

ORGANIZING.

Howard Still Progressing.

As a result of the meeting held at Old Ridge recently by members of Howard Division application was made by a number of those interested in forming a division of the Sons of Temperance and a charter obtained.

Last Monday night the G. W. P. accompanied by about thirty members of Howard Div., drove out to the hall and organized Brunswick Division 309 under very favourable auspices.

The Division starts out with a membership of about thirty and judging from the character of the Charter Members there is no reason why they should not have a prosperous future before them.

The officers installed are as follows:—John A. Grant, W P; Levi Fraser, W A; Miss Annie Chase, R S; Harry Maxwell, A R S; Miss Turner, F S; Elma Maxwell, Treas; Robt Sizen, Chap; Alfred Murchie, Con; Miss Addie Maxwell, A C; Mrs Levi Fraser, I S; Frank Mitchell, O S; Miss Charlotte Milberry, P W P.

On Wednesday April 28th Rev. G. M. Campbell, Grand Chaplain went to St George in response to an invitation to address a public meeting and assist in organizing a Division at that place.

After a very entertaining and stirring temperance meeting in the evening he proceeded to organize St. George Division with a charter membership of sixty six.

The following were elected and installed officers for the ensuing quarter.

S. Lynott, W P; M. Coffey, W A; J. C. H. Lawrence, R S; Miss Annie Armstrong, A R S; F. Bogue, F S; C. McCormick, Treas; Jas. Brown, Chap; L. Murphy, Con; Miss Josie Parks, A C; Samuel Murray, I S; S. Connley, O S; Jas. Dodds, P W P; R. H. Davis, D G W P; Miss Ata Weyman, organist.

"Old Howard" has quite a reputation for missionary work as the many Divisions throughout Charlotte Co. organized by her members testify and perhaps this is the secret of our success as a Division.

It shows that her members are wide awake and realize the importance of organized effort in this great movement, for these divisions are very important factors in moulding public sentiment in the different communities and their influence for good is considerable.

Most of the divisions in the vicinity are getting down to their work with renewed vigor after the winter season which is their dullest time. Rising Sun at Heathland an active and promising division is doing good work this Spring. They lately held a highly successful entertainment, assisted by members from Howard Division, to enable them to procure a set of officer's regalia, and they are also devising means for building a hall which is needed very much in that district.

We all feel particularly interested in these divisions as they were all organized by "Old Howard" and many pleasant and profitable fraternal visits are made between us.

Our initiations are regular every Friday night and we will soon have initiated 500 since Jan 1st.

Under the head of "Good of the order" we have some excellent entertainment each evening, and the attendance is still good notwithstanding many attractions outside.

The G. W. P. and Grand Chaplain will probably represent this division at the semi-annual session of the Grand Division.

If the last half of the year should prove as profitable in Division work as the six months just drawing to a close we will have good grounds for congratulations on our success.

Hugh McKenna is now standing trial for violation of the Canada Temperance Act and there are more to follow.

Violators of the law will find that inspector McEwen is not to be trifled with and while apparently unconcerned in regard to their movements he is silently gathering his meshes about them from which they will find it difficult to extricate themselves.

HOWARD.

St. Stephen, N. B.
May 8 1886.

HAVE THE TOOTH OUT.

"You can't make a man sober by Act of Parliament."

So they said. I thought it over. It didn't seem to me a self-evident proposition.

"Why not?" said I. Then came a crusher.

"You might as well try to cure the tooth-ache by Act of Parliament. This made me reflect. I had been troubled with the toothache. Worried by it. Maddened by it. Kept off my work, my meals, my happiness by it. My health was failing in consequence. My temper was gone. My mind was going. I was invited to try various remedies.

"Stop it," said some.

"But how," I inquired.

"Fill the tooth with gold," they exclaimed.

The tooth was thus primed, but the toothache went on.

"Clear it out," said others.

"How—how?" was my agonised exclamation.

"Cleanse the blessed thing," they told me.

