

TEMPERANCE.**WHAT VILLAGES PAY FOR PUBLIC-HOUSES.**

By THE REV. H. BRANDRETH, Vicar of Dickleburgh.
(Continued.)

Think what an outcry there would be if anybody proposed to spend £10 a year to light the village street, or to raise £50 by a rate for any useful purpose whatever. Let us ask quietly what do they get for their money? Even the strongest advocates of drinking admit that strong drink is a bad thing for women and children, so that of our 825 people there are 625 at least to whom it would do more harm than good.

I know that there are some things still unsettled about Intemperance, that some people still think it useful where others think it only does harm. But it is quite settled, a thing which everybody who knows anything agrees about, that strong drink is bad for girls and growing young men; so we may put aside the women and children and girls and young men, and I have only to ask the strong grown-up men in the place, Do you think that the good you get out of the public-houses makes it worth while that the village should pay £1,000 a year to keep them open? Don't you think that if the village had £1,000 to spend on a reading room and a cricket ground, and on food or clothes, or improving the houses and gardens, we should all be a great deal happier and better off if we spent our money on these things instead of public houses?

I know of course that many people will refuse to believe that public-houses really cost so much, and I confess it is very hard to tell. I am trying to find out. But the same thing is true if they only cost half as much. I should say we got a very bad bargain if the village only spent £500 a year—or even a quarter if it were only £250. But I have given three ways of finding out what they do cost: (1) We know that our share of the £142,000,000 spent by the nation is £3,300. (2) We know that where people counted the beer barrels brought into a village they found a parish of this size spent £1,400. (3) We know that a public-house where everything was done to prevent too much beer being sold, cost a village of 400 people no less than £555; and I will tell you yet another way of finding out what they cost; there was a law-suit about some public-house business a few months ago, and it was plainly stated the keeper of a house belonging to brewers got for himself 10s. out of every hundred he took.

Well, you know publicans do not live like common labourers, they get more than 12s a week and if you will put down what you think a publican gets every week to spend on himself and his family, and then put down ten times as much to buy the beer and pay the taxes on drink, and to make the fortunes of people who own public-houses, you will find that this

fourth way of finding out how much a village pays for a public-house comes to a good deal more than it is worth. This question of the actual cost of a public-house, the actual sum of money taken out of the villagers' pockets is specially interesting at this time, because a plan has been put forward, that to do away with the mischief unquestionably worked by very many public-houses at present, people should subscribe money and buy up the present houses and pry people to manage them, who should try to sell as little drink as possible, and have no interest in tempting people to drink more than is good for them. But the gentleman who has honestly tried the experiment and published his accounts, has, I think, conclusively shown that under the most careful management a public-house is a thoroughly bad bargain to the villagers.

A REMARKABLE CASE.**THE STRANGE POSITION IN WHICH A BRANTFORD MAN FOUND HIMSELF.**

Physicians Could Not Agree as to the Nature of His Trouble—Fell Away to a Mere Skeleton—Was Unable to Move About—Continuously Suffered Terrible Pains.

From the Brantford Expositor.

Some months ago the *Expositor* gave the particulars of the remarkable cure wrought upon Mrs. Avery, who lives at Pleasant Ridge, a few miles out of the city, and the case created much interest among the people of the city and vicinity. We are now in a position to give the particulars of another wonderful cure that has occurred in the city since the first of January. The then unfortunate, but now happy and healthy man, is William G. Woodcock, who resides at 189 Murray street. He is an Englishman, and has been out from Kent, England, about eleven years. A baker by trade, he accepted a position with Mr. Donaldson, and came to this city about two years ago. A reporter called on him a few days ago and interviewed him with reference to the cure which has been spoken of, and the following story was told by him:

"I came to the city two years ago and worked at Donaldson's bakery. For nearly a year previous to the first of January I had been troubled with some disease or sickness, but was able to continue my work, but about the month of September last I was completely used up and had to quit work. The trouble seemed to be an excessive weakness; at first from my knees to my feet, but afterwards from my hips to my feet. I obtained advice and treatment from several medical men, some of whom said the trouble was caused by a bodily strain, others that I was run down so that I was very weak and open to take almost any disease. Although they did not agree as to the cause, all advised me to tightly bandage my limbs from the knees down. I did so, but this was of no avail, and I became so weak that I was not able to move even around the house. The pains I

suffered were terrible, and the only way I could relieve myself at all was to lift one foot off the floor and extend it straight out from me. In November I was in the hospital fourteen days, and was treated for typhoid fever, and although I cannot say for certain, yet I do not think that I had the fever at all. When I was taken from the hospital I could neither eat nor sleep, and was still suffering the most intense pain. I continued in this way, more dead than alive, until the first of January, 1894, when I concluded to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. I sent to Mr. Bachelor's drug store on New Year's Day and bought six boxes of pills. At this time I could not stand at all, but in about a week I threw away the bandages which I had been wearing on my limbs, and in two weeks I could walk first rate. By the time the six boxes were finished I was fit for work and in the best of health. I did the hardest day's work on Saturday last that I had ever done in this country, and felt none the worse for it. When I was weighed a week ago I tipped the scales at 163 pounds, and when I came out of the hospital in November I did not weigh over 100 pounds, so you can easily see what Pink Pills have done for me in that way." Every statement of Mr. Woodcock's was corroborated by his wife, who was present at the interview, and, if appearances are correct, Mr. Woodcock is enjoying the best of health, and can do many hard day's work yet. He is also very positive that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and nothing but them, relieved him of his terrible disease and probably saved his life.

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