

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.

HOW MY BOY WENT DOWN.

It was not on the field of battle,
It was not with a ship at sea,
But a fate far worse than either,
That stole him away from me.
'Twas the death in the tempting dram
That reason and senses drown;
He drank the alluring poison,
And thus my boy went down.

Down from the heights of manhood
To the depths of disgrace and sin;
Down to a worthless being,
From the hope of what might have been
For the brand of a beast besotted
He hartered his manhood's crown;
Through the gate of a sinful pleasure
My poor, weak boy went down.

'Tis only the same old story,
That mothers so often tell,
With accents of infinite sadness,
Like the tones of a funeral bell;
But I never thought, once, when I heard
I should learn all its meaning myself.
I thought he'd be true to his mother,
I thought he'd be true to himself.

But, alas! for my hopes, all delusion!
Alas! for his youthful pride!
Alas! who are safe when danger
Is open on every side?
Oh, can nothing destroy this great evil?
Nor bar in its pathway be thrown,
To save from the terrible maelstrom
The thousands of boys going down!
—UNIDENTIFIED.

WHY ARE MY BOYS DRUNKARDS?

The above is a question propounded by a distressed mother. She is a good woman, has been a devout Christian from a child, is a faithful wife, and a kind, loving, praying mother. But alas, she has lived to see her fine-looking, hardy boys grow up and become drunkards!

She has done all she could in the way of kindly admonishing against the seduction of the wine cup, and lovingly warning them of the ruin which the rumfiend inflicts upon its victims. Many, many hours in the stillness of the night has she spent on her knees, her heart almost broken, pleading with God to save her boys from being ruined by strong drink, only to see them waxing worse and worse.

And now, almost in despair, she asks, "Why are my boys drunkards? Why does not God interpose and save them in answer to my prayers? Does He no longer hear and answer the prayers of His sorrow-stricken children? Is the fault mine? Have I not faithfully done my duty—done all that a fond mother could do to save my boys?"

Alas, for that mother! Our heart bleeds for her and her boys as well. God does hear and answer prayer; but the same God who says, "Call upon Me in the day of trouble and I will deliver thee," also says, "Be not deceived; God is not mocked: for whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap." And He also says that He visits the iniquities of the fathers upon the children unto the third and fourth generation.

"But," one asks, "what have those passages to do with this poor, distressed mother's case?"

Only this: She is reaping what she has sowed. Years ago when she was a happy, beautiful young woman she made the awful mistake, made by so many others, of accepting the attentions of a young man whom she knew to be given to strong drink, and permitted him to woo and win her. She not only knew that he was in the habit of becoming intoxicated, but she also knew that the appetite for strong drink was a characteristic of his family.

Of course, like many another foolish girl, she felt sure she could "reform him." Her parents and friends warned her; but despite their admonitions and protestations she would have her own way and did give herself to be the wife of a drunken husband, and in doing so doomed herself to be the sorrowing mother of drunkard sons!

She sowed the wind and is reaping the whirlwind! She set in motion a cause, and now because He who is the author of the law of cause and effect does not think it wise to interpose miraculously, and in answer to her prayer suspend that law

and change inherited nature, the boys on whom she decided to inflict an unnatural appetite for strong drink by marrying a man given to the use of intoxicating liquors are going the way of the drunkard! It is an awful case, but "shall not the Judge of all the earth do right?" This sad case is only one of many, and is given to be a warning to the young lady readers of the Telescope. Dear girls, if you would avoid a similar sorrow, pray now to be saved from marrying men addicted to strong drink. It is the only effectual way to pray for deliverance from the sorrow which the poor woman whose case is described above suffers. To pray after the boys begotten of a drunken father have fallen into the same habit of drinking is too late.

We will not say that they cannot and will not be saved from a drunkard's hell, but experience teaches that, as a rule, such are not saved from the inherited appetite for strong drink; and when, in addition, they are exposed to the seductive influence of the open saloon and the society of those who drink, how are they to escape?

Joseph Cook has well said that the right time to begin to reform a man is three generations before he is born; and the best medical authorities of the world declare that the appetite for strong drink in the father is transmitted to the children to the third and fourth generations.

This is an awful truth; but it is as true as it is awful, and ought to be made to flame out like the lightning flashes of Sinai in the eyes, and ring out like the thunder peals of the mouut of God in the ears of the young women who for a moment entertain the thought of marrying men who tamper in the least with strong drink in the hope that they can reform them.

