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HIS MOTHER-IN-LAW.

"To put the matter plainly, Polly, it's come to this: Your mother must go. Upon that point I am determined."

Jack Hadley saw the tears come into his wife's eyes as he spoke, but it had taken him too long to screw himself up to his present attitude to be lightly shaken from it, now it was reached. Therefore, he pretended not to notice her, and went on:

"You see how things stand. It is just three years since I made you my wife, and took you down to Boggor for that little wedding trip we both enjoyed so much. When on our return from that all too short honeymoon, your mother proposed to come and spend a little time with us, I, for my part, must admit—although somewhat adverse to the principle of the thing—did not raise any objection to the proceeding, for, as we were necessarily new to the responsibilities of housekeeping, and were making a fresh start in life, I deemed the experience of an older hand an advantage to us both, and thought that you, Polly, in particular, would be glad to avail yourself of a mother's help in these domestic concerns which form such a large item in a young married woman's affairs."

He paused, momentarily, relieved at having thus far safely delivered himself of a speech that had taken much time to put together. His wife remained silent, and he continued:

"But, when it came weeks and then months, and your mother gave no indications of returning to the maternal abode, I began to consider if we were not having too much of a good thing, and whether it would not be better for us both if we could be left to ourselves and make the attempt to walk alone. This I have delicately suggested to your parent on several occasions, but she has refused to take the hint and now, as I say, it has come to this: that she must be told plainly to go."

"You see, Polly," Jack went on, "your mother's not exactly an ordinary person. She's not content to adopt the attitude of a visitor and take a back seat. On the contrary, she keeps herself continually in the front, and even affects to rule. In truth, she does rule, for nothing is allowed to be done in this house unless her approval has first been obtained. If a new carpet is to be bought, your mother chooses the material. When the walls want repapering, it is she who selects the pattern. A picture cannot be hung without her first being consulted as to the position; and even in the preparing of the daily dinner, your mother's tastes and wishes always have the first consideration."

"I've had just about enough of it," he concluded, with a bit of unstudied candor, "and that thing must stop. As the old lady doesn't seem inclined to leave of her own free will, and refuses to take a gentle hint, she must be told to go in language that she cannot misunderstand."

"Then you must tell her," sobbed Polly for I cannot. It would break my heart."

Jack had hoped that the disagreeable task might be undertaken by his wife, who with her natural womanly tact, would, he thought, be able to manage the affair a little more skillfully than he could hope to do; but, having put his hand to the plow, he was not going to turn back.

"Very well, then, Polly," he said, airily "I'll tell her myself to-morrow, whatever the consequences."

"Mother-in-law," said Jack the next day, having found his opportunity, "I've got something particular to say, affecting yourself."

"Affecting me?" ejaculated the old lady adjusting her spectacles in a neat little simulation of surprise. "Go on, my dear John; I'm all attention."

Jack screwed himself up and went on—"I—see—that is, your daughter Polly and I—have now been married three years."

"Three years!" broke in the old lady "Dear me! How the time flies! It hardly seems three months! Well?"

Jack didn't altogether like that "Well?" but seeing a chance of striking a hot iron, went for it at once.

"It is three years, though, he said, "and you, mother-in-law, have lived with us all the time."

"Ah, yes, John, so I have," said the old lady, blandly.

"And I—see, that is—have come to the conclusion that—that—we should now like to live alone."

The old lady straightened herself up briskly.

"Oh, John Hadley," she said, stiffly,

"I see what you mean. You want to turn me out of doors; is that it?"

"Not exactly that," put in Jack, deprecatingly. "We should never, of course, think of turning you out; but we certainly ventured to hope that you would probably see your way to living at your own home in the future, as no doubt you intend to do."

"I quite understand, Mr. John Hadley," returned the mother-in-law, freezingly. "It's just the same thing. I'm not a fool, and can put two and two together. Very well, it shall be as you wish—I will go to-day."

