

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.

MARION'S BROTHER.

(Continued from Page 6.)

not become such a slave to it. Now I see the evil."

"I should like to know more about your brother," I said; "that is, if you care to tell me."

"There is not much to tell," she answered. "Father will not allow him to come home. We dare not mention his name to him, and mother is wearing her life away. Once in a while we hear of him, but he is always drinking, and sinking lower and lower."

She threw her work away, and began to walk up and down the veranda.

"Can nothing be done for him Mrs. Wisacre?"

I shook my head. "Why did you not tell me of him before?" I asked.

"I was ashamed, dropping her head sadly. "We never talk of him to any one."

"Where is he now, Marion?"

"He is in Albion, in a lawyer's office. He is clever, if he would not drink; but he is going to destruction, and I am powerless to save him!"

We sat in silence. The sun still shone, but there was a lurking shadow in the sunshine, the birds still sang, but there was a minor note in the music. The children still shouted and played, but I shuddered when I thought that some of those little boys were beginning their race to destruction.

Tom Fuller going to ruin, and we powerless to save him! Father, mother, sister, friends, looking helplessly on as he drifts away—away into the darkness of eternal night!

"If I had the power," said Marion, "I would close every distillery; I would pour out on the ground every drop of the horrible stuff. When I see Mrs. Macbeth, the distiller's wife, driving past with her white horses, I feel like telling her what a fearful price has been paid for them."

"Ah, my child," I replied, "she would answer, 'If your brother drank to excess, it was not my fault.' She would tell you that her husband's business was lawful and she had as good right to use the profits of it as you have to clothe yourself with the profits of your father's business. It is because you suffer that you feel so bitterly against these people. I, like you, do not envy them their luxuries, for I also know righteous judgment. I know there are many good women whose husbands and fathers do not chide of the effects of the traffic. They look upon the business as lawful, and therefore right."

"But can nothing be done, Mrs. Wisacre. Why does not every Christian, seeing the evil, act? I sometimes think they are all asleep, or that they do not care."

"A great many Christians, Marion, are as you were. They do not think it any harm to drink moderately, while we, who eschew it utterly, receive more than our share of the world's scorn. There is a glimmer of hope for the world; young people are putting on the armour. They have heard the call of Christ, and have risen to answer. Even women are waking from their sleep of centuries to see that there is much to be done if this world is to be rescued from the power of evil. Yes, my dear, it will take all God's children, men and women, to do the work. You cannot escape, Marion. You have something to do. You must save your brother."

"How! Tell me how the work is to be done," she said clasping her hands.

"I do not know," I answered. "You and I must ask God about it. I am certain of one thing—He has not decreed that your brother shall be lost, and lost he must not be."

I kissed her and went to get tea, wondering, as I laid the plates on the table, when—when in the history of this world men were going to rise and put this evil from the earth.

TEMPTED AT HOME.

One afternoon I put on my bonnet and went to Mr. Fuller's office. He had a lumber yard in the suburbs of the town. His office was in one corner of the yard.

"Are you alone?" I asked, as he opened the office door.

"Yes," he answered, and placed a chair for me near the little window.

I was trembling, and my heart was beating fast. I had never gone on such an errand before.

"Mr. Fuller, I have come to talk with you about your son."

"Who has told you anything about him?" he asked quickly.

"I think every one knows that he is away from home—and—the cause."

"Well," he said crossly, "let every one mind their own business, and I will mind mine."

"Do not be angry with me, Mr. Fuller. I am very fond of Marion, and know that she feels intensely about her brother. Your wife, also, is slowly dying. Will you call the prodigal home?"

"No," he answered. "It's all very well to talk sentiment—that's woman's way. Tom is a disgrace to me. I'm not going

to see his madness before my eyes every day."

"Mr. Fuller," I asked, "who taught your son to drink?"

"He taught himself. I have never been drunk in my life—never!"

"Have you not always kept wines in your house?" I asked.

"Yes, and I intend to. I have drank moderately all my life. I am not going to turn fanatic because Tom is a fool."

"I have heard, Mr. Fuller, that he was a clever boy, a good boy, until he became a slave to this habit."

"I admit that," he said. "He was as fine a boy as any father would wish to own."

"Mr. Fuller, we who are strong ought to help the weak. When your son has learned to drink at your table—when he has fallen by a blow from his father's hand—it is our duty to help him rise again. God will hold you responsible for your son's downfall."

