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## LITERATURE.

### SUMMER TIME.

Now once more do our feet  
Stand on the threshold sweet  
Of days that show the year in her fair prime;  
O'er the blossom-spangled sod  
Spring the flowery paths we trod,  
And so have come again to summer time.  
By violets March displays,  
By April's primrose ways,  
By the fresh fragrance of May's copslipped  
ground,  
We reach at length the day  
Toward which March, April, May,  
Lead on the footsteps unto summer bound.  
Through the door now ajar,  
Sweet sweet the visions are  
Of treasures which the precincts do contain  
Precincts where roses red  
Are gaily garlanded  
O'er dainty realms where silver lilies reign.  
O days of golden balm!  
O nights of silent calm!  
Right well may ye the souls of men enthral:  
Spring tide the promise gave,  
Fulfillment now we have,  
And royal summer is the queen of all.

### A DOCTOR'S COURTSHIP.

Don't fall in love with her, Junius.  
Your caution comes too late old man,  
I'm in love with her already.  
Frank Bartley looked solemnly at Dr.  
Junius Dale; shook his head as if to say,  
'Tis true, 'tis pity 'tis true.  
My dear fellow, said Bartley, the aged  
mentor of the pair, you can no more  
afford such a wife than you can afford a  
steam yacht or an ivory mounted billiard  
table.  
There's no occasion to tell me that,  
mournfully replied Dr. Dale. I'm quite  
aware of it already. If I was rich I'd  
marry Miss Clark to-morrow—always  
providing that she thought me worthy of  
acceptance; but I am only a struggling  
young doctor. I'll do my best to keep  
away from her fascinations in the future.  
A sensible decision, observed Bartley.  
But she is so pretty! yearningly  
remarked Dr. Dale.  
Granted,  
And she sings like a nightingale.  
She ought to, with the cultivation  
that her voice has received.  
And she has such a winning way with  
her.  
What difference does that make to  
you? said Bartley. Haven't you resolved  
that hereafter she is to be nothing to  
you?  
Yes; but—  
Stick to your colors then, man! cried  
Bartley. Clissy Clarke is nothing on  
earth but a society belle. What you  
want is a helpful, willing, working bee  
of a wife—one that can aid you with  
heart and hand to climb life's hill. You  
saw Miss Clarke at the Winfield masquerade  
last night in white satin and pearls?  
And very beautiful she looked? cried  
the young physician, firing suddenly up  
at the recollection of Miss Clarke's  
auburn hair, all twisted with ropes of

seed-pearl, and violet blue eyes, sparkling with a girlish animation.

Did she look like a poor man's wife?  
No, hesitatingly.

Then be warned, said Bartley, shortly.  
Remember the old story of the moth  
scorching its wings in the candle flame.

Dr. Dale was silent. He had promised  
himself a call on Clarissa Clarke that  
very afternoon.

There was something about the girl  
that attracted him with almost magnetic  
force. The tender light of her eyes, the  
sweet intonation of her voice, the  
rosy flushes of color that overspread her  
cheek when he talked to her, but he like  
the hero of French romance, was a  
poor, young man.

He recollected, now that he had even  
said something to Clissy about going to  
the Clarke cottage that day.

It won't do! he said to himself, I had  
better keep away.

And so, instead of following the dearest  
inclinations of his heart, he betook  
himself, with Spartan resolve, to the  
public library.

I'll read up that case on the investiga-  
tion of cholera microbes, he thought. If  
a man expects to make any mark in his  
profession, he must keep posted up in  
these modern discoveries of science.

So he disappeared in one of the al-  
coves of the library, with his medical  
quarto and his memorandum book, and  
set to work in good earnest.

But he had not fairly entered into the  
microbe question when the twitter of  
sweet girl voices from the adjoining al-  
cove struck upon his ear.

Oh, Clissy Clark! said one. I called  
for her and she wouldn't come. It was  
baking-day, and there was Clissy up to  
her elbows in flour and spices.

Well I never! said the other, with a  
giggle.

