

TEMPERANCE JOURNAL.

OUR MOTTO—NATIONAL PROHIBITION.

FREDERICTON, N. B., THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 4, 1886.

Vol. II., No. 44.
\$1.00 per Annum.

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IN THE NEST.

Gather them close to your loving heart—
Cradle them close to your loving breast;
They will soon enough leave your brooding care,
Soon enough mount youth's topmost stair—
Little ones in the nest.

Fret not that the children's hearts are gay,
That their restless feet will run;
There will come a time in the by-and-by
When you'll sit in your lonely room and sigh
For a sound of childish fun.

When you long for a repetition sweet,
That sound through each room
Of "mother! mother!" the dear love calls,
That will echo long through the silent halls,
And add to their stately gloom.

There may come a time when you'll long to hear
The eager, boyish tread,
The tuneless whistle, the clear, shrill shout,
The bustle and it,
And pattering overhead.

When the boys and girls are all grown up,
And scattered far and wide,
Or gone to the undiscovered shore,
Where youth and age come never more
You will miss them from your side.

Then gather them to your loving heart,
Cradle them to your breast,
They will soon enough leave your brooding care,
Soon enough mount youth's topmost stair—
Little ones in the nest.

Life counts not hours by joys or pangs
But just by duties done.
And when I lie in the green kirky-yard,
With the mound upon my breast,
Say not that "she did well or ill,"
Only "she did her best."

THE PRESTON TREASURE.

The Widow Preston's new boarder was named Dorman—Charles H. Dorman. He was a good-looking, mild-mannered young man, reticent in speech and given to solitude. He had briefly explained on his arrival that, preferring comfort to style, he had chosen the quiet sea-board village of Covert, in preference to Mt. Desert, which lay a few miles further east, as a place in which to spend his summer vacation. Pretty Polly Preston had an idea of her own, that money considerations might also have influenced his choice. For Polly had decided that young Mr. Dorman was not overburdened with this world's goods, for the reason that he habitually wore a suit of tweed which showed marks of hard service, and also smoked a brier pipe in his long strolls on the beach. And Polly considered shabby clothing and pipe-smoking the inevitable concomitants of genteel poverty.

Mrs. Preston and Polly were not themselves very wealthy. They owned the quaint old square-roofed house built in Revolutionary days, and lived on the interest of the life-insurance of Capt. Preston, the deceased husband and father, who had been lost at sea some years before. They had a cow, some hens, and a vegetable garden cultivated 'on shares' by Joe Miller, who regarded pretty Polly with admiring eyes, as, indeed, did all the eligible young men in Covert. For Polly was as good as she was pretty, and as capable as she was good—which is saying considerable.

The young lady in question was poking about the pansy bed, on a particularly warm June morning, about a fortnight after Mr. Dorman's arrival. The young man himself was standing irresolutely about the porch in a sort of brown study

Before him lay the harbor with its anchored vessels, and beyond the far reaching sea, whose distant sounding voice filled the summer air like the murmur of a shell. The soft, south wind rustled the syringa and the lilac bushes, and whispered unutterable suggestions in Polly's little pink ear, as she bent over the quaint-faced flowers.

'Oh, isn't it lovely!' involuntarily exclaimed Polly, standing upright with a great sigh of enjoyment. Polly meant the morning, her surrounding, and the pleasure of feeling that one is in existence on a charming June day.

But Dorman, who answered, 'Indeed it is,' with such fervor as to quite surprise the young lady, meant Polly herself. For instead of having been enjoying the beauty of the sea and sky, this impolite young man had been secretly studying the attractive picture of Polly, whose soft dark eyes and piquant face were shaded by a most becoming garden hat, fashioned and trimmed by her own deft fingers.

And Polly, who at this reply looked up rather wonderingly, blushed like a tea rose, as she caught his respectful admiring gaze bent full upon herself, while Mr. Dorman colored like a peony at being thus detected.

'I—a—beg your pardon—what a—a—very old house this seems to be' he stammered with hasty irrelevance, as he glanced upward at the old-time building with its small windows, and one enormous chimney at the very apex of the roof.

And Polly, who had seen something in the speaker's eyes that caused a curious fluttering in the region of her heart, said yes—it had been built more than a hundred years, she believed. And then, to cover the momentary confusion of her face, she hurriedly went on to repeat the family legend, devoutly believed in by generations of bygone Prestons, which was briefly to this effect: 'Old Arnold Preston, the original founder of the house, had been a man of great wealth and miserly habits. He was a sort of local money-lender in colonial days, and kept a large store of money by him. But one night Covert was attacked by Indians under the leadership of King Phillip, and old Arnold, who in dire apprehension had concealed his gold somewhere about the premises, was shot through the heart by an Indian arrow, while his family were taken away into captivity. Every succeeding generation of the Prestons had made vain search throughout the old building, but the hidden treasure had never been discovered.'