"How dare you come here and talk so to me," he said angrily. "I would not take it from a man."

"You do not know how hard it is for me," I answered, "but I'm thinking of your son's peril."

"He has made his bed, let him lie on it."

"Won't you think of your wife and Marion?" I asked.

"Yes, it cuts me to see my wife fretting her life away, but I believe it would be worse for her to see Tom every day."

"Will you not call him home?" I asked again. "If he were to reform, would you allow him to come?"

"Yes; if he gives up drinking he may come."

"I forget, I said; 'how can he reform at home? He will be tempted every day. It would be folly for him to come here. Home would be no better than a bar-room in which to reform.'"

Mr. Fuller pulled his whiskers, scratched his head, and looked angry.

"What would you have me do?"

"If I had a son," I answered, "who stood in such peril as yours, I would make any sacrifice for him. I would not send him wounded out in the world to die. I would take him to my heart; I would shield him as far as I could. Above all, I would put far away the accused stuff that has wrought so much evil. I know your pride is wounded, Mr. Fuller, and I am sorry for you, but your son's soul is wounded, and I am more sorry for him. Perhaps now, when his father has forsaken him the Lord will take him up."

THE SON'S REFORM.

Thursday was the day of my weekly baking. I was taking some pies out of the oven, when Marion Fuller entered.

"I came right to the kitchen, Mrs. Wisacre; I could not wait."

"Well," I cried, "you must wait. My fingers are getting beautifully burnt."

She helped me, then I wiped the flour from my hands and took her to the veranda.

"Now," I said, "I shall rest, and you will tell me your news."

"I could scarcely wait to get my break-

fast, I was so eager to let you know."

"What is your good news?" I asked.

"I have a letter from Tom. May I read it to you?"

"Yes, my dear, if you will."

She took it from her bag and read (I could see withered places on the paper, where her tears of joy had dropped and dried).

"My Dear Sister: I have been very sick with fever. The people here have been kind, and I am better."

"I want to tell you, Marion, that I am changed. A good old man used to come and sit with me when I was down. He read to me from the Bible, and sang the hymns that I have often ridiculed. He was like a father to me. When I got better, he came to me one day, and said, 'See here, my boy, I can't let you go out in the world again with no stronger arm than your own to lean on. I want you to take Christ for your Saviour.'"

"I told him I was too weak where drink was concerned to ever be strong no matter what help I got."

"Have you ever tried Christ?" he asked me. I said I never had."

"Then he told me his story—how he used to lie in the gutter all night; how his wife went in rags and his children were always hungry. At last he was taken by a woman to a meeting, where he signed the pledge. He kept it for a week, then fell. One day, an old minister took him to his study, and told him if he gave his heart to God, it would be an easy matter to give up drinking. He knelt with the minister, and they both prayed, until strength came to him; that he never had before. From that time he drank no more."

"I told him if there was any such power I should be glad of it, for I was a disgrace to you all. Then and there the old man, God bless him, prayed. We did not rise from our knees till I felt the same power come to me; felt that I could conquer through Christ."

"This is all I have to write, Marion. I should like to see you and mother, if father could bear me around. Tell him I don't blame him for turning me away. I hope to be a better son in the future."

Marion folded her letter. "I have something else to tell you, Mrs. Wisacre. Of course I gave father the letter. He said nothing when he had finished reading it, but last night I was awakened by strange moans in the cellar. I slipped on a wrapper and went down to see what was the matter. Father was emptying his ale and wine into a bucket. I ran away, for I knew he would not like me to see him. This morning he had all the bottles and kegs carted away, and our house is free from the horrible stuff. I have written to Tom to come home. Mother is like another woman. What are you crying for, Mrs. Wisacre?"

"I am so glad," I said—"glad for you and your mother, but gladdest of all because Tom is coming home, and your father has put the evil thing from his house."

Children Cry for CASTORIA.

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THE REVIEW,

Richibucto, N. B.

A LA MODE.

For autumn and winter wear handsome twilled silks are revived.

A new shade of wine color and a lovely one in turquoise blue are blended this season in fashionable costumes.

Large hats are still set forth by all fashionable milliners. Those of black beaver, black satin and black velvet are all in high vogue.

Royal ermine linings and collars appear among some of the capes and pelerines of expensive French broadcloth in rich crimson, Dewey and Russian green shades.

Costumes of heavy black satin, made with fitted bodice and circular skirt, have very short black satin capes en suite, the cape and extreme edge of the skirt trimmed with black moire fur.

