

THE DRINK BILL FOR 1892.

In a letter to *The Times* on the above subject, Dr. Dawson Burns gives the following figures, as compared with a similar estimate for 1891, and makes certain deductions therefrom, which we quote at some length:—

| Liquors consumed (1892) | | Quantities consumed (1892) | | Retail cost (1892) | | Cost of Liquors consumed in 1892 | |
|---|---------------|----------------------------|---------------|--------------------|----------------|----------------------------------|-------------|
| | per gallon) | | Gallons. | | | | |
| British spirits (20s. per gallon) .. | 31,355,267 | 8,147,189 | 31,355,267 | £31,355,267 | £30,744,209 | 40,848,873 | 40,848,873 |
| Foreign and Colonial spirits (24s. per gallon) .. | 8,147,189 | 9,776,627 | 8,147,189 | £8,147,189 | £8,147,189 | 85,501,624 | 85,501,624 |
| Total spirits .. | 39,502,456 | 17,923,816 | 39,502,456 | £39,502,456 | £38,891,398 | 126,350,497 | 126,350,497 |
| Beer (1s. 6d. per gallon) .. | 1,184,311,436 | 85,073,358 | 1,184,311,436 | £1,184,311,436 | £1,184,311,436 | 13,161,010 | 13,161,010 |
| Wine (18s. per gallon) .. | 14,623,345 | 13,161,010 | 14,623,345 | £14,623,345 | £14,623,345 | 13,370,178 | 13,370,178 |
| British wines, cider, &c. (semi-mated) .. | 15,000,000 | 1,500,000 | 15,000,000 | £15,000,000 | £15,000,000 | 1,500,000 | 1,500,000 |
| | | | | £140,866,262 | £141,220,675 | | |

There was an increased expenditure on British spirits of £611,058, 675; a decrease of £328,037 on foreign and colonial spirits, which reduced the increase on spirits to £283,021. On beer the decrease was £428,266, and on wine £209,168, a collective decrease of £637,424; and deducting the net increase on spirits there remains a net decrease on last years expenditure, as compared with that of 1891, of £354,413.

The population of the United Kingdom was officially estimated for the middle of 1892 at 38,109,329, which gives an average expenditure per head on intoxicating liquors of £3 13s. 11d., as compared with £3 15s., in 1891, and £3 14s. 4d. in 1890. For each family of five persons this outlay was respectively £18 11s. 8d. in 1890, £18 15s. in 1891, and £18 9s. 7d. in 1892.

To what extent the three great divisions of society—upper, middle, and lower—are responsible for this vast annual expenditure on alcoholic drinks can only be conjectured. It is to be feared that those who are included in the comprehensive phrase, "the working classes," spend a larger proportion of their earnings in this way than those whose incomes are considerably greater. Some years ago the late Professor Leone Levi computed that to the working people of the country was due upwards of 60 per cent. of the then annual expenditure on drink. Even were this estimate reduced to 50 per cent., it would follow that in 1892 more than 70 millions sterling

came out of the wages of this class; and, as their entire earnings are calculated at about £600,000,000. it would appear that nearly one-eighth of what is thus earned is spent in a manner productive of far more loss than benefit.

(To be continued.)

ANOTHER LONDON MIRACLE.

AN ODDFELLOWS LODGE PASSES A RESOLUTION OF THANKS.

The Extraordinary Case of Mr. E. F. Carrothers—Utterly Helpless for Three Years—Pronounced Permanently Disabled by His Lodge Doctor—Restored to Health and Strength and Again Working at His Trade—A Story Fraught With hope for Others. *London Advertiser.*

Canadian Order of Oddfellows. Manchester Unity. Loyal Perseverance Lodge, No. 118 LONDON, Nov. 22, 1892.

To the Dr. Williams' Medicine Company:

GENTLEMEN,—I have much pleasure in forwarding you a vote of thanks passed by a resolution of the above lodge, thanking you for the good your valuable medicine Pink Pills, has done for our brother, E. F. Carrothers, who for three years and a half was almost helpless from locomotor ataxia and given up by our doctor as incurable, and who is now we are happy to say by the use of your Pink Pills, able to follow his employment.

Trusting that your valuable medicine may be the means of curing many sufferers and be a blessing to them as it was to our brother, I am yours truly, on behalf of the lodge,

EE. GILLETT, Secretary. 521 Phillip Street, London, Ont.

This is to certify that the above facts are a true statement.

E. F. CARROTHERS.

The above is self-explanatory, but in order to lay the facts of this extraordinary case more fully before the public an Advertiser reporter proceeded to investigate it. It was his pleasure and duty some time since to record the remarkable cure of Mr. E. J. Powell of South London, wrought by the medicine known as Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. It was a striking story of release from life-long affliction, but it was even surpassed by the miraculous experience of Mr. E. F. Carrothers of 103 William street. Mr. Carrothers, is an uncle of Alderman R. A. Carrothers, and by virtue of long residence and personal qualities is well and favorably known throughout the city. He is a carpenter and joiner by trade, and a good workman. His friends and acquaintances are aware that a healthier and more robust man never walked the streets of London until a few years ago, when he was suddenly stricken with what is generally supposed to be paralysis. They heard with regret that he had been pronounced incurable, and as he was unable to leave the house, only occasional callers

saw him again during his long spell of total disability. Within the last few months they have been agreeably surprised to see him around again plying his vocation and apparently as vigorously as of yore. Inquiry and explanation naturally followed, and it is now widely known in the city to what agency Mr. Carrothers owes his magical restoration to health and strength.

