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Workmanship second to none. Cutting, etc., proportionately cheap, at the Fashionable Tailor Shop, opposite water fountain.

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The undersigned respectfully informs the residents of the village and its vicinity that he has returned to Fenelon Falls after several years' experience in the States as well as in Canada, and is prepared to execute, in the best style and at moderate prices, all work in the above lines with which he may be favored.

Orders left at S. Nevison's store on Colborne street will receive prompt attention.

Chas. H. Nevison.

Fenelon Falls, Aug. 7th, 1895.—26tf

Subscribe for 'The Gazette.'

FARMERS

IN NEED OF A GOOD NEW

STUMPING MACHINE

WOULD DO WELL TO SEE THOS. ROBSON BEFORE BUYING.

THOS. ROBSON, FENELON FALLS.

The Fenelon Falls Gazette.

Friday, August 9th, 1895.

Should We Drink in Moderation?

We purpose giving the "gist" of a very able article by Norman Kerr, M. D., F. L. S., on the question of temperance. He answers the question which heads this article by an emphatic negative.

At the present time there are few more important questions for a young man to answer aright, on entering on active life, than the question—Ought we to drink in moderation? On his answer may largely depend his future happiness and usefulness. I have no hesitation in replying—No.

We ought not to drink in moderation, because no human being can be absolutely certain that he will be able to long remain a "moderate" drinker. Of the many young men that I have known, those who have "done well" as well as those who have "done badly" as the world goes, I have never yet known one who set out as a "moderate" drinker with any intention to become, or fear of becoming, a drunkard. Every man of them began to drink with a strong determination to continue a "moderate" drinker as long as he lived.

Many of "the world's grey fathers," like Noah and Lot, did their best to be "moderate," but sadly failed in their endeavour. Yet in our day it is immeasurably more difficult to preserve strict moderation than it was in our race's early history. There were no brilliant gin-palaces, no gilded public-houses, no gorgeous hotels and music-halls, to tempt our remote ancestors to empty cup after cup, nor indeed the "strong waters" of the distillation of later ages, to infuse into their veins, immediately on drinking, liquid fire producing speedy and deep intoxication, and so penetrate the whole being of parents as to bring forth children practically drunken before they were born. In our day and generation, products as we are of the accumulated alcoholic heredity of centuries, and living in an age of nervous overstrain, how tremendously more arduous the fight to remain "moderate" in our drinking!

We ought not to drink in moderation, therefore, because we thereby incur a risk of becoming intemperate.

We ought not to drink in moderation, because, even if it were absolutely certain that we would never overstep the bounds of moderation ourselves, there are all around us in life young men and maidens, joyously or timidly engaging in the struggle for existence, who, whether from inebriate inheritance or some other nervous defect of constitution, are totally unable (from no mis-doing of theirs) to drink in moderation. They can abstain and they can drink to excess, but to drink "moderately" is beyond their power. Such handicapped ones are just the very persons generally whose mental balance is so delicate and whose resisting power is so defective that they are often the least able to abstain altogether. If they try to follow your apparently safe practice of "moderation" they cannot continue "moderate" to the end.

We ought not to drink in moderation, therefore, because this example is much safer for a very large number of persons who either are diseased drunkards or are, by inheritance or otherwise, in danger of falling.

We ought not to drink in moderation, because intoxicating drinks are unnecessary and useless in health. We need, to live at all, well or ill, fresh supplies of certain things to repair the waste of substance, heat, fluid and energy, which is constantly going on in body and brain. Does alcohol meet any or all of these wants? It does not, neither does it give healthy tissue, nor internal vital heat (though it makes our skin hot), nor an innocent fluid, nor even force. Alcohol cannot build up a sound frame. Though it makes us feel warm it robs us of our very life's heat, and it too much is withdrawn from us it leaves us too cold to live. We are all practically

two-thirds water, which conveys the nourishing matter over the system, cleanses our bodies, and preserves our personal identity, like a liquid paste or glue. Every addition of alcohol impairs this threefold beneficent capacity of nature's beverage, "honest water that never left sinner i' the mire." Therefore "moderate" drinking is extravagant, alike for body and for purse. What we pay for our liquor, if that is intoxicating, is simply wasted, wasted as if we threw the money into the Atlantic.

