

NEW AND BETTER LIVES

IS WHAT THE BELLINGER INSTITUTE CAUSES MEN TO LEAD.

Stories of How Drunkards were Lified from the Gutter—Dr. Jules Rochard's Ideas About the Morphine Habit Exploded—Interesting Interviews.

Joy and Temperance and Repose Slam the door on the doctor's nose.

So wrote a quaint Norwegian poet, whose pithy verses have been well translated by Longfellow. If one may be permitted a "bull" the above couplet is not, however, as pithy as it might be were it not a couplet—that is to say, if rhyme and metre were ignored, the proverb could be made much more compact. The trinity of good things mentioned in the first line could all be expressed by the simple word "Temperance." For he that practises Temperance surely has Joy and Repose.

There is an institution in this city which promotes Temperance and its universal accompaniments—Joy and Repose. It is an institution which raises the fallen. It makes live men out of worthless, "dead and alive" creatures. It restores to those who have lost them the three cardinal virtues, "self-reverence, self-knowledge, self-control," which, as Tennyson declares, "alone lead life to sovereign power." In other words, it effectually cures the liquor habit.

This glorious institution is that of the Bellinger Co., whose headquarters are at 78 Sydney street.

Dr. Jules Rochard, in the October number of the Union Medicale, draws a gloomy picture of the morphine habit in France and elsewhere. Women and doctors, he says, are, in his opinion, most deeply addicted to this drug. He says that the habit becomes incurable at the end of six months' indulgence. Dr. Rochard certainly never heard of the Bellinger Company and its wonderful cures of this same morphine habit.

A representative of the RECORD had, however, and it was to interview the heads of the institution, as well as its patients, that he called at their rooms. The door was opened by Dr. Preston, who is well known in St. John as an excellent physician.

"Of the sixty patients that the Bellinger Institute has had so far," said the doctor, "I have only known of two lapses. And each of the patients acknowledged that they did so not because they wanted a drink particularly, but from pure devilment."

"Then you don't claim that the remedy in every case prevents people from ever drinking again?" asked the reporter.

"Well," said the doctor smiling, one way our system of doing things differs from any other cure which I have ever heard of, is that we do not promise a man that after taking our remedy he cannot drink. We claim that we put him into the same condition as he was before he ever tasted a drop of liquor. He has his will power as God gave it to him; he is once more a free agent, and not a slave. He can drink liquor if he wants to; but he will have to learn all over again. We absolutely guarantee that we can put him in the same position as he was before.

"We had a patient who lapsed while taking another cure. The proprietors of the other cure told him that he was absolutely cured; that he could not but have a longing for liquor ever afterward, that he absolutely couldn't drink. Well, for a while after his treatment he didn't touch liquor—simply because he was afraid to—thought it would hurt him. But after a while—you know how it is with human nature—he decided out of pure contrariness, that he would take a drink if it killed him. He took it, and it didn't kill him. His faith in the cure was lost, just because its proprietors promised him too much; he went into the depths of dissipation as badly as ever. He came to us and we appealed to his common sense and manliness. We set him on his feet again, and he knows that he can touch it again but that he will have to learn to be a drunkard again, if he wants to be one."

"I have heard that you have had great success in breaking morphine patients," said the reporter. "Can you give me any particulars?"

"Our greatest success is in the treatment of the morphine habit, inasmuch as our method of treating this terrible disease is something never heard of before—a plan of thoroughly curing the dreadful habit, that is absolutely painless. The sufferings of patients that are being treated for the morphine habit have hitherto been of such a nature that they have given up in despair and their sufferings and insomnia have prevented others for attempting to be cured under our treatment patients sleep beautifully. I was cured myself of the morphine habit by the Bellinger remedy and I know whereof I speak. I know the wonders it wrought in my case, and so you needn't wonder that I am so enthusiastic. It is wonderful, wonderful, certainly didn't think a short time ago that I would be able to attend to my work here and also to such a large practice as I am now attending to," continued the Doctor as he packed his satchel preparatory to making a morning call on some of his patients. "I have one morphine patient who has been here for four weeks. His was a very bad case

and it is a great surprise to us, as well as to him, to think that now he has not the slightest wish for the drug." "What is this Bellinger club?" asked the reporter. "I've seen men wearing the pin, and they told me that the B. C. stood for Bellinger Club."

