

THE WHITE RIBBON.

"For God and Home and Native Land."

Conducted by the Ladies of the W. C. T. U.

OFFICERS.

President—Mrs R. V. Jones. Vice-Presidents—Mrs Thomas Harris, Mrs R. Reid, Mrs L. Sleep, Recording Secretary—Miss L. DeGovan, Cor. Secretary—Miss Minnie Fitch, Treasurer—Miss Annie S. Fitch, Auditor—Mrs J. W. Caldwell.

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Narratives—Mrs Davidson. Health and Hygiene—Miss Cora Pick. Franchises—Mrs Crandall. Work among Lumbermen—Mrs Johnson.

Mother's Meetings—Mrs Boyce.

Next meeting in Temperance Hall, Thursday, Nov. 21st, at 3.30 P. M. The meetings are always open to any who wish to become members.

... Gospel Temperance meetings, conducted by members of the W. C. T. U., are held every Sunday afternoon at 3.30 o'clock, in the vestry of the Methodist church. All are welcome.

The Great Convention at Baltimore.

Nearly four hundred delegates were present at the first session of the National W. C. T. U. convention, representing forty-three states and very soon thereafter the number ran up to over five hundred. Seventeen years ago when the National met in Baltimore there were but one hundred and forty-seven delegates. The membership was then rated at twenty thousand and now it has an enrollment of over three hundred thousand. These figures show something of the success which has attended the union.

In Miss Willard's summary of what has been gained for temperance she dwelt upon the fact in all of the States except two—Georgia and Arkansas—the teaching of the laws of health is now required; that the General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church has declared in favor of non-alcoholic wine for sacramental purposes, and that in the widening field of athletics all stimulation is discontinued. Miss Willard held that the testimony of railway managers, of life insurance agents, of police captains and of the general public went to show that men who drink take less, and more men do not drink at all than in any previous year.

Some of the forcible and characteristic sayings in Miss Willard's address were: "Ninety per cent. of the boys now have a cigarette in their mouths or in their hands. The men are decreasing in stature and the women are increasing. More and more, according to the total number, do not drink at all than ever before in the history of the world. The only real world, after all, is the world of the human heart. Dying is but going from this strife land to the life land." She rejoiced that the men had put down the lottery business and organized a labor investigation committee, a thing we women have wanted for twenty years. "In the widening field of athletics all stimulation is discontinued. The reformer of the time, and mile as the favorite beverage of those who ride to win. What the world waits for is not the new woman alone but the new man. One swallow does not make a summer, and one parent by the heartstone does not make a home. We need to stop rigging the old ditty, 'What is home without a mother?' or put in its place, 'The father alone can make the home home.' If he spends his leisure time in what is now popularly known as the 'Working Man's Club,' a disguised name for the draught-shop, and his wages are lived on by the proprietor, a new woman will be necessary to keep the home together, unless he himself becomes a new man."

She put a splendid emphasis upon the protection of our homes. That is the real idea for which this great organization is standing. In enlarging its interests, and the range of its reforms, it has come to give even larger attention to other matters than to temperance. The Union has come to embrace every effort that looks for the protection of the home. There is much force in the suggestion of Miss Willard that the Prohibition party should change its name to the Home Protection party. At the close of Miss Willard's address a white silk banner with golden stars, presented by Madame Demorest, of New York City, was brought forward by Mrs Katherine Willard Baldwin and handed to Miss Willard. This was gaily waved while Miss Willard's niece, Mrs Baldwin, sang "The White Ribbon Star Spangled Banner," a beautiful poem written by Miss Katie Lundin, a Scandinavian who did not learn the English language till twenty years old, and which was printed on the back of the National programme.

The flag to which the song referred is of pure white silk, with fifty golden stars representing the states and territories in which the union is organized. When the flag was presented and Mrs Baldwin rose to sing, all those on the platform rose to their feet and in the center of them a remarkable group was formed of which Miss Willard was the central figure. At her left was Mrs Laura Ormiston Grant, the noted English reformer, and on her right "Mother" Thompson, the leader of the Hillsboro Crusade; while behind them Miss Jessie Ackermann, around the world missionary, recently returned from Iceland, waved over the heads of the trio a little silver American flag which she had carried one hundred and fifty thousand miles in her travels.

