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## LITERATURE.

### WHY HE COMES NOT.

She stands at the garden gate to-night;  
No word does the maiden speak,  
But her eyes are full of an anxious light,  
And a teardrop gleams like a diamond bright  
On the rose of her velvet cheek.

The sun in his glory has long since set,  
The robin has ceased his song;  
With the falling dew the leaves are wet,  
The hour is past and he comes not yet,  
Oh, why does he stay so long?

In vain she seeks to restrain her tears  
As the precious moments fleet;  
And her heart is filled with doubts and fears,  
As she listens stands and strains her ears  
For the sound of her lovers feet.

Oh, beautous maid at the garden gate,  
I pity thy woeful plight;  
But get thee in, for the hour is later,  
For thy lovers coming no longer wait,  
He will not appear to-night.

Fain would the youth to thy side have flown,  
But he hadn't a chance of clothes,  
For his washerwoman, her patience gone,  
To his shirts and collars and cuffs holds on  
Till he pays up the bill he owes.

### THE TRAMPS RETURN.

Back to the city, the noisy city,  
All topsy turvy with jar and hum,  
Chanting a light and airy ditty,  
By browsing meadow I slowly come  
I leave this bright, enchanting scenery  
And leave a light that is more than sweet,  
For I strike a line for the ten-cent beauty,  
On Chatham street.

I'll miss my bed in the cosy haystack,  
I'll miss my raw turnip along the way,  
Ah, me! that fate would the flowers of May  
stack  
Right in my visions, and make it May,  
No maid unto me will the cast off food chuck,  
Without a plate, or a knife or fork,  
And so I go skimming as fast as a woodchuck  
Back to New York.

No more will the bull-dog cause me bloodshed,  
And read me, sore with his mighty jaw,  
No more for a meal, out behind the woodshed  
Shall I have to steal lots of wood to saw,  
I'll fly to New York in my swiftest manner,  
And, as I am tough on my hardened feet  
I'll carry a ten-cent restaurant banner  
From street to street.

### WHEN THE SHIP COMES HOME.

It was certainly a small room, but a very cozy one. The bright fire shone reflected in the teapot and spoons, and lit up with ruddy touches the fair hair of the girl who was cutting ample slices of bread at the table.

Three cups and saucers suggested the number expected to the meal, but for the moment Alice Graham was alone. It was only as the clock struck half-past six that she lit the lamp and completed her preparations; then, after five minutes' impatient waiting, she turned and rapped smartly on the door which separated her little parlor from another.

Aunt Emily! Uncle Cliffe! she cried. We are coming, was the response, given in a pleasant, manly voice. Just five minutes' grace, Alice!

You have had it, she answered; and if you are not quick you will be sorry, for I have toasted you some muffins. You know what they are in a cooling state.

Apparently this reason for speed was admitted; there was a rustling of papers a putting back of chairs, and then a tall fair man and a short, dark woman came in together.

Alice was mistress there, for she presided at the table, and motioned them to their seats in rather an imperious manner.

I don't know what would become of you if I were, not here to see that you ate and drank and slept, she remarked, as she filled the three cups from the quaint old silver teapot. I don't think any interior voice ever suggests to Uncle Cliffe that it is dinner or tea time, and Aunt Emily seems equally unacquainted with the gnawing hunger that assails me at certain hours of the day.

They both laughed, the man merrily, the woman in a quiet, half abstracted fashion, as if she only re-echoed her brother Clifford's mirth, without being aware of its cause.

At one and twenty hunger is very self-assertive, and Clifford Graham looked admiringly at his niece. When you get old, my dear Alice, it will not matter very much whether you eat at six or seven, or not at all.

Then I shall have to change very much, she answered. At present it matters a good deal.

There was a pause, in which the muffins were handed around.

How have you got on to-day? said Alice then, turning to her aunt. Is the translation finished, or nearly? When it is I am resolved that we will have a holiday or a treat of some kind.

Miss Graham shook her head rather sadly.

It will take another fortnight of hard work to finish what I am about, and then I must begin something else. Treats and holidays are not for me, Alice.

It was not complainingly said; it was more the utterance of a long-accepted fact, which was not to be quarrelled with.

Alice's bright eyes were rather dim for a moment; then, brushing her hand hastily across them, she cried,—

Oh, I wish I had been born clever, and then I could work for you! Why—oh why have I no genius for anything? Why should all the brains allotted to the Graham family have been confined to you and dear Uncle Cliffe?

Such outbursts were so rare with the girl that the elder people gazed at her in astonished silence.

Clifford Graham was the first to recover from his surprise, which he did almost directly.

