

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.

SQUARED HIMSELF.

I had been riding all day through the stony, uncultivated soil of northern Arizona, had breakfasted at Revival, had dined at Perdido Pass, and had arrived on my tough little sorrel at Peterson City.

The Eagle Hotel, which stood opposite the store and post office, was a most atrocious libel on hostilities, having three sleeping rooms and another common room for guests, which was at once office, bar, dining-room and kitchen, as well as the sleeping room of the proprietor and his wife.

The proprietor, who was also the mayor, was a six-footer, lean, and with a savage bristling black moustache. Moreover, he was a pattern of obedience for husbands. His wife, who was about half his height and twice his breadth, was extremely effusive to her guests—there was another traveler at "The Eagle"—but "Zachary," her husband had evidently been well brought up, for she voiced her orders with no uncertain sound.

I found the postmaster and proprietor a genial little man with a short, fiery red beard. He was quite ready to talk, and expatiated upon the merits of this barren corner of "Arizona" in a manner that was certainly brave, considering the resources of the land.

As one of the uninitiated, I inquired who Mr. Murray might have been. "Wal, stranger," he replied, "Bill wuz a tough nut; but I reckon Bill wuz about the squarest man that was ever assisted from Arizona to the happy hunting grounds."

This seemed to be the opening of one of those stories, part truth, part fiction, which the natives of the region were so fond of imparting; so, placing my flask at my host's command, I asked for the particulars.

"It was way back in '52," he began, "and a dozen of us ranchers had elected ourselves vigilance committee, and we sorter had our eyes on Bill for some time when Boston come out."

"Who was Boston?" I queried. "Wal, that warn't exactly his name, but he was a slip of a lad who'd been sent out for his health. He cum from New England, and was so darn bookified that we called him 'Boston,' an' the name stuck."

"Boston was about 18, an' didn't weigh 100 pounds, to my thinkin'." Him an' Bill kinder took to each other right off. I rekerlect how Bill gave Jack Powers the alfredest thrashing he ever had in his life fer laffin' at the kid, 'cause he bawled a little on the quiet over his mother's picture. Wal, stranger, I'm darned if that boy didn't kinder reform Bill in a little while so that we vigilancers didn't consider he needed the looking after that he used ter. Boston an' he made the queerest pals in the territory, but I'm darned if Bill didn't love that boy better'n anything and everything on God's earth. Anyhow, we didn't hev no more trouble from Bill, an' after a spell he an' Boston went over to Crimson creek and we lost sight of him for a year or two.

"But one morning Ike Harkins' sorrel mare wa'n't to be found, and what's more the bridle hed been out, an' that meant 'hoss thief.' It didn't take long to organize a posse and track the mare in the direction of Crimson creek. We hadn't got more'n two miles though when under a hill what should we see but Boston, and I'm darned if that quiet little cuss wa'n't astride o' that mare.

"It didn't take us long ter snake that kid out'n his saddle. He declared the hoss wuz his; but when Ike panted out a

nick over the gambrel o' the left hind leg he jest said kinder perlitie: 'All right, gent, you're right an' I'm wrong.

Good mornin';" an' actually started off. Wal, when we explained what we wuz in the habit o' doin' ter hosstheifs, an' how we didn't make no exceptions on anybody's account, he jest swallowed hard a couple o' times, drew up his whole height, an' givin, us a steady look out o' them blue eyes o' his'n, says he; 'All right, gentlemen, go ahead.'

"So we put him on a hoss an' back we toted him ter camp; an' they put him in my tent with four of us outside to watch. "It's lucky for Boston, stranger, that we lost half an hour huntin' for a barrel; but at last we found one, an' the hardest job that ever I had was when they sent me into that tent to call Boston. He wasn't prayin', as I expected he might be but he jest devourin' that picter uv his mother with those harsome eyes o' his. After I'd told him as best I could, he jest put his hand on my arm an' says he: 'Jim, you always was good ter me. I want yer to see that this picter goes under the sod with me.' I promised, and took the picter and out we went.

