

# TEMPERANCE JOURNAL.

OUR MOTTO—NATIONAL PROHIBITION.

FREDERICTON, N. B., THURSDAY, APRIL 29, 1886.

Vol. II, No. 17.  
\$1.00 per Annum.

Herman H. Pitts,  
Editor and Proprietor.

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## LITERATURE.

### CASTLES IN THE AIR.

Dreaming in a sunlit garden,  
Flowers around both fresh and fair,  
Lost in visions of the future,  
Building castles in the air—  
Roses bloom in beauty near me,  
What on earth more fair than they?  
And what sweeter than to loiter  
Mid their scents this summer day?

Dreaming in a sunlit garden,  
Where each fairest blossom blows,  
Watching bees in gayly roving  
From the lily to the rose—  
Musing here, amid life's beauties,  
Free from every breath of care,  
Here I weave my tender fancies,  
Building castles in the air.

Of these visions end in nothing,  
Faded away with things that were,  
Yet we love to linger sometimes  
In our castles built of air!  
Flowers will fade and joys will vanish,  
Life itself must pass away,  
Ah! then, let each heart, in pity,  
Build its castles while it may.

### MY BIRTHDAY.

We, Mother Raynor, Jack and I, were sitting in our little sitting-room, our best room, but not parlor, for mother would never call the little box of a room by so dignified a title, and for the hundredth time they were telling me what they knew of my life.

"You see, Birdie," said mother, as I had always called her, "it was a stormy night and Jack had been detained at the store—he was cash boy at Cotten & Co.'s then—but just as he was running up the steps about seven o'clock he met a woman hurrying down them. She brushed by without speaking, and he, when he reached the door, almost stumbled over a basket where you lay all snuggled up in warm flannels. Ah, but you were a very nice baby, my dear."

"Pity my mother hadn't thought so!" I sarcastically observed.

"Undoubtedly you would have fared better than in our humble home," said Jack, grimly.

"Why, Jack, you don't think I meant that, do you, dear?" I hastily asked, "It made me feel badly to think my own flesh and blood would abandon me and trust me with strangers, that's all."

"That was seven or eight years ago to-morrow night," meditated mother, unheeding our conversation.

"Yes, I chimed in, anxious to clear the cloud from Jack's forehead; and you have always called it my birthday, and have always made the day so pleasant for me, too. Let me see, I rattled on; you thought I must have been about a year old, and so I am eighteen to-morrow. Have you made my birthday cake yet, mother?"

"Yes, indeed. And that reminds me I must go out and see to the frosting of it, to-night. No, you stay right here. Watch her, Jack, for she's not to see the cake until to-morrow."

I retreated before her laughing command, and seeing how sour Jack still looked, I determined to do my best to make him behave like his own old self again. Perching myself on the arm of his chair I leaned over, trying to catch his eye.

"Cross, dear?" I asked, very sweetly.

"No," he replied, in a tone that said, "Yes, decidedly so; let me alone."

But I was not to be rebuffed. Slipping my arms around his neck I drew his face around toward mine.

"You're sorry you didn't send me to the Foundlings' Home, aren't you? It's enough to make any one cross to think how he has been troubled for seventeen years just because he was so soft-hearted over a miserable little baby whose own people didn't care about keeping it. Are you sorry, Jack?"

"Are you, Bird?" He suddenly straightened up, a look in his dark eyes I had never noticed there before.

"What have I to be sorry for?" I asked. "Was I not thrown into the hands of the dearest, kindest mother and brother a girl ever had?"

"Yes, dear—that is, we've always meant kindness; but still I am not your brother."

"I know it, but I love you just as well, I began, but some way under the steady look of Jack's beautiful eyes I could not go on with my usual protestations of affection, as I had always been in the habit of doing, and I drew my arm away from about his neck.

"But I don't want you to Bird," he said slowly; and then he went on eagerly, "My darling, I want you to love me just as well as I do you, I want you for my very own, for my wife, Bird."

Clasping me close in his strong arms he told me how happy I could make him by saying that I loved him. And so strongly did he argue his case that some way I was completely won over to his way of thinking, and before the birthday cake was frosted Jack and I were engaged.

He accepted Jack as a birthday gift whispered to mother as I ran out. A radiant look of surprised joy fairly illumined her dear, old face as she comprehended the meaning of my remark.

