

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.)

INTEMPERANCE.

It seems to me that it is about time for the seventeen million professors of religion in America to take sides. It is going to be an out and out battle between drunkenness and sobriety, between heaven and hell, between God and the devil. Take sides before your sons are sacrificed and the new home of your daughter goes down before the alcoholism of an embittered husband. Take sides, while your voice, your pen, your prayer, your vote, may have some influence in arresting the despoliation of this nation.

Oh, how many are waiting to see if something cannot be done! Thousands of drunkards waiting who cannot go ten minutes in any direction without having the temptation glaring before their eyes or appearing to their nostrils, they fighting against it with enfeebled will and diseased appetites; conquering again and surrendering again, and crying, "How long, O Lord, how long?"

How many mothers there are waiting to see if this national curse cannot lift: Is that the boy who had the honest breath who comes home with breath disguised. How quickly these habits of early coming home have been changed for the rattling of the night-key in the door, long after the last watchman has gone by to see if everything was closed for the night.

Oh, what a funeral it will be when that boy is brought home dead. How mother will say: "Is this my boy that I used to fondle, that I held to the baptismal font for baptism, whom I toiled hard for that that he might have a good start in life. I wonder who struck him that blow across the temples. I wonder if he uttered a dying prayer. Dead! dead! dead!" Oh, Absalom, my son, would God I had died for thee."

Is there any one who can estimate how many mothers there are waiting for something to be done. There are many wives waiting for something to be done. There are many wives waiting for domestic rescue. He promised something different when the hand and heart were offered and accepted. What a hell on earth a woman lives who has a drunken husband. The sepulchre at midnight in winter is a king's drawing-room compared with that woman's home. It is not so much the blow on the head that hurts, as the blow on the heart. How many wives are waiting to shake these frosts of the second death off the orange blossoms.

Yea, God is waiting, the God who works through human instrumentalities, waiting to see whether this nation is going to overthrow this evil; and if it refuses to do so, God will wipe out the nation as he did Phoenicia, as he did Rome, as he did Thebes, as he did Babylon. He is waiting to see what the church of God will do. If the church does not do its work it shall be as the churches of Ephesus, Thyatira, etc.

The Protestant and Roman Catholic churches today stand side by side gazing on this evil which costs the country more than a billion dollars a year to take care of the paupers, criminals, idiots and bury the drunkards.

Put on your spectacles and take a candle and examine the platforms of the two leading political parties of this country and see what they are doing for the arrest of this evil, and for the overthrow of this abomination. Resolutions—oh, yes, but not one against the scalding, all-consuming damning tariff of strong drink put upon every financial, individual, spiritual, moral, national interest. Let us look in another direction.

The church of God is the grandest and most glorious institution on earth. What has it accomplished for the overthrow of drunkenness? The church holds the balance of power; and if Christian people—the men and women who profess to love Christ, to love purity, and to be the sworn enemy of all uncleanness and sin—if all such would march side by side, this enemy would soon be overthrown.

Think of the churches and Sunday Schools marching shoulder to shoulder. How very short a time it would take them to stay the evil, if all were armed on this subject.

Young men of America pass over into the army of teetotalism. Whiskey, good to preserve corpses, ought never to turn

you into a corpse. Tens of thousands of young men have been dragged out of respectability, out of purity and out of good character, by this infernal stuff called strong drink. Never, never touch it.

RALPH CLARKSON'S GUARDIAN ANGEL.

By P. B. Bostwick.

"Like ivy, woman's love will cling
Too often round a worthless thing."

It was night in the city of A—, the various places of business and amusement were closed, and the homeless wanderer sought the dark alley which had sheltered his wretchedness many a miserable night, and lay crouching to the wall, as the policeman paced heavily by, lest he might be dragged forth from his hiding-place and deprived of his sole remaining possession, personal liberty. The streets were deserted, save by the midnight reveler, the abject and the vicious; but through the fashionable thoroughfares, carriage after carriage, laden with manly and beautiful life, rolled by, their splendour but half revealed by the blaze of the enameled lamps they carried.

