

Temperance Journal.

ORGAN OF SONS OF TEMPERANCE OF AMERICA

OUR MOTTO—NATIONAL PROHIBITION.

Herman H. Pitts
Editor and Proprietor.

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May 25.

Victoria Lawns,

India Lawns,

Nainsook Muslins,

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Embroidery Flouncings,¹

Black Lace Flouncings.

HAVE YOU TRIED THE

"Onyx" Stainless Black Hose,

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SCARFS,

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We are selling them from

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224 QUEEN STREET.

The Saw-Mills of Satan.

E. STUART BEST.

The saw-mills of Satan! the slum and saloon,
Where villains and felons are made,
Daylight and twilight, midnight and noon,
Driving their devilish trade.
Then buzz, buzz, buzz, hum, hum, hum,
They use up our boys by selling them rum.

Up with the gates! how they haul them in,
As they jam and jostle and crush!
Soaked and sodden and slimy with sin,
To these terrible teeth they rush.
Then buzz, buzz, buzz, hum, hum, hum,
They use up our boys by selling them rum.

Lads and lasses, the freckled and fair
Robbed of their beauty and bloom,
The child of vice and the child of prayer
Drawn to the drunkard's doom.
Then buzz, buzz, buzz, hum, hum, hum,
They use up our boys by selling them rum.

O, horrible change! from the mill he comes
All scarred and scathed and cursed;
A raving wretch flung out of the slums,
The demon has done his worst.
Then buzz, buzz, buzz, hum, hum, hum,
They use up our boys by selling them rum.

Boys from the schoolhouses, college and cot
Seized and sawn and slain.

A license for this he bargained and bought
To keep up the old refrain.
Then buzz, buzz, buzz, hum, hum, hum,
They use up our youth by selling them rum.

Who licensed the ruffian to capture and kill
The lad that was loved so well;
To cut him up in his murder cell
To fuel the flames of hell.

Then buzz, buzz, buzz, hum, hum, hum,
They use up our youth by selling them rum.

By the love of your God and love of your boy,
O, freemen, we plead and implore.
These saw-mills of Satan, denounce and destroy
To hear them, or fear them, no more
Let them buzz, buzz, buzz, hum, hum, hum,
Or use up our youth by selling them rum.

CHANGED—BUT NOT FORGOTTEN.

In one of the old-fashioned places of resort called "tea gardens," on the outskirts of the good old town of Norwich, two young men, looking like respectable mechanics in their best, were sitting one Summer's evening, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and sixty-eight. They had strolled thither to spend an hour together; the last, it might be, for many years.

The scene around was very rural, and bordered on the picturesque. Before them flowed the sluggish river Yare, spanned by a railway bridge, crude in structure, but sufficiently strong to serve its purpose, and quite in harmony with the view beyond it, a stretch of meadow and water, with Crown Point, once called Whitlingham in the distance.

The tea gardens need little description. Tea could be had there if desired, but the majority of visitors preferred something stronger, for the sale of which the place was duly or unduly, as many may think, licensed. On a table before the young men was a quart pot, containing beer, and two glasses; one full and the other nearly empty.

Come Jack, said one before whom the empty glass was standing, you don't drink.

I am not so much a hand at it, Harry replied the other. It seems to me that I could get along better without it. I've given it up off and on, and whenever I save my money I save my health.

Nonsense! rejoined Harry, laughing. I've never seen you the worse for drink in my life; and I am sure if it hasn't done you any good, it hasn't done you any harm.

If it doesn't do any good, said Tom, thoughtfully, why should we waste our money upon it?

Well, old fellow, returned Harry, we won't argue about it to-night, as we are about to part, and it may be years before we meet again. Have a drop extra in honor of the occasion. No, was the firm reply, drinking will not honor our parting. And look here, Harry, we served our apprenticeship together, and have been good mates in and out the shop, and it has given me pain to see you are getting a strong liking for this sort of thing.

Oh! I'm right enough, said Harry, carelessly. I know when to pull up as well as any man. Drink up. No?

Then I will, for it would be a pity to spoil good beer.

He filled his glass, and was about to raise it to his lips, when Tom laid a hand upon his arm.

Stop a moment, he said. Your glass and mine are full; this pewter pot is empty. Now will you do something to please me?

