TEMPERANCE COLUMN.

Contributed by the I. O. G. T.

All lodges, and others interested in temperance work, are earnestly solicited to contribute for this column. Correspondence to be sent to Secretary, Cambridge Union Lodge; McDonalds Corner.

"Let all who love our Order and desire its progress-who love our Order and desire its maintenance-who would extend a knowledge of our beautiful organization, and perpetuate its principles, which aim to promote fraternity, to unite men and women in acts of benevolence and incite them to a generous emulation for the good of all mankind, that our Charity may be co-extensive with the universe, winning by gentle influence and example the erring and unfortunate victims of the tyrant alcohol to a place in our inner sanctuary, where sweet Peace sits enthroned, and Purity has an abiding place, and Love is the guiding star, unite in a determination to sustain and support this Temperance Column.

W. E. B.)

RALPH CLARKSON'S GUARDIAN ANGEL.

By P. B. Bostwick.

(Concluded) in everything."

he were all this. I have one firm defence | both to make for what I intend to do!" she beneath the tears that flowed over it.

"And what is that reason?"

"I love him!" He glanced at her sorrowfully, while a look of sadness for a moment shaded his

face, then replied: "And are doubtless persuaded that he seeks you from love in return, and not for the thousands left you by your

There was a touch of sarcasm in his ber husband had thrown her. voice: and it fell harshly on the struggling

heart of his daughter. alone. I am as certain of it as that my pulse beats. I want no better proof than to heart in this!"

There was something beautiful in the confidence which filled that young heart

-beautiful but dangerous. For a moment the eyes of her father lighted up with admiration, but he saw the precipice on which she was standing, and proved how deeply his interests were enlisted in her welfare, by the trouble their business with him. which he to drag her away.

"I can consent to this sacrifice—will

"I grieve that this is your determination, father," said Grace, with meek dignity, "but my word, my soul is pledged. knowledge he has, no one admits that more frankly than himself, but he will amend them. You do not know how warm and true his nature is."

Her father shook his head.

"Let it be so, then," she added, smiling through her tears, "I can love him spite of his faults."

"Very well, Grace, I see that you are determined to have your own way, and there is no legal power to prevent it. Oh! my daughter," he added, with emotion, "would to heaven you had placed your affections upon a more worthy object."

Two months after the dream was accomplished. Grace Arlington knelt by the side of that dangerous man. The good pastor who had held her at the baptismal font, pronounced the words of union, but his voice broke and he looked compassionately on the young creature floor kneeling at his feet, as if the task he was performing was painful to his good heart. The ivy that crept over the little porch, and the tall windows were filled with a dirge-like wind, and the tablet sunk in the wall to her mother, seemed like a scroll written over with reproaches.

Ten years have passed—ten long eventful years. It is midnight, and the last solemn chime lingers on the air with a mournful cadence, for it is the death of the old, and the birth of the new year. The bells from many a church steeple pealed forth their merry chimes upon that eventful evening, but as their silvery tones rung out upon the midnight air, a solemn strain could be heard mingled in their joyful strains, for it also tolled the death-knell of the departed year.

needle. Her eyes were dim and sunken, her cheeks thin and pale, her lips pinched and purple, and her slender fingers so shriveled with the icy chill that was fast palsying her, that the plain gold ring on her wedding finger, and the thimble that she held, were every now and then dropping into her lap.

Her delicate form was shivering, even under the heavy shawl that she had thrown about her shoulders, and she looked often with a wistful glance at the scanty basket of fuel that stood beside the little stove.

"He must soon be here, now," she whispered, in a half frightened tone. "I will lay aside my work, and make our little room as cheerful as I can."

She drew the coals in the stove togeth

er, threw on them a handful of the carefully saved fuel, and fanned the faint flame until it roared and sparkled merri-

She then looked about the room, to see if aught could be mended, but the few articles it contained were all in their accustomed place, and everything as neat as the hands of love could make it.

An arm-chair was drawn from the corner, close to the fire, the dressing gown that hung upon it spread out anew, a pair of slippers were placed beside it. The lamp was trimmed afresh, the table dust ed, and a carefully covered dish set upon it, and beside it was placed a knife almost as bright as though the blade had been silver instead of steel.

"I have done best I can," said the pale watcher, as again she sank into her chair. "Oh! that I were sure of only one kind word," she continued. "Hark!" She started up and listened. "It is he, and how he bangs the gate. I shall have a fearful time with him."

She hastened to the front door, and ry of love. gently opened it.

A man staggered in, and finally reached the room his gentle wife had made so bright and cheerful.

But what was her reward? A volley with emotion. of oaths so foul that it seemed as if an

He cursed the niggardly fire, though to make that, she and her children had husband's bosom, and she was gone. The been half frozen all day. He swore at "A wine drinker, a heartless profligate | the patched dressing gown, though out of her thin wardrobe she had planned it. "Nay, father, heartless he is not. It He raved at the bread and meat, though is unjust, cruel; he does not deserve it; if her own lean fingers had served them

broke off, and her cheek became crimson like, too, she gave him a smile for every splendor above the mountain tops that get, Grace—can you forget the scenes of frown, an endearing word for every oath, reared their lofty heads heavenward, caphim to win him back to reason and himher a powerful blow; aye, he struck her till every nerve quivered with anguish, and she his wife, and the mother of his beauteous children!