"There is no need of such great haste," said Jack, mildly. "A week or two, or three, would give you time to arrange your plans, and would quite suit ours."

"Enough; I go at once," said the old lady, moving towards the door, as if prepared to act instantly. "One word before I leave," she said, pausing at the threshold, and speaking majestically. "You said 'we.' Do I understand that my daughter is a party to this little proceeding?"

"Your daughter, Mrs. Haslop," said Jack, stung into a commanding tone by the dignified demeanor of the old lady, "is my wife, and, as such, her first duty lies to her husband. Consequently, anything done by me or at my wish is equally her act."

"Thank you!" said the old lady, bowing herself out of the room.

Jack Hadley was surprised, but not altogether delighted at the easy victory he had achieved. He had anticipated opposition, and was almost disappointed at finding none. However, all's well that ends well, and he successfully accomplished his purpose, for Polly's mother, true to her word, made a speedy exit from the house.

At first Jack and his wife missed the old lady greatly, for she had always been much in evidence. In fact, so lonely and solemn did the house now seem without her that Jack sometimes almost wished she hadn't gone; and as for Polly, she had many a good cry all to herself over the affair. As her husband, however, now made a point of spending less time at the club and more at home in her society, she could not help becoming reconciled to her loss. So, as the lonely feeling gradually wore off, and the young couple got used to the new order of things, Jack Hadley at length congratulated himself on having done the right thing at last.

Some three months later, when Jack was returning from business one day, he was met by his wife, whose swollen eyes told of something amiss.

"I have sad news to tell," she said, bursting into tears, "Mother has been taken suddenly ill, and is dead. My poor mother."

Jack at once set about assuaging his wife's grief. When she had sufficiently recovered she imparted another bit of news, by far more important from his point of view.

"They tell me she had died rich; worth three thousand pounds, in fact."

"Three thousand pounds!" echoed Jack in amazement. "Well, I'm blessed. Who'd have thought it? Why, I didn't know she had three thousand pounds!"

"Nor I," added Polly.

"Three thousand pounds!" repeated Jack, thoughtfully. "And you're the only child, aren't you, Polly? You know," he went on, after a pause, "I don't much like that drawing-room carpet of ours; do you? It's a faded pattern, and not a nice one; we want a new one badly, and a better. These curtains, too, are not at all up to the mark, to my way of thinking. And there's the dining room suite; I'm sure it begins to look quite shabby. Don't you think so? And, oh, Polly, as I was passing Streeter's the other day, I saw a lovely little diamond brooch, which I should certainly have bought you had I been able to afford it. It's only fifteen guineas, and would suit you admirably. Now, don't you fret about your mother, dear. It's what we must all expect—when we're old, you know. And take care that all the funeral arrangements are done decently and in order. I would never have it rest on my head that the dear old creature wasn't comfortably carried to the grave. Three thousand pounds! And Polly's the only child!"

The last sentence was not intended for his wife's ears, but she heard it, and it made her smile despite her grief.

When the funeral was over Jack Hadley found himself one of a very small company gathered together in a little room, the most conspicuous object in which was a fussy lawyer, seated at a table with two open documents spread out before him.

"This," said the man of law, coming at once to business, and holding up one of the papers, "is the last will and testament of the deceased Sarah Juliana Haslop, widow. It bears the date, April 3rd, 1891."

"A week before she left us," murmured Jack under his breath.

"—and runs as follows," continued the lawyer. "I hereby give and bequeath to my son-in-law, John Hadley, and my daughter Marianne, his wife, the sum of £3,000 sterling, now standing to my credit at the Bank of England, with power to use and employ the same for their mutual benefit."

"The dear old soul!" exclaimed Jack, only restrained by an innate sense of propriety from saying his hat to the ceiling.

"And this," said the representative of red tape, taking up document No. 2 "is a codicil, executed exactly fourteen days later—"

"A week after she left us," gasped Jack.