I did. I got it inspected. Illuminated. Syringed. Fumigated. Made beautiful with camphorated chalk, bath brick, plate powder, and floriline. No good.

"Give it a rest on Sundays," said a clerical friend.

I tried this. Even on Sundays there were some *bona fide* twinges: on Mondays it was as bad as ever. What was I to do?

"Be extra careful what you let into it," advised a civic functionary.

Nothing could exceed my care. Three magistrates certified the good, harmless, excellent character of all I put into my tooth. I felt safe. Not for long. I soon felt sold. The results were disappointing. Distressing. Excruciating. Somehow the certificated application lost its virtue the moment it got inside.

"Hold a drink of water in your mouth, and sit on the fire till it boils," urged a knowing one.

I began to think this was the only remedy. At last I took counsel of a fanatic.

"Try the Parliamentary cure," said he.

"What's that?" said I.

"Have the tooth out; a short Act will do it."

This seemed drastic. It would leave a gap in my social system. I should miss an old friend. The tooth had a vested interest. I hesitated, I took courage.

"Let the operation cost what it may it must come," I cried.

So I summoned the dentist.

"I am ready for the Parliamentary cure," said I.

It took a strong pull. It was done. The tooth was gone. So was the toothache. I was happy.

Let us see. No tooth, no toothache. Granted. No drink traffic, no drink. Eh, what! Is that a fact? No drink traffic, no drink. I never thought of that. No drink, no drunkenness. I see. A mule with no hind legs doesn't kick. He is quiet. If a man can get nothing to drink, he doesn't drink. He is sober. An Act of Parliament can make him so. By whitewashing the public-house? Not quiet. Sanctifying it on Sundays, in big places only? Scarcely. What, then, do you want Parliament to enact? PROHIBITION.—I T L G.

RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCE.

A GLOOMY VIEW OF PROTESTANT CHRISTENDOM.

It is not a very bright view of the outlook of Protestant Christendom which Bishop Foster presents in his papers in the Independent. In the broad sense, there are said to be 110,000,000 Protestants, but this term includes all the population of Protestant countries, not pagan, Jew or Catholic, or in some other way alien to Protestantism. In point of fact, there are only about 30,000,000 communicants in all the Protestant sects in the world. Of the remainder there are perhaps, 30,000,000 children having a quasi connection with the churches. The remaining 50,000,000 are outside the pale of any church. Of these 30,000,000 Protestant communicants about 1,000,000 are in unevangelical communions. If now, says the Bishop, we carefully and honestly study the actual condition of the so-called evangelical churches, we find that they comprise not more than 29,

000,000 of the 1, 450,000,000 of the world's population. Even of this number, fully one-half are so undeveloped that they do not count as positive factors. The working factors of Protestantism are thus reduced to 15,000,000. As to the 60,000 Protestant pastors, the Bishop is inclined to class one-third of them as either inefficient, or actual impediments. Nor are the non-church Protestants simply neutrals, many of them are active and dangerous opponents. They include avowed infidels, educated and wealthy and indifferent, and the so-called vicious classes. The infidels make open attacks upon the Christian system and combine in leagues to destroy it. The wealthy and fashionable class put the playhouse before the church, and Mammon before God. At the bottom are the vicious classes, than whom heathenism has nothing worse to show. Upon the perils which threaten from this quarter the Bishop writes energetically:

"Rum engenders poverty; poverty and rum engender crime. From the Government rum-shop, the wild beast hunts his prey. Is Christendom struck with judicial blindness, that she sleeps? Are her eyes holden that she cannot see? There are armies marching and counter-marching with banners on which are emblazoned dynamite, anarchism, communism, nihilism, labour league, no Sabbath, down with the Church and State, recruited from the dram-shop and officered from the kennel. Are we so deaf that we do not hear the tramp of the gathering legions? Nations that plunder; nations that batten the wild beast of passion will be devoured by the wild beasts of rapine and ruin. The rum-hole must be closed or the rum hell will engulf Christendom."

VALUABLE TESTIMONY

Does alcohol help one to better endure intense heat, cold or exposure? Let the testimony of a noted traveler, Sir John Ross, give the answer to this question. In 1852 he said: "I went to Greenock and was bound apprentice four years, during which time I made three voyages to the West Indies and three to the Baltic. I had therefore, a good opportunity of observing the injurious effects of intoxicating liquors in both climates. My first voyage was to Jamaica, where the captain and several of the crew died. Excepting that I never drank spirits, I took no care of myself. I exposed myself to the sun and slept on the deck in the dew, and ate fruit without feeling any bad effect. (The climate in this part of the world is very hot and very trying.) I soon lost my hat and shoes, and ran about bareheaded and barefooted; but I never tasted spirits and to this alone do I attribute the extraordinary good health that I enjoyed. My next voyage was to St. Petersburg where I spent the winter in like manner. I was running about bareheaded and barefooted upon the ice, but I never tasted spirits. My next voyage was to the Bay of Honduras, and alternately to the Baltic. On the last voyage to Honduras all the common sailors died—twelve in number—and I was the only one that went out on the ship that returned alive, which I attributed entirely to my abstaining from the use of spirituous liquors. I will now say a few words on my voyages to the Arctic regions, which occupied the space of four years. I was twenty years older than any of the officers and crew, and thirty years older than all excepting three, yet I could stand the cold and endure the fatigue better than any of them, who all made use of tobacco and spirits."

"The marked falling off in crime of a grave and serious nature is a matter for the heartiest congratulation, and in proof of this fact we have only to refer to our tabulated statement of the cases laid before us for investigation. The good results of the prohibition law continue to be marked and promise to be permanent, notwithstanding the fact that men of influence, respectability and social standing and professional, are assisting to render these results nugatory, by withholding the facts of violations of the law, by giving evasive and equivocal answers to the inquiries of the Grand Jury, and in assisting to devise ways and means of evading the law. This Grand Jury has seen a prescription signed by a physician of this parish and given to a man of aggravated habits of intemperance for

JOHNSON'S ANODYNE LINIMENT

The Most Wonderful Family Remedy Ever Known.

CURES—Diphtheria, Croup, Asthma, Bronchitis, Neuralgia, Rheumatism, Bleeding at the Lungs, Hoarseness, Intermittent Chills, Whooping Cough, and all other Remedies for External Use.

Excels all other Remedies for External Use. CURES—Catarrh, Cholera Morbus, Dysentery, Chronic Diarrhoea, Kidney Troubles, and Spinal Disease. Circulars free. I. S. JOHNSON & CO., Boston, Mass.

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MAKE NEW, RICH BLOOD.

Positively cure SICK-HEADACHE, Biliousness, and all LIVER and BOWEL Complaints, MALARIA, BLOOD POISON, and Skin Diseases (ONE PILL A DOSE). For Female Complaints these Pills have no equal. Find them a valuable Cathartic and Liver Pill—Dr. T. M. Palmer, Monticello, Fla. "In my practice I use no other."—J. Dennison, M.D., DeWitt, Iowa. Sold everywhere, or sent by mail for 25 cts. in stamps. Valuable information FREE. I. S. JOHNSON & CO., BOSTON, MASS.

It is a well-known fact that most of the Horse and Cattle Powder sold in this country is worthless: that Sheridan's Condition Powder is absolutely pure and very valuable. Nothing on Earth will make hens lay like Sheridan's Condition Powder. Dose, one teaspoonful to each pint of food. It will also positively prevent and cure

MAKE HENS LAY

CHICKEN CHOLERA,

Hog Cholera, &c. Sold everywhere, or sent by mail for 25c. in stamps. Furnished in large cans, price \$1.00; by mail, \$1.20. Circulars free. I. S. JOHNSON & CO., Boston, Mass.

as much as one gallon of whiskey at a time; and also a prescription bottle with label so arranged that any one might have it filled at any time, and also a prescription bottle to refill given by a physician and directed to no particular druggist, or for no particular quantity. We would urgently ask the Police Jury to give this matter their careful and thoughtful consideration, and that they may endeavor to formulate some law whereby these evils may be reached."—(Grand Jury, Alexandria, La., April 13, 1886.)