There are ten thousand wives and mothers in this country to-day whose hearts are broken and whose homes are but hovels of want, violence, and sorrow, simply because they, lured by the seductive, false hope that they could reform them, married men whom they knew before they married them were given to tampering with the drunkard-making beverage. They mourn, and suffer, and pray, but the adamant law of cause and effect holds, and, as in the case of Esau, their repentance and tears are of no avail in so far as undoing what they have done is concerned. They are only reaping what they sowed, and thereby verifying the truth that "God is not mocked."—The Religious Telescope.

Life.

The poet's exclamation: "O Life! I feel thee bounding in my veins," is a joyous one. Persons that can rarely or never make it, in honesty to themselves, are among the most unfortunate. They do not live, but exist; for to live implies more than to be. To live is to be well and strong—to arise feeling equal to the ordinary duties of the day, and to retire not overcome by them—to feel life bounding in the veins. A medicine that has made thousands of people, men and women, well and strong, has accomplished a great work, bestowing the richest blessings, and that medicine is Hood's Sarsaparilla. The weak, run-down, or debilitated, from any cause, should not fail to take it. It builds up the whole system, changes existence into life, and makes life more abounding. We are glad to say these words in its favor to the readers of our columns.

You used to say," she bitterly complained, "that I was the light of your existence."
"I know it," he replied, with almost brutal frankness, "but that was before I had to pay for the gas you consume by sitting up till midnight reading fool love stories."—Chicago Times Herald.

Cresswell, March 23, 1901.
The T. Milburn Co., Limited,
Toronto, Ont.

Dear Sirs,—I write to say that I have used Burdock Blood Bitters with excellent results. Last spring my daughter got all run down and was very thin and weak.

Her face was covered with red spots and a large boil formed on her cheek. I procured 2 bottles of B.B.B., and by the time she had finished them the spots and boil disappeared and she has got strong and fleshy again.

I consider B.B.B. the best blood medicine known.
MRS. I. DAVIDSON.

NOTES FROM THE CLYDE.

The Glasgow International Exhibition is now in full swing in all its departments except the Russian one. The Russians are certainly not rushing matters. They were to have opened their section on May 27th, but so far the buildings are empty. Since the opening day the weather has been exceptionally fine. For fully three weeks no rain fell and the farmers were beginning to cry out, but on Sunday the weather broke and since then we have had some showers. The attendance at the Exhibition has been exceptionally large. In another week the numbers will have reached 2,000,000. There is now no doubt that there will be a large surplus.

The colonial exhibits are attracting great attention. The Canadian court is thronged the whole day. The exhibit of grain is arranged in a very artistic trophy in the centre of the court. The display of stuffed birds and animals is very good, but some of the specimens look rather the worse of wear. The sight of the wild geese and ducks brings back memories of Robichaud's Lake, the Narrows, etc., and makes one long for a few days of freedom from the rush and strife of city life.

The Australian colonies have each a display. Minerals largely predominate in their exhibits. The amount of gold shewn is valued at many thousands of pounds. I noticed one lump the shape of a large pot in which it had been smelted. It is ticketed as valued at upwards of £20,000. There are also several other smaller lumps of the value of from £5,000 to £10,000. The sight of so much mineral wealth is sure to attract emigrants. The fruit and grain display of Canada will do an immense deal of good in shewing the farmers what the country can produce.

The electric cars are now running over the principle routes leading to the Exhibition. The overhead wires are not beautiful but they seem to work well. So far nobody has been killed by coming in contact with the wires, but the cars have exacted a toll of several lives. Considering the crowded state of the streets and the utter carelessness of many people, it is a wonder more have not been killed. Many indignant letters have appeared in the daily papers protesting against the speed of the cars, but the motorman gaily clings his bell and drives ahead.

In my last notes I mentioned that we were all looking forward to seeing Shamrock II racing on the Clyde, but it now looks as if we were doomed to be disappointed. Last week she came to grief in the South. While manoeuvring to start on a trial race with Shamroek I she was struck by a squall which carried away her bowsprit and then took the mast clean off near the deck. King Edward was on board of her. Nobody was hurt but there might very easily have been a frightful calamity. Shamroek I also lost her topmast in the squall. The challenger is to be towed round to the Clyde to be fitted out again. It is to be hoped that she has reached the end of her bad luck. In the trial races which she had with the older boat she was beaten more than once, but it is doubtful if she was sailed for all she was worth. The older boat is said to be considerably faster than she was when she raced for the cup. It is reported that both boats are to go across, to have some trial races in American waters. On the whole the chances of the cup being brought across this year do not seem very great, but one can never say what may happen.

