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TRUNK MANUFACTURERS,  
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St. John, N. B.

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#### A MYSTERIOUS CLERK.

The following advertisement appeared in the Rome, N. Y., Sentinel some years ago:

"Bookkeeper—The services of a competent accountant are desired by the advertiser to take charge of the books and correspondence of a flourishing business. Liberal salary and permanent position is offered to one with proper credentials. Address—"

A hundred applicants presented themselves at the establishment of Mr. Corlis, and among the competitors there came a modestly attired person, who, more than the others, seemed, at first sight, acceptable to the proprietor.

The address of this applicant seemed quiet and pleasant. His whole appearance that of an earnest, well-disposed man, who was desirous to get along in the world.

He brought with him and presented to Mr. Corlis, a few brief letters of recommendation from persons residing in Rochester, and exhibited a draft for a limited sum upon a responsible banking house in the latter city. His story was simple and straightforward, and his manners were altogether prepossessing. He wrote a fair business hand; his credentials proved satisfactory to the not over-cautious Mr. Corlis, and he was engaged.

Ernest Maywood—for thus the applicant signed his name—proved a model clerk. He must have been some thirty years of age when he entered the employ of Mr. Corlis. He might have been five years younger perhaps. He seemed to have the experience of a man of forty, at least, for he was cunning in accounts, and his knowledge of the ramifications of debit and credit was extraordinary.

His varied qualifications were quickly brought into requisition, and his employer very soon came to esteem him for his accuracy in mercantile matters, as well as for the evident goodness of character that marked his continually upright and honest course of conduct.

Mr. Corlis had a daughter, his only child in whom were centered all his hopes. The father thought he saw in the character of his new clerk business qualities most desirable, and he believed him to be a man of integrity and worth; and at the end of a year he secretly determined upon bringing about an intimacy between Ernest and his daughter, with a view to making him his partner at the fitting moment, and subsequently, if possible, to uniting his daughter with him in marriage.

Maywood had once or twice been the guest of his employer at dinner, where he had been introduced to the fair and agreeable Miss Corlis, and an evening or two had been passed by him at her father's house; but nothing occurred to offer the parent a hope that his employee had been affected in any wise by his daughter's charms.

Thus the months passed quietly by; Maywood continued on in the same plodding, untiring round of duty, always at his post, ever devoted to his employer's interests, and more than satisfying the expectations of the thriving Mr. Corlis, who was fortunate indeed in the selection he had made in his new confidential clerk.

"Ernest," said his employer to him one morning, "I voluntarily increased your salary last January, because you merited it, though you did not mention the subject yourself. Two years ago to-day you became my bookkeeper. The balance sheet exhibits a handsome profit upon the last year's business, to which result you have largely contributed, directly and indirectly. I now propose to offer you an interest in the business, and from this date, if you agree to it, you shall become a partner."

The offer was a liberal one. The income derivable from such a share of the profits would have quintupled Maywood's income. On the part of his employer, it was the opening wedge for his future plan of marrying his daughter well, and to his mind. The clerk's decision—a declaration—instantly but frankly and kindly given, astounded the generous Mr. Corlis.

Maywood said he was content as he was. His salary was ample, and was a full equivalent for his humble services. He did not desire it increased. He had no use for more money than his position now yielded him. He had no wish to incur additional responsibilities. He was happy, and if Mr. Corlis was satisfied, so was he. And there the matter dropped.

Maywood continued in the performance of his duties, and Mr. Corlis quietly awaited an opportunity to carry out his

long-cherished plan of reference to his daughter's prospects; while Miss Corlis lost no fitting occasion to second her parents' views and wishes.

"Time flies with silent wings." Another year elapsed without any peculiar change in the relations of the parties about whom we have written.

One day a frightful collision took place at the railroad station in Rome, near which was Mr. Corlis' place of business. He and Maywood were among the first on the scene, and were actively employed in their offices of kindness to the unfortunates, when the figure of a plainly dressed man was borne from a wrecked car, and Maywood followed closely upon the steps of his employer. The fatally injured man opened his eyes as the clerk came up, gazed fearfully at him, and shrieking the broken syllable "May—" expired.

Maywood started back, horror-struck! For an instant he was paralyzed! That face and voice—that last glance! The clerk was bewildered, and motionless as a statue—and the body was taken away.

Maywood, in the confusion, fled. Subsequent search for him proved futile. He disappeared altogether, and all efforts to find him, or to learn of his whereabouts or his fate, were alike in vain. After weeks of unavailing inquiry the belief of his employer settled into no very satisfactory channel, though he feared that Maywood had either met with an accident amid the terrible confusion, or that he must have committed suicide, and his place was filled in the counting-house, while the business of the establishment went on as before.