A fashionable party was being given at one of the palatial residences in the eastern part of the city, and, long after the street lamps had burned themselves out, lordly equipages rolled to and from the illuminated mansion. The rainbow light that streamed through the drapery of each tall window, had fallen on many a beautiful form gliding up those marble steps; but in no instance had it touched a being more lovely than the fair young girl who paused with modest grace to gather up her scarf before she followed her companion, an elderly lady, through the labyrinth of statues that lined the broad staircase.

She reached the drawing-room, as music was swelling through the glittering crowd assembled there, and the dancers were threading the light, cheerful waltz. A glow rushed over her cheek, and the folds of azure that covered her bosom, rose and fell with its pleasant throbbings, 'till the sprig of white jasmine that gathered them at the throat, trembled as if shaken by the night wind.

Grace Alington was seventeen, and this was her first ball; the first time she had ever stood an equal in that gay throng. It seemed like enchantment to her; the glitter of diamonds, the swelling music, and the crowd of breathing life, bashed in the soft light of the gas jets above and around her.

As she descended from her carriage, two young men were crossing the street, arm in arm. They had just come from a neighboring clubhouse, and, if the light had been sufficient, an observer might have detected the glow of wine upon their cheeks, and a wild light in the eye that betrayed excitement, if not confirmed inebriety. One of them, a dark haired young man, with jet black eyes, and features such as one dreams of for a reveling poet, uttered an exclamation of delight, as his observation was drawn to the young girl; and springing forward, he stood in the shadow, grasping his companion's arm, and with his eyes riveted on the girl, 'till she disappeared from their view.

"Come! fortunately I have an invitation," he said, forcing his companion toward the door.

"Surely, you will not attempt it; remember the wine you have drunk. You are already half intoxicated."

"With the beauty of that girl, Ned, not with wine. Come!"

"No; if you wish to present yourself to the company in this condition, I will be no party to the outrage. Why, man, the hair is falling over your forehead like an unpruned grape-vine."

"Confound such comparisons! You can think of nothing but grapes and the blood of grapes. I tell you the sight of that beautiful girl has rendered me as sober as a cardinal," and as he spoke he dashed back the raven curls that had, in truth, almost concealed his forehead, gave them a twist from the temples with his hand, and turned with a laugh to his friend.

"There, will that do? Am I sufficiently presentable?"

"As you will, to-night," replied the more reasonable companion, smiling in spite of himself, for there was something so spirited in the handsome face turned toward him, so frank and determined, that he saw no hopes in contending against his project of entering the house, and could only resolve not to bear him company.

"So, you will not go?"

"Most assuredly I will not!"

"Good-night, then;" breakfast with me to-morrow, and I will tell you all about her."

"Good-night."

They shook hands.

The next minute Ralph Clarkson was ascending the marble steps of that palace dwelling, as composedly as though it had been his own. He urged his way through the crowd, and reached the drawing-room. The object of his search was there, sitting by the side of the lady who had entered with her. He took a position opposite the window they occupied.

Many a smiling look fell on him as they whirled by; eyes brighter than the diamonds that flashed above them, were turned upon him, for Ralph Clarkson was the lion.

Though a younger son, wild, impulsive and prodigal, his great personal beauty, his accomplishments, and the

fascination of his address, rendered him a favorite even among the elder ladies, who could not make up their minds to discountenance him altogether, though terrified every day of their lives lest he might persuade some of their aristocratic daughters to throw themselves away, and share his extravagance and poverty, or redeem him from the latter.

"Hallo!" Ralph, are you here playing the wall flower?" said a young gentleman.

"How is it that I have not seen you among the dancers?"

Ralph muttered some vague answer to this address, and did not seem inclined to become more sociable.

