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LITERATURE.

A SPRINGTIDE THOUGHT.

I hear it in the whispering showers that bless
the springing grass,
I see it in the bright-eyed flowers that bless me
as I pass—
God is love.

I hear it in the song-bird's note from yonder
greening bough,
It sighs upon the perfumed breeze that tans my
throbbing brow—
God is love.

I hear its music in the stream that shimmers in
the light,
Its voice floats to me from the stars soft shining
through the night—
God is love.

The fancies sweet and softened glow that o'er
my spirit steal,
These kindly springtide sympathies, they teach
my heart to feel
God is love.

O blessed springtide! in our hearts thy genial
influence leave,
For still a glad creation felt will help us to
believe
God is love.

MY IMITATION WIFE.

I had just adjusted my tie and was
preparing to leave, when mother came
in.

Going out, are you, Tom? said she.
Yes, ma'am.
Where, to another party?
Yes, ma'am.
That makes three this week, doesn't
it, Tom?

Yes, ma'am. We're hurrying to get
through. Going to take Miss Beaufort
to-night, and then I'm done with the
Jolly club's parties.

Mother, somehow or other, did not
seem to think very much of what I said.
Tom, I wish you would get married,
she said, with a troubled face. I believe
you would stay at home some.

Well, I am awful tired, mother, and
completely worn out.
Then why don't you quit it?
Best reason in the world, mother. I
am neither engaged nor in love but I'm
willing to be.

It was getting late, so I started after
this, but the look on mother's face set
me to thinking.
My mother is the best woman in the
world, even if I do say it myself, and I
felt worried about her.

She was right. I was out nearly
every evening. This evening at a
reception, next time a ball, then a theatre
party, and so on. Of course I could
afford it, for my salary as cashier at Hart's
was a liberal one.

But—
I wasn't saving a cent, and my own
home folks never saw me except at the
table. Even poor, old, patient mother
was complaining.

But I was having lots of fun. There
was that Beaufort girl. She was a fine
one. Could dance any kind, talk about
anything you wanted, and make you

have the finest time in the world. Then
there was Vene Wright. She would
take in the base ball with a fellow, go
rowing, skating, anything for fun.

Then Vene had money. That was an
important item.
Why shouldn't I tackle Miss Vene
on the subject of matrimony.

Thomas, old son, said I to myself,
Vene is the one.
But Vene, somehow or other, did not
exactly suit the case, and my mind
reverted to Miss Beaufort. Miss
Beaufort was smart, pretty stylish and
suited better, but I knew nothing about
her financial standing. This was an
important matter to me in those days.

Meanwhile the coupe had neared
Miss Beaufort's. I had never been
there before, and to my surprise found
it to be a very unpretentious house.

I confess I was disappointed. I
expected to drive up to an elegant
mansion, be ushered into a fine reception-
room with servants in livery, and there
await the coming of Miss Beaufort.

Then I expected to make a bold dash
for Miss Beaufort's heart—propose, and
possibly be accepted or declined by the
time the party was over. But not so.

A little lady with gray hair opened
the door, and she was introduced to me
by Miss Beaufort as mamma. Miss
Beaufort was ready and waiting so we
walked out to the coupe.

Mr. Silver said she, don't you think
there is a great amount of snobbery in
society, and lots of downright foolish-
ness?

Well, yes, said I.
For instance, said she, here is an
elegant coupe that you have brought for
me, and yet the party is only two blocks
away.

This certainly was very refreshing. I
had actually squandered five dollars to
have this coupe for the evening, and she
did not even so much as notice it. I
knew Vene would have enjoyed a ride in
it.

Mr. Silver, said she to me again, this
is the last party I am going to this
winter.
Well, why? said I. Aren't you going
to take in the German club ball and the
others?

No, she said. Mamma hasn't the
money; she can't afford it.
Mr. Silver, she continued can you af-
ford to spend so much money on
society?

I looked at her. There was honesty
fairly shining out of her pretty black eyes
even if she wasn't very polite. So I
answered her honestly.

No, Miss Beaufort, I cannot! I
haven't saved a cent this winter, and I
get a big salary, too.
Well, said she, I have met you out so
frequently, I feel quite well acquainted
with you, and expect I have been a little
impolite.

No, said I. I am glad that you take
that much interest in me.
Then we changed the subject. I had
a splendid time at the party, and enjoyed
Miss Beaufort's company very much. I
found her level-headed and bright if
she was too frank.

Next day I told mother about it. She
said that she admired Miss Beaufort
for her common-sense, if she hadn't
seen her. Then she referred to my get-
ting married again.

