

THE WHITE RIBBON.

"For God and Home and Native Land"
Conducted by the Ladies of the W. C. T. U.

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Next meeting in Temperance Hall
Thursday, Aug. 15th, at 3.30 p. m. The
meetings are always open to any who
wish to become members.

Gothenburg Sophistries.

BY J. DURANT SMITH.

Many good men will perhaps be
deceived and led to think that only a dis-
reputable place, kept by a characterless
man, for private gain, is a school and a
trap for humanity, and that a well-light-
ed, well-heated, clean and respectable
room, with the agent of a large corpora-
tion or the appointee of a governing
dispensing the same drinks at the same
men, at the same or less price, is not a
saloon or so great an evil.

There never has existed an evil that
was not anxious to be respectable. At
times, and in places, some patrons of
supper become so low that every
thought of respectability is burned out,
but only as an evil maintains a general
respectability can it long be continued.
Even then there are often men who, in
their weakness, are compelled by the
law of preservation to shake off the evil
and seek its destruction.

The saloon traffic has become so dis-
graceful in our cities, has flouted its
evils so in our faces, has turned its vile
products out into our streets and com-
pelled us to care for them in poorhouses,
asylums and jails, that the nation is now
nearly ripe for its destruction. The
great problem for the future of Bacchus
and Gambrinus is, what new legacy of
heaven can they steal so as to continue
there under the service of the devil and
the destruction of men? It will not do
for bad men to invent and advocate this
new legacy, but good men must be de-
ceived and enlisted. It is done, and now
the work of deceiving the masses is going
on. Vigorously has this work of decep-
tion been pushed in Massachusetts; it has
obtained a strong foothold in South
Carolina; a few voices are raised for it
in Wisconsin; undoubtedly they will in-
crease here and in other States. Have
we not tried enough of these makeshifts,
and is it not time that good men get to
last run note out of their eyes, the last
thought of compromise with an evil out
of their hearts, and cultivate a determina-
tion to advance by voice and vote the
one right way, and the only way that
has ever been found for any evil, name-
ly, destruction?

Axel Gustafson, a Scandinavian writer
in a recent number of the National Tem-
perance Advocate says:

Permit me to give a few glimpses in-
side the workings of the Gothenburg
system. The army of officials are paid
low salaries, managers are paid as much as
one of our high school teachers, having
besides free home and requisites from the
food and fermented drinks. Now the
report issued by the Massachusetts
Commission showed a large reduction of
drunkenness traceable to the temperance
work. Of course a manager is naturally
interested in not letting any drunken
guest on his premises if he is a present
it, and as magistrates and judges are on
the licensing board of shareholders in the
refinery, the police have great difficulty
in seeing drunken men coming from the
company's shops. And if the police ar-
rest them the judges release them, and
reprimand the police for arresting sober
men.

But while the conviction for drink-
ness traceable to the company have
steadily decreased, the conviction for
drunkenness contracted in other places
have increased tenfold; so that in Gothen-
burg, for instance, in eleven years,
from 1880 to 1891, it was more than
doubled.

In a recent article in The Forum Pro-
fessor Gould, the indefatigable defender
of the Gothenburg system, says: "A
plan which has stood the test of more
than a quarter of a century of successful
operation offers an augury of hope."

Where did Professor Gould get that
assurance? For years past he has
frequently visited Gothenburg, and closely
inquired into the working of the system.
The temperance people of Gothenburg
itself declare that it is a sham, and a
fraud. There are some exceptions, but
they are rare, and have little weight.

We had the subject before us at the
International Congress at Christiansia in
1891, and of more than a dozen delegates
from Gothenburg there were not more
than two who tried to defend the system.
The radical temperance forces all over
Sweden and in Norway and Finland
vehemently oppose it, having found by
experience that once it is adopted it
stays, as it becomes entrenched behind
the capidity of the tax-payer and
lynchism of the reformer, and shielded
and upheld by the respectability, in-
fluence and wealth of the property.
Dr. Hedlund, editor and proprietor of the
Gothenburg Commercial, the most influen-
tial paper in Sweden, and truly styled
the "father of the Gothenburg system,"
has become convinced that it is a failure,
and now he is advocating the total pro-
hibition of distilled liquors.

Our last error will be worse than the
first if we adopt the Gothenburg system
in this country.

Mayor Schlarren, of Brooklyn, has ap-
pointed five women as members of the
Brooklyn board of education.

IS PARALYSIS CURABLE.

Mr George Little, of Essex County,
Says It Is.

He Gives His Own Terrible Experience to
Prove the Truth of His Assertion.
Suffered For Over Two Years—Both
Mind and Family Thought
That Only Death Could End His Sufferings
—Again Enjoying the Blessing of
Sound Health.