"It has been the wish of my life," she whispered kissing me softly. "Be ready for other birthday gifts to-morrow," she called after me.

"Oh, happy birthday!" I whispered when to-morrow dawned, and I, awaking, remembered my promise to Jack. "What better gift could I have asked than the gift of dear Jack's love?"

Several little tokens were at my breakfast plate; some very expensive, too, for since Jack's pictures had begun to sell so well and orders poured in faster than he could execute them he had begun to be quite extravagant.

He had gratified an oft-expressed mine by having a little cameo ear ring, found in the basket in which they first found me, set in a ring for me one of my birthday presents. It was an exquisite, clear-cut cameo, and it had a decidedly unique setting; so I had always indulged in the hope that some time, perhaps, I might learn through it who my parents were.

It had evidently dropped into the basket by mistake, for there was nothing else about me to identify me. There were none of the proverbial strawberry marks or moles so often found on lost children in stories, so I had only the cameo to connect me with the unknown past.

So I slipped it on my finger and when Jack told me to keep it for an engagement until he could procure another it became doubly dear to me.

By-and-by, as soon as breakfast was finished, much to my surprise and disappointment, my lover went up to his studio and remained invisible for two hours.

"He might have spent my birthday with me, anyhow," I pouted as I plodded up stairs feeling 'blue' enough.

I knocked at the door of his studio.

"Not just now, dear: I'm busy," came in Jack's voice from beyond the door.

Angry and indignant, for he had allowed me to spend my mornings there for two months past, I silently went to my own room.

I was angrier still when ten minutes later his door opened to admit Miles Griffith, a fellow from the Artists' Club. Then I was ready to cry with vexation. They had always petted and spoiled me, mother and Jack, and let me have my own way, so that I could not bear even this little neglect gracefully.

Beside, we were just engaged, and Jack, it seemed to me, wasn't acting just as he ought to under the circumstances.

At last I was determined to be mean ought to listen and hear if I could what they were talking about so earnestly in the studio.

Me, I found out at once, for Jack had just spoken my name as I guiltily put my ear to the keyhole. A disgraceful thing to do, I admit, but as I mean this to be a faithful account of my birthday, and as I really did listen at the keyhole, I record it.

"I have made a great mistake," said Jack, sighing heavily.

I couldn't distinguish Mr. Griffith's reply, but, hushing my breath, heard Jack say,—

"It has always been my mother's wish. I did it more to please her, I suppose. She loves Bird dearly, and—"

With a dry sob I fell forward on the rug. I could not have stirred then had they opened the door and saw me there.

large; eyes very vacant, I've noticed. I advise you to give it up."

"I'll take your advice, exclaimed Jack, emphatically. Then I rushed to my room.

So through Griffith's advice, which Jack seemed so ready to take, my brief little romance was to be shattered. Well, I would never stay and let him see my heart break, too; for I felt sure I never could live through this trouble, so dear had Jack in the role of lover become to me in a few short hours.

So, some way—now it all seems like a vague dream to me—I found myself a few hours later wandering aimlessly down a "strange street, not knowing or caring where my steps tended. Some workmen obstructed the sidewalk and I was obliged to cross the street. I remember stepping down and advancing a few steps, of hearing hoarse shouts of warning, a feeling a sudden shock, and then all was blank.

When I returned to consciousness I was in a strange room; everything was strange to me.

"Where am I?" I asked, although I could see no one. "What has happened?"

"You are with friends," said a low, soft voice near me.

Turning my eyes, they fell on a sweet-faced lady not yet old, although her hair was nearly white, sitting near me.

"How came I here?" I demanded, in a weak, startled voice.

After a brief consultation with a woman, evidently the nurse, the lady decided to explain the situation.

"You are weak, but I trust to your good sense to remain calm while I tell you why you are here. About a month ago you were crossing the street and my husband and I accidentally ran against and severely injured you. There was nothing about you to identify you, so we brought you home."

"And this was a month ago. Has no one been here? Did you advertise?"

"No," replied the lady. "It was reported in the police news, I believe, as my husband had to pay a large fine for his carelessness, but I never thought of advertising for your friends. I supposed they would go to the station, and then be directed here, if you had any in the city."

"I have none," I said bitterly. "I was only a foundling, living upon charity all my life."

I was reckless. I did not think how unnecessary it was to speak of my own history to a stranger. A whole month I had lain there and no one had called. And my pale, thin hands showed how near to death's door I had been.

