

## THE MISS NOMERS.

Miss Brown is exceedingly fair,  
Miss White is as red as a berry,  
Miss Black has a gray head of hair,  
Miss Graves is a flirt over merry,  
Miss Lightbody weighs sixteen stone,  
Miss Rich scarce can muster a guinea,  
Miss Hare wears a wig and has none,  
And Miss Solomon is a sad unny!

Miss Mildmay's a terrible scold,  
Miss Dove's ever cross and contrary,  
Miss Young is now grown very old,  
And Miss Heavyside's light as a fairy!  
Miss Short is at least five feet ten,  
Miss Noble's of humble extraction,  
Miss Love has a hatred toward men,  
While Miss Still is forever in action.

Miss Green is a regular blue,  
Miss Scarlet looks pale as a lily,  
Miss Violet ne'er shrinks from our view,  
And Miss Wiseman thinks all the men silly.

Miss Goodchild's a naughty young elf;  
Miss Lyon's from terror a fool;  
Miss Mee's not at all like myself;  
Miss Carpenter no one can rule.

Miss Wright she is constantly wrong,  
Miss Tickell, alas, is not funny;  
Miss Singer ne'er warbled a song,  
And, alas, poor Miss Cash has no money!  
Miss Batenman would give all she's worth  
To purchase a man to her liking;  
Miss Merry is shock'd at all mirth;  
Miss Boxer the men don't find striking!

Miss Bliss does with sorrow o'erflow,  
Miss Hope in despair seeks the tomb,  
Miss Joy still anticipates woe,  
And Miss Charity's never "at home!"  
Miss Hamlet resides in a city;  
The nerves of Miss Standfast are shaken;  
Miss Pretiman's beau is not pretty;  
Miss Faithful her love has forsaken!  
—Pick Me Up.

## THE FLOWERS' WORK

BY FRANCES HENSHAW BADEN.

"See, mother! I've finished my bouquet. Isn't it beautiful? More so, I think, than those made by the florist which he asked two dollars for, and this has cost me but seventy-five cents."

"Yes, yes, it is very pretty. But, dear me, child, I cannot help thinking how silly we can spare so much for such a very useless thing. Almost as much as you can make in a day it has cost."

"Don't say useless, mother. It will express to Edward our appreciation of his exertions and their result, and our regards. How he has struggled to obtain a profession! I only wish I could cover the platform with bouquets, baskets and wreaths to-night, when he receives his diploma."

"Well, well, if it will do any good, I shall not mind the expense. But, child, he will know it is from you, and men don't care for such things coming from home folks. Now, if it was from any other young lady, I expect he'd be mightily pleased."

"Oh, mother, I don't think so. Edward will think as much of it, coming from his sister-in-law, as from any other girl. And it will please Kate, too. If we do not think enough of him to send him bouquets, who else could? Rest easy, mother, dear; I feel quite sure my bouquet will do much good," answered Annie putting her bouquet in a glass of water.

She left the room to make her simple toilet for the evening.

Mrs. Grey had been widowed when her two little girls were in their infancy. It had been a hard struggle for the mother to raise her children. Constant toil, privation and anxiety had worn heavily on her naturally delicate constitution, until she had become a confirmed invalid. But there was no longer a necessity for her toiling. Katy, the elder daughter, was married; and Annie, a loving, devoted girl, could now return the mother's long and loving care. By her needle she obtained a support for herself and mother.

Katy's husband held a position under the government, receiving a small compensation, only sufficient for the necessities of the present, and of very uncertain continuance. He was ambitious of doing better than this for himself, as well as his family. So he employed every spare hour in studying medicine, and it was the night that he was to receive his diploma that my little story begins.

The exercises of the evening were concluded. Edward Roberts came down the aisle to where his wife and Annie were seated, bearing his flowers—an elegant basket, tastefully arranged, and a beautiful bouquet. But it needed only a quick glance for Annie to see it was not her bouquet. Although the flowers were fragrant and rare, they were not so carefully selected or well chosen. Hers expressed not alone her affection and appreciation, but his energy, perseverance and success.

"Why, where is my bouquet? I do not see it," asked Annie, a look of disappointment on her usually bright face.

