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### Only a Boundary Rider.

He was only a station hand. Where he came from, or why he came there, of course nobody knew—that is common enough in Australia, and perhaps commonest of all in a black country run in Queensland. To look at, indeed, he had something to recommend him—tall, straight, active and manly looking—there was not a hand on the station who could ride a horse better than Jim. Jim what? you might have been disposed to ask—but that was just what nobody knew or cared much to know. Jim was plenty, when Jim was only a boundary rider on the Mulla-Nulla Run.

It was as Jim he had joined and entered on the overseer's book and as Jim he had worked there for at least a twelve month without anybody ever asking whether he owned another name or not. Mulla-Nulla Run is well known in Middle Queensland. It is rather a large one, and carries more stock for its size than most runs in the district—when Jim was there perhaps 50,000 head of cattle were pastured in its broad valleys and on its grassy downs, and there were about twenty-five hands besides the overseer to look after them. The owner, Mr. Leslie of Mulla-Nulla, lived there when he was at home, though, being a member of Parliament and a leading politician, he was a good deal away in Brisbane with his family.

It was a good place to live, too. The house—long, low and substantial—was built half way up the slope between the creek and the wooded range. It faced the west and from the veranda you looked out as far as the eye could see over the open plains, toward the setting sun. Miles upon miles of grassy plain, while here and there a shallow bottom where the pale Minosas waved their thin feathery foliage and soft lilac blossoms over the bed of the little white stream that remained green so long through the fiery heat of the long, bright summer months. Miles upon miles—green as emerald after the rains—yellow as gold while the summer heat was still but a month or two old—brown as russet through the long hot months from December to April.

Many a glance had Jim cast at the house, lying nestling on the breast of the hill, half hidden in its fruit trees and shrubberies, only glimpses of its green-shaded windows and deep verandah, draped with its gorgeous flowering creepers, visible through the cold vista. In front, sloping to the stream, terrace after terrace, clothed with vines that spread their broad leaves tenderly over the great bunches of green and yellow grapes. Jim could admire the place to his heart's content, but from a distance only, for though Mr. Leslie was a popular man with his hands, his friendliness didn't extend past his family.

Yet Jim met the girls every now and then, as they rode with their father or brother, and more than once it had been his luck to see them near at hand—so close in fact, that in his own mind he had settled which was the elder of the two. It hadn't taken him long to decide which was the prettier, and there could hardly be two opinions that he was right, for Margaret Leslie was a strikingly handsome girl. Yet, strange to say, it was another face that came back to Jim, on his long solitary rides—other eyes than those of the belle of Brisbane that shone upon him in the still hours of the night in his lonely hut on the outlying boundary.

It would be rash to say what and how much a girl observes of what concerns herself. Perhaps it was not in Jim's mind alone that a face—only a face—unconnected with language, either spoken or written, appeared and reappeared at unbidden moments—who can say. There was something after all uncommon about Jim, as he sat his horse firefly with the ease of a centaur, and doffed his broad-brimmed cabbage tree hat to the passing girls—something engaging in the frank manly look of respectful admiration which would be cast momentarily at one at least of the Leslie girls whenever they chanced to meet.

It was on a Friday night that it happened. It might have occurred on any other day of the week, although to this day Miss Leslie is of a different opinion. Jim was out on the Death Valley Boundary that day, as luck would have it, and young Leslie and his sisters took their ride in the same direction. It may be that Jim's mind was running on the bright, dark face, with the eyes that glanced so

quickly at him, as he raised his hat in passing, but whatever the reason may have been he took no notice of the weather till he suddenly found himself face to face with an Australian thunder storm.

A blinding flash, a deafening roar, a sudden fierce splash of blinding rain, like the discharge of a waterspout—and the storm was upon him. To make for cover was his first instinct, and at any rate his horse refused to face the storm, so in a minute he had turned and was galloping back in the direction of the boundary but at the foot of the Death's Valley range. With flash and growl and roar, the storm swept after him, but it was the horse rather than the rider, that seemed to feel it. Jim indeed was resigned, for there was no escape from the rain, which came down with splash and hiss on the tangles of the dull golden brown grass that lay matted under foot, and by this time he was too well accustomed to this mood of Queensland nature to feel nervous about the jagged streams of steel-blue light that ran and flickered around him.

