

New Klondyke Store!

As I have decided to remain in Richibucto for a short time longer, I have replenished my stock of DRY GOODS, CLOTHING, BOOTS AND SHOES, ETC., by the addition of some large importations. I am prepared to sell even cheaper than hitherto.

B. SCHACHTER.

W. C. T. U. COLUMN.

"And let us not be weary in well-doing for in due season we shall reap if we faint not." Galatians 6: 9.

"IT MAY FALL UPON YOU."

(By Rev. C. A. Ruddock)

The rum-seller shouted, "Get out of the road!" As near me, in bearing a beer keg he strode, "Please step aside quickly, and let me pass through, This burden, so heavy, may fall upon you."

I heeded his warning, allowed him to pass Within, where he sold the stuff by the glass, But the words that he uttered appeared sadly true, This burden, so heavy, may fall upon you.

I thought, "Will the drinker be cautioned as well?" Step quickly aside, it may crush you to hell, An, no, not a word for their danger or pain, If it falls upon them, the loss is his gain

I thought of my children, exposed to this strife, This burden might fall on their innocent life, Should evil beguile them in guise of a friend, How crushing the weight on my heart would descend.

I thought of the aged, grown feeble at length, Who leaned for support on the son of their strength, Bewailing the fate of their noble first-born, The staff of their age, in their hand was a thorn.

I thought of the orphan denied of his right, The arm that should shield him in courage and might, Was pulsed by ruin, in the grave was laid low, And upon that young life fell the shadows of woe.

I thought of the widow in poverty left Of husband and home by this evil bereft, The ear of the monster was deaf to her call, How sadly! how crushing on her did it fall!

I said, "Oh! how long shall this evil remain! How long! Oh! how long shall King Alcohol reign! Ye freeman, awake! his power to overthrow, We loudly proclaim it! This tyrant must go!"

—Ram's Horn.

A CALDRON OF INQUITY.

Canada's prohibition plebiscite is a significant indication of the growing antagonism of civilized society toward the dram-shop, which is the greatest caldron of iniquity in our time. Anacharsis said that the vine bore three grapes, the first was pleasure, the next was drunkenness, and the next misery. Every saloon above ground or under ground is a fountain of iniquity. It may have a license, and it may go along quite respectably for a while but after a while the cover will fall off and the color of the iniquity will be displayed.

"Oh!" says some one, "you ought to be easier on such a traffic as that when it pays such a large revenue to the Government, and helps support your schools and your great institutions of mercy." And then I think of what William E. Gladstone said—I think it was the first time he was Chancellor of the Exchequer—when men engaged in the ruinous traffic came to him and said their business ought to have more consideration from the fact that it paid such a large revenue to the English Government. Mr. Gladstone said: "Gentlemen, don't worry yourselves about the revenue; give me thirty millions of sober people, and we'll have revenue enough and a surplus."

We might in this country—this traffic perished—have less revenue, but we would have more happy homes, and we would have fewer people in the penitentiary; and there would be tens of thousands of men who are now on the road to hell who would start on the road for heaven.

A celebrated doctor of France has recently discovered something which all

drinkers ought to know. He has found out that alcohol in every shape, whether of wine or brandy or beer, contains parasitic life, called bacillus potomaniae. By a powerful microscope these living things are discovered, and when you take strong drink you take them into the stomach, and then into your blood, and getting into the crimson coils of life they go into every tissue of your body, and your entire organism is taken possession of by these noxious infinitesimals. When in delirium tremens a man sees every form of reptilian life, it is only these parasites of the brain in exaggerated size. It is not an hallucination that the victim is suffering from. He only sees in the room what is actually crawling and rioting in his own brain. Every time you take strong drink you swallow these maggots, and every time the imbiber of alcohol in any shape feels vertigo or rheumatism or nausea, it is only the jubilee of these maggots. Efforts are being made for the discovery of some germicide that can kill the parasites of alcoholism, but the only thing that will ever extirpate them is abstinence, to which I would before God swear all young men and old.—Christian Era.

ARGUMENTATIVE GROG-SHOP.

