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THE SENTRY'S SHOT.

BY AMBROSE PIERCE.

One sunny afternoon in the autumn of the year 1861 a soldier lay in a clump of laurel by the side of a road in western Virginia. He lay at full length on his stomach, his feet resting upon the toes, his head upon the left forearm. His extended right hand loosely grasped his rifle. But for the somewhat methodical disposition of his limbs and a slight rhythmic movement of the cartridge-box at the back of his belt, he might have been thought to be dead. He was asleep at his post of duty. But, if detected, he would be dead shortly afterward, that being the penalty of his crime.

The clump of laurel in which the criminal lay was in the angle of a road which, after ascending southward a steep acclivity to that point, turned sharply to the west, running along the summit for perhaps one hundred yards. There it turned southward again and went zigzagging downward through the forest. At the salient of that second angle was a large flat rock, jutting from the ridge to the northward, overlooking the deep valley from which the road ascended. The rock capped a high cliff; a stone dropped from its outer edge would have fallen sheer downward one thousand feet to the tops of the pines. The angle where the soldier lay was on another spur of the same cliff. Had he been awake he would have commanded a view, not only of the short arm of the road and the jutting rock, but of the entire profile of the cliff below it.

The country was wooded everywhere except at the bottom of the valley to the northward, where there was a small natural meadow, through which flowed a stream scarcely visible from the valley's rim. This open ground looked hardly larger than an ordinary dooryard, but was really several acres in extent. Its green was more vivid than that of the inclosing forest. Away beyond it rose a line of giant cliffs similar to those upon which we are supposed to stand in our survey of the savage scene, and through which the road had somehow made its climb to the summit. The configuration of the valley, indeed, was such that from our point of observation it seemed entirely shut in, and one could not but have wondered how the road which found a way out of it had found a way into it, and whence came and whither went the waters of the stream that parted the meadow two thousand feet below.

No country is so wild and difficult but men will make it a theater of war; concealed in the forest at the bottom of that military rat-trap, in which half a hundred men in possession of the exits might have starved an army to submission, lay five regiments of federal infantry. They had marched all the previous day and night and were resting. At night fall they would take to the road again, climb to the place where their unfaithful sentinel now slept, and, descending the other slope of the ridge, fall upon a camp of the enemy at about midnight. Their hope was to surprise it, for the road led to the rear of it. In case of failure, their position would be perilous in the extreme.

The sleeping sentinel in the clump of laurel was a young Virginian named Carter Druse. He was the son of wealthy parents, an only child, and had known such ease and cultivation and high living as wealth and taste were able to command in the mountain-country of western Virginia. His home was but a few miles from where he now lay. One morning he had risen from the breakfast table and said, quietly: "Father, a union regiment has arrived at Grafton. I am going to join it."

The father lifted his beaming head, looked at the son a moment in silence and replied: "Go, Carter, and, whatever may occur, do what you conceive to be your duty. Virginia, to which you are a traitor must get on without you. Should we both live to the end of the war, we will speak further of the matter. Your mother, as the physician has informed you, is in a most critical condition; at the best she cannot be with us much longer than a few weeks, but that time is precious. It would be better not to disturb her."

So Carter Druse, bowing reverently to his father, who returned the salute with a stately courtesy which masked a breaking heart, left the home of his childhood to go soldiering. By conscience and courage, by deeds of devotion and daring, he recommended himself to his fellows and his officers; and it was to these qualities and

to some knowledge of the country that he owed his selection for his present perilous duty at the extreme outpost. Nevertheless, fatigue had been stronger than resolution, and he had fallen asleep. What good or bad angel came in a dream to rouse him from his state of crime who shall say? Without a movement, without a sound, in the profound silence and the languor of the late afternoon, some invisible messenger of fate touched with unsealing finger the eyes of his consciousness whispered into the ear of his spirit the mysterious awakening word which no human lips have ever spoken, no human memory has ever recalled. He quietly raised his forehead from his arm and looked between the masking stems of the laurels, instinctively closing his right hand about the stock of his rifle.

His first feeling was a keen artistic delight. On a colossal pedestal, the cliff, motionless at the extreme edge of the capping rock and sharply outlined against the sky, was an equestrian statue of impressive dignity. The figure of the man sat the figure of the horse, straight and soldierly, but with the repose of the Grecian god carved in the marble which limits the suggestion of activity. The gray costume harmonized with its aerial background; the metal of accoutrement and caparison was softened and subdued by the shadow; the animal's skin had no points of high light. A carbine, strikingly foreshortened lay across the pommel of the saddle, kept in place by the right hand grasping it at the "grip;" the left hand, holding the bridle rein, was invisible. In silhouette against the sky, the profile of the horse was cut with the sharpness of a cameo; it looked across the heights of air to the confronting cliffs beyond. The face of the rider turned slightly to the left, showed only an outline of temple and beard; he was looking downward to the bottom of the valley. Magnified by its lift against the sky and by the soldier's testifying sense of the formidableness of a near enemy, the group appeared of heroic, almost colossal, size.

