

A Grand Opportunity

TO SECURE GOODS AT YOUR OWN PRICES.

Our New Stock for the coming season has been bought for **SPOT CASH** and as we have still on hand some Winter Goods, we offer the same to the people of this town and vicinity at your own prices.

It is Cash and Room we want
for our New Purchases.

B. SCHACHTER,

Next Door to Post Office.

Bloodhounds.

The gentleness of bloodhound disposition is probably accounted for by their not having been used to hunt and kill prey. One of the most ancient anecdotes of these dogs attributes the capture of a fugitive to the use of his own bloodhound. The name itself is probably a modern one, based on a vulgar error that the dogs only followed persons who were "red handed" from homicide or who had about them the smell of recently killed sheep. The ancient name was lyme dog or talbot, which latter appears to have been a white variety of bloodhound.

The Cuban bloodhounds, which were used for hunting slaves by the Spaniards and were imported into Jamaica, were not bloodhounds at all, but a cross between the mastiff and bulldog, or perhaps the "dogue" of Bordeaux. They were brindled, prick eared, and doubtless horribly savage. They were, however, used as "police," and like the bloodhounds on the border, were maintained in every parish in Jamaica, where it was the duty of the churchwardens to keep them at the expense of the community.

Some of these dogs were kept in London during the early days of the zoological gardens. The stories of their ferocity are probably not exaggerated, though Lord Balcarras, who imported 200 of them into Jamaica to aid in subduing the maroons, never used them. He frightened the negroes into submission by circulating the stories current about the dogs.—London Spectator

Took His Wife's Advice.

When the man whose haircut showed that his wife had peculiar notions as to the way a man should dress his hair quit giving advice, one of the listeners said:

"No man has more respect for a woman than I have, but I shall never take the advice of my wife again about money matters. She insisted upon my hiding my salary, so if I should be held up the highwaymen wouldn't get it. I draw my stipend at 6 p. m., and it is quite dark before I get home. She is a good hider in the house, but her talent in that line stops there. Now, she had the brilliant idea that I should put the envelope containing my money under the sweatband of my hat. Highwaymen would never look there and would never rob a man of his hat. After she had made this suggestion about 40 times I accepted it. I went home as usual on the elevated. I had a slight attack of vertigo in the car, and the man who always knows what to do said I needed fresh air and threw up the window. In doing so he knocked off my hat. I went home bareheaded and broke."

The Brave Bull, the Cruel Spaniard.

The trumpet sounds again, and the espada takes his sword and his muleta and goes out for the last scene. This, which ought to be, is not always the real climax. The bull is often by this time tired, has had enough of the sport, leaps at the barrier, trying to get out. He is tired of running after red rags, and he brushes them aside contemptuously. He can scarcely be got to show animation enough to be decently killed. But one bull that I saw was splendidly savage and fought almost to the last, running about the arena with the sword between his shoulders, and that great red line broadening down each side of his neck on the black, like a deep layer of red paint, one tricks oneself into thinking.

He carried two swords in his neck and still fought. When at last he, too, got weary he went and knelt down before the door by which he had entered and would fight no more. But they went up to him from outside the barrier and drew the swords out of him, and he got to his feet again and stood to be killed.—Saturday Review

She Let Him Off.

One night Green came home very late and found his wife evidently prepared to administer a Cuddle lecture. Instead of going to bed, he took a seat, and, resting his elbows on his knees, seemed absorbed in grief, sighing heavily and uttering such exclamations as "Poor Watkins! Poor fellow!"

Mrs. Green, moved by curiosity, said sharply, "What's the matter with Watkins?"

"Ah," said Green, "his wife is giving him fits just now."

Mrs. Green let her husband off that time.—Liverpool Mercury.

Jungle Food and Jungle Poison.