"How dare you come and plant yourself up against me?" exclaimed the Church to the Grog shop. "I regard your very Touch as Contamination. I should think if you had any regard for yourself (which I know you haven't) you would hardly care to be in such close proximity to one who, as you know, dispises you as an institution of the Devil!" "Oh," replied the Grog-shop, coolly, "I'm not sure about their being such a Deadly Enmity between us after all." "What!" answered the Church, "not much Enmity between us! Look at these resolutions!" and she held out a formidable batch of Anti-Saloon Declarations. "Let me tell you they were passed unanimously and amid tremendous enthusiasm." "Yes, I know all about your resolutions," replied the Grog-shop with impudent affront. "That's all mere guff, Mother Church. Actions speak louder than words. I don't regard our relations as at all unfriendly. We are not enemies; we're Partners, and that's why I thought I would come and nestle beside you. I'm really under your Protection you know!" The Church was so horrified that for a moment she couldn't speak; and then, her spire trembling with emotion, she ejaculated, "O wretched Church that I am, who will deliver me from this dead body!" "You don't seem to relish my remarks," put in the Grog-shop, "and I notice that your prayer is in the same line as your resolutions. I regard both as pure hypocrisy." "Now you are adding insult to injury!" exclaimed the Church. "I tell you I hate you and long for the day when you will be utterly exterminated!" "So you have often said," replied the aggravating Grog-shop. "If you mean it, why don't you do the exterminating?" "Oh! if I but had the power!" fervently exclaimed the Church. "Well, haven't you? You have enough members in good standing at the present moment to secure Prohibition from any Government, if they would vote that way just once. But they won't do it. They vote for the parties that license me, and still remain good members in good standing; and though you pass a resolution that the Liquor Traffic cannot be licensed without sin, you go on winking at the sin of voting for the system of licenses! What do you think of yourself? Am I not really under your protection? Then why do you object to my company? Come, let us have a drink and be friends!"

A Happy New Year indeed

To those who believed there was no cure for catarrh and to whom the constant use of ointments, snuffs and washes was a weariness to the flesh. A delightful and sure cure has been found. No need for fetid breath and broken voice. Send for a free sample outfit and be convinced. The name of this sure cure is Catarrh-ozone. Catarrh-ozone penetrates to the diseased parts in the form of a pine-scented gas. Write at once to N. C. POLSON & Co., Kingston, Ont.

BURNED TO DEATH.

SHOCKING END OF A MAN AT SCOTCH SETTLEMENT. (Transcript.)

The shocking particulars of the death of a young man named McQuarrie at Scotch Settlement Tuesday afternoon reached this city this morning. About noon yesterday two young men familiarly known in that locality as "Little" Allen McQuarrie and "Big" Allen McQuarrie went into the woods to work. After being there an hour or so "Big" Allen took sick and became so faint and weak that he fell to the ground. He was seized with chills and appeared to

LOSE ALL CONTROL

of his limbs. The situation was an extremely critical one. His companion was unable to carry him from the woods and with difficulty succeeded in dragging him some yards to a cleared patch, where he built a rousing fire and placed his sick chum on a log nearby until he went for assistance. "Little" Allen hastened from the locality going direct to his home

WHERE HE SECURED A TEAM

and accompanied by another man drove rapidly back for his sick companion. When they reached the spot they were horrified to behold his inanimate body in the fire. They dragged him from the flames but all traces of life had fled. The unfortunate man was terribly burned about the head, arms and body. It is generally conjectured at Scotch Settlement that he attempted to arise from the log and in his weak condition toppled over on the fire. Deceased was aged 30 years old and was unmarried. He was highly respected by all who knew him and his terrible end has cast a gloom over the community.



MR. MONTAGUE, DUNVILLE, ONT.

Has an Interesting Chat About Dr. Chase's Ointment.

HIS SUFFERING FROM ULCERATING PILES CURED.

He says:—I was troubled with itching piles for five years, and was badly ulcerated. They were very painful, so much so that I could not sleep. I tried almost every remedy heard of, and was recommended to use Dr. Chase's Ointment. I purchased a box, and from the first application got such relief that I was satisfied a cure would be made. I used in all two boxes, and am now completely cured. Every remedy given by Dr. Chase cost years of study and research, and with an eye single to its adaptation for the ailments for which it was intended. Dr. Chase detested cure-alls, and it has been proven ten thousand times that not one of his formulas leave a bad after-effect. Dr. Chase's Ointment is based on lanoline, and the best physicians prescribe it.

Mr. M. T. Wigle, of Kingsville, Essex Co.

Cured of Itching Piles of 23 Years' Standing.

Physicians Fail to Make a Cure When Dr. Chase's Ointment Gave Immediate Relief.

M. T. Wigle, better known to every one in the vicinity as "Uncle Mike," was troubled for over 23 years with itching piles. At times he was so bad he would have to quit work. The irritation became so intense with constant rubbing that they became ulcerated and would bleed. He had been treated by many physicians, but found nothing that gave him relief. Reading in the paper the cure of a friend who had suffered in a like manner, and being cured by Dr. Chase's Ointment, he procured a box. After the third application he got such relief that he had the first comfortable night's sleep he enjoyed in years. The one box made a complete cure, and he says he would not be without it for \$50 a box if it could not be replaced. Mr. Wigle is a wealthy farmer, well known in the community in which he resides. It is over two years since he was cured, and he has never been troubled since.

THE CRUCIBLE.

