

THE BOY WHO TURNED OUT BAD.
 The boy that turned out bad was raised by parents good and true; They pondered what was best for him and what they ought to do, And they at last decided they would keep him home at night. So he could not take part in all the other boys' delights. They never left him play with boys who went in their bare feet, They keep him from the swimming hole and keep him off the street, He never had a single fight, and on All Hallowe'en he with the other little boys was never, never seen. He never stole an apple from a neighbor's apple tree Because his mother's eagle eye was on him constantly. He never saw a 'show' because his parents always said They didn't want extravagance in Tommy to be bred; But when he grew up into years he sighed one day—"I see The very sweetest joys in life have been denied to me," And all the pent-up spirit of the fellow broke and ran, And what is mischief in a boy is criminal in man.

EDNA'S SACRIFICE.

BY FRANCES HENSHAW BADEN.

It was a cold night in September. For three days the rain had fallen almost unceasingly. It had been impossible for us to get out; and no visitors had been in. Everything looked dreary enough, and we felt so, truly. Of course the stoves were not prepared for use; and this night we (that is, Nell, Floy, Aunt Edna, and myself) were huddled in the corners of the sofa and arm-chairs, wrapped in our shawls. We were at our wits' end for something to while the hours away. We had read everything that was readable; played until we faced the piano sent forth a wail of complaint, and begged for rest; were at the backgammon board until our arms ached; and I had given imitations of celebrated actresses, until I was hoarse, and Nell declared I was in danger of being sued for scandal. What more could we do? To dispel the drowsiness that was stealing over me, I got up, walked up and down the floor, and then drew up the blind, and gazed out into the deserted street. Not a footfall to be heard, neither man's nor beast's; nothing but pitter, patter, patter. At length, after standing fully fifteen minutes—oh, joyful sound—a coming footstep, firm and quick. My first thought was that those steps would stop at our door. But, directly after, I felt that very improbable, for who was there that would come such a night? Papa was up north with mamma; Nell and Floy were visiting Aunt Edna and me, the only ones home, save the servants. Neither of us had as yet a lover so devoted or so demented as to come out, if he had any where to stay in.

On and past went the steps. Turning away, I drew down the blind, and said: "Some one must be ill, and that was the doctor, surely; for no one else would go out, only those from direct necessity sent."

A deep sigh escaped Aunt Edna's lips, and although partially shaded by her hand, I could see the shadow on the beautiful face had deepened.

Why my aunt had never married was a mystery to me, for she was lovable in every way, and must have been very beautiful in her youth. Thirty-six she would be next May-day, she had told me. Thirty-six seemed to me, just sixteen, a very great many years to have lived. But aunt always was young to us; and the hint of her being an old maid was always resented, very decidedly, by all her nieces.

"Aunt Edna," I said, "tell us a story—a love-story, please."

"Oh, little one, you have read so many! And what can I tell you more?" she answered, gently.

"Oh, aunt, I want a true story! Do, darling aunt, tell us your own. Tell us why you are blessing our home with your presence, instead of that of some noble man, for noble he must have been to have won your heart, and—hush—sh! Yes, yes; I know something about somebody, and I must know all. Do, please!"

I plead on. I always could do more with Aunt Edna than any one else. I was named for her, and many called me like her—"only not nearly so pretty" was always added.

At last she consented, saying: "Dear girls, to only one before have I given my entire confidence, and that was my mother. I scarce know why I have yielded to your persuasions, little Edna, save that this night, with its gloom and rain, carries me back long years, and my heart seems to join its pleading with yours, yearning to cast forth some of its fulness, and perchance find relief by pouring into your loving heart its own sorrows. But, darling, I would not cast my shadow over your fair brow, even for a brief time."

