

A QUEER LITTLE HEN.

There was once a little hen,  
A dear little, queer little hen;  
Her work was to lay  
Just one egg every day,  
And she did, this good little hen.  
She'd fly up in a tree, and right then,  
Seated high on a branch, this queer hen,  
Her egg she would lay—  
Her one egg every day,  
This good little, queer little hen  
'Twas a strange thing to do, I must say,  
Lay an egg from a tree every day,  
And what good was the egg—  
Just tell that, I beg—  
That fell from the tree in that way!  
But some people do things just as queer.  
I know it; I've seen it, my dear.  
They have a good thought,  
But it comes just to nought;  
From the wrong place they drop it, my dear  
There's a lesson for you and for me  
From the hen that laid eggs in a tree.  
If we do a right thing,  
If a good thought we bring,  
Let's not choose a wrong place, you and me.

BY HIS OWN WORTH

BY FRANCES HENSHAW BADEN.

Hugh Ashton was dying; and his spirit fled before he could sign the will providing for Eddie, his little adopted son, that Dr. Martin drew up at the bedside. This pleased Mrs. Harden, the dead man's niece, who hated the little orphan.  
The last offices had been performed, and Hugh Ashton slumbered beside his kindred dead, when Dr. Martin sought Mrs. Harden.  
He apologized for his haste to converse on the subject, by telling of his immediate departure for England, to remain for years, possibly. He had come to speak to Eddie—of his adopted father's wishes and intentions, which were so nearly made legal. He hoped she would respect them, and at any rate, by Eddie as one of her own.  
Mrs. Harden acquiesced in the doctor's suggestion with great cordiality, and completely disarmed any suspicions that dwelt in his mind relative to her feelings to Eddie.  
Bidding the child good-by, the doctor gave him his address, and bade him write to him, and to consider him always his friend, and feel that he could claim his assistance in any way, should he need it. This address Mrs. Harden obtained, and kept to further her wicked intention.  
The doctor had scarcely cleared the shores of his adopted country, when poor Eddie began to feel the need of a friend. Mrs. Harden no longer concealed her enmity, and the poor boy overheard a conversation between her and the housekeeper that decided his future.  
"I shall return him to the asylum, his proper place. The idea of my supporting a pauper! Uncle's mind must have been very much affected when he took this boy to raise as his own," said Mrs. Harden.  
"But your uncle loved him dearly, madam. You might respect his wishes and give the child an education. Then he can take care of himself. It will come very hard on him to go back to that place now," said the woman, pleadingly.  
"I am decided. He goes to-morrow!"  
"Oh, mamma! please, mamma! Poor Eddie! Uncle loved him so dearly! Don't send him to that horrid place!" pleaded a little girl, who came forward, and, catching her mother's hand, looked beseechingly into her face. But she was sent off, with harsh words for her interference. And as the door closed behind the child, Eddie joined her in the hall, and whispered:  
"Come with me, Lily!"  
They sought the garden, and there Eddie, after binding Lily over to secrecy, told her he was going to run away that night. He would never return to the asylum. Lily cried, and begged him not to; but finally agreed it would be better so. And when Eddie gathered together a few things, a change of clothing, some prized books, and one or two remembrances of the friend he had lost, Lily came and slipped on his finger a ring, saying:  
"Here, Eddie! This is my own; I can give it. Wear it always. I've put it on with a wish."  
All was ready, and the poor boy had sobbed out his parting words and turned away, a few steps only, when he ran back and said:  
"Oh, Lily, I have forgotten my knife—the last present of dear papa's. Get it for me. I fear to go back; I might be seen. You will find it in my drawer. Wrap it up and bring it to me, please. It is new; I have never used it. I want to keep it nice. Run, Lily!"  
It was late in the afternoon, almost dark; but Lily, after a little search, found the knife, and, tearing off a leaf from an old book which she thought of no account, wrapped up the knife, and soon placed it in Eddie's hand.  
Three years before, Eddie had been taken from the Orphan Asylum by Mr. Ashton, and adopted as his son. This action had dispersed the expectations of Mr. Ashton's niece, Mrs. Harden, who had always looked on her little daughter Lily, who was a great pet of her uncle's, as the heiress of all his great wealth. Mrs. Harden, as might be supposed, had no kind feeling for the boy.  
Eddie was a manly, brave-hearted little