"Well, I'll tell you about that in a minute. A feature of that I mean to speak to you of before, was that we not only remove the desire of liquor from our patients, but we also try to change their associations. We try to break the habit of loafing, especially on Saturday night, after they have drawn their week's wages. We arranged a reading room here, started games, etc., and founded the Bellinger club, which started on the 11th of June, and has now thirty-one members. These are patients taking treatment, and graduates. We meet every Wednesday night, and it is a club well worth belonging to.

"Every Sunday we have a song service at 4.30 p. m. Ladies come and help us out. On a recent Sunday Rev. Mr. Wightman, who is an honorary member, gave a most interesting lecture. Then a little while ago the club had an excursion to Loch Lomond."

"You have an employment committee, haven't you?" asked the reporter.

"Yes, we have one, and have done some good work in getting positions for graduates. Then we have a fund committee. We select some deserving case, preferably a young man with a family, or a young man supporting a widowed mother, and advance him money which he pays back in instalments."

"I had some difficulty finding you at home, Dr. Preston. When are your hours?"

"Well, I'm very busy with a large practise since I have lost my taste for morphine," said the doctor, smiling. "But I'm to be found here from 8 till 9 in the morning, during the noon hour, and from four to five and 8 to 9 p. m."

"Do you give your patients medicine to take away from here?" asked the scribbler. "I noticed that several patients using other medicines carry them around in their pockets."

"We allow nothing of the kind," said the doctor. "Patients take all the medicine under the eyes of the physician. And now I must go," he exclaimed. "But there's one thing I'd like you to mention, and that is that the Bellinger Club has a public meeting on the first Wednesday of each month. Anyone interested in practical temperance work is invited to attend."

The reporter then went to the Custom House, where he learned that there were two gentlemen in the government's employ who could give him some information about a case of intemperance that was cured by the Bellinger remedy. One of these gentlemen said that the Bellinger remedy deserved all the praise that anyone could give it. It had made a man of Bobby Wheaton, of Carleton.

"This isn't the only case that I know where it's done a world of good," said the gentleman. "I know of several others. If a man wants to be cured, there is no reason why he shouldn't be. I knew a man that I always thought drank. I accused him of it one day when he was acting queerly. He denied it. A little while after he threw his hand up, and fell backwards on the floor. 'I know what'll fix him,' said a man that was with me. He went out and got a little something in a paper and gave it to the man. In a few minutes the man got up and went out. Well, it completely floored me; I didn't understand it. You see the man had the morphine habit, and it's a good deal worse than drinking. But he hasn't got it now and hasn't had it for six months. He took the Bellinger remedy. He was as far gone as a man could be, but he is as different a looking man as ever you saw now from what he was. He does an enormous amount of work too."

"What about the Carleton man?" queried the reporter.

"Bobby Wheaton? Oh, that gentleman upstairs you said that you were going to see, will tell you all about him. And don't mention my name; I'd nothing to do with it. Give all the praise you can to the fellow upstairs, for he deserves it."

So upstairs went the reporter, and was introduced to a very pleasant gentleman, who told what he knew about Bobby Wheaton only on condition that his own name should not appear in print.

"He was a cook on board of vessels," said the gentleman. "He was of a very respectable family, but he'd been a drunkard for years. He couldn't get any job at last—no vessel would take him. He was a nice fellow, when he was sober, but at last he was very rarely sober."

"Well, I used to talk to him every day I met him. I knew his folks, and I pitied the poor fellow a great deal. One day I saw him sitting on the West End floats. Some of us had been thinking of Bobby's case for quite a while. I said to him, Bobby, how would you like to take one of the cures?"

"Well, you never saw a fellow so tickled in all your life. 'Why,' he said, 'there's so-and-so, he took the Bellinger cure, and he was a great deal worse than I was. And now he's a man,' and the poor fellow nearly cried at the thought of it."

"Well, I went around and talked to a

lot of Carleton people that day, and they all seemed anxious to help a man that seemed so anxious to help himself. And then we had a discussion as to which cure was doing the best work. A lot of us investigated the matter, and finally we came to the conclusion that the Bellinger was the best for Bobby. I'll never forget the expression on that man's face when we told him that we were going to give him a chance. 'Why, it'll make a man of me, it'll make a man of me,' he kept saying.

