

BETWEEN LIFE AND DEATH.

The Narrow Escape of a well known Newburg Man.

By the loss of a Finger Mr. Chas. Moore of that Village Near Death's Door, but is Rescued after Doctors Have Failed.

From the Napanee Beaver.

In the pleasant little village of Newburg on the Bay of Quinte Railway, seven miles from Napanee, lives Mr. C. H. Moore and family. They are favorably known throughout the entire section, having been residents of Newburg for years. Recently Mr. Moore has undergone a terrible sickness, and his restoration to health was the talk of the village, and many even in Napanee and vicinity heard of it, and the result was that The Beaver reporter was detailed to make an investigation into the matter.

Mr. Moore is a carriage maker and while working in Finkle's factory last winter met with an accident that caused him the loss of the forefinger of his right hand. It was following this accident that his sickness began. He lost flesh, was pale, suffered from dizziness to the extent that sometimes he could scarcely avoid falling. He consulted physicians and tried numerous remedies, but without any benefit. He was constantly growing worse and the physician seemed puzzled, and none of his friends thought he would recover. One day a neighbor urged Mrs. Moore to persuade her husband to give Dr. Williams' Pink Pills a trial, and after a few days he began to feel better, and it no longer needed persuasion to induce him to continue the treatment. A marvelous change soon came over him. Each day he seemed to gather new strength and new life, and after eight boxes had been taken, he found himself again a well-man. Mr. Moore is now about sixty-five years of age, he has been healthy and has worked hard all his life until the sickness alluded to, and now, thanks to Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, he is once more able to work in his old accustomed way, and does not hesitate to give the credit to the medicine that restored him to health, at a cost no greater than a couple of visits to the doctor.

Time and again it has been proven that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills cure when physicians and other remedies fail. No other medicine has such a wonderful record and no other medicine gives such undoubted proofs of the genuineness of every cure published, and this accounts for the fact that you will find many hear nothing but words of praise for Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. This great reputation also accounts for the fact that unscrupulous dealers here and there try to impose a bulk pill upon their customers with the claim that it is "just as good," while a host of imitators are putting up pills in packages somewhat similar in style to the bottle that they will reap the reward earned by the merit of the genuine Pink Pills. No matter what any dealer says, no pill is genuine unless it bears the full trade mark, "Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People," on the wrapper around every box. Always refuse substitutes which are worthless and may be dangerous.

Moderate Use of Tea and Coffee.

A woman physician, eminent in her profession, and with a very wide experience, was talking the other day about the use of tea and coffee. Some one has asserted, and called able counsel to prove, that these beverages were injurious to the health, destructive to the complexion and every way evil.

Having for many years taken a few patients into her own household, where they were constantly under her eye, she gave it as her opinion that the moderate use of both these articles, while they were, perhaps, in no way advantageous certainly are not the deadly foes that they are reported to be.

She said: "I have never yet known a person kept awake or made restless by tea or coffee at moderate strength taken at a proper hour. I have seen the time when I felt satisfied that a cup of hot, fresh coffee, after the French method of percolation, was refreshing and comforting, and to this extent, at least, beneficial, that it made the patient content and cheerful, and put the nerves in that good order that comes from a grateful appetite."

"I believe that I have, more than once, when coming in tired, cold, perhaps all overstrained from hard work and anxiety, felt rested and greatly relieved, as to the nervous tension, by a cup of hot coffee."

"Humanity is benefited by the moderate use of most of the good things of life. It is the abuse of them, the use of them at wrong times, under disadvantageous circumstances and in immoderate quantities, that makes the trouble. Until I see better evidence than have yet been presented, I shall insist that a single cup of tea or coffee of moderate strength is a genuinely good thing, if for no other reason than because the taste is delicious, and it is a pleasure to drink it."

A story is told of a certain committee meeting in which the proceedings commenced with noise, and gradually became uproarious. At last one of the dispirited, losing all control over his emotions, exclaimed to his opponent: "Sir, you are I think, the biggest sea I ever had the misfortune to set eyes upon. I order, order I said the chairman gravely, you seem to forget that I am in the room."

Little Willowden, walking with her mother, stumbled several times over the pavement. Her mother said: "What is the matter, daughter? Nothing." The matter with me, she indignantly replied, it's the ground that is too thick in places.

First journey—Do you always get your meal on time here?

Second journey—Yes; I have to tell some of my friends show the I'm pleased to see you.

Bill Jones' Jim has gone his education ain't he? You bet! He's the best pitcher in the team, and his jump higher than a horse's kick.

THE WHITE RIBBON.

"For God and Home and Native Land."

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

OFFICERS.

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Next meeting in Temperance Hall

Thursday, July 18th, at 8.30 p. m. The

meeting is always open to any who

wish to become members.

...Gospel Temperance meetings, con-

ducted by members of the W. C. T. U.,

will hold every Sunday afternoon at 8.30

o'clock, in the vestry of the Methodist

church. All are welcome.

World's W. C. T. U.

Extracts from the President's address

at the Great Convention in London:

REALIZATION OF PRACTICAL POLITICS.

It took some of us well nigh twenty

years to see what the prophetic mind of

Oliver Wendell Holmes long ago discern-

ed, when he was wont to say to his

friends: "Some of you will live to see

the temperance question, the woman

question, the labor question, the purely

question, all merged in one mighty

movement of the people, massing itself

in a political party that shall make for

righteousness, and save the nation from

its sins." This declaration applies to no

one people, but it is true of every people

in proportion to the development at

which they have arrived. None has as

yet reached the heights from which so

wide an evolution is possible, but all are

on the way, and the two great English-

speaking nations, mother and daughter,

will be first at the goal. This Convoca-

tion, in which the representatives of

these two are so largely in the majority,

is a milestone on the long, slow, patient

journey towards the realization of practi-

cal politics which shall practice morality

and incarnate the spirit of the gospel in

custom and in law.

