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LITERATURE.

AS I CAME DOWN FROM LEBANON.

As I came down from Lebanon,
Came winding, wandering slowly down
Through mountain passes bleak and brown,
The cloudless day was well nigh done.
The city, like an opal set
In emerald, showed each minaret
Afire with radiant beams of sun,
And glistened orange, fig and lime,
Where song birds made melodious chime,
As I came down from Lebanon.

As I came down from Lebanon,
Like lava, in the dying glow,
Through olive orchards far below,
I saw the murmuring river run;
And 'neath the wall, within the sand,
Swart sheiks from distant Samarcand,
With precious spices they had won,
Lay long and languidly in wait
Till they might pass the guarded gate,
As I came down from Lebanon.

As I came down from Lebanon
I saw strange men from lands afar
In mosque and square and gay bazaar—
The Magi that the Moslem shun,
And grave Effendi from Stamboul
Who sherbet sipped in corners cool;
And from the balconies o'erturn
With roses gleamed the eyes of those
Who dwell in still scraglies,
As I came down from Lebanon.

As I came down from Lebanon
The flaming flower of daytime died,
The Night, arrayed as is the bride
Of some great king, in garments spun
Of purple and the finest gold,
Out-bloomed in glories manifold,
Until the moon, above the dun
And darkening desert, void of shade,
Shone like a keen Damascus blade,
As I came down from Lebanon.

A BRAVE WOMAN.

Prince Charles Edward, the Pretender had no more devoted and enthusiastic adherent than Margaret, wife of Lord Ogilvy, eldest son of the fourth Earl of Airlie, a brave, handsome and talented woman.

When the prince's standard was raised in Scotland, in the year 1744, she threw herself with characteristic ardor into his cause. Her husband's family, however, proved somewhat lukewarm, manifesting no particular desire to rush into rebellion and danger, the ultimate consequence of which, in case of failure, they could not foresee, yet could shrewdly guess. She therefore persuaded Ogilvy that so long as his father, the earl, did not appear in the field in person, he himself risked neither rank nor fortune by heading the clan.

When the fortunes of Charles Edward grew dark and hopeless, and the end appeared very near, Lord Ogilvy manifested more than ordinary unwillingness to continue to support them, and it needed all her ladyship's persuasive arguments to induce him not to throw up the cause.

The only way in which she could procure his attendance at the fatal battle of Culloden was to ride with him herself at the head of the clan. She was a splendid rider, and a most

beautiful and graceful woman, tall and fair, and never appeared to so much advantage as when seated on horse-back.

When her husband went to the front she took charge of a spare horse in the rear, so that, in case of accident on the field he might know where the means of safety and flight could be found. Hour after hour she calmly sat on her horse, expectant, while in the distance the battle was fought and won, though not by her prince.

As the day was drawing to a close, her husband rode up to her, hot and breathless, and told her that the battle was lost and the Stuarts' cause was ruined beyond redemption. He mounted the charger she had held during the day and with a hurried farewell bounded out of sight.

He succeeded in escaping to the coast and got off to France; but Lady Ogilvy remained on the field, half stupefied with grief and disappointment at the news she had heard, but wholly regardless of danger.

The victorious party, sweeping over the field in hot pursuit, took Lady Ogilvy, with other ladies, prisoners, and conveyed them to Edinburgh Castle. After a few days' confinement, all her fellow prisoners were released and restored to their families, but she herself still remained a captive.

She possessed many influential friends who exerted all their power to secure her freedom, but without success. As Lady Ogilvy was the one at Culloden of highest rank and greatest influence, she was accordingly tried, convicted and condemned to be executed, on that Monday six weeks, where traitors suffered in Edinburgh.

Finding there remained no hope of regaining her liberty through her friends, Lady Ogilvy determined to regain it by her own efforts, and her woman's wit soon hit upon a scheme.

Amongst those who had access to her room was the washerwoman, who came regularly on Saturday with her ladyship's clean linen; she was a little, ugly, deformed person, with peculiar hitch in her walk. This was the woman Lady Ogilvy fixed upon as the instrument through which to attain her liberty.

On Saturday, when the little washerwoman made her appearance, Lady Ogilvy told her that she had a strong desire to learn to walk like her—would she teach her? The woman was nothing loth, so every time she came the prisoner made her walk up and down the room to teach her, and usually detained her some time while she practised; and when the woman had left the lesson was again rehearsed.

On the Saturday before the Monday on which she was to be executed, when as usual, toward sundown, the washerwoman brought the linen, her ladyship detained her as on previous days. But this time it was not to practise walking it was for a very different object—no less than to exchange clothes.

'Give me your dress, and you take mine—you remain quietly here; no one will harm you, and you will save my life,' said Lady Ogilvy.

The woman did as she was requested. The exchange was speedily made, and she had the satisfaction of seeing that her lessons had not been thrown away, and of learning the reason why they had been desired.

Her pupil did her no discredit; for she took up her basket, and limping with her own peculiar limp, left her and joined the wash girl who was waiting outside.

No doubt the girl wondered why her mistress was so unusually silent, and doubtless put it down to ill temper; but who can picture the amazement when she suddenly saw her crooked little mistress throw down the basket, and rise into a tall, majestic woman, and without a word of farewell run down the High street as fast as her nimble feet could carry her.

When the fugitive reached Abbey Hill she found horses and a change of dress ready for her, and not many minutes had elapsed before she was away in full gallop from the good city. Relays of horses had been provided for her the whole way from Edinburgh to Dover, yet into almost every town she entered news of her escape had preceded her, and a reward had been offered for recapture. But at length, after many a narrow escape and many a weary hour, she found herself on board a vessel ready to sail for France.

Just as the crew had heaved the anchor, and the sails were unfurled, and the fugitive thought all danger was over, a sudden embargo was laid on every vessel in the harbor; not one was to sail until search had been made for the person of Lady Ogilvy, who was

supposed to have taken refuge in one of them. A Government agent had been sent down from London to conduct the search in person.

While captain and crew were fretting and fuming at the delay, the object of it seemed, to all outward appearance, calm and collected as if she had no interest in the proceedings whatever.

A boat was seen to put off from the shore, and presently a man sprang on board holding a large paper in his hand, which upon inspection proved to be the portrait of a lady, stout, masculine and life-size. This was exhibited to the captain as the portrait of Lady Ogilvy.

The fugitive contrived, herself unseen, to catch a glimpse of the picture; one glance was sufficient to quiet her fears. With the tact and ready wit of a brave, courageous woman, she walked quietly up to the agent, and for a minute or two looked calmly at the portrait, and the said,—

'Ah! is that the portrait of Lady Ogilvy? I know her very well; it is strictly like, and if you go by that you cannot do better.'

The man stared at her, then at the picture, thanked her heartily, and, after examining the other passengers, bowed to her, and took his departure.

The embargo was taken off, the sails were hoisted, and after a few hours' tossing about the brave lady landed in France. There she joined her husband and there she died at the early age of thirty nine.

Detroit Free Press: 'I want to make a square business proposition to you,' said a stranger to the occupant of an office on Griswold street the other day. 'I'll hear it, sir.' 'I'm heir to at least \$30,000,000, and I'll sell—'

'Are you one of the Lawrence-Townley claimants?' 'I am. My family runs back to the Crusaders. As I was saying, being temporary hard up, I'll sacrifice—' 'No use—no use!' 'But I'll take \$10 for my chance.' 'No use, sir! One of the heirs, who is good for \$45,000,000, was in here yesterday and sold me his claim for \$7, and I don't care to invest any further. I've only got about twenty years to live, and I can't possibly spend that \$45,000,000. Good day, sir. You might go across to the tailor shop and try him. I guess he's the only man on the street who hasn't bought one of the claims.'

New York Times: A traveler in Western Iowa, noticing on the wall of the parlor of the hotel the legend, 'Ceci on parle francais,' said to the proprietor: 'Do you speak French?' 'French? No. United States is good nough fer me.' 'Then why do you keep that legend on the wall? That means 'French is spoken here.' 'Is that so?' 'Certainly.' 'Well, I'm a half-breed from up the Missouri if a feller with a wart on his nose didn't sell me that for a Latin motto 'God bless our home.''

Lady (in an angry and shrill voice):—'Conductor why don't you stop the car when I tell you?' Irascible Bachelor:—'Conductor, the lady wants to know why in thunder you don't stop the car?' Lady (more angrily still):—'I didn't say so, sir.' Irascible Bachelor:—'No madam, but that's what you meant.'

CONCRETE WALKS.—In the spring of the year one's thoughts naturally turn to home improvements, particularly those of the garden. A simple method of making concrete walks is described, the advantage of which is saving of labor and the cost of materials. The latter consisting of water, lime, and gravel or ashes are put in a heap and wetted; one barrel of the water lime is mixed with sharp clean, dry sand, is shovelled back and forth several times to get a thorough mixture, a portion of which is then mixed with water into quite a thin, soft mortar, and with this some five parts of the wet gravel or ashes are well mixed, by which means every fragment is coated with the combining mortar. The concrete is spread on the graded walk, and beaten down with a hammer until the moisture gathers on the surface; some of the dry sand or cement is then scattered over the surface is finally smoothed over with a plank rubber, having a sloping handle to work it work it back and forth. In a few days this is hard, and becomes harder with time. By making divisions of thin strips of wood or tarred paper, the concrete may be laid down in blocks, squares, or diamond shaped.

