

W. C. T. U. COLUMN.

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up and rushed from the room, Claude Sulvin gazed after his father with a look of mingled pity, terror and amazement as he thus abruptly left the room, then turning again to the couch he buried his face by his dead mother's side and wept and prayed long and earnestly.

Meanwhile, his father had gone straight to his room and once more locked himself in. The next day his wife was buried, but all the entreaties of his children and friends were in vain-he could not be induced to open the goor. A sad little group followed Mrs. Sulvin to the grave, and on returning the door was opened by main force, and there, what a terrible sight for the eyes of the orphaned children watching the proceedings. There, crouched back in the farthest corner of the room, with a look of terror in his glassy eyes. was the husband of the deceased who had promised to love and cherish her through life. He had wrecked her life and his The kind neighbours raised him and laid him on the bed and the doctor who arrived in due time said that he was not dead but had had a fit of delirium tremens and was not likely to recover.

Three days later the brother and sister were sitting in this room at the window. Claude was sitting in an easy chair, his thick black hair brushed back from his forehead and his dark eyes resting upon his sister, while with one hand he gently smoothed her brown curls as she sat on a stool low at his feet, quietly crying, and leaned her head against his knee.

"Muriel, darling, sister mine!" he was saying. "Do not cry any more. Mother is with Jesus and, though father may be taken too, we know that our heavenly Father will care for us. I will work for you, darling, and you shall be my own little housekeeper. But perhaps father may yet get better."

As he stopped speaking, he turned his eyes toward the bed and met the steady,

searching gaze of his father.

"Do you really wish that, my son? came in calm, even tones, and the children both sprang to his side.

"Yes, father," was the answer. "Then you forgive me, my children.

But how dare I imagine it after all-" "Don't try to imagine it, dear papa," interrupted his little daughter. "Just believe that we had nothing to forgive, and that we love you just as we always did when you were our own good, kind papa, and not like the bad, wicked men that drink makes. And now that you are never going to drink any more, we will always love you, won't we, Claudy?" Claude pressed his father's hand, but John Sulvin hid his face on the pillow and groaned aloud.

After a pause, that seemed to the children about ten minutes, their father again looked up and spoke-this time in a grave aubdued tone.

"My darlings, it is true that I will never touch another drop of the wicked stuff that has made a brute of me, but I am going to be with your mother, and shall not be tempted any more. When I sat an that room, breaking the promise I had made her, she knocked the glass from my hand, and she has been chasing me all the time, until I stopped running from her; then she sat by my side and soothed away my pain. I have been talking with her and the Saviour and should be glad to gu to them were it not for leaving you." He stopped speaking, and after a short silence said-"Muriel, my pet, will you ask enough to go for the minister; I would descriptive catalogue. Write for it. like to talk with him."

His little daughter left the room, weeping bitterly, to do her father's bidding, and he turned to Claude.

"My son, watch over and care for your sister, and love her. Be both father and dren-meet-there." mother to her. She is very like her mother, and I am afraid possessed of all her frailty. And, my boy, I have noticed that you have, as I did, inherited this aw ful appetite. 'Watch and pray lest ye enter into temptation ' How strange that those words should come to me, and I should say them involuntarily now. without thinking of the first broken promise, which they recall. They were my mother's last words as I stood by her death-bed, a boy of fourteen. She knew that I loved the wine cup, and saw, through bitter experience, the folly and sin it caused. I loved my mother, and knew that she had suffered much through the intemperance of my father, so I vowed that I would never drink to excess. This vow proved useless, however, for an appetite such as mine.

"As I grew older I was brought into | blighted society? frequent contact with the liquid fire. Of course I thought of my promise, not to drink to excess, but one glass was merely tantalizing, and glass followed glass until, when it was too late, I saw my mistake. I met Marie Leeson and courted and wed her. She came to me as my good angel, and I loved her with all the ardour I was capable of, and as we stood side by side at the alter and took our marriage vows, I vowed from my inmost soul that I would cast this hell-creating monster from my path, and never should it cast a shadow over her life.

"But alas, for my good resolutions! Fierce and many were the struggles that I fought with this craving fire, that would be satisfied with nothing but broken promises and ruination. There are people who believe that heaven and hell is in each person's heart, according as they live, and, my son, I firmly believe that no punishment of the infernal regions could be more bitter, or no hell fire more fierce than that which I suffered and struggled with. At last, however, I believed that I was master. I had not touched a drop for fifteen months. But one day, when guests at my wife's father's table, I touched a match to the fuel and it burned with all its old violence.

