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**TEMPERANCE COLUMN.**

Contributed by the I. O. G. T.

I hereby give notice that I have made satisfactory arrangements with the Editor of the QUEENS COUNTY GAZETTE by which this column will be devoted to the interests of the I. O. G. T. I make an appeal to all lodges throughout the county, and all persons interested in Temperance work, to do their part, so that the work may be a success from the beginning. Address all communications to, ERNEST M. STRAIGHT, Lower Cambridge, N. B.

I have been requested by the writer of the following letter to have it published in the GAZETTE. It will explain itself. CHATHAM, N. B. Feb. 19th, 1898.

ERNEST M. STRAIGHT, Esq., Lower Cambridge, N. B.

Dear Sir and Brother:—A few days ago while looking over the QUEENS COUNTY GAZETTE I saw, with pleasure, that the I. O. G. T. had a column set apart especially for their benefit, therefore I thought I would drop a few lines to that valuable paper and to congratulate you on having secured the privilege from "mine" friend Stewart for allowing the I. O. G. T. communications to be published, as I know it will greatly strengthen the order, and will be a wonderful benefit to the temperance cause throughout the province, not only in interest, but it will be the means of increasing the membership. Since my enjoyable trip to your progressive and beloved county, I have visited several lodges, not only in New Brunswick but throughout the province of Nova Scotia as well. I shall never forget the good old times I had while travelling in Queens county, and the visits to the several lodges in that part of the country are still fresh in my memory. I suppose it would be only proper that I should give an outline of the working of the noble order in the town of Chatham. Well, up here we have a splendid lodge with an average attendance of fifty, which considering there is a division S. of T. in town, is very good. Chatham lodge is to hold their annual social on the 8th of March, when the members propose playing a fine act drama as entertainment. The drama which is very good, promises to be of unusual interest, and is entitled "The Jail Bird." Following is the cast of characters:

Matthew Morgan—From Upper New York State, who has come to the Great City to seek employment—Geo. T. Stewart.  
Bill Donovan—Alias Jinkins, alias the parson—Robt. Ward.  
Darby Jones—A New York Detective—E. G. Merritt.  
Solomon Isaacs—A Jewish "crook"—J. W. Wells.  
Mr. Denham—A wealthy broker—Massam Frost.  
Bob Wilkins—A street urchin—F. H. McNaught.  
Joe—A workman—Wm. Abbott.  
Jennie Foster—Afterwards Matt's wife—Miss Woods.  
Mrs. Bableton—Whose tongue never tires—Miss Saxsmith.  
Time, the present; place, New York.

Beside the above programme there will be songs, readings and speech making, after which refreshments will be served. As this letter is getting rather long and tiresome, I will close but expect to write soon again.

Wishing all my sisters and brothers a happy and prosperous year,  
Yours in F. H. and C.,  
BROTHER E. G. MERRITT  
Grand Marshall of N. B.  
P. O. Box 193  
Chatham.

The following excellent paper is contributed by Susie J. Gilchrist, of MacDonalds Corner.  
"To every one there is an allotted time—  
A time of trial and probation,—  
Thou art placed  
On trial here, but be thou patient still  
And faithful to thy calling."

The deeds of this world form the characters and conditions of their actors in the next. This thought, together with the idea of our accountability to Almighty God is what makes time of such fearful importance.

Into a few brief years are crowded all the duties of a lifetime and all the preparations for eternity, where there will be no change. There is an allotted time of trial and probation and when that ceases our destiny is fixed. This is why God says, "Redeem the time for the days are evil." Time is invaluable, nothing can purchase it. It is given in moments, one at a time. It is counted by heart throbs. Each throb tells us it is here, each pulsation that it is gone forever. Thus God seeks to teach us, how precious, how priceless it is.

Time is uncertain. We do not know at what moment it may cease to each one of us. The past we cannot recall, the future is uncertain, the present alone is ours. Death is ever near. Sooner or later our labors on earth must end in the grave, and we be covered up by the silent dust, and our souls go to receive the reward of our labours. There is but a throb of the heart, a breath of air between us and the end of time.

Improve that time. Once past it can never be recalled. It is gone forever. No regrets can bring it back. No tears of penitence will avail. Even while we weep and repent more precious moments are passing away.

Of all things God has bestowed upon us we should be most miserly of time. There is not a moment too many in which to fulfil all our duties, for the command is, "Occupy till I come." Each day, each hour, each moment has its duty, its blessing, its enjoyment.

Time sometimes seems to hang heavily on our hands, and so we look around for something to wile away the tedious hours. We generally seek some amusement and thus spend the priceless moments in fun and folly. If we continue to do this, when we reach the end of our lives we will lament over miss-spent years.