There is a great demand at present for broadcloth fabrics, handsome matelasse silks and satins, for princess gowns, redingotes, underskirts, dress trimmings, combinations, linings for capes, cloaks, etc., and for evening wraps entire.

With gray cloth or velvet of certain shades, chinchilla is very pretty, and new French tailor models show this expensive fur on cloth and velvet costumes, of royal blue, green and Russian red, with large director muffs and pelerines en suit.

There are now many variations in the Eton jacket, and some of the shapes for stout women have stole fronted ends, cut long and straight, like a scarf, or have the lengthened pieces rounded or sharply pointed with a heavy silk fringe applied to the edge of the point or scallop.

What the English call "cloth gupure"—it is also known as cut work—is one of the most popular of the handsome autumn trimmings for cloth costumes. This gupure in various devices is laid over cloth of a darker or sometimes lighter shade, or it may be silk of a contrasting color.—New York Post.

THE CENSOR.

What is the matter with an automobile mowing machine or an autoplow?—Minneapolis Journal.

The only things Spain appears to have to give to her naval heroes are handsome engraved verdicts of a court martial.—Los Angeles Times.

Manufacturers of jeweled swords are wishing for a war like the last one every year. The swordless hero nowadays is a freak.—Pittsburgh News.

Lord Kelvin has discovered that the earth has been the abode of organic life for more than 30,000,000 years. No wonder we sometimes suffer from ennui!—Baltimore News.

Once more the live wire has proved that it knows its business and has killed an expert lineman. The inventor who will discover a nongenderous electricity will make a fortune.—Philadelphia Inquirer.

It has taken the Cubans just nine months to acquire the great American habit of striking. No one seems to know how long it will take them to acquire the still greater habit of hustling.—Boston Journal.

Circumstances over which he has no control will make it impossible for the Dayton (O.) man who tried to knock an apple from a tree with the butt end of a loaded gun to ever try it again.—Chicago Times-Herald.

A Russian nobleman has just erected a paper house containing 16 rooms on his country estate and likes it so well that he has ordered paper furniture. The Slav gets ahead of the American sometimes, but not often.—Boston Globe.

The Klondike is no longer out of the world. The Canadian government has just completed stringing wires to Dawson, and now any one can communicate with the arctic metropolis by telegraph—if he has the price.—San Francisco Call.

ECHOES OF THE RACE.

Britannia rules the waves all right enough, but not in yachting.—Indianapolis News.

In rig and model the Shamrock was the most distinctly American yacht which ever came across for the cup. But it looks as if a real American yacht were rather better than the cleverest imitation.—Boston Journal.

Sir Thomas Lipton says it was not the cup he was racing for so much as it was a desire to promote good feeling between the two great countries of the world. Anybody can see that he was not racing for the cup.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

It is reported that a wealthy soap maker of London is to build the next challenger for the America's cup. That will make a scrub race out of the great international contest. However, let the Saponifier come on. He will find that we know how to build boats that will never have to take his "wash."—St. Louis Star.

OUR GIRLS.

No woman can look intelligent and talk to a baby simultaneously.—Chicago News.

That Chicago woman who spanked her husband every 24 hours didn't waste any time on the "consent of the governed" idea.

A physician declares that one of the chief causes of baldness is intelligence. Is this another mean jab at the sex which does not become bald?—Louisville Courier-Journal.

The girls of Muscatoh have entered into a sensible agreement to the effect that no young man shall be allowed to take a girl home from church unless he also accompanies her there.—Muscatoh (Kan.) Record.

THE FRENCH GENERALS.

Twenty French generals are to be retired on account of age and infirmity. We know nothing about their ages, but all the world is witness to the infirmity of some of them.—Brooklyn Citizen.

If France is contemplating a jump on England during the South African troubles, she would better put some more formidable generals in commission than the job lot shown up in the Dreyfus trial.—St. Louis Republic.

ALGERIAN PROVERBS.

Every beetle in his mother's eyes is a gazelle.

Consult thy wife and do the reverse of what she advises.

Joy lasts for seven days, but sadness endures for a lifetime.

He who has gold is beloved, though he be a dog and the son of a dog.

He who desires to attain to great things must pass through many nights.

SHERIFF'S SALE.

