

A TRIBUTE TO THE QUEEN.

Following is an extract from an ode written on the occasion of Queen Victoria's sexagenary:

(By F. L. S., St. John, N. B.)

Tell of the sixty years,
Years of a nation's glory,
Let us tell of the sixty years,
Till the pulses of the people throb with
rapture at the story!
Bard, can thy lay find theme more
worthy thee,
O harp of minstrel loftier melody?
A Queen's bright morning hours,
Life's pathway strewn with flowers,
The skies of girlhood dropping only summer
showers!

Sing of her bridal day,
Sing, poet, sing thy roundelay,
Till all the listening world resound with
carols gay.

The words said long ago—
"Till death us part"—sing low, sing
low,

Let one soft minor cadence flow
your joyous anthems flow!
Hush!—let the music wait,
Singing thro' Heaven's gate,
Come notes divinely pure,
Not so could all Earth's harmonies the
mortal ear allure!

Lo! a spirit voice—
"Loved one, thy young heart's choice,
I, who but lived for thee and duty, till
death's sea,
Rolled darkly 'twixt thy heart and mine,
I wait for thee!

Earth-years, Beloved, are long,
But in this upper land,
The white-robed, shadowy band
Walk tireless, hand in hand,
While Heaven's great acorns pass like
trembling waves of song!
I wait for thee—one day we two shall
stand,

Thou, Love and I, within this spirit-
land,
And thou shalt lead me up to heights
of joy,
To undiscovered bliss, to high employ,
Till then I wait for thee!"

Hushed is the silvery voice,
More sweet than chiming bell.
Or far off rippling stream thro' mossy
dell,

Where all fair things rejoice!
Closed is the portal
To life immortal,
The while we gaze with earth-beclouded
eyes.

But the low strain,
The sweet refrain—
"I wait for thee"—
Will linger with us under other skies.

A Question of Tact.

BY RUTH BASSETT.

"I guess I'll get married."
"That's cool enough to hold anybody
for awhile. To whom?"

Bessie Barrington leaned her elbow on
her knees and rested her chin on her
hands. She studied the pattern of wall
paper in front of her for a full second be-
fore answering; then she looked at her
brother and smiled innocently. "To Jim,"
she lisped softly.

Ned Barrington stared at her. Then
laughed and sized his sister up from her
slipped foot to her wavy brown hair.

"You're a presumptuous little tot," he
remarked, "has Jim asked you?"

"You see," Bessie began, admiring her
feet in silence for a moment, "Jim only
thinks of me as a friend. He comes to
call, spends a pleasant evening and comes
again. We talk seriously about once a
week, the rest of the time we waste being
foolish. I sing to him and he compli-
ments me accordingly. Ned, this is wast-
ing precious time. I can't dally like
this. If Jim has serious intentions then
he might as well make them known to
me, if not, I am not going on getting
fonder and fonder of him to lose him in
the end."

"You do care for him, then?"
"Oh, well,"—suddenly blushing under
her brother's quizzical eyes. I do like
him a bit."

"What do you intend to do, Bess?"
"Why I've made up my mind to marry
him, and he is going to reach some clima-
te to-night. I beg your pardon, Ned, did I
hear you say anything about women?"

"I merely remarked that they were
scheming lot. I can't see how you're go-
ing to do that with Jim, he's such an in-
different piece, but I suppose woman's
wit conquers everything. I tell you, Bes-
sie, chap has to have a sister to keep his
head level. But I say, I wish you joy
in your matrimonial venture. Jim
Farnsworth is certainly a drawing-card
and his looks are up to par—excellence
You, of course, are perfection."

"I'm pretty fair," Bessie answered,
smiling and showing her white small
teeth. "There's the bell! I'm pretty fair
Ned, my boy, because I look like you,
rising and giving her brother a not alto-
gether gentle slap on the back.

"Good luck to you," Ned said, kissing
the rosy cheek which was pressed for a
second to his, "but go and admit the
visitor."

Bessie smilingly opened the door.
"Hello, Jim, how early you do come!"
Farnsworth laughed. He felt perfectly
at home and at liberty to go and come as
he liked. "Am I early? Is Ned home?"
removing his raglan and gloves. "Ex-
pecting me, were you?"

Bessie pushed in a hair pin which had
no intention of coming out and surveyed
the ceiling. "Not exactly," she replied,
mildly, "in fact, I was just thinking of
going out as you came."

Jim eyed her for a moment. "I hope I
don't intrude," he questioned a bit cold-
ly.

