

GETTING OVER THE GRIP.
(Engene Field.)

The gods let slip that fiendish grip
Upon me last week Sunday—
No fiercer storm than racked my form
E'er swept the Bay of Fundy;
But now good bye
To drugs said I—
Good bye to knowing sorrow;
I am up to-day,
And, whoop, hooray!
I'm going out to-morrow!

What aches and pain in bones and brain
I had, I need not mention;
It seems to me such pangs must be
Old Satan's own invention;
Albeit I
Was sure I'd die,
The doctor reassured me—
D'nd true enough,
With his vile stuff,
He ultimately cured me.

As there I lay in bed all day,
How fair outside looked to me!
A smile so mild old Nature smiled
It seemed to warm clean through me,
In chastened mood
The scene I viewed,
Inventing, sadly solus,
Fantastic rhymes
Between the times
I had to take a bolus.

Of quinine slugs and other drugs
I guess I took a million—
Such drugs as serve to set each nerve
To dancing a cotillion;
The doctors say
The only way
To rout the grip instantly,
Is to pour in
All kinds of sin—
Similibus curantur.

'Twas hard, and yet I'll soon forget
Those ills and cures distressing;
One's future lies 'neath gorgeous skies
When one is convalescing!
So now good-bye
To drugs say I—
Good-bye, thou phantom, Sorrow!
I am up to-day
And whoop, hooray!
I'm going out to-morrow.

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.

WHERE IS MY BOY.

There are heart songs so intensely and
universally human and true that they will
always have their occasion and their sym-
pathetic ministry. One of these is the
well-known hymn, "Where is my wan-
dering boy to-night?" The following is
condensed from a chapter of autobio-
graphy in The Union Gospel News:

A young civil engineer of Western
Kentucky, who assisted his father in his
business of railroad prospecting and sur-
veying, had contracted intemperate habits.
His work from place to place threw him
into the society of loose men, much more
than his father seemed to be aware of,
and being a generous, convivial fellow, he
paid for his popularity by copying their
indulgences.

His dangerous appetite and his occa-
sional fits of dissipation were so shrewdly
concealed that his parents were kept in
ignorance of them for two years—until he
was twenty years old. They were worthy
people and constant church-goers, the
father being choir-leader and the mother
a fine soprano singer.

Once, while the young man was em-
ployed on a section of road forty miles
from home, it became necessary to "lie
over" from Thursday noon till Monday.
His father would be detained till Satur-
day, reaching home in time for the choir
rehearsal, but the son returned at once
and went to a liquor saloon to commence
a three days' "spree."

The saloon-keeper understood his case
too well and kept him hidden in his own
apartments. When his father returned,
expecting to find the boy at home, a sur-
prise awaited him. Trouble began when
the question, "Where's Harry?" informed
the startled mother that he was missing.

For the Sunday evening service she was
to sing a solo, and by special request—
because she sang it so well—her selection
was to be the hymn: "Where is my wan-
dering boy?"

It seemed to her impossible to perform
her promise under the circumstances; and
when, on Sunday morning, a policeman
found Harry, the certainty was no more
comforting than the suspense had been;
but she was advised that he would be "all
right to-morrow morning," and that she
had better not see him until he "sobered
up."

She controlled her grief as well as she
could, took her part that day in the choir
as usual, and made no change for the eve-
ning.

Toward night Harry began to come to
himself. His father had hired a man to
stay with him and see to his recovery, and
when he learned that his mother had
been told of his plight the information
cut him to the heart and helped to sober
him.

When the bells rang he announced his
determination to go to church. He knew
nothing of the evening programme. He
was still in his working clothes, but no
reasoning could dissuade him, and his
attendant, after making him as present-
able as possible, went with him to the ser-
vice.

Entering early by a side door, they
found seats in a secluded corner, but not
far from the pulpit and the organ. The
house filled, and after the usual suc-
cession of prayer, anthem and sermon the
time for the solo came. It was probably

Head and Limbs

All Covered With Eruptions—Could
Not Work, the Suffering Was So
Great—Hood's Has Cured.

"I was all run down with complaints
peculiar to my sex, and I broke out
in sores on my body, head, limbs and
hands, and my hair all came out. I was
under the doctor's treatment a long time
without benefit. They called my trouble
eczema. Finally I began taking Hood's
Sarsaparilla, and after I had used three
or four bottles I found I was improving.
I kept on until I had taken several more
bottles and the sores and itching have dis-
appeared and my hair has grown out."
MRS. J. G. BROWN, Brantford, Ontario.