Those who have traveled much through the damp jungles of India, such as the Terai, cannot have helped noticing the large amount of fungoid growth, both terrestrial and epiphytical, that presents itself, much of which is edible, but requires an intimate acquaintance with botany to determine between the poisonous and unpoisonous. What were not long since considered semisavage races on the northeast frontier are the best guides the uninitiated, however, can employ to distinguish the two classes. So close is the resemblance that it would be dangerous for the ignorant traveler to trust to his own unaided discrimination, and if the services of a human nomad are not available the fungi should be submitted to the equally an fait judgment of a tame monkey—a thing no traveler should be without.

The animal must be very closely watched when sitting in judgment, especial notice being taken of his countenance. If the specimen is poisonous, there is a decided look of disgust apparent, as the creature throws it from him, but if nonpoisonous it is torn into fragments, first smelled and then transferred to the mouth, in which case one may rest perfectly satisfied that it is edible, even though "jackoo" may not eat it. In no case will our remote connections make a mistake, nor, for that matter, will an elephant either. A spare elephant or two is also a handy thing to have among your luggage.—Indian Planters' Gazette.

Tricks of a Pet Crane.

My friend has a pet Florida crane of which he is very fond. The crane stands at one side by the hour, just pluming himself, then picking at shoe buttons and finger rings. Occasionally he is indulged in a favorite pastime—that of taking the hairpins out of his mistress' hair. In nature he is as gentle and affectionate as a kitten, and as he has never been teased he has no enmity for anything except a dog. One night he was attacked by a strange dog, and since then his hatred for any canine other than the home dog is intense.

Dick has always been inordinately fond of his master, whom he makes every effort to please. It is at his command that he will dance, bowing and twirling in the most graceful manner; then circling with wings distended around the yard and back again to bow and courtesy as before.

Another very pleasing recognition of his intelligence is the manner in which he always welcomes his owner. He recognizes his horse and carriage as far as his eye can reach, and long before the bird is in view his voice is heard trumpeting a greeting, which is continued until the master reaches the gate, when at the single command, "Louder, Dick!" he throws his head back and gives forth a long gurgling note, indicating joy and pleasure. To no one else will he give this welcome. It is unique and peculiar—for his owner alone.—Forest and Stream.

You Should Know

What Hood's Sarsaparilla has power to do for those who have impure and impoverished blood. It makes the blood rich and pure, and cures scrofula, salt rheum, dyspepsia, catarrh, rheumatism, nervousness. If you are troubled with any ailment caused or promoted by impure blood take Hood's Sarsaparilla at once.

Hood's Pills are prompt and efficient, easy to take, easy to operate.

No man should marry till he can listen to a baby crying in the next room and not feel like breaking the furniture.—Exchange.

Eighty-five per cent of the people who are lame are affected on the left side.

A QUICK CURE FOR COUGHS AND COLDS

Pyny-Pectoral

The Canadian Remedy for all THROAT AND LUNG AFFECTIONS Large Bottles, 25 cents.

DAVIS & LAWRENCE CO., Limited, New York's Perry Davis' Pain Killer, Montreal

Her Cousin.

They were talking of figures of speech.

"Have you ever noticed," said one, "how fond people are of vegetable metaphors when they are dealing with a woman? Her cheeks are 'roses,' her lips are 'cherry,' her hands are always 'lily hands,' her mouth is a 'rosebud,' her complexion is 'like a peach,' and her breath is 'fragrant as honeysuckle.'"

"You've forgotten one," said the cynic.

"What's that?"

"Her tongue. It is a scarlet runner."

A Considerate Lover.

Parent—Of course, as my daughter is of age, she can suit herself as to marrying you, but the day she does I will cut her off without a penny.

Suitor (after a pause)—Well, under those circumstances, sir, we will break our engagement. I could not think of depriving a young lady of her inheritance.

Love at First Sight.

"Do you believe in love at first sight?" she asked.

"Of course," answered the savage bachelor. "Do you suppose, if a man had the gift of second sight, he would fall in love?"

Merely a Guess.

"Why do they call it the matrimonial yoke, I wonder?"

"Because there is generally a calf at one end of it. I guess."—Cleveland Leader

A New Departure.

Dr. Marschand, the celebrated French physician, has at last opened his magnificent 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 sacred. 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.

