answered; and then, lest she should grow frightened with thoughts of so stern a man, I said: "Mr. Hugh is a great student. The lives and fortunes of many depend on his thought and words. It is not meet that a judge should be a merry man." "This seemed to satisfy her a bit, and with a knowing little look and a graver air, she said: "That is true. But some time, long ago, when papa loved him, and he was only Mr. Hugh, not Judge Archer, was he not different, then?" "Oh, yes, then he was as other young men. But now he is five-and-thirty, you know," I answered; and could have told of one as young and beautiful as she having won his heart, and then cast it aside, to be worse than broken—hardened, and filled with doubts, and trusting none; for that it was that made him so. "Then if once like other men, he shall be again. I'll coax back his smiles, and make him love me, too. For I shall love him because papa bade me to." "A letter from our 'master,' as Clarice laughingly called her guardian, told when he would be home. 'If the child has not got pacified yet, keep her out of my way, for mercy's sake!' he wrote; and how merrily she laughed about it. "I almost dreaded his coming. Such a change she had wrought in the great, dark gloomy rooms! "She ransacked the store room and closets, trunks and boxes; found bright covering for the old faded sofas and chairs; brightened up the pictures, and brought out 'our master's' picture, hung it over the mantel of his room, and decked it with evergreens; brought forth numberless little vases of flowers of her own work and pretty things of china and marble, and put them all in his room; and then, to my horror, laid her hands on his books and papers. It was no use, all I could say. She would do as she would. "Now he will know where to find just what he wants without tumbling over everything for one. Oh! they are all right, Margy. I always fixed papa's. And he was a lawyer, too!" she said, when she saw how frightened I looked. "Then all the old silver was made to look like new. And last of all, she coaxed me into a lot of unnecessary trouble, in the way of 'nice things for supper that night." "She was hid behind the door of the room she had made so beautiful, when he entered. And I stood trembling in a far corner. Round and round he turned. Passed his hand across his brow like one only half awake. "Where am I, Margery?" he called. "I was trembling so I could not answer. In an instant, from behind the door, quickly came Clarice, and went right up to 'our master's' side, saying: "Won't I do? Margery is out some where." "I had darted into the passage. But near enough to see and hear. "How beautiful she was! Her dark eyes dancing with delight. Her cheeks brighter than any roses I ever saw. Her hand was on his arm, and again she spoke to him: "Let me take your coat and hat." And in another instant she had pulled off his fur gloves, and began rubbing his hands, and saying: "Oh, how cold your hands are! Margy! Margy! come help to get 'our master' warm." "Who are you?" he managed to say at length. "Then such a merry, ringing laugh sounded through the great room, and she said: "Your child, Clarice Gordon! A real good child she will be, and not cry a bit if you will only love her a little. See, I am pacified!" "There was such a merry twinkle in her eye, and remembering his words, he had to smile and asked, in a voice more like that of years gone by: "How old are you, Clarice?" "Seventeen, almost. Come, say, are you pleased or cross? Margery said you would be just so—" she put up and crossed her little fingers, again repeating her inquiry. "I am pleased that you are happy," he said. "And I knew, then, she had won her way. "Yes, he was pleased. He liked being made so much of; liked having the beautiful girl flitting about and 'taking care of him,' as she called her pretty ways. "She threw wide open all the doors and windows, and let the sunshine into the house and into the master's heart too. "She coaxed him to take her about in town, and among his friends. She had young folks often at the 'Grange;' and soon, of course, lovers enough. But she laughed at them all, declaring she was going to stay with her guardian all the days of her life. Well, whether he really loved her, or whether he feared some one might win her away, I can't tell. I only know he came to me and told me Clarice was to be his wife, and she, hugging me almost breathless, said: "Dear old Margy, you see now I've made 'our master' love me. Now is he not like he used to be, a little?" "They were married and went away. And I had things as I knew would please her when they came back. "Things for a while went on well enough. Sometimes he would get in his