"Yours? I do not know. Did you send me one?" returned her brother-in-law.

"Indeed I did. And such a beauty, too! It is too bad! I suppose it is the result of the stupidity of the young man in whose hands I placed it. I told him plain enough it was for you, and your name, with mine, was on the card," answered Annie, really very much provoked.

"Well, do not fret, little sister; I am just as much obliged; and perchance some poor fellow not so fortunate as I may have received it," answered Edward Roberts.

"Don't, for pity's sake, let mother know

of the mistake, or whatever it is, that has robbed you of your bouquet. She will fret dreadfully about it," said Annie.

All that night, until she was lost in sleep, did she constantly repeat:

"I wonder who has got it?"

She had failed to observe on the list of graduates the name of Edgar Roberts, from Ohio, or he might have had an idea into whose hands her bouquet had fallen. Her brother Edward, immediately on hearing Annie's exclamation, thought how the mistake had occurred, and was really glad that it was as it was; for the young man whose name was so nearly like his own was a stranger in the city, and Edward had noticed his receiving one bouquet only, which of course was the missing one, and Annie's.

Edgar Roberts sat in his room that night, after his return from the distribution of diplomas, holding in his hand Annie's bouquet, and on the table beside him was a floral dictionary. An expression of gratification was on his pleasant face, and, as again and again his eyes turned from the flowers to seek their interpreter, his lips were wreathed with smiles, and he murmured low:

"Annie Grey! Sweet Annie Grey! I never dreamed of any one in this place knowing or caring enough for me to send such a tribute. How carefully these flowers are chosen! What a charming, appreciative little girl she is! Pretty, I know, of course. I wonder how she came to send me this! How shall I find her? Find her I must, and know her."

And Edgar Roberts fell asleep to dream of Annie Grey, and awoke in the morning whispering the last words of the night before:

"Sweet Annie Grey!"

During the day he found it quite impossible to fix his mind on his work; mind and heart were both occupied with thoughts of Annie Grey. And so it continued to be until Edgar Roberts was really in love with a girl he knew not, nor had ever seen. To find her was his fixed determination. But how delicately he must go about it. He could not make inquiry among his gentlemen acquaintance without speculations arising, and a name sacred to him then, passed from one to another, lightly spoken perhaps. Then he bethought himself of the City Directory; he would consult that. And so doing he found Greys innumerable—some in elegant, spacious dwellings, some in the business thoroughfares of the place. The young ladies of the first mentioned, he thought, living in fashionable life, surrounded by many admirers, would scarcely think of bestowing any token of regard or appreciation on a poor unknown student. The next would have but little time to devote to such things; and time and thought were both spent in the arrangement of his bouquet. Among the long list of Greys he found one that attracted him more than all the others—a widow, living in a quiet part of the city, quite near his daily route. So he sought and found the place and exact number. Fortune favored him. Standing at the door of a neat little frame cottage he beheld a young girl talking with two little children. She was not the blue-eyed, golden-haired girl of his dreams, but a sweet, earnest, dove-eyed darling. And what care he whether her eyes were blue or brown, if her name were only Annie? Oh, how could he find out that?

She was bidding the little ones "good-by." They were off from her, on the sidewalk, when the elder child—a bright, laughing boy of five—sang out, kissing his little dimpled hand:

"Good-by, Annie darling!"

Edgar Roberts felt as if he would like to clasp the little fellow to the heart he had relieved of all anxiety. No longer a doubt was in his mind. He had found his Annie Grey.

From that afternoon, twice every day he passed the cottage of the widow Grey, frequently seeing sweet Annie. This, however, was his only reward. She never seemed at all conscious of his presence. Often her eyes would glance carelessly toward him. Oftener they were never raised from her work. Sewing by the window, she always was.

What next? How to proceed, on his fixed determination of winning her, if possible?