Oh she does all the house-work! said the  
first speaker, scornfully, like any hired  
servant. Even the fine washing—they  
only keep one little bound girl—and  
Mr. Clarke don't wear a shirt unless  
Clissy has ironed it.

How does she find time for her music  
and oil-paintings? asked a second.

Oh, she rises at dawn. She says the  
best time of the working day is before  
breakfast. She finishes the housework,  
sews for the family—

Makes all her own dresses, don't she.

Yes, and her mother's too? That  
satin dress she wore at the party last  
night was her grandmother's bridal  
gown made over, and the pearls were  
borrowed from Miss Layton. It don't  
cost her anything to dress. She'll take  
the horrid old affair, remodel it with  
a scrap of ribbon or a panel of velvet  
until you would not think it was  
made by a French dressmaker. I  
declare I wish I had her knack. Papa  
is always grumbling about my bills.  
But that ain't all. Do you know she  
gives Bessie Layton music lessons and  
earns quite a nice little income for  
herself? And she writes book reviews  
and things for the newspapers, and  
keeps Mr. Clarke in books that way.

Dear me! said the other, with a  
yawn, who at the party last night would  
think of it?

Humph! remarked the other. She  
will live and die an old maid, see if she  
does not. Such girls always do. Come,  
here are our novels at last. Let us go.

The perfumed silken frounces rested  
out of the library; the sound of  
chattering voices died away, and still  
Dr. Dale sat with his pencil in his  
hand, staring down at his memorandum  
book? It seemed that the gloomy veil  
which had dropped between him and  
his future life was lifted. In his  
heart he could have blessed the angel  
tongues of these idle, gossiping girls.

Clissy, then, was no mere butterfly  
but a true, noble-hearted working  
girl!

He carried back the ponderous  
medical tome to the assistant librarian.

Much obliged, he remarked, succinctly.

Got through with it pretty quick  
haven't you? said the assistant  
librarian.

Yes, I have had very good luck  
this morning, said the doctor, cheer-  
fully.

He went straightway to the cottage  
on the out-skirts of the village, where  
Clarissa Clarke lived. An apple  
checked little brother came to the  
door to answer the knock.

Yes, Clissy's at home, said he. But  
she is fixing a chicken for papa's dinner.  
And then she's got my trousers to  
mend. Clissy can't come up stairs.

But Dr. Dale laughingly pushed his  
way across the threshold.

I'll come in and wait, said he.

In five minutes Clissy came in,  
looking even prettier, if it were a possible

thing, in her calice morning dress than  
she had in the white satin and pearls  
the evening before.

How he happened to speak out the  
dearest wish of his heart, Dr. Dale  
never quite knew. He had prepared  
a form of words on the way, but they  
had vanished utterly out of his mind  
when the eventful moment came. He  
could only remember that she stood  
before him in all her fresh young  
beauty, like a human apple-blossom,  
and that he loved her.

But after he had her hand in his, one  
arm thrown caressingly around her  
waist, he told her of the morning  
occurrence.

Until then, dearest, he said, I looked  
upon you as a sort of unattainable luxury  
—a star to be worshipped afar off only.  
I knew that I was only a village doctor,  
with more ambition than practice—for  
the present, at least. But now I feel  
that I may venture to hope. Will you  
run the risk of sharing my scanty  
fortunes, Clissy?

Willingly, Junius, she said, looking  
up into his face with her frank, blue  
eyes. And to tell you the truth, she  
added, smiling a little shyly, I am almost  
glad that you are not a rich man.  
Because, dear, I shall be so glad, so  
proud to help you in my humble way.

So they were married. A few weeks  
subsequent to their bridal, Franklin  
Bartley married a rich Southern heiress.

It is like Bartley, said Dr. Dale. He  
always looked out for the main chance.

At the end of five years, however,  
Franklin Bartley came back to his  
village, a moody and disappointed man.  
His money had all been dissipated in  
unwise speculations, and his wife had  
returned to her friends minus her  
fortune.

A young man married is a young man  
married, he quoted gloomily. Except,  
perhaps, in Dale's case. He seems to  
have grown rich by degrees. And he is  
happy, too, even in the obscurity of a  
country physician's life.