fellow, although only twelve years old. Visions of success filled his mind, and when parting from Lily he had whispered:  
"I'll come back a great man, Lily."  
Poor child! He dreamed not of the suffering, temptation and sin that lurked everywhere in the world he was just entering.  
For some days Eddie's courage remained firm; but after his few dollars were spent in obtaining food and shelter, and still he had failed to find either work or friends, he began to grow disheartened. When one after another of his little keepsakes were pawned for bread—everything but his one suit of clothes gone, then Eddie's heart sank. Daily he would repeat his prayer to be delivered from evil. He had some faint remembrance of his mother—of kneeling at her side, and repeating the prayer she taught him. He had been given a Bible, an old worn one, by some friend, who had told him it was his mother's. But he had left that at the home that was his no longer. Sometimes he wished he had brought that with him.  
"It might have helped me keep from sin," he said.  
Six months had rolled away. No one would have recognized the pale, emaciated miserably clad boy, as the handsome, bright-eyed Eddie of Ashton Grange. The winter days were growing terribly cold. Nearly forty-eight hours had passed then without food, and he had nothing to get it with. Lily's ring had been carried to a jeweller's store and sold for fifty cents, the week previous. The purchaser was a kind-hearted man, and promised he would let him have it back, whenever he came for it. It was an awfully bitter night, and Eddie had sought a refuge in the depot, and hovered, shivering, near the stove, trying to hide from sight, fearful of being turned out. A while longer, and he had grown quite warm—but oh, so hungry! He must have bread—bread, or die!  
A step was heard, and in an instant wore a man entered and looked around, while Eddie drew closer in his hiding place. Moments passed on, and the poor boy's hunger grew more terrible. A groan escaped him. Starting forward, the man's keen eyes soon found him, and he drew forth the little sufferer and asked:  
"Hallo! what's the trouble?"  
"Bread! for God's sake, sir!" moaned the boy.  
"Oh! that's it," the man said, eyeing the trembling boy closely.  
"Bread! a little piece; and I'll work for you, do anything to pay you!"  
A quick, pleased expression came into the man's eyes, and he said:  
"Wait here. I'll give you bread in a few moments."  
He went hastily out. Soon he returned, bringing with him bread, meat and a tin cup of coffee.  
Eddie clutched wildly the food, and after having satisfied his terrible hunger, he turned to the man and said:  
"I think you have saved my life, sir. Now, how can I thank you?"  
The stranger told him that henceforth he should know no more suffering. He would be his son, in place of the one he had lost. He looked so sad, and was so kind, the child's confidence was soon won. And in a short time they were pledged to each other as father and son.  
But after only a few days, Eddie grew uneasy. He did not like the appearance of things. His home was very different from what he had expected. Miserable-looking men, who were in the house all day, and out all night, were the associates of the man—Mr. Mandeville, he said was his name. And to explain his manner of living, he told Eddie he was a detective, hunting out a great case, which, if he succeeded, would make his fortune. Then he said that Eddie could do his part.  
He carried the poor boy to a spacious and elegant house, and told him that he must go there with some flowers, and while he was waiting in the hall for the lady for whom the flowers were intended, he must get the impression of the lock. On and on the tempter went. Not content with his own villainy—forgetting or disregarding the remembrance of his own days of innocence—he strove to drag down to perdition the poor boy. But Eddie was bright enough to see through the ruse then. He said he could not, and stuck to it—resisting alike bribery and threats—until at length he was tried by hunger again. Worn to emaciation—so weak that he had no longer strength to resist—he yielded, saying to himself:  
"What matters it now how I die? If I am detected I shall be put in prison. That is better than my present life. There are no friends on earth for me. And when I die—" Here a dreadful thought came to him: "To die in such sin as he was contemplating then!"  
The tears gathered in his eyes, and trickled down his pale cheeks. He put his hand in his pocket to find his apology for a handkerchief. He had been provided with an overcoat, which covered his ragged suit. In vain he hunted the pockets; nothing could be found. So at length he tore out one of his tattered jacket pockets to answer his purpose. As he drew it forth, a little roll of crumpled paper fell to the ground. He stooped, picked it up, and smoothing it out, found it was the title-page, and blank leaf of a small Bible.

