

**TEMPERANCE.***[From Church and Home.]*

Wine Is a Mockery. Strong Drink Is Raging; and Whosoever Is Deceived Thereby, Is Not Wise,—  
*Proverbs 20-1.*

What does temperance mean? Moderation in the use of all things.

How can children be Intemperate? By playing too much, or when they ought to be doing something else; by eating more than is good for them.

Some children are tempted to stay away from school in order to play, and to neglect duties of home—others are so fond of candy and sweetbreads that they eat a great deal more than is good for them. That is intemperance. I once read a story of a little boy that loved to spend money for cakes and candy. One day his uncle came to see him and gave him ten dollars. Instead of putting his money in the bank he went down town with some boys, and bought candy and peanuts and ice cream and cake, and finished by buying half a dozen pop corn balls, and when he went to sleep that night he had a strange dream. He dreamt that he was in a chocolate balloon, made of creams, with the sugar part inside. The balloon was hung from a star by a cord of red and white cinnamon candy, and as he felt very hungry, he began eating away at his balloon. Very soon he had some holes eaten in his queer house, and still he was not satisfied; he longed for some of the cinnamon candy, and though he knew it was dangerous, he could not resist taking one little bite, and then another; it was so good, until at last his house hung by a single little strand of candy. He began to think of what would happen if the balloon would fall, and as he looked out and saw how very high up in the air he was, the wind began to blow, and the candy rope began to crack—Oh how scared Harry was now! The wind blew stronger, and the rope snapped, and down went the balloon and Harry into that awful space. He gave a piercing shriek, and awoke. His parents came running in to see what the matter was, and Harry slept very little that night. Next morning his father said: "My boy your dream is a prophecy. The boy or man who cannot deny himself, ruins all his chances of happy living, and breaks by self-indulgence the cord that links him to the stars."

What great sin destroys so many men? Drunkenness.

Name some of the evils that flow from the excessive use of strong drink? Poverty, ill health, insanity, loss of friends, and many crimes.

Do men 'treat' each other in dry goods stores or hardware stores? No, it would sound very foolish for a man to say to another: "Come and let us have a shirt, or come and let us have a paper of tacks!"

Why is the custom of treating wrong? Because it is foolish. Because it leads to excess, or intemperance, and because it leads men to forget themselves, and their families.

Says a gentleman in one of our papers:

"Entering the office of a well-known merchant, I lifted my eyes

and found myself confronted with the most thrilling temperance lecture I ever steered myself against in the whole course of my life. It was an inscription marked with a pen on the back of a postal card nailed to the desk. The inscription read:

WHICH?  
WIFE OR WHISKEY?  
THE BABES OR THE BOTTLES?  
HOME OR HELL?

"Where did you get that, and what did you nail it up there for?" I asked the merchant.

"I wrote that myself, and nailed it up there," was his reply, "and I will tell you the story of that card."

"Some time ago I found myself falling into a drinking habit. I would run out once in a while with a visiting customer, or at the invitation of a traveling man, or on every slight occasion that offered. I soon found that my business faculties were becoming dulled, that my stomach was continually out of sorts, my appetite failing, and a constant craving for alcoholic stimulants becoming dominant. I saw tears in the eyes of my wife, wonder depicted on the faces of my children, and then I took a long look ahead.

"One day I sat down at this desk, and half unconsciously wrote the inscription on that card. On looking at it upon completion, its awful revelation burst upon me like a flash. I nailed it up there and read it over a hundred times that afternoon. That night I went home sober, and have not touched a drop of intoxicating liquors since. You see how startling is the alliteration. Now I have no literary proclivities, and regard that card as an inspiration. It speaks out three solemn warnings every time I look at it. The first, a voice from the altar, the second from the cradle, and the third and last from —."

Here my friend's earnestness deepened into a solemn shaking of the head, and with that he resumed his work.

I don't think I violate his confidence by repeating the story of that card. In fact, if it should lead to the writing of similar cards to adorn other desks, I think he will be immeasurably gratified.

**A CALAMITY AVERTED.**

AN ACCIDENT AT ST. MARY'S WITH ALMOST FATAL RESULTS.

The Victim Suffered for Months. During Which Time he was Forced to Sit in a Chair—His Case Finally Pronounced Hopeless—How his Restoration Was Brought About.

From the St. Mary's Argus.

How different are the feelings that take possession of one as they read the particulars of some great railway or steamship disaster where scores of lives with whom we have no acquaintance have been lost, and reading the particulars of the runaway of a span of horses attached to a carriage from which one of our acquaintances has been thrown and killed. In the former case, although the loss of life has been great, you say "Isn't it

terrible?" but in a few days the affair has probably passed from mind, while in the latter instance months after you could recount the minutest particulars of the runaway. And so it is when we read the particulars of cures really remarkable, but because we are not interested in the person restored the facts are soon forgotten. But when a case can be submitted right at home, with which a large number of our readers are familiar, it will, we are sure, be of special interest and carry conviction.

Our readers will remember that over two years ago, while Mr. Gideon Elliott, James street, St. Mary's, was teaming ashes he was thrown from a load and received such severe injuries to his spine that he was unable to walk or lie down in bed. He suffered great pain in his back. For long months he lived night and day in a chair, not able to do the slightest thing to help himself. And with no prospect of help before him he began to feel that life was a burden and he had no desire to live. Two physicians attended him, but after exhausting their powers Mr. Elliott was told that "if he had anything he wanted settled he had better attend to it at once," the last doctor telling him he could not be cured. To an Argus representative Mr. Elliott gave the above facts, and said that after having suffered a great deal of pain, and notwithstanding he was told he was incurable, he determined to try the Pink Pill treatment, and purchased a dozen boxes of the renowned Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. Inside of three weeks he began to feel the effects of the pills, and now most emphatically declares that they have made him as well as he is to-day. When he started taking them he was not able to help himself in any way, but during the past fall he took up the potatoes in his garden, and can now do all the chores around his house. This is a wonderful change in a man who spent months in a chair unable to help himself or even to lie down, and who was told by physicians that his case was hopeless, and it is another trophy added to the many victories of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills over disease.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills contain the elements necessary to give new life and richness to the blood and restore shattered nerves. They are an unfailing specific for such diseases as locomotor ataxia, partial paralysis, St. Vitus' dance, sciatica, neuralgia, rheumatism, nervous headache, the after effects of la grippe, palpitation of the heart, nervous prostration, all diseases depending upon vitiated humors in the blood, such as scrofula, chronic erysipelas, etc. They are also a specific for troubles peculiar to females, such as suppressions, irregularities, and all forms of weakness. They build up the blood and restore the glow of health to pale and sallow cheeks. In men they effect a radical cure in all cases arising from mental worry, overwork, or excesses of whatever nature.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are manufactured by the Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Brockville, Ont., and Schenectady, N. Y., and are sold only in boxes bearing their trade mark and wrapper, printed in red

ink, at 50 cents a box, or six boxes for \$2.50, and may be had of all druggists, or direct by mail from Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, from either address.

# THE Church Guardian

A Weekly Newspaper,

NON-PARTISAN AND INDEPENDENT

Is published every Wednesday in the interests of The Church of England in Canada, and in Rupert's Land and the Northwest.

OFFICE:

190 St. James St., Montreal.

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(Postage in Canada and U. S. free.)

If paid (strictly in advance)..... \$1.50 per an.  
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Exchanges to P.O. Box 2168 Montreal.