

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."

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 vile stuff by the glass, But the words which 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. Ah! not a word for their danger or pain, If it falls upon them, the less is his gain. I thought of my children, exposed to this strife, This burden might fall on their innocent life, Should evil begile 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 palsied by rum, 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 freemen, awake! his power to o'erthrow, We loudly proclaim it! This Tyrant Must Go! —Rev. C. A. Ruddock, in Ram's Horn.

ARRAIGNMENT OF THE LIQUOR TRAFFIC.

BY REV. THEODORE L. CUYLER, D. D. Under the auspices of the "Prohibition Union of Christian Men," of Rochester, N. Y., the old veteran teetotaler, Dr. Cuyler, delivered an address to an audience that filled the great Auditorium of Rochester.

When Dr. Cuyler arose to speak, he was greeted with long continued applause and the Chautauqua salute. His address was what was expected, strong, epigrammatic, eloquent, convincing, punctuated with sallies of wit and touches of pathos, a scathing denunciation of the saloon, yet through it all there was a perceptible vein of sympathy for the rum seller and the rum consumer, a sympathy that made itself manifest in his pleading with those two classes for the suppression of what he termed the "open door of perdition."

A delicate compliment was paid to the city of Rochester, which "has more earnest religion to the square inch than any other city of its size," the headquarters of great reform movements, referring to the work of Frederick Douglass, Charles G. Phinney, General Riley and others, yet "cursed with 587 establishments built of the wrecks of purses, homes and immortal souls." He pleaded for the suppression of the dram shop for the sake of the drink seller, who some day "will stand before the judgment seat with every one of his victims strapped to his back, and must render a tremendous account, for he is making his living at the mouth of hell."

He pleaded also for the liquor buyer, who was at the same time "the victim and the supporter of the traffic;" for the lives of young men and women; for the workman who takes alcohol for nourishment, contrary to the speaker's declaration that "there's more nourishment in a penny cracker than in a keg of beer." "The best work is done without liquor," he added. "Liquor does no good but much treachery and destruction. Certain drugs have an affinity for certain parts of the human body, and alcohol makes for the human brain, strikes where the body, mind and soul meet, and sends all to perdition."

Dr. Cuyler made the sweeping assertion that all saloons, from the gilded ones to the stummy ones, were poverty breeders, scenes of plunder and robbery, and the drinkers are public impoverishers. They are public banks, he said, over which should be placed a notice reading something like this: "Rochester bank for lossings, open at all doors and all hours, including Sunday; nothing taken in but good money, nothing paid out but disease, disgrace, destruction and death. Extra dividends of delirium tremens to old depositors. Free tickets to Mt. Hope. All children of depositors sent without charge to the orphan aylum and almshouse."

The saloon, he continued, is also the nursery of corrupt politics, whose votes tell against virtue, order, morality and

public welfare. A further denunciation was contained in the statement that the saloon is a fearful destroyer of human lives, comparing the carpeted, chandeliered, rosewood, mirrored liquor palace to a common slaughter house. "I say," he cried, with all the thunder of his magnetic voice, "that the sale of liquor in the saloons of Rochester is a cool, calculating, money-making murder, the weighing out of so many pieces of silver against ounces of blood and the destruction of immortal souls."

"IT NEVER PAID ME BETTER."

In an address at the recent annual meeting of the United Kingdom Alliance, held at Manchester, England, Rev. Charles Garrett said: "I met with a brewer, a good man in his way, who had been a member and office-bearer in our church for years. He was a man kind, generous, ready to help anybody in distress, and with a kindly word for anybody in trouble. He met me; we had a hearty shake of the hand. He said: 'Well, Mr. Garrett, I suppose you are as earnest in teetotalism as ever.' 'Yes,' I said, 'rather more.' 'Well,' he said, 'it's all right, you know, it pleases you and it doesn't hurt me. The fact is I was never doing better than I am doing now.' Not long after I saw his second son coming out of the yard in delirium tremens with three men struggling with him, a fine young fellow, and broad-chested. I saw them as they wrestled with him; his veins standing out like rope on his forehead, and his eyes flashing. I saw him fall; they carried him in. Half an hour afterward I heard a whisper, 'he is dead,' and I went in to try and comfort the family; and when I entered the room, there was the body, and on that side was the mother drunk, and on the other side the brother drunk. As I stood and looked on that horrible scene I heard that father's words again, 'It never paid me better.'"

The steamship Empress of Japan has just started for the Philippines with more than 1,000,000 bottles of beer on board. A morning paper aptly remarks that "this will, sooner or later, be likely to constitute a portion of 'The White Man's Burden' in and about Manila." As a result of this co-operation of the brewers and the United States Government, our white-ribbon missionaries are evidently going to have as much reforming as forming work to do over there.—Union Signal.

Father Doyle, with honest indignation, resents Bishop Potter's imputation that the saloon is the poor man's club, and defines it as "a club indeed to beat the brains from the head of many a poor fellow and knock the money from his pocket."