As Jim turned into the boundary but gully he was startled by the sound of the long, shrill wail of the native Coo-ee-ee, which rang out strange and wild through the dull splash of the falling rain. It seemed to come from the hut, and Jim hurried on. The party, then, had been caught in the storm—it was awakened, no doubt, but at least he would make their acquaintance. In another minute he had rounded the bend in the gully, and once more that cry, so wild and despairing, met him as he turned. It was strange and alarming, and as he peered through the swimming mist of the falling water, he could just make out moving figures in the uncertain light.

"Blacks!" he put spurs to his horse and sprang forward. Yes, but a few yards on and the dark, lithe form of a native, spear in hand, seemed to melt out of his path, and something passed him with a sharp swish, so close that involuntarily he stooped his head. In another moment he had reached the hut, and as he leaped to the ground he saw more dusky forms disappearing behind the veil of blinding mist.

A glad cry of relief welcomed his arrival, and the rough bark door of the hut was thrown open. With quick decision Jim plucked off the bridle and struck the horse sharply with the stockwhip in his hand. Firefly threw up his head indignantly and disappeared into the storm. Then Jim stepped quickly inside the door. He had been right—there they were. There, but in evil case. On the floor, half propped against the wall of the hut, half leaning against his younger sister's shoulder, lay young Leslie, the first victim of the murderous attack of the natives. The slight shaft of the spear which had pierced his side lay on the ground beside him, while his half-glazed eyes looked up anxiously at the newcomer. "Pull it out!" he whispered huskily. Jim stooped and looked at it. "I don't know that it's safe," he said. "Now, now!" whispered the feeble voice, more huskily yet, "it hurts too much—pull it out!" Jim shook his head, then glanced a question at his sister. "Do what he asks, please," she said in a low tone. Jim drew out the spear. As he did so something struck the slight door and the sharp head and most of the shaft of a spear came through.

There was a shriek—it came from the other girl who was crouching in an agony of fear against the opposite wall of the hut. Jim gathered up the coils of his stockwhip and grasped the short loaded handle by the smaller end. "Don't be afraid," he said, reassuringly. "They won't come in while I'm here." He took his stand by the door. No more was said, and there was silence in the hut but for the weak, panting breathing of the wounded man and an occasional moan of terror from Miss Leslie. From the outside came the growl of the thunder and the monotonous splash of the falling rain. The dusky interior of the hut, dimly lighted by the little window, it's lower half barricaded by a rude shutter, flashed into splendor after the blue glare of the lightning. Slowly the minutes crept on—slower and yet more slowly came the gasping breaths of the wounded man. Gradually the lightnings paled, the long volleys of the thunder rolled sullenly away, the rain ceased, and the sun blazed out again in all his golden splendor. It was the signal for attack, and the sharp stroke and rebound of the spears grew frequent, while here and there one found its way through door or window, and stood quivering in the earthen floor.

The labored breathing of the wounded man ceased, and Jim motioned to his companions to shelter themselves under the rough table. At last! A hasty rush of naked feet upon the sodden earth—a rude impact against the frail bark door. The fastening gave way, letting the intruders fall on the earthen floor. They came at a bound through the opening, and fell headlong under the deadly stroke of the loaded whip at the very feet of the dead white man. Then the door was closed again and the silent watcher resumed his vigil.

When at last the sharp reports of half a dozen rifles told of rescue, the level rays of the western sun shone on the fragments of a broken door—shone on the calm face of a dead white man—shone on the pale faces of two terror-stricken women—shone also on the dead bodies of three natives, and on Jim, who, his long guard relieved at last, had fallen senseless in the doorway with spear wounds through thigh and shoulder.