As I lay looking at my wasted fingers I noticed that my ring was gone. Hastily I enquired where it was.

My new-found acquaintance blushed, and then said,—

"Will you allow my husband to talk with you a few moments? He has your cameo."

In a few moments a tall, handsome gentleman accompanied her into the room.

"Years ago," he began, after apologizing for being the cause of my illness, and congratulating me on my recovery, "I had a pair of cameos carved in this city. They were unlike anything ever seen here. I had them set in a pair of ear rings for my wife. One night our house was robbed by a trusted servant; the cameos were taken with other valuables."

"Was anything else taken?" I asked, sitting upright, forgetting for a moment my weak state.

The gentleman strove to control his emotion, but his wife was silently weeping near the window.

"Yes, our only child," he replied brokenly. "Now will you tell me how you came by this cameo, for it is the same? I to-day took it to the person who carved it for me so long ago, and he recognized it at once, although it has been reset."

"Was it seventeen years ago that your child was stolen?" I asked eagerly.

"Yes. What do you know of it?" he questioned hoarsely.

"I know that I am your child then."

After I had told the story so often repeated to me by my mother, Raynor they were perfectly satisfied that I belonged to them, and their joy beggars description.

Their story was that my father had given his wife a necklace of diamonds, and seeing how pleased her baby was with it she had shaken the stones before its eyes, and at last, it a spirit of fun, clasped it about the child's neck. But she did not understand the fastening, and as her husband was away from home and she could not get the short chain over the child's head, she was obliged to let the nurse put the infant to sleep with the glittering ornament about its neck. But the temptation proved too great for the nurse, so she had taken baby quietly out to a neighboring jeweler and had the necklace unfastened.

did you teach me to love you only to tire of me so soon?"

"Tire! How? What do you mean, dear?" he asked, taking my hands anxiously as if he feared I was not quite rational.

Then as I grew calmer I had to confess how I had descended to the contemptible business of eaves-dropping and what I heard.

"It was my birthday, Jack. Don't you remember you had Griffith up in the studio? And you told him you had made a great mistake in engaging yourself to me, and—and he advised you to give it up, and you said you'd follow his advice."

For three minutes Jack stared at me, and and then he, with difficulty repressing an inclination to laugh, said,—

"My darling, how could you believe it? Now listen. As you know, my forte is landscapes. Well, I thought I'd make one more trial at portraits, so, while lately I have been entertaining you and mother so politely in the studio, I was slyly taking 'sittings.' You know your birthday, or the day we celebrate as yours, and mother's fall on the same day; so as she had often expressed a wish to have your portrait painted, and thinking that you would like hers, I painted your counterfeits as best I could, and then before I showed them I sent for Griffith, the fairest critic in the club. He told me candidly that as a portrait painter I was a dead failure, and advised me to never allow the public to see my attempts. The criticisms you heard were of your picture, not you. Are you satisfied?"

"Perfectly," I answered, feeling as if now I could get well and strong at once. "But my poor birthday was all spoiled," I sighed.

"To-day is your birthday, my dear," interrupted my new mother, brightly, entering the room with Mother Raynor, "and if the other was spoiled ask what you will and may have it."

"I'll take Jack," I said gaily.

"And so I did," for better or worse, a year from my eighteenth birthday.

"It's a funny thing, sir," said Figaro, standing off a little to contemplate the effect of his last artistic touch upon my forelock, "what foolish people there are in the world!" I nodded to him in the glass, and he went on. "It always seems to me that they are made rich because they couldn't make a living for themselves if they were poor, sir." "Perhaps," said I. "Ah!" said he with a sigh, as he flirted the napkin from under my chin and pouted his tip as if it conferred an honor on the giver, "I sometimes wish I was a fool instead of a barber."

Daughter (in tears):—"You kicked John last night as he was going out of the front gate." Heartless Father:—"I know I did." Daughter:—"You ought to be ashamed of yourself. John feels very badly about it, and thinks you ought to make suitable amends." Heartless Father:—"Does he? Well, you tell him to come around again to-night and I'll give that kick back to him again."

Old Mrs. Bennington: The paper says that two whales, a cow and a calf, was seen float off Amagansett shores last week. Old Mr. Bennington: Well, that's all right, ain't it? Mrs. Bennington: It's all right about the whales, of course, but I don't see how a cow and a calf got out there.

