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THE SILENT DEACON.

Deacon Lee, who was a kindly, silent, faithful, gracious man, was one day waited upon by a restless, ambitious, worldly church member who was laboring to create uneasiness in the church, and especially to drive away the preacher. The deacon came in to meet his visitor who, after the usual greetings, began to lament the low state of religion, and inquired as to the reason why there had been no revival for two or three years past.

"Now what is the cause of things being dull here? Do you know?" he persisted in asking.

"The deacon was not ready to give his opinion, and after a little thought frankly answered:

"No, I don't."

"Do you think the church is alive to the work before it?"

"No, I don't."

"Do you think the minister fully realizes the solemnity of his work?"

"No, I don't."

A twinkle was seen in the eye of this troublemaker in Zion, and taking courage he asked:

"Do you think his sermon on 'their eyes were holden,' anything wonderfully great?"

"No, I don't."

Making bold after this encouragement in monosyllables, he asked:

"Then don't you think we had better dismiss this man and hire another?"

The old deacon started as if shot with an arrow and in a louder tone than his wont, shouted:

"No, I don't."

"Why," cried the amazed visitor, "you agree with me in all I have said, don't you?"

"No, I don't."

"You talk so little, sir," replied the guest, not a little abashed, "that no one can find out what you mean."

"I talked enough once," replied the old man rising to his feet, "for six praying Christians. Thirty-six years ago I got my heart humbled and my tongue bridled, and ever since that I have walked softly, before God. I then made vows solemn as eternity; and don't you tempt me to break them."

The troublemaker was startled at the earnestness of the hitherto silent, immovable man and asked:

"What happened you thirty years ago?"

"Well, sir, I'll tell you. I was drawn into a scheme just like this of yours, to uproot one of God's servants from the field in which He had planted him. In my blindness I fancied it a little thing to remove one of the 'stars' which Jesus holds in His right hand, if thereby my ear could be tickled by more flowery words and the pews filled with those turned away from the simplicity of the Gospel. I and the men that led me—for I admit that I was a dupe and a fool—flattered ourselves that we were conscientious. We thought we were doing God service when we drove that holy man from his pulpit and his work, and said we considered his work ended in B——, where I then lived. We groaned because there was no revival, while we were gossiping about and criticizing and crushing instead of upholding by our efforts and our prayers, the instrument at whose hand we harshly demanded the blessings. Well, sir, he could not drag on the chariot of salvation with half a dozen taunting him for his weakness, while we hung as dead weights to the wheel; he had not the power of the spirit and could not convert men, so we hunted him like a deer till worn and bleeding, he fled into a covert to die. Scarcely had he gone when God came among us by His Spirit to show us that He had blessed the labors of His dear rejected servant."

Our own hearts were broken and our wayward children converted and I resolved at a convenient season to visit my former pastor and confess my sin, and thank him for his faithfulness to my wayward sons, which, like long buried seed, had now sprung up. But God denied me that relief, that He might teach me a lesson every child of His ought to learn, that he who toucheth one of His servants touches the apple of His eye. I heard my pastor was ill, and taking my eldest son with me set out on a twenty-five mile ride to see him. It was evening when I arrived, and his wife, with the spirit which any woman ought to exhibit toward one which had so wronged her husband, denied me admission to his chamber. She said, and the

words were arrows to my soul, 'He may be dying, and the sight of your face might add to his anguish.' 'Had it come to this,' I said to myself, 'that the man whose labors had, through Christ, brought me into His fold, who had consoled my spirit in a terrible bereavement, and who had, till designing men had alienated us, been to me as a brother—that the man could not die in peace with my face before him?' 'God pity me,' I cried, 'what have I done?' I confessed my sin to that weak woman and I implored her for Christ's sake, to let me kneel before His dying servant and receive his forgiveness. What did I care then whether the pews by the door were rented or not? I would gladly have taken his whole family to my home forever as my own flesh and blood, but no such happiness was in store for me.

As I entered the room of the blessed warrior whose armor was falling from his limbs he opened his languid eyes and said, 'Brother Lee, Brother Lee?' I bent over him and sobbed out my story! Then raising his white hand he said in a deep, impressive voice, 'Touch not mine anointed, and do my prophets no harm.' I spoke tenderly to him, and told him how I had come to confess my sins and bring some of his fruits to him, calling my son to tell how he had found Christ. But he was unconscious of all around; the sight of my face had brought the last pang of earth to his troubled spirit.

I kissed his brow and told him how dear he had been to me. I craved his pardon for my unfaithfulness, and promised to care for his widow and fatherless little ones, but his only reply, murmured as if in a troubled dream, was 'Touch not mine anointed, and do my prophets no harm.'