THE TOO SMART JUDGE

A good story, told at the expense of a well-known ex-judge, is going the rounds of the lawyers' offices, and it is heartily appreciated by those who best know the irascible but good-hearted disposition of the old gentleman. It was an admiralty case, where he is most at home. The deposition of a sailor, who was soon to die had to be taken at his bedside in Brooklyn. "How long," the ex-judge snapped out as the first question on cross examination, "do you think it was after the vessel left the wharf before the collision occurred?"

The sailor was himself something of a character, and not so near death but that he appreciated the vital importance of "getting back on" a cross-examining lawyer. "Waal," he drawled out, "bout ten minutes, I s'd judge."

"Ten minutes! Ten minutes!" exclaimed the lawyer, jumping up. "Man how long do you think ten minutes to be?"

"Jest 'bout ten minutes," was the unruffled reply.

"How do you generally measure ten minutes?" persisted the lawyer.

The old sailor turned slowly in his bed and eyed his questioner. Then he turned back again and said indifferently: "Waal sometimes wid a watch and sometimes wid a clock."

This made the lawyer a little mad. He jerked his watch from his pocket and said in a querulous, high-pitched voice: "Oh, you do, do you? Well, I'll tell you when to begin, and you tell me when ten minutes are up."

The sailor slyly winked at the lawyer on the other side, and he took in the situation in an instant and made no objection. The ex-judge stood with his back to a mantel on which a little clock was quietly indicating the time to the sailor, who lay facing it.

"Aye, aye," the sailor said, and remained silent.

After three minutes had passed the ex-judge became impatient and exclaimed: "See here, are you going to keep us here all day?" But the sailor made no answer. As five and six and seven minutes went by the lawyer became almost wild in his assumed anger at the man for keeping them so long beyond the time. But not until the hand of the clock was on the exact notch of ten minutes did the sailor speak. Then he said carelessly: "Guess the time mus' be 'bout up."

The judge put up his watch and sank back in his chair. "Well," he said, "of all men, dying or alive, that I ever saw, you can measure time the best."

It is said that the ex-judge does not even yet know what made the other lawyers double themselves over with laughter as they did at that last remark of his.

"Yes," said the merchant, "I always mark the most expensive of my goods as 'sold' during the holiday season. Then when women read the signs it makes them crazy to have the same article, and they are so disappointed that I finally promise to try and get them another—which of course, I have no trouble in doing. Oh, it's a great scheme, I tell you, and never fails."

Inflammation or sore eyes can be cured in a few days by taking equal parts of Minard's Liniment and new cream and bathing them freely at night and morning.

THE NEW ORDER OF THINGS.—New York Sun: Lady (to husband)—Why did you bow so politely to that very common-looking man just now? Husband (a capitalist)—He belongs to the Knights of Labor, my dear.



British Mails.

THE FIRST PACKET of the Weekly Liverpool Mail Line is intended to be despatched from Quebec on Thursday, the 13th of May, under the usual Summer arrangements. The outgoing Steamer sailing from Halifax on the 8th of May, will be the last mail Steamer from Halifax this season.

The Mails for the United Kingdom depart by the Steamer leaving Quebec via Rimouski for Liverpool on the 13th of May.—The first outgoing Steamer under the Summer arrangement and by each succeeding Steamer during the present Summer, shall leave the St. John P. O. in time to get forward by train leaving St. John on Wednesday evenings and due at Rimouski on Thursday afternoons.

Postmasters and Railway Mail Clerks in the New Brunswick Division will please be governed by this Notice in the despatch of Mails for Europe via Steamers from Rimouski.

JOHN McMILLAN,
P. O. Inspector.

P. O. Inspector's Office,
St. John, April 28, 1886.

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