> It was many hours ere she awoke from the stupor into which the cruel blow of

When she did the bright sun was shining cheerily into that unhappy and deso-"I know that he loves me for myself late home, as if his genial rays would fain from agitation and recent confinement, shed warmth and comfort there.

ored to kindle a fire.

Soon after, loud knocking was heard at sessed in his favor. the street door. She hastened to open it, and was met by two policemen.

"Does Ralph Clarkson live here?" "Yes, sir," she replied, while an inexpressible pain entered her heart at the

"Is he in?"

"Yes' sir: come this way," she answered, leading the way to their little room. A look of pain and sorrow passed over the speaker's face, as he glanced around the scantily furnished apartment, and I cannot war forever against his pleadings | then upon the husband still lying upon and my own heart. He has faults, I ac- the floor, oblivious of everything passing around him. No fire, no food, but cold and cheerless.

"Madam," continued the speaker, in a kind voice, "we have come to arrest your husband."

take him to prison?"

"Yes, that is our painful duty." "Oh, heavens! not that, not that. Pray,

what has he done?" "Yesterday he severely stabbed a man in a drunken brawl, and as he is in a critical condition, we must hold your husband in custody until he is pronounced out of danger by his physician, and perhaps

longer, if he cannot pay the costs." "My husband in prison! My Ralph a murderer! Father in heaven, this is too audience spell-bound by his eloquence, much—too much!" she exclaimed, in ag- and often even moved to tears at some onized tones, and fell fainting upon the tender allusion to the prisoner. The

take Clarkson to the station house, and I will take care of this poor woman," and he lifted her tenderly up, placing her upon their little bed, and then hastened for upon the frank, manly face of the prisona physician and some food and fuel.

"Poor woman! poor woman?" he muttered to himself, as he hurried along through the keen, frost air; "how you must suffer this cold weather, and that vagabond of a husband. She has seen better days, I know. Poor woman! God have mercy upon you."

On the outskirts of the city of A--, stands a huge building, dark and fearfulspecimens of architecture that surround it, like a blasted fortress, cumbering a A weary watcher is plying her busy beautiful country with its huge propor-

enough to make the soul shudder. Many a wretched heart has withered within its walls, or broken in the intense agony of its suffering. Many a head has turned gray while watching those damp, naked walls year after year, till hope, and even the wish for liberty grew faint with

suffering. Within these walls, a prisoner, with no hopes of release, lay Ralph Clarkson. They had given him a cell to himself, and there, in solitude, he lay tossing to and Another hour passed and the clock fro on his straw pallet; ever and anon he sat up and looked at the bolted door with blood-shot eyes, and lips that trembled as he gazed.

footfall on his dungeon floor stole to that feverish heart like dew upon a bruised ment.

flower.

The devoted wife sat down beside his couch, and tried to force back the tears that lay so heavily on her heart, but, as she laid her hand upon his forehead, and gazed into his face, so changed with the midnight revel, and his own bitter thoughts, sobs burst from her bosom, and bending down, she kissed him again and again, as if she feared he might deem them a reproach.

He turned away, and muttered hoarsely to himself. "Can nothing be done -must we re main here forever?" said the wife, con-

quering her tears. He sat up and made an effort to appear

"Leave me, Grace," he said: "leave me to the fate I have so well merited." "Leave you, my husband! no, never Where you go, there I will be; and where

you die, there will I be buried." Her face was like that of an angel, as she thus adapted the most beautiful poet-

"Grace, Grace, I am not worthy of such love," turning aside his head to hide the gathering tears. "God bless you my noble wife," he added, his voice choked

A knock at the door warned them that army of fiends had spoken with one voice. their interview must end.

> For a moment Grace was folded to her starlight of his life was darkened, and he was alone in his gloomy prison, a prisoner without hope-without a ray of light to brighten his future life.

The day of the trial at length arrived, and a more beautiful one never dawned. And, when, angel-like, and woman- The sun burst forth in all his majesty and am glad for your sake; but can you forand could have wound her arms about ped with the eternal snows of winter, which sparkled and glistened in the rays self, he raised his heavy hand and dealt of the morning sun with a brilliancy that vied with the most precious jewels.

> Long before the hour for the opening of the court-room doors arrived, a large crowd had collected in the yard, and when the doors were thrown open, the courtroom was immediately filled to its utmost capacity with eager and expectant faces.