The boy's eyes grew larger. Earnestly he gazed on the leaf, on which was written a few lines. The muscles of his face began to twitch, and his bosom to heave convulsively, as he read the magic writing:  
"To Eddie, from mother. I shall watch and pray for your coming! Remember thy Creator in the days of thy youth."  
He had reached the house where he had been directed. Sinking down on the carriage step, he re-read the message which had just reached him from his angel mother.  
A fearful struggle was raging in Eddie's breast. Should he resist the evil? Suffer the torture of hunger, die and go to his mother? Oh! it was a terrible death! Or should he fulfil his promise, get rich, and go back to Lily? Yes; he must live! "Live by sin!" conscience whispered.  
He tried to pray for guidance, but, poor boy! he was so weak and weary he could scarcely hold up his hands in supplication. And the words of his prayers he could not recall. Only again and again the cry, "Lord, help me!" escaped his lips, as he sank down and dropped his head on the hard, cold stone. A minute, five perhaps, passed, and then his head was raised, a holy light beamed in his eye, and he said:  
"I can die, but I will not sin! Mother, mother, help me!"  
Just then he saw, a short way off, his tempter coming.  
He rose up, and tried to run. Only a few steps were gained, when he fell into the outstretched arms of a kind motherly-looking woman.  
"Mother, save me!" he cried, scarce conscious of what he was saying, and fainted.  
The cry, the words, found a response in the woman's heart.  
"Thank you, madam, for your kindness, but I will relieve you of my son," said the tempter, with a pleasant smile and a courteous bow, as he came forward.  
But the woman was a shrewd, quick-witted one, and looking keenly at the man, she said:  
"I am not sure he is your son. May be he is, may be not! Come on to the station and prove property, and then take it. He is afraid of you, sure."  
Now the "station" was just the place the man was not anxious to appear anywhere near; so muttering something about "taking other means," he moved quickly off.  
Saved! saved! Yes, the Heavenly Mariner had moored the little sorrow tossed bark in a safe harbor. Hester Foster's home was one of peace and plenty. And there she bore the starving boy.  
When he was strong and well enough, Hester let him tell her all of his story—his past, and the life which she rescued him from. She wept over his trials, and the wonderful way he was saved from crime.  
"Oh! how came that leaf from mother's Bible in my pocket? Sometimes I think the angels must have slipped it there. My Bible is home—I mean, where I once called home!"  
"Angel! Yes, it was that little Lily you've talked so much about. She, the blessed child, must have wrapped your knife in that leaf. Child! child! God is good! How wonderful are His ways! Your salvation was through that little Lily's hands!" said the quick-thoughted Mrs. Foster, after she knew all. And so it was Lily's thinking the old book of no account, that Eddie's mother's dying prayer was brought to him at the needed time.  
One year more, and Mrs. Foster went in, from her country home, to the great city. And with her Eddie, to get back Lily's ring.  
The jeweler was true to his word; the ring was waiting for him. But the good man told him he would have to detain him until he sent for a gentleman who was very anxious to find the boy who owned that ring. He told Eddie he had nothing to fear. The gentleman was a friend he knew. But the poor boy was uneasy until, after a half hour had elapsed the messenger returned, and with him Doctor Martin!  
Oh, what a joyous meeting it was! He told Eddie he had recognized the ring, as one he had given Lily. He knew all Mrs. Harden's cruelty, and for months had been seeking to find Eddie.  
The good doctor would have taken him home then, as his own son, but Mrs. Foster pleaded so hard to keep him, that it was agreed that Eddie should return with her, and attend a very good school near by.  
For five years it was so. Then Doctor Martin took him under his own charge. And in five more years the doctor had an assistant, who was likely soon to supplant him in the favor of all his patients.  
All these years dear little Lily had thought of her playmate, and wondered why he never came. Many tears she wept for him.  
Misfortune seemed to have devoted herself, with continual and never failing attention, to Mrs. Harden. Losses by fire, banks failing, and worst of all, her son's vices had reduced her to real poverty. Their beautiful home had long since been sold, and everything else was gone. Lily who was then eighteen, supported herself and mother by giving music lessons. Verily "the way of the transgressor is hard," and Mrs. Harden felt it, and in agony groaned over her misfortunes.

**"Never Quit Certainty For Hope."**  
You may take Hood's Sarsaparilla for all diseases arising from or promoted by impure blood with perfect confidence that it will do you good. Never take any substitute. In Hood's Sarsaparilla you have the best medicine money can buy. It cures—completely and permanently,—when others fail to do any good.  
Tonic—"I have taken Hood's Sarsaparilla as a tonic and general builder of the system with excellent results. It restores vitality, drives away that tired feeling, quiets the nerves and brings refreshing sleep." John Y. Patterson, Whitby, Ont.  
**Hood's Sarsaparilla Never Disappoints**

Lily confidently believed Eddie would return some day; and so he did. When the "old homestead" was again for sale, Doctor Edwin Worth was the purchaser. "Back again! I knew you would come!" exclaimed Lily, when Eddie had clasped her to his heart. "When I put my ring on your finger, that was the wish, and has been my prayer ever since."  
"My guardian angel! I have come back for your love, Lily!"  
Then he told her of his trials, his temptations, and miraculous escape.  
"Now, my Lily, will you not put your hand in mine, and promise to go with me, back to our childhood's home? Mine now—not willed, but won!"  
"By Worth, truly!" Lily said, with a merry little laugh, which immediately gave place to a sad expression, and she whispered:  
"But mother—"  
"Is forgiven—freely, fully. Our home shall be hers. And now, darling, with your dear hand clasped in mine, I am glad it was as it was. Deeply I feel it was for the best; for now I can truly sympathize with such as I was once. I will give thanks to God for His mercy, by works of kindness to his needy and erring ones. Our united efforts will be in this cause, my Lily, and we have a wide field of action."  
"We will enter it, Eddie, feeling confident that victory will crown the efforts of all whose work is for the love of God and his fellow-man!"

