

WOMEN'S CHRISTIAN TEMPERANCE
UNION COLUMN.

All Communications to this Column
Should be Addressed to Mrs. J.
Stevenson, Secretary W. C. T. U.,
Richibucto.

For in the hand of the Lord there is a
cup, and the wine is red; it is full of
mixture; and he poureth out of the same;
but the dregs thereof. All the wicked of
the earth shall wring them out, and drink
them.—Palm LXXV, 8.

A Woman's Mistake.

They were seated on the vine-wreathed
terrace—Edith Wells and Raymond
Lester—when the old church bell rang out
its mellow invitation.

"Shall we go, Edith?" asked the young
man, trying to appear wholly indifferent.
"Go where?" She looked up with
well-feigned surprise.

"Why, to the temperance meeting;
don't you hear the bell?"

"Oh the idea! You must be jesting.
I've heard enough of temperance meetings.
But perhaps you wish to go?" coldly.

"Not without you. I have been some-
what interested in them. The ladies are
taking hold of the work as if they meant
to reform us all—there's need enough."

"I think they go much too far. What
is the use? Men will drink, and the
women will have all their work in vain."

"Not always. They've closed the
saloons in several places."

"Oh, yes, for a time! By the way you
should have been here yesterday. Mrs.
Brown was here, and we had a debate, she
is in favor of no-licence, mamma and I for
licence. Didn't we have a lively time!
You should have seen her look of horror
when I said I did not care for moderate
drinking, and as for cigars, I just doted on
the perfume! Of course I object to
drunkenness, but I have no friends too
weak to stop drinking when they ought to."

"They say that is impossible when the
appetite is once formed."

There was an undertone of earnestness
in the young man's voice that a more
thoughtful person would have noticed,
but Edith answered lightly,—

"Pshaw! I don't believe it. If a man
really wants to break the habit, he can—or
he's no man. Do you think you could be-
come so unmanly as to be a 'slave to
drink'?"

She looked at him half in ridicule, half
in proud confidence, but he answered
soberly:—

"I do not know, Edith."

"You are too modest; but I'm willing
to risk it without any total abstinence
pledge."

"Are you? I was about to propose that
we both sign one."

"Ha! ha! Raymond, that's a good joke.
Sign a pledge indeed?"

"Seriously, Edith, I have been thinking
of signing a pledge. I could do it easily
now, but in time I may learn to love
liquor, and it would be harder. You
laugh, but many a strong man has gone
down; why not I? We might be on the
safe side. A pledge would keep me, for
I never broke a promise in my life. What
do you say—shall we sign?"

"No; I shall do no such thing. Fancy
our being at a party and having to refuse
the least sip of wine because we'd signed
a temperance pledge! Do you fear I'll
ever be a drunkard?"

"No, no, Edith. I've thought only of
myself. I"—

"I'll risk you, Raymond. Don't go and
make a fool of yourself. Pardon me, Ray,
but it seems so weak and foolish to sign a
pledge that I lose all patience. We
could not make the promise now. Papa
has already sent an order for wines for
our wedding. Don't think about it, Ray.
I can trust you; I haven't a fear."

Five years had passed away.
A stormy night had settled down upon
the city. In many a princely home the
heavy curtains were closely drawn, coal
heaped upon the grates, while laughter and
song sought to smother the shrieks of the
keen wintry wind.

In a rickety house which illly sufficed to
keep out the storm, a thinly-clad woman
crouching over a few smoldering embers,
sought to warm her benumbed fingers in
the flickering blaze. Presently the door
swung open, letting in a gust of chilling
wind, and a poor, ragged sot staggered to
a chair. Muttering something about the
"miserable fire," he drew from his pocket
a bottle of whisky, and drank deeply.
This seemed to madden the woman who
was watching him with contempt written
on every feature.

"Raymond Lester! would you spend the
last dime for whisky when your wife and
children are starving?"

"Hold your tongue! If you're hungry
go and earn something. If I earn a
quarter shoveling snow, and spend it for
whisky, whose business is it?"

"Oh!" moaned the woman; "was it
for this that I left a happy home? Did I
think you—would ever bring me to such
depths of sorrow and disgrace?"

"Stop, Edith Lester!" cried the man,
with a frightful look in his bleared eyes.
"Stop and hear what I say. I am a wreck
—ruined, soul and body. I have brought
you to sorrow and disgrace; but woman,
it's your own work! Once I saw my
danger; I feared my appetite; I wanted
to become a temperance man; but your
hands tipped the scales on the side of

drunkenness and—hell! Again and again
you've urged me to drink—you've poured
the wine for me with your own hand
You kept it on our table. You have said,
"My husband is strong enough to be a
moderate drinker;" but I am here, a
ruined man! No power on earth can
save me now. Some one will care for you
but my doom is sealed. Don't madden
me with reproaches; I'm desperate. God
knows I meant to have been a good hus-
band. I tried O Edith, if you had but
helped me, I might have been!"

