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CHRISTIANITY AND THE WAR.

Continued from Page 8.

an end to all strife. The present question, however, is, now that the war has been begun and carried on so far, "Are we to turn back, even at the cost of every private interest and every patriotic sentiment?" There can be no doubt that to be defeated in this war would be a final blow to the Empire. We cannot conceive Christians who are ready to give up their all to face temporal ruin for the sake of a clear conscience. But are they willing that the British Empire should perish at the end of this nineteenth century? Consider what the name of Britain has meant, and what it means still for freedom, for civilization, for justice, and even, we will say for religion. Let all our faults be admitted and mourned over, and yet is there any true Britain, when all is said and done, who will refuse to admit that we have received a great trust at the hands of God, and that, in some measure, we have administered it worthily? To those hands would they let the sceptre pass? It seems to us that while Christians may and must differ as to the necessity of this war, while they must, as we think, condemn much in the action which has led up to it, they may agree that now it is begun it must be fought through, leaving the final accounts to be settled when the work is done.

How, then, are we to recognize God in this war? By humiliation and by prayer, by humbling ourselves under the mighty hand that has so humbled us already. Our Lord Himself warned us to be chary in speaking of the Divine judgments. They may not be visible, material, immediate. There is a sleuthhound that follows crime, but the hound is lame. "Captive Good may attend Captain Ill," and what is really of God may lie for a long season under the shadow of the cross. We cannot deal out without presumption and impiety our little vials of the divine retribution to others. Nevertheless the Lord God Omnipotent reigneth, and in the end the sinner is not permitted to escape His righteous judgments. Punishments have fallen already. Some political reputations are dead beyond hope of reviving, and there will be few to weep them. It is with an infinite compassion that the country views the downfall of its generals. No one is to be pitted like the commander that fails. We all fail with him, and we know it. We try to extenuate his being beaten by stories of his personal valor; but disguise and soften the truth as we may they are happiest who have fallen on the field, and nothing will bring back the lost opportunities and the squandered legions. The punishment of the nation may yet be very severe, but if it is received in a spirit of deep contrition and humility good will come. We heartily approve the proposals that have reached us from many quarters for a day of humiliation, but it must be a true humiliation, a humiliation not for the sins of other people, but for our own sins. It is very easy to be humiliated about the folly of diplomatists, and the incapacity of soldiers, and the rage of jingoism. But if we look into our own hearts and actions we shall find enough to grieve over there, and indeed, if that grief is wanting, the national humiliation will be a gross hypocrisy. This war, too, must surely revive prayer among us. But some ask, "Are we to pray for the success of our arms?" Why, we are to pray about everything. If we wish our arms defeated we are to pray for that; if we wish them to succeed we are to pray for that. There are some people among us who seem to think that Christian folk should ignore this war, that it should never be mentioned in prayer, that it should not be read about in the newspapers, that their business is to stand aside till the storm ends. Those who say so despise the great providential teaching which God is offering now.

It is the duty of Christians to pray about this war incessantly, to ask that it may come to a just and speedy end, and that true peace may follow; to study it carefully in all its details, and to profit by all its lessons. There is nothing that sends men and women to their knees like a great war. Oh, the heartwreck and the homewreck, among us and yet to be! It is told of Lincoln, who stands out more and more as the heroic figure of America, that in the early part of his life, before great responsibilities came upon him, he was half an agnostic and half a Unitarian. But later, after the war darkened and his little boys died, Lincoln wanted help, and prayed, and was satisfied that he got it. We shall not try to cast the horoscope of the war. That the end will be victory cannot be doubted, but that the victory may be difficult and slow seems but too possible. We shall have to sit at the feet of God's sternest teacher for weeks and months to come. We have hope that the life of our nation is not yet corrupted, and there is something in us of reason, of conscience, of dutifulness, of faith, that will bear us through the inevitable damps, and keeps us calm through the changing weather. The evil tendencies which are threatening to destroy us—the lust for gold, the pride, the abominable frenzy of jingoism—will be abated by the end. We have already learned to be less contemptuous. With whatever imperfections, our opponents have never hesitated to declare their reliance upon God, and in this multifarious of them were sincere. Even scoffers and materialists begin to see that the quality of faith puts into man's nature the iron of patience and constancy. They begin to see that the great principles of humanity and religion cannot safely be ignored. We must come out of this trial older, more sober, more grave. We may come out of it, through God's goodness, braced and heightened and ennobled, one of those nations who

"Gifted with predominating power, Bear yet a temperate will and keep the peace."

IT IS A MISTAKE

To suppose that the kidneys alone are responsible for all the weak, lame, aching backs. Backache as well as pain under the left shoulder blade frequently comes from the liver or complications of the liver and kidneys which can only be cured by using the great double treatment—Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills. One pill a dose, 25 cents a box.

PATENT REPORT.

Below will be found a list of patents recently granted to Canadian inventors through the agency of Messrs. Marion & Marion, Patent attorneys New York Life Building, Montreal.