You have a genius for keeping house and making us more comfortable than we could ever be without you, he said. As you are neither poet, painter, musician nor sculptor, be thankful, Alice, that you are a veritable household angel to us two undomesticated yet hard-worked beings.

I do not place much confidence in household angels, the girl answered with a little laugh that was not altogether a happy one. However, let us talk of something nicer than my limited powers of talk of usefulness. Let us plan out all we will do when our ship comes home.

This was a favorite theme with pretty Alice. The said 'ship' was a volume which the poor but gifted author, Clifford Graham, had lately launched upon the uncertain sea of popular favor, and on its success depended the carrying out of many a fond project.

Not only was there to be a general furnishing up of the shabby-genteel little house, not only was Emily to be forced into a complete set of new outdoor apparel, and Alice made happy by a gold watch, but they three were to have a little trip together to some place across the channel, where hard-worked brains might find rest, and also gather fresh ideas on which to exercise themselves. Alice changed her mind every week as to where she wished that visionary month to be spent. Sometimes it was to be in quaint Brittany, sometimes among the lakes and mountains of Switzerland.

Now her desires would centre on Belgian cities; anon she craved something a little less common place, as Norway and Sweden. Whatever she said, whatever she advocated, it was all the same to Clifford and Emily. So long as Alice was pleased they would be happy anywhere; for, since they brought her away, a little three-years' orphan, from a desolate home, her will had been their law, and her smiles the very sunshine of their hitherto colorless lives.

I doubt not that there was some touch of romance in the past history of this bachelor of forty and his spinster sister of nearly ten years older. I feel sure that if we knew it there was some hidden reason for their sympathy with each

other in their toilsome life as literary workers; but of all this I can say nothing. I know them only as I show them now, with their pretty, fair-haired niece waiting in hope for their ship to come home.

It was fully three months after the evening of the tea and muffins, and no result of Clifford Graham's venture was known. He was very patient if not hopeful; his niece was very hopeful and not patient; Emily worker on, and said nothing of either hope or fear.

Uncle Cliffe, said Alice, one day in May, do give yourself a rest; you look so worn and tired. I know it goes against your conscience to take a holiday, so you shall make it business. Go up to town and see what those tiresome publishers have to say to you.

Mr. Graham smiled doubtfully.

If I thought it would do any good, he said slowly. These things take time, my dear Alice, and if there was any news I should hear it by the post.

Aunt Emily, do you try and persuade him; he will listen to you, cried the niece. Just three-quarters of an hour's railway journey, and he will be in town, and it will do him all the good in the world.

Emily looked from Alice to her brother.

It would be no harm done, Clifford she said in her quiet, reflective way. Messrs. Stone & Hill are not very prompt, and a little inquiry might be well.

Then if both you and Alice are against me, to town I must go, said Clifford, gravely. Now I think of it, I am very weary of pen, ink and paper. I have wondered lately if my brains were wearing out.

When he was fairly off the elder lady betook herself to the back parlor, which was used as a writing room; the younger one bestirred herself in directing the maid of all work, and in the daily household duties which fell to the share of a queen regnant over a very small kingdom. From some cause that they could not have explained, Emily and Alice were out of spirits all day. Perhaps the sister missed the quiet figure from the table opposite her own, felt that she had no one to appeal to as censor or encourager in that laborious work of German translation which had taken the place of one but lately accomplished. Perhaps the niece missed the smile and kindly talk which was always forthcoming at meal-time, however busy or tired Clifford Graham might be. At any rate, a cloud was over the small household, and if the absentee had not appeared punctually at six o'clock, they would have promptly decided that something terrible had befallen him.

Is it good news? was Alice's exclamation as she ran to meet him in the doorway; but the expression of his face was so grave that she hastened to add, Oh, no! I see. But never mind, dear Uncle Cliffe; for what does anything matter while we are all together?

What, indeed! answered Clifford, drawing her near and kissing her fair, broad brow. However, this time you jump at conclusions too hastily, my niece. My publishers tell me that I have made a success at last.

She executed a *pas seul* on the door mat, but checked it to cry,—

And you have brought home a heap of money, uncle?

Not one shilling more than I took out; less, indeed, because of my railway fare, he answered, smiling.

Then our ship has not come home, cried Alice in despair.

They had joined Emily in the parlor by this time, and a quick glance passed between her and Clifford.

My dear niece, he said gently, how are you going to bear all the ups and downs of life if you have no waiting power? Our ship is not home, but suppose we say she is telegraphed—will that please you?

Oh, yes! and Alice brightened. I only hoped we could begin at once to do all the things which we have planned.

The little room was the scene of a good deal of happiness that evening; no one would have guessed who entered there that to the head of the household it was one of torture. As soon as Alice had departed to rest, he drew his chair nearer to his sister's and laid his hand on hers with a rarely exhibited tenderness.

