

TEMPERANCE.**PUBLIC CONFERENCE AT NORWICH.***(Temperance Chronicle C. E. T. S.)*

In connection with the Diocesan Branch of the Church of England Temperance Society, a Conference for the Archdeaconry of Suffolk was held on Friday, July 14. The occasion was one of considerable interest, as it was the first appearance of the new Bishop of Norwich, in an official capacity, within the borders of his Diocese after his installation; and, further, the chairman of the society, the Lord Bishop of London, had consented to take part in the Conference.

The Mayor of Ipswich invited a company of about one hundred gentlemen to luncheon, including all the borough and many country clergy, several well known Nonconformist ministers, and other representative Ipswich men.

In honor of the guests, and the occasion, no intoxicating liquors were provided.

After luncheon the Mayor welcomed the Bishop of the Diocese to Ipswich, and expressed the great pleasure it gives him to take part in such a function during his year of office.

After speeches by the Bishop of Norwich, the Bishop of London, and the Dean of Norwich—the Mayor in a brief speech of response said he had been told that the luncheon of which they had been good enough to partake was the first that had ever been given in that building on Temperance lines, but it seemed to have afforded much pleasure, that if ever he was called upon to give a luncheon again he was not at all sure that if he should not follow the same lines. He was perfectly satisfied in every way.

The Conference was opened in the Public Hall at 2.30 p.m., and the Bishop of Norwich presided over a well-filled room; a large proportion of those who had been at the luncheon occupying seats on the platform.

After prayers, the Bishop of Norwich, who was loudly applauded on rising, said it gave him very great pleasure indeed, on his first visit to the borough of Ipswich, to take part in a meeting which had for its object the promotion of the great and sacred cause of Temperance. The evil with which they had to contend was a great and melancholy fact. Whether they look to the charges of their judges, the verdicts of juries, the reports of chief constables and prison chaplains, or the sad records of the police court, the testimony was always the same—that the lamentable vice of intemperance was the great cause of the unhappiness and crime which marred our civilisation

and spoil our national prosperity. In many parts of the world, and in all times of his career, he had seen how that vice affected more especially the Anglo-Saxon race, not only at home, but wherever that wide-spreading race was to be found. In sailing over the Pacific, as chaplain on one of her Majesty's troop-ships, in his log hut in North America, he had met with shocking examples of human sin and weakness in this respect. People talked of black men or red men dying off before the advance of the white man and the progress of civilisation. This was a mere euphemism, however, which meant that the aborigines of America and other countries were being destroyed by practices and habits imported amongst them by white races. After hinting still further at an adventurous life in recalling these experiences, the speaker came back home again, and declared that there were thousands and tens of thousands of poor people in our great towns who would not be poor at all but for this particular vice of intemperance. After thus sketching the nature of the evil in a series of plainly drawn rather than eloquent pictures, the speaker came to the question of what they ought to do as disciples of Jesus Christ. For his own part, he said in answering it, he valued most of all the assistance and the loving and persevering work of Christian men and women, who went forth among their fellow creatures and tried, as far as they possibly could, to promote the cause of Temperance as part and parcel of the religion they professed. But he did not despise, nor would he neglect what might be called "common-sensical" methods. Among these, giving very forcible reasons for doing so, he placed the pledge of total abstinence, which was, indeed the only human means of salvation open to that large class of persons who could never partake of alcoholic beverages at all without invoking an awful and insatiable alcoholic thirst. Incidentally, in relating an incident, the Bishop said that the devil always took care that there was a public house within easy reach of any man who was tempted. He was no great believer, however in the pledge of total abstinence unless it was strengthened and sanctioned by the power and divine blessing of prayer. Some men were inclined to rely on their own strength, and say, "I can keep a promise if I make it. If I do promise to withstand, you may be quite sure I shall do it." But if a man relied upon his own strength rather than upon God, the probability was that, should a sudden temptation come upon him, his boasted strength would be but weakness. Samson must remain in covenant with God if he was to withstand the seductions of the Delilah of drink. Another point upon which he must touch was that if they were to do what they could as citizens to influence public opinion upon the cause of Temperance, and to bring some small influence through public measures to bear upon individuals, they must see what could be done by means of legislative measures.