"Well, to make a long story short, we'd just boosted Boston up on the barrel when we heard the alfredest yell, and into camp galloped Bill Murray. I never see a horse so tuckered as Bill's was, and he looked himself as if he'd been riding to save his life. But he hadn't; just the opposite.

"Gentlemen," says he, 'I hate to disturb you, but I'm afraid you'll have to transfer your attention from Boston to me. I'm the man that borrowed that mare, an' the youngster was riding it by mistake.

"Ob, Bill!" says Boston, running up to him, 'you didn't really steal that mare?' "Yes, young un," says he, 'I've had a fall from grace; but I promise it shan't happen again,' an', with the queerest look passin' over his face, 'these gentlemen 'll help me keep my word.'

"It seems that Bill had wanted a fresh mare for some time; and in spite of Boston the old Nick had got into him again an' he crept into camp and got the mare. Boston was going to Murthy's gulch an' started before Bill woke up, mounting the first horse that came to hand, and Bill followed him when he woke up, seeing what might happen.

"We gave Bill and Boston half an hour together before we resumed the thread of our proceedings, and when we interrupted 'em Bill said: "Boston, when these gentlemen an' I finish kee your little appointment put a necktie an' slick me up a little, an' prom to leave this tent for 20 minutes, turning to us: 'Gentlemen, I trust the horse hard feelin's.' "Boston did as he was told, and in a day or two went east. Arizona wa'n't no place for him, anyway."

I ventured to say that I thought they ought to have tempered justice with mercy in that instance.

"Maybe we had," he returned, "maybe we had, but you don't know what Arizona was in the '50s."

"I'm no parson, stranger, but upon my soul I think that Bill Murray started in the next world even. Yes, by thunder, he squared himself."

I told my companion that I thought so, too, and riding away from Peterson's next day I mused on the story that had been told me, realizing that, indeed, as has been said, "the good are half bad and the bad are half good."—Boston Budget.

A Texas paper says that in one of the earliest trials before a colored jury in Texas the 12 gentlemen were told by the judge to 'retire and find the verdict. They went into the jury room, whence the opening and shutting of doors and other sounds of unusual commotion were presently heard. At last the jury came back into court, when the foreman announced: 'We had looked ever' whar, judge, for dat verdict—in de drawers and behind de doabs, but it ain't nowhar in dat blessed room.'

One business man met another in the street. The second man seemed downcast and had a look as if he were somewhat ashamed of himself. "What is the matter?" asked the first man. "Well, to put it briefly," said the other, "I have been speculating in stocks." "Indeed? Were you a 'bull' or a 'bear'?" "Neither—I was an ass."

She Ought To Know

Having used Burdock Bitters for 15 years I cannot keep from recommending it to others. I have sold hundreds of bottles from my store and as I keep other medicines I ought to know which sells best. It is a wonderful medicine.

Yours very sincerely, MRS. DONALD KENNEDY, Caledonia, Ont.

Three Italian laborers were blow up and almost instantly killed by an explosion of dynamite cartridges at New Rochelle, N. Y., Saturday. The men were trying to thaw them out and succeeded.

Hoarseness And Sore Throat.

DEAR SIRS.—I highly recommend Hagar's Pectoral Balsam as the best cure for coughs, colds, hoarseness and sore throat, ever used.

WILBUR ASHBY, Havelock, Ont.



Mr. Thomas Bennett, Roslindale, Boston.

He Could Not Live

Was what friends said, but Hood's Perfectly Cured

Dreadful Case of Chronic Eczema.

Such a testimonial as we give below few medicines can produce. It is one of thousands possessed by Hood's Sarsaparilla, and proves the merit of this medicine.

Reliable, honest, industrious, is what all say of Mr. Bennett. He has been engaged as gas-fitter in Boston for 35 years, with Tarbell, 111 Washington street, and McKimney, Washington st., opp. Boylston.

"Gentlemen—I am only doing what is just when I tell voluntarily what Hood's Sarsaparilla has done forme. I know it Saved My Life.

