

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

JOHN J. MUNRO & SON, TRUNK MANUFACTURERS, 125 & 127 Princess St., St. John, N. B.

Prices on application—Send us a trial order.

THE MORAVIAN BRIDE

It was the 1st of August, the brightest, sunniest month of all the year, when the bleak northern coast of Labrador takes on a fleeting garb of emerald green; when the boisterous winds subside to gentle zephyrs, and the tumultuous ocean, seemingly entranced, rests from its labors and lovingly laps the shore.

In one of the broad channels between the thousand rock isles which gird the main, a large brig lay becalmed. Her sails hung idly from the yellow yards, and the helmsman no longer maintained a pretense of directing her.

In the vessel's waist the captain, a bachelor of forty years, promenade back and forth with a young woman, who lightly rested a gloved hand on his arm.

"So you have never seen his photograph?" he asked.

"No; not even that," she answered, absently.

"You know no more of him than merely this: That he is yet in his novitiate, acting as keeper of the Mission store; that he is 24 and wants a wife, and is willing to accept the Bishop's choice. Yet you come across the sea to share his lot; to sacrifice your inclinations and desires; to bury yourself for life in this wild land."

"A sacrifice it may be, sir," she said. "How great I did not feel when we set sail."

"A wave of hope and passionate longing flooded the captain's heart. It shone from his clear brown eyes as he turned to face her.

"It is too great a sacrifice," he said with warmth. "The pity of it! and there is one would give—"

She looked at him strangely, and withdrew her hand.

"You forget, sir," she interrupted. "It is the Bishop's will. He holds my promise made before the church. I did not know then all it meant to me, but I had time for thought and was not urged. It is my duty and my work in life."

"The sense of such a duty is absurd!" "No, no," she broke in hurriedly. "You are a valued servant of our church; your Christian duty is to help me."

"My duty as a man—"

But she disappeared within the companion-way, and vexed, he turned impatiently to the lounging helmsman, severely re-alling him to his neglected post.

In the solitude of her cabin she flung herself upon the cushioned locker, the captain's words still ringing in her ears. He loved her! Of that she felt assured. And she? But no! She must not dare not think of that!

Could it be a mistaken sense of duty? She was the daughter of missionaries, generation upon generation, and following in the very footsteps her mother had traced a score of years before. Although she had lived at home but to the age of seven she remembered as though it were but yesterday, the story of her mother's early life, as she herself had told it; and narrowly the girl compared that life with what her own had been, seeking to find some jot of difference.

She knew the harmony of her parents' lives, each kind and thoughtful of the other's weal; their only sorrow the parting from their child, and this they both agreed was wise and best. How else could children of the wilderness be fitted for useful lives? It was a rule dictated by the church, to which they owed obedience as salvation's price.

These mission-born children were educated by the church in the belief that duty to it was paramount; the wishes of its clergy were commands; the Bishop's will an edict from on high. The boys were trained to fill their father's place; the girls to make the missionaries wives; the men to take what wives the church bestowed; the women to marry without choice such husbands as the Bishop might award.

And that the church had wisdom on its side was proved by the universal happiness to which those thus united testified.

And yet she could not reconcile herself. Her innate modesty revolted at the idea of surrendering herself to a perfect stranger. How could she fall to love him, to despise this man, who, without one spark from the flaming altar of true love, would willingly take her for his wife.

And she herself would make this union possible!

An overpowering loathing of herself possessed her with the thought, a terror she strove vainly to control; and the per-

up torrent of her dread burst forth, sweeping her way upon its turbulent waves in paroxysms of despairing tears.

An atmosphere of feverish expectancy pervaded the usually quiet surroundings of the Post. People were hastily gathering from all quarters upon the little mound beside the church. The oil depot and factory were deserted and the wolfish dogs might pass the unguarded door and drink their fill from the uncovered vats of oil.

The missionary's tidy children jostled with the crowd of natives, unnoticed by their nurse. The baker and brewer stood on the Mission-house porch, puffing vigorously at his long Dutch pipe, while his little frau beside him conversed excitedly with the gardener's wife, who leaned from an open lattice.

A rising hum of eager voices came from the hillock, where the throng of dusky Esquimaux was steadily increasing and every eye was strained to the entrance to the little bay.