Thanks to my helpful little wife, said  
Dale, with a glance of pride and tenderness  
toward Clissy, who sat on the door-  
step with chubby children playing about  
her knee. We have worked together,  
Clissy and I, and our reward has not  
been withheld from us.

### THE CANADIAN ART GALLERY.

Not without misgivings in certain  
quarters in Canada, it was, some time  
since, decided to send a collection of  
about 130 pictures to form part of the  
Colonial Art Gallery in the Albert Hall.  
It was felt by some timid spirits that  
Canada was as yet so young a country,  
and its native art talent comparatively  
so little developed, that it would be  
imprudent, to say the least, to place  
beside the masterpieces found in the  
metropolis what in modesty were termed  
the 'puny beginnings' of Canadian  
artists. Excessive modesty is not,  
however, one of the leading qualities of  
Canadian character; and happily so in  
this instance, for otherwise the Exhibi-  
tion would have lacked an interesting  
and promising addition to its higher  
artistic features. And Canadians have  
no possible reason for hesitation as to  
the opinion of competent critics. To  
Canadian art the works, covering as  
many as ten bays in the Albert Hall,  
are a distinct credit. And this too in a  
peculiar sense; for while a saunter round  
the building may reveal in some cases  
equal, or perhaps greater, artistic merit,  
yet an inquiry as to the artist will more  
often than not show the work to be of  
other than native origin, the outcome of  
talent developed elsewhere than in his  
adopted country. With Canada it is  
different. Most of its leading artists are  
born and bred Canadians, while such  
Academicians as are represented by  
Homer, Watson and Bell Smith have  
found material and possibilities of de-  
velopment enough and to spare, without  
crossing the Atlantic, and even in their  
own immediate neighbourhood. Hence  
the Canadian collection has as distinctly  
an educational effect upon the British  
mind as other parts of Canada's display  
at the Exhibition. To the man of  
commerce, to the farmer, the sportsman,  
and the tourist, these graphic representa-  
tions must convey some ideas hitherto  
lacking as to the character and features  
of the different parts of the Dominion.  
As Lord Lansdowne some time since  
truly said, 'Glass cases full of specimens  
and samples are well and good, but they  
leave in the mind a void only to be filled  
by picture showing something of these  
outward appearance of the districts in  
which these commodities are produced.'

The collection, with but few excep-  
tions, was made at Ottawa, from the an-  
nual Exhibition of the Royal Canadian

Academy, Lord Lansdowne himself acting  
as chairman of the Section Com-  
mittee, formed of presidents of the sev-  
eral local art associations and of rep-  
resentative artists. But while from the  
present Governor-General Canadian art  
happily receives support and practical  
encouragement, it is to the efforts and  
influence of the Princess Louise and  
Lorne when in Canada that its establish-  
ment on a sound basis is due. The  
National Gallery of Canada and the  
Royal Canadian Academy were both  
founded by them some six years ago,  
while since that time, thanks in some  
measure to Viceregal influence, the Can-  
adian Government have realised the im-  
portance of a National Art Gallery, so  
that a permanent gallery will, it is  
hoped, soon be built under the adminis-  
tration of the present Canadian Minister  
of Public Works. The Royal Canadian  
Academy, in spite of cynical scoffings  
and initial difficulties, has happily met  
with much practical success, and as one  
outcome, art study is now cultivated that  
Canadian artists are now represented in  
the leading galleries of Europe.

BROTHER GARDNER ON OLD-FASHIONED  
FOLKS.—"I was readin' in de paper  
yesterday," said Brother Gardner, as  
the meeting opened after the usual style.  
'I was a readin' a lament bekase de ole-  
fashun'd man an' woman had died off, an'  
would be seen no mo' on airth forever.  
Ize glad on it. De ole-fashun'd man  
scraped off de measure when he sold  
wheat; he believed dat any sort of food  
an' any sort of bed was good 'nuff for  
his chill'en; he took de biggest piece of  
pie at de table; he ate mo' like a hog  
dan a human bein'; if he had sympathy,  
it was fur his cattle instead of his family.  
De ole-fashun'd man was a reg'lar at-  
tendant at prayer meetin', but he work-  
ed his hired help twenty hours out of  
twenty four, just de same. He'd drive  
five miles to church on Sunday to show  
his religun, but dooin' de odder six days  
of de week he was a bad man to trade  
hosses wid. It took his wife six months  
to git up courage to ax him fur a new  
kaliker dress, an' mos' of his chill'en  
grewed up an' went away from home wid'  
out a reckoleckshun of a dozen kind  
words.