Such in substance was the story listened to by Dorman with eager intentness, not so much by reason of its absorbing interest as for the sake of the fair narrator, who stood resting her slim hand on the rose-trellis as she talked—the fairest flower of all the garden—so said the young man to his own heart.

'Oh, dear, I wish we could find it,' remarked Polly, with frank simplicity, as she concluded her recital; it must be so nice to have plenty of money. Don't you think so, Mr. Dorman?' she added, unthinkingly, as she lifted her clear eyes to her listener's handsome face, instantly regretting her heedless question, as a slight flush crossed his cheek.

'Yes—sometimes,' was his rather enigmatic answer, and then he changed the subject, by saying that if the Wave, Mrs. Preston's 'cat-boat,' was not engaged, he thought he would have a sail, as the morning was so fine. Now Polly, who had once seen Mr. Dorman's performances in the boating line, was by no means sure that he was quite wise in venturing off by himself, and rather timidly suggested something to this effect. But when did a man ever like to be told that he was not perfectly *au fait* in such matters, even by the lips of a pretty girl? Mr. Dorman only laughed, and politely ignored Polly's proposition to have Joe Miller, who was hoeing in the vegetable garden, accompany him, set forth with his face turned wharf ward. 'Easiest thing in the world to handle a boat, if one has only a little gumption,' soliloquized Mr. Dorman, as, an hour later he leaned comfortably back in the stern sheet of the staunch little cat-boat that headed seaward, the boom jibed well out, was running directly before the strong southerly breeze. And then, having lit his pipe, the young man gave himself up to a luxurious day-dream in which the witching face of Polly Preston was the prominent feature, for young Mr. Dorman was in love—and for the first time!

An hour passed. Then Mr. Dorman's reverie was abruptly—not to say rudely—broken. The boom jibed over with such startling and fiendish suddenness that it banged Mr. Dorman's head, and

sent his hat, with his pipe, spinning to leeward.

'Ow!' was his involuntary but natural exclamation, and it speaks well for the young man's moral character that he checked a more impetuous ejaculation. And as with difficulty he got the boat round, he saw that there was a threatening bank of thunder-clouds rising behind the Covert hills, presaging one of those sudden wind and rain squalls peculiar to our coast.

Of his wrathful and eminently unsuccessful efforts to recover his hat, I need say nothing. It is sufficient to add that in giving it up, after nearly a half-hour's striving in vain, Mr. Dorman flattened down the sheet which he immediately made fast to the cleat, in secure of knots. As the Wave, well over on her side, went spinning along the harbor mouth, she proved that in practice as in metaphor, there is a vast difference between sailing with the wind and sailing against it. Now, as the storm clouds blotted out the sun, and a vivid lightning flash was followed by a rattling thunder-peal, Mr. Dorman should have emulated the example of the fitting coasters and fishermen everywhere in sight, and shortened sail at once.

But he was anxious to reach the harbor mouth before it began to rain. 'For, of course, there won't be any wind to speak of,' he added, half aloud, when all at once—with a rush and a roar that filled the air with dust, and flying leaves from the bending trees on the shore—the squall struck! And the sheet being fast, the unvarying result followed. In another moment the Wave was upside down, and a drenched young man, convulsively clinging to the keel, was being drifted seaward as fast as wind and tide could carry him!

At the sound of the first thunder-peal Polly, who, with much apprehension, had been watching the coming squall, ran upstairs to Mr. Dorman's room, which commanded a grand outlook over the sea, with her father's old-fashioned spy-glass in her hand. On her way to the open window, she stooped to pick up some scattered papers which the wind had dislodged from the table.

'Upon my word!' exclaimed Polly aloud in an indescribable tone. For before her upon a sheet of drawing-paper was Polly's own exquisite face, with its broad white forehead, and about which clustered thick tendril-like rings of dark hair, and eyes of unfathomable depth, and underneath was written—'Polly carissima.'

'I wonder what "carissima" means, she said, very softly, with a tender light filling her eyes, as she laid the drawing on the table and turned to the window. Adjusting the glass with her fingers that trembled visibly, Polly looked seaward, just as a great gust of wind tore across the harbor, its roar almost drowning the terrible bass of the thunder-peal.

One minute she gazed, and then, as a little cry escaped her white lips, the glass fell to the floor, and Polly flew swiftly down stairs.

'Joe! Joe!' she cried; but alas! Joe had taken shelter from the storm at the corner store, while her mother was away somewhere, making a neighborly call.