COAL BRANCH NOTES.

The weather has been fine this long while but the roads are in a very bad condition.

Mr. C. C. Carlyle's men are hauling coal to the station, he has sold a carload to the Kent Northern Railway Company.

Messrs. B. Johnson and Thomas Spencer drove to Mr. Carlyle's mine on Sunday afternoon. Mr. Johnson intended to go to Mill Branch, but the roads being so bad he could not get there.

The young ladies and gentlemen of this vicinity had a coasting party about a week ago. Rumor said there were some of them went home that night with their face scratched by an upset they had going down hill.

La Grippe is raging around this little place, most of the people are laid up with it. Miss M. C. Robichaud, our teacher, had a very bad attack of it but she is recovering.

Mr. James Swift arrived home Sunday night from Gloucester Junction on the I. C. R.

Mrs. John T. Swift intends going to St. Louis at Easter to see her daughter, Miss Anne Swift, who is at the Convent.

Mr. W. Little, from the settlement, went to Moncton on Saturday night on business.

Mr. Thomas Beers lost a valuable mare last week.

Mr. A. Hudson removed into his own house a few days ago.

Miss Mary Swift, of the Settlement, was visiting at Mr. J. Swift's on Sunday.

Some people in this vicinity have a very bad disease called "The tongue trouble." They should get a cure for it. The writer will be kind enough to give you a good recipe. Take a teaspoonful three times a day of the mixture, "Have more sense, one ounce, mind your own business, one half ounce, and keep your tongue quiet, one dram. If you follow the direction you will see in a few weeks you will be able to leave your neighbours alone. But if it is a failure write back to me and I will give you another prescription.

Yours truly,
CHEAP JACK,
Pig Street, London No. 24

Every cyclist should carry a bottle of Hagyard's Yellow Oil. It has no equal for taking out inflammation, reducing swelling or relieving pain. Price 25c.

He Wanted a Pension.

Opie Read tells a funny story of a colored man who had conceived the idea that he could get a pension from the government. He went to a pension agent to learn what steps it would be necessary for him to take to bring about the desired result.

"Were you really in the army, Sam?" asked the agent.

"Yes, sah. Indeed I was, sah. I was in de army for more'n a year, sah."

"What regiment were you in, Sam?"

"Waal, sah, I don't just this minute remember, but I'ze gwine to bring you all de papers, and dat will explain de matter."

"But you surely remember whom you were with, Sam?"

"Oh, yes, sah! I remember dat all right. I was wid my young master."

"Oh, then you were in the Confederate army, were you?"

"Yes, sah; yas, sah."

"Were you ever wounded, Sam?"

"Yas, sah; indeed I was. See dat scar, sah? I got dat scar in de army, sah."

"What was it hit you, Sam?"

"Waal, sah, it was a skillet, sah. Indeed it was. A big iron skillet, sah."

"Now, see here, Sam, what chance can you have to get a pension? In the first place you were in the Confederate army, and then the only wound you received anyway was from a skillet. What in the world has our government got to do with your case?"

"Waal, sah, it was a government skillet, sah."—Chicago Times-Herald.

A Woman's Way.

"Here is something that I would like to approach very gently," said Mr. Stoggleback, "so as not to give any offense."

"The new woman wants her rights and her privileges, too, and as a matter of fact I am very glad she does cling to her privileges, and I hope she always will, which means that I hope she'll stay a woman. But the way in which she mixes her rights and privileges up is sometimes a little confusing. For instance:

"When walking along the sidewalk woman holds her course and lets the man turn out, and she does this just the same down town in the busiest streets as she would in a calm and quiet residence street. You might think that a business woman working among business men in a business part of the town would adopt business methods in everything, and that when you met her in the street she would turn to the right as you do and as all men do, but she doesn't. She holds her course, which is very likely to be along the inner side of the walk, and expects you to turn out for her, even if it carries you to the left instead of to the right. She doesn't care about that.

"No matter who she may be or where you meet her woman expects man to turn out for her, and I hope she always will."—New York Sun.

Insanity's Debt to Medical Science. Insanity is now recognized as a disease which is the result of some functional or organic disturbance of the brain or of some injury or malformation of that organ. Be it said to the everlasting credit of medical science that it has rescued the whole subject of the diseases of the brain and nervous system from the region of myth and superstition and placed it on a scientific plane along with the other diseases and injuries to which human flesh is heir.

The old lunatic asylums and the filthy cells of the county jails with all their horrors where the victims of dethroned reason used to be confined and tortured have been abolished and in their place we now have the modern hospital for the insane, and it stands on the same footing in every respect as a hospital for diseases of the eye and ear or any other medical specialty. It was not the churches, but medical science, inspired by a desire to benefit mankind, which taught the world that the insane are our brothers still and that to them is due the same Christian charity and care as to any others in distress.—Dr. John Girdner in North American Review.

A Bit of Ribbon.