Glasgow has recently had a gift of £100,000 from Carnegie, the American millionaire, for the establishment of free libraries. This is not altogether an unmixed blessing as it means an increase in taxation to keep them up. Speaking of taxation reminds me that when I was in Canada last year I was told more than once that Glasgow had no rates levied. It is curious how this belief has been spread abroad. The fact is that we are taxed pretty heavily, except for water. The gas rates which may be looked upon as a tax are also very low, but the police, poor and school rates are anything but low.

There has been considerable excitement created in the Universities by the announcement that Carnegie intends giving £2,000,000 to free the four Scotch Universities as regards fees. This would apply to Scotch students only. The scheme is being worked out at present so one cannot say much about it, but if it is intended merely to pay the class fees it will be anything but a blessing to the Universities. He wishes to place a University education within the reach of everybody. As the learned professions are already overcrowded one cannot see how this is to benefit the great mass of the people. If the money were applied to extending the Universities and giving more and better teaching it would do much more good. It is a princely offer, however, and one must not criticise it until the full scheme is made public.
R. J.

Weak from Infancy.

THE UNFORTUNATE CONDITION OF MISS ERNESTINE CLOUTIER.

As She Grew Older Her Troubles Became More Pronounced—Doctors Said Her Case Was One of General Debility, and Held Out Small Hope of Recovery—She is Now Well and Strong—A Lesson for Parents.

From the Telegraph, Quebec.

No discovery in Medicine in modern times has done so much to bring back the rich glow of health and the natural activity of health and young womanhood to weak and ailing girls as has Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. Girls delicate from childhood have used these with remarkable beneficial effects, and the cherished daughter of many a household has been transformed from a pale and sickly girl into a happy and robust condition by their use.

Among the many who have regained health and strength through the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills is Miss Ernestine Cloutier, the fifteen year old daughter of Mr. G. A. Cloutier, residing at No. 8 Lallemand street, Quebec city. Mr. Cloutier in an interview with representative of the Telegraph gave the following account of his daughter's illness and recovery: "Almost from infancy my daughter had not enjoyed good health, her constitution being of a frail character. We did not pay much attention to her weakness as we thought that she would outgrow it. Unfortunately this was not the case, and as she grew older she became so weak that I got alarmed at her condition. For days at a time she was unable to take out of doors exercise; she became listless, her appetite failed her, and as time went on she could not stand without supporting herself against something, and at times she would fall in a faint. I called in a doctor but his medicine did not help her and she was growing weaker than ever. Another physician was then consulted who pronounced her case one of general debility, and gave me very little hope for her recovery. Some months ago while reading one of the daily papers I came across the case of a young woman cured by the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, so I determined to give them a trial. After she had used about three boxes the color began to come back to her cheeks and she began to grow stronger. Greatly encouraged by this, she continued to use the pills for several months and now she is as well as any girl of her age. Her appetite is good and she has gained thirty-five pounds in weight. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills have built up her system and have made her healthy and active after doctors failed to benefit her. I believe that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are the greatest known medicine for growing girls and I would advise their use in all cases similar to that of my daughter's."

Miss Cloutier's story should bring hope to many thousands of other young girls who suffer as she did. Those who are pale, lack appetite, suffer from headaches and palpitation of the heart, dizziness, or a feeling of constant weariness, will find renewed health and strength in the use of a few boxes of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. Sold by all dealers or sent by mail, post paid, at 50 cents a box or six boxes for \$2.50, by addressing the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

"Don't yer ever wish y'd been borned a loidy, Bill?"
"Woi!"
"Soze y'd pynted yer face 'stead o' washin' it."

In Distress With Eczema

Mrs. R. Stoddard, Delhi, Norfolk County Ont., writes as follows:—"I was troubled with Eczema or Salt Rheum for over twelve years, and during that time doctored with four different physicians, but found that they could only give temporary relief. I saw Dr. Chase's Ointment advertised, decided to try it and before I had used half a box found great relief and change. Altogether I have used three boxes and am now completely cured. I have recommended it to my neighbors, and can say it is the best I ever used, and in my estimation worth its weight in gold."

The keen misery which many endure from the tortures of skin disease is most appalling, and so much the worse because it is unnecessary. Dr. Chase's Ointment stands alone as the one unfailing remedy for salt rheum, eczema, scald head and every form of itching skin disease. 60 cents a box, at all dealers', or Edmanson, Bates & Co., Toronto.

Dr. Chase's Ointment.

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L. C. RILEY, Rexton.

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