Bemperance Societien.

THE TEMPERANCE REFORMA TION SOCIETY

Hold Temperature Moetings every Sabbath afternoon at the Temperature Hall, Temperature Street, at 3 o'clock. Addresses by reformed men and others. Good singing by J. WARDELL, Pres. J. B. MARSHALL Sec

"PERSEVERANCE LODGE," No. 1. Moets every Tuesday evening at Temperance Hall, Pandora St., Vic. toria, B.C.

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"THE TORONTO," No. 827 Orange Hall, Queen Street East. M. Brown, L.D., 264 Simeso St.

MOUNT LEBANON LODGE, No 15 Mocta in No. 2 Room, Basement, Temperance Hall, on Mondays, at 8 p.m. WM. JONES, 45 Arcade, Toronto

TUEBDAY EVENING.

"TEMPLARS' HOME." Copeland's Hall, cor. King and Sher-

H. BROOKS, L.D., 195 King St. E

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PIONEER COUNCIL, No. 1. Every Monday, S p.m., Temperance Hall,

Jno. Dunlop, Sec., 198 Muter St

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POWDERED HERBS &C

MUSTARD

Join Hands.

Join bands! The mists are lifting, All the east is red. What though black clouds, nercely shifting, Mutter overhead. Storms have come and storms have van-

ished.

And the groon earth stands Trusting till her ills are banished. Friends, join hands!

Close ranks ! Across the valley See the formen stand, Massing for the coming rally, Ready for command. Ours to meet and check their scourging. Our reward, the thanks Of the souls this war is purging. Friends, close ranks!

Forward, march The held's before us, Homes we love at hand, With the God of battles o'er us Tread we now the land March, till purity shall level Safe highway for peace, March, 'gainst hellish rout and revel, Forward for release, March! -Aurilla Furber.

What's It Good For?

WHAT a it good for, beer or whiskey a "Good to make a fellow frinky, Good for burns and chills and wheezes, Good, they say, for all diseases-Rather funny, if its true!" Alcohol's a base deceiver ; lt will "cool" you in a fever,

Warm you when you're blue and chilly-Ever hear of thing so silly (Why, its nonsense through and through. What's it good for! If a blessing,

What it does will need no guessing. Old Aunt Chloe, at her baking, Says, her yellow turban shaking, "Good for misery I'm shore" Yes, it's very good to make it-It will fill you (if you take it) Full of poverty and sorrow, Leave you far worse off to-morrow Than you ever were before.

It has draped the world with curses Worse than rags and empty purses; Given thirst, but not for learning, Kindled overlasting burning-

"Good for misery," we own But there's one thing more it's good for, Though to many it has stood for, Pills and pottage! You will find it, Spite of "prejudice" behind it,

Very good to let alone.

-Jesse M'Gregor.

The Two Signs.

Ar the sign of "The Glass of Champagne,"
On the corner, what see you at night?

Thro the oft opened door, the high-pol-

And mirrors and "bar fixtures" bright.

Pass under "The Glass of Champagne," Gaudy pictures bodeck the pair wall, Not an oath is here heard, not a loudspoken word. Meek waiters obey ev'ry call.

Not a sound of carousal or brawl, All is quiet, and polished and fine, Here gentlemen call, in society's drawl, For their brandy or sparkling wine,

Pedestrians on the street hear,
But the click of the cues as they pass, It is not a disgrace to be seen in the

See that youth barely out of his teens Approach the gay, glittering bar-His head is held high, and smiling his

As he calls for his wine or cigar.

Diamonds tiash on his snowy white shirt

He's the seme of style, oh, well may be amile. For fortune is his to command.

II. At the sign of "The Big Lager Glass" On the corner what sounds do you

You hear fistic bouts, and vile drunken And the clinking of glasses of beer.