old way; but she would win him from it. But after a bit, these spells came closer together, and always when she went from home; then she seldom left him. But folks all about liked her, and would come to see her—old and young. After a little—I knew just how it was—he was jealous of everybody, and wanted to cage the beautiful bird, to keep her to himself alone. She tried hard enough to please him. Only she could not be other than charming to all who came; and all kept on coming. "He grew worse and worse back to his old ways. He never chided, only by looks, so cold and stern. When the baby came I thought things would grow bright again. Her heart was full of hope, I know. She was very ill. Pale faces and anxious hearts were in the house that day. But she lived. What for? I've often thought. God forgive me. I've heard her say, with her baby pressed close to her bosom: "Oh, little one, why could not you and I have gone to heaven?" "For a little after that baby came he was kinder, and would sit in the nursery, and seemed quite happy again. But when the mother grew well and could go about again the old mood grew on him. The baby was her comfort. And so things went on until the little Pearl was three years old." "Did he love the babe?" I asked. "Oh, yes, he loved her; that I know. And she was wonderfully fond of him. She was such a sweet winning child! And sometimes with her sweet ways, she would draw the two together. Baby though she was, she seemed to know something was wrong. The day before she was taken ill, he came in with her in his arms. Clarice came up, and putting out her hands, said: "Come to mamma." "The babe started up, and was about to spring to her mother's arms when something in his face made her turn and look doubtful. "Stay with me," he whispered. "Come to mamma," pleaded she. "From one to the other the sweet eyes turned, and then with one arm still around her father, she leaned forward, clasping the other about her mother, and liped: "Pearl loves both—wants to stay with both!" "With all her little strength she drew them together. Had she lived, she would have held them so, I truly believe. Well, you have heard that, after a few hours' illness, our darling went to heaven. Oh, then came this fearful change! If he had not alone nursed his sorrow but shared with her, I think she could have borne it better. With never a caress, never a word of love or sympathy, the months and years have passed; and now, at last, the end has come. You have come to take her from us, back to her own sunny home. I shall never see her more, I know. If she leaves, it will be forever." "Margery," I said, "do you not see she is dying here—starving? I must take her to those who will feed her with the best of all food—sympathy and love. We will bring back life and hope." Her physician had advised travel, change of scene. She insisted she was not ill, and seemed careless of everything. Not even the thought of revisiting the home and friends of her childhood aroused any interest, and he neither opposed nor sanctioned the doctor's advice. Things were in this state when I found Clarice. At length she agreed to go with me. "Shall I go?" she forced herself, from the barrier of ice, to ask. "As you please," he answered, in a voice that made me shiver. Ah, he knew well enough when she left it would be forever! She could have won him again, I am sure. Could the wounded heart have ceased its smarting? I knew what it was. I could solve the mystery. Disappointed that her power had so soon failed—mortified that she had tried to win a love so short-lived, and wounded to the very quick by his cold indifference, she had drawn herself behind a wall of ice. For nearly eight years she had lived thus. And he had been disappointed. He had expected the merry child to continue her loving wiles—on and on, never growing less, although he threw not a ray of sunshine on her path. Caged, yet he expected her to sing as when free, and taught by love. She was ready to start. Like an automaton, she had moved about making the necessary preparations. Everything that told of little Pearl was collected and packed. Only one—her picture, that hung in his room. Could she leave that? No; she must, she would take it. She believed him away, purposely to avoid a parting. Creeping, fearful of even a remonstrance from Margery, she entered the room. All was quiet. Stepping on a chair, she lifted the pictured angel-child, and clasping it tightly to her bosom, was turning to leave the room, when a hand was laid not heavily, only firmly, on her shoulder. "You must not take that, Clarice," her husband said. "I must—I shall. She was mine. I cannot leave this," she cried. "I have nothing else. Give me it!" He took hold of the picture; she clinging tightly, cried: "No, no, to me; give her to me!"

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Hush! A sweet, tiny voice was heard. Clarice's eyes were lifted; her ear strained to catch the sound. Her husband's face had lost its sternness. His bosom rose and fell convulsively.

"Pearl loves both; wants to stay with both," fell clearly, distinctly on the ear of each. The mother's hold was loosened and sobbing, she sank to the floor.

Had the angel-child's spirit hovered about them? Was her mission to unite again the sundered hearts? Or, was it only the well-remembered cry of the baby-girl that filled the ear, and entered the hearts of both at that moment? Who knows?

Stooping, he gently raised her, bent his head, and said, in a soft, low tone:

"Let her be with both, Clarice, and if our darling's spirit hovers near, let her find us not apart."

It was little Pearl's father that spoke thus.

Won again—won forever—back to love! back to God! We went South together, she, I, and the baby's father. Rapidly Clarice's health and spirits returned. "The effects of the warmer clime," her friends said. I knew what it was and thanked God, feeling sure that when again in her Northern home no chilling blasts would hurt her. There was warmth in the heart that was bound to shield her. She has only the babe in heaven.

"Thank God for giving me little Pearl! Better to have had her taken than never given," she said—"than never to have known my baby's blessed influence."

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A BATHURST MAN. (Bangor Commercial.)

Chesuncook was started out of its usual monotony the morning of March 6, when it was learned that Andy Morrison had committed suicide by cutting his throat. He came here about 23 years ago from Bathurst, N. B., and has been employed around Chesuncook and vicinity ever since. He had always been subject to fits of despondency, which finally developed into insanity of a harmless type. A year ago, being deemed irresponsible, he was placed in the state asylum at Augusta, from which institution he was discharged last September. After returning he secured employment but he was not the Andy of other days. Two or three times through the winter he has remained in camp rolled in his blankets for four or five days, refusing to eat or even speak. About noon the day before his death, saying he felt unwell, he retired to his room, requesting only to be left alone. Of course no suspicion was entertained that he had designs on his life. Some time through the night he was heard to leave the house, but it was supposed he would return. In the morning the chore boy while feeding the stock, found poor Morrison's lifeless body under a pile of hay, the throat cut from ear to ear, a blunt jackknife, the tool used, laid nearby.

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