"I had refused the wine, as usual, knowing its power over me, but, though a rising young lawyer, I was but a poor son-in-law in the house of a wealthy father-in-law, and did not care to be in his bad graces. Besides, my wife-she did not know, bless her, the struggle I had had, but blamed hard study and overwork for my depression of spirit-urged me to accept the glass to please her father-it would be but this once. I yielded, and having yielded once, I yielded again and again, until I became so low that it was necessary for me to resign my position. Our circumstances were humbled, and it was the old tale of a 'man of better days' dragged hellward by the demon drink. You know the rest, and I have told you this, my son, that you might have some dim idea of the dregs of this cup, and trust not to moderation, but to total abstinence, for your children's sake, as well as your own. You have already promised your mother, and I think will keep it sacred, but to seal that promise, give me your hand and kiss your dying father."

The boy complied, and for a few moments there was silence in the room, broken only by the sobs of the little Muriel, who had crept back into the room, and the sounds of boyish grief that escaped from her brother. Then the minister came in, and the children were for a time dismissed. When they again entered the room, a great change had come over their father. He lay pale and exhausted, but upon his face there was a look of great joy. For about five minutes no one spoke, then a look of agony came upon the countenance of the dying man, and he

"Oh, God, I suffer the vile craving even at death!" Then, in a peaceful, contented tone, the very contrast of this-"Hold fast my hand, dear Saviour; I will trust

And now he turns to his children, and



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taking Muriel's hand, he placed it in her brother's, and said:

"Watch over them, oh Christ! Yes, Marie-I-am coming. Farewell-chil-

The soul had passed to its God, and the body was buried next day. A week later Lawrence Leeson came and took his grandchildren to live with him. They became great favourites with their grandparents, and one day, when Claude repeated his father's story, they were deeply touched, and the children noticed that wine never flowed at the tables or at their social gatherings afterwards.

Must it be proved to each one, as it was proved to this family, that "Prohibition" is the only rescue for the victims of the "sins of the fathers"—the helpless, who had inherited this appetite, too powerful for their control -or shall we learn by the experience of others and from the misery that is already in the world, and cast our votes so as to uproot this great evil that has uprooted so much happiness and

Vienna, Ont.

The good sisters of St. Joseph's Infant's Home say of Dr. Ag-new's Ointment—"We give it our highest recommenda-tion. We use it freely and find it a great cure.'

St. Joseph's Infant Home, South Troy, N.Y.; "If you sell Dr. Agnew's Ointment in pound boxes we wish you would send us your lowest price for it by buying in large quantities. Many children are brought to our home covered with Eczema, and of all the treatments and ointments we have used we find Dr. Agnew's Ointment to be the most satisfactory-it has made some great cures for us. We give it our highest recommen

SIR LOUIS DAVIES TO THE BENCH.

OTTAWA, Sept. 22.-The cabinet met last night at 8 o'clock and sat until about 11. Nearly all the ministers were present. It will likely be the last meeting before Sir Wilfrid leaves with the royal party for the Pacific coast, and, consequently, some business was done.

Sir Louis Davies, the minister of marine and fisheries, was appointed to the supwe were dining with quite a number of reme court of Canada, in place of the late Justice King, of New Brunswick. The order in-council making the appointment will be approved by the governor general to-morrow, and Sir Louis will be on the bench at the next sitting of the court. It is understood that no appointment of a successor to Sir Louis in the government will be made for the present. It is probable that in the meantime Mr. Sutherland will discharge the duties of one or other of the departments.

> It was also decided to appoint Mr. Britton, M. P., Kingston, to the vacancy on the high court bench in Ontario.

Byron Moffatt Britton, K. C., M. P., Kingston, Ont., was born at Gananoque, Ont., September 3, 1833. He graduated from Victoria University in 1856 and married Mary E., eldest daughter of the late Hon. L. H. Holton, of Montreal, on December 22, 1863. He was called to the bar of upper Canada in 1859, and appointed a Q. C. on August 13, 1881. Mr. Britton was elected mayor of Kingston at the general elections of 1896. The new judge is a Liberal in politics. Mr Britton is well known in this province. He was senior counsel for the city of Moneton in the arbitration proceedings between the city and the Moncton Gas Light and Water Company.

