

Goes to Europe for Treatment

Suffering For Years from Insomnia and Nervous Debility—Prostrated, Exhausted—No Vitality—No Rest Until "Nature's Sweet Restorer," South American Nervine Tonic, Built up the Nervous Organism, and Gave Back to the Wearied and Exhausted Nerve-Centres their Wanted Vigor.



ADOLPHE LABODIE, B.C.L., J.P., OF THE WELL-KNOWN LEGAL FIRM OF LABODIE & LABODIE, MONTREAL.

For four generations the remarkable family of LaBodie have been prominently identified with the legal and professional life of Montreal. A long line of active, intellectual men, whose ambition to rise to prominence meant a constant drain upon the nerve forces and a tremendous demand for brain power. Mr. Adolphe LaBodie, B.C.L., J.P., etc., has for seventeen years been actively engaged in the legal profession, living, as the duties of intellectual men of this fast age demand, beyond the reserve limit of natural nerve force, requiring more of the nerve centres at the base of the brain than they can possibly fulfil, which always results in nervous prostration, dyspepsia, hot flashes, insomnia, constipation, and attendant evils.

Mr. LaBodie spared neither time nor money to obtain relief, went to Europe for special treatment, all to no purpose. His attention being directed to South American Nervine Tonic, he concluded to try it. Result—immediate relief from insomnia, and a perfect and permanent cure from all other disorders, with but five bottles of the Nervine.

Mr. Adolphe LaBodie, under date of April 27th, writes from Montreal:—"I was suffering from insomnia and nervous debility; prostration and exhaustion, rather than rest, followed a night's experience. I took five bottles of South American Nervine, and am wholly recovered, and now enjoy restful nights. I have tried many remedies, have been treated in Europe, and can say with truthful emphasis that the South American Nervine has cured me."

There is reason in all things: business reasons in business, truthful reasons in truth. Mr. LaBodie's statement herewith is the truthful reason why, if South American Nervine Tonic cured him, it will cure you. It is the nerve builder for brain workers. Brain and stomach cannot both work at the same time with healthful and happy issues. One must suffer. Intense intellectual activity produces indigestion because the brain is consuming all the nerve power. South American Nervine Tonic holds nature to a happy poise, and life and its duties swing to fruitful success.

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Etc., Etc. always on Hand.

WOMEN'S CHRISTIAN TEMPERANCE UNION COLUMN.

All Communications to this Column Should be Addressed to Mrs. J. Stevenson, Secretary W. C. T. U., Richibucto.

"And I, if I be lifted up from the earth, will draw all men unto me."—John, 12, 32.

LIGHT IN DARK PLACES.

A Midnight Curbstone Meeting.—A City Missionary's Story.

Noticing my look of inquiry, Dutchy said, "It's some of de gang." In a moment a lank, typical rough got out of the wagon, staggered over to where I sat, and in a gruff voice said: "What's de time, boss?" glancing at my watch pocket as though he cared more to see the time-piece than to know the time. He seemed disappointed when I told him I had no watch with me. He returned to the wagon and began conversation with those inside. I learned from Dutchy that this individual was "Corkey," and that he had just returned "from doin' time up de river" (a term in Sing Sing prison).

Dutchy was now called over to the gang and joined in the whispered consultation. Listening intently, I was convinced from the few words that reached me that they were planning to rob me, and I realized that I had "fallen among thieves." Praying for wisdom to adopt the best course, I awaited developments. In a few minutes the roughs, to the number of eight or ten got out of the wagon and gathered round me. One, evidently the leader, advanced nearer than the rest and said sulkily, "Boss, we want yer to give us five cents till we get a pint o' beer to wash de col-webs from our froats."