The iceman would like to have his Christmas come on Fourth-of July.

It isn't conscience that makes cowards of us all, perhaps, but cowardice that gives us conscience.

The most cowardly lone wolf is the bravest when he has a pack at his back.

If the men who do nothing but think would work a little more, and the men who do nothing but work would think a little more, there would be much more happiness for both.

I wonder if there is any advantage in seeing all the motives of the man with whom you are dealing? I wonder if you can get the better of him any more easily or make any more out of him? And that's what all of us are in business for, is it not?

Looking over the shoulder of a player at a game of cards, how much better you could play his hand! How quickly you tell the mistakes he makes? Still, you would probably do worse than he were you holding the hand yourself.

Why do we all so admire the virtue of self-sacrifice? Why do we regard it as, perhaps, the most noble of human qualities? Is it because we, individually, desire to be self-sacrificing, or because we wish others to sacrifice themselves to us?

The skin of many a noble lion shows as a trophy of the hunt tells of the folly of boldness. The "caw" of many a carrion crow tells of the wisdom of caution.

Too much self-reliance often brings on a man's friends more care and trouble than weak dependence. A man who is too strong breaks, and his friends must care for the pieces, which he who is weak takes few chances, prudently looks ahead into every nook and up every lane.

Suppose some one tiger learned the art of smiling, would not that particular tiger be always fat and sleek? Would he ever be without a full stomach? What a superior beast to all the other beasts of the forest he would be?

It is the most nicely balanced scales which become most easily unbalanced. And is it not so with men?

In business, as in prize fighting, it is usually the man who can stand the most punishment who wins.

Certain unhappy individuals have ever been known to practice groaning.

There are at least three classes of working people: Those who desire to accomplish something, those who labor in order to keep busy, and those who work so that they can tell about it.

A man's instinct tells him the difference between right and wrong. Thus he judges the acts of others accordingly—and makes exceptions in his own case.

All of the good out of the moral man would make an angel; all of the bad out of the best man would make a devil.

His Narrow Escape.

How Dodd's Kidney Pills Saved Mr. C. S. Griggs.

HAMILTON, Jan. 30.—A startling story is told by Mr. C. S. Griggs, carpenter, living at 151 Queen Street south. Reputable citizens vouch for the strict truth of every detail.

Mr. Griggs endured the most agonizing pains for eight years. He was a victim of Bright's disease, and the best doctors could not help him.

Finally he tried Dodd's Kidney Pills. Three boxes cured him. To-day he is sound and well in every way.

It is wonderful how many Hamilton people have been cured of Bright's Disease by Dodd's Kidney Pills. They have never been known to fail in a single case.

O'Brien—Oh, murder alive! Barney, come and help me! Pat has fallen in on the mortar, and he's up to his ankles!" McGeorge—Och, if he's only up to his ankles, he can walk out." O'Brien—Oh, but bedad he's in head first!"

Good health is worth more than anything else to you, and every bottle of Hood's Sarsaparilla contains good health.

To be a barbarian it is not necessary to wear no clothes and dine on missionaries.

The number of ladies who buy Magne-lic Dyes all over Canada surprises even ourselves—of course they give splendid results.

The Critic Answered.

An acute critic calls attention to what he styles an inelegance in a leading article of The Pilot. It is in that which the following sentence occurs: "And Paul said, 'But I was born so.'" We are sorry it is inelegant, but it must stand as it is, for it happens to be the exact words of the New Testament, chapter xxii, verse 28, of the Acts of the Apostles. The Pilot never tries to improve upon the language of holy writ. Some afternoon when we have reformed all the wrongs in the world and pointed out all the faults of all our neighbors for their reformation we may sit down and revise the New Testament, but it will not be this year nor next year. Somewhere along about 1998 we shall inaugurate these important reforms.—Boston Pilot.

GRAND ANSE HOTEL, GRAND ANSE GLOUCESTER CO., N. B.

This house is but a short distance from Grand Anse Station on the Caraquet Railway, and possesses many advantages as a watering place. Bathing, Boating, Fishing, Beautiful Drives, etc., etc. Sample Rooms and Livery Stable in connection. Charges moderate. WM. THERIAULT, PROPRIETOR.

Hotel Stanley, KING SQUARE, ST. JOHN, N. B.

J. M. FOWLER, PROPRIETOR. HOT-WATER HEATING THROUGH-OUT. First-Class in all its Appointments.

Farm at Molus River For Sale.

I offer for sale the Harrison T. Smith property at Molus River, in the vicinity of the school house. There are about 300 acres in the lot. Prompt application will secure a good bargain. J. D. PHINNEY. Aug. 12, 1898.

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. (anz31a)

A Use For It.

"And now," said the banker, when they had entered the private office and closed the door, "what can I do for you?"