A Red Hot Summer.

During the hot summer season the blood gets over heated, the drain on the system severe and the appetite is often lost. Burdock Blood Bitters purifies and invigorates the blood, tones up the system and restores lost appetite.

VANCOUVER, B. C., Sept. 23.—Steamer Hating arrived from Skagway last night with over \$100,000 in treasure on board. She brought down word that party hunters discovered the skeleton of a man on the banks of the Yukon, 12 miles from Dawson. It is supposed the man was murdered and an attempt is being made to connect the murder with the notorious O'Brien. The body of Peter Whboy, who disappeared Aug. 24, has been found on the river banks

The Hating also brought word that Edward Daniel, agent in Dawson for Darsch & Co., had absconded with \$35,000. Six sluice box robberies have taken place in Eldorado Creek lately, and over \$2,000 PERFECTION FOR HOME OR worth of gold, it is estimated, has been taken.

> Children Cry for CASTORIA

BENUMBED LIMBS.

A TROUBLE RESEMBLING PARALY SIS IN ITS EFFECTS.

The Victim Loses Strength in His Limbs and is Usually Unable to Do Any Work-The Story of a Former Sufferer, Showing How This Numbness Can be Overcome.

From "The Whig," Kingston, Ont.

There are few men in the city of Kingston better known than Mr. H. S. John son, the genial proprietor of the "Bon Ton" barber parlor, on Brock street. For several years he had been in failing health, being obliged to give over the entire work of his busy shop to his assistants. But this spring his health is so wonderfully improved that his many friends have been congratulating him on his restoration. In conversing with a reporter of the Whig recently, Mr. Johnson had the following to say concerning his illness and cure:-"For many months I was practically paralyzed. Numbness took possession of my limbs, especially of my hands. From my hips down my body was without strength, and despite all that I could do, I was unable to keep my hands and feet from becoming icy cold. My appetite left me, and soon I had to give up work. My general health was of course failing, and I lost flesh. As you know, I am sixty-five years of age, and when a man loses strength at that age, it is a hard thing to build him up again. I tried several kinds of medicines, but they all failed to benefit me. The doctors whom I consulted were also unable to help me. I was growing discouraged when some of my old customers advised me to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. At first I refused for I did not believe any medicine on earth could help me, but at last friendly persuasion had its effect, and I bought a supply of the pills and began taking them. I soon found that they were benefitting me, and so continued their use until Dr. Williams' Pink Pills have made me a new man. I feel stronger and better day by day; I am gaining in weight, and once again I am able to attend to my old customers without the least trouble. I consider the pills my best friend, and would not be without

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are the friend of the weak and ailing. They surpass all other medicines in their tonic, strengthening qualities, and make weak and despondent people bright, active and healthy, These pills are sold by all dealers in medicine, or can be had by mail, postpaid, at 50 cents per box, or six boxes for \$2.50, by addressing the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

ST. JOHN'S, N. F., Sept. 21.-The Anchor line steamer Furnessia, Captain Young, from Glasgow and Moville for New York, which arrived here to-day, reports that when 300 miles off Newfoundland she fell in with the Intercolonial Railway ferry steamer Scotia, which left the Tyne Aug. 28 for Port Mulgrave, N. S. The Scotia was adrift and short of coal, provisions and water. The Furnessia took her in tow and brought her to this port. Provisions were scarce in 1876 and first returned to parliament on the Scotia and the crew were reduced to one biscuit each three times a day. Three days ago an American yacht bore down upon the Scotia in answer to distress signals and gave the crew as much provisions as could be spared. But for the last three days the Scotia had not an ounce of coal on board. The Furnessia, carrying 960 passengers, resumed her voyage to New York to-night. The Scotia will sail to-morrow. She was built at the Walker shipvards of Armstrong Whitworth & Co., England, to the order of the Canadian minister of railways and canals, for the carriage of railway trains across the Straits of Canso, between Port Hawkesbury and Port Mulgrave.

> HALIFAX Sept. 21 .- Schooner Lucy M. Jenkins from Sydney for Halifax, was wrecked at Herring Cove early this morning. The crew narrowly escaped. The vessel was a total loss. She belonged to her Captain, Alex. Campbell, Baddeck. There was no insurance on coal or vessel.



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