Pass under "The Big Lager Glass" — There is dancing and music in there, And topical songs on workingman's

By maidens once guileless and fair

Pass on to the high sloppy bar,
See that brute bloated, dirty, blear Clothes tattered and torn, unahaven, un

Hand nervously twitching at side

See him search and research his foul rags. See the big drops of awest on his brow-Every nerve, every vein is throbbing with pain, And crying for stimulus now.

At the sign "The tlisss of Champagne" You saw, not a long time ago, With his head held up high, and with gay, smiling eye, This brute so besotted and low.

At the sign "The Glass of Champagne". He once strutted a proud, lisping swell, He scorned to drink beer, but he begs for it here,

In a lower but not a worse hell.

Let's depart from this hornble den, And as thro' its dark portals we bass Lot's swear, we are men, to never again Pass under the "The Big Lager Glass"

And lot's swear as we laugh at the brutes,
And scoff at their will-power and brain,
To take to the stall if we o'er again cal At the sign of The "Glass of Cham pangno.

-Bride Mot in the Voice.

Five Ways to Stop or Cure a Cold.

1. BATHE the feet in hot water, and drink a piut of lemounde. Then sponge with salt water and remain in a warm

2. Bathe the face in very hot water every five minutes for an hour.

3. Snuff up the nestrils hot salt water every three hours. 4. Inhale ammonia or menthol.

5. Take four hours' active exercise in the open air.

Summer colds are the worst of all colds oftentimes, as it is then very difficult to protect one's self properly. A ten grain dose of quinine will usually break up a cold in the beginning. Any thing that will set the blood actively in circulation will do it, whether it be drugs or the use of a bucksaw. Ex.

Palen and Hketchen.

"He's Coming To-Morrow."

BY HARRIET BESCHER STOWE

"The night is far spent; the day is at hand.'

My soul vibrated for a moment like a harp. Was it true? The night, the long night of the world's groping agony and blind desire, is it amost over? is the day at hand!

Again, "They shall see the Son of Man coming in a cloud, with power and great glory. And when these things begin to come to pass, look up and rejoice, for your redemption is

Coming? The Son of Man really coming, coming into this world again with power and great glory! Will this really ever happen? Will this ing over with nervous anxiety, mutter to see Him coming?

sermon; and for moments at times I had noticed the extravagant toilet of Mrs. Pennyman.

income, I know, cannot be half what thing that I know anything about." ours is! and I never think of sending on it as morally wrong.

I spoke of the sermon. "Yes," said say so?" my wife, "what a sermont so solemn, I wonder that all are not drawn to hear our rector. What could be more powerful than such discourses! My And the drunkards here made are first dear, by the bye, don't forget to change Mary's opal ig for a diamond one. Dear me! the Christmas presents were all so on my mind that I was thinking of them every now and then in church, and that was so wrong of me."

"My dear," said I, "sometimes it seems to me as if all our lives were un-Diamonds flash on his snowy-white there we go to church, and the things If they are true, what things they are! For instance, these Advent sermons. If we are looking for that coming we ought to feel and live differently from what we hear in church? or is it a dreamf

"I do believe," said my wife carn estly, (she is a good woman, my wife), "yes I do believe, but it is just as you say. O, dear' I feel as if I am very

here to morrow?"

"I think," said my wife, "there back. would be some embarrassment on the of the city council to arrange a reception for the Lord Jesus Christ!"

would not be in palacen."

"O," said my wife earnestly, "if I. thought our money separated us from Again the scene changed We stood might I only see him.'

of which all were speaking with a supmother if he can help it." pressed air of mysterious voices.