I stayed by him all night and at day-break I closed his eyes. I offered the widow a house to live in the remainder of her days but, like a heroine, she said, 'I freely forgive you. But my children, who entered deeply into their father's anguish, shall never see me so regardless of his memory as to take anything from those who caused it. He has left us with his covenant God, and He will care for us.'

Well, sir, those dying words sounded in my ears from that coffin and that grave.

When I slept Christ stood before my dream saying, 'Touch not mine anointed, and do my prophets no harm.' These words followed me till I fully realized the esteem in which Christ holds these men who have given up all for His sake, even if they are not perfect.

And since that day, sir, I have talked less than before, and have supported my pastor even if he is not a very extraordinary man. My tongue shall cleave to the roof of my mouth and my right hand forget her cunning before I dare put asunder what God has joined together. When a minister's work is done in a place I believe that God will show it to him. I will not join you, sir, in the scheme that brought you here; and, moreover, if I hear another word of this from your lips I shall ask my brethren to deal with you as with those who cause divisions. I would give all I own to recall what I did thirty years ago. Stop where you are, and pray God, if perchance the thought of your heart may be forgiven you."

This decided reply put an end to the newcomer's efforts to get a minister who could make more stir, and left him free to lay out roads and build hotels.

There is often great power in the little word "No," sometimes it requires not a little courage to speak it so resolutely as did the silent deacon.

An Evil Follower

Consumption follows neglected colds. Norway Pine Syrup cures coughs, asthma, sore throat, bronchitis and lung troubles. Price 25 and 50c.

The Prizes Awarded.

The final awards in the literary competition offered by the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co. of Brockville, Ont., have just been announced. The decision as to the order of merit of the five stories selected was left to a vote of the readers, and that great interest was taken in the matter is shown by the fact that 16,728 votes were recorded. "A Night on Crookback," by Dana, (Mr. R. S. Smellie, Toronto) received 4655 votes, the largest number cast and is awarded first prize. "The Lady of Beauce," by Othman, (The. Swift, Ottawa) comes second with 4403 votes. "The Fall of York," by Allan Douglas Brodie, (T. Herbert Chestnut, Toronto), was the third with 3004 votes. "The House of Eolalie" by Margery Tooker, (Mrs. C. F. Fraser, Halifax, N. S.), has the fourth place with 2500 votes. "The New Eden," by Jagon, (C. B. Keenleyside, Brantford), 2166 votes is awarded fifth prize. The prizes are \$100, \$75, \$50, \$25 and \$25. The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co. deserves much credit for so liberally assisting in developing a Canadian literary talent.

Orilla's Prominent Furniture Dealer Gives Facts.

Orilla, Feb. 10d, 1894

EDMUNDSON, BATES & CO.,

Gentlemen.—About three or four weeks ago I had an attack of itching piles. I tried two or three different remedies recommended by druggists as "the best and only cure," etc., etc., but got no relief. About the time I was beginning to despair of finding any relief, with some slight misgivings I bought a box of your medicine, which I am pleased to say gave me almost instant relief and permanent cure. I consider your Ointment a God-sent cure, J. DEAN.

Hale And Hearty At 70.

WHAT "FATHER" TOULL THINKS OF A POPULAR REMEDY.

Suffered for Twenty Years From Heart Troubles—His Doctor Said He Might Drop Dead at Any Moment—Tells How He overcame the Trouble.

From the Ingersoll Chronicle.

That a sound mind in a sound body is one of the best and greatest gifts of a kind Providence no one will deny. Mankind in all ages have sought to obtain the elixir of life, have hunted for some means of prolonging health, vigor and vitality—have in fact hoped that they might find "Some blithe wine Or bright elixir peerless they could drink And so become immortal."

But while man can hardly hope to attain that coveted prize this side of the eternal world, yet it is evident to all who give the subject any consideration, that modern science, skill and education in the treatment of the ills that flesh is heir to, have worked wonders in restoring the human body to its original "form divine," and in relieving many sufferers from untold misery, bringing them back to health and happiness, and giving them a feeling that life is indeed worth living. A case in point, in our own town, having reached the ears of a reporter of the Chronicle the scribe determined to satisfy his curiosity by calling on the party who had had such a happy experience and investigate



"Busily at Work."

for himself. He called at the boot and shoe shop of Mr. John Toull, King St. west, and on entering the building the reporter found "Father Toull" as he is familiarly known in town, busily at work on a pair of shoes for one of his customers at the same time humming over to himself the tune of a cherished hymn, for by the way, in his younger days Mr. Toull was considered a good local preacher among the Methodists of this section and frequently filled the pulpits of some of our local churches in the pastor's absence, and he still loves to sing, preach or expostulate on some scripture theme or favorite hymn.