The creaking door was flung wide by a
reckless hand, and the roar of the storm
deadened Edith's cry of anguish as she
sank down alone by the side of her sleep-
ing child. Her work! Ah! what a revela-
tion. All these years she had reproached
him, scornfully and bitterly, for his lack
of manhood, for sinking lower and lower.
Had she indeed tipped the scales? Had
her half-serious words carried such a
weight of woe? A careless girl's thought-
less words brought a future full of misery?
Years of suffering seemed crowding into
one short hour, and then came rest in long
unconsciousness. When morning dawned
helpful hands were there to save.

But Raymond Lester, on that bitter
night, stung by grief and remorse,
wandered far out from the city, and, at
last, sank down to perish.

Edith, a lonely woman, once more in her
father's house, can never escape the scenes
that haunt her—the winter storm, the wild
wind tossing the tangled hair the snow and
sleet beating upon the face she loved, and
a once manly form cold and stiff in death.
When wintry storms beat about her dwell-
ing she watches through the long night
hours, when every gust of wind flings back
the cry: "It is all your own work, your
own work!"—*Zion's Herald.*

THOUGHT IT WAS A FAKE.

A Letter from a Prominent Kingston
Man—A Story of Deep Interest to
Everybody—Told in His Own
Words Dodd's Kidney Pills
Again.

"I would consider it a favor if you
would allow me to add my testimonial to
the many hundreds you no doubt have in
praise of the wonderful cures effected by
your Dodd's Kidney Pills."

"I have been a great sufferer from kid-
ney trouble and sciatica for the last 15
years, and have paid out hundreds of dol-
lars for treatment, but to no effect. See-
ing your pills advertised I thought it was
a fake to catch the poor unfortunate, and
took no particular notice of it. But
when I saw the testimonial of Dr. Rose, a
well known physician of good standing
and whose reputation I am well acquaint-
ed with, I inquired of my druggist if there
were any in our vicinity who had been
cured by them. He named over several
remarkable cures in Kingston and amongst
others a lady whom I knew. I consulted
her husband and he verified the statement.
I at once procured six boxes which I found
gave me relief I had not felt in years. I
took six more boxes and I am now able
to kick the hat off a man's head with the
leg I could hardly drag along, and my
back feels as strong as a board."

I would consider I was doing wrong to
you and the public if I were not to allow
my name to appear in testimony of the
worth of Dodd's Kidney Pills, and further,
I will be happy at any time to answer any
one who wishes to write me with regard
to the above.

Sincerely yours,
J. H. BRICKWOOD,
Fishery Inspector.
Kingston, Jan. 4th.

"Could not Beat the Conductor."

"Yes," said the smart man who sat on
the rear seat in the smoker, "it's dead
easy to bluff these conductors if you know
how. Now I'll make a small bet that al-
though I have a ticket, I can travel to my
destination without showing it or putting
up a cent."

"I don't believe it," said the man in
the seat just in front.

"Well," insisted the smart man, "just
watch me when the conductor comes
along."

Ten minutes later the conductor did
come along. He inquired for tickets in a
peremptory manner. The smart man
made no move to get his.

"Tickets!" said the conductor again,
when he reached the rear seat.

"See here, old fellow," said the smart
man. "I haven't got any ticket. I'm an
old railroad man. Used to be con-
ductor on the Santa Fe." "Did you?" in-
quired the conductor. "Well, I don't
know but I can pass you. By the way,
what time is it? My watch isn't running
just right."

The smart man winked at the man in
front of him and pulled out his watch.
"It's twenty minutes to 12," he said.

The conductor held out his hand.
"Give me your ticket, or money enough
to pay your fare, or I'll put you off the
train," he said sharply.

The smart man was astonished, but he
made no move to get his ticket.
"Gimme that ticket or your fare," said
the conductor, "and be blamed quick
about it!"

The smart man reluctantly pulled out
his ticket. As he handed it over he said:
"How in thunder did you know I was
bluffing?"

The conductor laughed a bit. "Oh,"
he said, "you were easy. If you'd ever
been in the railroad business for ten min-

utes, you'd have said 11.40 instead of
twenty minutes to 12."—*Buffalo Express.*

A Pointer for you.

The following letter from L. E. Rolston
of St. John, to The Hawker Medicine Co.,
explains itself: "A short time ago I was
suffering from a very severe cold, hoarse-
ness and cough. I got a bottle of Haw-
ker's Balsam of Tolu and Wild Cherry
and it cured me in two days. I feel that
every person should know of the remark-
able virtues of this remedy." "Friends,
have you tried the remedy referred to for
that cold or nasty cough?"