There was a whispering stillness around. Groups of men standing at the corners of the streets and discuss mg an impending something with suppressed voices

I heard one say to another, "Really "Joy" joy, children! O, joy, joy! coming? What? To-morrow." And Christ is coming. He will be here to-the other said, "Yes, to-morrow He morrow."

doing, and each person looked wist fully on his neighbor as if to say, have will, won't He?" | you heard?

side. The face was solemn, serene and them in His bosom." calm Above the forchead was a pale, ! tremulous, phosphorus radiance of light! purer thun any on earth—a light of a magic lantern, another scene was presquality so different from that of the street lamps that my celestial attend-

ant seemed to move in a sphere alone. Yet, though I felt awe, I felt a sort forward upon her hands. Alone, for of confiding love as I said, "Tell me, is salem already also man in hits it really true! Is Christ coming"

"He is," said the angel "To-mor row He will be here"

"What joy" I cried "Is it joy!" said the angel "Alas, to many in this city it it is only terror. Come with me.

In a moment I seemed to be stand ing with him in a parlor of one of the 'my strong refuge' chief palaces of the city. A stout florid, bald-headed man was seated at a table covered with papers, which he was sort. Christ will be here to-morrow. solid, commonplace earth see at! Will ing to himself as he did so. On a sofa ed, her eyes bright, her whole form these skies brighten and flash, and will lay a sad-looking, delicate woman, her | dilated, as she seemed to look into the upturned faces in this city be watching emaciated hands clasped over a little heavens, and said with rapture. as the well-dressed crowd passed down cles of virtue-everything that money the judgment seat of Christ' the aisle, my neighbor, Mr. Stockton, could buy—were heaped together, and whispered to me not to forget the yet the man himself seemed to me to

"I don't know, wife, how you feel, they looked troubled. but I don't like this news. I don't un ! "This seems to me really awful," "So absurd," she said, " when her derstand it. It puts a stop to every said one with a suppressed sigh. "What

"O John!" said the woman turning it." to Paris for my things; I should look toward him a face pale and fervent, land clasping her hands, "how can you stop to everything." Of what use will

> And as he spoke I could see break ng out above her head a tremulous light, like that above the brow of an "We shall be over with the Lord," she

> "Well, Mary, it's the truth. I don't well, I wish He would put it on a kind of shudder, "it seems rather What does He want of me? I'd be fearful." willing to make over—well, three millions to found an hospital if He'd be satisfied and let me go on. Yes, I'd give such a thing-to change all at once three millions-to buy off from to-mor

"Is He not our best Friend!" "Best Friend " said the man, with a look of half fright, half anger. "Mary, you don't know what you're talking about! You know I always hated what we do! Do we really believe those things. There's no use in it; I can't see into them. In fact, I hate

She cast on him a look full of pity. 'Can not I make you see?" she said. "No, indeed, you can't. Why look

here," he added, pointing to the papers, so did I; for I knew that I, too, be all so much waste paper; and then the scaffolding of the edifice. They are was very worldly. After a pauso I said "Suppose that Christ should really come, and it should be authoritatively announced that He would be authoritatively announced that He would be supposed to the whole, not to have Him come the same in hand they turned all ordinances, sacraments, creeds, are but the scaffolding of the edifice. They are the shadow; the substance is Christ," and hand in hand they turned all ordinances, sacraments, creeds, are but the scaffolding of the edifice. They are the shadow; the substance is Christ, and hand in hand they turned all ordinances, sacraments, creeds, are but the scaffolding of the edifice. They are the shadow; the substance is Christ, and hand in hand they turned all ordinances, sacraments, creeds, are but the scaffolding of the edifice. They are the shadow; the substance is Christ, and the shadow; the shadow is the shadow i itatively announced that He would be hundred years." She stretched out her faintly glowing, and I heard them say here to morrow?" thin hand toward him, but he pushed it ing together, with one heart and voice:

"Do you see?" said the angel to me part of our great men, legislators and solemnly, "between him and her there chief councilors, in anticipation of a is a 'great gulf fixed.' They have lived personal interview. Fancy a meeting in one house with that gulf between them for years I She cannot go to him; Orrick, 13 Louisa Street. Hours -10 a.w. to he cannot come to her. To-morrow she and Chronic Inseases.

