

MUNYON'S GUARANTEE.

Strong Assertions as to Just What the Remedies Will Do.



Munyon's guarantee that his Rheumatism Cure will cure nearly all cases of rheumatism in a few hours; that his Dyspepsia Cure will cure indigestion and all stomach troubles; that his Kidney Cure will cure 90 per cent. of all cases of kidney trouble; that his Catarrh Cure will cure catarrh no matter how long standing; that his Headache Cure will cure any kind of headache in a few minutes; that his Cold Cure will quickly break up any cold, and so on through the entire list of remedies. At all druggists, 25 cents a vial. If you need medical advice write Prof. Munyon, 3506 Arch St., Phila. It is absolutely free.

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.

"We are beaten back in many a fray, But never strength we borrow. And where the vanguard camps to-night, The rear shall tent tomorrow."

THE CURSE OF THE NATIONS.

BY REV. T. DE WITT TALMAGE, D. D.

Oh, the folly of trying to restrain an evil by Government tariff! If every gallon of whiskey made, if every flask of wine produced, should be taxed a thousand dollars, it would not be enough to pay for the tears it has wrung from the eyes of widows and orphans, nor for the blood it has dashed on the Christian church nor for the catastrophe of the millions it has destroyed forever.

A COMPARISON.

I sketch two houses in this street. The first is bright as home can be. The father comes at nightfall, and the children run out to meet him. Luxuriant evening meal. Gratulation, and sympathy and laughter. Music in the parlour. Fine pictures on the wall. Costly books on the stand. Well clad household. Plenty of everything to make home happy.

House the second: Piano sold yesterday by the sheriff. Wife's furs at pawnbroker's shop. Clock gone. Daughters jewelry sold to get flour. Carpets gone off the floor. Daughters in faded and patched dresses. Wife sewing for the stores. Little child with an ugly wound on her face, made by an angry blow. Deep shadow of wretchedness falling in every room. Door-bell rings. Little children hide. Daughters turn pale. Wife holds her breath. Blundering step in the hall. Door opens. Fiend, brandishing his fist, cries, "Out! out! What are you doing here?"

Did I call this house the second? No; it is the same house. Rum transformed it. Rum enbruted the man. Rum sold the shawl. Rum tore up the carpets. Rum shook his fist. Rum desolated the hearth. Rum changed that paradise into a hell.

A FEARFUL PASSION.

I do not care how much a man loves his wife and children, if this passion for strong drink has mastered him, he will do the most outrageous things; and if he could not get drunk in any other way, he would sell his family into eternal bondage. How many homes have been broken up that way no one but God knows. Oh, is there anything that will so destroy a man for this life and damn him for the life that is to come? I hate that strong drink. With all the concentrated energies of my soul I hate it. Why, there are on the roads and streets of this land to-day little children barefooted, uncombed and unkempt—want on every patch of their faded dresses and on every wrinkle of their prematurely old countenances—who would have been in churches to-day and as well clad as you are but for the fact that rum destroyed their parents and drove them into the grave. Oh, Rum, thou foe of God, thou despoiler of homes, thou recruiting officer of the pit, I hate thee!

THE DRUNKARD'S WILL.

I call attention to the fact that there are thousands of people born with a thirst for strong drink—a fact too often ignored. Along some ancestral lines there runs the river of temptation. There are some children whose swaddling clothes are torn off the shroud of death.

Many a father has made a will of this sort: "In the name of God, amen. I bequeath to my children my houses and lands and estate; share and share shall they alike. Hereto I affix my hand and seal in the presence of witnesses." And yet perhaps that very man has made another will that the people have never read, and that has not been proved in the courts. That will, put in writing, would read something like this: "In the name of disease and appetite and death, amen. I bequeath to my children my evil habits, my tankards, shall be theirs, my wine cups shall be theirs, my destroyed reputation shall be theirs, share and share alike shall they in the infancy. Hereto I affix my hand and seal in the presence of all the appalling harpies of hell."

LONGING FOR RELIEF.

Oh! how many are waiting to see if something cannot be done. Thousands of drunkards waiting, who cannot get drunk in any direction without having the tempter glancing before their eyes

or appealing to their nostrils, they fighting against it with enfeebled will and diseased appetite, conquering, then surrendering again, and crying: "How long, O Lord! how long before these infamous solicitations shall be gone?"