We ought not, therefore, to drink in moderation, because moderation is wasteful, extravagant and unecological, physically and financially.

We ought not to drink in moderation, because this is a practice injurious to health. Alcohol is an irritant narcotic poison. It irritates and inflames the stomach, liver, kidneys, and other vital organs, overworks the heart, and disturbs the brain; not much, perhaps, at first, but certainly in the long run. Of drunkenness I do not speak. No one defends that nowadays. I limit what I have to say to so-called "moderate," steady drinking. Medically and pathologically, the man who gets abominably drunk once a month for a couple of days and is a strict teetotaler in the intervals, humanly speaking and leaving aside the ethics of the question, will, other things being equal, undermine his health less than the man who practises day by day such "moderation" as a glass of spirits, three glasses of wine, or four half-pints of beer or stout. It is your regular drinking, whether limited or unlimited, that induces disease. The proportion of disease among abstainers has been shown, in large groups of soldiers and others under similar conditions, to be about one to two.

We should not drink in moderation, therefore, because moderate drinking is injurious to health.

We should not drink in moderation, because thereby we diminish our chances of long life. Superficial or unskilled observers do not see beneath the surface. The "moderate" drinker often looks ruddy and robust, the teetotaler pale and shrinking. But the battle is not always to the flushed in face. I have known "moderate" people die unexpectedly and quickly fifteen and twenty years before their average term of life. The seeming mystery was revealed when their bodies were opened after death. As one, so many. He died in twenty minutes after a little extra exertion. Though there never had been a suspicion of his temperance, his liver and heart were found pierced with fatty degeneration. The irrefragable proof of the superior longevity of abstainers lies in the records of various insurance societies. The abstainers have a higher bonus, because they live from fifteen to twenty, or more, per cent. longer than the non-abstainers, drunken lives being, of course, excluded.

We should not drink in moderation, therefore, because we would thereby tend to shorten our lives.

There are many other good reasons why we should avoid drinking entirely. I will add only one more. Alcohol, in any appreciable quantity, reduces muscular force and lessens mental sharpness. Carefully conducted experiments have shown this. Other things being equal, alcohol takes the keen edge off our perceptive faculties, so that we take some seconds longer to see an object, while it mocks us by causing us to think we have seen it sooner. So with thought. Thus is it that an abstainer can often do business more to his own advantage when the person with whom he is dealing has taken a glass of wine or spirits. Alcohol is a reducer, a blinder, and a paralyser. We should treat with distrust the man who seeks to begin or conclude a bargain over a glass of liquor.

We should not drink in moderation, finally, because by so doing we are hindering ourselves from enjoying and exerting to the full the various capacities with which our Heavenly Father has endowed us.

Accidents.

Last Sunday evening two of our villagers drove a short distance into the country to bring in a colt that was at grass, and returned with the young and frisky animal tied behind the buggy in which they were riding. He trotted along quietly until the canal bridge was crossed, when, something frightening him, he sprang forward, got one of his forelegs tangled up in a hind wheel of the buggy and upset the whole establishment, falling, himself, upon his knees and nose, which were slightly scraped by contact with the wheel or the road, but he escaped any more serious injury. The buggy had an axle broken, the horse in the shafts, after lying awhile on his side, arose unhurt, and the men—one of whom had his back somewhat badly bruised—realized what an awful thing it was to get upset on Sunday, out of consideration for

which fact we refrain from mentioning their names.