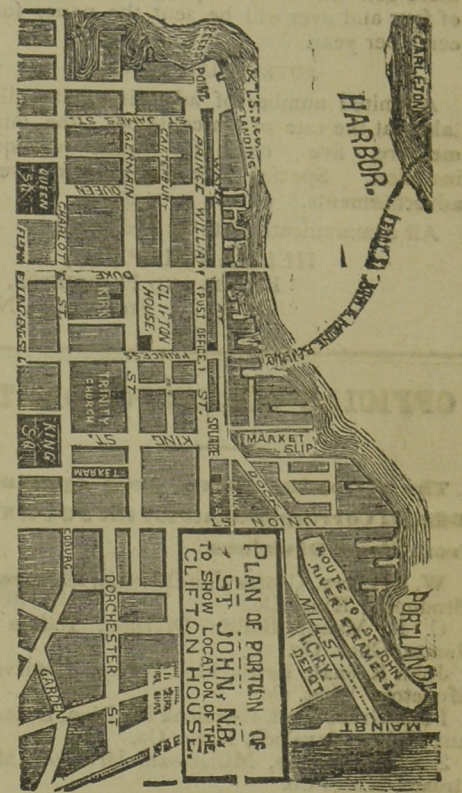
De ole-fashun'd man had two recipes  
fur his fellow-bein's. De fust was hard  
work; de nex' was boneset tea. He had  
but two ideahs in regard to boys. De  
fust was lots o' work an' a lettle school-  
in'; de nex' was lots o' lickin's an' no  
holidays. He had but two ideahs in biz-  
ness; de fust was git all ye kin; de  
nex' was keep all ye git. He argued  
dat a liar could neber enter the kingdom  
of heaben, but would go out an' lick a  
sick ox to death widout any fear about  
his hereafter. He prayed loudly dat de  
Lawd would increase his crops, but he  
kept his hired hands down to de lowest  
possible figger. He made a great show  
of submittin' to de will of Providence,  
but if 500 pounds of hay got wet in a  
rain storm some of de chill'en come in  
fur a lickin, befo' night.

De ole-fashun'd man an' woman hev  
departed an' de world hasn't lost a cent  
by it. It was a good depart. Wicked  
as some folks claim the world to be, I fee'  
dat I kin walk into de aiverage crowd  
an' pick out mo' charity, humanity, reli-  
gion, sympathy and morality dan could  
be found in a ten-acre lot of ole-fashun'd  
men. Let us now purceed to bizness.

A Chicago woman entered the office  
of a loan agency the other day and said:  
'I want to raise \$1500 on \$3000 worth  
of furniture. What is your lowest rate  
of interest? On such loans we generally  
ask 10 per cent. Very well. Send  
your examiner up to the house. It is a  
speculation with me. Going into  
business, ma'am! Yes, sir. I'm going  
to take my three daughters to the sea-  
shore, and either marry them off or  
drown them!'

One frequently hears of girl who is  
as wild as an Indian. But an Indian,  
girl is not wild. No girl is more  
submissive to the rules of her race  
and tribe than an Indian girl who is  
not yet corrupted by the proximity of  
the white man. She never goes  
anywhere alone, and she never passes  
anywhere on the highway without turning  
back her head. If a man comes into  
her wigwam she conceals her face, and  
she does not stand within hearing dis-  
tance of men who are talking. She  
lives up to her idea and her tribe's idea  
of what is proper and becoming. If she  
fails to do so she places herself beyond  
the protection of her tribe.

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to express himself in glowing terms.



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