65644—J. O. Hebert, Montreal, P. Q., Trundle-toy
65640—Edgar McClatchey, Leamington, Ont., Fruit drier.
65706—J. B. Payne, Granby, P. Q., Sash holder.
65688—Wm. & A. Smith, La Baie du Febvre, P. Q., Bicycle propelling mechanism.
65717—Win. R. Hatton, Holland, Man. Improvements in sleighs.
65715—Alf. Fisot, Montreal, P. Q. Tire.

If you have catarrh, rheumatism, or dyspepsia, take Hood's Sarsaparilla and be cured as thousands of others have been.

Slovenliness.

Worse even than overdressing, although, thank heaven, less prevalent, is slovenliness. Certainly there is nothing more repellent than the sight of waist and skirt that do not properly connect, of dragging ruffles or of pins that call attention to gaps which a few neat stitches would effectually conceal. No woman who is anxious to preserve the respect that is due her from every man will be careless in her attire even in her own home. I do not suppose that it is easy to have one's garments always fresh and neat in appearance, but it is worth a considerable sacrifice of time and effort. Richness in material cannot hide this laxity, but rather accentuates it. I don't believe that a man of refined taste ever wittingly marries a woman who is dowdy in her dress, and if he does the chances are that he isn't worth marrying. Fustiness is likewise unpleasant. There are women of whom one instinctively feels that he must not approach them closely for fear of their clothes. They are the most unsatisfactory creatures in the world. They cannot move about at ease or they will disarrange the perfect fit of their costumes. Now, dress is an important thing, but it ought not to assert itself too prominently, and women should be able to rise above the rank of the unimpressive forms on which milliners make their window displays. Here, again, simplicity is the best remedy.—Elmira Telegram.

Her Kind of Wife.

The subject under discussion was wives and one woman thought she knew a perfect woman from a man's standpoint. "Being a woman," she said, "I know exactly what sort of a wife I would like if I were a man. It would be one who would never say, 'I told you so,' or, 'You are not getting any younger, dear,' or, 'You don't love me as you used.' It would be one who would never stay at home and sit up for me when I went to the club, but would take her own pleasure in a reasonable way; one who wouldn't want her mother, her aunts, her sisters and her cousins to stay with her, nor have a family party on Christmas day, nor expect me to go to church when I wanted to do something else, nor sniff when I bring home my chum Smith to take potluck. I would have a wife who never got old nor had a temper, nor jealous when I talked to Mrs. Blarneyton; one who never said silly things, who always looked bright, capable and better looking than other men's wives; one who dressed on nothing a year; one who never had a flirtation and was always well. That is all, I think." There was silence for the space of half a minute and then—well, she wished she had not been so sure of her ability to define a good wife.—Elmira Telegram.

The Advantage in Gambling.

"In all gambling games," said an old time sport, "there is a percentage in favor of the 'house.' Anybody, except a born fool, knows that a man couldn't afford to equip an establishment, hire help, pay rent and defray all the hundred and one incidental expenses unless he derived a profit that was based on some fixed principle and not dependent on mere luck or chance. Just where the profit comes in, however, is something that very few people understand. Most of them imagine it is derived from some slight advantage in the arrangement of the game, such as the 'zero' numbers in roulette or the 'splits' in faro, but they are very much mistaken. It really depends on a principle that applies to all games alike and might be termed the 'percentage of capital.'"

"Strange as it may seem, I could take a capital of \$1,000 and begin pitching nickels, in which the chances are perfectly even, letting the players guess either way they wanted to, and I would make a steady profit day in and day out. The secret is this: The average player has only a limited amount of money, and a slight run of bad luck wipes him out. He is obliged to quit, and somebody else takes his place, while the house keeps right on through good luck and bad, continually swelling its reserve with the cash of the broken players. That principle of the percentage of capital is at the bottom of the profits of every gaming house in the world from Monaco to Long Branch."—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

He Scored on Lincoln.

In 1858 Abraham Lincoln and Stephen A. Douglas had a joint debate on the college grounds of Knox college, Galesburg. It was a great meeting, and I shall never forget the tremendous enthusiasm that was manifested by the respective partisans of each of these great men. Mr. Douglas had the opening and conclusion, and he got in one shot on Mr. Lincoln that was so pat that even the adherents of that gentleman had to join in the laughter.

Mr. Lincoln, in the course of his remarks, twitted his opponent with making only one speech—a set oration which he delivered to each new audience, the suggestion being that he was incapable of changing his stock address.

In reply Mr. Douglas said that he admitted the charge, and conceded that his rival knew in advance what he was going to say. He wished that he could foretell with the same exactness what Mr. Lincoln was going to say, but alas! that was impossible, since he changed his argument to suit his audiences, making a fierce abolition talk in communities where that sentiment was strongly entertained, as at Galesburg, but in southern Illinois ignoring abolition and standing up squarely as an old time Whig.

A Good Natured Dog.

A very ordinary looking farm horse harnessed to an old wagon stood by the curb, and on the board that served for a seat lay a small dog of such mixed blood that no guess could be made as to his breed.

