

**WHEN YOU NEED ANY TRUNKS or TRAVELLING BAGS SEND TO US FOR THEM.** A large assortment always in stock and **PRICES** always **RIGHT.**

**J. NRO & SON,**  
TRUNK MANUFACTURERS,  
125 & 127 Princess St.,  
St. John, N. B.

Prices on application—Send us a trial order.

**A SOLDIER'S HEART**

A cold, bleak November day; a prairie trail; a horseman in uniform, riding at a gallop.

A turn in the road; a bushwhacker hidden in the bushes; a shot, and a fall from the saddle.

It was Little Jim, our third sergeant, riding across the country to carry a dispatch. We called him Little Jim because he was small of stature and because everybody liked him. He was only a boy, and one look into his frank face and big blue eyes made you friends. The bushwhacker peered over the log and saw his victim lying on the story road and the horse galloping away in affright, and a smile of satisfaction came to his face as he rose up and hurried through the woods. War is not always war. Sometimes it is assassination—murder.

Twenty rods beyond the body lying in the road is a humble cabin, tenanted only by a woman and two children. War has forced the husband and father into the ranks. At sound of the shot and the clatter of hoofs they rise up from their frugal noonday meal and run down to the gate. A dead man is by no means a rare sight to mother and children. Scores of dead have been left on that highway in the last few weeks, and at times the cabin has been full of wounded men who groaned and cursed.

"It's a Bluenose who's been bushwhacked," whispers the mother, as she leads the way down the road, and presently the trio are looking down upon the lifeless form of our Little Jim. No, not lifeless. The bullet struck him in the side and inflicted a severe wound, but even while they gaze at him he opens his blue eyes and tries to realize his situation. "Looks just like Uncle Dan," whispers one of the children.

"Let's be good to him!" pleads the other. She would. Assisted a bit by the children, she got him to the house and had captured a prisoner and a patient at the same time. Her husband and her neighbors had come home with gunshot wounds, and she had helped to nurse them and send them back to fight for the cause she believed was right. Aside from a surgeon our Little Jim could not have fallen into better hands. She probed for the bullet and found it, and if living to-day he wears it on his watch-chain. The eastern volunteers had been holding that road for weeks and all that afternoon and evening the woman listened for the clatter of hoofs that she might report what had occurred and have her patient taken away. Not a horseman passed.

There were days and nights when Little Jim was out of his head and raving of home and mother. There were days and nights when his life hung on a thread. He had the care his own mother would have given him. Many and many a time he called her his mother, and blessed her that she had come down from the old home to nurse him back to life. By and by the crisis passed, and the soldier knew where he was and the situation outside. He knew more than the good woman would have him. That little family was being put to sore straits to find him such food as an invalid must have, and he heard the children cry out at night because they had not enough covering to keep them warm. After a few days, when he found there was no chance to get word to the loyal line, he begged of the woman to deliver him up to the rebel authorities and relieve herself of the burden. She indignantly refused, and the children, who had insisted on calling him Uncle Daniel, cried at the thought of his going away.

Pretty soon a new peril threatened. The neutral territory was given up to bushwhackers and Indians. One day a long haired, evil looking man, whose garb was that of a farmer, and who was probably the would-be assassin of Little Jim, was seen lurking about the premises. The woman put another pillow behind the soldier, handed him his revolver, and quietly said:

"I have your carbine and shall try to kill him if he persists in entering the house. If I am killed then you must take care of yourself."

The sergeant could bear every word of the conversation as the man finally advanced to the house, and the woman stepped outside to meet him.

"Look yere, w' man," he began, "who 's got in yo'r house?"

"By what right do you ask that?" she answered in turn.

"By the right everybody has to kill a cussed Canuck w' rive he kin find him. Stand aside and let me see what sort of a fowl yo've had cooped in yere for two or three weeks."

Click! Click! sounded the hammer of her carbine, and as she brought the muzzle on a line with the man's heart she said:

"There's the read! Yo' scatter! I'll count 20, and then I'll shoot!"