On Sunday evening while Hilliard Copp, aged about ten years, the youngest son of Mr. John Copp of Fenelon, was driving home the cows, he fell off a large log and alighted with his forehead on two sharp snags, each of which inflicted a deep wound. He was immediately driven to Dr. Wilson's office at the Falls, where the wounds were stitched up and covered with plaster.

On Tuesday afternoon Mrs. James Knox of Fenelon Falls drove out to visit her sister-in-law, Mrs. Wm. Wray, in the second conception of Verulam, and was accompanied by her eldest daughter, Eugenie, over 13 years old, and her son Percy, nearly 11. During the afternoon, while the children and their cousins were amusing themselves in the orchard, Genie climbed a choke-cherry tree that grew near a fence in order to get some of the fruit to make wine, and by some means lost her footing and fell to the ground, a distance of fourteen feet by actual measurement, her head and face striking against an old pump that had been taken from a well and thrown between the fence and the tree. For a period estimated at ten minutes, though it was probably much shorter, she lay insensible, but gradually revived, and, as she did not appear to be very seriously injured, she was wrapped up, placed in a buggy and taken to the residence of her grandfather, Mr. Andrew Knox, who lives about half a mile from Mr. Wray's. In the meantime Percy had driven back to the village to fetch his father and medical assistance, and Dr. Wilson was soon in attendance on the little girl, who, we are glad to hear, is recovering rapidly and will probably be brought home this week. Her head was slightly cut and her face badly bruised and blackened, and for a time she vomited blood; and her escape from death can only be accounted for on the supposition that her fall was broken by the limbs of the tree.

Personals.

Miss Rose Dunsford of Lindsay and Miss Eva Bonnell of Bobcaygeon are visiting at Mr. Dickson's.

Miss Florence English, of Fenelon, left last week with her uncle, Mr. Irwin of Hamilton, for a lengthy visit to that city and Niagara Falls.

Mr. and Mrs. John Dickson of Wingham (of which town Mr. Dickson has been treasurer for about twenty years) were at the Falls from Friday last until yesterday morning visiting their nephew, Mr. James Dickson.

Mr. Charles Nevison, who has been living at Durand, Michigan, for several years, has returned to the Falls, and may remain permanently. See his card in another column. His father, Mr. John Nevison Sr., is expected over on a visit before long.

Mrs. Charles Lucy of Grafton came to the Falls last Friday, accompanied by her two daughters, to visit her nieces, Mrs. John Shane, Mrs. Albert Quibell and Mrs. Wm. Crossgrey. Mrs. Lucy left on Wednesday for Kirkfield, where she has other relatives, but the Misses Lucy are still at Mrs. Shane's.

Powles's Corners.

(Correspondence of the Gazette.)

Intoxication, from the earliest ages up to the present time, has been the greatest curse that ever was known, and has been the cause of more deaths than a century of bitter and savage war. Prohibitionists have been working for a long time against a political party that are too fond of stuff that doesn't come out of a well, and have a little money in the treasury to buy their way into power, and as long as they are there the temperance party can rest. We are glad to learn that Patrons have adopted prohibition as one of the planks in their platform, and as sure as the sun sets in the west the Patrons will have a good working majority at Ottawa before fifteen years, and Tories and Grits who don't intend to vote on the Patron ticket at the next general election should go right straight to Mr. John Cruess and Mr. Wm. Manning and get some independent eye ointment.

S. A. EXCURSION.—There will be a Salvation Army excursion from Peterborough and Lindsay to the Falls on Tuesday next, by the steamer *Columbian*, but we do not know at what time she is expected to arrive.

McCallum, the only Fashionable Tailor in town, has just received his fall stock of cloths, which are being sold at prices to suit the times.

TO WASHBURN'S ISLAND.—Mr. T. Austin, who believes in "taking time by the forelock," has asked us to announce that the I. O. F. and the A. O. U. W. intend running an excursion per steamer *Columbian* to Washburn's Island in Scugog lake, on Tuesday, the 27th inst. Posters giving full particulars will be issued in a few days.