As a delivery wagon passed on the opposite side of the street a large red apple fell off. Before it stopped rolling the dog bounded across the street, picked it up with his teeth and with tail wagging rushed back to the horse, in front of which he stood up on his hind legs while the apple was taken from his mouth.

As the horse munched the apple he made the peculiar little noise that horses make when petted, and doggie replied with throaty little barks which plainly told what a pleasure it had been to go after that apple. Then he went back to his nap on the wagon seat.—Burlington Free Press.

How It Happened.

"Poor fellow! I fear he was badly hurt."

"He was."

"Well, I suppose he carried some accident insurance?"

"Not a bit of it. He wanted to take out a policy, but in view of his business the companies declined on the ground that he was an extra hazardous risk."

"What was his business?"

"He was a canvasser for an accident insurance company."—Chicago Post.

Death and the Doctor.

Death and the doctor met at the door.

"Well, I've got him!" exclaimed Death banteringly.

The doctor was furious, of course.

"Oh, yes," he cried, with much heat, "but you didn't dare make a square issue of it and get him with the disease I was treating him for!"

Hereupon Death laughed affectedly, saying nothing.—Detroit Journal.

Compliments.

"How, for instance," asked the inquisitive boarder, "would you define a compliment?"

"In love's warfare," replied the dactile boarder, "a compliment is a skirmisher sent out for the purpose of bringing on an engagement."—Chicago Tribune.

The Oldest Tree.

The oldest tree on earth with an authenticated history is the great bhoor tree of Burma. For 20 centuries it has been held sacred to the Buddha, and no person is allowed to touch the trunk. When the leaves fall, they are carried away as relics by pilgrims.

Lovely Hands.

Lovely hands are more uncommon than pretty faces, yet a little silver sand, a deep basin, a stiff nailbrush, good soap and two good little implements (file and orangewood sticks) will transform ugliness to lasting beauty in a month.

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(PRICES GUARANTEED SATISFACTORY.)

ABBEY'S EFFERVESCENT SALT—The Foundation of Health.
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DR. BRIGG'S BLACKBERRY SYRUP—For Dysentery and Diarrhoea.

HELPEPPER.
LAMPLOUGH'S PYRETI SALINE,
LAW'S HEADACHE POWDERS,
QUICK CURE,
APIOL AND STEEL PILLS,
TUTTLE'S ELIXIR,
STUART'S DYSPEPSIA TABS,
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SCOTT'S EMULSION,
GUDE'S PEPTOMANGANE,
HORSFORD'S ACID PHOSPHATES,
LISTERINE,
LUNG CURE,
SAGE'S CATARRH CURE,
RICHMOND'S KING OF THE NERVES,
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ALLAN'S LUNG BALSAM,
SHILOH'S CONSUMPTION CURE,
WISTAR'S COUGH BALSAM,
SETH ARNOLD'S COUGH CURE.

Sharp's Balsam.

THE CANADIAN DRUG CO., Ltd., St. John, N. B.

Mrs. Mulholland, aged 80, of Campo bello, died on the 15th inst., the result of a severe fall a few days before, in which one of her legs was broken.

Yellow or brown cotton or silks can be dyed black. Try Magnetic Dyes, black costs ten cents only.

Albert Meade, news agent on the G T R. for the Canada News Company, was killed some time last night by falling from a train. The body was found strewn along the track near Montreal by laborers.

ECZEMA BECOMES CHRONIC

And Can Only be Cured by Persistent Treatment with Dr. Chase's Ointment.

The extreme suffering produced by the frightful itching and burning of eczema usually leads the afflicted one to seek a cure, and thus fortunately prevents the disease from becoming chronic and deeply rooted in the system.

At whatever stage this wretched disease may be, Dr. Chase's Ointment is a prompt relief for the suffering and positively and permanently cures. It has effected more cures of itching skin diseases than any remedy in Europe or America. It is the standard preparation for itching skin diseases, and is recognized as such by the most skillful physicians.

Dr. Chase's Ointment is invaluable in every home as an absolute cure for eczema, salt rheum, baby eczema, scald head, old people's rash, chafing, sore feet, pimples, blackheads, and every form of itching skin disease and skin eruption. 60 cents a box, at all dealers, or Edmanson, Bates & Co., Toronto.

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who will be pleased to send you his family list.

We will give ourselves one week's rest to give the painters a chance to renovate our rooms, and will begin the New Year's work

TUESDAY, JANUARY 2nd, when we will be glad to see all who want our help to qualify themselves for usefulness and success.

Send for catalogue and list of successful students.

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CANDY in great Variety:

Imitation Fruit and Animals, choice mixtures, Chocolates, Caramels and penny goods. I have Toys, Books and Games. You can here obtain servicable gifts, as Cups and Saucers, Match Safes, Mustard Dishes, and various other articles. Remember the Shop.

THE CHEAP STORE. ARTHUR SMITH, Buctouche.

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