He backed away, muttering and cursing, and for the next three days the cabin was in a state of siege. He hung about, determined to investigate the reports which had somehow leaked out, but finding the woman on her guard he finally went away to report to the rebel authorities. Thanksgiving day came—cold, bleak and a flutter of snowflakes in the air. Little Jim had been shot just three weeks before, but such was the nursing that on this day he was helped out of bed and bolstered up in the big rocking chair at Thanksgiving dinner. Tears came to his eyes as he saw what efforts the woman had put forth and how meager the results. Mother, children and soldier were gathered at the table when there came a clatter of hoofs and a clanking of swords, and a dozen rebels galloped up to the door. At their head was a sergeant, who pushed his way in and seized wife and children and kissed them before he looked at the pale faced man at his table. He was followed by a corporal, who was scarcely inside the door before the children cried out:

"Uncle Daniel! Uncle Daniel! Our other Uncle Daniel has come home."

The bushwhacker had made his report to the nearest camp, and the sergeant had been sent to bring the prisoner in. He sat at the head of the table and heard the story, and when it was concluded he patted his wife on the head and said:

"You did just right, Mary. When a loyalist is up, he's our enemy; when he's down, we can't strike him. I wish some one else had come, though. My orders are to take him back, and I've got to do it or stand trial."

"I'll go with you," said Little Jim, waving the woman to silence. "After the kindness shown me here I won't see you get into trouble."

"It'll kill him, Jim! protested the woman. "His wound is not healed yet, and he's no more strength than a baby."

"Volunteers in sight, sir!" reported a man at the door.

"How far away?"

"About a mile."

"That lets us out. Twelve of us can't fight no thousand volunteers. Goodby, Mary; goodby, children! Say, Canuck, I'm dog-gone glad of it! Orders is orders, but I'd a-gone back to camp and told 'em it wasn't in me to bust up a dying man's Thanksgiving, no matter whether he was a rebel or a loyalist!"

Five minutes later the highway was full of volunteer cavalry, and half a dozen officers were in the house. This time it was Little Jim who told the story, and when he had finished every one put out his hand to the woman and said "God bless you!" They took the sergeant away in an ambulance, but on the plate on which he had eaten his Thanksgiving dinner they left a due reward, and many a soldier's haversack was emptied that night might be put afar off. After the war, Little Jim rode over that highway again to find the cabin in ashes, but the soldier and his family alive and well. His money built a new and better house, fenced in the fields again, bought horses and plows and seed and started the ex-rebel on the road to prosperity. Well, the sergeant feels that he can never repay the debt, and the family think there was never such another enemy in the world, and so, take it all around, it came out as good as the ending of any story, and hasn't been concluded yet.

**Rheumatism Runs Riot**  
When there is lactic acid in the blood Liniments and lotion will be of no permanent benefit. A cure can be accomplished only by neutralizing this acid and for this purpose Hood's Sarsaparilla is the best medicine because Hood's Sarsaparilla is the only true blood purifier prominently in the public eye.

Hood's Pills act easily, yet promptly and effectively, on the liver and bowels.

**Beware of Colds.**

Colds are contracted at this season, no matter what precautions are taken. It is well to take precautions, and it is also well to provide for trouble if it should come.

That is to say, no household should be without a supply of Hawker's balsam of tolu and wild cherry, a certain cure for coughs and colds and all throat and lung troubles arising from colds.

Children especially find this the best of cures, for they like its taste. It soothes and heals the irritated organs and speedily effects a complete cure. Medical men recognize its value. Whenever, therefore, a cold is contracted, the victim should at once begin the use of Hawker's balsam, and so prevent it from settling on the lungs and causing greater trouble and positive danger to life itself.

Hawker's balsam is sold by all druggists and dealers in 25ct. and 50ct. bottles, and is manufactured only by the Hawker Medicine Co. (Ltd) St. John, N. B., and New York City.

