

JOHN ALCOHOL.

John Alcohol, my joe, John,
When we were first acquaint,
I'd siller in my pockets, John,
Which now you know there ain't;
I spent it all in treating, John,
Because I loved you so;
But mark ye how ye've treated me,
John Alcohol, my joe.

John Alcohol, my joe, John,
We've been o'er lang thegither;
Sae ye maun tak' ane road, John,
And I will tak' the ither;
For we maun tumble down, John,
If hand in hand we go,
And I will ha'e the bill to pay,
John Alcohol, my joe.

John Alcohol, my joe, John,
Ye've beair'd out a' my een,
And lighted up my nose, John,
A fiery sign atween;
My hands wi' palsy shake, John,
My locks are like the snow;
Ye'll surely be the death o' me,
John Alcohol, my joe.

John Alcohol, my joe, John,
'Twas love of you, I ween,
That gar't me rise sae ear', John,
And sit sae late at e'en.
The best o' frion's maun part, John,
It grieves me sair, ye know;
But we'll "gang nae mair to yon town,"
John Alcohol, my joe.

John Alcohol, my joe, John,
Ye've wrought me muckle skaith,
And yet to part wi' you, John,
It seems I'm unco laith.
I'll join the Temp'rance ranks, John,
Ye needna say me no;
It's better late than ne'er do weel,
John Alcohol, my joe.

THE TEMPERANCE CAUSE.

Air—*The Boatie Rows.*

A noble band, we fill the land,
A noble cause we plead;
The fair and true the wide world through
Are wishing us good speed.

CHORUS.

The plea goes on, the day's our own,
The good cause must succeed;
A noble band, with heart and hand,
Are aiding it to speed.
The potion foul, the drunkard's bowl,
We pledge to mix no more;
The drunkard's name, the drunkard's shame,
We'd banish from our shore.

The cause of youth, the cause of truth,
The cause of man we plead;
The cause that dries the mother's eyes,
And gives the children bread.

From Labrador to Erie's shore,
The cause goes cheerily on,
The shouts that rise 'neath eastern skies,
We echo from Huron.

On ev'ry sea our navies be,
On ev'ry shore an host;
There ne'er was plan devised by man,
A league so large might boast.

With such array, who dreads the fray,
Press onward to the goal;
By night or day, by deed or say,
No truce with Alcohol!

BLUE BONNETS OVER THE BORDER.

COLD WATER EDITION.

March, march, cold water liege-men all—
Daughters and Sons and Cadets of the Order.
March! march! soon 'neath a sable pall
Bear we King Alcohol over the border!

Come we in war array,
Banded for fond or fray,
March we with shouts to-day over the border;
Here is no fighting gear,
Battle-axe, brand or spear;
Symbols of love we bear—peace and good
order.

What though our cause in the sight of the
scoffer,
Hopeless and vain for a season may show!
What does he know of the boon which we
proffer?
What of our motives or strength does he
know?

Love to our fellow men
Urges to warn them,
Bid us the cup refrain—pledge of our Order;
Stands by the drunkard's bier,
Points to the orphan's tear,
Prompts us the foe to bear over the border.

Youth by our standards our triumphs are
singing,
Age smiles thro' tears as the white badge
he dons,
Woman around us her influence flinging,
Priests by the altars are blessing the Sons!

Ours is no feeble band,
Quailing when foes withstand.
Here in our forest land—over the border,
Hosts of true-hearted men,
Marshalled by lake and glen,
Echo our shout again—"Way for the Order!"

SCRIPTURE ILLUSTRATIONS
OF DRUNKENNESS.

THE DEATH OF ELAH—1. KINGS, chap. XVI.

The steeds are harnessed to the car,
The spearmen in array;
Is it to worship or to war
The King goes forth to-day?

The host is camped by Gilebethon,
At Bethel is the shrine;
But Elah is to Thirzah gone,
To drown his cares in wine.