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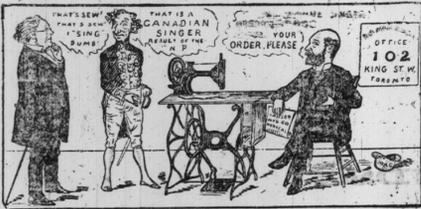
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OFFICE AND STORE ROOM

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## OPPOSITE ROYAL OPERA HOUSE.



### CURSE OF STRONG DRINK.

Mr. Talmage's Sermon on the Modern Plague of the Destroying Angel.

The following is the last sermon of Dr. Talmage on the evil of intemperance.

"I shall continue my course of sermons on the ten plagues of the cities of New York and Brooklyn for several Sundays longer," said Mr. Talmage to a large audience in the Brooklyn tabernacle yesterday morning.

"Exodus, eleventh chapter, part of the sixth verse: 'There shall be a great cry throughout all the land of Egypt.' This," he continued, "was the worst of the ten plagues. The destroying angel at midnight flapped his wings over the land and there was one dead in each house. That destroying angel has led the earth, but a far worse has come, and sweeps through these cities. It is the destroying angel of strong drink. Far worse than the other, and worse in America than in Egypt. Thousands of slain! Millions of slain! I am glad that the decorations of thanksgiving have been retained until to-day, but I shall use them for a different purpose.

"Once upon a time four infernal sat brooding in hell how they might work destruction to mankind. One said, 'I will take charge of the vineyards;' another said, 'I will take the green fields;' and another, 'I will take the dairy,' and the last said, 'I will take the music of the world.' The first found came to a vineyard and sat down on the twisted root of a vine, in sheer discouragement. 'I don't know how to bewitch the world,' he said. He clutched a cluster and squeezed it, and his hand was red with the blood of the grape. And he succeeded more of them into a large vat. The people dipped up the blood of the grapes. They drank, and they fell on the way, and when the fiend wished to return to his home he stepped from body to body on a great causeway to hell. The second fiend walked through the field of golden grain. He threw it into the water and let it rot, and then he lit a fire under it by a flame from his own mouth and made the fiery liquor. The fiend was so pleased with it that he changed his residence from the pit to a whiskey-barrel.

"The fiend of the dairy saw the cows coming home from the fields and he saw the dairy-maid milking them. He said, 'I will change that.' He made a milk-panch. The people all took it and gave it to their children, and even some temperance people took it, too. The fiend gathered there the musical instruments of the city. The people thronged in, each with a wine-glass in his hand. They played the dance; the music played more loudly; the dance became wilder. The floor broke and fell into hell. Then the four fiends returned to hell and Satan said it was all right. They filled their glasses and clicked them and said, 'Here's to the liquor traffic.'

"As soon as it is whispered of a man 'he drinks,' he begins to go down. What clerk can get a position with such a reputation as 'He drinks.' When a man is three-fourths gone on the road, he wants to impress you with the idea that he can stop at any time. He can't stop. I had a dear friend who gave thousands of dollars to bible societies and asylums, but he was a slave to strong drink. He had two attacks

of delirium tremens. When the doctor told him if he had a third attack he would die, he said, 'Oh! I can stop at any time.' He is dead. Run! The last thing he said was, 'Oh! I can stop at any time.' He could not stop. Sometimes a man is more frank. Such a one said, 'If you said I couldn't have a drink till to-morrow night unless I had my fingers chopped off, I would say, 'Bring on your hatchet!' It is awful for a man to wake up and feel himself a captive. Who will forget that scene in this church a few winters ago of a man who stood up in the church. The ushers led him to the door. Everybody saw that he was drunk. His poor wife took his coat and hat and led him out. He was formerly a minister in a sister congregation, and he preached in this city. Run! Don't tell the inebriate there is no hell. He knows there is. He is in hell now. God only knows what the drunkards suffer! What reptiles crouch around his shivering feet! What demons stand by his pillow! This is no fancy picture. It went on last night. It is a death scene of you will die unless you stop.

"When an inebriate wakes up in the other world he will be thirsty. No matter how poor he was in this world he could get the five cents for a drink. But where will he get a drink in hell? Dives called for water, the inebriate called for rum. If a fiend came here, would he run into a rum-shop and went back into hell with a drop on the end of his wing, what a light there would be for the drop! The inebriate in hell will not suffer for the loss of God, but for the loss of liquor.

