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Editor and Proprietor.

## LITERATURE.

### WHY I VOTED FOR THE SCOTT ACT.

AS TOLD BY BENJAMIN HARTONE, YEOMAN.

Well, John, the whiskey's voted out  
By nigh a thousand strong;  
And likely lots 'll think the world  
Will go to smash ere long!  
And likely you will think it strange  
That I should turn my coat,  
And after fightin' for the grog,  
Drop in a Scott Act vote.  
And if you do I won't complain,  
For it seems mighty queer,  
That after forty tipping years  
I should refuse my beer.

I never liked those temperance folks,  
With their pledges and their rules,  
And oft'n I have called them all  
A set of jumped up fools!  
I went for doin' as you please—  
The grog did me no harm,  
And many a cold and stormy day  
I'm sure it kept me warm.  
And Jim, the oldest chap of mine,  
Could take his glass of beer—  
'Thro' when I saw him at the bar,  
I sometimes di' feel queer!  
But, surely he can drink, says I,  
Without agoin' too far;  
And so with some excuse like that  
I managed not to care.

So when last June they came to get  
Their old "partition" signed,  
I poked up a bit, you bet,  
And let them have my mind!  
I didn't go behind their backs  
To tell them what I thought,  
And mind, I coaxed you, they weren't long  
Agettin' off the lot.

So all the fall I toughed it out;  
I didn't want to hear  
No argument about the curse  
That comes from rum and beer.  
Says I, if others wish to drink,  
And make themselves like swine,  
They've only got themselves to blame—  
It's no concern of mine.  
And I was mighty thick all fall  
With all the rummies round,  
Though sometimes I began to stare  
To see where I was found;  
For from the first the people seemed  
To make a clean divide,  
And I could see with half an eye  
Mine was the sealy side.  
I didn't like it much, but still  
Says I, we must endure;  
And though my backers ain't the best,  
I'm right, that's certain sure.

Well, just the day before the vote,  
Jim took a load of hay  
To town; 'twas selling well they say,  
(It's down, I heard, to-day.)  
Thinking, near night, he should be home,  
I walked down to the gate,  
A wonderin' to myself the while  
What could have kept him late.  
I hadn't been ten minutes there,  
When the team came tearin' home,  
And Jim a-whoopin' like a fiend,  
And the horses in a foam;  
I didn't quite know what was up,  
And hadn't long to think,  
For they had got right up to me  
'Bout as quick as you could wink!  
The lines were trailin' somewhere,  
But the horses knew the gate;  
They tried their best for to turn in  
But they didn't do it straight;  
They smashed against the gate-post  
Like a ship against a rock,  
I was sure they all were ruined,  
I tell you 'twas a shock!  
Jim was pitched into a drift,  
(Lucky it saved his neck.)  
And the horses weren't much the worse,  
But the sleigh was all a wreck.

Well, I got him pulled out somehow  
And the horses straightened up;  
And Jim began to tell me how  
He'd only had a sup—  
I didn't talk much then, you bet,  
I got him home to bed,  
I tell you, John, I felt that mean  
I couldn't lift my head.  
I couldn't blame the boy so much  
For gettin' on ahead,  
Upon the road that had tramped,  
Well knowin' where it led.

I did some solid thinkin', John,  
That night as you may think—  
The old house clock struck twelve before  
I slept a single wink.  
I wondered how I could have been  
So blind and selfish too,  
For when the whiskey touched my home,  
I soon knew what to do.  
I didn't stand on taxes then,  
Or barley, or hotels;  
I got a glimpse of what makes some  
Call drinkin' houses hells.  
It kind of chilled me when I thought  
Of how I would have felt  
If Jim had been killed outright then—  
It made my old heart melt.

I tried to picture to myself  
How drunken rascals' wives,  
Or boys with drinking parents,  
Put in their battered lives.  
I saw some sides to temperance,  
Or intertemperance you will say,  
That put me in a mood that night,  
The opposite of gay.  
Next morning I was up betimes—  
And first to poll my vote;  
And now I think you ought to know  
What made me turn my coat!  
—Abell King, in "Montreal Witness."

Remember all fines under the Scott Act  
into the Municipal or City Revenue.

Crime never has prevailed over  
law in this country to any great  
extent, or very long, when vigorously  
pressed by the legal authorities.  
And prohibition has been tried and  
proven successful, very largely sup-  
pressing intemperance wherever it  
has had a reasonable trial.