"What struck you most during your travels last summer?" asked the pastor. "Well," the deacon replied, in a musing way; "he couldn't just exactly say. He rather thought the sleeping car porter struck him the oftenest, but the waiter struck him for the biggest stakes."

"Ponsonby, my horse got away from me last night. It is worrying me not a little." "You don't know where he is?" "No." "It's queer. One would think that some traces—" "Oh, we found the traces and the rest of the harness. It is the horse I'm anxious about."

Maud (outside)—Is papa in there with you, George? George—Yes, Miss Maud; would you like to see him? Maud—Please ask him for me—George—I was on the point of doing so when you interrupted. Papa—Bless you, my children.

When the President visited the theatre on the occasion of his 49th birthday, and listened to The Mikado, the Ko-Ko caused a burst of innocent merriment by declaring that 49 was the proper age at which to fall in love.

"What a change!" exclaims a novelist; "one little woman can make in a man's life! Exactly, says a victim, and what a heap of change she requires while doing it!"

The Chinese have 563 books on etiquette, and yet these heathen eat rice with their fingers, and appear in society with their shirt-flaps hanging outwardly.

"What are you writing such a big hand for, Pat?" "Why, you see my grandmother is deaf, and I'm writing a loud letter to her."

### Place of Meeting, Divisions, Numbers Night of Meeting, and name of Deputies.

St. Stephen; Howard, 1; Friday; S. Webber.  
Milltown St. Stephen; Wilberforce, 3; Monday; H. McAllister.  
Market Building, St. John; Gurney, 5; Thursday; John P. Bell.  
Orange Hall, Portland; Portland, 7; Monday; A. Y. Paterson.  
Market Building, St. John; Albion, 14; Wednesday; J. S. B. DeVeber.  
Gagetown; Queens, 21; Saturday; H. J. DeVeber.  
Chatham; Northumberland, 37; Friday; G. Stothart.  
St. John; Mariners and Mechanics, 38; Thursday; Robt. Wills.  
Hillsboro, Albert Co.; Albert, 39; Wednesday; J. J. Steeves.  
Sackville, West Co.; Sackville, 40; Tuesday; J. C. Harper.  
Richibucto, Kent Co.; Richibucto, 42; Wednesday; A. Haines.  
Kingston, Kent Co.; Kingston, 44; Tuesday; B. S. Bailey.  
Newcastle; Newcastle, 45; Thursday; D. McGruar.  
Point de Bute, West Co.; Westmorland, 50; Thursday; J. Amos Trueman.  
Hopewell Hill, Albert Co.; Golden Rule, 51; Tuesday; L. R. Moore.  
Pennfield, Charlotte C.; Safeguard, 53; Saturday; W. N. Bucknam.  
Cambridge, Queen's Co.; Johnston, 62; Saturday; George S. Wilson.  
Dalhousie; Dalhousie, 64; Monday; G. Haddow.  
Baie Verte; Baie Verte, 65; Wednesday; K. Goodwin.  
Dover, West Co.; Dover, 70; Saturday; W. Steeves.  
Carleton, St. John; Granite Rock, 77; Tuesday; Henry Finch.  
Derby, North Co.; Nelson, 99; Monday; J. Betta Douglastown, North Co.; Caledonia, 126; Tuesday; J. Henderson.  
Collina Corner, Kings Co.; Collina, 129; Thursday; Jacob I. Keirstead.  
Upper Gagetown, Queens Co.; Oxford, 134; Saturday; James E. Coy.  
Benton, Carleton Co.; Garibaldi, 151; A. Teed.  
St. Martins, St. John Co.; St. Martins, 164; Tuesday; Cudlip Miller.  
Moncton; Moncton, 183; Monday; E. McCarthy.  
Salisbury, West Co.; Crystal Stream, 191; Saturday; C. A. Beck.  
South Bay, St. John Co.; Lime Rock, 207; Monday; Wm. Roxborough.  