"It is not of great length, and runs as follows: 'I hereby cancel and revoke all my former will whensoever and where-soever made, and substitute therefor this, the final expression of my intentions; To my daughter, Marianne Hadley I give and bequeath the sum of £10 sterling to enable her to buy suitable mourning to wear at my decease; to my son-in-law, John Hadley, her husband, in consideration of his kindness to me in turning me out of his house at a time when I had thoughts of leaving on my own account, I make a present of one shilling in current coin of the realm; and the whole of the residue of my property, howsoever acquired I bequeath to the governors of Guy's Hospital to form a fund to be applied to the special care and treatment of afflicted mothers-in-law.'"

"The spiteful old cat!" growled Jack between his teeth. "May she—!" He checked himself, and taking up his hat, sorrowfully walked homewards, a "sadder and a wiser man."

Years have passed since then, and Jack Hadley, amongst other things, has developed an inveterate and irremediable taciturnity, but if anyone wishes to "draw" him effectually for the nonce, it is only necessary to mention the subject of mothers-in-law in general and his own in particular.

When Adam was a Boy.

This was years ago, for Adam has been dead for quite a while, though to be sure he left a progeny that keeps up pretty well the family characteristics. There are wise men to-day who delve into the misty past and tell us all sorts of things, but they are silent on those events that would make Adam interest to the modern men. What did Adam do when he ran a sliver under his finger nail? Had he to take measles and whooping cough? If he had corns did he cut them with a razor or did he stretch forth a hand in the future and get a bottle of Putnam's Painless Corn Extractor? Putnam's is the best, is sure, safe, painless and acts in twenty-four hours.

What He Ordered For Dinner.

The man pulled himself up to the hotel table, tucked his napkin under his chin, picked up the bill of fare and began to study it intently. Everything was in restaurant French and he didn't like it.

"Here, waiter," he said sternly, "there's nothing on this I want."

"Ain't there nothin' else you would like for dinner, sir?" inquired the waiter politely.

"Have you got any sine qua non?" The waiter gasped.

"No, sir," he replied.

"Got any bons mots?"

"N-No, sir."

"Got any semper idem?"

"No, sir, we ain't."

"Got any jeux d'esprit?"

"No, sir, not a one."

"Got any tempus fugit?"

"I reckon not, sir."

"Got any soiree dansante?"

"No, sir."

The waiter was edging off.

"Got any sine die?"

"We ain't, sir."

"Got any E pluribus unum?"

The waiter's face showed some signs of intelligence.

"Seems like I heard ob dat, sir," and he rushed out to the kitchen only to return empty handed.

"We ain't got none, sir," he said in a tone of disappointment.

"Got any mal de mer?"

"N-No, sir."

The waiter was going to pieces fast. The gentleman from the West was as serene as a May morning.

"Got any vice versa?" he inquired again.

The waiter only shook his head.

"No, well maybe you've got some bacon and cabbage and a corn dodger?"

"Dead we has, sir," exclaimed the waiter in a tone of the utmost relief, and he fairly flew out to the kitchen.

Its Saving power.

Rev. J. Franklin Parson, Cathcart, Ont., writes: "The package of K. D. C. and Pills which you sent me some time ago has done me a wonderful amount of good. I have advertised it well and many have confessed its saving power." Test these wonderful remedies, free sample to any address. K. D. C. Co., Ltd., New Glasgow, N. S., and 327 State street, Boston, Mass.

He was from the interior. It was his first trip to the seaside. He stood upon the banks for a moment, surveying the waters before him, when suddenly he plunged in, head foremost. When he came to the surface, his face wore an expression of anguish. He began spitting fiercely, emerged from the water, and was just in the act of entering the dressing room when his friend stopped him.

"What's the trouble?" he asked. "I, the water too cold?" "No, it's not too cold, but some bothersome fool threw salt in it."

K. D. C. is marked promptly and lastingly in its effects.



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. CURRIER, West Lebanon, New Hampshire.

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3. A lot containing 100 acres on the Acadiaville Road, adjoining the James Porter lot, and distinguished a lot No. 72 in block 11.

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