## Roman Catholics

### Their Interest and Work in the Cause of the SCOTT ACT.

The remark is often made, "Such a class do not seem to manifest much interest in the cause." We are of opinion that in one way or another all classes of Churchmen are doing a fair share of work; but this much we may fairly claim for our Roman Catholic friends, that they are in the front rank of earnest, untiring workers, as shown by almost numberless Societies in every town and village in Canada.

Not the least pleasant of the results of the interest felt in the advancement of temperance has been the breaking down of the barriers so long preventing that close relation that should exist with all good men, to unite in the philanthropic movements of the present day.

To what more hopeful sign can the temperance man point than is contained in the following extract from the *Montreal Witness*:

"One of the most cheering spectacles for the friends of temperance was witnessed here last night, in the presence of

#### ARCHBISHOP, NOW CARDINAL TASCHEREAU.

the highest dignitary of the Roman Catholic Church in this Province, and a number of the Priests openly and heartily co-operating on a public platform with the Protestant clergy of the city, and prominent laymen of all creeds, in temperance work.

The occasion was the annual meeting of the Quebec Vigilance Association, of which His Grace Archbishop Taschereau is honorary and Dr Marsden active President. The meeting was held in Victoria Hall, His Grace occupied the chair, attended by the Rev Father Grenier, and a number of other Catholic priests. Among the Protestants present were the Rev Messrs Houseman, Ridley Reoxford and Lucas, the last named having come to Quebec to lecture on the Scott Act.

During the afternoon Mr. Lucas had a long and most sympathetic interview with His Grace at the Archbishop's palace. Speeches were delivered and resolutions passed at this meeting, and no doubt the good cause received a boom in Quebec and the liquor traffic a blow from which it will never recover. It is evidently doomed in Quebec.

Since this meeting Archbishop Taschereau has formally set the seal of his approbation upon the movement by ordering 20,000 copies of the Scott Act to be printed in French for circulation among the members of his Church, and on each copy appears his Episcopal sanction—"Imprimatur: +E. A., Archiep. Quebecen."

Again, in Charlottetown, P. E. Island, we see the same happy results following the combined action of Catholic and Protestant on the temperance platform. On the occasion of a meeting called to advocate the adoption of the Scott Act, side by side were priests and clergymen of all denominations supported by the Catholic Bishop, the

#### RIGHT REVEREND DR. P. MCINTYRE.

Were it necessary how many more names of Catholic divines could be added to the list, such as Bishop La Fleche of Three Rivers, Bishop Racine of Sherbrooke, Bishop Tache, with hosts of others.

Last autumn Cardinal Manning journeyed from London to Liverpool

to attend a Temperance Congress; in his speech he said, "I admit that a 'Maine Law' may be called an extreme remedy, but have I not already proved that there is an extreme evil."

Who among the people of St John and Portland will soon forget the soul-stirring appeals of the Redeemptorist Fathers, on temperance, and for the suppression of the liquor traffic, as uttered during the Mission services on the occasion of the Father's last visit.

A few evenings since at a mass meeting held in Portland, in favor of the Scott Act, a message was received from Father Oates, saying: "Some of his people would have attended had not pressing business prevented them, but that he was in full sympathy with them in the work of temperance."

We know and feel assured that, in view of the many temperance societies already in existence in our towns and cities, and of the efforts that are being made by Roman Catholics in the City of Saint John and Portland to advance all good works, that following the example of their Bishops and Priests, all will unite, heart and hand, in aid and votes to secure the adoption of the Scott Act in the City and County of Saint John.

### TWO SIDES OF ONE CANVAS.

One beautiful afternoon in August, there came to me the heart-broken wife of a State prison convict. We tried to plan for his pardon and restoration to home and the world. It was a very sad case. He was the only surviving son of a very noble man—one who lived only to serve the poor, the tempted, and the criminal. All he had, all he was, he gave unreservedly to help thieves and drunkards. His house was their home. His name their bail to save them from prison. His reward their reformation. It was a happy hour to hear him tell of the hundreds he had shielded from the contamination and evil examples of prisons, and of the large proportion he had good reason to believe permanently saved. Out of hundreds, he once told me, only two left him to pay their bail, forfeited by neglect to show themselves in court according to agreement—only two!