From the Essex Press.

Life is truly a burden to those not
blessed with a full measure of health and
strength, but when a strong man is
brought to the verge of almost utter
helplessness, when doctors fail, and there
is apparently nothing left to do but wait
the dread summons that comes but once
to all, the case assumes an aspect of ex-
treme sadness. In such a condition as
this did Mr George Little, of the town-
ship of Colchester North, find himself,
and recently the Free Press hearing in-
cidentally that he had recovered health
and strength, a reporter was sent to in-
vestigate. When seen, Mr Little ex-
pressed a willingness to state the nature
of his case, and his story is as follows:—

"I had to sit with feet in a hot oven."

Some four years ago Mr Little suffered
from a severe attack of a grippé
which left his lower limbs partially pa-
ralyzed. He called in one of the best
known physicians of Essex county, who
appeared to do all that lay in his power
for the relief of Mr Little, but to no
avail. For two and a half years he suf-
fered the most intense pain and was con-
fined to his bed for the greater part of
the time. The doctor was puzzled with
his case and as he seemed to obtain no
relief, he changed doctors for a period.
The second doctor did no better than the
other, and Mr Little returned to the one
he had first called in. Finally, despair-
ing of ever obtaining relief, he told the
physician that he did not see any further
use of taking his medicines, and believed
he should die if he did not obtain relief
in a short time. He had wasted away to
little more than a mere skeleton, and
was an object of pity by his neighbors,
and felt himself a burden to his family.
His wife and family had given up all
hope, and his neighbors all thought it
was merely a question of time when Mr
Little's death would relieve his suffer-
ings. When his limbs were partially
paralyzed he could use them sufficient to
hobble about the house and door yard,
but if he undertook to walk to the stable
he would be confined to his bed for a
week after. His limbs grew numb and
cold. During the hottest summer days
he was obliged to sit down with his legs
in a hot oven, wrapped in flannels and
in winter he would come off in rags.
Mr Little believed that his physician
was doing all that could be
done, and has nothing but kindly feelings
for the treatment he received at his
hands but he is certain that the doctor
had no hope of his recovery. He had
tried an advertised mineral water, taking
in all seven gallons of it, but failed to
obtain relief. After suffering for two
and a half years, Mr Little, in the sum-
mer of 1893, read of a case similar to
his own, that had been cured by the use
of Dr Williams' Pink Pills. Grasping at
this last hope, he sent for a few boxes
and began taking them. Before the
second box was used, Mr Little was sat-
isfied that he had found a remedy that
would cure him of his exceedingly pain-
ful and mysterious ailment. Mr Little
continued the use of the Pink
Pills for several months and was able to
get out and do light work about his
farm, which he had not been able to do
for over two years. He continued tak-
ing Pink Pills a while longer, when he
was fully recovered and was able to do
any of the hardest work on his farm, and
in the winter time worked almost con-
tinuously at saw-logging and wood-chopping.
During the past fall, he says, he was fre-
quently caught out in heavy rain-storms
when away from home, but he had so far
recovered that his exposures have not
brought any bad results. During the
very cold weather of the present
winter he was hauling wood to Windsor,
a distance of fifteen miles. He looks at
present as if he had hardly seen a sick
day in his life time.

Mr Little feels deeply grateful to Dr
Williams' Pink Pills and claims that his
complete recovery is due entirely to the
use of the pills. He gives his testimony
for the benefit of others who may be
similarly afflicted. Mr Little's wife who
was present corroborated Mr Little's
testimony and believes he owes his entire
recovery to Dr Williams' Pink Pills.
The entire family look upon the husband
and father as one rescued from the grave
by the timely use of Pink Pills.

On enquiry among Mr Little's neigh-
bors we find that he is a man of
doubtless veracity. He has lived in Essex
county all his life, and on his present
farm in Colchester North, about
four years. He is the superintendent of
the Edgar Mills Sunday school, and his
case is too well known in that district to
be disputed. His neighbors looked upon
his cure as a most miraculous one, his
death having been expected among them
for many months before he began the
use of Pink Pills.

Rich Aunt—Why do you bring me
this grass, Tommy?

Tommy—Because I want you to bite it.

Why do you want me to bite it?

Because I heard you say that when you
bite the grass we will get \$40.00.

Which do you like the most, your pa-
pers or your pen?

Little Charlie—Love papa most.

Charlie's Mother—Why, Charlie, I am
surprised at you. I thought you loved
me most. Charlie—Can't help it; papa;
he has more to stand together.

Check your indignation with E. D. C.
the Great Checker.

Scraps for Odd Moments.

Here is a somewhat paradoxical re-
mark found in a recent historical work:
Rain fell heavily all day long on the
battle-field. By nightfall ten thousand
men had bitten the dust.