A WEARY WAIT.

How many mothers there are waiting to see if this national curse cannot lift! Oh! is that the boy that had the honest breath who comes home with breath vitiated or disguised? What a change! How quickly those habits of early coming home had been exchanged for the rattling of the night-key in the door long after the last watchman had gone by and tried to see that everything was closed up for the night. Oh what a change for that young man who had hoped would do something in merchandise, or in artisanship, or in a profession that would do honour to the family name long after mother's wrinkled hands are folded from the last toil! All that exchanged for a startled look when the door-bell rings, lest something has happened; and the wish that the scarlet fever twenty years ago had been fatal, for then he would have gone directly to the bosom of his Saviour. But, alas! poor old soul, she has lived to experience what Solomon said: "A foolish son is a heaviness to his mother."

BROKEN-HEARTED.

Oh! what a funeral it will be when that boy is brought home dead. And how that mother will sit there and say, "Is this my boy that I used to fondle and that I used to walk the floor with in the night when he was sick? Is this the boy that I held to the baptismal font for baptism? Is this the boy for whom I toiled until the blood burst from the tips of my fingers, that he might have a good star, and a good home? Lord, why hast thou let me live to see this? Can it be that these swollen hands are the ones that used to wander over my face when rocking him to sleep? Can it be that this is the baby forehead that I once so rapturously kissed? Poor boy! how tired he does look. I wonder who struck him that blow across the temple. I wonder if he uttered a dying prayer. Wake up, my son; don't you hear me? Wake up! Oh! he can't hear me. Dead, dead, dead! 'O Absalom, my son, would God that I had died for thee, O Absalom, my son my son!'"

I am not much of a mathematician, and I cannot estimate it; but is there any one here quick enough at figures to estimate how many mothers there are waiting for something to be done?

A DRUNKEN HUSBAND

Ay, there are many wives waiting for domestic rescue. That man promised something different from this when, after the long acquaintance and careful scrutiny of character, the hand and the heart were offered and accepted. What a hell on earth a woman lives in who has a drunken husband. O Death, how lovely thou art to her, and how warm thy skeleton hand! The sepulchre at midnight in winter is a king's drawing-room compared with that woman's home. It is not so much the blow on the head that hurts as the blow on the heart. The rum fiend came to that beautiful home, and opened the door and stood there, and said: "I curse this dwelling with an unrelenting curse. I curse that father into a maniac. I curse that mother into a pauper. I curse those sons into vagrants. I curse those daughters into profligates. Cursed be bread-tray and cradle. Cursed be couch and chair, and family Bible with record of marriages and births and deaths. Curse upon curse." Oh! how many wives are there waiting to see if something cannot be done to shake these frosts of the second death off the orange blossoms!

GOD IS WAITING.

Yea, God is waiting, the God who works through human instrumentalities, waiting to see whether this nation is going to overthrow this evil; and if it refuses to do so God will wipe out the nation as he did Phoenicia, as he did Rome, as he did Thebes, and as he did Babylon.

NO COMPROMISE.

The hardest blow the temperance reformation has had in this century has been the fact that some reformers have halted under the delusion of the high-license movement. You know what it is. It is the white flag of truce sent out from Alcoholism to Prohibition, to make the battle pause long enough to get the army of decanters and demijohns better organized. Away with the flag of truce, or I will fire on it. Between these two armies there can be no truce.

On the one side are God and sobriety and the best interests of the world, and on the other side is the sworn enemy of all righteousness, and either rum must be defeated or the Church of God and civilization. What are you trying to compromise with? Oh, this black, destroying archangel of all diabolism, putting one wing to the Pacific, putting the other wing to the Atlantic coast, its filthy claws clutching into temptation and bleeding heart-sappings of the nation that cries out: "How long, O Lord, how long!" Compromise with it! Yea, a better compromise with the panther in his jungle, with the cyclone in its flight, with an Egyptian plague as it plagues an empire, with Apollon, for whom this evil is recruiting officer, quartermaster, and commander-in-chief.

Oh, my friends, let us fight this battle out on the old line, for victory is coming

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, Prop's. Perry Davis' Pain Killer, New York Montreal

as surely as right is right, and wrong is wrong, and falsehood is false, and truth is truth, and God is God.