The cause of this unusual agitation had been a signal gunshot from the hill, fired by the sentry stationed there to keep a look-out for the long-expected ship. It was to bring them news from over the sea, the history of the great world's doings for a year; letters from friends and relatives, presents and messages, supplies and stores; their first intelligence for a long twelve months. What wonder, then, that they looked forward anxiously, counting the months and weeks and days and hours, until the time the vessel should arrive.

And one there was to whom it brought a bride. He was the youngest white man at the Post. He had her picture, brought through the winter snows and stormy twilight by the native messenger who journeyed over the frozen snows with his sledges to the lower Missions, where he met the factor of the great company, buying furs, and who brought a few precious letters to the Post, forwarded by a winter courier from Quebec.

Two thousand miles the print had come by sledge, and every day the young man studied it, noting the charms of youthful eyes and mouth, of rounded cheek and wavy hair, speculating upon her character and longing for, yet dreading, that momentous time when they should meet to either love or hate.

Which should it be, and could he gain her love? How should he greet her? He, a gawky youth, who, guarded in his school ascetically trained, had no experience with the other sex, regarding them as quite beyond his ken, knew nothing of the pangs of boyish love, and only had a crude abstract idea of the happiness, duties, sacrifice and pain involved in the mysteries of married life.

The elder of the post had said the time was ripe for him to take a wife. Obedient to the magnate of the church, he had written, at dictation, his request.

And now the signal shot had let them know the vessel bringing her was drawing near.

He left the store with speed, fled to his room, bathed, combed and dressed him in his best; looked at the photograph and put it back within its velvet cover next his heart, laughed and half cried, and paced the polished floor and through the open window nervously watched for the coming ship.

The murmur of the voices now increased and swelled into shouts of "Gleanera-koo-a-k-o-o!" and round the precipitous point, with white sails set and pennants flying, swept the noble brig. The bay was dotted now with bright eyaks, and volleys on volleys rang from a hundred guns, the church-bell pealed, the dogs set up a howl and sang their weird chorus lustily; flags fluttered bravely from the Mission roof and presently the brig's signalling cannon boomed.

The novice hid his face within his hands with fluttering heart of mingled joy and tear and wished himself ten thousand miles away.

A week passed; the brig still lay at anchor in the bay.

Within his study the Mission elder sat; his long gray beard falling in tangled waves upon his breast.

His keen gray eyes were bent upon the novice and the girl who stood respectfully waiting till he should speak.

For forty years he had lived his mission life, and his thoughts were busy with that time, long passed, when he had been just such another youth and had obeyed just such a call to wed. His helpmate's silvery hair was auburn then; her dear old wrinkled face was smooth and fair. The children of their love were scattered wide; one had been sent to Asia's infidel land, another lived beneath the scorching rays that bleached the sands of Africa, and a third had labored for the church among the horde of one of those far islands in the sea, and news had come that he, the most beloved, had been awarded a martyr's crown.

"Fraulein," he said at last, "the time is short; the brig must sail to-morrow. I must urge that you should give your answer definitely. It is a thing most serious to you both, but you have been together seven days; not long in which to fix upon a wife or learn to judge a lover's moods and whims. But I can speak myself for this young man; I pledge you he is upright, virtuous, kind. And as for you, my son, she is far more. Her features would be any's passport without this commendation from the

church. That you already love her I can see. What do you answer?"

The young man looked to her then dropped his gaze. "You speak but truth, sir; she is dear to me. I would not have her leave me; but still less would I enjoy the thought that she was forced by sense of duty only to share my lot. I pray let her decide for both of us, and give her till the morrow to reply. If she should wish for more delay it is not necessary we should wed at once, and meanwhile I may try to win her love."

"What says the madchen?"

The girl was touched by the generous thoughtfulness the youth had shown, and by the kindness of the aged man. She cast one swift, wistful glance through the open window at the anchored brig, where the captain's stalwart figure paced the quarter, and blushed and bowed her head and tried to speak. Then with returning courage and resolve, she approached and knelt beside the old man's chair.

"Father," she said, her sweet voice tremulous, "I have had thoughts unworthy of my faith, rebellious thoughts and fears, and wicked moods. If either is unworthy, it is I. Give me some few more days before we wed—and let the brig sail. I will stay with you."

DEADLY CANCER CURED BY B. B. B.

HERE IS THE PROOF.