"A year ago last winter, after exposure to storms, I caught a severe cold, after which chronic eczema appeared on the calf of my left leg and spread all over my lower limb from knee to ankle, and the itching and burning was something awful. Added to this was a severe pain, seemingly in the bone. At last it became so that I had to give up work and was unable to walk. I had to have my leg bandaged all the time and frequent changes of the cloths. For nine months I sat with my leg resting in a chair.

Oh, It Was Dreadful!

Friends said I could not live long. In all I had seven different physicians, all to no purpose whatever. I knew the merit of Hood's Sarsaparilla as I had, some years before, taken it with benefit, and decided to try it for my apparently hopeless case. In two or three days after I began my appetite was better and my courage revived. To make a long story short, the eruption entirely disappeared, and the flesh on my leg resumed perfectly healthy appearance. I was soon able to walk about. I cannot tell how amazed my neighbors and friends were. I can now walk without any lameness, as well as ever.

Hood's Sarsaparilla Cures

Have not the slightest eruption or itching or burning, or any sort of trouble whatever with my leg. The gratitude I owe Hood's Sarsaparilla is simply unspeakable." THOS. BENNETT, 172 Sycamore St., Roslindale, Boston, Mass. Try HOOD'S.

Hood's Pills are tasteless, mild, effective. All druggists, 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. (aug31n1)

Thos. L. Bourke,

IMPORTER AND WHOLESALE WINE & SPIRIT

MERCHANT,

11, 13 AND 25 WATER STREET, ST. JOHN, N. B.

REAL ESTATE For Sale!

The subscriber offers for sale the following valuable real estate in Kent County:

- 1. The KOUCHIBOUQUAC MILL PROPERTY on the Kouchibouquac River, Parish of Carleton, consisting of a double-gang water-power saw mill, blacksmith shop, wharves, booms, water privileges, stores, houses, barns, outbuildings, and all other real estate pertaining to the above property. Also, 50 square miles of Crown Lands on the Kouchibouquac River and branches.
2. Lot of land containing 100 acres more or less, formerly granted to George McLeod.
3. Lot of land west of railway containing 100 acres, known as lot 62.
4. Lot of land on Kouchibouquac River, known as the Desbrisay Meadow lot, containing 100 acres.
5. Lot of land on Buctouche road, known as the Harris lot, containing 216 acres more or less.
6. Lot of land in the town of Richibucto, known as the McLeod farm with all houses, barns, outbuildings, etc., containing 100 acres more or less.
7. Warehouses and store on Water Street, town of Richibucto.
8. Lot of land known as Yellow House Point with three houses, booms, blocks, etc.
Part of the above properties will be sold separately if desired.
For full particulars as to terms, prices, etc., apply to GEO. K. McLEOD, Richibucto.

Advertise in The Review

SALMON TWINES

- LOBSTER MARLIN. COTTON TWINES. HEMP LINES. FISH HOOKS. NET CALKS. NET LEADS. NETS. BLOCKS. ANCHORS.
OIL CLOTHING. COTTON DUCK. COPPER PAINT. BOAT NAILS. ROPE. TIN PLATES. BLOCK TIN. PIG LEAD. ACID.

W. H. THORNE & CO., Ltd., MARKET SQUARE, St. John, N. B.

"A NEW WRINKLE!"

What is SPONGE CREPON?

This question has been frequently asked. SPONGE CREPON is the Ideal Interlining and is pronounced the BEST ARTICLE for the purpose that is manufactured, and no matter to what crushing it is subjected, if shaken out it will at once regain its former shape. It keeps the puffed sleeves and flare skirts in shape, and will be used altogether for an Interlining as long as fashion decrees the present sleeves and skirts. For sale by all the leading dry goods dealers throughout the Maritime Provinces.

MANCHESTER, ROBERTSON & ALLISON, ST. JOHN N. B. Agents for the Manufacturers in the Maritime Provinces.

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.

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, NEGLIGE 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.

LUMBER!