Another bright thought. He felt pretty sure she attended church somewhere; perhaps had a class in the Sabbath school. So the next Sunday morning, at an early hour, he was commanding a view of Annie's home. When the school bells commenced to ring, he grew very anxious. A few moments, and the door opened and the object of his thoughts stepped forth. How beautiful she looked in her pretty white suit! Now Edgar felt his cause was in the ascendency. Some distance behind, and on the other side of the street, he followed, ever keeping her in view until he saw her enter a not far distant church. Every Sunday after found him an attentive listener to the Rev. Mr. Ashton, who soon became aware of the presence of the young gentleman so regularly and apparently so much interested in the services. So the good man sought an opportunity to speak to Edgar, and urge his accepting a charge in the Sabbath school. We can imagine Edgar needed no great urging on that subject, so, frequently, he stood near his Annie. In the library, while selecting books for their pupils, once or twice they had met, and he had handed to her the volume for which her

hand was raised. Of course a smile and bow of acknowledgement and thanks rewarded him.

Edgar was growing happier, and more confident of final success every week, when an event came which promised a speedy removal of all difficulty in his path. The school was going to have a picnic. Then and there he would certainly have an introduction to Annie, and after spending a whole day with her, he would accompany her home and win the privilege of calling often.

The day of the picnic dawned brightly, and the happy party gathered on the deck of the steamer. The first person who met Edgar Roberts' eye was his fellow-student, Edward Roberts. Standing beside him were two ladies and some children. When Edgar hastened up to speak to his friend, the ladies turned, and Edward presented:

"My wife; my sister, Miss Grey."

Edgar Roberts could scarcely suppress an exclamation of joy and surprise. His looks fully expressed how delighted he was.

Three months had he been striving for this, which, if he had only known it, could have been obtained so easily through his friend and her brother. But what was so difficult to win was the more highly prized. What a happy day it was!

Annie was all he had believed her—charming in every way. Edgar made a confidant of his friend; told him what Edward well knew before, but was wise enough not to explain the mistake—of his hopes and fears; and won from the prudent brother the promise to help him all he could.

Accompanying Annie home that evening, and gaining her permission for him to call again, Edgar lost no time in doing so, and often repeated the call.

Perhaps Annie thought him very fast in his wooing, and precipitate in declaring his love, when, after only a fortnight visiting her, he said:

"Annie, do you like me well enough, and trust in me sufficiently, to allow me to ask your mother to call me her son?"

Either so happy or so surprised was Annie, that she could not speak just then. But roses crowded over her fair face, and she did not try to withdraw the hand he had clasped.

"Say, Annie, love," he whispered. She raised her eyes to his with such a strange, surprised look in them, that he laughed and said:

"You think I am very hasty, Annie. You don't know how long I've loved you and have waited for this hour."

"Long!—two weeks," she said.

"Why, Annie, darling, it is over three months since I've been able to think of anything save Annie Grey—ever since the night I received my diploma, and your sweet, encouraging bouquet. Since that night I've known and loved you. And how I've worked for this hour!"

And then he told her how it was. And when he had finished, she looked at him, her eyes dancing merrily, and though she tried hard to keep the little rose-bud of a mouth demurely shut, it was no use—it would open and let escape a rippling laugh, as she said:

"And this is the work my bouquet went about—is it? This is the good it has done me—" She hesitated; the roses deepened their color as she continued: "And you—"

"Yes, Annie, it has done much good to me, and I hope to you too."

"But, Edgar"—it was the first time she had called him thus, and how happy it made him—"I must tell you the truth—I never sent you a bouquet!"

"No! oh, do not say so. Can there be another such Annie Grey?"

"No; I am the one who sent the bouquet; but, Edgar, you received it through a mistake. It was intended for my brother-in-law, Edward!"

"Stop, Annie, a moment. Are you sorry that mistake was made? Do you regret it?" said Edgar, his voice filled with emotion.

"No, indeed. I am very glad you received it instead," Annie ingenuously replied; adding quickly: "But, please, do not tell Edward I said so."

"No, no; I will not tell him that you care a little more for Edgar than Edward. Is that it? May I think so, Annie?"

She nodded her head, and he caught her to his heart, whispering:

"Mine at last. My Annie, darling! What a blessed mistake it was! May I go to your mother, Annie?"

"Yes; and I'll go with you, Edgar, and hear if she will admit those flowers did any good. She thought it a useless expenditure."

