

WELCOME HOME.

From the scene of strife and battle, From the din of cannon's rattle, From the smoke of powder burning, Welcome Home!

To the arms that long have waited, To the hearts with joy full sated, To a country proud returning, Welcome Home!

When the call to arms was sounded, Our loved banner was surrounded, By the eager hosts that offered, East and West!

Mothers gave their sons unsparing, Whether silk or homespun wearing, And the old our country proffered, Was its best.

Far across the rolling ocean, In their hearts a great devotion, Sped by duty, honor seeking, On their way;

Ours the waiting and the watching, Theirs the marching and the fighting, Theirs the tides and the reeking, Field of fray.

At dawn in red and dusky even, When our prayers to highest Heaven That the day of battles have them In His care;

With His aid that He might shield them, Not a single dishonor yield them, And from our sad disaster save them Everywhere.

When the smoke of conflict hid them, None to faintly deeds outdid them; When the battle flame swept o'er them On the field;

Theirs the dying and the dying, Ours the sleeping and the sighing, Theirs to crush the foe before them, Nor to yield.

Whether came ye from the Eastland, From the Midland or the Westland, None in gallant deeds outdid you, Be they come

From sisterland or motherland, Australian, Cape or otherland; Canada's sons, we bid you Welcome Home.

A LITERARY WIFE.

BY FRANCES HENSHAW BADEN.

"Morning, noon and night—all the time reading and idling about! What a shameful, yes, wicked waste of time! Oh, I declare, I shall not be surprised if, one of these nights, the ghost of some one, or every one, of my industrious, hard-working ancestors come to warn me of my danger. Oh, I must get over this indeed! Such a wife would ruin any man less than a millionaire. Thank Heaven, I have not committed myself; but there is no denying I do like Louise Hobart better than any girl I ever knew. And I think she is really charming. But I've seen what a terrible misfortune a lazy wife is to a man, in our own family. Jack's wife has pretty near ruined him. Well, I'm glad I can get over this; but it will come kind of hard; I've spent the evenings so pleasantly with Louise. How well she does talk! Any man might be proud of her. But talking won't make the pot boil. And a poor Government clerk might need a wife who could help not only to make his pot boil, but to put something in it too."

Just here Charley Fulton's thoughts and steps were arrested by some one catching hold of him, and exclaiming: "Stop! Hold on, Fulton! What's up? You are going ahead at such a mad rate, I could hardly catch up to you. Are you trying to escape the Evil One?"

"May be I am," returned Charley, with more caution in his words than his friend Ned Wilmer knew. "I did not know I was travelling so fast, however."

"Yes, I saw you when you came out of Mr. Hobart's. Rather an early call, Charley?" his friend said, inquiringly.

"Yes; I only called to invite Louise to the concert to-night, but she is engaged."

"Yes, old fellow, I was before you this time," Ned said, smiling pleasantly; then putting his arm through Charley's, he added: "I have wanted an opportunity to talk to you, Fulton. We have so long been friends, I should regret very much that anything should interrupt our kindly intercourse."

"Why, what do you mean? I can imagine no cause—"

"Charley, yes. You like Louise Hobart, I believe?"

"Yes, very much."

"And so do I. More than this, I shall win her, if possible," Ned Wilmer said looking at his friend as though he expected and was prepared for some fierce demonstration.

"All right! Go ahead. My dear boy, I shall not feel any the less kindly if you succeed. Indeed you have my best wishes for your success," Charley answered, extending his hand.

"What! you are not really in earnest? Surely, you must have felt differently, or why have you been such a constant visitor there?" Ned Wilmer asked.

"I'll tell you just what I was telling myself when you came up. I do like Louise very much. She is really charming. But, Ned, she is not the girl for either you or me. You know how very idle, yes, and wasteful she is. Think how much time, yes, and money too, is lost so. Poor clerks should choose girls who will help them, not be a burden such as I fear Louise will prove. Now you know just what it is that makes me so calm at the prospect of another winning her."

"You are wise, perhaps. I know Louise's failing—I suppose we must call it—but I can't resist the love which increases every hour I am with her. If I can win her I shall. So let me have the coast clear and I will thank you."

"Oh, come, don't banish me so suddenly. Let me drop in occasionally. I cannot resign the pleasure of her society entirely just yet. I must come to it gradually. I declare I would sooner listen to Louise's talk than go to any opera, theatre or lecture; yes, or eat the best dinner that ever was cooked. But you know, Ned, that gift is not going to make a home comfortable or happy."

"I only know that I love her," answered Ned.