"Now, somebody told you that I had a good deal to do with this matter. Now, I didn't have any more to do with it than the other people of Carleton, and I don't want you to put my name in the paper. The people of Carleton were so glad to help a fellow mortal in trouble that they fell in with the idea at once in first-class style. And it wasn't only the people of Carleton that helped him. Why, I went to a store in town here, commissioned to buy a suit of clothes. They gave me a suit for almost nothing. Then we went to other stores and they chipped in in fine style. Why, we had a man out of Bobby before ever he went to take the remedy, as far as clothes could make him one. And you never saw a more thoroughly gratified man in your life when we brought the clothes to Bobby, and told him everything was fixed. 'Why,' he says, 'this is like commencing to live again,' and he was mightily pleased, I tell you. 'I'm tired and sick of the old life,' he said, 'and now, by the help of God, I'm going to be a new man.'

"Well, now, you can easily guess the result. Why, they made a new man of that poor miserable wretch in mighty short time. He certainly did commence to be a new man, and he's a man now, and will continue to be one. It was simply wonderful. And a more grateful man than Robert Wheaton, the son of as fine an old man as ever lived and a mighty fine man himself now, it would be hard to find."

"Where is he now?" asked the thoroughly interested reporter.

"A week or so ago he got a position as steward on the schooner Sarah Hunter, and he was so delighted when he got that appointment! And now, just to show you how grateful he was—we never asked him for a cent of money, but he's made an arrangement with the owners of the vessel that a large percentage of his wages goes to pay for his cure."

"As to what I think of the Bellinger remedy, I believe it is a fine thing. I know of several other cases, that I consider wonderful."

"And as to Bob Wheaton's case," said the genial official, "I've just got this to say. My advice is for people to do likewise to men like Bobby was before he was cured. It only costs a dollar or two a head, and it's one of the grandest works in the world. It is certainly worth the powder. Good morning."

The next person that the scribe called upon was a lady who had been ordered to take laudanum by her physician, and so acquired a habit which was rapidly growing upon her. She was speedily cured by the Bellinger remedy, and can find no words too strong in which to praise the institution. She said that she knew a great many more people who were a good deal worse than she was, who were completely cured by the Bellinger remedy. "God bless Dr. Bellinger," fervently exclaimed the lady.

During the reporter's call on Dr. Preston, he was invited by the doctor to visit the institution some afternoon. The reporter availed himself of the invitation, and on being ushered into the doctor's cozy little office, expressed a desire to see some of the patients.

"There are not many disengaged now," said the doctor, "but I'll call in a very recent graduate." So in a few minutes the reporter was introduced to a St. John captain, who was a good specimen of hearty manhood.

"Captain," said the doctor, "this gentleman wants you to say all the hard things against the institution that you can."

"Well," said the captain, "I'm afraid I couldn't do that, unless I was to seriously depart from the truth. I can tell you an awful lot of good things about it, though, if that will do you."

"As to your case?" asked the reporter.

"As to my case," said the captain, "it was a hard one. It was the same old story of John Barleycorn getting the better of a man. I just couldn't wrestle with it at all. I'd been drinking for ten years or more; and for the last three or four I'd been drinking to excess."

The reporter bore in mind what Dr. Preston had told him concerning his firm belief that if a man believed he would be cured, by the Bellinger remedy, he would be cured, asked the captain concerning his faith when he began to be treated.

"Faith!" said the captain, "faith, I didn't have any. I didn't come here to suit myself; I came to please my folks. For the first week I had no belief in it, but the folks prevailed, and I stayed. After a week was over I began to feel that the treatment was what it was cracked up to be. After a fortnight I was convinced that the Bellinger remedy would cure any sane man of a taste for alcohol. Now, after a month's treatment, I've made made up my mind—that

is, I know—that I can live without whiskey." The captain wound up with this little lecture: "Whiskey is the most treacherous friend a man ever had. And I say to all men that have kept company with it for ten years, or more, or less, to say good-bye to it by taking this remedy. Now my nerves were all gone to smash when I began to say good-bye to it—but now! Well, sir, you can just put in the paper that it's my conviction that the Bellinger remedy can knock spots off of old Whiskey—yes, sir, knock blazes out of it."