Bessie held out her hands with unaf-
fected candour. "You have another
hope," and she smiled straight into his
eyes.

The library was vacant when they enter-
ed, but the warm odor of a cigar told them
that Ned had been a very recent deserter.
"My! doesn't it smell good," Jim ex-
claimed, a little appealingly, "do you
object, Tot?"

In answer to her nod he lighted a cigar
and puffed contentedly for several mo-
ments. He was always indifferent, and yet
Bessie often wondered what current of
emotion lay beneath his sang-froid. He
was worldly without being blasé, differ-
ential without being affectionate! That
type of man which meets the ups and
downs of life with the same smile.

"You men are very lucky to have such
an abstracting pastime," Bessie said, lean-
ing over the back of a chair and tilting it
gently backwards, "you have so many
ways to forget your troubles."

"What do you mean?" Farnsworth
glanced up inquiringly, "do you refer to
last night's club dinner? Why, Tot, you
aren't going to call me to account for that,
are you? I am sorry."

"Pray don't apologize to me." Her
glance fell, and rested pensively on the
cigar in his hand. "What right have I to
call you to account? You must know what
every refined woman thinks. Even our
—our friendship does not permit of my
asking you to give up those little bouts."

There was a sarcastic tremor in her
voice—Jim noticed it.

"I thought we had one serious talk this
week, Tot," he broke in with a silent
laugh. "You girls have a bigoted way of
looking at things, and yet, it may be that
we men are so satiated with the sins of
life that we have not that finer sense of
good and evil that a woman has. She re-
veals in the dainty bits of life that har-
monize with her innocence and purity, a
man stumbles along, his mind full of busi-
ness and he has not time to appreciate the
beautiful things—unless he is fortunate
enough to view them through a woman's
eyes."

With quick intuition, Bessie felt a sud-
den coldness between them. She held
out her hands over the back of the chair
with childish impulsiveness. Jim laid
down his cigar and clasped both little
members in his own.

"What a strange girl you are, Tot,"
drawing her from behind the chair, "not
a bit like yourself to-night. You make
me feel as if I were a stranger somehow."

Bessie looked up and raised one of his
hands to rest it against her cheek. "I
have something serious to say to you, Jim,"
she said. "How shall I begin?"

Jim Farnsworth looked at her full of
apprehension. He felt serious himself all
of a sudden. This playful little friend
seemed about to be snatched from him in
the first glow of their friendship.

"Sit down here by the fire and let me
hear the worst," he said with assumed
nonchalance, "now, fair maid, I will listen
to the story you are to unfold."

Bessie twisted the rings on her fingers.
"I'm tired of this routine," she began,
"and I think I will go abroad with father
next week. You understand what that
means—two years at least, and then, when
I come back everything will be different.
I must make up my mind to-night. I am
foolish, but—"

"No you are not foolish, Tot. It is al-
ways lonely to start away and leave all
your friends. It would seem gloomy
without you."

"Would it?"

"You know it would."

If Bessie had expected some passionate
outburst she was disappointed. It was
true her father had asked her to accompany
him abroad, but her refusal had been most
emphatic. She saw fit to forget the fact
just then. With an unreadable sort of
glance she went to the piano. Jim fol-
lowed and stood looking down at her
with serious eyes.

"We have only known each other a few
months," she said, running her fingers
lightly over the keys, "and I don't see
why you should miss me at all."

The silence which followed was broken
only by the weird melody Bessie played.
"I did not know myself until now how
much I should miss you," Jim said. "I
never stopped to think until you put it
before my eyes that you were going away.
You have always seemed to me to be es-
sential to the completion of a week's
duties—no don't look shocked," he broke
in, as Bessie turned around and opened
her eyes in the horror of dying conceit.

"I do not mean duty, but without seeing
you the week would not have been com-
plete. You have grown to be part of my
life, Tot, with your impulse and your
candour and your womanliness. There is
more behind your pretty flippant care-
lessness than you care to show. I have
guessed it. Indifferent and heartless as I
am to most people, I have always tried to
be kind and thoughtful to you—whether
I have succeeded or not is a question."

Bessie played on softly with one hand.
She rested her chin on the other. A
strange smile trembled on her lips. Her
whole face was expressive of waiting—
waiting for what?

"I have something to tell you," the
languidly sweet voice went on, "some-
thing to tell my little friend—I wonder
if he knows?"

He looked down upon the girlish face,
looked into the unguarded eyes within
which lay the virgin story written as in
light.

"Every Man is the

Architect of His Fortune."