A TALK WITH MR. CARROTHERS.

The other evening the reporter called upon Mr. Carrothers and found him seated by the fireside in the bosom of his family, looking hale, hearty and happy. Upon learning his visitor's errand he said he was only too happy out of the depths of his gratitude, to relate the circumstances of his affliction and his wonderful cure.

"I had always been a strong, healthy man," he said, "until this stroke laid me low. I hardly knew what sickness meant. It was three years ago last April when the attack came. I went to bed apparently in my usual health one night and awoke about 5 o'clock in the morning as my watch at the head of the bed told me. I dozed off again, and on waking the second time attempted to rise. I could not move. Every nerve and muscle of my body seemed to me paralyzed. I lay like a log. At first I was speechless but managed after a time to articulate feebly, and not very audibly, my wish that a physician be sent for. Dr. Moorehouse came and placed a mustard plaster across my bowels, telling me to lie quiet for a few days. I did so because I could not do anything else.

"I was entitled to the services of the lodge physician, Dr. Pingel, I sent for him. He gave me some medicine that relieved the excruciating pain in my head. He brought another doctor with him (I don't know his name) and they subjected me to a regular course of treatment, by which I was suspended from a support around my neck. I asked the doctor what the matter was, but as he evidently wished to spare my feelings he did not tell me directly, nor did Mr. Gillett, the secretary of the lodge, whom I also asked. I inferred that there was something they did not wish me to know.

"I had now been about a year in the same condition. Sometimes I was able to get out of bed, but never out of doors. At other times I was unable to feed myself. I had absolutely no control over my muscles. If I attempted to touch or pick up anything, my arm would usually stray, apparently of its own volition, in an entirely different direction. I was more helpless than an infant, and I suffered a great deal. The doctor commenced the injection of some compound into my arm and leg, but a kind of abscess gathered in each and it had to be lanced. This was very painful. A quart of matter of a greenish color came out. I seemed to get stronger in general health, but my paralysis remained the same. In December, 1891, after two years and eight months of this helplessness, I was given up by the doctors as hopeless. The grand master of the order, who had come to London to

look into my case, and the secretary of Perseverance Lodge, called to see me and informed me of this. I had given up all hope myself, so the blow fell lighter. The lodge had all this time been paying my weekly sick dues, and I understood that after the doctor's certificate of my hopelessness had been handed in they made arrangements to continue giving me permanent aid.

"And now as to the remedy which proved my earthly salvation: A next door neighbor sent me in a label of a Dr. Williams' Pink box. I read it, and acting on a whim, and not with any real expectation of benefit, gave my little girl 50 cents to buy a box. The very first box made me more cheerful; it seemed to brace me up and I began to feel a glimmer of hope. With the second and third box the improvement continued, and I felt more than delighted to find that I was commencing to recover the use of my limbs. Through a friend I got a dozen boxes and the lodge added half a dozen more. I kept on taking the Pink Pills, and I gained steadily; so that I am now what you see me to-day. Yes, I am capable of earning my living as before. I am working at my trade in London West at present, and walk over there (a distance of nearly two miles from the house) and return every day."

"You are naturally thankful for Dr. Williams' Pink Pills then?" interpolated the reporter.

"Thankful!" echoed Mr. Carrothers. "I can't find words to express my gratitude. You can imagine a man in my position, always strong and healthy before stricken down that way, with a family dependent on him; and after giving up all hope of being anything but a useless burden, to be restored this way to strength and happiness—haven't I reason to be thankful, and my family too?" And there was no mistaking the sincerity of the utterance. "I believe Dr. Williams' Pink Pills can cure anything that any medicine on earth can," he continued. "I know of other cases in the city where they have succeeded when the doctors have failed. Well, good night." And the reporter left to call on Mr. Ed. Gillett, the secretary of Perseverance Lodge, who lives a couple of blocks further south at 521 Phillip street.

MR. GILLETT'S STATEMENT.

"There is nothing that can give me greater pleasure," said Bro. Gillett, "than to say a good word for Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. I tell you they saved the lodge a good deal of money in Bro. Carrother's case, and there is not a member of Perseverance who won't say the same thing. We had paid out over \$400 to our sick brother, and of course it was a drain on our finances. We asked the lodge physician, Dr. Pingel, to examine him so that we would know whether he was going to get better or not. The doctor informed us that he was incurable, and gave us a certificate to that effect."

Mr. Gillett opened his secretaire and extracted the document referred to from the lodge records. It read as follows: