

SPECIAL NOTICE.

The TEMPERANCE JOURNAL is devoted to the principle of Temperance, and is designed as a family newspaper. It is issued on Thursday morning of each week.

The articles are specially selected and are such as to recommend the Paper to all. Deputies of all temperance organizations are our Authorized Agents.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES:

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ADVERTISING RATES:

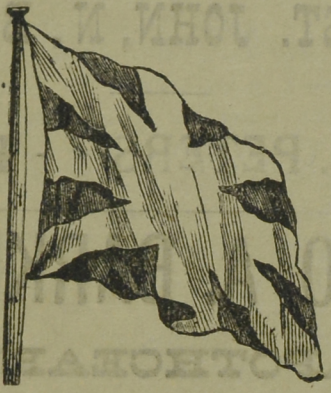
A limited number of advertisements will be taken at the rate of ten cents per line, minimum measure, five cents for each subsequent insertion. Special rates given for yearly advertisements.

All communications to be addressed to
HERMAN H. PITTS,
 EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR,
 Fredericton, N. B.

OFFICIAL CORRESPONDENTS.

The following have been appointed Official Correspondents for the JOURNAL from their Divisions.

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RAISE THE STANDARD.

—OUR MOTTO—

"NATIONAL PROHIBITION."

Temperance Journal.

THURSDAY, JULY, 15 1886.

The Divisions, generally are sending in favorable reports as regards the attendance.

Bros. Chas. A. Everett, Most Worthy Associate, and S. B. Paterson, Past Grand Scribe, left St. John this week to attend the session of the National Division at New Haven, Conn.

OUR PROGRESS.

The Grand Scribe has received the report of the Most Worthy Scribe which was read before the session of the National Division held at New Haven from which we take the following extracts.

The Grand Divisions which report the largest increase in membership for the year ending 31st December 1885 are as follows:—

Pennsylvania 1,677, Massachusetts 1,397, New Brunswick 1,338, Ontario 717; making New Brunswick G Division rank the third highest in list, and this out of the reports of Thirty four Grand Divisions. For the quarter ending 31st March 1886, New Brunswick shows a gain of 540 members and again ranks third, Pennsylvania showing .098, California 559, Nova Scotia 515, Massachusetts 505, Connecticut 502. Total number of members Dec 31st 73,386. Total gains of members March 31st 7,311.

This report should gladden the hearts of all members of the Order in this jurisdiction, and should spur them on to still greater increase in membership, that they may attain to even a higher place in the ranks.

We know this report will be pleasing to the Grand Scribe, as he has done a'1 in his power, to advance the Order, and trust that at the annual session of the Grand Division he may make as creditable a report as he did at the Semi-annual session.

HAMPTON DIVISION NO. 273.

At our last regular meeting the following Officers were elected for the ensuing term:—

- H V Hayes, W P; W C Crawford, W A; J F Frost, R S; Miss Bella Flewelling, A R S; C M Frost, F S; Mrs Geo Dixon, Treasurer; Wm Taylor, Chap; R G Flewelling, Con; Miss Louisa Dixon, A C; H V Dixon, I S; Jas Smith, O S.

Yours, &c.,

J. F. F.

Hampton, July 5th, 1886.

THEY MAY NOT DRINK.

The Fall Brook Coal Company, which employs over one thousand men in its mines and on its railroads in the semibituminous coal region in Tioga county, Penn., conducts its business on the strictest temperance principles. In December, 1882, the company adopted a rule that any employe who was known to use intoxicating drinks would be dismissed from the company's service. The rule is known as "Rule No. 1." Since then the company has discharged over three hundred of its railroad hands and nearly as many other employes for violating the rule. At first the company re-employed discharged men on satisfactory evidence that they had reformed, but the trial was made with but five men. Every one of them broke the rule the second time. Then no excuse would recover a discharged man his place. When an employe is detected in using liquor or beer, the money due him is placed in a blue envelope and handed to him. The receipt of a blue envelope is notice that a man is discharged, and that under no circumstances can ever again obtain employment of the company, even as a track repairer. The strict enforcement of the rule has forced some of the oldest and best men in the service of the company out of its employ, but "Rule No. 1" will not be varied from to save the most valued man on the payroll. A person applying for work to the Fall Brook Company must present a certificate that he is a teetotaler, and must sign a pledge that he will continue to abstain absolutely from intoxicating drinks while in the service of the company whether on duty or not. Since this rule was adopted by the coal company the list of fatalities in its mines and on its railroad has decreased fifty per cent, and the employes all have money ahead.

COLORADO, U. S.

The Presbyterian Synod of Colorado which embraces within its jurisdiction also the Territories of Wyoming, New Mexico, and Arizona, at its last annual meeting adopted a report on Temperance, affirming that "Intemperance is the giant evil of our age. In the very nature of the case, any law which attempts to regulate it provides for its existence and continuance as a power to work evil in society, gives it permission to do its deadly work, and throws the shield of legal protection over it while it does that work.—We cannot do this. We will neither protect the men who make nor the men who sell intoxicating drinks. We will do all we can to protect the family and society against the evil wrought by intemperance."

The report declared: "We rejoice therefore in the great prohibition movement of the age, in all moral and legal efforts to prohibit the manufacture and sale of all intoxicants."

Also that "We do now pledge ourselves anew to the work of overthrowing this great evil; and that we will enlist and drill for this service the vast army of those now gathered in our Sabbath Schools."

SOME THINGS WE WOULD LIKE TO KNOW.

1. If prohibition don't prohibit, why do saloon keepers fight it so desperately?
2. If high license does prohibit, why do liquor dealers favor it?
3. If a half pint of low license whiskey will make a man drunk, how much of the high license article will be needed to produce the same effect?
4. If sin and crime in a hovel are to be condemned, what is to be done when they are found in a palace?
5. If the object of high license is not the money there is in it, but is to curtail the business and place it in the hands of more respectable

men, why would it not be better to base the restriction upon the kind or class of men, rather than upon the size of their pocket-books. For instance, allow no one to sell except he be a minister of the gospel.

6. If \$500 will make liquor selling and drunkard making right, how much will it cost to make burglary right?

7. What is the difference between the ancient Catholic sale of indulgences and the modern Protestant sale of licenses?

8. If the liquor traffic is heavily taxed because it is wrong, why not apply the same remedy to every other wrong? Tax them out of existence or into respectability.

9. If the business of liquor selling is legal and therefore right, why should the saloon keeper be looked down upon by the better portion of society?

DEATH FROM DRINK.

What of it? That is a common occurrence, more than four thousands of such deaths occur every hour, sixty-six every minute, one every second, in these United States. We are used to seeing them, hearing of them, reading about them, why should we be startled at the announcement that another has occurred? If it had been death from cholera or yellow fever, it would be startling and fill us with alarm; but it is not from these; it is only death from drink. It is true that drink slays more than cholera, more than yellow fever, more than both combined; but it slays more deliberately, and selects its victims more extendedly, and is an every day occurrence. We have become familiar with slaughter by drink by seeing it going on constantly in our midst. It ceases to fill us with surprise, and only attracts our special attention when it occurs in our own families or is a specially aggravated case among our own neighbors.

More than this: We are so accustomed to death from drink, and have so lost our horror of it, that we give hosts of men legal permits to slay men by drink. For a few pieces of silver—or equivalent greenbacks—we authorize men to sell drink to their fellows, knowing that the result will be death; and death, too, in its most aggravated forms; and we do this as christian men, followers of Christ; do it after rising from prayer in which we prayed:

Thy kingdom come, thy will be done, on earth as it is in heaven; do it with professed love for God and humanity on our lips! The very souls for whom Christ died, we devote to premature death by drink, for the sake of a little revenue and that, too, when the word of God assures us that no drunkard—no man slain by drink—shall enter the kingdom of heaven. We do all these things as christian men in a christian nation; do them with a pious twang to our words and a sanctimonious smirk on our faces.

How, then can we be expected to be startled by the announcement that another of our fellow men has died from drink? It is only an event we have already sanctioned by our votes and provided for in legal enactments. Murder generally startles us, but not when it is committed by our legalized sanction. The assassin is apprehended, tried, punished for his crime; but not when he kills with drink according to the legal permission we give him. Oh! no; death by drink assassination by legalized rum, is all right—at least, we say it is when we give license to the liquor traffic; for we know that liquor thus sold will produce every crime in the catalogue of crimes, death included. Don't come to us citizens then with your tales of death from drink, expecting to startle us with a tale of horror, for we are familiar with such scenes; we complacently tolerate them; we even vote to continue that which produces them; and we do it with the professed fear of God before our eyes and love of humanity in our hearts. Go to; tell such tales of death to the winds; moan out your sorrow to bats and owls; we want the revenue from strong drink; we want the political power which the saloon furnishes; we want the spoils of office which whisky buys for us; what are a hundred thousand souls, anyway, sent down annually to perdition by the liquor traffic, in comparison with the triumph of party and the control of official spoils? We are politicians. Hurrah for party!

NO LICENSE TO PAVE THE DARK PATHWAY TO HELL.

[The following poem was written and recited by W. K. Weare, of San Francisco, who afterwards died in an inebriate asylum. He was ruined by the curse of drink. The poem was rewritten for the Advance Sun by Capt. John W. Hall, agent for Hubert Howe Bancroft's great history, who is now in Texas. It is a most excellent poem, worthy to be read and remembered.]

The slogan is sounding! all hail?
 By the mountains 'tis echoed—'tis borne on the gale;
 The dark clouds are lifting—the mist clear away,
 And soon through their rifts will shine the bright day.

What, what is the watchword that floats on the air,
 That, with the rose-tint of hope, gilds the clouds of despair?
 'Tis "no license" the death-dealing liquid to sell!
 'Tis "no license" to pave the dark pathway to hell!

And whence comes the promise that rests on the air,
 That, with the rose-tint of hope, gilds the clouds of despair?
 Was it born in the halls of the wealthy and great?
 Did it spring from the mentors who rule for the state?
 Or from "public opinion" which claims to be right,
 Did it spring in full armor, resplendently bright?
 No! never such glory their fame did yet swell
 As no license to pave the dark pathway to hell!

It was born from oppression; 'twas nurtured in grief
 'Till from suffering and sorrow it sprang for relief;
 Like Gethsemane's Martyr from almost despair
 It rose to the light on the pinions of prayer;
 And the wails of the millions who sorrowed alone,
 Now break in one billow—now swell in one tone;
 And this the judgment 'tis destined to tell—
 No license to pave the dark pathway to hell.

Arise in your manhood, to duty come forth;
 Let the land of the sunset respond to the north
 For woman has bowed before God and the throne,
 And led where proud man dared not travel alone,
 Fulfill the requirements and meet the decree,
 And from henceforth from the wine fiends be free,
 Let it sound in the ears of the tyrant a knell,
 No license to pave the dark pathway to hell!

No license! no license! Oh, brother, take heed!
 No license to further the broken hearts' bleed!
 No license! no license! Raise high the acclaim,
 'Tis the first dawning ray in the fullness of time,
 No license to murder, no license for crime;
 No license to purchase, to make or to sell;
 No license to pave the dark pathway to hell!

The goddess of freedom, with courage sublime,
 Has vanished one monster that threatened her clime;
 Now her eye, fiercely blazing, sees on her loved sod
 Another that trifles with freedom and God.
 It was not God or nature that placed on the earth
 A curse so abnormal, so monstrous in birth,
 As the life-stealing, death-dealing, soul-scathing well
 That flows onward to people the region of hell!

Oh, guides of salvation! ye priests of the cross,
 Have you studied the question? the gain and the loss?
 Have you weighed the temptation to sin in the wine?
 When none but the pure can on Jesus recline?
 Heed not your false prophets, plead not for the sin,
 Which from little beginning, destruction will win.

If the doctrine of Jesus you wish to preach well,
 Preach no license! to pave the dark pathway to hell!

'Tis summer; the gardens are painted in bloom,
 And the zephyrs of evening are breathing perfume;
 All nature is resting, the bliss seems profound,
 As if earth-land and cloud-land elysium had found.
 Hark! hark! there's a cry—there's a shriek on the air!
 'Tis murder! foul murder! a wail of despair,
 No matter, there's license the liquor to sell,
 There's license to pave the dark pathway to hell.

'Tis winter, and midnight, and fierce howls the blast,
 And the storm from the ocean drives furious and fast;
 And a lithe form of beauty fits noiselessly by—
 There's death in her pallor, despair in her eye!
 Before the dark river rolls turbidly on—
 There's a shriek and a plunge and a victim has gone
 To join the lost millions; oh, friends is it well
 Still further to pave the dark pathway to hell?

Oh! toilers of earth! in this land of the free
 It is yours to redeem, if redeemed we shall be;
 Our banners waving—come now, join the ranks,
 And to God will your wives and your children give thanks,
 No longer your heart-broken loved ones shall weep;
 We are strong to redeem you and stronger to keep,
 Swell the tide of advancement—with us come and dwell,
 And license no more the dark pathway to hell.