Suppose, said she, that you pretend
for a week or so, that you are married,
and see how it goes.
An imitation wife, said I.
Why not said she. I will write the
name of a young lady on a card, seal it
in an envelope, and you can lock it in
your desk. Then let us suppose that you
are married to her say for two weeks.
During that time I want you to act
just as if the lady were here in person,
and your lawfully wedded wife.

Whose name are you going to write
on the card? said I.
Never mind, said she, I will write
my preference, and neither of us will
breathe a word about this to a living soul.
We agreed on this. Mother wrote the
name on the card and sealed it in the
envelope. I knew it was Vene Wright's
name, so I decided to imagine Vene was
there in person, and so we started out
the next week.

Monday night came. That was the
night of the bachelor's germain, but I
staid at home and talked to mother.

Then I played euchre with her for a
while, and we managed to have a very
enjoyable evening.
Next morning mother met me at the
table with smiles, and about the best
breakfast I had eaten in a long while.

You must imagine that your wife saw
to this breakfast, she whispered.
Going up on the street car that morn-
ing, who should get on but Miss Beaufort.
I bowed gracefully, deposited her fare

in the nickel box, and was about to sit
down by her when I happened to think
of my imitation wife at home and walked
to the rear of the car.

Married men have no business talking
to the young ladies, said I to myself.
Miss Beaufort looked at me rather queer-
ly but said nothing, and I thought the
car never would get up town.

Thursday was my evening to call on
Vene, and I forgot to send her an excuse.
Friday came a note which mother
took the liberty of opening as she thought
I would not care, and she felt like
representing my wife in the desk. It
was a tender missive, and somewhat
surprised me when I saw it. But what
could I do. Married men have no
business getting tender notes from young
ladies. Inasmuch as I had contracted to
carry out mother's plan for two weeks,
I left the note for mother to answer.

She is a very truthful woman, but in
answering the note she prevaricated.
She said that I was very sick, and as
a natural consequence Vene called that
afternoon to see me, but I was up town
and mother had to invent another story.

Then mother had to come all the way
up town so as to keep me from coming
down town my usual way for fear Vene
might catch us.

I laughed a good deal at mother,
and Vene did not find us out, but the
society reporter of the paper met her,
she told him I was sick, and the next
day all of my society friends came
around, among them Miss Beaufort.

Mother met her rather coldly, but
invited her to stay awhile.
I suppose Mr. Silver is almost worn
out with so much going out, said the
young lady.

He is much better said mother, but I
do not think he will go out for several
weeks, I think I shall keep him at
home.

I am so glad, said Miss Beaufort, not
that you are going to keep him at home,
but that he is not going out so much.
I am getting so I fairly detest society.

Here was a woman who had mother's
views, and they both, thereupon, had a
confidential talk, and pleased each other
mightily.

Then she asked mother to call on her
mother, and this mother did.
Meanwhile I was staying home every
evening, and was getting pretty tired of
it as the two weeks were drawing to a
close.

Don't you think a man ought to take
his wife out once in a while? said I to
mother.
Why not? said she.

Then I'll take her to the theatre
to-night. So I bought a couple of
reserved seats in the parquet for
Saturday night, and mother, who
represented my wife, went with me.

We had hardly taken our seats before
I noticed that they were adjoining those
of Miss Beaufort and her mother. My
mother was highly pleased when we
changed seats so that I sat by Miss
Beaufort, and my mother sat by her.

We went home together that night
and laughed and talked a good deal.
I think mother told Mrs. Beaufort
what we had been doing, but I did not
hear it. I know that several days later
after my two weeks of married life was
over, I went to call on Miss Beaufort.
We had a pleasant time, together, and
just as I was about to leave, the old
lady came in.

I forgot to ask you Mr. Silver, what
you thought of married life? said she.
Miss Beaufort looked horrified, but
laughed.
Mother has been telling on me, has
she? said I.

She has, said she.
Well, said I, during the two weeks I
was married, I read three good books,
gained four pounds in weight, and
saved \$18.30, besides paying mother my
wife's board and a ticket to the theatre.

And who were you married to? asked
Mrs. Beaufort.
I forgot to look, said I. I hurried
home to see who my wife had been.
The envelope was just as I placed it in
my desk drawer.

I tore it open and there was the name
of Miss Beaufort.
Well, said I, mother made her an im-
itation wife, now I will try to make her
a real one.

And so I did.
MUST BE A MISTAKE.—I see the
Socialists of Chicago are in a ferment,
observed the judge.
You surely are mistaken, replied the
major.
Mistaken! Nothing of the kind.
Didn't I see it in the paper?
Can't help it if you did. Ferment
means to work, and that's something
Socialists don't do.

