

atically, triumphantly, unitedly, valiantly, winningly, exactly, yearningly and zealously, together.

Wishing you individually and collectively, God Speed in all your lofty enterprises.

Ever yours in T. L. & P.
J. CALVERT.

OFFICIAL APPOINTMENTS OF BROTHER DAVIS.

Bro. S. H. Davis, of New York, International Supreme Lecturer—the Champion of the East—has come to help us for a short time. Make the most of his visit. It is a great treat to hear him. His engagements are.

Northfield	Nov. 15	
Nanaimo and District	" 16 to 21	in.
Comox	" 22 & 23	
Union	" 24, 25, & 26	
Denman Island	" 27 & 28	
Hornby Island	" 29 & 30	
Wellington	Dec. 1, 2, & 3	
Nanaimo	" 4	
Vancouver	" 5, 6, 7, 8	
Westminster & Sapperton	" 9, 10, 11, 12, 13	
Surrey	" 14	
Steveston	" 15	
North Arm	" 16	
Eburne	" 17	

We hope to be able to make other appointments after hearing from the R.W.G. C. Templar.

GRAND LECTURER.

The following is the official list of appointments of Mrs. Anna Harris:

Nicola Lake District	November 19 to 24	
Ashcroft	" 15 & 16	
Kamloops	" 17 & 18	
Salmon Arm	" 20	
Enderby	" 21	
Armstrong	" 22	
Benvenuto	" 23	
Kelowna	" 24 to 27	
Vernon	" 29 & 30	
Revelstoke	" 29 & 30	

Dates for Kootenay District are being arranged.

HOW TO CURE A COLD.

The first time I began to sneeze, a friend told me to go and bathe my feet in hot water and go to bed. I did so. Shortly after, another friend told me to get up and take a cold shower bath. I did that also. Within an hour, another friend told me that it was policy to feed a cold, and starve a fever. I had both, so I thought it best to fill myself up for the cold, and let the fever starve awhile. In a case of this kind I seldom do things by halves; I ate pretty heartily. I conferred my custom upon a stranger, who had just opened his restaurant on Cortlandt street, near the hotel, that morning, paying so much for a full meal. He waited near me in respectful silence until I had finished feeding my cold, when he enquired if the people about New York were much afflicted with colds. I told him I thought they were. He then went out and took in his sign.

I started up toward the office, and on my way encountered another bosom friend, who told me that a quart of warm salt water would come as near curing a cold as anything in the world. I hardly thought I had room for it, but I tried it, anyhow. The result was surprising. I believe I threw up my immortal soul. Now, as I give my experience only for the benefit of those of your friends who are troubled with this distemper, I feel they would see the propriety of my cautioning them against following such portions of it as proved inefficient with me, and acting upon this conviction I warn them against warm salt water. It may be a good enough remedy, but I think it rather too severe. If I had another cold in the head, and there was no course left me but to take either an earthquake or a quart of warm water, I would take my chances on the earthquake. After this everybody in the hotel became interested and I took all sorts of remedies—hot lemonade, cold lemonade, pepper tea, boneset, stewed quaker, hoarhound syrup, onions and loaf sugar, lemons and brown sugar, vinegar and laudanum, five bottles of fir balsam, eight bottles cherry pectoral, and ten bottles of Uncle Sam's Remedy, but all without effect. One of the prescriptions given by an old lady was—well, it was dreadful. She mixed a decoction composed of molasses, catnip, peppermint, aqua fortis, turpentine, kerosine, and various other drugs, and instructed me to take a wine-glassful of it every fifteen minutes. I never took but one dose; that was enough. I had to take to my bed, and remain there for two entire days. When I felt a little better more things were recommended. I was desperate and willing to take anything. Plain gin was advised, then gin and molasses, then gin and onions. I took all three. I detected no particular result, however, except that I had acquired a breath like a turkey buzzard, and had to change my boarding place. At this new place they suggested a different remedy to any yet tried. A sheet bath was recommended. I had never refused a remedy yet, and it seemed poor policy to commence then; therefore I determined to take a sheet bath, though I had no idea what sort of arrangement it was. It was administered at midnight, and the weather was very frosty. My back and breast were stripped, and a sheet (there appeared to be a thousand yards of it), soaked in ice water was wound around me until I resembled a swab for a Columbiad. It is a cruel experiment. When the chilly rag touches one's warm flesh it makes him start with sudden violence and gasp for breath,

just as men do in the death agony. It froze the marrow in my bones and stopped the beating of my heart. I thought my time had come. When I recovered from this a friend recommended the application of a mustard plaster to my breast. I believe that would have cured me effectually if it had not been for young Clemens. When I went to bed I put the mustard plaster where I could reach it when I should be ready for it. But young Clemens got hungry in the night, and ate it up. I am confident that he would have eaten me if I had been healthy. In conclusion I would say, Don't take more than twenty remedies for a cold. Each one may be a sure cure, but all together or in rapid succession may prove fatal.

MARK TWAIN.

THE JUVENILE.

I'm a member of the Temple,
And sometimes I chance to hear
Of the great Good Templar Order
With its Lodges far and near.
And I wonder if we really
Are the "Junior Branch" they say,
Of the world-wide Temperance Order
Found in every land to-day.
And I'll tell you why I wonder,
If you'll kindly lend an ear
To your little junior brother
In this Order great and dear.
As a Juvenile Good Templar,
As a little temperance man,
I ask a question plainly.
Will you answer, if you can?

Why is it that the members
Of the Lodges in our town,
Do not help us with our Temple—
Do not come and see their own?
We have no Good Templar visits;
We, of course, ourselves attend,
Does our little temperance meeting
The Good Templar folks offend?
Ought you not to come and see us
And encourage while you may?
We would dearly love to have you,
Would you rather stay away?
Do you think it wise or proper
That an Order strong and great
Should neglect the little people
That in time will rule the State?
I don't.

—THOS. R. THOMPSON.

"The first issue of the B. C. GOOD TEMPLAR is to hand. It is a neat little paper, published in this city, and edited by Messrs. C. S. Keith, T. C. White and W. W. Forrester. The TEMPLAR is full of temperance news, and the doings of temperance lodges in and out of the Province."—*Columbian*.

"The News-Advertiser has received the first number of the B. C. GOOD TEMPLAR, a monthly magazine devoted to the interests of the I. O. G. T. The paper is neatly got up and contains a large amount of information concerning the Order. Mr. C. S. Keith, of New Westminster, is the editor."—*News-Advertiser*.

Advertise in the Good Templar.