The speaker was passing on, but that instant he caught a glimpse of Grace, where she sat half concealed by her protectress. An expression of pleasant surprise came over his face, and after convincing himself by a quiet glance that it was impossible to cross the room, he bowed. Ralph was looking at the young girl; he saw the smile, accompanied by a gentle bend of the head, with which she acknowledged his friend's recognition, and turned eagerly toward him:

"Do you know the lady?" he asked.

"Know her! of course I do. How beautiful she has grown! Shall I present you?"

"Certainly."

His friend looked up.

It was not usual that the fastidious young man permitted an introduction—now he seemed eager for it.

"But you must dance. I can see by her face that she is dying for a partner—unfortunately, I am engaged."

"With all my heart," replied Ralph.

"But who is she?"

"A young lady of good family, and wealthy. That elderly lady with her is her aunt. How her diamonds light up the beauty of my lovely friend, as she leans over her?"

When the next waltz struck up, Grace Alington stood with young Clarkson, her small feet trembling to the music, and her cheeks glowing with blushes, called forth from the admiring eyes that fell upon her from every direction, now that her beauty was rendered conspicuous by the attention of a partner so distinguished.

The dance was over, and Ralph still lingered by the side of his partner. The wine which he had drunk, the brilliant beauty that he gazed upon, music and the voluptuous breath of flowers, all served to excite his wondrous powers of pleasing. The warm, mild poetry of his nature was aroused; it burned upon his lips and gave expression to his eyes.

The young girl listened, and it was enough.

The rich tones of that voice seldom found their way to a heart which was not subdued by their eloquence and earnestness, for though wayward and dissipated Ralph was always sincere. His faults were the more dangerous that there was a dash of chivalry, and much that was noble always mingled with them.

They had been conversing perhaps half an-hour, when their tete-a-tete was abruptly interrupted, much to Ralph's annoyance, by Grace's aunt, who entered the room, and approaching her, whispered a few words. She arose, and begging to be excused for a few minutes left the room, and Ralph to his own reflections. Whatever they might have been, they were soon interrupted by the dazzling gas lights being suddenly turned down, and at the same moment the curtain rose and displayed to expectant eyes the first tableaux vivant.

It was strikingly beautiful. A dark, fierce-looking slaveholder stood behind a Persian girl, from whose graceful form and face he had just withdrawn the veil, thereby revealing to the gaze of a voluptuous looking Turk, seated on a pile of cushions, so rare a galaxy of charms, that not only his eyes, but those of all the spectators were riveted upon her.

(To be Continued.)

Lesser Slave Lake.

Willow Point, Oct. 9, '98

Special correspondence to Edmonton Bulletin.

This place was the scene of a very rare event this week, the occasion being an old time half-breed wedding. The contracting parties were Miss Augusta, youngest daughter of Louis Callao, late of Lac St. Ann, now of Willow Point, and St. Pierre Ferguson, of this place. The affair was strictly up-to-date in every respect. The bride was bewitchingly attired in white and was attended by her sister Miss Callao and her cousin, Madeline Callao. The groomsmen were Richard Norris and H. Villeneuve. The wedding procession was formed at Willow Point and, amid much shouting and merry-making, the gaily decorated horses and carriages started for the Catholic mission, four miles away. The bright rays of the sun, shining on the smiling faces of the merry party, recalled to mind the oft quoted line, "Happy is the bride that the sun shines on." It was scarcely 12 o'clock when the distant, dull report caused by the firing of a blank cartridge down the road, told the eager watching crowd of natives that the wedding party was approaching and the fun would soon begin. As they rounded the last turn in the winding trail every man and boy appeared to possess a gun and began to blaze away as long as the magazine had any cartridges left, the noise was simply deafening and made one recall what that old Matawas mule must have felt like when the American fleet bombarded him.

Everyone interested kissed every other person interested, or otherwise, and the eating started. As to that eating it was marvelous, wonderful, simply stupendous a gigantic gastronomic gorge. According as the table was emptied of one outfit they adjourned to the large, commodious front room of Mr. Boseau's house and tripped the merry "Red River jig" and every other dance known to science. This eating and dancing lasted 36 hours by the watch, and I never saw so many laughing, good natured faces in the same space of time in Canada's largest town.

