

OUR GLORIOUS WORK.

Sons of Temperance! God hath grifted
You with Truth's own mighty wand;
And in triumph you have lifted
Clouds concealing stars beyond.
Light around your path is breaking,
Clouds like shadows disappear;
In gladness, truth is breaking—
Truth that giveth wings to fear.

Sons of Temperance! lift your banners,
Let their folds to heaven be flung;
Till a thousand glad hosannas
Echo from a nation's tongue
Onward, onward to the battle!
He you fight is freedom's foe;
Shrink not, though death's thunder rattle,
God will strengthen for the blow.

Sons of Temperance! shout in gladness,
Woman, trusting to you turns;
You can lift the veil of sadness
From her hearts' funereal urns,
Love for you a chaplet twining,
Bids you first deserve the crown;
Struggle for it, unrepining—
Like a warrior for renown.

High and holy is your mission,
Mighty is the power you wield;
Truth and error in collision
Call your forces to the field.
As on eagle pinions soaring,
Truth to nature's holy thrill;
Rise to conquer, God imploring—
Strong in action, strong in will.

depositors at the bank demanding their money. The banker told them they better leave their money another week, and they would get their interest, but they said they didn't care for interest. All they wanted was their money. He tried to argue with them, but they would not have it, and the result was that he paid them their money. It was touching to see the poor foreigners going around with their bags of money, all silver, with no place to put it. They watched the bank, found it did not close, and the rich depositors kept making deposits. Then the banker told me to go around amongst the depositors and say that there were a dozen thieves and burglars in the crowd, and that every man would be robbed if he held on to his money, and the poor people asked the rich depositors if the bank was all right; and they said it was, so the deluded people re-deposited their money and lost their interest. I played that game for the banker three times, when the interest was about due, and he made thousands of dollars, by saving the interest, and then the depositors got ready to hang me, and I went away from there, but I shall always feel that I am a partner of that banker. Oh, he lives high, I tell you. Now, my idea is to hire a building and open a savings bank. When I get a large sum of money on deposit, you can go around and start a rumor that I am crooked.—

Yes, and get hung for it. No, sir, a brewery is better than a bank. We will start a brewery, said the tomato-can artist.

Well just as you say, said the bread-winner, but let us work the kegs in front of that saloon for a little more stale beer, first, and then we will go into an alley and sleep in a crockery crate full of soft straw, and in the morning we will start both a bank and a brewery.

It is a go, said the other, and they started for the beer kegs, as happy as though they already owned the brewery and the bank.

ADDING TO THE STATURE.—"You can't always tell a man's height when he has his clothes on," said the sergeant. "Why, there's S—". He looks like a man of not more than medium build, but his limbs and chest are extraordinarily well developed, and he weighs more, and is of bigger proportions than several other men I know, whose uniforms make them seem as big as he is. Talking about him reminds me of how I got him on the Force by stretching him in length three-quarters of an inch. That sounds queer, but it is a fact, nevertheless. It was in the time of the Metropolitan police, and he wanted to get on. He went to New York, and I went with him. He got through all right until he came to eight, and he fell below the standard three-quarters of an inch. I felt very much downcast about it for he was a friend of mine, and I was very anxious that he should get on the Force. A physician with whom I was acquainted happened to be there at the time, and he asked me if I was interested in the man who had failed to reach the height standard. I told him I was. "Well," he said, "you can remedy that. Take your man to some hotel near here, give him a warm bath, then put him to bed. Make him stay in bed until tomorrow morning, about an hour before the time for him to be measured again, and tell him to sleep all the time if he can. If he does this, he will be three-quarters of an inch taller, and come up to the standard." I didn't know what to think about the suggestion. My medical friend was not given to joking, but I thought he had begun. However, I was anxious that my man should get on the Force, and was willing to try anything. I told him what the physician had said, and he agreed to it. The next morning he appeared, and when he was measured he not only came up to the standard, but was a little above it. We were both as much surprised as gratified, and when I told the doctor about it, he said: "Well, I told you so." Then I was curious to know how it was that such a thing could be done, and asked him. He said: "Every one of the numerous joints in the human frame is supplied with a natural oil. When a man had walked a good deal, or gone through much exertion of any kind in a day, the oil is used up, and the joints come close together. The difference this would make, if there is but a single joint, would be but very little; but since there are so many, it reduces the height in some cases as much as an inch at the end of a day's work. Let a man take a warm bath, and a long, restful sleep, and the joints will be re-supplied with oil, and the consequence is that he will be taller. You may not all believe this, but it is a fact.