Yes if I can, replied Harry, with a dubious glance at him.

Let this be the last glass before we part.

Agreed, said Harry; and now old fellow, here's luck to you and your jolly good—

Stop; one thing more, said Tom. We will pledge each other in a different fashion. We will throw the beer into the river and bind ourselves never to touch a drop more until we meet again.

No, said Harry. I'm dead set against any sort of pledge, and I've said so many a time. I won't deceive you, but I'll not drink so much as I've been doing lately. Come that's something.

Not enough, replied Tom, shaking his head. I feel sure of that. I've seen so much of the evil of drink, that I am determined not to have any more of it.

But you've been drinking with me to-day.

True, and I was weak in doing so. I feel I am weak, and to keep clear of the mischief-maker, I must shun it altogether.

Well do as you like, said Harry, raising his glass to his lips. Good fortune to you in the big city you are going to. Of course you will write and let me know how you are going on.

Of course I will, said Tom; and you will write to me and tell me everything.

All about my drinking said Harry, laughing.

Make it part of your letter, said Tom, rising; and now we will stroll home. I have some things to pack, and I am off by the first train in the morning.

Touch glasses, said Harry; good luck to you I say again.

Tom touched his glass, and as his friend tossed off his beer with great gusto, he threw the contents of his glass into the river.

A cruel waste, said Harry, as they sauntered on by way of the house, passing through the bar, where two farm laborers were drinking. Have a glass of wine—that won't hurt you.

No said Tom hurrying on, I've done with everything intoxicating for good and all.

His friend stopped by the bar, and put down twopence on the counter.

Gin short, miss, he said to the barmaid.

He was served quickly, and as Tom, missing his friend, looked back, he saw the small glass raised hurriedly and emptied in a moment.

God help him, poor fellow, he said, miserably, and forgive me for being so weak as to come here with him.

That night the two friends parted, Harry Brown to remain at work in the township where he was apprenticed, and Tom Daly to make preparations for the life before him.

And what led to this parting? Simply the desire of Tom Daly to get away from the "bad school" of the builder's shop where he had toiled as an apprentice and workman for nine years.

They were a hard-drinking body of men, who ridiculed all aspiration to a sober life, and Tom, feeling his weakness, resolved to fly from the dangers that beset him. He made a great effort to induce his friend to accompany him, but Harry declined.

I am in a comfortable shop, he said, and among good fellows. Why should I throw away the substance and grasp at the shadow? I'm sorry to part with you, but I'm not a man who cares to run risks, so here I stick.

Tom Daly went to London, and in the course of a week or two got work at a large builder's. There he found all sorts of men—too many like those whom he had left behind. But there

was not the same close associations, for they lived apart, and he was allowed to act up to his temperance "crochet" without any more than an occasional bit of "chaff."

This he bore philosophically, and toiled as a happy, contented well-to-do young fellow. At the end of a fortnight he wrote to his friend Harry, and in a week received a short reply. In that letter nothing was said about drink, which, in Tom's eyes was a bad sign.

He wrote again ten days later but received no reply—the first letter he received from Harry Brown from the old place was the last.

One Saturday afternoon ten years later, a healthy, well bearded man, having the appearance of a well-to-do mechanic, in his "best" clothes, sauntered into a butcher's shop in a by-street in the West End of London.

He wanted a leg of mutton for Sunday's dinner, and he was very particular about the sort of a leg he had. For, said he, its my wife I'm thinking of—she is getting strong again, and the doctor says she may have a piece of meat.

How's the baby Mr. Daly? asked the butcher, with the air of a man speaking to an old acquaintance.

Hearty and well, was the answer just such a merry little joker as the other two were at his age.

That's a comfort, remarked the butcher; you are getting a nice little family about you. But they cost a lot to keep.

But I never found they make so much difference, said Tom Daly, our previous acquaintance, of course. You see we are careful people.

And don't do this, said the butcher, jerking his hand towards his mouth; that's the way the money goes. There's the joint for you.

Tom assented, and after it was weighed he paid for it. I'll take it home, he said; it isn't far to walk with it. No, thank you, I don't want it wrapped up—there's nothing to hide nor be ashamed of.