I have on hand at my Mill, situated within a few yards of the Intercolonial Railway, a quantity of Pine, Spruce and Hemlock BOARDS AND SCANTLING, SHINGLES. Dimension Lumber on order, selling cheap for Cash, or in exchange for Produce. THOMAS ATKINSON Mortimore, Kent County, N. B.

PATENTS

CAVEATS, TRADE MARKS, COPYRIGHTS. CAN I OBTAIN A PATENT? For a prompt answer and an honest opinion, write to MUNN & CO., who have had nearly fifty years' experience in the patent business. Communications strictly confidential. A Handbook of Information concerning Patents and how to obtain them sent free. Also a catalogue of mechanical and scientific books sent free. Patents taken through Munn & Co receive special notice in the Scientific American, and thus are brought widely before the public without cost to the inventor. This splendid paper, issued weekly, elegantly illustrated, has by far the largest circulation of any scientific work in the world. \$3 a year. Sample copies sent free. Building Edition, monthly, \$2.50 a year. Single copies, 25 cents. Every number contains beautiful plates, in color, and photographs of new houses, with plans, enabling builders to show the latest designs and secure contracts. Address MUNN & CO., NEW YORK, 361 BROADWAY.

WILLIS H. ROGERS,



WHOLESALE COMMISSION FISH DEALER, 106 FULTON MARKET, NEW YORK.

Bank Reference furnished when desired. Consignments solicited. Stencils furnished at a moment's notice.

Just a Moment-- You use matches-- every one must, whether for lighting lamp, stove or cigar. Price being no more wouldn't you buy the best? Of course--you would ask for E. B. Eddy's Matches.

Dictionary of United States History.

By J. FRANKLIN JAMESON, Ph. D. Professor of History, Brown University, formerly of Johns Hopkins University; Editorial Contributor to "Century Dictionary"; Author of "History of Historical Writing"

ILLUSTRATED WITH NEARLY 300 ELEGANT PORTRAITS OF DISTINGUISHED AMERICANS.

The subject is of the greatest interest. The author has a national reputation. The book is comprehensive and accurate. It is written in a clear, attractive, and interesting style. Every College Professor, Teacher, Minister, Lawyer, and Doctor needs it. Every Merchant, Mechanic, Farmer and Laborer needs it. Every Man and Woman, Boy and Girl needs it. It is valuable and necessary for all who speak the English language. It contains 750 large 8vo pages of valuable matter. It contains 350,000 words of solid historical facts. It contains nearly 300 portraits of illustrious Americans. It is arranged alphabetically in Dictionary form. In one moment you can find the information you desire. The book is in one volume and convenient in size and form to use. It includes every historical fact of value in relation to this country. It includes the biography of every historically prominent person of the United States. It will be valuable to every person, every day for all time. Sample copies sent prepaid on receipt of price.

Fine English Cloth, Back Stamped in Gold \$2.75. Half Morocco, Back Stamped in Gold, 3.50. Marbled edges, 4.50. Full Mor. Gold Back and Side Stamps, 4.50. Marble, edges, 4.50. Full Sh. ep: Sprinkled Edges, 4.75. Exclusive territory. Agents Outfit \$1.00. Salary paid to Successful Agents.

PURITAN PUBLISHING CO., 36 Bromfield Street, Boston, Mass.

A PERFECT TEA

MONSOON TEA

THE FINEST TEA IN THE WORLD. FROM THE TEA PLANT TO THE TEA CUP IN ITS NATIVE PURITY.

"Monsoon" Tea is put up by the Indian Tea growers as a sample of the best quality of Indian Teas. Therefore they use the greatest care in the selection of the Tea and its blend, that is why they put it up themselves and sell it only in the original packages, thereby securing its purity and excellence. Put up in 1/2 lb., 1 lb. and 5 lb. packages, and never sold in bulk.

ALL GOOD GROCERS KEEP IT. If your grocer does not keep it, tell him to write to STEEL, HAYTER & CO., 11 and 13 Front Street East, Toronto.