For an instant Druse had a strange, half-defined feeling that he had slept to the end of the war and was looking upon a noble work of art, reared upon that commanding eminence to commemorate the deeds of an heroic past, of which he had been an inglorious part. The feeling was dispelled by a slight movement of the group; the horse, without moving its feet, had drawn its body slightly backward from the verge; the man remained immobile as before. Broad awake and keenly alive to the significance of the situation, Druse now brought the butt of his rifle against his cheek by cautiously pushing the barrel forward through the bushes, cocked the piece, and, glancing through the sights, covered a vital spot of the horseman's breast. A touch upon the trigger, and all would have been well with Carter Druse. At that instant the horseman turned his head and looked in the direction of his concealed foe—seemed to look into his very face, into his eyes, into his brave, compassionate heart.

Is it, then, so terrible to kill an enemy in war—an enemy who has surprised a secret vital to the safety of one's self and comrades—an enemy more formidable for his knowledge than all his army for its numbers? Carter Druse grew deathly pale; he shook in every limb, he turned faint and saw the statuesque group before him as black figures, rising, falling, moving unsteadily in arcs of circles in a fiery sky. His hand fell away from his weapon his head slowly dropped until his face rested on the leaves in which he lay. This courageous gentleman and hardy soldier was nearly swooning from intensity of emotion.

It was not for long; in another moment his face was raised from the earth, his hands resumed their places on the rifle, his forefinger sought the trigger; mind, heart and eyes were clear, conscience and reason sound. He could not hope to capture that enemy; to alarm him would be to send him dashing into his camp with his fatal news. The duty of the soldier was plain; the man must be shot dead from ambush—without warning, without a moment's spiritual preparation, with never so much as an unspoken prayer he must be sent to his account. But, no—there is a hope; he may have discovered nothing—perhaps he is but admiring the sublimity of the landscape. If permitted, he may turn and ride carelessly away in the direction whence he came. Surely it will be possible to judge at the instant of his withdrawing whether he knows. It may well be that his fixity of attention—Druse turned his head and looked below, through the depths of air downward, as from the surface to the bottom of a translucent sea. He saw creeping across the green meadow a sinuous line of figures of men and horses—some foolish commander was permitting the soldiers to water their beasts in plain view from a hundred summits!

Druse withdrew his eyes from the valley and fixed them again upon the group of man and horse in the sky, and again it was through the sight of his rifle. But this time the aim was at the horse. In his memory, as if they were a divine mandate and the words of his father at parting: "Whatever may occur, do what you conceive to be your duty." He was calm now. His teeth were firmly but not rigidly closed; his nerves were as tranquil as a sleeping babe's—not a tremor affected any

muscle of his body; his breathing, until suspended in the act of taking aim, was regular and slow. Duty had conquered; spirit had said to body: "Peace, be still." He fired.

At that moment an officer of the federal force, who, in a spirit of adventure or in quest of knowledge, had left the hidden bivouac in the valley, and, with aimless feet, had made his way to the lower edge of a small open space near the foot of the cliff, was considering what he had to gain by pushing his exploration further. At a distance of a quarter-mile before him, but apparently at a stone's throw, rose from its fringe of pines the gigantic face of rock, towering to so great a height above him that it made him giddy to look up to where its edge cut a sharp, rugged line against the sky. At some distance away to his right it presented a clean, vertical profile against a background of blue sky to a point half of the way down, and of distant hills, hardly less blue, thence to the tops of the trees at its base. Lifting his eyes to the dizzy altitude of its summit, the officer saw an astonishing sight—a man on horseback riding down into the valley through the air!

Straight upright sat the rider, in military fashion, with a firm seat in the saddle, a strong clutch upon the rein to hold his charger from too impetuous a plunge. From his bare head his long hair streamed upward, waving like a plume. His right hand was concealed in the cloud of the horse's lifted mane. The animal's body was as level as if every hoof stroke encountered the resistant earth. Its motions were those of a wild gallop, but even as the officer looked they ceased, with all the legs thrown sharply forward as in the act of alighting from a leap. But this was a flight!

Filled with amazement and terror by this apparition of a horseman in the sky—half believing himself the chosen scribe of some new apocalypse, the officer was overcome by the intensity of his emotions; his legs failed him and he fell. Almost at the same instant he heard a crashing sound in the trees—a sound that dies without an echo, and all was still.

The officer rose to his feet, trembling. The familiar sensation of an abraded shin recalled his dazed faculties. Pulling himself together, he ran rapidly obliquely away from the cliff to a point a half mile from his foot; thereabout he expected to find his man; and thereabout he naturally failed. In the fleeting instant of his vision his imagination had been so wrought upon by the apparent grace and ease and intention of the marvelous performance, that it did not occur to him that the line of march of aerial cavalry is directly downward, and that he could find the objects of his search at the very foot of the cliff. A half hour later he returned to the camp.

After firing his shot, Private Carter Druse reloaded his rifle and resumed his watch. Ten minutes had hardly passed when a federal sergeant crept cautiously to him. "Did you fire?" the sergeant whispered. "Yes." "At what?" "A horse. It was standing on yonder rock—pretty far out. It is no longer there. It went over the cliff." The man's face was white, but he showed no other signs of emotion. "See here, Druse," the sergeant said, after a silence, "it's no use making a mystery. I order you to report. Was there anybody on the horse?" "Yes." "Who?" "My father."