Milford, St. John Co.; Everett, 238; Wednesday; John Waring.  
Moncton; Intercolonial, 243; Friday; Alex. Ford.  
Victoria Mills, West Co.; Victoria, 245; Thursday; A. J. Main.  
Baillie, St. James, Char. Co.; Baillie, 248; Wednesday; J. W. Mann.  
Weldford, Kent Co.; Harcourt, 249; Saturday; H. Wather.  
Portland; Valley, 250; Tuesday; J. Fowler.  
Butternut Ridge, King's Co.; Havelock, 251; Friday; E. Keith.  
Petitcodiac, West Co.; Petitcodiac, 252; Tuesday; D. Jonah.  
Lewis Mountain, West Co.; Sunnyside, 253; Saturday; R. Lewis.  
Deer Island, Char. Co.; Moss Rose 254; Saturday; A. T. Lloyd.  
Millstream, Kings Co.; Britannia, 255; Friday; C. W. Weyman.  
Little Ridge, Char. Co.; Spreading Oak, 256; Tuesday; A. F. Matheson.  
Fredericton; Lansdowne, 257; Thursday; H. H. Pitts.  
Kouchibouguac, Kent Co.; Union, 258; D. W. Grierson.  
River Charlo, Rest. Co.; Charlo, 259; Thursday; J. H. Galbraith.  
Steeves Mountain, West Co.; Mountain Rose, 260; Saturday; R. Lutz, Sr.  
Lawrence Station, Char. Co.; Lawrenceville, 261; Saturday; F. S. Richardson.  
Hampton, King's Co.; Spring, 262; Monday; G. Barnes.  
Pomroy Ridge, Char. Co.; Mayflower, 263; Thursday; W. Moulton.  
Scotch Ridge, Char. Co.; Iona, 264; Wednesday; Alex. M. McKenzie.  
Oak Hill, Char. Co.; Oak, 265; Friday; Dr. J. G. Atkinson.  
Tower Hill, Char. Co.; Wills, 266; Saturday; S. S. Smith.  
Graves Settlement, West Co.; Rockland, 267; Friday; G. Johnston.  
McAdam Junction, York Co.; Star Branch, 268; E. W. Brownell.  
2d Falls, St. George Char. Co.; Stewart, 269; Saturday; A. Sherwood.  
St. George, Char. Co.; Red Granite, 270; Saturday; T. McGowan.  
Penobscus, King's Co.; Cardwell, 271; Thursday; J. W. Floyd.  
St. Nicholas River, Kent Co.; Milltown, 272; Friday; J. Murray.  
Hampton Village, King's Co.; Hampton, 273; Tuesday; G. Flewelling.  
Bloomfield, King's Co.; Leading Star, 274; Thursday; O. A. Wetmore.  
Good Templar Hall, St. John; Gordon, 275; Friday; H. P. Sandall.  
Eagle Settlement, West'd Co.; Twilight, 276; Wednesday; G. A. Taylor.  
Salisbury, Westmorland Co.; Middleton, 277; Friday; J. B. Henry.  
Healthland, Charlotte Co.; Rising Sun, 278; Tuesday; L. Hall.  
Goshen Corner, Albert Co.; Star of Hope, 279; Thursday; D. W. Goodall.  
St. Mary's Kent Co.; Rosefield, 280; Saturday; W. Vincent.  
Elgin, Albert Co.; Elgin, 281; Saturday; G. Smith, A. B.  
Springfield, King's Co.; Springfield, 282; Friday; G. M. Wetmore.  
Whites Cove, Grand Lake.; Grand Lake; 283; H. E. White.  
Clifton, Gloucester Co.; Gloucester Division 284; Wednesday; N. R. Ritchie.  
Lewisville, Moncton; Lewisville, 285; Tuesday; Chas. J. Harris.  
Port Elgin, West Co.; Fort; Moncton, 286; Friday; W. M. Spence.  
Centreville, Kings Co.; Centreville, 287; Saturday; H. W. Falkins.  
Waterford, K. C.; Essex Division 288; Monday; John W. DeForest.  
Dubec, Carleton Co.; Centenary, 289; Wm. V. Benn.  
Forest Glen, West Co.; Forest Glen 290; Thursday; Miss A. Hubley.  
Bristol, Carleton Co.; Bristol Union, 291; Tuesday; Rev. John Gravinor.  
East Florenceville, Carleton Co.; East Florenceville, 292; Saturday; Wm. Tompkins.  
Waterville, Carleton Co.; Waterville, 293; Saturday; J. T. Fletcher.  
Bath Carleton Co.; Ray of Hope, 294; Friday; Herbert Gray.  
Lower Coverdale, Albert Co.; Coverdale 295; Tuesday; F. A. Steeves.