Just at that moment Charley raised his hat to a lady passing, remarking, when she was out of hearing:

"That girl, I am sure, will make the man happy who may be so fortunate as to win her. At school she was the most industrious little body I ever saw. Even during the recreation hours she was always working at something. She is just my idea of what a woman should be."

"Well, I wonder you have not tried to win the prize," Ned Wilmer said.

"I believe I should, but for— What shall I say? Not the superior attractions of another—nor the brilliancy. But all is not gold that glitters, you know. Well, we part here. Good-morning."

Ned Wilmer's heart was lighter than for many months. He had greatly feared Charley Fulton would win the girl he loved. And now that he had good hope of securing the one, and retaining the friendship of the other, he was in a very happy state of mind.

That night Charley called on Annie Warner, the young girl of whom he had spoken so highly that morning.

Although he found other company, Annie's fingers were as busy as her tongue; indeed, more so; the latter often rested, the former never, even when entertaining friends.

Never were girls more dissimilar than Louise Hobart and Annie Warner; the one brilliant, sparkling, and really gifted; but—well, of her failings, as the young men agreed to term them, enough has been said.

Well assured was Charley Fulton that from such, Annie, gentle, sweet little Annie Warner was free. No one ever found her idling her time over old books, or new ones. She was the tidiest little housekeeper; could make the best bread, nicest and lightest pies, puddings and cakes; was the most skillful seamstress—fact, knew everything except what Charley thought was perfectly useless, and he said:

"What is the good of a woman knowing all about every book and its author, from the very first that was ever written to those of the present time? I truly believe Louise Hobart does. If a man wants a history, biography, or encyclopedia, he can buy them—not get a wife that is a combination of all. I pity poor Ned!"

During the evening a circumstance occurred which really decided Charley's future.

Annie's father came in, bringing a box wrapped and securely tied. Handing it to Annie, he said:

"A present for you, daughter."

Her eyes sparkled with pleasure as she thanked him and began to untie the cord. The knots were stubborn, resisting her efforts.

Charley pulled out his knife, and her brother said:

"Oh, cut it, Annie. We are all eager for a look."

"So am I," she answered. "But it will be too bad to waste such a nice string; it will do to use again."

After at least five minutes spent in picking and pulling, the knots loosened. Annie wound up the cord, secured the end, and laid it aside. Then the paper was taken off and nicely folded, for future use, too, before Annie opened the box.

"That girl is the one for me. No fear of her proving other than a helpmate," Charley said, gazing with admiration on Annie, who drew from the box a beautiful sealskin muff and tippet.

As Charley's mind reverted again to this incident, another was remembered which proved conclusively to his mind the wasteful disposition of Louise.

One evening, a few weeks previous, while Charley and Ned Wilmer sat listening to a poem Louise was reading, a playful kitten found its way into her work-basket, and was not discovered until half a dozen skeins of silk and as many spools of cotton were dragged about the floor, and in such a condition that it would have taken some skill and a great deal of patience to untangle the threads.

Louise looked at the mass a moment, then, clipping away the spools, threw the snarled bunches into the fire, saying:

"Pshaw! I could read half a dozen chapters, or spend the time in thinking, which is next best to reading, that it would take to untangle that. I won't waste so many precious moments."

Inwardly Charley congratulated himself on his escape.

After one or two more visits to Louise, which strengthened his belief that she would make poor Ned rue the day he married her, if he should do so, Charley devoted himself earnestly to his wooing; Ned Wilmer doing likewise.

At the end of six months both were married to the girls of their choice. Calls were exchanged between the brides, and occasionally, at long intervals, after. But as there was but little congeniality, there could be no intimacy.

Ned Wilmer was very warmly attached

to his friend, and would drop in for an hour in the evening, two or three times a year. Thus four years were passed.

Ned Wilmer came in one evening, and after watching Louise, who as usual was absorbed in a book, said:

"I'm just from Fulton's."

"Indeed!" Louise said, closing her book and asking, "How are they? Is Mrs. Fulton just such an industrious little body as ever? Come, tell me all about them. I see from your eyes you have lots of news."

"No, not much news. I found them well, and Mrs. Fulton busily engaged with a new sewing machine. I wonder you have not wanted one, Louise. Charley is very anxious I should purchase one for you."

"I don't want it. I detest them. I don't care a snap for ruffles, tucks, puffs, and such fixings, for myself; and I'm not going to get the children up in that style. I want to cultivate their taste for something higher than the latest fashions—"

"But I should think it would be a source of amusement," interrupted Ned.