"Well," said Dr. Preston, after the captain had gone out, "we're still averaging about fifteen patients, and all go out in good shape. Their entire physical being seems to be renovated."

"One patient we had never took any liquor to drink until he was thirty years old and then he drank for ten years. At the end of a week spent here, he said he wouldn't begrudge any money—he hadn't felt so well for many years. He's been here over a fortnight now and I can trust him with the giving of liquor to new patients. Now, what do you think of that? You're surprised? Why, we do that many a time, and we don't doctor the liquor we give to new patients. It's pure, good liquor."

"After a patient has been here for a few days, whiskey, if taken, will turn on his stomach. After a day or so, a patient will generally say, 'I guess I won't take any more, doctor. Only two persisted in taking the whiskey until it made them sick. They don't take it now, however.'"

"Any more morphine patients?" asked the scribbler.

"Yes," said the physician. "And its just wonderful about the morphine treatment. We have a patient here that took morphine for fifteen years—and during the last two years he took twenty-five grains a day hypodermically. Two weeks ago that patient came here; and now he doesn't want any, although there is a lot of it around. Another patient who has only been here a short time brought his bottles and his hypodermic syringe to me a few days ago and said, 'There, doctor, take them. I don't want them any more, I can get along without them in first class style.'"

"There is one thing I've noticed about the Bellinger treatment," said Mr. Fred Winslow Adams, the celebrated electrician and lecturer, who happened to be in at the time the reporter was making his visit, "is that the Bellinger patients never have delirium tremens."

The doctor corroborated Mr. Adams' statement, and told of a patient who had come there a short time ago. He had been drinking very hard for five weeks, and was just on the verge of delirium tremens, which it was his custom to have after such protracted sprees. His friends were greatly afraid that he would have a fit at the Bellinger rooms.

"Well," said the Bellinger authorities, "let him have a fit, if he wants to. There's no better place in the world to have a fit. But if he has an attack of the delirium here, he'll be the first to do so." The man saw no more snakes.

The graduates are all very loyal to the Bellinger institute. They are extremely grateful for the opportunity given them to lead new lives, and happy ones, where the omens for such a culmination of events had appeared far from favorable.

Mr. F. W. Adams is Grand Lecturer for the I. O. G. T. of New Brunswick. He has just returned from a lecture tour. He found Bellinger graduates in the lodges throughout the province. They were loud in their praises of the temperance work that the Bellinger people are doing in St. John and their new branch in Kentville, Nova Scotia. In the last lodge that he visited three of the most prominent members had taken the remedy. Bellinger graduates are now represented in the Sons of Temperance, the I. O. G. T., the W. C. T. U., the various churches, and the Salvation Army. A prominent St. John clergyman says that last Sunday a former active member in his church took communion for the first time in ten years.

Such an institution as has been described should receive the warm support of the churches, of the newspapers and of everybody that is interested in the betterment of mankind. Speaking of newspapers reminds one that the Company has a paper of its own—the Bellinger News—from which monthly may be obtained a great deal of interesting intelligence regarding the good work which it is impossible to give in the crowded columns of a daily newspaper.

The British Empire.

The British empire is a political creation unparalleled in the world's history, not only by its extent and population, in both which respects it is slightly surpassed by China, but because, with an area of more than 10,000,000 square miles and with 352,000,000 inhabitants, it is scattered over the whole globe. It embraces all zones from the icy wilderness of Hudson bay to the tropical jungles of India and the mahogany forests of Honduras; there is scarcely a product which a British province does not bring forth in excellent quality; and not less various are the degrees of civilization of its inhabitants, from the Kafirs of the Cape to the highly cultivated citizens of Toronto or Sydney. We find with Christians of all confessions 200,000,000 Hindoos, about 70,000,000 Mohammedans, and 8,000,000 Buddhists; and the Bible is printed in 130 languages and dialects represented in the empire, yet, notwithstanding such promiscuous elements, the government, with rare exceptions, maintains order, and no sign of dissolution is visible.

Johnson's Anodyne Liniment

EVERY MOTHER Should Have It In the House.