"I was all run down and had no ap-
petite. I had a tired feeling all the time. I
was advised to try Hood's Sarsaparilla.
I did so and it benefited me so much
that I would not be without it." Mrs.
G. L. BURNETT, Central Norton, N. B.

**Hood's Sarsa-
parilla**
Is the best—in fact the One True Blood Purifier

Hood's Pills act harmoniously with
Hood's Sarsaparilla. 25c.

the first time in that church that a mother
had ever sung out of her own soul's dis-
tress:

"Oh, where is my wand'ring boy to-night,
The child of my love and care?"

What faith sustained her, when every
word must have been a cruel stab! The
great audience caught the feeling of the
song, but there was one heart as near to
breaking as her own. That he was pre-
sent she had no knowledge. She had sung
the last stanza,

"Go for my wandering boy to-night,
Go search for him where you will.
But bring him to me with all his blight,
And tell him I love him still."
"Oh, where is my wandering boy?"

when a young man in a woollen shirt and
corduroy trousers and jacket made his
way to the choir stairs with outstretched
arms, and sobbing like a child, exclaimed:
"Here I am, mother!"

The mother hastened down the steps
and folded him in her arms. The aston-
ished organist, quick to take in the mean-
ing of the scene, pulled out all his stops
and played "Old Hundred"—"Praise God
from whom all blessings flow." The con-
gregation, with their hundreds of
voices, joined in the great doxology, while
the father, the pastor and the friends of
the returned prodigal stood by him with
moist eyes and welcoming hands.

The wayward boy ended his wander-
ings then and there. That moment was a
consecration and the beginning of a life of
sobriety and Christian usefulness.

Rug and Mat Makers

Color Their Rags and
Yarns With Diamond
Dyes.

The World Famed Dyes for Produc-
ing Brilliant and Unfading
Colors.

I have made several very handsome
Rugs and Mats for the house that I am
very proud of. The rags and pieces of
cloth and flannel used in my Rags and
Mats were all dyed with your wonderful
Diamond Dyes. The colors are rich and
brilliant, and I find they are unfading.
Diamond Dyes are the best I used.

MRS. L. F. BOYSLON,
Winnipeg, Man.

WHY HE LIKED THE RED-HEAD-
ED BARBER.

The barber was perhaps a trifle more
talkative than usual, and the customer
was scarcely in a good humor. The portly
gentleman had come straight from the
dentist's. In blissful ignorance of this
little fact, the knight of the razor opened
fire. He discussed the weather, foreign
politics, the rival barber opposite, and was
just explaining his views on the education
question when the customer suddenly
growled:—

"Where's that assistant of yours, the
one with the red hair?"

"He's left me, sir. We parted last week
—on friendly terms, you know, and all
that, but—"

"Pity!" growled the portly gentleman.
"I liked that young fellow. There was
something about his conversation I thor-
oughly enjoyed. He was one of the most
sensible talkers I ever met, and—"

"You'll excuse me, sir, but there must
be some mistake," gasped the astonished
barber. "If you remember, poor Jim was
deaf and dumb!"

"Just so! Just so!" was the curt re-
ply. "That's why I like him."
And the barber went on shaving.

KIDNEY-BLADDER TROUBLE

There is no more serious menace to
good health in the present age than Kid-
ney disorders, and it's an appalling fact,
but a true one, that four-fifths of the
country's people have the taint of this in-
sidious disease with them. Dr. Chase's
Kidney-Liver Pills cure all Kidney
disease.

She—Oh, just look at that policeman!
Isn't he just too lovely for anything?

He—Really, I fail to see anything at-
tractive about him.

She—Why, just look at his badge—98.
He's just marked down for \$1, I'm
sure.

DANGER INDOORS ON A SHIP.

Steamship and Battleship Bulkheads Not
Worth as Much as They Seem.

On all first class passenger steamships
and on all large warships a great per-
centage of the total cost is spent direct-
ly and indirectly on bulkheads or on
what these bulkheads necessitate. No
passenger would willingly make a voy-
age in a liner which was not known to
have a cellular structure, and no govern-
ment would think of building a bat-
tleship or cruiser without bulkheads.
Yet it is a fact well known, at least to
all seafaring men and shipbuilders, that
these bulkheads, strong and perfect in
themselves, are precisely as safe and
efficient as the doors in them and not a
whit more so.