With her hand still shading her face, Aunt Edna began:

"Just such a night as this, eighteen years ago, dear child, my fate was decided. The daughter of my mother's dearest friend had been with us about a year. Dearly we all loved the gentle child, for scarcely more than child she was—only sixteen. My mother had taken her from the cold, lifeless form of her mother into her own warm, loving heart, and she became to me as a sister. So fair and frail

she was! We all watched her with the tenderest care, guarding her from all that could chill her sensitive nature or wound the already saddened heart. Lilly was her name. Oh, what a delicate white lily she was when we first brought her to our home; but after a while she was won from her sorrow, and grew into a maiden of great beauty. Still, with child-like, winning ways.

"Great wells of love were in her blue eyes—violet hues he called them. Often I wondered if any one's gaze would linger on my dark eyes when hers were near? Her pale golden hair was pushed off her broad forehead and fell in heavy waves far down below her graceful shoulders and over her black dress. Small, delicately-formed features, a complexion so fair and clear that it seemed transparent. In her blue eyes there was always such a sad, wistful look; this, and the gentle smile that ever hovered about her lips, gave an expression of mingled sweetness and sorrow that was very touching. You may imagine now how beautiful she was.

"Her mother had passed from earth during the absence of Lilly's father. Across the ocean the sorrowful tidings were borne to him. He was a naval officer. Lilly was counting the days ere she should see him. The good news had come that soon he would be with her. At last the day arrived, but oh! what a terrible sorrow it brought. When her heart was almost bursting with joy, expecting every moment to be clasped in those dear arms—a telegraphic despatch was handed in. Eagerly she caught it, tore it open, read—and fell lifeless to the floor.

"Oh! the fearful, crushing words. We read, not of his coming to Lilly, but of his going to her, his wife, in heaven. Yes, truly an orphan the poor girl was then.

"In vain proved all efforts to restore her to consciousness. Several times, when she had before fainted, mother was the only physician needed. But that night she shook her head and said:

"We must have a doctor, and quickly."

"It was a terrible night. Our doctor was very remote. Your father suggested another, near by.

"Dr. —, well, never mind his name. Your father said he had lately known him and liked him much.

"Through the storm he came, and by his skillful treatment Lilly was soon restored to consciousness, but not to health. A low nervous fever set in, and many days we watched with fearful hearts. Ah! during those days I learned to look too eagerly for the doctor's coming. Indeed, he made his way into the hearts of all in our home. After the dreaded crisis had passed, and we knew that Lilly would be spared to us, the doctor told mother he should have to prescribe for me. I had grown pale, from confinement in the sick-room, and he must take me for a drive, that the fresh air should bring the roses back to my cheeks. Willingly mother consented. After that I often went. When Lilly was able to come down-stairs, this greatest pleasure of my life then was divided with her. One afternoon I stood on the porch with her, waiting while the doctor arranged something about the harness.

"Oh! how I wish it was my time to go!" she whispered.

"Well, darling, it shall be your time. I can go to-morrow. Run, get your hat and wraps; I said, really glad to give an additional pleasure to this child of many sorrows.

"No, no, that would not be fair. And Edna, don't you know that to-morrow I would be so sorry if I went to-day? I do not mean to be selfish, but, oh, indeed I cannot help it! I am wishing every time to go. Not that I care for a ride—" She hesitated, flushed, and whispered: "I like to be with my doctor. Don't you, Edna? Oh! I wish he was my father, or brother, or cousin—just to be with us all the time, you know."

"Just then the doctor came for me, and I had to leave her. As we drove off I looked back and kissed my hand to her, saying:

"Dear little thing! I wish she was going with us."

"I do not," the doctor surprised me by saying.

"I raised my eyes inquiringly to his. In those beautiful, earnest eyes I saw something that made me profoundly happy. I could not speak. After a moment he added:

"She is a beautiful, winning child, and I enjoy her company. But when with her, I feel as if it was my duty to devote myself entirely to her—in a word, to take care of her, or, I should say, to care for her only. And this afternoon, of all others, I do not feel like having Lilly with us."

"That afternoon was one of the happiest of my life. Although not a word of love passed his lips, I knew it filled his heart, and was for me. He told me of his home, his relatives, his past life. Of his mother he said:

"When you know her, you will love her dearly."