Internal & External IT IS Unlike any Other.

It is marvelous how many different complaints it will cure. Its strong point lies in the fact that it acts quickly. It is a fact, that any pain anywhere, every lameness everywhere, is penetrated, relieved or cured by this wonderful, soothing Anodyne. It is the sovereign remedy for lites, burns, bruises. For backache, earache, headache, neckache, stomachache, toothache, in fact every ache. For scalds, stings, strains, sprains, stiff joints, swellings and sore muscles. For colds, chills, coughs and catarrhs. For hacking, hoarseness and whooping cough. For asthma, bronchitis, diphtheria, in grippe, sore throat and lungs. For colic, cramp, cholera morbus and summer complaints. For dyspeptic pains, neuralgia and muscular rheumatism. For cuts, cracks, corns, contusions, chaps and chilblains, all irritations and inflammations. For lame back, shoulder. For pains in chest, kidneys, stomach, use this great vital and muscle nerve. Every ailment above is caused by inflammation, to cure which Johnson's Anodyne Liniment was devised.

Originated by an Old Family Physician FOR PURELY HOUSEHOLD USE. Generation after Generation have Used and Blessed It.

All who order direct from us, and request it, shall receive a certificate that the money shall be refunded if not abundantly satisfied. Retail price, 25 cents. Six \$2.00, express prepaid, if you can't get it near home. Ask first. Sold by druggists. Pamphlet free. I. S. JOHNSON & CO., 22 Custom House Street, Boston, Mass.

RECOIL OF LARGE GUNS. The Mechanism Necessary for Absorbing the "Kick" of the Big Weapons.

Many of those who read with wonder of the 50,000-foot tons of striking energy in the half-ton shell fired from the 13-inch gun, give little thought to the gun carriage that must hold this monster. Almost every one has fired an ordinary small-arm rifle, and experienced the "kick" it gives when the charge of seventy grains of powder is exploded. The weight of the powder in the 13-inch gun is just 55,000 times as great as that of the rifle. Altogether the work of the explosion consists in propelling an 1,100-pound shot at the velocity of nearly a half-mile per second and in propelling the gun to the rear with an energy of 700 foot tons.

The problem is to get rid of the 700 foot tons of energy without injury to the gun, carriage or machinism on the carriage that enables the gunner to manipulate the enormous weapon. Seven hundred foot tons is about equal to the power required to lift a good-sized sailing ship a foot; or the smashing effect that a large railway locomotive would have if dropped from the roadway of the Brooklyn bridge to the river. Now, all of this energy must be destroyed by allowing the gun to recoil until the total energy has been consumed. If a large amount of recoil were allowable, the work taken away each instant would be less; but the size of the turret or gun platform upon which the gun is mounted limits this distance, and for the big 13-inch guns of the battle ships, 52 inches is the maximum.

In the old days of wooden frigates, when 32 pound shots were considered tremendous, the gun was mounted on a strongly built framework of oak with two little wooden front wheels or "trucks," as they are called. A strong hemp rope, called breeching, and its two ends were made fast to bulwarks of the ship on either side of the gun port, while jaws at the breech of the gun clasped the middle of the breeching. When the gun recoiled the friction of the carriage rolling to the rear took up some of the energy, and what was left was expended in stretching the rope. The gun was loaded and run out to the ship's side and was then ready for another fire.

From the smallest gun to the largest, the hydraulic recoil is now used for checking recoil. It consists of a bronze or steel cylinder with an interior length a little greater than the recoil allowed. This cylinder is strongly bolted to that part of the carriage that is stationary in the turret; a piston is fitted in this cylinder with the piston rod projecting through the rear cover. The cylinder is grooved on its inner surface sufficient to allow the liquid with which it is filled to pass with difficulty from one side of the piston to the other; when the recoil takes place, the rod which is made fast to the gun hauls the piston to the rear, and the resistance to flow presented by the constricted passage takes up the entire energy. So nicely are these grooves calculated and constructed that the big 13-inch gun at Indian Head is brought to rest within half an inch of the exact spot intended.