If anything could make me more thankful that I have lived to succeed, Emily, and Clifford's voice was tremulous, it is a knowledge which was reached me for the first time to-day. I have not felt myself lately, and so I took the opportunity of hearing what one of the best London physicians thought of me. And he thought badly? said Miss

Graham, with quick apprehension. I know it. I have felt all day that something dreadful was coming.

A smile played around his mouth; long years after his sister seemed to see it when she thought of him.

It is not dreadful news, he said. I am startled now and sad for you and that child. But after the first surprise there will be nothing to grieve over, because I know that my place on the battle-field of life will soon be vacant.

Do you mean that you are going to die? Emily spoke hoarsely, and grasped the thin hand held out to her.

By-and-by, I suppose. Even clever doctors cannot tell the day or the year. All I know is, that I have the malady of which my mother died, and any day the end may come.

There was a dreadful silence now in the room which, awhile before, had been filled with Alice's gay talk.

It is too awful; I cannot believe it! said Emily, at last, in a choking, sobbing voice. What am I to do, Clifford?

He told her many of his wishes before they bade each other good-night, with fast falling tears; told her of the sum he expected in a few short weeks, and of a further sum which would follow later.

If I had lived longer I might have made you prosperous, my dear, good sister, he said. As it is, you will for a time be free of care. And meanwhile—till I leave you—let us be as happy as we can for Alice's sake.

Emily Graham was a brave and a patient woman, and despite an aching heart, she concealed her care beneath a quiet exterior. Each day found her at her usual work, and if her eyes filled with tears as they glanced across toward Clifford's special corner, she always had a smile ready for him if he happened to raise his head. Together they worked, together they calmly waited for what each day might bring forth, resolved only to let no shadow fall from them upon their darling Alice.

When will you hear any more? When are we to have our holiday and all the rest of the delightful things we have promised ourselves. Uncle Cliff? she sometimes asked.

When you see a business-like looking envelop, marked with the name of 'Stone & Hill, Publishers,' I think you may be sure there is a cheque in it, was the answer.

Alice used to run and meet the postman after that and she would scan the letters with first an eager, then a disappointed, glance.

There came at length a day when, with a little scream of delight, she danced back to the parlor, where breakfast was ready.

I can't wait for Uncle Cliffe, she cried. I know he will be here in a minute, Aunt Emily; still, I must go up to his room and shout that the news that our ship has come home at last.

As the words escaped her she was gone, flying two steps at a time up the narrow stairs. She knocked; she gave her news, but no answers came from within. When at last, in awe and terror, Emily hurried to her, and they ventured in together, one glance at the motionless form on the bed showed that the sudden death predicted for Clifford Graham had overtaken him in the night before the 'ship came home.'

'Ah, Farmer Robinson,' said his fair city guest, 'how quietly you live out here in the country; you are not disturbed by society quarrels, or political excitement, or labor troubles, but all is so comfortable and pleasant.'

'Yes, Miss, I s'pose it looks so to you; but there's the hottest society quarrel over who's going to sing alto in the choir next year; an' then there's politics; Ben Johnson swears I shan't be selectman agin; and as for labor troubles, my hired man struck yesterday because I wanted him to milk the cows before breakfast. Oh, you see we have our little seasons of enjoyment as well as you city folks.'

Among the advertisements in a German paper appeared the following, 'The gentleman who found a purse with money in the Blumenstrasse is requested to forward it to the address of the loser, as he is recognized.' A few days afterwards the reply was inserted: 'The recognized gentleman who picked up a purse in the Blumenstrasse requests the loser to call at his house.'

A train had just emerged from a tunnel and a vinegar-faced maiden of thirty five said to her male companion: 'Tunnels are such bores!' But a young lady of eighteen, who sat just in front adjusted her hat, brushed the frizzes back and said to the young man beside her: 'I think tunnels are awfully nice!'

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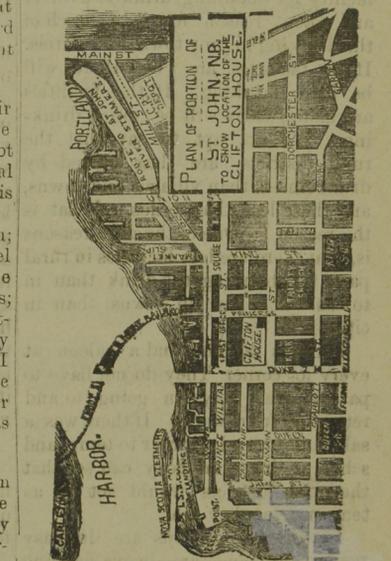
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