"He seemed to be sure that I should know her. And then—ah, well, I thought so too, then.

"Lilly was waiting for us when we returned. He chided her for being out so late. It was quite dark. Tears filled her eyes as she raised them to his and said:

"Don't be angry. I could not help watching. Oh, why did you stay so long?

I thought you would never come back. I was afraid something had happened—that the horse had run away, or—"

"Angry I could not be with you, little one. But I don't want you to get sick again. Come, now, smile away your tears and fears! Your friend is safe and with you again," the doctor answered.

Taking her hand, he led her into the parlor. "He had not understood the cause of her tears. Only for him she watched and wept.

"Do stay," she plead, when the doctor was going.

"He told her he could not, then; there was another call he must make, but would return after a while.

"She counted the minutes, until she should see him again. Never concealing from any of us how dearly she loved him. She was truly as guileless as a child of six years.

"From the first of her acquaintance with him, she had declared 'her doctor' was like her father. Mother, too, admitted the resemblance was very decided.

"This it was, I think, that first made him so dear to her.

"Several times, after the doctor returned that evening, I saw he sought opportunity to speak to me, unheard by others. But Lilly was always near.

"Ah! it was better so. Better that from his own lips I heard not those words he would have spoken. Doubly hard would have been the trial. Oh, that night when he said, 'good-by!' He slipped in my hand a little roll of paper. As Lilly still stood at the window, watching as long as she could see him, I stole away to open the paper. Then, for a while, I forgot Lilly, aye, forgot everything, in my great happiness. He loved me! On my finger sparkled the beautiful diamond—my engagement ring—to be worn on the morrow, 'if I could return his love,' he said.

"Quickly I hid my treasures away, his note and the ring—Lilly was coming.

"She was not yet strong, and soon tired. I helped her to get off her clothes, and as she kissed me good-night, she said:

"I wish we had a picture of him—don't you?"

"Who, dear? I asked.

"My doctor! Who else? You tease. You knew well enough," she answered, as she nestled her pretty head closer to mine.

"Soon she was sleeping and dreaming of him. Sweet dreams at first I knew they were; for soft smiles flitted over her face.

"I could not sleep. A great fear stole in upon my happiness. Did not Lilly love him too? How would she receive the news which soon must reach her? Was her love such as mine? Such as is given to but one alone? Or only as a brother did she love him? I must know how it was. Heaven grant that joy for one would not bring sorrow to the other. I prayed. I had not long to wait. Her dreams became troubled. Her lips quivered and trembled, and then with a cry of agony she started up.

"Gone, gone, gone!" she sobbed.

"It was many minutes ere I succeeded in calming and making her understand 'twas but a dream.

"Oh! but so real, so dreadfully real. I thought he did not care for me. That he had gone and left me, and they told me he was married!"

"Telling this, she began to sob again.

"Lilly dear, tell me truly—tell your sister, your very best friend—how it is you love your doctor?" I asked.

"How?" she returned. "Oh, Edna, more than all the world! He is all that I have lost and more; and if he should die, or I should lose him, I would not wish to live. I could not live. He loves me a little, does he not, Edna?"

"I could not reply. Just then there was a terrible struggle going on in my heart. That must be ended, the victory won ere I could speak. She waited for my answer and then said, eagerly:

"Oh, speak, do! What are you thinking about?"

"Pressing back the sigh—back and far down into the poor heart—I gave her the sweet, and kept the bitter part when I could answer.

"Yes, dear, I do think he loves you a little now, and will, by-and-by, love you dearly. God grant he may!"

"Oh, you darling Edna! You have made me so happy!" she cried, kissing me; and still caressing me she fell asleep.

"Next morning I enclosed the ring, with only these words:

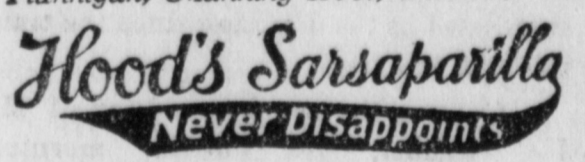
"Forgive if I cause you sorrow, and believe me your true friend. I return the ring that I am not free to accept."