There will be sold at Public Auction in front of the Court House in Richibucto, in the County of Kent, Province of New Brunswick, on SATURDAY, THE TWELFTH DAY OF MAY, next, at the hour of 1 o'clock in the afternoon, all the right, title, use, possession, interest, property, claim and demand whatsoever, either at law or in equity, of Urban Babineau, of, in, to, out of or upon the following land and premises:—

All that certain piece of parcel of land and premises lying and being on the south side of the Kouchibouguac River, west side of the Post Road leading to Chatham, in the parish of St. Louis, in the said County of Kent and bounded as follows:—

Easterly by said Post Road, southerly by land owned by Adolphe E. Laundry and strip extending to the road leading up said river, westerly and northerly by land owned by Simon Daigle, containing one quarter of an acre more or less, and known as the Urban Babineau store lot, together with all the buildings, improvements thereon and appurtenances to the same belonging. And also all other lands and tenements belonging to the said Urban Babineau, situated, lying and being within my bailiwick. The same having been levied and seized under and by virtue of an execution issued out of the Supreme Court against the said Urban Babineau.

AUGUSTE LEGER, Sheriff of Kent County, Sheriff's Office, Richibucto, February 5th, A. D. 1900.

The above sale is postponed until MONDAY, the THIRTEENTH DAY OF AUGUST next, at the hour and place stated in the above notice.

AUGUSTE LEGER, Sheriff of Kent County, Sheriff's Office, Richibucto, May 12th, A. D. 1900.

The above sale is further postponed until TUESDAY, the 13TH DAY OF NOVEMBER next, at the hour and place stated in the above notice of sale.

AUGUSTE LEGER, Sheriff of Kent County, Sheriff's Office, Richibucto, Aug. 13, 1900.

The above sale is further postponed until Wednesday, the 13th day of February next, at the hour and place stated in the above notice of sale.

AUGUSTE LEGER, Sheriff of Kent County, Sheriff's Office, Richibucto, Nov. 13th, 1900.

The above sale is further postponed until THURSDAY the SIXTEENTH DAY OF MAY next, at the hour and place stated in the above notice of sale.

AUGUSTE LEGER, Sheriff, Sheriff's office, Richibucto, Feb. 13th, A. D., 1901.

NOTICE OF SALE.

There will be sold at Public Auction at the Record Office in the Town of Richibucto on WEDNESDAY, MAY 1st, 1901 at 12 o'clock noon "that lot, piece and parcel of land and premises situated and being in the Parish of Richibucto, containing one hundred acres more or less, 'distinguished as lot No. 70 in Galloway Settlement; also lot No. 31 in said Galloway settlement containing seventy acres more or less granted to Daniel Young in the year 1863, together with all the buildings and appurtenances 'thereto belonging or appertaining."

The said sale will be made by virtue of a power of sale contained in a certain indenture of Mortgage to the undersigned mortgagee, bearing date May 19, 1897, duly recorded in Book O, No. 2, pages 666, 667, 668 and 669 of the Kent County Records and for default in payment of the moneys secured and made payable thereby.

Dated March 13, 1901.
J. D. PHINNEY,
Mortgagee.

NOTICE.

The undermentioned non-resident ratepayer of District No. 1, in the Parish of Carleton, County of Kent, is hereby notified that unless the amount of District School tax as set opposite his name as given below, together with the cost of advertising—two dollars—is paid to the undersigned Secretary to Trustees for said District within two months from the date of this notice proceedings will be taken as provided by law for the collection of said taxes.

George K. McLeod	1900.
	\$11 40
JOHN BEATTIE, JR.,	
Sec. to Trustees.	

Dated at Kouchibouguac, N. B., this 21st day of March, 1901.

NOTICE!

The undermentioned non-resident ratepayers of the Parish of Weldford in the County of Kent, are hereby notified to pay their respective parish rates as set opposite their names, for the years 1898, 1899 and 1900, together with the cost of advertising—three dollars—within two months from the date hereof, to the subscriber at his residence in the Parish of Weldford, otherwise legal proceedings will be taken to recover the same.

	1899	1899	1900
McLeod, George K.	\$1.00	\$2.00	\$2.00
Mountain, George		2.75	
Keswick, Ezra		5.25	
Horton, Samuel	1.25		
Phinney, J. D.	4.12	4.00	4.00
Atkinson, John	1.67		1.63
Harnett, Patrick	1.25		1.25
Wallace, William	1.28	1.25	1.25
Howell, James		1.25	1.25

RICHARD WARMAN,
Collector of Rates.
Molus River, Mar. 25th, 1901.

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