FITTEST TO SURVIVE.

The law of the survival of the fittest,

has, in the popular mind, two methods

of application; tested by them both,

ought the liquor traffic to survive?

In the first place, is it fit? In the

days of our ancestors intoxicating liquors

were made by men who stood as well in

the community as the average trades-

man. They were sold in the same places

where flour and other things essential to

the physical well being of the people

were to be had; and no reproach rested

upon those who dealt them out or drank

them down. But it is no longer equally

reputable to sell wheat and whisky, bread

and beer, apples and ale.

As a general rule they are not sold in

the same place, and those who sell them

do not stand on the same plane in pub-

lic confidence. There must be a reason

for this, and it is found in the outcome

of their respective use. The fittest has

survived. Food holds its place as a nec-

essary; intoxicating drinks are losing theirs;

and from great numbers of the most

highly developed communities they have

been banished altogether. Now England

turns the most eloquent illustration.

Our forefathers brought with them in the

"Mayflower" the Bible and the cask of

beer; they founded churches, schools,

homes; they civilized and saved in-

tercourse and sold them in shops along

with other good creatures of God. The

churches still abide, and in them are

trained the best examples of our civiliza-

tion; the schools abide and are the

hastings of heaven; but the saloon is

the banished outlaw of our civilization.

It has been banished from three of the

five New England States, and cannot

long survive in any.

Another meaning of the famous phrase

is that, whatever is best fitted to its

environment survives, or that which adapts

itself best to its surroundings possesses

the inherent quality of survival. But as

our development along the line of self-

government, drinks that intoxicate or

which have a tendency to produce that

condition, become more dangerous to

him. Under a feudal system, when he

was but the parasite of the lord of the

castle, his personal habits counted for

but little, only so that he was brave as a

Turk in war. But his environment has

changed its value to himself, to his home

and the state that depends on the con-

servation of his forces, physical, mental

and moral. Intoxicants degenerate his

personality in all these particulars, and

they do this either actually or through

his descendants.

The places in which intoxicants are

sold have become the rendezvous of those

classes which are either the foam of

society or its dregs; the do-nothings of

the upper and nether edges of the great

social wave. One of our Chicago mayors

gave as a reason why he did not close

the saloons on Sundays that "they were

the traps in which he was sure to catch

criminals." If his shops were

lurking places of the burglar and the

tramp, if the basest political plots origi-

nated there, we should combine against

the baker rather than the publican.

We are here, then, English-speaking

women, gathered out of the leading

nations of the world, with a few native

plebeians from Oriental and Continental

countries, to put our heads and hearts

together for the building up of the

woman's home protection movement,

because it is the fittest to survive, the

best adapted to its environment, and we

are here for the pulling down of the

liquor system, because, judged by its ef-

fects, it is the most unwholesome and

adapted to that slowly improving en-

vironment which is the outcome of Chris-

tianity working on the minds and bodies

of the human race.

—Edwin Sigurd.

Scraps for Odd Moments.

No woman ought to find it difficult to

laugh in her sleeve these days.

A large majority of those who think

they need coaxing really require club-

bing.

Aw—why do you make your own

cigarettes? My—aw—doctor ordered

me to take some light exercise.

Cherokee Vermifuge kills worms

every time.

She—Tell me, when you were in the

army, were you cool in the hour of dan-

ger? He—Cool? I actually shivered.

He—You're an ass!

She—Oh, no, I'm not. I wish,

were, I could dress so much more com-

fortably.

His concentrated curative power, makes

Ayer's Sarsaparilla the best blood purifier.

Why do you punch that hole in my

ticket? I asked a little man of the railway

conductor. So you can pass through,

was the reply.

The Toucher—My word is as good as

my note any day.

The Untoucher—Yes, that's what's the

trouble with your notes.

MINARD'S FAMILY PILLS are pure-

ly vegetable.

The Minister—"Did your father whip

you for catching fish on the Sabbath?"

Tommy—"No, sir. I told him I

wouldn't clean them if he did."

Emily, if William to-day asks you to

marry him you must tell him to speak

to me. Yes, mamma; but if he does

not? Then tell him I want to speak to

him.

MINARD'S HONEY BALSM, once

tried, always used.

Thomas Planter—Here you see to-
be as it grows in the field.

Miss Celia—Charming! How long

will it be before the cigarettes are ready

for picking?

Johnny—Papa, what do people mean

when they talk about your constituents?

Mr. Jenkins, M. P.—A constituent

Johnny, is a man who expects you to

get him a job.

MINARD'S HONEY BALSM is a

sure cure.

Grant—Can it be possible that Hawk-

ing is in love with that fat girl? Why

he weighs 300 at least.

Hobbs—No; I don't believe he's in

love; he's just infatuated.

Shakespeare was a great writer, admit-

ted the principal of the Plunkton Com-

mercial College, but how much better

writing he could have done had he taken

a course in our department of ornament-

al penmanship.

Ayer's Ague Cure is a warranted spec-

ific for all malarial diseases and bilious

derangements.

Do you know the value of an oath?

I asked the judge of an old darkey who

was to be the next witness.

Yes, sah, I does. One ob dese yash

lawyers does give me foah dollars to

swear to cully. Dat's de value of an

oath. Foah dollars, sah.

Mrs. Van Sham—"These abominable