The widow Grey had become very much attached to the kind, attentive young man, and when he came with Annie, and asked her blessing on their love, she gave it willingly; and after hearing all about the way it happened, she said:

"Never did flowers such a good work before. They carried Edgar to church, made a Christian of him, and won for Annie a good, devoted husband, and for me an affectionate son."

## A TERRIBLE COUGH.

I had a terrible cough and cold, and not getting anything to help me, I tried Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup, and am glad to say it cured me at once.

Miss Carrie Bowman,  
Peepabun P. O., Ont.

## "Seeing is Believing."

When you see people cured by a remedy, you must believe in its power. Look around you. Friends, relatives, neighbors all say that Hood's Sarsaparilla, America's Greatest Medicine, cleansed the blood of their dear ones and they rise en masse to sing its praises. There's nothing like it in the world to purify the blood.

Sores—"My health was poor and I had a sore on one of my limbs. My father thought I better try Hood's Sarsaparilla, and I did so and the sores are now all better. Whenever I do not feel well I take Hood's." Miss Nellie A. Law, Richmond, Quebec.



## THE HORRIBLE FATE

OF A YOUNG WOMAN REVEALED AFTER SEVENTY YEARS.

POULTENEY, VT., March 27.—Workmen removing a wall under a dilapidated building just north of the bridge that crosses Fair Haven River, a quarter of a mile above Carver's Falls, have apparently unearthed evidence which solves the mystery of a murder which occurred seventy years ago. The discovery was made by accident, the laborers having fallen into a pit by trying to lift some heavy stones. The pit was about eight feet deep, with a solid stone wall about twenty inches thick surrounding it. In the centre of the pit was set a solid iron post, attached to which was a heavy iron chain and an old-fashioned pair of handcuffs. Near by was a heap of human bones. Inquiry has disclosed the fact that in 1831, Perry Borden, a young Frenchman, brought his young wife to Poultenevy to live in the house which the workmen are tearing down. She was witty and vivacious and attracted considerable attention. In a short time Borden became jealous of her and forbade her visiting a certain tavern that was kept near by. The young and high tempered wife would not submit to be dictated to by her husband. One night in November, 1831, she was at the place, when at about 10 o'clock Borden called for her. She left the place with him, and never was seen by her friends after that.

Mr. Borden said his wife had deserted him and fled to Canada. After a year Borden went away and was not heard of again until 1882, when he suddenly reappeared in town. He said he had been at sea for the fifty years he had been away. His mind seemed shattered. He went to the little house and remained two years, neighbors supplying him with provisions. He finally became sick and the town took charge of him. He died in 1887 and was buried in the potter's field. The discoveries made by the workmen have led everyone in this vicinity to believe that Borden chained his wife in the underground cellar and left her to die a horrible death.

## Pain in the Joints

may be muscular or rheumatic. The joints are hard to get at, and it requires a powerful, penetrating remedy to reach the affected parts. Poison's Nerviline exactly meets the requirements, for it is both powerful and penetrating. The pain is expelled as if by magic, for one drop of Nerviline equals in strength five drops of other remedies. You won't often call the doctor if Nerviline is in the house. Price 25 cents.

## HEADS WON.

The two mad bulls had blundered into a narrow alleyway. Before them were several policemen, behind them a surging mob.

"What way shall we go?" inquired one. "It's pretty hard to decide," replied the other. "Let's toss a copper."

Accordingly they tossed one and got ahead, the others turning tail.—Philadelphia Press.

## The Kidneys and the Skin.

In the spring, the kidneys have much to do. If they are weak or torpid, they will not do it well, and the skin will be pimply or blotchy. That is telling the story in a few words.

Hood's Sarsaparilla strengthens and stimulates the kidneys, cures and prevents pimples, blotches and all cutaneous eruptions.

Don't fail to take it. Buy a bottle to-day.

Miss Youngthing (reassuringly)—You needn't be afraid of father, Mr. Midwood. He isn't a pirate.

Midwood (calling)—He may not be to you, Miss Youngthing, but I have heard that to young men callers he is a regular old freebooter.—Brooklyn Eagle



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