"Wasted!"  
Precious pearls of time,  
Moments rich as diadems,  
One by one they came unmeted,  
One by one afar they floated.  
One by one! till myriads fled,  
Far away to join the dead,  
Till the lost life, shattered, broken,  
Wou no heaven-born light, nor token,  
Has drifted to that fearful shore!

"Wasted!"  
Founts of deepest love,  
Sifts of mercy from above,  
Treasures from affection deep,  
Waking but to breathe and weep.  
Wasted—youth's rich golden hours!  
Wasted—loftiest, mightiest powers!  
Wasted—manhood's glorious prime!  
Hopes, and aims, and thoughts sublime.

"Weepst thou? Ere life's setting sun,  
Ere times fleeting sands be run,  
Rouse thee from ignoble rest,  
Toil to win the land more blest.  
Swiftly are the moments flying—  
Up! ere hopes be drooping, dying."  
Idleness is the fountain from which intemperance, vice and folly often rises. Earth and Heaven only crown the head of those whose hands are hard with toil, whose minds are expanded with knowledge, and whose hearts are full of faith, love, truth and purity.

Let us improve the time for the days are evil. The friends of intemperance are doing all they can to give drunkenness, and the traffic in alcoholic drinks, respectability and legal indorsement. Activity on our part has only stimulated them to renewed action. They are working with a zeal worthy of a better cause. We then have no time to loose. Let us fulfil the duties of each day, and thus by improving the time, exhibit that faith, toil and perseverance that deserves and insures success.

If we work with a will we need not fear, for God is on our side. We shall succeed because His will is to be done on earth as it is in Heaven, His kingdom to rule over all. The struggle will be hard, but intemperance must die. It may continue to exert an influence, to corrupt men and women. Its existence may be prolonged for some time yet, but it must die.

The day will come when intemperance shall be prohibited by a just law, sustained by public opinion, when government shall administer laws for the benefit of the whole people, and Christianity shall erect her holy temple in every heart.  
"Live for something, be not idle,  
Look about thee for employ,  
Sit not down to idle dreaming;  
Labor is the sweetest joy,  
Folded hands are ever weary,  
Selfish hearts are never gay;  
Life for thee has many duties—  
Active be then while you may."

S. J. G.

**Zola's Trial Ended.**  
PARIS, Feb. 14.—Writing for the Associated Press on the result of the Zola trial, Mrs. Emily Crawford says:  
"The Zola trial is ended. The jury agreed days ahead of the verdict and its unanimity was due to threats. It stayed in the jury room for a few minutes, and the sentence is one year for M. Zola, and four months for M. Perreux, the nominal director of the Aurore.  
The hour was seven in the evening and the court was lighted by electricity which revealed the face of every person. A very striking object, Christ crucified, hung high behind the bench, Maitre Laborie ended his speech by saying: "The name of Pilate is the most abhorred in history."  
The figure of Christ caught Zola eye. After sentence had been passed with pompous decorum, he exclaimed: "Today associated with Christ, I too am a victim of mob-violence, official cowardice and a grand miscarriage of justice." But he did not wince or flinch, he looked as indifferent as a mere spectator.  
Madame Zola's devoted heart at first seemed broken, but when she felt that she must brace herself up to rise to the height of Zola's grand situation, she became calm and self possessed.  
His friends, the artists Bruneau and Desmoulin, were more broken-hearted than she. They accompanied Zola, protecting him from mob violence. M. Laborie was also greatly upset.  
Zola's other friends were delighted. They declare that by the sentence he was redeemed from all past faults, that it set him on a radiant pedestal, gave him a unique position and would make him the representative man of humanity. They had greatly feared a severe sentence, but one wiped off with the benefit of the first offenders law. In this case he would not have gone to prison.  
"M. Clemenceau pleaded for the humble Perreux and tried to cheer him. He poor fellow has no compensations, no world-wide advertisements for his works, no blaze of glory.  
At a late hour last night I was in Zola's house. As I passed through the flower adorned vestibule, I thought that a year's imprisonment would be a wholesale change from this luxury. M. Zola's taste is Italian and is home is furnished much in the Italian manner richly and handsomely. I found him more nervous than on the hearing of the verdict, but bearing

up with a stiff lip. He says he is sorry for France, but thinks she will right herself. The house was filled with bouquets of flowers, that had come from all parts, the gifts doubtless of Jewish ladies."