Cherokee Vermifuge kills worms
every time.

Bacon—Did you see Hooker when he
came in from fishing? Egbert—Yes, I
was on the boat.

Was there any fish lying about him?

No; he was lying about the fish.

MINARD'S HONEY BALSAM, once
tried, always used.

A Connecticut man has just invented
a pair of braces that contract on your ap-
proach to water and the moment you
come to a puddle, lift you over, and
drop you on the opposite side.

MINARD'S HONEY BALSAM is a
sure cure.

Life, said Miss Kiljordan's youngest
brother, do you say "woods is" or "woods
are"? "Woods are, of course," she re-
plied. Why I Cause Mr Woods are down
in the parlor waitin' to see you.

Ayer's Sarsaparilla never before equal-
led its present daily record of marvellous
cures.

A little Irish girl in a western town, on
being asked to define matrimony, re-
sponded: "A state of torment into which
each enters for a time to prepare them
for another and a better world."

Chollie—Say, Fwelly, I had an aw-
ful scare last night.

Fwelly—Deed, dear boy! What was
it?

Chollie—By mistake I mistook a cuff
for a collar, and, don't know, it was
so wickedly low.

Ayer's Ague Cure never fails to cure
fever and ague and malarial disorders.
Warranted.

Farmer Jones—What hev yer learned
at college son?

Son—Why, dad, I can throw the ham-
mer further than any one there.

Farmer Jones—That's good. I guess
yer'll have no trouble in gittin' a job in
or blacksmith shop, then.

I have come to ask for your daughter's
hand, Mr Herriek, said young Walter
nervously. Oh, well, you can't have it,
said Herriek. I'm not doing out my
daughter on the installment plan. When
you feel that you can support the whole
girl, you may call again.

Premature baldness may be prevented
and the hair made to grow on heads al-
ready bald, by the use of Hall's Vege-
table Sicilian Hair Renewer.

During the war old Rustus was asked
by a Federal soldier why he was not out
fighting for his rights. He pondered for
a moment, he replied, Did you eber
see two dogs a-fightin over a bone sah?

Yes, oh yes.

Did you eber see de bone fight?

Terry—An' phwat made ye quit
drinkin', Pat? Pat—It wor this way.
Me wife set me to see as she Pat, ye
can't give up the hicker, ses she. I
toughed I could, but when I thried an'
found I couldn't, fairs, I knew it was
time for me to shup, an' so I did.

If you do not know how good a remedy
Garfield Tea really is for constipation
and sick headache, send a postal card to
D. Danmore & Co., 271 Queen Street,
West, Toronto.

Pah, said young Jarphley, I've got a
scheme.

Ah, what is it for my son? cautiously
asked his father.

To raise money—lots of it! enthu-
siastically responded the Jarphley heir.

How?

Why, you get on a horse car, and fall
off and break your leg, and ma and I'll
see the company.

Higley—You said you would never go
and see your girl again until she sent for
you. And now I hear you sent for her.

Wigley—I don't care a cent who sent
I sent to see if she'd sent, and she sent
to say she had not sent, but would have
sent to see if I'd sent, if I'd not sent to
see if she'd first sent.

I WAS CURED OF BRONCHITIS AND ASTHMA
BY MINARD'S LINIMENT.

Lot 5, P. E. I. Miss A. LIVINGSTONE.

I WAS CURED OF A SEVERE ATTACK OF
RHEUMATISM BY MINARD'S LINI-
MENT.

Mahone Bay. JOHN MADER.

I WAS CURED OF A SEVERELY SPRAINED
LEG BY MINARD'S LINIMENT.

Bridgewater. JOSHUA WYNACHT.

Jingle—What was the trouble in the
Soldiers' home last Sunday?

Jangle—The Rev. Mr. Thankful those
for his text, "Let not your right hand
know what your left hand doeth."

Jingle—Well, but what was the trouble.

Jangle—Nearly all the inmates are
one-armed veterans.

Johnny was saying his prayer before
going to bed, his slow thoughts helped
out by his mother's suggestions.

Bless all the lambs of the Rock, said
mamma.

Johnny knew that meant him among
the rest, and reasoned quickly and
generously from the children to the pa-
rents.

Bless all the little lambs, he repeated,
and the old sheep too.

Check your indignation with E. D. C.
the Great Checker.

DON'T DESPAIR

JOHN W. WALLACE,
BARRISTER-AT-LAW,
NOTARY, CONVEYANCER, ETC.
Also General Agent for Fire and
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WOLFVILLE N. S.

W. P. BLENKHORN,
House & Decorative
PAINTER.

WISHES to inform the General Public
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