Bred under such a roof, the son started in life with a generous heart, noble dreams, and high purpose. Ten years of prosperity, fairly earned by energy, industry, and character, ended in bankruptcy, as is so often the case in our risky and changing trade; then came a struggle for business, for bread—temptation—despair—intemperance. He could not safely pass the open doors that tempted him to indulgence, forgetfulness, and crime. How hard his wife wrought and struggled to save him from indulgence, and then to shield him from exposure! How long wife, sister, and friends laboured to avert conviction and the State prison! "I would spare him gladly," wrote the prosecuting attorney, "if he would stop drinking. He shall never go to prison if he will be a sober man. But all this wretchedness and crime comes from rum."

Manfully did the young man struggle to resist the appetite. Again and again did he promise, and keep his promise perhaps a month, then fall. He could not walk the streets and earn his bread soberly while so many open doors—opened by men who sought to coin gold out of their neighbors' vices—lured him to indulgence. So, rightfully, the State pressed on, and he went to prison. An honored name disgraced, a loving home broken up, a wide circle of kindred sorely pained, a worthy, well-meaning man wrecked. Sorrow and crime "all comes of rum," says the keen-sighted lawyer.

As I parted from the sad wife on my door-step, I looked beyond, and close by the laughing sea stood a handsome cottage. The grounds were laid out expensively and with greater taste. Over the broad piazza hung lazily an Eastern hammock, while all around were richly painted chairs and lounges of every easy and tempting form. Overhead were quaint vases of beautiful flowers, and the delicious lawn was bordered with them. On the lawn itself gaily dressed women laughed merrily over croquet, and noisy children played near. A span

of superb horses pawed the earth impatiently at the gate, while gay salutations passed between the croquet players and the fashionable equipages that rolled by. It was a comfortable home as well as a luxurious one. Nature, taste, and wealth had done their best. It was a scene of beauty, comfort, taste, luxury, and wealth. All came from rum. Silks and diamonds, flowers and equipage, stately roof and costly attendance, all came from rum. The owner was one who in a great city coined his gold out of the vices of his fellow-men.

To me it was a dissolving view. I lost sight of the gay women, the frolicsome children, the impatient horses, and the ocean rolling up to the lawn. I saw instead the pale convict in his cell twelve feet by nine; the sad wife going from the judge to attorney, from court to Governor's Council, begging mercy for her overtempled husband. I heard above the children's noise the croquet, laugh and the surf waves, that lawyer's stern reason for exacting the full penalty of the law—All comes from rum.

Woe unto him that giveth his neighbor drink. Woe unto him that buildeth his house by unrighteousness and his chambers by wrong for the stone shall cry out of the wall and the beam out of the timber shall answer it.

### SCOTT ACT

—IN—

### PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND.

The Scott Act was passed by the Dominion Parliament in the early part of 1878, and after its adoption it came into operation in the different parts of P. E. I. as follows:—In Prince County May 1st, 1879; in Charlottetown and Kings County May 1st, 1880; and in Queen's County May 1st, 1881. The Government returns are for years ending on the 30th of June in the respective years named. The total amount, in gallons, of home-manufactured and imported spirits that were entered for home consumption in P. E. I. during the latest five years for which we have returns, is shown in the following table:—

For year 1879, 52,100; 1880, 58,832; 1881, 51,665; 1882, 47,008; 1883, 45,894. The year 1880 was the first in which the Scott Act was even nominally in operation in any part of the Province. We are not surprised at the mis-statements of some people who are even ready to distort facts and slander their fellow-countrymen for the sake of perpetuating the vile business by which they are enriching themselves; but we are surprised to find some reputedly respectable journals lend themselves to the propagation of such a palpable lie.

#### THE LOSS OF REVENUE.

A great stock argument used against the Act is that it will do away with the license fees, and that the taxes of the citizens will be enormously increased.

In the last contest in Fredericton it was brought out during the campaign, by this paper, from an estimate made by the City Treasurer, that the increase of poll tax would only be between four and five cents; and about four cents on every hundred dollars of rateable property, and this was taken without estimating any receipts from fines.

The statement was not contradicted throughout the campaign.

As a fact, however, the receipts from fines have amounted to as much as the licenses would in this city, so that the people have not legalized a destructive traffic, nor have they had to pay extra taxes on account of not doing so. It may be said in reply that liquor must have been sold in large quantities to make the fines come up so high, but the facts are that very much less liquor has been sold and that the fines were imposed on parties violating the Act, before they had got well under way, so that now the sale of liquor has reached a low point indeed.

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