**Children Cry for**

**Rev. J. J. Nugent, now stationed at St. Leonards, Madawaska county, since his removal from Caraquet has received a strongly worded message of congratulation and good will from the Protestants of Caraquet, to which he sent a reply expressing his grateful thanks.**

A sad drowning accident occurred off Lockport, N. S., harbor, Wednesday afternoon, by which three fishermen of Westminister Head, Frank Williams, his son Frank, aged 18, and Nicholas Holland, aged 20 years, lost their lives by the capsizing and sinking of their boat. Mr. Williams leaves a wife and family.

The Canadian Pacific Railway Company is accepting wheat from North-West and Manitoba farmers in payment for land. For No. 1 they are allowing 50c a bushel, or seven cents more than the market quotation.

The first instalment of the Chinese war indemnity, £8,000,000, was paid to Japan by the Bank of England on Thursday. Representatives of China and Japan were at the bank and formally witnessed the transfer of the money.

H. C. Armstrong of Chippewa Falls, Wis., recently dreamed he was swimming and dove out of bed. He nearly broke his neck and was badly bruised.

James M. Cloughlin, aged about 22, shot and killed his mother at the latter's home, at Olneyville, R. I., Thursday. Cloughlin was recently married, and domestic troubles are believed to have been the cause of the matricide.

Sergt. Colebrooke, of the Northwest mounted police, was shot and killed by an Indian who had escaped from the barracks where he was imprisoned for cattle stealing. Colebrooke was an Englishman, and leaves a large family.

A bomb was exploded Thursday in the monastery of Corjuell, Spain, resulting in great damage. Several of the monks have died from fright caused by the explosion.

The grand jury at Washington returned an indictment against Miss Elizabeth Flagler, daughter of G. M. Flagler, chief of the U. S. ordnance department. She is charged with manslaughter in shooting Ernest Green, a young colored boy, last August, while he was picking up a pear from under a tree in the yard surrounding the Flagler residence. Miss Flagler is under bail in \$10,000.

A hunter riding through the woods near Gray's river, Wash., the other day came to a big fallen tree in his path. The ground seemed clear on the other side, and he leaped his horse over the trunk. The horse landed squarely on the back of a bear, which evidently had been asleep there. The bear was as much startled as the horse, and quickly made off, while the hunter was thrown to the ground, the horse pitching him out of the saddle sideways in its frightened leap away from the bear.

**DIABETES IS CURABLE.**

**A Well-Known Man Writes a Grateful Letter.**

**Given up to Die—He Uses Dodd's Kidney Pills and is Cured of Diabetes.**

KIRKFIELD, Ont., Nov. 7.—About two years ago I left Kansas, returning to Canada, my native land. I am a miller and own a saw and grist mill in this village. I knew before that I was not a well man, but one day in trying to lift a bag of grain, I discovered that my strength had failed. My wife induced me to take medical advice. Our local doctor, as clever as most of them did all he could for me; diagnosed my case, as did a Toronto specialist, and both pronounced my disease to be diabetes. Getting no benefit from the doctors, I was reading one of your advertisements of Dodd's Kidney Pills. At this time my skin was a yellow, sickly color, I had lost all ambition, and was so weak that I could only trail myself along, a mile's walk being too much for me.

Well, I commenced using the pills and got help inside of two weeks. This was the latter part of November last. I took eight boxes in eight weeks and am now completely cured—not a symptom left, general health good, and all the color returned to my face. My weight had been during my illness as low as one hundred and twenty pounds; it is now one hundred and seventy pounds. I was bothered with my heart and liver but these troubles have been cured along with my diabetes. My cure is perfect, I can now walk briskly for miles, and I am as well a man as ever I was although I am now past sixty-two years old. I am well known in all this country; have two sons in Toronto and am a brother of Wm. McKenzie, President of the Toronto Street Railway Co.

I will answer all questions of any one desiring to write me if the writer will enclose a stamp for reply.

Gratefully yours truly,  
DUNCAN MCKENZIE.

Dodd's Kidney Pills is the only medicine in the world ever known to cure diabetes.

**Pitcher's Castoria.**



West Lebanon, N. H.