What disposal the bookkeeper had made of his surplus earnings, from time to time, if he had any, or whether he had saved any portion of his income, was unknown to his late employer. Inquiries were instituted, and all the means at hand likely to afford any light upon the singular and sudden disappearance were availed of—but to no purpose. Maywood was gone!

Six years, with their round of joys and sorrows, pains and pleasures, changes and fortunes, had passed away, after the accident related, when one evening there halted before the door of Mr. Corlis a carriage from which alighted a lady and a gentleman who inquired if the merchant were at home. They were shown into the drawing-room, and the cards of "Mr. and Mrs. Ervine" were sent up. The name was not familiar, either to Mr. Corlis or his daughter.

"Ervine?" said the father. "Ervine? I do not recognize the name."

Mr. Corlis soon after entered the apartment, followed by his daughter, and the strangers rose to pay their respects.

"Mr. Ervine," said the merchant. "I am happy to meet you; but, really, I do not recollect—"

"No," said the stranger, "I never had the pleasure of meeting you before. This is my wife, however," he added, presenting the modestly attired lady who accompanied him. "She says you will probably recollect her."

The lady advanced, offered her hand to Mr. Corlis and his daughter, and said:

"Surely, Mr. Corlis, you have not forgotten me?"

"Maywood!" exclaimed father and daughter together.

"You are right," said the lady, calmly. "But how is this?" asked the merchant.

"When did this change occur? A woman!"

"Sit down, my dear sir, said the lady, "and I will at once unravel what must have seemed a most mysterious proceeding in your estimation; but which, under the circumstances, could not be otherwise."

"Nearly twenty years ago, in Rochester, I married a man of whom I knew too little, and who proved himself utterly unworthy of the confidence and love of her whom he grossly deceived, before and after our union. His habits were dissolute; he soon became a confirmed inebriate; our prospectively happy home shortly became a scene of continuously riotous dissipation; his little property, with my own, was squandered, and, before five years had passed, we were homeless, penniless, friendless."

"When I could no longer bear up under the cruel treatment to which I was subjected, I made a final appeal to him. In his drunken wrath he shockingly abused me, and, in despair, I fled from the scene of my early miseries. I adopted my maiden name of Maywood, procured the letters of recommendation which you have seen, and, having acquired a knowledge of books and accounts in earlier years, assumed the habiliments of the ruder sex, believing that I could thus better earn a subsistence."

"I came here, entered your employ, saved a few hundred dollars, and you remember the terrible occurrence which immediately preceded my disappearance?"

"The accident at the station?"

"Yes. We were hurrying about among the wounded, as you recollect, when my eye suddenly fell upon one of the dying sufferers."

"Yes, yes; I remember."

"That man was my husband!"

There were tears in the eyes of the little woman who listened to this singular tale of woe.

"I recognized him, and he half pronounced the name of Mary, my baptismal name, as I hurried about amid the excited crowd of that fearful occasion. Stunned

and bewildered by the trying position in which I thus suddenly found myself placed, and fearful of the results of exposure, I knew not what to do, or scarcely what I did."

"He did not survive the accident, however; and, two hours afterward, in homely female attire, I claimed his unfortunate remains. None recognized me in my plain apparel, and surely none could suspect that the veiled and plainly-attired woman who followed the corpse to its last resting place was in fact the bookkeeper of the well-known Mr. Corlis."

"I left Rome forthwith. Through your kindness and liberality I had been able to lay by a considerable sum of money and I departed for the West, and, once more among total strangers, I continued the resumption of the habiliments and habits of my sex. With the means at my command I continued to live quietly and respectably, until some two years ago I met this gentleman, who offered me his hand. I am now Mrs. Ervine, and this is my husband, sir."

As may well be imagined, a happy reunion succeeded this denouement of the long time mystery which had shrouded the sudden disappearance of Mr. Corlis' bookkeeper. And the reader may be assured that Mr. and Mrs. Ervine were not only very welcome in the rich merchant's family, but that the newly wedded pair became the future fast friends of "Maywood's" former employer and his extended social circle.

#### WORD FROM KOOTENAY.

Good Mining Prospects for the Year and Increased Facilities to Miners.

NELSON (Special) Oct. 21.—The mining prospects for next year in this locality are excellent, and a large influx of prospectors is expected. Miners and others coming in have been in the habit of bringing with them large quantities of Dodd's Kidney Pills, a remedy which they all swear by, and whose virtues they have extolled to such an extent, that the druggists throughout the section have become alive to the necessity of laying in large supplies to meet the greatly increasing demand. The remedy is generally regarded as an indispensable part of a miners outfit both for its portability and a value in preserving health which cannot be overestimated.