ALWAYS BUY

Eddy's Matches

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THE MOST OF THE BEST

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EARN WE WANT RELIABLE MEN

\$30 in every locality, local or travelling to reduce a new discovery and look after our advertising. No experience needed. Steady employment, Salary or commission, \$65 a month and \$2.50 a day expenses. Money deposited in any bank at start if desired. Write at once. World Medical Electric Co., London, Ont.

Adventure With a Tiger.

Colonel R., an English officer stationed in India, met with a singular adventure while tiger hunting in which he lost an arm. The colonel had wounded a tiger from an elephant's back. The tiger charged, and the elephant, taking fright, bolted through the jungle. To save himself from being brained and swept off by overhanging branches, Colonel R. seized a stout limb and, raising himself, left the elephant to go on alone through the forest. To his dismay he found he had not strength and agility sufficient to swing himself up to sit on the branch. In vain he strove to throw a leg over and so raise himself.

Looking down, the sportsman discovered that the tiger had spotted him and was waiting below. The horror of the situation can be imagined—the enraged tiger and the helpless, dangling man knowing he must fall into these cruel jaws.

How long he hung there he never knew. He shouted and shrieked in an agony of fear. He ceased one arm a little and then the other, then hung despairingly by both—till at last tired nature gave way and he dropped!

He remembered thrusting one arm into the tiger's jaws, and then consciousness left him. His life was saved by the arrival of a friendly rifle barrel held close to the tiger's head and through the subsequent amputation of the mangled arm by a skillful surgeon.—Youth's Companion.

The Art of Doing Nothing.

One mark of the modern man is his inability to idle. When he has to work for his living, he will grumble lavishly, telling you that leisure is what he longs for; that an idle life is his unattainable ideal. But let him come into a fortune and you will see. Does he use his new affluence in the only reasonable way, making soft places for himself wherein he can idle happily? Not he; he runs to and fro about the city like the Scripture dog, risking the portion of goods that has come to him among the outside brokers, or he tries the muscles of his stomach on a yacht, or he delivers himself, bound hand and foot, to the tyranny of the racing stables, or he becomes a philanthropist, or throws his unconquerable energy into amateur photography.

To a dweller in the sheepfolds the question comes urgent, insistent. When does a man come into this his birthright of antique industry? When does this inability to idle grow on him? At the time of his lambs he will do anything, everything, to insure his doing nothing. To attain this object he will spare no patent pains, no anxious thought. He will achieve his end even in "prep" with the eye of the shepherd upon him, and it will be perceived that to do nothing when talking is impossible and staring about, an expensive luxury, requires a talent amounting almost to genius.—Pall Mall Gazette.

He Got the Votes.

A congressman is thus quoted by the Washington Star:

"The first race I ever made for congress resulted in my defeat by less than 50 majority, and if one of my friends had not been too zealous I would have been elected. There was a precinct where I expected to receive 100 votes, and I feared there would be some fraud in the precinct that would injure me, so I got an old man who had never participated in politics, but who had almost paramount influence in the district, to take charge of my interests there, instructing him to see that every friend of mine voted and that the votes were counted."

"When the returns came in, I had not received a single vote in that precinct, and the next day a bulky envelope was handed me containing 120 ballots, together with a letter from the man I had left in charge saying that he had seen every friend of mine and taken up their ballots so that none would be missed, and as he wouldn't trust the judges of elections he had sent them to me himself so I would be sure to get them. Since then I have seen to it that men in charge of my interests were not only honest, but knew something about politics."

A Dog and a Telephone.

At the Redhill railway station a passenger recently came to the station master in great grief, saying that her little pet dog had been left by accident on the platform at Reigate and would likely be either crushed by a locomotive or lost. The courteous official telephoned through respecting the poodle, and the answer came immediately that a dog of that description had just been brought into the police station. The receiver was put to the dog's ear, and the lady was asked to speak to it. She did so. The effect was electrical. The dog barked a cordial recognition of the voice and by its antics expressed a great desire to jump into the apparatus and traverse the wire in order to get to its mistress all the sooner.—Birmingham (England) Mail.