"An architect designs, and his plans
are executed by a builder. The greatest
builder of health is Hood's Sarsaparilla.
It lays a firm foundation. It makes the
blood, the basis of life, pure and strong.
Be an architect of your fortune and secure
Hood's as your health builder."

Headaches—"I was completely run
down and was troubled with headaches
and dizziness and pains in my back. I
took Hood's Sarsaparilla which in a short
time entirely cured me." Mrs. L. Win-
terton, Orangeville, Ontario.

Hood's Sarsaparilla
NEVER DISAPPOINTS

"Tot," he said, "I want you to congrat-
ulate me!" He held out his hands.

Slowly the happiness died out of the
sweet face beside him, but the eyes as
they met his own did so fully and square-
ly. She got up and laid her little hands
in those warm hands outstretched.

"I have surprised you," Jim said, sud-
denly smiling, "but I have won the love
of the bravest girl in the world and only
with her as wife will life ever be happy
for me. Do you congratulate me, Tot?"

He felt the hands tremble in his but he
held them firmly. Her head was thrown
back so that the grey eyes were half closed
as they met his own.

"Yes—I do congratulate you. You
will be so happy. Will you tell me about
her?"

Farnsworth still smiled. "She is a girl
whom anyone would love," he answered,
"full of integrity, full of sympathy. She
is Love itself. The sort of girl that would
inspire artists to strive to catch the virile
firmness beneath the softness of her smile;
a girl who would bear a cross from youth
to the grave with no complaint upon her
lips. She is friend and sweetheart. She
will be friend, sweetheart and wife."

"How you love her," Bessie murmured,
"and does she love you too?"

Farnsworth took the little hands he
held and put them against his face, look-
ing long and provokingly into the
questioner's eyes.

Then he bent forward and whispered:
"Bessie, little one, that's for you to
answer. Her eyes have told me yes—what
are her lips going to say?"

She could not answer with his face so
close to her own, and he did not see the
two little happy tears which blinded her
eyes as he stooped to claim something
from her month beside the answer to his
question.

Neither noticed the head suddenly pop
in at the door, take in the situation, and
disappear. But Ned Barrington did not
care to interrupt, and as he passed on in-
to the next room, there was a cold white
look upon his face, and holding his cigar
aloft, he renounced women forever. They
were one too many for him.

Bronchitic Asthma Cured.

Kingston, Ont.—For ten years I have
been a terrible sufferer from Bronchitic
Asthma, oftentimes so bad that for nights
at a time I could not rest. I spent
hundreds of dollars on doctors and "quacks,"
but one dollar's worth of Catarrhzone
cured me." Capt. McDonald.

Four months later Capt. McDonald
wrote saying: "I am still perfectly well
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trouble."

Few marine men are better known on
the great lakes than Capt. McDonald of
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druggists to show you Catarrhzone, or
we will send it postpaid on receipt of
\$1.00 or a trial outfit for 10 cents in
stamps. N. C. Polson, Kingston, Ont.,
Hartford, Conn.

DISCOURAGEMENT AT THE START

Mr. Sophie—Well, Willie, your sister
has given herself to me for a Christmas
present. What do you think of that?

Willie—Huh! That's what she done
for Mr. Brown last year, and he gev her
back before Easter. I'll bet you'll do
the same.—Philadelphia Record.

Dyspepsia is difficult digestion, due to
the absence of natural digestive fluids.
Hood's Sarsaparilla restores the digestive
powers.

LEADING UP TO IT.

Bobbs—There is something intoxicat-
ing about money making.

Dobbs—I suppose you want me to ask
you why, and then you'll say something
about the mint julep.—Baltimore Ameri-
can.

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MATRON AND MAID.

Mrs. Howard Gould has collected one
of the finest libraries of works on the
English drama extant in this country.

Mrs. Russell Sage says she wasn't a
"good fellow girl," yet she had a good
time. She finds that women as well as
men can overdo the "good fellow" busi-
ness.

Miss Alice Serber of New York is the
first woman lawyer of that city to be ad-
mitted to practice in the United States
district courts and the first to make a
specialty of criminal law.

Miss Lillian Houghtaling of Ansonia,
N. Y., is the architect of her own 23
room Queen Anne house, as she planned
the dwelling with a rule and lead pencil.
The drawings were shown to builders and
none could find a flaw in the measure-
ments.

Despite the statement recently made
that Liliuokalani, the deposed queen of
Hawaii, was rapidly failing in health and
had gone back to Honolulu to die, a
Honolulu newspaper notes the arrival on
the steamer Australia of an automobile
for her use.