Some things I learned at the dance and feed were:

Every person, without distinction of color or creed, was invited to come and have a big time.

Up to the time of writing I haven't heard of anyone who didn't go.

No person stayed away because so-and-so was going.

Or because they hadn't a new dress and didn't want to go in the old one dyed over.

The writer counted 465 husky dogs in and around the premises where the "wedding breakfast" was held.

The only place in America where one man is as good as another,

And where the women do not say, "There's Miss so-and-so with her mother's made over skirt on."

Among other things consumed were: Three head of steers, 20 bushels of potatoes and 15 fiddle strings.

The only paper in the world which had a representative there was the Edmonton Bulletin.

Treaty is all you hear of now a days; and no two natives tell the same story and no two seem to understand what treaty means. The different traders here try to enlighten them, but it is not in their line exactly they do not succeed any too well. I don't know much about this treaty business myself, but my own opinion is that the Indian department might send up a good man at treaty time to explain the matter, and they would profit by it.

Eight boat loads of general trading goods have arrived here within a week. This will about wind up the boat arrivals for this season. A vast amount of goods has arrived here this summer. Two hundred tons is a fair estimate. This is exclusive of Klondikers. This country is receiving a good deal of attention just now for stock raising purposes. A vast amount of hay can be put up here, and next summer, with the treaty payments coming off, will help very much to show this section off to advantage.

Your correspondent was met the other day by a few traders, and enquiries made as to the mail services, etc. Now I could give them no intelligent answer. What they want to know is: Cannot a regular mail route be established from Edmonton to this settlement? What do they have to do in order to call the attention of the post office authorities to their claim for a regular service? In fact any information on the subject will be hailed with delight.

Mr. Paul, and wife, arrived in per boat, from the landing. He is building a house and will open out with a full line of trading goods.

Al. Brick and wife also arrived in safety and have gone on to Vermillion with their winter's supplies. To Mr. Brick belongs the honor of bringing the first news of the circus which visited Edmonton. His power of description is away up. He held us spell bound for a solid hour with his most graphic delineation of the proceedings. His explanation of the series of flim-flams is the stock story of all the knowing ones here, and when he sprang the picture of "Bovalapas" on us, excitement was at a fever heat. Two cases of ginger and one of peppermint were consumed before we could think of letting him depart. He got away at last, however, and his name will always bring back memories of two pleasant hours mixed with Bovalapas and ginger.

Ewen Macdonald, H. B. Co. factor, arrived safely as did also Father Hussion, of the Catholic Mission.

Insp. Routledge has come and gone and the old town has settled down to the even tenor of its ways.

The mornings now-a-days out here wear a light fancy veil of white and are decidedly raw around the edges. But who cares! The hay is all put up, the vegetables are well housed, the cattle are rounded up and in the corral, and thousands of fish are waiting for the winter's consumption. Everyone wears a contented look and seems happy, so what's the odds.

Nine Lives Lost

REVELSTOCKE, B. C., Nov. 23.—The steamer Ainsworth, plying between Kootenay lake points, was swamped last night five miles south of Balfour. Nine men were drowned, including the engineer, fireman, first officer, steward and three passengers.

ACTIVE SOLICITORS WANTED EVERYWHERE for "The Story of the Philippines" by Murat Halstead, commissioned by the government as Official Historian to the War Department. The book was written in army camps at San Francisco, on the Pacific with General Merritt, in the hospitals at Honolulu, in Hong Kong, in the American trenches at Manila, in the insurgent camps with Aguinaldo, on the deck of the Olympia with Dewey, and in the roar of battle at the fall of Manila. Bonanza for agents. Brimful of original pictures taken by government photographers on the spot. Large book. Low prices. Big profits. Freight paid. Credit given. Drop all trashy unofficial war books. Outfit free. Address, F. T. Barber, Sec'y., Star Insurance Bldg., Chicago.

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