Little Billy was told:—Never ask for anything at the table. Little boys should wait until they are served. The other day little Billy was forgotten at the distribution, and was not served at all. What could he do? Presently, after reflecting seriously, he asked—Mamma, when little boys starve to death, do they go to heaven?

"Do you think there is much sentiment in business?" ventured the gentle old fellow who writes the stories for the children.

"Not very much, I fear," the staff poet replied. "But," he added, more cheerfully, "there's a good deal of business in sentiment."

No sublime conquest was ever won without daring. The price of progress is to holdly dare.

Education means to light the fire—to make things speak where all before was shadow and darkness.

Idleness with the wealthy man is a luxury. With a poor man it is a crime. This may swell its possessor, but it is a desperate hour that yields a borrowed

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Scraps for Odd Moments.

Hello, Jessam, where are you living now? With my wife, of course. And where is your wife living? Oh, er—why, with her father.

A girl baby born the other day in Kokomo, Ind., is the fourteenth daughter of a fourteen-year-old mother.

A record which is thought to be unprecedented.

Tourist—Everybody Irish here? Native—Yes. We used to have one Chinaman.

What became of him? He moved to make it unanimous.

For Groupy Children—MINARDS HONEY BALSAM.

What principles are you going to advocate in the next election? I asked the campaigner's secretary.

I amna. You get the next train there, and see what their views are.

Miss Gusher—It was very good of you, Mr. Hisscholler, to name your yacht after me. What is she like?

Mr. Hisscholler—Well, she's not much to look at, don't know, but she's very fast.

For Blueness—MINARDS HONEY BALSAM.

An American gentleman told me that he knew an artist at Chicago, who was a real realistic painter, for he painted a ginger beer bottle so wonderfully true to life that the cork flew up before he could paint the wire on it.

Judge—I understand the plaintiff is suing for a home. Attorney—Yes, your honor, but there is no home to be had about the premises. Judge—Well, you can't saddle the responsibility on the court. Let the case proceed.

For the cure of colds, coughs, and lung affections, Ayer's Cherry Pectoral is unequalled.

Old Lady—Didn't I tell you never to come here again? Trump—I hope you will pardon me, madam, but it is the fault of my secretary; he has neglected to strike your name from my calling list.

For Spasmodic Coughs—MINARDS HONEY BALSAM.

Conductor, said an old lady, I hope there won't be any collisions. Oh, no fear, marm, answered the conductor.

I want you to be very careful. I've got two dozen eggs in this basket.

All infections of the blood are removed by Ayer's Sarsaparilla. Sold by all druggists.

First Yassar Girl—"He said he could shoot without me—that I was, in short, a sine qua non." Second Yassar Girl—"And you said—" First Yassar Girl—"Well, I gave him to understand that he was not exactly persona non grata."

"Mr. Bluffly," she said, gradually, "you are one of the most original men I have met since ever so long. You haven't a single word about the weather."

"No," he replied, with a tinge of regret in his voice, "I couldn't in the presence of ladies."

If you want a reliable eye that will color an even brown or black, and will please and satisfy you every time, use Buckingham's Dye for the Whiskers.

Kate—"I want to tell Aunt Susan about my engagement, but I don't know whether I can trust her or not. I don't want it to get out just yet." Edith—"Trust her? Of course you can't. You know she makes no secret of her age, and a woman who will tell her age will tell anything."

For Worms in Children—CHERRY VERMIFUGE.

Horses, as a rule, are short-lived animals. The visible supply is being used up at a very rapid rate, and the fact that it takes five years to produce a horse ready for the market is less significant by the croakers who are now, and have been for the past three years crying the horse market down.

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

First Lawyer—"We'll appeal, of course, but I really don't see that we have a leg to stand on." Second Lawyer—"There was something in the judge's charge that may have prejudiced the jury against our client. I noticed the jury against our client."

First Lawyer—"What was it?" Second Lawyer—"He instructed the evidence."

What did you hear from Hiram? said Mrs. Sunup. How's he doin' at college? I ain't heard nothing direct, was the reply, but it come ter me in a roundabout sort of way that he is swimin' a good deal of wild oats.

What air ye goin' ter do? He'll come home. I wrote in that of he was so dead on agriculture he might as well stick to the farm.