The sinister looking stranger drew from his pocket a glass vessel securely corked, containing a yellowish liquid. "I want money," he said, "and I must have it. If I were to drop this glass on the floor and break it, both of us would be blown into a thousand pieces."

The banker scribbled an address upon a card. "Take that thing up to my house," he said, "and turn it over to our new servant girl, and then name your price." —Strand Magazine.

Theater Chat.

He—In China a play is six months long. She—Dear me, what a lot of good shoe leather you save in not being there to go out between acts!—Exchange.

A New Departure.

Dr. Marschand, the celebrated French physician, has at last opened his magnificently equipped laboratory in Windsor, Ont. There is a large staff of chemists and physicians at his command, and the men and women of Canada may now procure the advice of this famous specialist free of charge.

Dr. Marschand has a world-wide reputation for successfully treating all nervous diseases of men and women, and you have but to write the doctor to be convinced that your answer, when received, is from a man who is entitled to the high position he holds in the medical fraternity.

Why suffer in silence when you can secure the advice of this eminent physician free of charge.

All correspondence is strictly confidential and names are held as secret. Answers to correspondents are mailed in plain envelopes.

You are not asked to pay any exorbitant price for medicines, in fact it rarely happens that a patient has expended over 50 cents to one dollar before he or she becomes a firm friend and admirer of the doctor.

A special staff of lady physicians assist Dr. Marschand in his treatment of female cases. Always inclose a three-cent stamp when you write and address The Dr. Marschand Chemical Co., Detroit, Mich., U. S. A.

When you write mention THE REVIEW.

MORTGAGES,

DEEDS,

BILLS OF SALE (with affidavit),

LEASES,

COUNTY COURT SUBPENAES,

COUNTY COURT WRITS,

COUNTY COURT EXECUTIONS,

SUPREME COURT SUBPENAES,

MAGISTRATE'S FORMS,

BILLS OF LADING,

and other forms, for sale at

THE REVIEW Office.

NEW VICTORIA HOTEL

248 to 252 Prince William St., St. John, N. B. J. L. McCOSKERY, Proprietor. One minutes walk from steamboat landing. Street cars for and from all railway stations and steamboat landings pass this hotel every five minutes.

INTERCOLONIAL HOTEL.

OPPOSITE I. C. R. STATION. SACKVILLE. N. B. FIRST CLASS LIVERY IN CONNECTION.

BRUNSWICK HOUSE,

(Opposite Railway Station.) RIVERSVILLE. N. B. Open Day and Night. Sample Rooms on premises. Baggage carried to and from Station. M. O'BRIEN, Proprietor.

ADAMS HOUSE, CHATHAM, N. B.

Sample Rooms and Livery Stable in connection. THOS. FLANAGAN, Proprietor.

VICTORIA HOTEL

King Street, ST. JOHN, N. B. D. W. McCORMICK, PROPRIETOR.

KENT HOTEL,

Richibucto, N. B. GEO. A. IRVING, Proprietor. CENTRALLY SITUATED. Good Sample Rooms. Newly Furnished. Free hack attends all trains.

Commercial Hotel,

KINGSTON, KENT CO. FRANK McINERNEY, PROPRIETOR.

Waverly Hotel!

NEWCASTLE, N. B.

The Subscriber has thoroughly fitted up and newly furnished the rooms of the well known McKee house, Newcastle, and is prepared to receive and accommodate transient guests. A good table and pleasant rooms provided. Sample rooms if required. R. H. Gremley's teams will attend all trains and boats in connection with this house. JOHN MCKEEN.

BELMONT HOTEL,

SAINT JOHN, N. B. (Directly opposite N. B. and I. C. R. Stations.) J. SIME, Proprietor. Free Cars pass the House both ways every five minutes, and connect with all steamboat lines. Baggage taken and from the station free of charge. Terms moderate.

NEW KENT HOTEL,

QUEEN ST., RICHIBUCTO, NB.

FURNISHED SAMPLE ROOMS FOR COMMERCIAL MEN. Livery Stable in Connection. S. O'DONNELL, PROPRIETOR.

TERRACE HOTEL,

AMHERST, N. S.

Large and well Lighted Sample Rooms in centre of Town formerly occupied by Lamy Hotel. FREE COACH TO AND FROM ALL TRAINS. W. and W. CALHOUN, Proprietors.

QUEEN HOTEL,

FREDERICTON, N. B. First-class Livery Stables in connection. J. A. EDWARDS, Proprietor.

Hotel Brunswick,

MONCTON, N. B.

The largest and best Hotel in the City. Accommodating 200 Guests, situated in the centre of spacious grounds and surrounded by elegant shade trees, making it specially desirable for Tourists in the summer season. GEO. McSWEENEY, Proprietor.