The time for action had come. I said: "See here, boys, I want to give you a bit of good advice. When you plan to rob anyone, never pick out a missionary, for they are always as poor as a church mouse and never have anything worth stealing. Now, I'm a missionary, so I can save you the trouble of going through my clothes; there's not a thing in them worth taking." They stood speechless, and I continued, "Boys, I knew what you were up to; but instead of your catching me, I have caught you." Without giving them the chance to say anything I told them the story of the cross, and how Christ in the agonies of death stopped to save a dying thief and took him as a companion to Paradise, and how if there was salvation for a dying thief, there was certainly a chance for a living one, if they would only come to the same Saviour. I urged them to quit their life of sin and follow Christ. Not one of them spoke a word.

When I turned to go away, I said, "Boys, I want you to remember me the next time you see me. Will you do it?" "Corkey" spoke up and said, "Wal, I'm blowed. I've been around dese corners for de last seven years, and you're de fust one I ever seed round here preachin' religion. You can bet your bottom dollar I won't forget you."

One of this gang not long after, to escape a detective, ran into the mission meeting, and, to use his own words, "was caught by the Great Detective and kept from stealin' and everything else that was wicked and bad."

"Neath His pinions if He hide thee,
Storms may cross the way;
Safely through them He will guide thee
Into cloudless day."

Rheumatism Cured in a Day.

South American Rheumatic Cure for Rheumatism and Neuralgia radically cures in 1 to 3 days. Its action upon the system is remarkable and mysterious. It removes at once the cause and the disease immediately disappears. The first dose greatly benefits. 75 cents. For sale by W. W. Short, druggist, agent for Kent Co.

Gallant Sayings.

Among the very pretty things said of women Whittier has given us this: "If women lost us Eden, such as she alone restores it." Voltaire said: "It is woman who teaches us repose, civility and dignity." Ruskin says a great many fine things of women. "Shakespeare has no heroes; he has only heroines." This is always true in a ruder, earlier stage of society. Woman always begins civilization. The honor of women has always been the corner-stone in building socially. A race lacking respect for women has never advanced politically and socially, or has speedily decayed. Lessing said: "Nature meant to make women its masterpiece." Confucius, 2,200 years ago, said: "Woman is the world's masterpiece." But Mother spoke the mind of all Frenchmen when he said: "There are only two beautiful things in the world—women and roses; and only two sweet things—women and melons." This was gallant but natural, and it gave woman her true place as a blossom, and fruit of nature.

Concerning women and men as equals Ruskin says: "We are foolish and without excuse in claiming the superiority of our sex to the other; in truth each has what the other has not. One completes the other, and they are in nothing alike. The happiness of both depends on each making and receiving from the other what the other only can give." Thackeray drew this contrast: "Almost all women will give a sympathizing hearing to men who are in love. Be they ever so old they grow young again in that conversation and renew their own early time. Men are not quite so generous." Voltaire said: "All the reasonings of men are not worth one sentiment of women."

K. D. C. is a flesh producer.

GIRLS THAT DON'T MARRY.

Perhaps the Fault Lies in Their Early Training.

Why are there so many bachelors and old maids, nowadays? Perhaps one reason lies in the education of our modern girls and the blame must rest with their mothers. Consider the life of a girl belonging to the upper middle-class from the age of 18 to 28; it is a careless, selfish, irresponsible epoch, in which the daughter studies her own convenience and pleasure solely, and the mother, by foolish indulgence, aids and abets her. Once a girl is free from the trammels of the school-room, and is fully fledged in society, nothing is denied her. She may lie late in bed, or, perchance take her breakfast there, and the while she skims a novel belonging to the "new" order of fiction. Her day is compassed with no single duty save to look her best and enjoy her life. There is time in such an existence for the ugly weeds of jealousy, thoughtless, unkind chatter, and even free behavior to take root and flourish. Then, perhaps, some young man of modest means comes along and offers his heart and hand to the daughter. As a single girl she is free from all responsibility. She has not to consider ways and means, paternalism never refuses to make the dress check bigger if desired, and she has few wishes ungratified. If she marries, her suitor can only offer her a much smaller home than that to which she has been accustomed; a restricted income, probably; and the sweet yet solemn duties of wife, and later, oftentimes, those of mother. The prospect does not appeal very keenly to the egotistical maiden, and as the life she is living only teaches her to love herself before any one else, the would-be lover receives his cone.