'Tis the gift of the ages, by progress brought down,
 'Tis the present's best guerdon our glory to crown,
 Break the maniac's foul fetters the captive set free,
 Let forever be banished the curs'd gallows tree.
 Let the senator's judgments be calm and serene;
 Let the ermine of justice from baseness be clean,
 And consign to oblivion in darkness to dwell,
 The time when was licensed a pathway to hell.

Then the mountains shall echo, the valleys shall ring,
 And the isles of the ocean their offerings shall bring,
 And the power of the ages, the land of the west,
 Shall be freely and proudly the land of the best;
 On their bosom the poor and oppressed shall recline,
 With ennobling surroundings to raise and refine,
 While mothers dread tales to their children shall tell
 Of an age when was licensed a pathway to hell.

THE WHISKEY POWER.

Dr Haygood, of Oxford University, Georgia, writes:
 "The whiskey-power will never have another day's peace in this world; it will be bought in every community of every nation till it is put down. It may hold on a long time; but in the long run it must go as everything else must go, that antagonizes Christ and His law of love."

SAM JONES ON WHISKY.

When you want to find which side I am on, go and find out which side the great ruler of this universe is on, and put me down on that side. Go ask the angels which side the Son of God they are on. I am on that side. Find out which side the good wives and mothers are on, and put me down on that side. I have learned that it is good for me and my wife and children to fight this traffic. I have nothing against anyone, and disclaim any unkindness toward liquor men.

This talk about being too rough on liquor men reminds me of the man who was attacked by a vicious dog. He stuck a pitchfork clean through him and pinned him to the earth. The owner came out very angry, and said: "What did you stick that pitchfork through my dog for?" "Well, what made your dog attack me?" "Well, why didn't you hit him with the other end?" "Why didn't he come at me with the other end?"

This is just my position. If they come at me with the teeth end I will meet them with the fork end. The cry is that it will deprive the poor folks and the coloured people of the privilege of getting drunk. That is just the class I want to see get to heaven. They get so little in this world, I want them to reap the benefit of heaven. If these old rich devils want to import it, guzzle it down, and go to hell, let them go. We want to put legs on these jugs and demijohns and run them out of here. Here are these barkeepers living in purple and fine linen, and faring sumptuously every day, and your poor negroes go from the saloon by way of the court-house to the chain-gang. That's the route.

There is a complaint that you can't get a little for medical use. I have not tasted, touched or handled a drop in nine years, and I am as healthy a man as you ever looked in the face. If there is anything I hate, it is a little quack of a doctor with half a box of pills and a gallon of whisky going around to doctor all creation. If you are a doctor and can't get along without whisky, the quicker you join the chain-gang the better.

EVERYBODY'S WAR.

BY MISS FRANCES E. WILLARD.

The liquor traffic might do for other lands—it will not do for ours; it might do for earlier centuries—it will not do for the last quarter of the nineteenth. There is war about it in America, the pledge of total abstinence is its muster roll; the gospel hymns are its rallying songs, the badge of blue its uniform. We aim our weapon straight at the brain, straight at the heart. Our bullets are ballots, our sabre-strokes are home-thrusts of pathos, our bombshells are statistics and arguments. We find our marching orders in two verses of this Bible in which law and gospel are bound up together. One declares: "Woe unto him that justifieth the wicked for a reward," the other says: "It is good neither to eat meat nor drink wine whereby thy brother stumbleth."

In this vast and daily enlarging army, the mild, soft-voiced ones, who are afraid of guns and gunpowder, may march side by side with the gallant and strong. I seem to hear their gentle footsteps as they gather to fight against rum in the name of patriotism, philanthropy, and God. It is woman, woman after all, who has given the costliest hostages to fortune. Out into the battle of life they have sent their best beloved with fearful odds against them; with snares that have been legalized and set along our streets. Beyond the arms that held them long, their boys have gone forever. There is not one man to whom some woman's life is not a dear and sacred thing; and I appeal to you, by the pain and danger they have dared, who are the best beloved of your homes, to represent by your ballot, their prayers, their tears, their hopes.

But besides being a war of the mothers and daughters, the sisters and wives, this is a war between religion and the rum shop. It is an irrepressible conflict, for the angel must triumph or else the dragon will. And so, whoever is not enlisted in this war, the seventy thousand churches of our land with their eight million members, corporations founded on the avowed principle of self-sacrifice for others' good, ought to come forward and place their names on the total abstinence muster roll.