The reporter was cordially received, and on making known his business, the old man's countenance brightened and his eyes sparkled with delight. It was interesting to note the fervency with which he volunteered, as he said for the sake of humanity, to tell what he could of his case, and we will let it be told in his own words. He said: "For twenty years I was subject to heart trouble and could get no relief, although I had tried almost everything that kind friends recommended to me. My family physician would sometimes give me some medicine that would help me for a short time, but without permanent benefit. He told me I might drop dead at any moment, and I tell you I expected to do so on many occasions. I had heard of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills when they first came out but I had used so many remedies that I just about lost faith in everything of that kind, and had become resigned to my fate. However, I came in contact with so many that had used Pink Pills, and who assured me that they had been benefited by their use, that at last I decided to give them a trial, and several years ago I commenced taking them. I continued their use until I had taken eight boxes, and I am now happy to say that I have never had a symptom of the disease since, and I am convinced that by the blessing of God, Pink Pills cured me. I might also say that last fall I was attacked with rheumatism, which became so bad that I could scarcely walk from my work to the house, and for a long time I could not get out to church. I tried a number of things recommended to me, but received no good from their use, so I said to myself one day, Pink Pills did me so much good before for my heart trouble, I'll try them again, so I gave them another fair trial, with the result that the rheumatism has all gone out of my bones, and I have not been troubled a bit with it since. Everyone, said the old man, as he waxed warm over the thought of his happy experience, who knows old Father Toull, knows that what he tells is the truth."

After thanking Mr. Toull for his kindness and courtesy, the reporter left the shop with the same opinion as to the truth of his statements, and impressed with the belief that from his rugged, hearty appearance and cheerful disposition, the old gentleman is still good for many years, of a beautiful, contented life.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are the greatest blood builder and nerve restorer known to medical science, and cure when all other remedies fail. If not kept by your dealer they will be sent post paid on receipt of 50 cents a box or six boxes for \$2.50, by addressing the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont., or Schenectady, N. Y. Get the genuine; imitations and substitutes are worthless—perhaps dangerous.

Blood Poisoned

In Dreadful Condition Till Hood's Sarsaparilla Cured.



After Typhoid Fever the system is not only left in a debilitated condition, but the blood is often poisoned by the germs of disease, as in the following case:

"My case has been such a severe one and I have suffered so much that I think ought to tell how I have been cured by only two bottles of Hood's Sarsaparilla. Four years ago I had typhoid fever—was sick about forty days—and barely pulled through with health about ruined. The effects of poisoned blood manifested themselves in dreadful ulcers. They prevented my returning to work, and for three years I was able to labor only a few days at a time. The sores discharged continuously so that I had to keep them bandaged. I had six physicians at different times, and was given temporary relief. But as soon as I began to work hard the sores would break out again as bad as ever. For weeks at a time I could not get out of the house, and for over two years I could not bear my weight on my right leg and had to walk with a cane. I began taking Hood's Sarsaparilla in February, 1894, and in two weeks noticed an improvement."

The Terrible Itching and Burning grew less venomous and fiery, and when I had taken only two bottles and used one box of Hood's Olive Ointment and two boxes of Hood's Pills, the sores had all healed, leaving only scars as a reminder of my dreadful sufferings. My general bodily health has also wonderfully improved. I had been reduced almost to a skeleton, from 160 to 130 pounds, which I have now regained. Hood's Sarsaparilla has restored my mental health also, and I can think, remember and act as promptly as ever. Typhoid fever ruined my health for four years and cost me \$3000. Two bottles of Hood's Sarsaparilla have given me health and new ambition." E. B. RAMSAY, Summerside, Prince Edward Is.

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The Queen has formally prorogued Parliament until the middle of February, when it will meet for the transaction of business.

About a Grippe.

The public does not hear as much about the grippe as when this terrible epidemic first appeared. It is said that familiarity breeds contempt, and it may be so in this case. For grippe is still with us, and finds many a victim. Its after effects are as much to be dreaded as ever, and too many cases cannot be taken to the system against them, or against the disease itself. It makes the strong weak and weak more wretched still. The loss of appetite, the shattered nerves, the impaired digestion, the sleeplessness, the loss of energy and ability for sustained labor, either mental or physical, that are its results, can be replaced by health and vigor through the agency of Hawker's nerve and stomach tonic. No remedy before the public is supported by a more influential and convincing array of testimonials from well known people who have proved its value. It restores lost appetite, gives new richness to the blood, rebuilds the wasted nerve tissue, induces healthful slumber, and gives back the will and the power to do life's work well. Hawker's nerve and stomach tonic will overcome the after effects of a grippe in every instance where it is faithfully used according to directions. It is sold by all druggists and dealers at fifty cents per bottle or six bottles for \$2.50, and is manufactured only by the Hawker Medicine Co. (Ltd), St. John, N. B. and New York City.

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