*(To be continued.)***AN ARKANSAS MIRACLE.****A REMARKABLE STORY OF INTEREST TO EVERY WOMAN.**

A Young Woman Who Was Literally Fading Away—Physicians Pronounced Her Case Hopeless—How She Was Saved.

From the Arkansas Democrat.

The story of renewed health told in the following article has been carefully investigated by the *Democrat*, and is of the deepest interest to all parents. The condition of Miss Clements is that of thousands of girls in our land, whose health and vitality is slowly but surely being sapped away. Pale, listless and sallow girls meet us on every side, and unless the same prompt measures are taken, as in the case of Miss Clements, a premature grave is the inevitable result. Lulu Clements, the nineteen year old daughter of Mrs. Cora V. Clements, one of the most prominent residents of Lonoke, Ark., was attacked with a mysterious wasting disease over a year ago, and, despite the strenuous efforts of the local physicians, she continued to grow worse. Her blood had turned to water, she suffered intense agony, and was almost ready to give up life when relief came. Her story is best told as related by her mother to a *Democrat* reporter:

"In the fall of 1892 my daughter began to show signs that some disease was wrecking her system. Despite the constant attention of local physicians she grew worse. Her complexion was pale, and she became almost as white as marble. She complained of heart palpitation. Her feet and hands were cold, and she was almost driven into hysterics by racking headaches and backaches and shortness of breath, and other distressing symptoms. All these conditions betoken anemia, or, in other words, watery and impoverished condition of the blood, which could not perform the functions of nature. She had no appetite; for many days she did not eat enough for a child to subsist on.

"Her condition grew from bad to worse, and, becoming alarmed, I sent her to prominent physicians in Virginia, Tennessee and Little Rock. All efforts of this nature to regain her health proved fruitless. Patent medicines of many kinds were tried and given thorough tests, but without any apparent effect towards improving the patient.

"Myself and daughter had almost given up in despair, having almost concluded that a restoration of her health was an impossibility. In the *Arkansas Democrat* I espied an advertisement of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People, which claimed that they would give ready relief to persons suffering from a disease the symptoms of which were the same as in the case of my daughter. I purchased some of the pills, and commenced giving my daughter three pills a day. Before the first box had been taken an improvement was noticed. Color in her face was noticed, and her appetite returned.

The terrible headaches and backaches ceased, and she could breathe more freely. When the fourth box had been taken she was entirely well, and since then she has enjoyed excellent health. She is now robust and full of life, making our family happy once more. Quite a contrast to the situation six months ago, when everybody thought she would die.

"I think 'Pink Pills' the best medicine in the world for the blood, and have recommended them to several citizens of this place, who have been restored to health by its use. Mrs. Henry Brown was in a very bad condition. She tried the Pink Pills, when she improved rapidly, and is now a very healthy woman."

The discoverer of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People certainly deserves the highest tribute that pen can frame. His medicine has done more to alleviate the sufferings of humanity than any other medicine known to science, and his name should be handed down to future generations as the greatest servant of the present age.

Druggists say that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills have an enormous sale, and from all quarters come glowing reports of results following their use. In very many cases the good work has been accomplished after eminent physicians had failed, and pronounced the patient beyond the hope of human aid. An analysis shows that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills contain in a condensed form all the elements necessary to give new life and richness to the blood, and restore shattered nerves. They are an unfailing specific for such diseases as locomotor ataxia, partial paralysis, St. Vitus' dance, sciatica, neuralgia, rheumatism, nervous headache, the after effects of a gripe, palpitation of the heart, pale and sallow complexions, nervous prostration; all diseases depending upon vitiated humors in the blood, such as scrofula, chronic erysipelas, etc. They are also a specific for troubles peculiar to females, such as suppressions, irregularities, and all forms of weakness. They build up the blood and restore the glow of health to pale and sallow cheeks. In men they effect a radical cure in all cases arising from mental worry, overwork, or excesses of whatever nature.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are manufactured by the Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Brockville, Ont., and Schenectady, N.Y., and are sold in boxes (never in loose form by the dozen or hundred, and the public are cautioned against numerous imitations sold in this shape) at 50 cts. a box or six boxes for \$2.50, and may be had of all druggists, or direct by mail from Dr. Williams' Medicine Company from either address.

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