Types of Husbands to Avoid.

There are two distinct types of husbands who do more harm than they would be willing to admit—the man who permits himself to become a generous figurehead in his own family, rarely holding a conversation with his wife or children, good naturedly responding to any extravagance for the sake of peace, and the man who, though conspicuous in the church and community, tyrannizes over his family in small things until, for the sake of peace, they deceive him on every hand.—Frances Evans in Ladies' Home Journal.

Why He Didn't Reply.

It is not always easy to be polite. Witness this from the Chicago Post:

"Why don't you answer?" said madam impatiently to the Scandinavian on the stepladder engaged in putting up new window fixtures.

The man gulped and replied gently: "I have my mouth full of screws. I not can speak till I swallow some."

MUNYON'S



I will guarantee that my Rheumatism Cure will relieve lumbago, sciatica and all rheumatic pains in two or three hours, and cure in a few days.

MUNYON.
At all druggists, 25c. a vial. Guide to Health and medical advice free.
1505 Arch st., Phila.

RHEUMATISM

Soap Mixed in the Dough.

Epicures may be interested to know that continental bakers are in the habit of mixing soap with their dough to make their bread and pastry nice and light. The quantity of soap varies. In fancy articles, like waffles and fritters, it is much larger than in bread. The soap is dissolved in water, oil is added, and the mixture, after being well whipped, is added to the flour.

Not Very Comforting.

Staylight—Tommy, do you think your sister is fond of me?
Tommy—I don't know. She gave me a quarter to set the clock half an hour fast.—Jewish Comment.



Mrs. Wright, of Norval, Ont., experienced intense suffering from ECZEMA IN HER FEET.

Raw From Her Toes to Her Knees

Dr. Chase Makes a Wonderful Cure.

Mrs. Knight, 17 Hanover place, Toronto, makes the following statement:—

My mother, Mrs. Wright, who lives at Norval, near Doncaster, suffered all summer and winter with Eczema in her feet. She could not walk, and very seldom got any sleep. It became so bad that she was perfectly raw from the toes to the knees. After trying every available remedy without receiving any benefit, and almost hopeless of relief, she was advised to try Dr. Chase's Ointment. She has altogether used 8 boxes since commencing, but with the happiest results, for she is now completely cured. There is but one scar on one of her feet, a memento of her fearful suffering condition. Any person desiring further testimony in this case is at liberty to communicate with Mrs. Wright at her address, Norval, P. O.

Mrs. Knight says after such a grand success, is it any wonder we recommend Dr. Chase's Ointment?

W. H. De Long, Civil Engineer, ex-Warden and County Counselor, New Germany, Lunenburg Co., N. S., Oct. 28th, 1897, says:—"I had itching piles for thirty years, and have tried various kinds of pile cures, but none gave me permanent relief until I used Dr. Chase's Ointment. I have recommended it to others with the same result."

GRAND ANSE HOTEL,

GRAND ANSE GLOUCESTER CO., N. B.

This house is but a short distance from Grand Anse Station on the Caranquet Railway, and possesses unsurpassed 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 THROUGHOUT.

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. (aug31st)

NEW VICTORIA HOTEL

48 to 52 Prince William St., St. John, N. B.

J. L. McCOSKERY, - - - Proprietor

One minute 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.)

R. GERSVILLE, - - - 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.

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King Street, ST. JOHN, N. B.

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KENT HOTEL,

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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 MCKEE.

BELMONT HOTEL,

SAINT JOHN, N. B.

(Directly opposite N. B. and I. C. R. Stations.)

J. SIME, - - - Proprietor,

House Cars pass the House both ways every five minutes, and connect with all steamboat lines. Luggage taken and from the station free of charge.

Terms moderate.

NEW KENT HOTEL,

QUEEN ST., RICHIBUCTO, NB.

FURNISHED SAMPLE ROOMS

FOR COMMERCIAL MEN.

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TERRACE HOTEL.

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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.

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First-class Livery Stables in connection.

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Hotel Brunswick,

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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 especially desirable for Tourists in the summer season.

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Children Cry for
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