The doors as at present constructed
and operated are notoriously bad and
dangerous. They have been the direct
and known cause in the loss of many
lives and many good ships and are
doubtless chargeable with many more
ships on the list of "missing and unac-
counted for." It is astonishing to the
expert to see the general public and
even seafaring men so ready to accept
the prevailing superstition about the
safety of bulkheads. The best possible
bulkheads without equally good doors,
operated on a safe system, are about as
good as a chain with a link missing.
The history of marine disaster has
taught us this if it has taught us any-
thing, and yet we go on crossing the
Atlantic in liners of much vaunted safety
and bragging about invulnerable bat-
tleships, apparently with implicit con-
fidence in this bulkhead fetish.

There should be as few doors as pos-
sible, and some very able experts con-
tend that there should be none. On the
other hand, most captains and chief en-
gineers say they must have doors. Mani-
festly the only way out of the difficulty
is to get safe doors, safely operated.
The number of watertight doors and
hatches on a first class battleship is over
350, and there are nearly 300 valves and
gates connected with ventilating, drain-
ing and flooding the hull and involving
the safety of the ship. It will there-
fore be seen that the systematic control
and operation of these devices is a mat-
ter of no mean importance.

It takes about 110 men to look after
these details alone in response to a col-
lision alarm under the present condi-
tions, and it is a matter of very grave
doubt on the part of those best informed
as to whether the supreme efforts of
these 110 men can attend to doors,
hatches and valves quickly enough to
save the ship.—Cassier's Magazine.

Startled the Old Man.

The acoustics of Statuary hall in the
capitol at Washington are a matter of
wonder to tourists, and many are the
tricks played upon them. An exchange
tells of a youth employed in one of the
departments who was visited by his
father recently and took the old gentle-
man to Statuary hall. There is a block
about the center of the circular hall
where, if one stands and faces the
north, a sound uttered from the door-
way, 40 feet in the rear, seems to be
immediately in front of this block. The
youth managed to get his father on the
block and, attracting his attention to-
ward a statue in front, slipped to the
rear and said: "What time have you?
My watch has stopped." The father
drew out his watch and was half
through giving him the time when he
looked around and saw that he was
standing alone and that the son was
nowhere to be seen. He was bewildered
and looked like the man from beneath
whose coat collar the magician has just
extracted a live goose. Presently the
son stepped forth from the pillar where
he had been in hiding, but it required
many explanations to restore the old
gentleman's serenity.

William II's Toad Talisman.

The house of Hohenzollern possesses
a family talisman. Since the time of
the Elector John Cicero, who flourished
toward the end of the fifteenth century,
each ruler has, when possible before
dissolution, handed to his successor a
sealed packet. This contains a ring in
which is set a black stone said to have
been dropped by a huge toad on the cov-
erlet of a princess of the family just as
she had given birth to a son. Frederick
the Great found the ring in an envelope,
which also inclosed a memorandum
written by Frederick I, stating its value
and its mode of transmission. Schnei-
der, the librarian of William I, declares
that he saw the packet handed by Gel-
ling, the treasurer, to his royal master
on accession, and further asserts that he
read his account of the talisman to the
emperor, who fully confirmed it.—St.
James Gazette.

Not Much to Be Proud Of.

Clara—I wonder how Mrs. Young-
ling can have the face to always keep
boasting about her family.
Gladys—Why? I thought she pretend-
ed that her ancestors were good people.
Clara—So she does, and yet she ad-
mits that one of them came over with
William the Conqueror. I've just been
reading about that crowd, and, good-
ness, but they were a hard lot!—Chi-
cago News.

A Confusing Order.

"We get ridiculous letters from cus-
tomers sometimes," said a bill clerk in
one of the big wholesale houses. "Here
is a fair sample of the manner in which
some rural retailers send in an order:
"Messrs. — Please send me 600
pounds of sugar as quickly as possible.
"P. S.—Never mind sending the
sugar. I have just found some in the
back room."—Sioux City Journal.

Hot Water.

Much suffering might be avoided if
people could only be made to realize
that a cupful of hot water, a hot bath
or hot applications of any kind are
among the most useful forms of medi-
cation known to the human family, and
if resorted to will almost immediately
remove any of the violent symptoms of
disease.

A Victim of Neuralgia.

MRS. ROBERTS, OF MONTREAL
TELLS A WONDERFUL STORY.

She Was a Sufferer for Some Seven
Years and Medical Treatment Fail-
ed to Give Her More Than Temp-
orary Relief—A Herald Reporter In-
vestigates the Case.

From the Herald, Montreal.