When the prisoner was brought into the court-room, his handsome face pale and with an expression of intense anxiety She arose weakened, exhausted; and in his eye, all before not deeply interestbeats in my own bosom-heart answers | staggering toward the little stove, endeav- | ed for the friends of the unfortunate man were moved to pity, and strongly prepos-

> After the usual preliminaries had been gone through with, the witnesses for and against the prisoner examined, the counsel for the people, Mr. H----, arose and made a few remarks. He was a tall, thin thought of what could be the nature of man, of a grave and stern expression of countenance; his hair was slightly tinged with grey, and his piercing gray eye shone from underneath his shaggy eyebrows like a spark of fire. In fact, it was the only thing about him that look- them. ed like life; and when he began to speak, it was in a slow, distinct, unimpassioned manner, and without the least attempt at eloquence. He said:

"It is useless to dwell upon this case. The evidence given by the witnesses here present, is too conclusive to admit of any argument on my part. If the prisoner at the bar is not guilty of murder, then "My husband! And are you going to there is no truth in facts; and if the twelve jurymen do not bring in a verdict of guilt, then justice has been overthrown

and deprived of her sceptre." The council for Ralph, Mr. Mhad remained a quiet listener throughout out the entire trial, until now.

At the conclusion of Mr. H--'s remarks, he arose and made a speech in defence of the prisoner, that was a master piece of oratory and eloquence.

For two long hours he held that vast drop of a pin could have been heard, so "Tom," said he to his companion, "you still was the death-like silence that pre-

In his concluding remarks, he said: "Gentlemen of the jury, can you look er at the bar, and say within yourselves, that murder ever entered his heart? I think not, unless your hearts are made of stone, and I believe they are not, for your faces, beaming with intelligence and sympathy, verify the assertion. Look at his devoted, heart-broken wife, mark her deep sorrow; can you condemn him who is dearer to her than all others upon earth, and make her home ever after ly gloomy, uprearing itself and frowning desolate? Her hope in the jury to-day is over the cheerful dwellings, and beautiful strong. She believes they will not doom her husband to an ignominious death, and a dishonored grave. She even hopes they will not consign him to long, weary years of imprisonment. May He dispose The very sight of this prison house is the hearts of these twelve men, on whom the fate of this man now hangs, so that they shall show that, like Himself, they are lovers of mercy."

At this juncture, the physician attending the wounded man, rose and testified that he was out of danger, and would soon be fully recovered from the injuries he had received.

The jury retired, and after three long, weary hours-hours that seemed an age to the grief-stricken wife, returned a verdict of "guilty of assault, with intent to kill."

After a careful review of the case, the judge, in consideration of the prisoner's wife, and the interest manifested by his numerous friends, made the sentence as She came at last, and the sound of her light as he could considerately do, and sentenced him to eight years imprison-

"Joy, joy, my husband! You are free again; free, free! look here!"

Grace had a pardon from the Governor in her hand; but she trembled so, that when she held it toward Ler astonished husband, it fell fluttering to the stone

He did not pick it up then, for a dearer burden lay against his heart-his wifehis own true wife, who wept upon his bosom as she had never wept before in her whole existence.

Again the bells merrily chime the birth of a new year. The death-month and the birth-month have come together once more. The bells have rung, the snow has woven, as no monarch's robes is woven, the white Christmas robe, and at the baptismal fount, we welcome and christen the new year. Dear reader, let us take a peep into the home of Ralph Clarkson. A cheerful fire glows in the grate, shedding its soft, mellow light over all. The room is furnished with everything a refined taste can surgest. In one corner stands a handsome piano, at which is seated a beautiful lady singing in sweet musical tones, a glorious anthem to the dying year, and as the last note dies away into silence, the little French clock chimes the hour of twelve. She turns and places her hand in that of her husband, who is bending tenderly over her with a look of deep, unselfish love beaming from every feature. The wife looks confidently, yet shyly, into the face bent over her, while tears-tears of joy and happiness glisten in her eyes.

"Ralph, I am so happy," she murmured, in soft, low accents.

"Heaven bless you, my dear wife; I one year ago to-night-my cruelty?"

"Do not speak of it, Ralph," and a soft white hand is placed chidingly over his lips. "I can forgive and forget all, dear Ralph. With the old year let us bury the painful recollection of the past."

"God bless you, my angel wife," he exclaims, while the silent tear rolls down Reader, we will drop the veil over a

scene so sacred. Let us leave them in their new found happiness, for if happiness is not theirs, then there is no such emotion to be felt on this earth. Ralph Clarkson is now an honored and

and a member of good standing in the Temple of Honor; and to his faithful and devoted wife he owes all. Was she not his "Guardian Angel?"

respected citizen of the city of A-

(The End.) Why He Married.

In the north of England, where rabbit coursing is much in vogue, swift, welltrained dogs often win large sums in prizes. It is therefore little to be wondered at that the owners of those animals should bestow so much attention upon

An old Yorkshire collier, well known for his success in the coursing field recently surprised all his mates by marrying a very unprepossessing woman. He had always been reckoned a confirmed hater of the other sex.

"Why has ta gone and got spliced, lad, at thy age?" one of his friends asked him. "Oh, that's not much of a tale," an swered the old man, stolidly. "I agree wi'ye 'at Betsy yonder is no beauty-if she had been I shouldn't have wed her. But there dog o' mine, he was simply pinin' for somebody to look after him while I was away at t' pit. I couldn't bear to leave him in the house by hissen, so I hit

on the idea of marryin' Betsy. She's not

handsome, but she's mighty good com-

pany for the dog.

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