"I don't like a sermon on generalities; I like personalities. I said a man could not stop, but I do say God can stop him. I went into a room in the Fourth ward in New York where a religious service was held for reformed drunkards. Fifteen or twenty men were there giving their experiences. God had not only changed their mode of feeling, but had even taken away their thirst. I tell you, unless you stop, in ten years you will fill a drunkard's grave. I must tell you this or I will have your blood upon my soul. One hundred millions of inebriate souls will assemble on the judgment day, and I want you to testify that I gave you warning when the fiends rattle the drunkards' bones on their wine-cask, playing the dead march to hell.

"Mothers! Mothers! Mothers!! Are you disturbed at night and broken of your rest by a sick child suffering and crying with the excruciating pain of cutting teeth? If so, go at once and get a bottle of **MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP**. It will relieve the poor little sufferer immediately—depend upon it; there is no mistake about it. There is not a mother on earth who has ever used it, who will not tell you at once that it will regulate the bowels, and give rest to the mother and relief and health to the child, operating like magic. It is perfectly safe to use in all cases, and pleasant to the taste, and is the prescription of one of the oldest and best female physicians and nurses in the United States. Sold everywhere at 25 cents a bottle.

"The causes of colds are getting over-heated in hot rooms or crowd assemblies, sitting in a draught, or cooling too rapidly after exercise, mauling up warm and changing to lighter wrappings, cold and damp feet. No matter what is the cause, Hagar's Pectoral Balsam is the cure for all throat and lung diseases that induce consumption.

**WORLD BALLADS.**

WHAT THE PIONEER OF YORK SAID. "O, sweet are the days of my childhood returning. The days when we lived on potatoes and pork. And small was the cabin of logs that we lived in, And small was Toronto, then called Muddy York. 'Twas then when the bear roamed the village came prowling. We never attempted to split Bruin's blood— Oh no, we just stayed within doors and allowed him securely to get himself stuck in the meat! And heavy and sad grew our hearts when we thought of the future would creep in and how rapidly time to the future would creep in and how hated improvements would creep in and how! Fair York's chiefest glory, her stickitive mud. But thanks be to fortune, though York has grown larger, And greater and richer with each springtime's bud, She still keeps her place, and is known all over To hold her original oceans of mud. —J. A. KASS.

**Biting It at Last.** (From the N.Y. Sun.) A bright-faced, blue-eyed boy, aged 12, named Hugh Burns, was a witness in a case before Justice Walsh in Brooklyn, yesterday. He didn't know what it was to take the oath, but said that he went to St. Ann's, and learned his catechism. "Well, now tell me," said the judge, "whom would you offend if you told a lie?" "The brothers," "No, no, who would punish you if you told a lie?" "The brothers," "Who beside the brothers?" "My father and mother," "No one else? What does the catechism say?" "Oh," said the boy with a bright twinkle, "it's God you mean."

**BEST AND COMFORT TO THE SUFFERING.** "Brown's Household Panacea," has no equal for relieving pain, both internal and external. It cures Pain in the Side, Back or Bowels, Sore Throat, Rheumatism, Toothache, Lambrago, and any kind of a pain or ache. "It will most surely quicken the Stomach and Head, as its acting power is wonderful." "Brown's Household Panacea," being acknowledged as the great Pain Reliever, and of double the strength of any other Bile-Softening Laxative in the world, should be in every family handy for use when wanted, "as it really is the best remedy in the world for Cramps in the Stomach, and Pains and Aches of all kinds," and is for sale by all Druggists at 25cents a bottle.

"A man of punctuality, energy and science," Mr. Charles Clatue, a surgeon-mechanic of Toronto, left Montreal on the expiration of his professional visit on the evening of the 27th, attended to his day on the 28th in Port Hope, arrived here at 9 a.m. (the last Saturday in each month "can hotel.") He leaves at 5 p.m. to-day for Washington, D.C., where he may be found at the U. S. patent office on Monday morning to secure a most valuable invention in the shape of a trust for the cure of rupture. Mr. Clatue will be home from Nov. 3rd to the 12th, on which day he will start on his western trip.—Hamilton Times, Oct. 28.

Gilbert and Sullivan are to write an operetta on an American subject.

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**EBONY**

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