They carried him to the house on the Mulla-Nulla slope, and when at last he recovered he rode away. Another rider has the northern boundary now, and one at least at Mulla-Nulla knows that Jim has a right to another name. One pair of bright eyes turns often in the direction where the boundary hut on the Death's Valley still stands. In one memory the last night of Jim's strong active figure as he rode away with a lingering, backward glance is a living memory still—though he was only a boundary rider. Will Jim come back to Mulla-Nulla? The question has been often asked—the answer still remains, as so much remains—perhaps. Who can tell?

### Saved Much Suffering.

REV. F. THER BUTLER'S INTERESTING EXPERIENCE.

Suffered From an Abscess in the Side which Dr. Williams' Pink Pills Cured After Other Medicines Failed. Caledonia, N. S. Gold Hunter.

Faith leads many to believe, yet when one has experienced anything and has reason to rejoice, it is far stronger proof than faith without reasonable proof. About four miles from Caledonia, along a pleasant road, passing by numerous farms, lives Rev. F. T. Butler, the parish priest of this district. Reports having come to the ears of our reporter about a wonderful cure effected by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, he called on Mr. Butler to seek information on the subject. Mr. Butler spoke in very high terms of the Pink Pills, and said they had saved him untold suffering, and perhaps saved his life. The reverend gentleman felt a little hesitancy at giving a public testimonial at first, but after our reporter remarked that if one was really grateful for a remarkable cure, he thought it was his duty to give it publicity for humanity's sake, he cheerfully consented. His story in his own words is as follows:—

"I was led to take Pink Pills through reading the testimonials in the papers. I was troubled with an abscess in my side and had tried many different medicines without avail. I took medical advice on the subject, and was told I would have to undergo an operation to cure it which would cost me about \$100. At last I determined to try Pink Pills, but without a great feeling of faith in their curing me. One box helped me and I resolved to take a three months course and give them a fair trial. I did so, and to-day I am completely cured of the abscess in my side through using Pink Pills, and I always recommend friends of mine to use Pink Pills for diseases of the blood. As Father Butler is well known throughout this county his statement is a clincher to the many wonderful testimonials that have appeared in the Gold Hunter from time to time. On enquiring at the stores of J. E. Cushing and N. F. Douglas, it was found that Pink Pills have a sale second to none. Mr. Cushing on being asked if he knew of any cures effected by them, replied that he had heard a great many personally say Pink Pills had helped them wonderfully. If given a fair and thorough trial Pink Pills are a certain cure for all diseases of the blood and nerves, such as rheumatism, neuralgia, partial paralysis, locomotor ataxia, St. Vitus' dance, nervous headache, nervous prostration and the tired feeling therefrom, the after effects of la grippe, diseases depending on humors in the blood, such as scrofula, chronic erysipelas, etc. Pink Pills give a healthy glow to pale and sallow complexions and are a specific for the troubles peculiar to the female system, and in the case of men they effect a radical cure in all cases arising from mental worry, overwork or excesses of any nature. Sold by all dealers or sent by mail, postpaid, at 50 cents a box or six boxes for \$2.50 by addressing the Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Brockville, Ont., or Schenectady, N. Y. Beware of imitations and substitutes alleged to be 'just as good.'

### Bicycles are Death on Cigars.

Another startling evil of bicycle riding has come forth. A tobacco journal grieves that the craze has caused a cigar habit to fall off among young men to a ruinous extent. This may well arouse the mothers of the American youth.

That their darlings should go flying along the public highway, risking sore throats in the open air, constantly annoyed by the twitter of birds or the giggling laughter of pretty girls, when they might be sitting safe and contented, in some dark corner, sucking at two-fers, is a danger that needs looking after.

### DOES ITS WORK IN SIX HOURS.

A Medicine That Will Relieve Distressing Kidney and Bladder Disease in Six Hours Deserves Your Attention.