"I intended that my reply should mislead him, when I wrote that I was not free, and thus to crush any hope that might linger in his heart. While at breakfast that morning, we received a telegram that grandma was extremely ill, and wanted me. Thus, fate seemed to forward my plans. I had thought to go away for awhile. I told mother all. How her dear heart ached for me! Yet she dared not say against my decision. She took charge of the note for the doctor, and by noon I was on my journey. Two years passed ere I returned home. Mother wrote me but little news of either Lilly or her doctor after the first letter, telling that my note was a severe shock and great disappointment. Three or four months elapsed before grandma was strong enough for me to leave her.

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An opportunity at that time presented for my going to Europe. I wanted such an entire change, and gladly accepted. Frequently came letters from Lilly. For many months they were filled with doubts and anxiety; but after a while came happier and shorter ones. Ah, she had only time to be with him, and to think in his absence of his coming again.

"When I was beginning to tire of all the wonders and grandeur of the old world, and nothing would still the longing for home, the tidings came they were married, Lilly and her doctor, and gone to his Western home to take charge of the patients of his uncle, who had retired from practice. Then I hastened back, and ever since, dear girls, I have been contented, finding much happiness in trying to contribute to that of those so dear. Now, little Edna, you have my only love-story, its beginning and ending."

"But, aunt, do tell me his name," I said. "Indeed, it is not merely idle curiosity. I just feel as if I must know it—that it is for something very important. Now you need not smile. I'm very earnest, and I shall not sleep until I know. I really felt a presentiment that if I knew his name it might in some way effect the conclusion of the story."

"Well, my child, I may as well tell you. Dr. Graham it was—Percy Graham," Aunt Edna answered, low.

"Ah! did I not tell you? It was not curiosity. Listen, aunt, mine. While you were away last winter, papa received a paper from St. Louis; he handed it to me, pointing to an announcement. But I will run and get it. He told me to show it to you, and I forgot. I did not dream of all this."

From my scrap book I brought the slip and Aunt Edna read:

DIED—Suddenly, of heart disease, on the morning of the 15th, Lilly, wife of Doctor Percy Graham, in the 24th year of her age."

Aunt Edna remained holding the paper, without speaking, for some minutes; then, handing it back to me, she said, softly, as if talking to her friend:

"Dear Lilly! Thank heaven, I gave to you the best I had to give, and caused you nought but happiness. God is merciful! Had he been taken, and you left, how could we have comforted you?" And then, turning to me, she said: "Nearly a year it is since Lilly went to heaven. 'Tis strange I have not heard of this."

"'Tis strange from him you have not heard," I thought; "and stranger still 'twill be if he comes not when the year is over. For surely he must know that you are free—" But I kept my thoughts and soon after kissed aunt good-night.

One month passed, and the year was out. And somebody was in our parlor, making arrangements to carry away Aunt Edna. I knew it was he, when he met me at the hall door, and said:

"Edna—Miss Linden! can it be?"

"Yes and no, or—both—Edna Linden; but, Doctor Graham, not your Edna. You will find her in the parlor," I answered, saucily, glad and sorry, both, at his coming.

Ah, she welcomed him with profound joy, I know. He knew all; papa had told him. And if he loved the beautiful girl, he then worshipped that noble woman.

"Thank God! Mine at last!" I heard him say, with fervent joy, as I passed the door, an hour after.

How beautiful she was, when, a few weeks after, she became his very own. I stood beside her and drew off her glove. How happy he looked as he placed the heavy gold circlet on her finger! How proudly he bore her down the crowded church aisle!

Ah, little Lilly was no doubt his dear and cherished wife. But this one, 'twas plain to see, was the one love of his life.

OTTAWA, Feb 22—Capt. H. D. Johnston, of the Canadian Army Medical Staff, Charlottetown, has been promoted to major.

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