Two tramps were sitting on the steps of a church not long ago discussing their evening meal, and the financial situation. One had picked up an empty tomato can and filled it with stale beer from a keg in front of a saloon, and the other brought from the skirt of his coat a part of a loaf of bread he had begged from the cook at a banker's residence, and the two citizens were enjoying a feast.

O, would I owned a brewery, said one of the tramps, as he removed the tomato can from his lips after a long draught. To be a brewer, and have the right to lay right up to a barrel of beer all the time while the brewery would be coining money for me, would be bliss. I feel that I shall never be satisfied until I own a brewery. Do you think of anything better than a brewery for a steady diet, partner?

I shall never be a brewer, said the bread-winner, as he reached for the can and took a swallow of beer to wash down his bread. I do not look upon the brewing business as entirely respectable. Banking would about suit me. I know a man who once tramped with me through Ohio and West Virginia, who started a savings bank eight years ago, and he is now living in luxury, worth half a million. This bread reminds me of him.

Where is he living, in Canada? asked the other tramp, as he brushed a crumb from his pants. How many times did he have to fail to make so much money?

He never failed, said the bread-winner, as he emptied the can. He made his money on the square, with my assistance. When I have seen enough of the world I shall go into the bank with him. You see, he opened a savings bank, and was to give four per cent interest on deposits, and it was not long before he had a hundred thousand dollars on deposit. Fifty thousand of it belonged to poor laboring people. He had some rich depositors, and they borrowed the money belonging to the poor, and paid the bank a large interest. He worked it fine on the poor depositors. The interest was to be paid semi-annually, if the money remained six months. Just before the six months was up, and he owed a large amount of interest to the poor depositors, he consulted with the rich depositors, and one day he called me in and told me he wanted me to go around and circulate a report among the poor that his bank was shaky. I thought he was crazy, but I did as directed. The next day there was a crowd of poor

INGERSOLL ON TEMPERANCE

In speaking to a jury in a case involving the manufacture of alcohol, Colonel Robert Ingersoll used the following eloquent language: "I am aware that there is a prejudice against any man engaged in the manufacture of alcohol. I believe that from the time it issues from the coiled and poisonous worm—in the distillery—until it empties into the hell of death, dishonor and crime, it demoralizes everybody that touches it from its source to where it ends. I do not believe anybody can contemplate the subject without becoming prejudiced to the liquor crime.

All we have to do, gentlemen, is to think of the wrecks on either bank of the stream of death, of the suicides, of the insanity, of the destitution of the little children tugging at the weary and faded breasts of weeping and despairing wives asking for bread; of the talented men of genius that it has wrecked, the men struggling with imaginary serpents produced by this devilish thing; and when you think of the jails, of the alms-houses, of the asylums, of the prisons, of the scaffold upon either bank, I do not wonder that every thoughtful man is prejudiced against this damnable stuff called alcohol.