"Perhaps, said I, "He would refuse will rise to Christ as a dewdrop to the all offers of the rich and great. Per sun; and he will call to the mountains haps our fashionable churches would and rocks to fall on him-not because plead for His presence in vain. Ho, Christ hates him, but because he hates Christ."

him I would give it all yes all together in a little low attic, lighted by one small lamp how poor it was - a She spoke from the bottom of her broken chair, a rickety table, a bed in heart, and for a moment her face was the corner where the little ones were orified euddling close to one another for "You will see Him some day," said warmth. Poor things' the air was so I, "and the money we are willing to frosty that their breath congraled upon give up at a word from Him will not the bed clothes as they talked in soft, keep Him from us That evening the thoughts of the she will bring us some supper," said waking hours mirrored themselves in a they "But I'm so cold," said the little outsider. "Get in the middle, then," said the other two, "and we'll warm you. Mother promised she'd make a I seemed to be out walking in the fire when she came in if that man would streets, and to be conscious of a strange pay her " "What a bid man he is!" vague sense of something just declared, said the eldest boy. "he never pays

Just then the door opened and a pale, thin woman came in, I den with pack-

She laid all down and came to her children's bed, clasping her hands in

Every little bird in the nest was up, It was night. The stars were glit and the little arms around the mother's tering down with a keen and frosty neck, the children believed at once. light, the shops glistened in their They had heard of the good Jesus. He Christmas array, but the same senso had been their mother's only friend of hushed expectancy presaded every through many a cold and hungry day, thing There seemed to be nothing and they doubted not He was coming. "O, mother' will be take us? Ho

"Yes, my little ones," she said softly, Suddenly, as I walked, an angel smiling to herself, "He shall gather form was with me, gliding softly by my the lambs with His arms, and carry

Suddenly again, as by the slide of a

We stood in a lonely room, where a l woman was sitting with her head bowed saken, slandered, she was in bitterness of spirit Hard, cruel tongues had spoken her name with vile assertions, and a thoughtless world had believed. There had been a babble of accusation, a crowd to rejoice in iniquity, and fow to pity. She thought herself alone, and she spoke. "Judge me, O Lord" for I have walked in my integrity. I am as a monster unto many, but Thou art

In a moment the angel touched her. "My sister,' he said, "be of good cheer,

She started up, with her hands clasp-

"Come, Lord, and judge me; for see Him comingt book The room was, in all its appoint. "Come, Lord, and judge me; for So our minister preached in a solemn ments, a witness of boundless wealth. Thou knowest me altogether. Come, Gold and silver, and gems and foreign Son of Man, in Theo have I trusted; felt a thrill of reality in hearing. But, furniture, and costly pictures and artillet me never be confounded. O! for

Again I stood in a brilliant room full neceting of bank directors on Monday have been neither elevated nor retined of luxuries. Three or four fair women evening, and Mrs. Goldwaite poured by the confluence of all these treasures. were standing pensively talking with into my wife's ear a charge not to He seemed nervous and uneasy. He each other. Their apartments were be forget her party on Thursday, and my wiped the sweat from his brow and strewn with jewelry, laces, silks, velwife as she came out, asked me if I spoke.

vets, and every fanciful elegance; but

> troubles me is, I know so little about "Yes," said another, "and it puts a

> all these be to morrow?" There was a poor seamstress in the corner of the room, who now spoke.

wid. "I'm sure I don't know what that care if I say it. I don't want to meet can mean," said the first speaker, with

> "Well, 'said the other, "it seems so sudden when one never dreamed of from this to that other life.

> "It is enough to be with Him," said the poor woman. "O, I have so longed for it!

> "The great gulf," again said the angel.

Then again we stood on the steps of n church. A band of clergymen were together. Episcopalian, Methodist, Baptist, Presbyterian, Old School and New School, all stood hand in hand,

" It's no matter now about these old issues," they said. "He is coming; ing together, with one heart and voice: 'Come, Lord Jesus! come quickly." Words and Weapons.

DR. BARTON Triophone 925