Only a brief moment of hesitation and then Polly sped out through the driving rain, toward the wharf a cable's length distant, where lay her own pet row boat. And five minutes later? the boat itself was flying toward the harbor mouth, through the driving spray and storm, impelled by the light oars in the hands of a young girl, whose supple white wrists seemed, for the time, to hold an athlete's power.

'I could not have hung on many minutes longer,' quietly said Mr. Dorman, as, an hour afterward, he pulled the boat back toward Covert, with Polly, drenched to the skin, very much exhausted and strangely quiet, sitting in the stern, and the look which accompanied his words was more eloquent than speech.

'No?' returned Polly dreamily. 'Mr. Dorman,' she continued, a trifle abruptly, 'what does "carissima" mean?'

The young man started visibly, and then, bending his eye on Polly's crimson face he said—

'It means that to me you are the dearest thing in existence.' And Polly could only hide her blushes by placing her hands before her face, while her heart was beating with a strange tumult of joy.

'My own Polly carissima!' Mr. Dorman repeated this over and over again, in a dazed sort of way, while in the solitude of his own room he went through the prosaic operation of making the

necessary changes of raiment consequent upon a thorough ducking; for, as they parted at the bottom of the stairs, Polly had shyly whispered something in answer to his fervent appeal, and the remembrance of her sweet words had made him loose his head altogether.

Hence it was that, when the loop of his dress coat caught on the head of a rusty nail at the back of the old oaken wardrobe, Mr. Dorman, in place of carefully unhooking the same, twitched at it impatiently, thereby bringing down a loose board with a startling clatter.

And when, a little afterward, Mrs. Preston and Polly ran up to his room in obedience to his excited call, they found him staring at some half a dozen bulging, moulding buckskin bags, that he had ranged on the table as he had drawn them from the hidden recess.

'The Preston treasure!' cried Polly's mother, turning very pale, and sitting down with an excited suddenness in the nearest chair.

And so it was, in truth! Each bag contained one hundred golden guineas, and there were six of them.

'And so you are an heiress, after all, Polly,' said Mr. Dorman, with a little smile, as they stood together in the twilight, on the vine-covered porch, listening to the voice of the sea, whose lullaby had hushed Polly to sleep since her earliest infancy.

'Yes, but you won't think any less of me, Mr. Dorman?' answered Polly, rather anxiously.

'I'll try not to, Polly,' was the grave answer, 'if you'll promise not to think any the less of me, because I happened to have a comfortable little fortune of my own, some seventy-five or eighty thousand dollars, I believe.'

'And then, as he gently drew astonished Polly to his side, he told her of himself and his family. That, disgusted with the manoeuvring of match-making mamma, he had fled from the city, and sought the retirement of Covert as a refuge, never dreaming that here he should find the one being, etc.

'But what will you say to your people?' timidly asked Polly.

'I shall tell them I have found Polly carissima,' the Preston treasure,' he laughingly replied.

And such proved to be a fact.

A WARNING.—Charlie, said a sharp-voiced woman in a railway car, do you know that you and I once had a romance in a railway car? Never heard of it, replied Charles in a subdued tone. I thought you hadn't; but don't you remember it was that pair of slippers I presented to you the Christmas before we were married, that led to our union? You remember how nicely they fitted—don't you? Well, Charlie, one day when we were going to a picnic you had your feet up on a seat, and when you weren't looking I took your measure. But for that pair of slippers I don't believe we'd ever been married. A young unmarried man, sitting near by, immediately took down his feet from a seat.

NEEDS MUST.—Most people are like the woodchuck in the following incident. They can do things when they have to, no matter how impossible such performance has seemed previously. This woodchuck, said the narrator of the incident, was chased by a dog until ready to die of exhaustion, when it climbed a tree, and thus saved its life. Tut, tut, man, said a listener; what are you saying? Don't you know that a woodchuck cannot climb a tree? Well, don't I know that? Of course a woodchuck can't climb a tree, but that woodchuck just had to!

HOME HAPPINESS.—Probably nineteen-twentieths of the happiness you will ever have, you will get at home. The independence that comes to a man when his work is over, and he feels that he has run out of the storm into the quiet harbor of home, where he can rest at peace with his family, is something real. It does not make much difference whether you own your house or have one little room in that house, you can make that little room a true home to you. You can people it with such moods, you can turn it to it with such sweet fancies, that it will be fairly luminous with their presence, and will be to you the very perfection of a home. Against this home none of you should ever transgress. You should always treat each other with courtesy. It is often not so difficult to love a person as it is to be courteous to him. Courtesy is of great value, and a more royal grace than some people seem to think. If you will but be courteous to each other, you will soon learn to love each other more wisely, profoundly, not to say lastingly, than you ever did before.



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