THEY WERE DELEGATES.

She was a lean, scrawny woman, and
she took the seat the third back from
the stove. He was short and fat, and
sat opposite to her. As soon as the
coach door was closed the car began to
heat up, and presently he snapped his
finger at the brakeman and said:
For Heaven's sake open some of those
ventilators!

Don't you do it! exclaimed the
woman.
Do you think I want to freeze? she
demanded in turn.

Madam, said the fat man, after care-
fully surveying her, if I was a mass of
bones I'd carry a hot brick when I
traveled.

O, you would! If I was a mass of
pork I would carry a hunk of ice with
me.

The brakeman went into the smoking
car to be clear of the storm, and the fat
man got up and opened the door. He
had scarcely returned to his seat when
the lean woman got up and closed it.

Madam!
Sir!
I want that door open!
And I want it shut!

Just then a passenger came down the
aisle from the other end of the car and
shook hands with each in turn and
said:
Mrs. Cassowary, this is Mr. White.
I suppose you are both delegates to the
convention.

Ah! Mrs. Cassowary, I beg your
pardon.
Ah! You can have the door open,
Mr. White.

By no means.
I insist.
But allow me to give way.
And they roasted us until we had to
go out on the platform to keep from
running to grease.

How THE BULLY WAS BEATEN.—It
was one of these girls, and exactly that
kind of a fellow, that I saw in an encoun-
ter at the St. Thomas charity fair. The
waitresses were volunteers, accustomed
to silk and satin, but here clad in calico
and gingham for the task of benevolent
servitude. The costumers were polite
folks, as a rule, but an exception was a
coarse, intolerable boor, who may have
entered by design to find out how it felt
to be waited on by an heiress. The girl
at whose table he took place was not
going to be scared out of her duty, and
she demurely solicited his order.

"Give me a glass of whisky," he in-
sistently responded.
"Ah my friend," she murmured, in a
nearly religious style of speech, "you're
calling for something that 'stingeth like
an adder.' We don't—"

"That's precisely the brand I want,"
he retorted, "a stinger and a biter."
"You shall have it, sir" and now her
eyes flashed as she disappeared, to quickly
return with a colorless liquid in a glass.
"Now swallow that," she impressively
added, "and you'll vow you're astonished.
Drink it down."

The loafer was frightened. He thought
the fluid was nothing weaker than aqua-
fortis, and he slunk away, leaving it
untouched. It was only water. Quiet
bravery had once more vanquished
blatant cowardice.

FIRST ICE HE HAD EVER SEEN.—A
white man from away down south in
Okeechobee lake region came up to
Gainesville last week on business at the
United States land office. While here
he saw the first ice he had ever seen.

He manifested great interest in the
frigid substance, and put a half pound
lump in his pants pocket to take home
to his family. He soon took it out
of his pocket, however, and as did so
said: "I'm afeared it will spile my
terbacker."

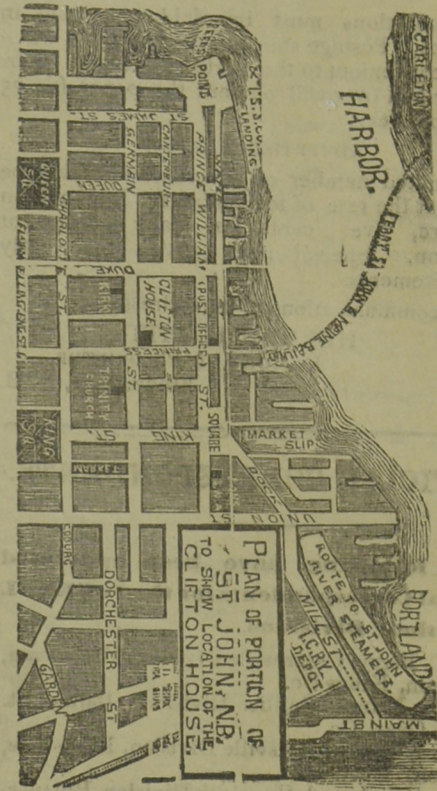
I left a little check for \$10,000
among the wedding gifts, said the girl's
father to his prospective son in law, and
after the ceremony we will quietly tear
it up. See? That's the style nowadays,
George.

Yes, hesitated George, that's the
style, but I'm afraid it's too late to tear
it up now.

Because I went down to the bank and
got it cashed.

When Herr Most, the eminent
Anarchist, was conducted to the Tombs,
he was told that he would have to take
a bath.

"What!" shouted the frenzied and in-
dignant beer destroyer, "a bath, and I've
not been tried yet!"



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