The carriage for one of these guns weighs about thirty tons and is built almost entirely of steel; indeed, if it were not for the fact that steel making has progressed as far as it has, it would be impossible not only to build the modern heavy guns, but to mount them on structures light enough to make it practicable to carry them on board ship. The 13-inch gun and oscillating bed upon which it slides to the rear weight about 150,000 pounds, and mechanism must be provided to elevate or depress this great weight. Ponderous cranes would be used on shore for handling such masses, but on ship-board weight and space forbid anything of the kind. The hydraulic press worked with water under a pressure of from 600 to 1,000 pounds per square inch is the means which has successfully surmounted the difficulty.

The gun captain turns a little lever, the water flows in, and the hydraulic ram raises the breech of the gun until the muzzle points to the correct height. Another valve lever is moved and powerful hydraulic engines revolve the turret about its centre until the gun is aligned on the target. Both of these movements require so little effort on the part of the operator that he does not need to remove his eye for an instant from the sights; he watches carefully as the gun sweeps around, moving the levers the while, controlling each motion of the gun as if it were a toy, when suddenly he drops the levers, presses an electric button, and with a roar of thunder the gun leaps to the rear and the shell goes screaming to the target.

After the shot is fired, if there is little wind, several seconds must elapse before the smoke has cleared away sufficiently for another shot. Meanwhile all is bustle in the turret. The breech plug has been withdrawn, the bore washed out with a hose, (for it requires a powerful stream of water to loosen the heavy cakes of residue from the burnt powder) and a fresh charge of powder and shell has been run up to the gun ready for loading. But the gun must be run out "to battery," that is, it must be run out to the end of the carriage ready for the next recoil. Hydraulic power is again utilized, and the gun is run out, possibly up an incline of fifteen degrees in two or three seconds.

The idea of ramming home a projectile is vaguely connected in most minds with a man standing erect with a long wooden rammer in his hand, giving a smart sweep

of the arm when a slight thud announces that the gun is ready for firing. Not so with the 13-inch projectile; it weighs 1,100 pounds, and, as the loading must be done quickly, power must again be used. For this purpose the telescopic hydraulic rammer is designed. It looks like a large cylinder, and when the pressure is turned on it lengthens out into a huge telescope, forcing the shell before it into the bore. The powder comes up in two cylindrical woolen bags, 279 pounds in each bag, and the rammer must be withdrawn twice and run out again twice more before the operation of loading is completed. Now the breech is closed and the gun captain is already at work pointing the great gun at the object marked for destruction.

The larger gun carriages require months to build, and may cost from \$30,000 to \$50,000. Nearly all of the heavier parts are of cast steel, and the metal must be absolutely flawless. Five or six castings for one part may be rejected before one is accepted as perfect: the cost is therefore greatly increased.

Gun carriages for land fortifications are much heavier than for ships. A favorite type of the former, the "disappearing" mount, needs only to be constructed in a pit, and the surrounding land becomes a fortification. Upon being fired, the gun jumps to the rear down the pit, where it is loaded and by means of mirrors pointed for the next fire, entirely out of sight of the enemy. Upon opening a valve the gun rises above the level of the earth, is fired, and recoils out of sight again.

Race Misalliances.

The German servant girl in Chicago who has married an Americanized Chinese may not regret her act, as the Celestial is usually said to make a kind husband. Girls of her class usually make marriages of this sort to secure an easy life, and as they are not sensitive, they manage to escape the moral suffering that falls to the lot of better-bred woman who make a misalliance. Probably the worst victims of ill-assorted marriages in the United States are the girls of good family who have married Indians. In nearly every case such girls have endured misery and shame, and have finally appealed to the divorce courts for freedom.



THAT INFANT'S DELIGHT

It is the best Toilet Soap in the market. Try it. JOHN TAYLOR & Co., Toronto, Sole Manufacturers.

Are you WEAK? NERVOUS? TIRED? SLEEPLESS? PALE? BLOODLESS? THIN? DYSPEPTIC?

you need HAWKER'S Nerve and Stomach TONIC.

A COURSE OF HAWKER'S Nerve and Stomach TONIC.

It makes weak nerves strong, promotes sound, refreshing sleep, aids digestion, restores lost appetite, is a perfect blood and flesh builder, restores the bloom of health.

All Druggists sell it. 50c a Bottle. Six for \$2.50. M'd only by Hawker Medicine Co., Ltd., St. John, N.B.