DOMINION PARLIAMENT.

OTTAWA, July 25.—In the Dominion house yesterday the question of experimental farming was thoroughly discussed.

Mr. Clancy said that Prof. Saunders and Prof. Robertson were theorists who were at divergence upon almost every practical point.

Mr. Moore, Staunstead, approved of the system of experimental farms, and testified to the utility and value of the work that is being done. Instead of \$300,000 for the farmers and \$2,000,000 for the militia the item should be reversed. He would rather starve the soldiers and stuff the farmers than starve the farmers and stuff the militia, as was now the case.

Mr. McNeil understood that commissioner's duties were confined to the dairy branch, but it was said he also had to do with agriculture. He suggested that before either of these gentlemen delivered important statements upon agricultural matters they should first confer with the minister of agriculture.

Hon. Mr. Fisher regretted the difference of opinion that existed between Professor Robertson and Professor Saunders, but said it was a matter of fact that scientists sometimes drew different conclusions from the same experiments.

Mr. McNeil held that a statement by Professor Robertson in reference to the influence of variety in direct opposition to the generally accepted theory and was an attack upon the whole system of experimental work as carried on by Dr. Saunders for years and in effect brought disrepute upon that work.

A long discussion took place on the vote of \$20,000 for illustration stations which met with some opposition.

Mr. MacDonald, of Kings, P. E. I., endorsed the illustration stations.

The item of the illustration stations was held over by Hon. Mr. Fisher to see if it could be cut down.

Two or three items were passed, and the house adjourned at 12.10.

NO RHYME THERE.

He was addressing a lowly but intelligent audience somewhat in the vicinity of Seven Dials, and he had selected for his discourse "Rhymes and Rhyming," so that he might illustrate to these rough and rugged minds how far the charms of poetry can brighten the poor man's heart. And touching upon the difficulties of rhyming he said:

"It is easy enough, my friends, to get a rhyme for so simple a word as 'sea,' but what can you get for 'burglary'?"

"Well, guv'nor," exclaimed one of his hearers, "it all depends on the judge. My Bill got seven years."

You cannot dye a dark color light, but should dye light ones dark for home use, Magnetic Dyes give excellent results.

Thomas Connors, of Stratford, Ont., was struck by a train and thrown fifteen feet. He was taken up for dead, but proved to have sustained no worse injuries than some scalp wounds and a severe shaking.

Among the speakers at the Epworth League of Christian Endeavour Convention at Indianapolis Thursday night were R. A. Carman and Rev. C. C. Workman, Toronto; Rev. James Elliott, of Kingston, Ont., and Rev. S. J. Bond, of Halifax.

Scrofula.

Another permanent cure by B.B.B. after two doctors failed.

Ask any doctor and he will tell you that, next to cancer, scrofula is one of the hardest diseases to cure.

Yet Burdock Blood Bitters applied externally to the parts affected and taken internally cured Rev. Wm. Stout, of Kirkton, Ont., permanently, after many prominent physicians failed; Cured Mrs. W. Bennett, of Crewson's Corners, Ont., permanently, when everyone thought she would die. Now Mr. H. H. Forest, Windsor Mills, P.Q., states his case as follows:

"After having used Burdock Blood Bitters for scrofula in the blood, I feel it my duty to make known the results. I was treated by two skilled physicians, but they failed to cure me. I had running sores on my hands and legs which I could get nothing to heal until I tried B.B.B. This remedy healed them completely and permanently, leaving the skin and flesh sound and whole."

THE TRAIN BELL CORD.

An Old Engineer Tells the Story of Its Invention.

In old cars the bell cord ran over the top and was wound on a reel, says Mr. George in "Forty Years on the Rail," and the brakeman had to climb up to the top of the cars, no matter how fast the train was running, to use the cord or adjust it in case of mishap. An old engineer of the Erie road tells how the bell cord was invented:

Sometimes the conductor wished to stop a train between stations, but as there was no means of letting the engineer know his wishes except by sending word by a brakeman, who had to climb and scramble over a dozen freight cars before he could attract the engineer's attention, there was often a vexatious delay.