**A NEW BOOK For Feminine Home Workers.**  
Sent Post Paid To Any Address in Canada.

The manufacturers of the celebrated Diamond Dyes and the popular Diamond Dye Mat and Rug Patterns are now issuing a new and enlarged edition of the Diamond Dye Rug Book, that should be in the hands of every woman and girl in Canada. Many new and attractive designs for Mats and Rugs are shown as well as full directions for the making and coloring. Thousands of women who are interested in the making of pretty Rugs are sending for this book. Send in your address at once to The Wells & Richardson Co., Limited, 200 Mountain Street, Montreal, Que.

Willie was watching his mother make an apple pie. The apples were all ready in the dish, and mother had sprinkled a few cloves over them, and was just going to put the paste on, when Willie exclaimed: "O, mother, hadn't I better pick out those tacks first?" He thought the cloves were tin-tacks.

WHO HAS NOT HEARD OF Kendrick's Liniment. Thousands have used Kendrick's, the best for The household And stable.  
A trial of Wheeler's Botanic Bitters will convince you of their value as a system regulator.  
You will not regret it if you always keep Kendrick's Liniment in the house.  
TRY KENDRICK'S LINIMENT.

A little boy complained to his nurse that he was very cold when he was out for a walk with her. So the nurse said: "Well, if you run you'll soon get warm."  
But the little fellow replied sorrowfully:  
"No, nurse, I don't think that's true, for the water in the river is always running, and it never gets warm."

**The D.D.L. EMULSION**  
CONSUMPTION and all LUNG DISEASES, SPITTING OF BLOOD, COUGH, LOSS OF APPETITE, DEBILITY, the benefits of this article are most manifest.  
By the aid of The D. & L. Emulsion, I have gotten rid of a hacking cough which had troubled me for over a year, and have gained considerably in weight.  
T. H. WINGHAM, C.E., Montreal. 50c. and \$1 per Bottle  
DAVIS & LAWRENCE CO., Limited, MONTREAL.

**J. & T. Jardine,**  
DIRECT IMPORTERS OF BRITISH AND FOREIGN GOODS,  
—AND—  
WHOLESALE AND RETAIL DEALERS  
—IN—  
**FLOUR, CORNMEAL, OATMEAL, COFFEE.**  
**TEA, SUGAR, TOBACCO,**  
**COARSE SALT, in bulk and bags, DAIRY SALT,**  
**Molasses, Biscuits, Cheese,**  
**PORK AND BEEF,**  
**HAMS, OATS, BRAN AND SHORTS.**  
**HARDWARE, CROCKERYWARE, GLASSWARE**  
**BOOTS AND SHOES**  
**DRY GOODS.**  
**Ready-Made Clothing, Scotch Horse Collars,**  
**IRON, CHAIN, ANCHORS, ROPE,**  
**NAILS OF EVERY DESCRIPTION LINE.**  
**English House Coal.**  
**blacksmith's Coal**  
**SHINGLES, DEALS, BOARDS AND SCANTLING,**  
**PITCH-PINE, HARDWOOD, LATHS, etc.**  
**Kingston, Kent County, N. B**  
**COMBINATION OFFER.**  
In order to extend the circulation of THE REVIEW and to introduce one of the brightest Canadian dailies into this section of the Province, we will make the following combination offer:—  
**THE MONTREAL DAILY HERALD**  
--AND--  
**THE RICHIBUCTO REVIEW**  
will be sent to subscribers for one year for \$1.50  
The Montreal Daily Herald is an 8-page daily with 16 pages on Saturday and is without doubt one of the best papers in Canada. Considerable of its space is devoted to agriculture, while its editorials are unsurpassed. We can recommend it as one of the newest and brightest papers in the Dominion.  
The HERALD and REVIEW combined will keep any family posted on the doings of the world, local and foreign, and at the price quoted are within reach of every family in the County.  
Cut the blank out and return it to us with your subscription and we will have the two papers forwarded to your address.  
**Enclosed find \$1.50 for which send me for one year THE REVIEW and The Montreal Daily Herald.**  
NAME.....  
POST OFFICE ADDRESS.....  
ADDRESS:  
**THE REVIEW**  
Richibucto, N. B.