Another class of girl, fed by the "new" play and the "new" novel, cannot make up her mind to wed, because of the grisly skeletons for which she has been tutored to see in a man's past. We take it that the parents of a girl, whose position and experience give them a much better chance of judging will certainly ascertain whether the man is worthy suitor, and if they deem him so, surely it is unwise for a girl to pry into every past episode. But with an imagination that has been unhealthily reared, that has been taught to look for evil even where it may not be, the modern girl rushes in where angels fear to tread and the pure, woman love which, coming from a fresh, innocent heart, a safeguard to many a man is denied her lover. Unless the suitor comes up to that standard of virtue as shown in the hero of certain feminine and one-sided novels, she will have none of him. Thus it comes to pass that the fine-de-siccle wooers are faring very hardly.

Meanwhile the happy years of early womanhood, when all the world is kind, roll by, and the Rubicon of thirty is crossed. Then it is that the single girl awakes to the knowledge of what she has lost, or is losing—the pleasant duties of house mistress, with husband and children to consider, are denied her, and she sighs for the clinging touch of baby fingers and the mother-love in whose train follow so many noble qualities. If the daughter sees her mistake in time, and is able to rectify it, a happy and useful life may still await her. But what is needed to render girls desirable wives should be taught them from their earliest years.

What a Poet's Granddaughter Says.

What I have suffered from the fact of having a poet for my grandfather! Grand old man, still alive, still writing poetry. How tired I used to get of the society jargon. "Oh, let me introduce you to Miss Blank, granddaughter of the poet Blank, you know." "Ah! really, how interesting! I dare say you write poetry yourself now, don't you?" I was expected to lisp in numbers in the nursery. But I didn't; and let me say once for all that I detest poetry, always did—can't make head or tail of it, never could.

I am Al at tennis, and I can ride across country, and I am a splendid swimmer, or I shouldn't be here; but poetry, bah! and intellectual forbears! what a nuisance they are! A man used to be pitied long ago if he hadn't a grandfather. I think he's to be envied. I have been heavily handicapped by mine all these years. There was no living him down. Metaphorically speaking, he has clung around my neck, like the Old Man of the Sea.

I could stand it no longer, so I have put myself out of reach of civilization, have kissed my hand to sweetness and light, made my curtsy to culture, to "Shakespeare and the musical glasses," and here I am, ready to descend to any level of primeval untutored civility. I pine to dig for "pignuts." I to tear the native oyster from its bed, and forget my ancestors.—Blackwood's Magazine.

Fishing For Rest.

Fishing, that gentle art, does for man's distraught nerves what sewing often does for woman's. The steam, so to say, is worked off through needle and thread in the one instance, while men who haven't that escape from mental strain resort to holding a line with some bait on the end of it. It seems curious to those who have never tried either moral or physical anesthesia, that this sitting still and giving the brain free scope to do as it likes should be beneficial to the human system, but it evidently works to a charm, or so many would not indulge in it, the fishing at least. As to women who have no time to sew, they must seek other means to steady their nerves, feeling sure that with moderation there is none so admirable. Now it is that President Cleveland takes himself out of the stress and storms and politics, and contentedly sits in a boat all day long, running out a line and watching it bob up and down in the sea. This is real happiness for the amateur fisherman. No greater excitement exists for the time being than being able to haul in a tautog, or any other catch the waters afford. It is incomprehensible, unless one knows the abiding joy of the sea and absolute laziness. That it is about the healthiest occupation for a summer's day, even the landlubber has to admit, and that the president will have his fill of it everybody who ever threw a fish line sincerely hopes.—Boston Herald.

Keeps His Memory Alive.

Mrs. Weeds—Until a woman marries again she never can forget her first husband.
Mr. Phlegman—No. And when she does marry again she won't let her second forget him.

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