"Pappy" Ayres, the pioneer Erie conductor, hit upon an expedient for signaling to the engineer. He tied a stick of wood to a long rope, hung the stick in the engine cab and carried the rope over the car tops to the rear of the train. His plan was to pull the rope and rattle the stick when he wished the train stopped.

The engineer of Conductor Ayres' train was conservative—"sulky," the conductor called him—and did not see fit to recognize such an innovation.

"Why didn't you stop the train when I pulled that rope?" thundered the conductor after a flagrant refusal to notice the stick of wood signal.

"Cause no one told me to stop it," was the engineer's surly answer.

"Well, I tell you to stop it hereafter when I pull on that stick of wood," said the conductor. "If you don't"—He turned away muttering some sort of threat.

The very next run the conductor's vigorous pull on the rope was unheeded by the engineer. At the close of the day Conductor Ayres met the engineer with the words:

"See here! I've stood all the nonsense I'm going to! Just come out here, and I'll give you a good licking!"

There was fire in his eye, and the engineer, noting it, turned mild at once.

"All right," he answered amiably. "I'm willing to wrestle with ye, an' if ye can throw me I'll notice any signal, if it ain't more'n a buzzlebee's buzzin, provided ye can harness him so's to buzz when ye want the train stopped."

A wrestling match followed, in which "Pappy" laid the engineer low. The rope and stick worked to a charm after that and soon led to the introduction of the now universal bell and cord system of signaling.

The Sand Desert of India.

The sand ridges or dunes of the Indian desert spring from low cross ridges or saddles, like closed fingers from the knuckles of the back of the hand, but in reverse and parallel directions. That is to say, the ridges face both northeast and southwest, covering a longitudinal distance of one to two miles, when they are again repeated in a similar formation. Their cross slopes average two to one and are well covered with desert grasses and bushes, an occasional acacia or rohitra tree breaking the monotony of the landscape. This peculiar formation ends abruptly at the sandstone cliffs of Sata, about 1,000 feet above sea level, which form a barrier to their farther extension eastward. When seen for the first time from these heights, they have a confused, wavelike appearance, and it is only ultimately discovered that they form in plan parallel but tapering ridges.

With the exception of the field rat, animal life is absent, and the old trade route is mostly indicated by the skeletons of camels which dot the track at short intervals.—C. H. Crounce, in Engineering Magazine.

A Hard Headed Prisoner.

In the trial of a negro in a Decatur county court for horse stealing the judge asked the prisoner:

"Have you any defense?" "Any er de fence, suh? No, suh. I didn't take de fence. De fence wuzn't what I wuz after."

"I mean," explained the judge, "have you any one to represent you?"

"No, suh. I did vote for Marse William for representative, but he made such a po' showin' in de legislature dat dey t'ned him down w'en he axed ter go back."

"You seem to be a hard headed fellow," remarked the judge.

"Yes, suh, Mister Judge. You right about dat. Ef I hadn't er been so hard headed, I wouldn't a stole dat hoss."—Atlanta Constitution.

Tortoise Shell.

The finest tortoise shell comes from the Indian archipelago and is shipped from Singapore, and much of it is obtained on the Florida coast of America. There are three rows of plates on the back, called "blades" by the fishermen. In the central row are five plates and in each of the others four plates, the latter containing the best material. Besides these, there are 25 small plates round the edges of the shell, known as "feet" or "noses."

The biggest turtle does not furnish more than 16 pounds of tortoise shell. Formerly the undershell was thrown away, being considered worthless, but at present it is very highly valued for its delicacy of coloring. Nowadays a very beautiful imitation of tortoise shell is made of cows horns.

Rare Books on America.

Lenox Library of New York has the most remarkable collection of books on America in the world. This library contains all books on America from the fourteenth sixteenth and seventeenth centuries and the first half of the eighteenth. The editions are complete, embracing all those in Spanish, Portuguese, Dutch, Italian, French, Latin and English. The Spanish manuscripts pertaining to America are numerous and valuable.

The Harp in Wales.

The harp has almost died out of Wales, but less than 20 years ago all the principal hotels kept a proficient harper, whose duty it was to play for the amusement of visitors. The innkeeper who failed to provide this form of entertainment for his guests could not hope to compete with his fellows.

Pertis of a Painter's Trade.