Intemperance cuts down youth in its vigor, manhood in its strength, and old age in its weakness. It breaks the father's heart, bereaves the dotting mother, extinguishes the natural affection, erases conjugal love, blows out filial attachments, blasts parental affection and brings down old age in sorrow to the grave. It produces weakness, not strength; death, not life. It makes wives widows; children, orphans; parents, childless; and all of them paupers and beggars. It feeds rheumatism, invites gout, imparts pestilence, and embraces consumption. It covers the land with idleness, misery and crime. It fills your jails, supplies your alms-houses, and demands your asylums. It engenders controversies, fosters quarrels, and cherishes riots. It crowds your penitentiaries and furnishes victims to your scaffold. It is the life blood of the grumbler, the element of the burglar, the prop of the highway-man and support of the midnight incendiary. It countenances the liar, respects the thief, esteems the blasphemer. It violates obligations, reverences fraud, and honors infamy. It defames benevolence, hates love, scorns virtue and slanders innocence. It incites the father to butcher the helpless offspring, helps the husband to massacre his wife, and the child to grind the parabolic axe. It burns up men, consumes women, detests life, curses God and denies heaven. It suborns witnesses, nurses perjury, denies the jury box, and stains the judicial ermine. It degrades the citizen, debases the legislator, dishonors the statesman and disarms the patriot. It brings shame, not honor; terror not safety; despair, not hope; misery, not happiness; and with the malevolence of a fiend it calmly surveys its frightful desolation, and, unsatisfied with its havoc, it poisons felicity, kills peace, rules mortals, blights confidence and slays reputation, and wipes out national honor, then curses the world, and laughs at its ruin. It does all that, and more—it murders the soul. It is the son of villainies, the father of all crimes, the mother of abominations, the devil's best friend, and God's worst enemy."

The loving heart is the strong heart. The generous hand is the hand to cling to when the path is difficult. There is room for the exercise of charity everywhere—in business, in society, and the church; but the first and chiefest need of it is at home, where it is the salt which keeps all things sweet, the aroma which makes every hour charming, and the divine light which shines starlike through all gloom and depression.

A torpedo-boat-destroyer has just been laid down on the Clyde for the Spanish government, which he designed to steam twenty-six knots an hour—about twice as fast, that is to say, as the great majority of the great ironclads.

Massage, the art of curing diseases by rubbing, kneading, and stroking, is said to have been known to the Chinese 300 years before the Christian era, while the ancient Persians, Greeks, and Romans pursued similar methods.

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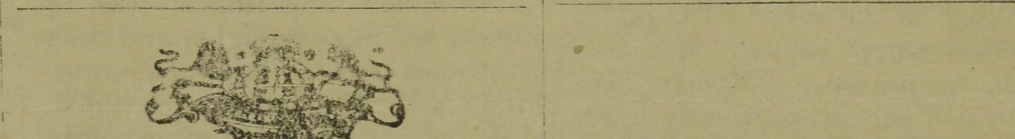
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MAKE HENS LAY CHICKEN CHOLERA.

The depth of degradation to which strong drink will bring a man was strikingly illustrated recently by a resident of Lowell, Mass., who, without money, but with an overwhelming craving for drink, took his baby in its carriage on a pretext of giving it an airing, and visited the nearest rum-shop and pawned it for a drink. Then, says the telegram, 'going to another place, he confidentially whispered to the barkeeper that he would sell him the child for \$5. The offer was declined. The toper then offered his offspring for \$3. It was not wanted. He would sell it for \$1.50. The offer was not accepted. Finally, laying the child on the counter, its father said: 'Well, look here, my friend; take the baby and give me one good, square drink.' The barkeeper compelled the unnatural father to pick up the child and leave the store.' Thus does the alcoholic appetite degrade to the deepest depth, its wretched, unhappy victims!

We are told:—Let not the sun go down on your wrath. This, of course, is best; but, as it generally does, I would add, never act or write till it has done so. This rule has saved me from many a folly. It is wonderful what a different view we take of the same event four-and-twenty hours after it has happened.



Mail Contract.

SEALED TENDERS, addressed to the Postmaster General will be received at Ottawa until noon, on 26th February, for the conveyance of Her Majesty's Mails, on a proposed Contract for four years, once per week each way, between Maplewood and Millville from the 1st April next.
The conveyance to be made in a suitable vehicle, drawn by one or more horses. The Mails to leave Maplewood on Friday of each week at 8 o'clock a. m., reaching Millville at 9 o'clock a. m. Returning, to leave Millville at 9.30 a. m. on same day, reaching Maplewood at 10.30 a. m.
Printed notices containing further information as to conditions of proposed Contract may be seen and blank forms of Tenders may be obtained at the Post Office of Maplewood and Millville and at this office.
J. McMILLAN,
Post Office Inspector
Post Office Inspector's Office,
St. John, 15th Jan., 1886. 1-27-3i

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