**TO THE PUKITAN.**

Louise in pink and flamy lace,  
A fay in blue, the sweet Irene,  
Minerva of the classic face,  
In glowing red a stately queen,  
A court of beauty's honor maid!  
The richest robe from royal loom  
Best mates such loveliness, yet aids  
Not cheeks that shame e'en roses' bloom.  
But, though them all I do admire,  
I turn from ballroom visions back,  
From beauty, colors, jewels' fire,  
To seek a little girl in black.

Oh, little girl in black, to you,  
Away from the gay deceit,  
I come to learn what is the true,  
Where naught distracts, in calm most sweet.  
Though sparkling glance and bright array  
The senses touch with potent charms,  
They vanish in the steady day;  
The music dies in harsh alarms  
That fill the world of busy strife.  
So in the hard and clodden track  
Love lights alone I would through life  
Walk with the little girl in black.  
—George Henry Dougherty in Womankin.

**NEVER "BROKE" AGAIN.**

**An Improvident Young Man Who Will Always Have a Dollar in His Pocket.**  
"Queer things happen at funerals," said a clergyman recently who has officiated at many, "and I remember one occasion which impressed me greatly on account of the standing of the family in which it happened, as well as from the peculiar circumstances surrounding the incident—the bestowal of money on a dead man."

The narrator was urged to relate the story, and on the promise that no names would be mentioned he continued:  
"It was a funeral at the house of one of my parishioners, and I was greatly surprised when I received notice to attend and conduct the services. I had not heard of any member of the family being ill, nor had I been summoned to the deceased, but I jumped to the conclusion that it was an old servant who had died."

"It proved to be a bad son—the black sheep of the family—whose shadow had not darkened their doors for years, but who, it was always believed, had been supported at a distance far enough to prevent him from disgracing the family by his misdeeds.

"Now he was brought home dead, and I was expected to give him as little blame and as much praise as was consistent with the dignity of my office and his relation to the family.

"I need not go into that part of the ceremonies, but come to what I consider the real expression of feeling which consecrated the memory of the man as nothing that I said could have done.

"Just before the casket was closed his old mother arose from her seat with the mourners, and, approaching the dead, slipped a silver dollar into his vest pocket.

"Jim never liked to be without money in his pocket," she said, with a low, tremulous voice. "Many's the dollar I've slipped into his pocket unbeknown to him, but he always found it and was thankful. I don't expect he's going to need it now, and maybe he will never know that mother put it there, but somehow I shall feel better if he has it."

"And I felt that the woman who had loved much and forgiven much had preached a sermon of forgiveness and mercy before which I with my platitudes must remain dumb."—Chicago Times-Herald.

**Typographical Bulls.**

A head writer on the St. Paul Pioneer Press wrote the top line of a "slug head" this way, "Minnesota a Sheep State." The wooden headed murderer of common sense set it up "Minnesota a Cheap Skate." This puts us in mind of two "bulls" made by Gig Martin on the old Omaha Herald in 1886. One night Gig got hold of a chunk of Frank Morrissey's editorial headed "Mutton in Parvo," and he set it up "Mutton in Fargo." Once again Martin caught one of Frank's effusions captioned "A Red Letter Day," and printed it "A Red Setter Dog."

But about the worst break ever made on the old Herald was made by Billy Hardy. The style on The Herald in those days was to hyphenate and abbreviate to beat the band. For instance, Farnam street was styled "Farnam-st.," and Capitol avenue as "Capitol-av.," Hardy lifted a take of commercial review off the hook one night, and it quoted Bradstreet as saying this and that. Bill, ever mindful of the style and ignoring common sense, arranged the type to read "Brad-st. predicts," etc. Of course it was "marked" on him, but Bill wouldn't have it. He went down into the proofroom and kicked for a "ring," demanding an apology and wanting to know "if they were going to change the d—d style every day."—Dyersville (Ia.) News-Letter.

**Her First Thought.**

A steamer was passing by a settlement on the shore of one of the great lakes, and along the water front were a few houses built out on piles. An old man and an old woman, evidently traveling that way for the first time, stood by the rail. Presently the woman noticed one of the houses built over the water.  
"Well, my gracious, Henry," she exclaimed, "just look at that house! S'posin somebody's taken sick in the night and they have to run for the doctor. Built right out in the solid water. O my Lord!"—Boston Budget.

**Miles of Hair.**

Few women consider that they carry some 40 or 50 miles of hair on their head. The fair haired may even have to dress 70 miles of threads of gold every morning.

The accuracy of some parts of the locomotive is ten times finer than in the watch, but for absolute measurement the accuracy in the watch is almost three times as fine as in the locomotive.

Twenty years ago England had 11,616 male and 14,901 female school teachers. Last year there were 66,310 female and only 26,270 male teachers.

**John G. Adams.**  
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