"I thought it was something wonderful
when I went three days without being
sick," said Mrs. Annie Roberts to a re-
presentative of the Montreal Herald, re-
ferring to her remarkable recovery from
an illness of over seven long years. Mr.
and Mrs. Roberts reside at 34 Wolfe street
Montreal, and the reporter was cordially
welcomed when he went to enquire as to
the truth of the report that Mrs. Roberts
had been restored to health through the
use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. Mr. and
Mrs. Roberts came to Canada from Eng-
land a little more than five years ago, and
Mrs. Roberts illness began while still in
the Old Country. "I was really the victim
of a combination of troubles," says Mrs.
Roberts. "For seven years, neuralgia,
with all its excruciating pains, has been
my almost constant attendant. Added
to this I was attacked with rheumatism
and palpitation of the heart, and for the
last five years, was not able to get out of
doors during the winter months. Some-
times I felt as though those terrible pains
in my head would drive me mad; my
nerves were all unstrung and a knock at
the door would send me nearly crazy. I
was treated at different times by four
doctors since coming to Montreal, but
without any lasting good, and I had given
up hope of ever being better on this side
of the grave. A friend of mine whose
father had been helpless for two years,
but was restored by Dr. Williams' Pink
Pills, urged me to try them. My hus-
band asked the doctor who was attending
me what he thought of them, and the
doctor replied that he believed them to be
a good medicine. This persuaded me to
begin their use. No one who sees me now
can form any idea of my condition when
I began taking Dr. Williams' Pink Pills,
and I had only taken three boxes when I
began to recover. But seven years of
pain had nearly shattered my constitution
and I did not look for a speedy recovery,
and I was more than gratified to find that
after I had used I think about a dozen
and a half boxes, I was fully restored to
health. It seemed all the more won-
derful because the doctors both in England
and here never done more than give me
temporary relief, and their treatment was
much more expensive. The past sum-
mer was the first in years that I really en-
joyed life, and I was able to go on a visit
to Radnor Forges. Dr. Williams' Pink
Pills have also been of much benefit to my
daughter Violet. She is just nine years
old, but she suffered a great deal from
pains in the back and sick headache, but
the pills have made her feel all right
again."

"I never fail to recommend Dr. Wil-
liams' Pink Pills when any of my friends
are ill," said Mrs. Roberts. "While visit-
ing at Radnor Forges, I urged a young
lady friend who has long been a sufferer
from curvature of the spine, and obstinate
constipation to try them, and they have
done her a vast amount of good."
The reporter confesses that Mrs.
Roberts' story is a wonderful one. That
she is now thoroughly well is clear from
her face, her manner and her happy spirit.
Mr. and Mrs. Roberts are intelligent and
reliable people. Mr. Roberts is head
engineer in the biscuit works of Viau &
Frere, the wealthiest firm in this line in
the Dominion, and he fully endorses the
good words his wife has to say in favor of
Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. In fact he says
the speedy cure they wrought in his wife's
case has saved him many dollars.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills have no pur-
gative action, and do not weaken the
body. They build up the blood by sup-
plying it with the elements which enrich
it, and strengthen the nerves. In this
way they cure all diseases having their
origin in poor and watery blood. Always
refuse the Pink colored imitations which
some dealers offer. See that the full
name Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale
People is on every package you buy. If
in doubt, send direct to the Dr. Williams'
Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont., and they
will be mailed post paid at 50c. a box or
six boxes for 2 50.

There is not the slightest truth in the
rumoured engagement of Princess Victo-
ria of Wales to Prince George of Greece,
and the fact that according to the Ortho-
dox Greek Church first cousins are not al-
lowed to marry would in any case make
such a union impossible.

There is no kind of pain or
ache, internal or external,
that Pain-Killer will not re-
lieve.
LOOK OUT FOR IMITATIONS AND SUB-
STITUTES. THE GENUINE BOTTLE
BEARS THE NAME,
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" COAT CLOTH,
" UNDERWEAR,
DRESS GOODS—ALL STYLES,
LADIES' RUBBERS,
" OVERSHOES,
" BOOTS AND SHOES,
CHILDREN'S UNDERWEAR,
FLANNELETTES,
BLUE, GREY, WHITE & RED FLANNEL,
SLEIGH ROBES,
MEN'S GLOVES,
" MITTS,

MEN'S ULSTERS,
" OVERCOATS,
" BOOTS, SHOES & RUBBERS,
" RUBBER BOOTS,
LUMBERMEN'S BOOTS,
" STOCKINGS,
BOYS' ULSTERS,
MEN'S AND BOYS' CAPS,
" " " UNDERWEAR,
" TOP SHIRTS,
WOOL BLANKETS,
FLANNELETTE BLANKETS,
LADIES' GLOVES,
" MITTS,

Men's Fur Coats, Ladies' Fur Collars and Muffs,
Men's Fur Caps.

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Tickets, Visiting Cards, Wedding Cards, Wedding
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