Messrs. T. Milburn & Co.:

SIRS,—About four years ago I was taken sick with stomach trouble. I consulted several leading local physicians, all of whom pronounced my disease incurable cancer of the stomach, and told me I had not long to live. Two physicians attending me gave me up to die. Through reading your advertisement, and by advice of friends, I tried your Burdock Blood Bitters and am happy to say that after using one bottle I was able to leave my bed which I had been confined to for a long time. I am thankful now to state that B. B. B. cured my disease which baffled the doctors, and I am firmly convinced that B. B. B. saved my life.

Gratefully yours,

ELIZABETH GILHULA, South Buxton, Ont.

N. B.—Mrs. Gilhula is the wife of the Post Master at South Buxton, and will gladly answer inquires.

The Deadly Hat Pin.

A young lady, writing from Hamilton, asks us if we knew of anything better than the ordinary hat pin for keeping a lady's hat on while riding against a brisk breeze. We regret to say we do not. We wish we did. The use of mucilage and binder's glue has been found impractical. Strings on a hat are not supposed to be just the fashionable thing, so that renders them out of the question. So the old fashioned hat pin is all there is left. Anyone who has ever had the real nerve force and stoical bravery to watch a woman pin her hat on will wish that the present method of fastening it might give way to something less distressing.

Men are very wise and all that sort of a thing, but the bewhiskered sex hasn't a representative who could thrust a hat pin about with the reckless abandon women do without jabbing their brains out. Just where a woman hides her head when she pins her hat on is a deep mystery. You fancy you know where it is or ought to be, but when you see her sticking terrible shafts of pointed steel this way and that through her hat, you are forced to conclude that her head isn't there, or if it is that her brain has been pierced by the awful barbs. It is no uncommon sight to see old soldiers who have looked unmoved upon a score of fearful battles, turn their face toward the wall and refuse to watch a woman pin her hat on. As a matter of course it doesn't seem just right that the men folk must build the fires, pay taxes, do all the voting and trundle the baby buggy, but so long as they do no have to wear feminine hat pins they should blush to complain of their lot. The average man really hasn't got brains enough to stick pins through his hat the way a woman does and miss them. There are a whole lot of people waiting for a substitute for the hat pin.

"A Prominent Witness."

Rev. J. M. McLeod, Pastor of Zion Church, Vancouver, B. C., writes, July 3rd, 1894:—"It is nearly three months since I finished the package of K. D. C. which you sent me; and though I have for more than twenty years suffered from indigestion that one package seems to have wrought a perfect cure. Since taking your remedy I have not had the slightest symptom of a return of my old enemy. It affords me much pleasure to recommend K. D. C. to the numerous family of dyspeptics as the best known remedy for the most distressing malady."

As an outcome of the seizure of the Canadian flag in Bermuda owing to the ignorance of the port authorities of the admiralty warrant permitting its use abroad an order in council has been passed directing that a copy of the warrant be furnished all masters of Canadian vessels clearing from foreign ports.

K. D. K. Pillsbury and regulate the liver.



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 our 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 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 of as much benefit to others." JOHN J. BOYLE, 45 Water St., Ware, Mass.

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

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)

A. E. LANDRY, 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, 12 AND 25 WATER STREET, ST. JOHN, N. B.

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 Kouchibouguac River, adjoining John Potter.

3. A lot containing 100 acres on the Acadia Road, adjoining the James Potter lot, and distinguished as lot No. 72 in block 11.

4. In the Parish of Wellington:—A lot containing 50 acres on the north side of the Big Bouctouche River, and known as the John Douaher 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.

School Slates.

ONE CARLOAD JUST RECEIVED ALSO:

Slate Pencils, Chalk Crayons, Carter's Ink, Mucilage, Lead Pencils, Pen Holders

PRICES VERY LOW.

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

MARKET SQUARE,

St. John, N. B.

MANCHESTER,

ROBERTSON

& ALLISON,

WHOLESALE DRY GOODS & MILLINERY, CARPETS, OILCLOTHS & HOUSEFURNISHINGS.

27 and 29 King Street,

ST. JOHN, N. B.

J. H. CARNALL

Taxidermist and Naturalist,

96 King Street, (up stairs) St. John, N. B.

Birds and Animals mounted in the best style of the art. Moore 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 Owl's parties early 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, Kaisow's.

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.

Published every Thursday at \$1.00 per year in advance; \$1.50 if not paid within three months.

THE PEOPLE'S PAPER!

THE PEOPLE'S FRIEND

Furnishes its readers every week with more reading matter than any other paper in the Province, outside of the cities.

SUBSCRIBE NOW.