With the leg of mutton in his hand he left the shop, and immediately came face to face with a wretched-looking man, smoking a short pipe and carrying a small bundle in his hand.

He saw too many like this man every day that he might have passed him by but for the quick motion by which he seemed to be trying to hide the bundle.

Then Tom looked at him more closely, and there was something in his face that seemed to be familiar to him. In the eyes of the man there were decided signs of recognition.

Another look and Tom Daly knew who it was, and the shock he felt deprived him for a moment of speech.

Harry Brown, he said, after a struggle.

Yes, I'm Harry was the somewhat sullen reply. What then? You have passed me two or three times lately and been too proud to speak.

I give you my word, Harry, said Tom, with deep emotion, then I did not know you.

Well, said Harry, I am changed a bit; but I am not one of your lucky workmen. I don't get into regular jobs, or, at least, I don't stop in them long.

When did you come to town? asked Tom, ignoring the subject of good or bad luck for the time.

Five years ago, said Harry Brown. The old shop broke up. The gaffer died, and his son—you remember he used to work with us—went all to pieces. In the old town things were slack, so I came up here to try my luck, and a precious rough time I have had of it.

Are you married?

Harry nodded.

Any children?

Two; and a wife who is always grumbling, although I do as well as I can. I've been spending nearly all my wages on her, and—here he looked at his bundle with a rueful eye—I've done my best for to-morrow's dinner; but I've only had a day and a half this week.

You don't look as if you worked in the old one, said Tom.

I don't, replied the other. The fact is—I'm—I'm—down.

It would be impossible to describe in words the amount of woe-begone paths there was in the last word "down." In it was wrapped the story of ten years.

Harry, said Tom, kindly, it isn't for me to talk to you except as man to man, and I think I may do that. There is only one thing that has brought you—only one thing could have brought you to this.

The head of the wretched man began to droop, but Tom Daly was not going to let him sink in shame. Taking his arm in the familiar way of their younger and happier days, he said:

Come home and have a talk with me. I won't say a word about what drink has done with you, but I will show you what I have done without it. I'm not rich, Harry, and I'm not a man of mark, but I'm foreman and I've a comfortable home. Come with me and learn how its done, and maybe you may see your way to try and do something like it.

Too late, muttered the other.

No, it isn't, answered Tom. You have started late, but you are not an old man, and may yet, if you will, travel far on the road with sobriety and its attendant joys.

He had no reproach for his old friend—nor did he plume himself upon his own good conduct. No! He simply took home the victim of drink, and showed him the happy home sobriety had built up.

The story of his old friend he would not hear just then.

You shall tell me it, he said, in the happier days to come. Take my advice. Cast off the shackles of your foe at once. Do not hesitate or tamper with the destructive power of drink. Have done with it. Be a man. Rise above the dull existence of your past. Do not live for the brewer and the distiller, but for your wife and family.

Tom's voice prevailed. The contemplation of his old friend's happy home stirred Harry Brown's heart to its inmost depth.

With God's help, he said, I will be a man. And out of that meeting there arose the opening of a better life.

A little pecuniary aid and an old working suit from Tom set Harry up again, and bound by the beneficial shackles of the pledge, he went to work in the shop where Tom was foreman.

Resolutely he toiled on, fighting with his enemy. Comforted by prayer, and helped now and then by Tom, he slowly emerged from the state of degradation to which the insidious power of drink had dragged him down.

Frugal of habit, sober and contented he lives, and has nothing in this world to sigh for.

And not only is he happy in himself and his immediate surroundings, but he has made Tom happier than ever by showing him that the sober life is not only beneficial to them that practice it, but by its example will bring joy to others.—E. H. B., in *British Workman*.

The founders of the new mining town of Demorest, Georgia, have profound faith in a policy of town-building which cements the industrial structure with sobriety and virtue. It has been made a part of the consideration of every deed to land in this place that no intoxicating liquor shall ever be made, sold or given away as a beverage on the premises, and that no gambling or prostitution shall ever be permitted.

The *Progressive Age* says that a manufacture of steel cells for prisons whose place of business was in Topeka Kansas, has moved out because the prohibition law has so reduced the number of criminals that there is no demand for cells or cages as in the bad old days of saloon supremacy.