#### A Snake Story.

A correspondent some time ago witnessed a queer sight. He was going along the edge of a lake near which was a swamp. He saw a huge grey snake. Near by he also saw a frog. The frog was travelling in the direction of the snake, apparently unmindful of his peril, for snakes love frog and toads. But this frog had evidently been to school.

As soon as the frog came in reach he sprang for him. The frog, seeing him, as-sayed to get away, making a high leap toward the water. But the snake was too quick for him and got between him and the water. It was then that the frog manifested his schooling. He picked up a twig about four inches long and held it in his mouth like a bit. I wondered what for, and, when I ascertained, said to myself: "Nick, that is the smartest frog in the country."

The snake seized the frog by the foreleg, and lengthening out proceeded to get outside of him. He opened his jaws and wriggled forward. In went the frog's leg, and then after many efforts, the snake got the frog's nose and part of his head in until he came to the twig, which, extending an inch beyond and across his own jaws, queered him and saved the frog. The snake writhed and wriggled frantically. He relaxed the muscles of his jaws, but all in vain.

I laughed so hard and so long that I became weak in my knees and had to sit down and rest before I looked for a club to help the frog out of the difficulty. Then I got a big stick and moved quickly down upon the snake, who was just then too busy to hear me.

With one strong well directed blow I broke his spine and paralyzed him, and his jaws relaxed, the frog backed out, dropped the twig, looked up at me and gave a croak of thanks. Before I could reach him he gave two leaps and was in his element.

#### Justice.

Rev. Thomas Cumming, Truro, N. S.: It is only justice to say that your K. D. C. has been several times used by members of my family, and always with good results."

These burdens of life, palpitation of the heart, nervousness, headache, and gloomy forebodings will quickly disappear if you use K. D. C. The Greatest Cure of the Age for all forms of Indigestion.

#### Devilled Oysters.

Put the juice of fifty oysters over the fire, and when hot stir in four ounces of butter rubbed with a tablespoonful of flour; add a tablespoonful of cracker crumbs, salt, pepper and mustard to taste (about half a teaspoonful of dry mustard) and bring to a boil. Now put in the oysters; set back on the range; let them stand for a minute, and pour into a hot tureen.

Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria.



Ware, Mass.

#### He Had Hip Disease

Seven Running Sores—Three Months in the Hospital

Took Hood's Sarsaparilla—Gave Up His Crutches—Perfectly Well.

"C. I. Hood & Co., Lowell, Mass.:"

"Dear Sirs:—I gladly state what Hood's Sarsaparilla has done for my boy. About six years ago he fell down the cellar stairs. He did not seem to be much hurt at the time, but two or three weeks after, he began to have pains in his right knee so badly that we called a doctor and he

Termed the Trouble Rheumatism, but his treatment did not seem to do the boy any good. He kept complaining more and more, and we had several doctors treat him, but they did him no good, and his trouble continued to grow worse. He became so lame that he could not walk. A prominent physician in Boston was consulted and he termed the affliction contraction of the muscles. His treatment also failed. As his leg began to cramp up besides paining him severely in his knee, we took the boy to New York where he was examined by two physicians, and they pronounced it

#### A Case of Hip Disease.

We had a brace made to keep the leg from cramping, and upon the doctor's advice we again took him to Boston, this time to the Children's Hospital. He was there three months during which time they made an operation on his leg and did all they could for him, but they did not effect a cure. When we brought him home had seven running sores on his leg. He could not put his foot on the ground. At last

**Hood's Sarsaparilla Cures**

we were advised to give Hood's Sarsaparilla a trial. This was about a year ago. The boy seemed to gain after the first bottle and today he can walk, run and play as lively as any boy, the sores having all healed up, and he is

#### The Picture of Health.

He goes to school daily without the aid of crutches. I hope Hood's Sarsaparilla may be as much benefit to others." JOHN C. BOYLE, 45 Water St., Ware, Mass.

Hood's Pills act harmoniously with Hood's Sarsaparilla.

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Dealers in Monuments, Tablets, Headstones.

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

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**MERCHANT,**

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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 E, 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 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. PRINNEY,  
Richibucto, March 6th, 1894.

All parties are hereby forbidden to trespass upon any of the said lots.

J. D. P.

# 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 Reefers, 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, (up 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.

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

We are offering special value in the above goods.

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**JUST RECEIVED.**

A large and complete assortment of Shirts for men and boys. WHITE DRESS SUITS, 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,

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