THE PECULIARITIES OF LAW.—But I tell you they can't put you in jail. They just can't, and that is the long and short of it, said a lawyer to a client in prison.

Well, ding it all, I'm here, ain't I? Not according to law, you ain't.

But I am according to the cold facts in the case, and I want to get out.

Well, yes; it might seem to anybody not familiar with the statute that you, were really incarcerated, but—

Seem? Thunderation! I'm locked up and you know it.
'Not legally, my dear sir; not legally in law you're as free as a thunder gust.'
'I don't care where I am in law I know where I am myself; and I want to get out.'

'According to the statute, you're out on the street at this minute.'

'But according to common sense, I ain't anything of the kind. I'm in a box as tight as though I was nailed up in one, and I want to get out.'

'In law you are out.'

'In reality I'm in.'

'You can't find a single scrap of law that allows 'em to lock you up.'

'I don't want to! I want to find law enough to get me out.'

'That will be a hard thing to do, my friend.'

'Hard thing to do? And yet you tell me there's no law for putting me in.'

'So there isn't; but you've got in somehow, in defiance of all legal precedent, and that's where the blunder was. You've waived your legal rights by admitting that you are in jail, and it's going to take oceans of law and some little money to get you out, as sure as you live. You should have come to me before you got in. Keeping you out there, when you had the law, was quite a different matter from getting you out now, when the law has you.'

REFERRED TO HIM.—Detroit Free Press: A citizen rushed up stairs on the Jefferson avenue side of Merrill Hall so fast yesterday that a man on the landing inquired?

'Has anything happened?'

'I'm getting out of the way of a man who wants to borrow money.' was the reply as he passed on down the Woodward avenue side.

In about five minutes a second man came rushing up and called to the man on the landing:

'Anybody gone up?'

'Yes.'

'Have on a light overcoat and plug hat?'

'Yes.'

'Wonder which way he went?'

'Down the other stairs I guess. He said some dead-beat was after him to borrow money. If you hurry perhaps you—'

'Oh, its no use!' calmly observed the other. 'I'm the dead beat he referred to and it's evident he has tumbled to the racket.'

'I can't eat that ice cream,' he said, as he shoyed back from the table with a disgusted expression on his face. 'Anything wrong?' queried the proprietor of the parlor as he rubbed his hands and looked anxious. 'It's beastly stuff.' 'Dear me, but I'm sorry. Susan, what flavor did this gentleman order?' 'Vanilla sir.' 'And you gave it to him?' 'Yes, sir.' 'An! that explains. I'm out of vanilla, and she must have used keosene instead. I'll make it at half price to you, sir, and you'll get all the advantage of a sure cure for sore throat.'

PRESSING HOME.—Washington Critic: They were walking in the conservatory at the last White House reception.

'Will you love me with all your soul?' she murmured.

'Yes, darling,' he answered.

'And all your heart?'

'Yes, dearest.'

'And all your—'

'Everything, darling, everything,' he interrupted.

'Pocketbook?' she continued, not noticing the interruptions.

He gasped once and all was over.

SPREADING THE WHACKS.—A kind-hearted and witty clergyman in New York, entering the house of one of his elders one morning, found the good old man unmercifully whipping one of his sons, a lad about fourteen years old, and at once began to intercede for the boy. The deacon defended himself by saying that the young must be early trained in the way it should go. 'It was best to make an impression when the wax was soft.' 'Ay' said the pastor, 'but that don't hold here, for the whacks were not soft.' The deacon let the boy go.

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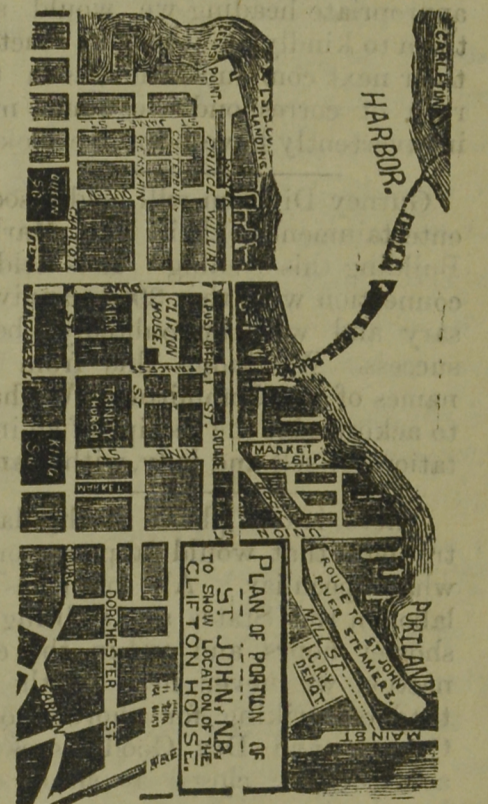
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