In Judge Hall's police court the other day a unique defense was offered by a painter who had been brought to the station in a helpless state of intoxication. "I wasn't drunk, your honor," he persisted. "I was just dizzy, that's all. I'd been paintin a barber pole."—Chicago Record.

At the Breakfast Table.

"What made you start and look so frightened?" asked Mrs. Small of the star blunder. "Gee whiz! I could almost swear that I saw that sausage on the dish move when that boy in the street whistled."—Harlem Life.

Farm at Moul's River For Sale.

I offer for sale the Harrison T. Smith property at Moul's 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.

HOME WORK FOR FAMILIES.

We want a number of families to do work for us at home, whole or spare time. The work we send our workers is quickly and easily done, and returned by parcel post as finished. Good money made at home. For particulars ready to commence send name and address. THE STANDARD SUPPLY CO., Dept. B., LONDON, ONT.



1899. INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION, ST. JOHN, N. B.

Opens Sept. 11th. Closes Sept. 20th.

Exhibits in all the Usual Classes \$13,000 IN PRIZES.

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SAD DROWNING ACCIDENT.

St. John, July 23.—Early this evening word reached the city of a sad drowning accident at Gagetown, the victim being Robert Ferguson one of the most popular young men in this city, and head book-keeper for Emerson & Fisher. He was in a small boat which in some manner was upset, throwing its five occupants into the water. Of the five, Mr. Ferguson was the only swimmer. A constant watch was kept for Ferguson's reappearance which, his swimming powers being known, was confidently expected. Several men dove and began to search under the water for the missing man. The stream is about thirty feet deep, with an exceedingly muddy bottom, which placed the divers at a great disadvantage. The four others were rescued in a more or less exhausted condition. Ferguson's body was finally secured with grappling irons and brought to the city. No bruises were found on the body which of themselves would account for the fatal consequences of the accident.

Children Cry for CASTORIA.

The losses of the insurance companies by the recent Quebec fire amount to \$50,000.

DR. GAUTHIER ENDORSES

The statement that Mr. Major owes his life to . . . DR. CHASE'S Kidney Liver Pills

Dr. J. T. A. Gauthier, of Valleyfield, Que., writes: "I, the undersigned, certify that the contents of this letter, in regard to the cure of Mr. Isadore Major, by the use of Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills, is correct."

Here is Mr. Major's letter: "After 20 years of suffering from backache and kidney disease I owe my life to Dr. A. W. Chase. I had tried an endless variety of remedies to no avail, and on the recommendation of a friend began the use of Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills. Two pills that night and two next morning gave great relief, and I continued their use until now I am completely cured. My friends are surprised and pleased to see me well again, for I spent hundreds of dollars in vain trying to get cured. Before using Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills my back ached so I could not put on my shoes and couldn't lift 20 lbs. My shoulders were sore, I had headaches and a bad taste in the mouth. These troubles are now entirely gone and what I say I am ready to prove. I have told my friends of my wonderful cure, and many have been greatly benefited by using these pills."

Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills are the greatest kidney cure the world has ever known. One pill a dose, 25c. a box at all dealers, or Edmondson, Bates & Co., Toronto.

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.

THE KENT HOTEL, Richibucto, N. B.

GEO. A. IRVING, Proprietor CENTRALLY SITUATED. Good Sample Rooms. Newly Furnished. Free back attends all trains.

Waverly Hotel! NEWCASTLE, N. B.

The Subscriber has thoroughly fitted up and newly furnished the rooms of the well known McKean 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 MCKEAN.

UNION HOTEL,

R. P. DUPRAY, Proprietor, RICHIBUCTO, N. B.

This well known Hotel has been thoroughly renovated, repainted and furnished for the accommodation of transient and permanent guests. Good Sample Room and Livery Stable in connection. BARBER SHOP ON THE PREMISES.

NEW KENT HOTEL, QUEEN ST., RICHIBUCTO, N.B.

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

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. (aug31m)

Mouth of Kouchibouguac River.

I hold for sale the Knowland or McGinnis lot—No 4—adjoining the Lawrence Kelly lot, at the mouth of the Kouchibouguac. Apply immediately to J. D. PHINNEY.

August 13, 1898.

Advertise in The Review

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