"No, indeed, I'm not going to spend my leisure hours over a sewing machine. After the necessary work is done, your wants and the children's attended to, you know—I always have near me the best amusement in the world, I think," Louise answered, holding up her book.

"Yes, dear, I know. But what does your reading profit your family?"

Louise's face flushed quickly, and her husband hastened to add:

"I am perfectly satisfied, dear. You do all I care to have you, as long as I keep my office and good health. But both are uncertain. Now Charley tells me his wife makes sufficient to dress herself and the children by her machine—stitching for a few friends. She can easily make twenty dollars a month just by working a few hours in the evening."

Louise's lip curled as she repeated: "Twenty dollars! Working away health and strength that should be saved for her children's sake, for twenty dollars a month!"

"Louise, I would not consent to have you do so. But, dear, suppose Charley and I both should lose our offices, which family would likely suffer the least?"

"I don't know anything about what Charley Fulton's family would do; but I do know yours would not suffer for anything."

"How could it be otherwise?" Ned asked.

"I would not let either you or yours," Louise answered, her face glowing brightly.

"You, child! What could you do, except to love us with your whole heart, and read and talk? Or, if either of those would pay, would we be rich, love?" Ned said, raising her face and kissing the pouting lips.

"Yes, good reading does pay, just as well as good feeding. It has improved my mind, and I can write books myself," Louise answered, with sparkling eyes.

"You write, Louise! Well, perhaps you might, if you would try—"

"Might!" she said, interrupting him. "I have written stories, and they have been published, and paid for, too. I have never told you this, because I know many gentlemen have a horror of literary women. Since my marriage my time has been devoted to you and our little ones. I have seen no necessity for my using this gift or talent, therefore have husbanded my strength for the when the time comes. Now, sir, if the test comes, you shall see if you have such a good-for-nothing wife."

Ned was too surprised to say anything for a few moments; but he did look at his wife, and with admiration quite sufficient to satisfy her.

It was not long before the test came. Charley lost his position by a change in the administration; and Ned Wilmer, after an attack of pneumonia, was left with a bronchial affection, which was considered so serious that his physician insisted he should go to Florida.

Then Louise went to work—then her husband and the world knew what she could do.

After the leave granted him by the department expired, Louise insisted upon his resigning and remaining South. In a few months she went with the children to join him, and stayed for two years, until Ned was fully restored to his usual good health.

Bravely Charley Fulton's wife worked, too doing no less than her husband had believed she could and would. But Louise! Charley Fulton could scarcely credit his eyes and ears. To do him justice, he would not have exchanged his own devoted and loving little wife for any other woman; yet he could not help the thought frequently entering his mind, when he so often heard Louise's praises, "Was he wise?"

CASTORIA

For Infants and Children.

The family signature of *Chas. H. Fletcher* is on every wrapper.

L.—Did the old gentleman leave much when he died?

B.—He left everything.

Advertisement for 'Bloods Sarsaparilla' with a logo and text describing its benefits for various ailments.

ENGLAND AND RUSSIA. LONDON, March 21.—In the commons to-day the foreign secretary, Lord Lansdowne, announced that Russia and Great Britain had agreed to withdraw their troops from the disputed territory at Tien Tsin and reserve the question of title and proprietary rights for subsequent examination.

Advertisement for 'Old and Faded Garments' featuring 'DIAMOND DYES' and a testimonial from Mrs. William Sargent.

Mrs. William Sargent, Petrolia, Ont., says: "Your Diamond Dyes are the best I have ever used, and they have done splendid work for me. In a short time Diamond Dyes saved me ten dollars, so that I think they deserve a good word. My friends, to whom I have shown my dyed goods, say that Diamond Dyes make old things look like new. The richest woman in our town, after seeing my work, has become a user of your Dyer. I thank you for such valuable money-savers as Diamond Dyes."

This dollar that I hold in my hand he said, reminds me of a deep, dark, scandalous secret. Oh, George, his wife exclaimed, dropping her hands in her lap and bending forward eagerly, tell me about it. Yes, he went on, it reminds me of a secret of that kind because it's so hard to keep. Then she refused to speak to him for three hours, and began to suspect that he was concealing something from her.

Advertisement for 'Nerviline Cures' for rheumatism, describing the medicine's effectiveness.

Teacher—And why should we endeavor to rise by our own efforts? Johnnie Wise—Cause there's no telling when the alarm clock will go wrong. 'I couldn't withstand his final argument.' 'What was it?' 'A big diamond ring.'

Advertisement for 'The PAGE WIRE FENCE CO. (Ltd.)' featuring an illustration of a man with a fence and text about their products.

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