A London paper tells this story of the final signing of the Spanish-American peace treaty: "Every diplomatic instrument bears a seal from which depends a ribbon, and when the seal was about to be affixed to the treaty the commissioners, both of Spain and America, expressed a desire, in graceful acknowledgment of the courtesy shown by France, that the dependent ribbon should be tricolored. Search was forthwith made high and low in the Quai d'Orsay, with the result that in the foreign office of the French republic not a bit of ribbon of the French colors could be found.

"At this critical juncture a brilliant inspiration flashed across one of the heads of the department. 'Go,' he said to a messenger, 'to M. X—, the confectioner, in the Rue St. Honoré, for a pound of chocolate cakes and be sure you ask him to tie them up with a tricolor ribbon.' With that bit of confectioner's ribbon the treaty of peace between Spain and the United States was sealed."

Humors of Speech.

"Coom out o' that!" shouted an irate but zealous churchwarden in a rural district to someurchins who were playing marbles against the church door.

"I'll let passon know how ye desecrate the holy place." This word forms a common stumbling block. A grocer once informed us that people from quite the respectable classes not infrequently asked him for desecrated soap.—Cornhill Magazine.

Japan was originally civilized by way of China. Today Japan sends scholars and men of science to instruct the Chinese.

Crops are that part of vegetation which always gets too much or too little rain.—Chicago Record.

The People's Faith

Firmly Grounded Upon Real Merit —They Know Hood's Sarsaparilla Absolutely Good and Permanently Cures When All Others Fail.

Hood's Sarsaparilla is not merely a simple preparation of Sarsaparilla, Dock, Sillifingla and a little Iodide of Potassium. Besides these excellent alteratives, it also contains those great anti-bilious and liver remedies, Mandrake and Dandelion. It also contains those great kidney remedies, Uva Ursi, Juniper Berries, and Pipsissewa.

Nor are these all. Other very valuable curative agents are harmoniously combined in Hood's Sarsaparilla and it is carefully prepared under the personal supervision of a regularly educated pharmacist.

Knowing these facts, is the abiding faith the people have in Hood's Sarsaparilla a matter of surprise? You can see why Hood's Sarsaparilla cures, when other medicines totally, absolutely fail.

Hood's Sarsaparilla is the best—in fact the One True Blood Purifier. Sold by all druggists. \$1; six for \$5.

Hood's Pills are the best after-dinner pills, aid digestion. 25c.

NEGROES SHOT DEAD.

NINE OF THEM TAKEN FROM A JAIL AND KILLED.

PALMETTE, Pa., March 16.—A mob of masked men stormed the little house doing service as a gaol here early this morning and shot down nine negroes. Four were killed outright. The other five were badly wounded. The negroes have been held for burning the town; three fires since January having almost entirely destroyed it. The mob rode into the town at one o'clock. The little house which had been used as a gaol since the fire was in the centre of the town. The guard was called on to turn over nine negroes held there for trial on the charge of arson. He refused and awakened assistants. They were quickly overpowered, however, and with a rush the white caps made for the prisoners, who had been awakened by the noise. They began begging for mercy, but were shot down quickly. The greatest excitement prevailed. Nearly everybody was aroused by the shooting and spent the remainder of the night on the street. An outbreak on the part of negroes in this vicinity is feared. There are many threats to avenge the shooting of the members of their race. Governor Chandler was called on for troops about four o'clock to allay the apprehension and put down any uprising, but none arrived.

THERE'S ALWAYS HOPE.

Bright's Disease and Kindred Kidney Troubles Have Lost Their Terrors—South American Kidney Cure Wages a Successful War.

A young man studying for the ministry, and the son of a well-known western merchant, dropped into a drug store, and in a very discouraged mood said to the proprietor, "I am quitting my studies and going home to I know not what. My physician says I have Bright's Disease and cannot pursue my studies." That druggist knew from experience the almost miraculous cure in his own place made by South American Kidney Cure. He recommended it to the young man and in less than a month he was back to his studies again a perfectly cured man. South American Kidney Cure is a liquid kidney specific. Sold at Short's Drug Store.

MARIBGES BETWEEN COUSINS. Dr. John Inglis in Medical Record says. In an effort to compare one hundred cases of marriages between cousins-german with one hundred average marriages where no relation existed the author took by lot from a physician's book case, who had practiced in a town of fifteen hundred inhabitants for thirty years and knew their family histories well, the names of one hundred marriages with regard to sterility, pulmonary, mental and congenital diseases. These were then compared with the marriages of cousins. The latter showed a lower percentage of sterile marriages and a slightly lower percentage of mental diseases. In pulmonary and congenital diseases there was about the same percentage of difference, in favor of the former. In all other particulars the difference amounted to as little as any such comparisons can. In the one hundred cases of those not related, seventeen per cent. were sterile, in the cousins-german fourteen and a half per cent. of these figures agree very nearly with Huth's investigations.

Children Cry for CASTORIA.

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