I WAS CURED OF Painful Gout by MINARD'S LINIMENT.

Cathart, Ont. BEARD McMULLEN.

I WAS CURED OF Inflammation by MINARD'S LINIMENT.

Wash, Ont. Mrs. W. W. JOHNSON.

I WAS CURED OF Facial Neuralgia by MINARD'S LINIMENT.

Parkdale, Ont. J. H. BAILEY.

The conversation turned upon the fatal number, Friday, all spilling and other superstitions.

It is not well to make too much fun of such matters, gravely remarked Bich-sutan. For instance, I had an old uncle who, at the age of 77, committed the imprudence of making one of a dinner party of 13.

And he died the next day! Le-Rid inquired.

No, but exactly 12 years afterward.

A shudder ran through the audience.

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CRIPPLED BY RHEUMATISM.

A Kings Co. N. S. Man Suffers for Long Weary Months.

Had Reached a Stage When He Was Unable to Turn in Bed Without Aid—Hundreds of Dollars Spent in the Search for Relief—Dr. Williams' Pink Pills Again Prove Their Wonderful Health Giving Power.

From the Kennebec, N. S. Chronicle.

Mr. David O. Corkum, of Scott's Bay Road, is the owner of one of the best farms in Kings Co., N. S., and is one of the best known farmers in that section of the county. He is naturally a hard working man and when strong is always to be found busy on his place. Last winter he spent the whole season in the lumber woods, was strong and healthy and worked as hard as anyone. But it has not always been so. In fact it is the wonder of the neighborhood that he is able to work at all. Before moving to Scott's Bay Road, Mr. Corkum lived at Chester, Lunenburg Co., N. S., and while there was a great sufferer from rheumatism, which affected him in such a way that he was unable to do manual labor of any kind. About this time he moved to his present home, but he could not get a moment's respite from the effects of his disease. Feeling that he must get well at any cost he had his old doctor brought from Chester to his relief, but he was unable to do anything for him. He tried many kinds of medicine hoping to receive benefit but to no avail. Being determined not to die without a struggle he had doctors summoned from Halifax, but still continued to get worse. About three years ago he took to his bed and his case developed into the bone and muscle rheumatism of his worst type. It spread through all his bones, up into his neck and into his arm, causing partial paralysis of that limb, rendering it utterly useless. All could not lift it above his waist, and he was the strength left his muscles, and he was unable to turn in bed without aid. He was unable to stand upon his feet, but was able to stand upon his feet, but could not walk. Still the doctor waited upon him and still he took their medicine, but with no beneficial result. Dur-

ing this time Mr. Corkum paid out several hundred dollars in hard cash for doctor's bills and medicine, all of which did him not one particle of good. After lying in bed for fifteen months his case was pronounced hopeless and he was given up by all. About this time he heard of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and as a last resource he resolved to give them a trial. The first four boxes produced no noticeable effect, but at the fifth he began to notice a change. Feeling encouraged he kept on and from that time he rapidly improved and after using the Pink Pills for a period of some twelve weeks he was restored to perfect health. Such was the wonderful story told a representative of the Western Chronicle by Mr. Corkum a short time ago. Mr. Corkum is now 59 years of age and perfectly healthy and feels younger and better than he has for years and attributes his recovery solely to the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and he is willing to prove the truth of these statements to anyone who may call upon him.

These pills are a positive cure for all troubles arising from a vitiated condition of the blood or a shattered nervous system. Sold by all dealers or sent by mail from the Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Brockville, Ont., or Schenectady, N. Y., at 50 cents a box, or six boxes for \$2.50. There are numerous imitations and substitutes against which the public is cautioned.

Will They Get It?

Renowned Establishment by a Canadian Firm of a Branch in Albany, N. Y.

Albany, (Special) Nov. 4.—The outcry in certain quarters against the high tariff will get on, but it is to the tariff that Albany is likely to owe the addition of another industry to her numerous existing ones. A Canadian firm located in Toronto has, it is understood, been interviewed by an Albany business man with a view to establishing in this city a manufactory of the staple kidney remedy, Dodd's Kidney Pills. As the business done by the Canadian firm through the United States has assumed very large proportions, owing to the recognition by the American public of the great value of this staple, it is probable that arrangements will be satisfactorily entered into. The annual output is very large, and is rapidly increasing.

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