Those who suffer from kidney trouble suffer acutely. Where some kinds of sickness can be borne with fortitude, it is no easy matter to exercise this virtue when one is suffering from kidney trouble. Hope may sustain a person when a medicine is being used that doctors say will eventually effect a cure. But who wants to continue an agonizing course of treatment when a medicine like South American Kidney Cure is within the reach of everyone and that is so speedy as well as certain in its effects? This new remedy has been thoroughly tested by learned physicians, and stands to-day ahead of any medicine used for this purpose. It does not pretend to cure anything else, but it does cure kidney disease. Sold by W. W. Short.

## Cured Permanently Cured OF Constitutional Scrofula BY Hood's Sarsaparilla



Miss Olive S. Carl  
Reynoldsville, Pa.

The cure of Olive Carl by Hood's Sarsaparilla has few equals in medical history. The testimonial was first published two years ago, and a letter lately received from her mother says Olive continues in good health and "We are satisfied her remarkable cure of constitutional scrofula by Hood's Sarsaparilla was permanent."

Briefly stated the case was this: "When Olive was 8 years old she had the whooping cough and measles, followed by intense pains in every joint in her body, like rheumatism. Physicians were puzzled, but after a consultation, pronounced the disease some form of

Constitutional Scrofula. "When we began to use Hood's Sarsaparilla, she could not be moved without crying out with pain, and we were compelled to cut her hair, as she could not bear the weight of it. At first the change for the better was very gradual; the pains seemed to be less frequent and the swelling in some of the joints subsided after using about one bottle. Then improvement was more rapid and one night she surprised us by telling us that we

Need Not Prop Her Up in Bed as we had done for months, and next night she surprised us still more by rolling over across the bed. From that time on the improvement was very rapid and she soon began to creep about the house and then to walk on crutches. Now she

**Hood's Sarsaparilla Cures** generally cures but one crutch, the disease having left one leg crooked, and I fear it will remain so. We feel that to Hood's Sarsaparilla we owe our child's life. I enclose the photograph of my daughter and I think it is a picture of perfect health. When I think how near she was to death's door I cannot feel thankful enough for her recovery." Mrs. J. A. Carl, Reynoldsville, Pa.

Hood's Pills the after-dinner pill and family cathartic. 25c.

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## LOTS OF LAND FOR SALE!

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 Acadia Road, adjoining the James Potter lot, and distinguished a lot No. 72 in block 11.

4. In the Parish of Wellington—A lot containing 50 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.

## AXES! AXES!

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

ANDREWS', CAMPBELL'S, FOWLER'S, BROAD'S, THORNE'S.

ORDERS PROMPTLY FILLED.

## W. H. THORNE & CO., Ltd,

MARKET SQUARE,

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WE have opened an entirely new Department for MEN'S CLOTHING and are now showing Men's Full Suits in Fancy Mixtures, Black and Navy, Men's Black coats and vests, Men's Trousers, Men's Overcoats, Men's Ulsters, Men's Reetters, Men's Tweed Waterproof Coats

So great are the improvements lately made in the cut and style of Men's Ready-Made Clothing, by the leading manufacturers, that now it is impossible to distinguish ready-made from custom-made goods. The materials are first class, the cut and style are perfect, the finish and work of the best, but the price is away below anything of the same quality that can be made to order.

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## TEAS!

Pyramid Blend, Crown Blend, Oolong, Ceylon, (in 20 lb. Cads,) Saryunes, Padre's, Kaisow's.

We are offering special value in the above goods.

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F. P. REID & CO., - - - MONCTON, N. B.

JUST RECEIVED.

A large and complete assortment of Shirts for men and boys. WHITE DRESS SHIRTS, FINE SPRING and SUMMER TOP SHIRTS, NEGLIGÉ SHIRTS, DURABLE WORKING SHIRTS, @ 50c. Also, a large stock of Men's Ready-Made Clothing, besides 70 pieces of Cloth, suitable for Suits, Coats and Vests or Pants and Vests, and 10 pieces of fine Overcoating to be sold cheap for cash.

HENRY O'LEARY, - Richibucto.

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