Mrs. E. S. Starr, horticultural editor
of the Philadelphia Public Ledger, has on
the window sill next her desk a beehive.
The bees rifle the neighboring candy
stores and flowers of the public squares
for sweets. Forty pounds of honey have
been taken from the hive in one year.

Miss Florita Williams of New York
is the sixth woman to receive the medal
of the United States Volunteer Life Sav-
ing corps. Miss Williams saved the life
of Miss Edith Harris at Long Branch
last summer under circumstances that
showed her to be possessed of remarkable
bravery.

Mrs. Elizabeth Cady Stanton does not
approve of the recommendation made by
several New York magistrates that wife
beaters should be punished by flogging.
She says, "The real cure for wife beat-
ing is to be found not in disciplining an
occasional brute, but in teaching men to
respect women."

Mrs. Glessner Moore Brady of Ne-
vada, Mo., has been nominated for a sec-
ond term as circuit clerk of Vernon coun-
ty. Mr. Brady, her husband, who had
held the position previously, died two
years ago and was succeeded by his wife.
Eighteen out of the 20 townships of the
county, as well as every ward of the city,
voted for Mrs. Brady.

Miss Terry's own superstition is said to
be a fear of the single number 3. She
will not enter a hotel room numbered 3,
nor a car, nor a berth in a sleeping car.
She will not sit three at a table; she
declines to go on the stage by the third
entrance. Once when an enthusiastic
Englishman proposed three cheers for
her, she put her hands to her face and
ran away.

THE ROYAL BOX.

The Prince of Wales has the right to
decorate himself with no fewer than 50
foreign "orders."

The Princess of Monaco, the smallest
kingdom in the world, is the first Jewess
to sit on a European throne. She was a
Miss Heine and was first married to the
Duke of Richelieu.

The young king of Spain always insists
on having his pockets filled with coppers
before going for a drive, and scatters the
coins among the many beggars that
crowd around his carriage.

Queen Victoria, in her earlier years,
though perhaps not being, strictly speak-
ing, a gourmet, was fond of good things
and plenty of them. But of late she has
had to reduce both quality and quantity,
till she is almost on the verge of being a
vegetarian.

The children of the kaiser are all ex-
ceedingly fond of their mother. The story
is related that when one of the young
princes was receiving religious instruc-
tion the clergyman told him that every
one sinned, that no one in the world was
sinless. "You are mistaken," cried the
little prince. "My mother has never
sinned."

POULTRY POINTERS.

Sprinkle the nests with diluted car-
bolic acid. It will help to keep down
vermin.

Boiling the milk that is fed to fowls
will increase its value and lessen the risk
of disease.

The pullet is so called for 12 months,
or until the year in which she was
hatched is closed.

The symmetry of the stock and the size
and color of the eggs can be influenced
largely by care in selection of the eggs for
hatching, using only those which are
large, dark and from well formed hens.

Poultry is an important branch of
farm stock, and no farm is well stocked
without a good variety of it. Have good
fowls if you have any, and keep a suf-
ficient number of them so that you can
give them proper attention.

There are three ways of improving
your fowls and the profit from them—
by introducing new blood, by better care
and by better feeding. A combination
of all is necessary if the best results are
obtained.

THE BLACK DRAGON.

The guns that the Chinamen are fight-
ing with were sold to them by England
and Germany. Why not let the Britons
and Germans now fight in the front
ranks?

It has been well said that if Cavour,
Bismarck, Metternich, Gladstone and
Gortchakof were all put down at a table,
with a free hand to settle China's busi-
ness, their experienced brains would be
sorely racked to decide on the wise and
sure thing to do.

There will be a reckoning with Prince
Tuan, the leader of the murderous Chi-
nese Boxers, when he is captured. It may
be impossible to make the punishment ex-
actly fit the crime in his case, but there
will be some vigorous hustling to prevent
any glaring misfit.—New York Mail and
Express.

KITCHEN HELPS.

Unbleached cotton flannel makes good
dishcloths.

Save the paper bags. They make good
gloves for the cook to clean the stove
with.

When the water in the outside vessel
of a double boiler refuses to boil, hasten
the operation by salting the water.

Fill dirty saucepans with hot soda till
there is time to wash them. This means
a great saving of time in the end.

Limewater will clean jars and jugs
which soap and water have failed to
cleanse. It is admirable for cleaning out
milk receptacles and nursing bottle.

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