**Dartmouth Professors Called It Incurable**

**But Hood's Sarsaparilla Perfectly Cured**

**A Frightful Ulcer Conquered.**

"In 1888 a little sore gathered on my left ankle which soon became painful and broke open, discharging freely. The family physician termed it an ulcer, commonly known as an old man's sore, due to the poor state of my blood. The doctor's treatment did not seem to benefit me as the sore spread to the size of a saucer. I was greatly run down by it and had to give up business. The doctors said owing to my advanced age it was their opinion

**The Sore was Incurable.**

In 1888 I made a trip to the faculty at Dartmouth College, determined to have the ulcer operated upon. The surgeons deemed it inadvisable to perform an operation on the ankle, claiming that my advanced age, 78 years, in itself was a barrier, and that only temporary relief could be given. I returned to my home at West Lebanon discouraged and disheartened. I was pining over my misfortune when a friend urged me to give Hood's Sarsaparilla a trial. I bought a bottle. I had taken only a part of it before I noted a change in my case. The eruption took on a healthy

**Hood's Sarsaparilla Cures**

appearance. I persevered with the medicine, my faith in it having been greatly increased as the beneficial effects became apparent. I took six bottles of the medicine and at the end of that time the sore

**Had Completely Healed,**

only the scar remaining as a reminder of the suffering I had undergone. The effects of the medicine was also beneficial to my whole system. I have not felt so well for years." JOHN S. CUFFIE, West Lebanon, New Hampshire.

**N. B. - Be sure to get Hood's.**

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

For Sale at **SHORT'S DRUG STORE.**

**WESTMORLAND Marble Works,**

**T. F. SHERARD & SON,**  
Dealers in Monuments, Tablets, Headstones.

Cemetery work of every description neatly executed. Orders promptly filled.

MONCTON, N. B. (aug31st)

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SAINT LOUIS, N. B.

DEALER IN

**Dry Goods, Boots & Shoes, Rubber Goods, etc.**

Selling Cheap for Cash.

**Watchmaker and Photographer**  
Clocks and Watches repaired at short notice and satisfaction guaranteed.

**Thos. L. Bourke,**

IMPORTER AND WHOLESALE

**WINE & SPIRIT**

**MERCHANT,**

11, 13 AND 25 WATER STREET,

ST. JOHN, N. B.

**COLLECTOR'S NOTICE!**

The undermentioned non-residents of District No. 1 in the Parish of Richibucto, in the County of Kent, are hereby requested to pay to the undermentioned Collector the amounts of County, and Road Tax, as set opposite their names, together with the cost of this advertisement, (\$1.00 each) within sixty days from date, 3rd October, 1895, otherwise legal proceedings will be taken to recover the same.

Name.	County Tax.	Road Tax.
McLeod, Geo. K.,	\$21.15	\$1.25
Bell, John T. (Estate)	2.23	50
Black, Geo.	5.64	50
Gester, John,	2.21	

ROBERT COCHRANE,

Collector  
Richibucto, Kent Co., 3rd Oct. 1895.

**Advertise in The Review**

**SMELT NETS.**

Now is the time to order

**Smelt Nets**

at Lowest Prices from

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

**MARKET SQUARE,**

**St. John, N. B.**

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 Reeters, 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.

**MANCHESTER, ROBERTSON & ALLISON, ST. JOHN, N. B.**

**J. H. CARNALL,**

**Taxidermist and Naturalist,**

98 King Street, (top stairs) St. John, N. B.

Birds and Animals mounted in the best style of the art. Moose and Caribou Heads mounted in the best style. Furs of all kinds dressed. Good collection on hand for sale. Skins tanned and made into mats. Rare birds bought and fair prices paid. Arctic Owls particularly required. I guarantee that no moths will appear in my work.

**TEAS!**

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

We are offering special value in the above goods.

**WHOLESALE ONLY**

**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.**

ESTABLISHED 1889.

**The Review,**

RICHIBUCTO, NEW BRUNSWICK.

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