The sergeant rose to his feet and walked away. "Good God!" he said.—Tales of Soldiers and Civilians.

INTERESTING INTERVIEW.

An American will Make Arrangements with a Canadian Firm.

OTTAWA (Special) Sept. 30.—An American who has been here interviewing the members of the government on private business, has left for Toronto, where it is understood he will try and make an arrangement with the Dodd's Medicine Company of that city for the establishment of a manufactory of Dodd's Kidney Pills in New York State. He declined to specify the locality. During his stay in Ottawa he has been investigating the now celebrated case of G. H. Kent, who was saved by this remedy when in the last stage of Bright's disease, and has satisfied himself of the genuine nature of the case. He asserts that the medicine is now universally used throughout the state.

The horn-fly is causing our farmers a good deal of anxiety. The following recipe is recommended for the prevention of the pest:—Equal parts kerosene and raw tar, bulk of tallow equal to above, or enough to make the mixture of a creamy consistency (when cold), cheap carbolic acid in proportion of one ounce to each gallon of the mixture. Apply a thin coating to cattle with a paint brush. Here is another simple remedy: Get some tobacco leaf and place it in water, allowing it to soak for some time, or until the water becomes strong. Then take the tobacco water and rub it over the cattle. The horn-fly will trouble them no more after that.

Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria.

Home-made Candy.

MOLASSES CANDY.—One quart best molasses, one cup granulated sugar. Boil fifteen minutes; then add butter, the size of an egg. Stir to keep from burning. Drop a little in cold water and if it hardens it is done. Before taking from the fire add one teaspoonful of soda, made very fine. Stir quickly; take from the fire; pour into buttered tins to cool. As soon as you can handle it pull white.

MAPLE CREAM.—Three cupfuls of granulated sugar, one cupful of thick, sweet cream. Boil until it hardens when dropped in cold water. Remove from the fire and beat with a silver fork until it is consistency of very thick cream, pour in buttered tins and when cool cut in squares.

CHOCOLATE CREAMS.—One pound of confectioner's sugar, white of an egg, two tablespoonfuls of water, one teaspoonful vanilla; mix well and make into balls. Melt a half cake of baker's chocolate, dip the balls in and lay on buttered paper to harden.

MOLASSES CANDY.—One quart molasses, one half cup vinegar, one cupful granulated sugar, butter the size of an egg, one teaspoonful soda. Dissolve the sugar in the vinegar; put in with molasses and butter and boil, stirring often. As soon as it hardens when dropped in water it is done. Then stir the soda in quickly and pour in buttered pans to cool. Pull until white.

LEMON TAFFY.—Three pounds of best brown sugar, quarter of a pound of butter and one pint of vinegar. Boil altogether until it hardens in water. Add one teaspoonful lemon extract. Pour into buttered tins to cool.

Piles! Piles! Itching Piles.

SYMPTOMS—Moisture; intense itching and stinging; most at night; worse by scratching. It allowed to continue tumors form, which often bleed and ulcerate, becoming very sore. SWAYNE'S OINTMENT stops the itching and bleeding, heals ulceration, and in most cases removes the tumors. At druggists, or by mail, for 50 cents. Dr. Swayne & Son, Philadelphia, Lyman Sons & Co., Montreal, wholesale agents.

TIDINGS FROM AMOSA WOOD HOSPITAL.

Mr. J. E. Smith Cured of Chronic Rheumatism by South American Rheumatic Cure.—The Great Rheumatism Remedy Again Conquers Where Doctors Had Failed.

Mr. J. E. Smith of Amosa Wood Hospital, St. Thomas, Ont.: "For a long time I was afflicted with very bad rheumatic pains, and they became so intense that life to me was a misery. I saw the South American Cure advertised, and determined on giving it a trial, and procured a bottle from B. J. Old, druggist of St. Thomas. Before taking one half the bottle I found the greatest relief, but kept on taking it, using in all four bottles. I used that quantity to give the medicine a fair trial, although I had no sign of an ache or pain after taking the second bottle. I can strongly recommend this remedy to all sufferers from rheumatism. I feel confident it will do for them what it did for me. Sold by W. W. Short."

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I am instructed to offer for sale the following lots of land: 1. In Galloway, Richibucto:—A lot containing 75 acres known as the Daniel Young lot, and granted to him in 1863. 2. In Carleton Parish:—A lot containing 66 acres, known as lot M. in block B. on the "Allen Road," north side of the Kouchibougué River, adjoining John Potter. 3. A lot containing 100 acres on the Acadiaville Road, adjoining the James Potter lot, and distinguished a lot No. 72 in block 11. 4. In the Parish of Wellington:—A lot containing 60 acres on the north side of the Big Buctouche River, and known as the John Donaher lot. These properties will be sold cheap if applied for at once. J. D. PHINNEY, Richibucto, March 6th, 1894. All parties are hereby forbidden to trespass upon any of the said lots. J. D. P.

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We are prepared to sell the following makes of Axes at manufacturers' prices:

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