Prayer Answered.

(Indianapolis Journal.)

At the weekly prayer meeting in the
Methodist Episcopal church at Elwood the
other night the third person to offer up
his tribute was a stranger, who was seated
near the door, and whose petition to the
throne of grace nearly paralyzed the good
people who were present. He prayed as
follows:

"Lord, thou knowest I am a stranger
here. Thou knowest I do not live here,
but reside in a neighboring town. Thou
knowest I have relatives in another town
who I am on my way to see. Lord, thou
knowest why I am here instead of there.
Thou knowest why I can't be there.
Lord, thou knowest just what I want. I
want forty cents. Amen."

As the last words were ended, there was
a commotion in the church. They all
rose up and went down after their pocket-
books, and the man soon had his forty
cents and several more. His name could
not be learned, but he lives at Lynn and
was on his way to Center. His funds
gave out when he reached here, and so he
went to prayer meeting and startled the
Christian brethren by asking the Lord for
what he wanted.

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Rheumatism and Neuralgia radically cures
in 1 to 3 days. Its action upon the system
is remarkable and mysterious. It removes
at once the cause and the disease imme-
diately disappears. The first dose greatly
benefits. 75 cents. For sale by W. W.
Short, druggist, agent for Kent Co. *

Editorial Philosophy.

A man denies himself pleasures when he
is young that he may have money to
pay out to the doctors when he is old.—
Atchison Globe.

There is nothing like bad luck to set a
man about making a mental inventory of
his friends.—*Milwaukee Journal.*

Generally the more aimless a boy is the
better he likes to run around with a shot-
gun.—*Binghamton Republican.*

When a friend turns out not to be a
trump, then is the time to discard.—*Bos-
ton Transcript.*

Generally a man can get into fashion-
able society with a golden wedge.—*New
York Journal.*

RELIEF IN SIX HOURS.—Distressing
Kidney and Bladder diseases relieved in
six hours by the "GREAT SOUTH AMER-
ICAN KIDNEY CURE." This new remedy
is a great surprise and delight on account
of its exceeding promptness in relieving
pain in the bladder, kidneys, back and
every part of the urinary passages in male
or female. It relieves retention of water
and pain in passing it almost immedi-
ately. If you want quick relief and cure
this is your remedy. Sold by W. W.
Short.

Total Depravity.

(Washington Star.)

"Just think of it," exclaimed Mr. Lush-
ly's wife. "Just think of it!"

"Just think of what?" asked Lushly.

"This newspaper states that in Belgium
there are 150,000 saloons and 5,000
schools."

Lushly was silent in thought.

"What do you think of that?" asked
his wife.

"Why-er-ain't that a good many schools
for such a small country?"

The Superiority

Of Hood's Sarsaparilla is due to the tre-
mendous amount of brain work and con-
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one bottle and you will be convinced of
its superiority. It purifies the blood
which, the source of health, cures dyspep-
sia, overcomes sick headaches and bilious-
ness. It is just the medicine for you.

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fully prepared from the best ingredients.

The Escape.

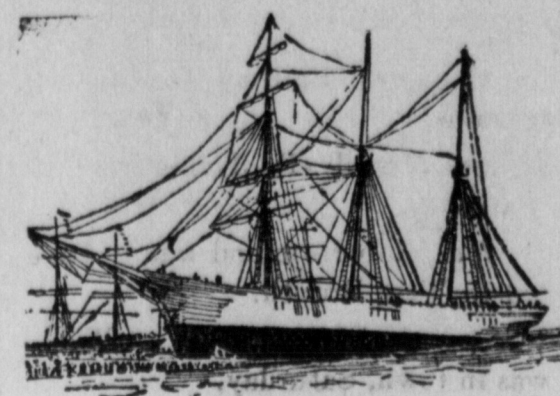
"My son," said Mr. Binks with a frown.
"Mr. Waldorf tells me he was bit behind
the ear with a piece of putty this morning.
Were you the boy that blew that piece of
putty?"

"I cannot say, papa," said Willie.
"Pieces of putty are so much alike that I
doubt I could identify mine." And then
the old man took the boy upstairs and ad-
ministered a few love-taps—*Harper's
Bazar.*

New Hampshire.

This is to certify that I have suffered
with Rheumatism for three years. I tried
all kinds of medicines, but of no use. I
purchased one bottle of SCOTT'S CURE
FOR RHEUMATISM, and it cured me.
I am pleased to recommend it to the
public as a sure cure for Rheumatism.
—W. A. DAVIS.

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tion and chronic diarrhea. In my extensive
travels, I hear frequent and favorable re-
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