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Prepared especially for the Temperance Literature Committees of the various Grand Divisions and Subordinate Divisions.

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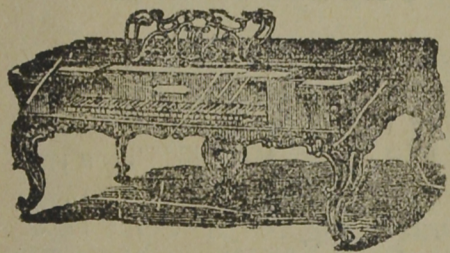
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Has in his Show Rooms, a large stock of these instrumentals, in handsome cases of Double Veneered Rosewood, Mahogany, Blistered Walnut and French Burl.

If you have an idea of purchasing a Piano, you should see these Pianos. Pianos, Organs, Sewing Machines, and Sewing Machines, always in Stock.

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were going to succeed. The outlook seemed dark sometimes. The way before them seemed clean blocked up with butts. Still, they heard the voice of Jesus calling to them to follow, and at His word they followed where He led, and the way opened up to them, as, step by step, they pushed on.

Now, Jesus wants you and me to follow Him. He comes to us now, and with my weak words in your ears He says: "Follow me!" This following Him is a serious business. It is not play. It is awfully earnest life-work. It is a battle. It is a struggle through the weary years. But serious as it is to follow Jesus, it is even more so not to follow Him. Not to follow Jesus is to wander in darkness, to walk in the way of death and destruction. The soul that is without an interest in Jesus is ill off indeed. How poor he is! How lost and undone!

O ye who have been letting the merest trifles stand between you and your duty, I want to reason with you, I want to plead with you. To follow Jesus is the supremest duty of every man, and to let friendship, business, pleasure, or the ifs and buts of life, come between you and your duty, is so weak, so unworthy, so wicked, so fatal! You do not act thus in other matters. If a position of some importance comes in your way, you soon get over your ifs and buts, the difficulties in your way, and you are after it in an incredibly short time. The offer that comes to you may be such as to tear you from your friends, your home, your country, your church, all that you love and hold dear. It may send you to the ends of the earth. It may be such as to ruin your health, endanger your soul, lose you so much. Nevertheless, tomorrow perhaps at 6 a. m. you are off to try it.

Well now, in the name of Jesus, I have an offer to make you, my hearer, the best offer ever made you. I am not going to hide from you the fact that the offer I make is not without its drawbacks and difficulties. No offer is, and this is no exception. It may mean to you the loss of dear friends, the separation of boon companions. It may mean the wreck of what you may regard as your life-prospects, the giving up of a brilliant world-future, and the thing you call success. But it is worthy of you, and worthy of all the sacrifices you will have to make to possess it. The offer I make you is salvation, eternal life. It is the offer that Matthew accepted, and that did so much for him. It is the offer that Peter accepted, and that lifted him up to a brilliant place in the service of Christ. It is the offer that Paul accepted, and what it did for Paul! And there is no one who has accepted it, that it has not done much for. That offer I make you tonight. And do not say: "I will think about it. I will go home and talk to my friends about it." That is simply trifling. That is not the way to do at all. It is yours right now to say, "I will accept the offer. I do not know what it means. I do not know how it may turn out with me. I do not know how I am to carry the christian cross, bear the yoke of christian service, walk the way of the christian life. But I have faith in Him who makes the offer, and I accept it. I accept it now. Just as I am, I come. The Lord help me."

Just as I am, without one plea,
But that Thy blood was shed for me,
And that Thou bidd'st me come to Thee,
O Lamb of God, I come!

Just as I am, and waiting not
To rid my soul of one dark blot,
To Thee, whose blood can cleanse each spot,
O Lamb of God, I come!

AMEN.

A DREADFUL FLOOD IN JAPAN.

The mail steamer which arrived at San Francisco from Yokohama last Friday brought details of the dreadful flood which occurred in the province of Kii, in the southwestern part of Japan, on the 20th August. Probably more than fifteen thousand people were killed, several towns were wiped completely off the face of the earth, and others were nearly demolished. The catastrophe was occasioned by floods in the western part of the province, and by the crumbling of a mountain, which buried six villages under a huge mass of rocks and earth. In the eastern districts the early part of August was remarkable for its rains and the rapid rise in the rivers soon became alarming. The banks of the Kinogawa river, a stream over one hundred miles in length, broke near the town of Wakayama on the 19th, and a mountain of water rushed out upon the fields and towns, wrecking houses, bridges, fences, temples and all things in its path. In this district 200 houses were carried away and 5,000 ruined by water, leaving 30,000 people dependent upon the local officials for food.

Lower down the embankments of the Hidakagawa, also destroyed cultivated fields and adjacent towns. Out of sixty houses at Wakanomura but two remain standing and more than fifty people lost their lives. At another point the destruction of 1200 houses is reported and the loss of 500 lives. Two days later two other rivers burst their

banks with no less destructive results, and the total loss could not be accurately estimated, but was not less than 10,000. Bloating bodies and wreckage of all description covered fields for miles around. The loss in money is roughly estimated at \$6,000,000.

The eastern portion of the province of Kii was visited by a strange and even more destructive disaster. The rise of the rivers was alarming, and while the people were preparing to strengthen their embankments the mountain of Umiyabara resolved itself into an avalanche and buried many villages from sight. The mountain of Sugi-Yama followed suit. Part of the earth falling into the rivers that flowed past them forced the water over their banks and completed the ruin. The disaster is so wide spread that of the 50 villages that are comprised in this district hardly one can have escaped, and the loss of life is believed to be fully 5,000. Some idea of the loss of property may be gained by the report of the Portuguese gunboat Rio Lima, whose passage along the coast was obstructed by the wreckage of parts of houses, temples, etc., for a distance of 90 miles.

The accounts add that relief has been sent to the ruined districts, but inadequate facilities for collecting and distributing provisions will make the suffering intense, and in the outlying districts many will die of starvation.

A STRIKE WITHOUT PARALLEL.

In making his charge to the Grand Jury in London the other day, the Recorder pointed out, with pardonable pride, that although a hundred thousand men had been on a strike for nearly a month, not a single charge of violence had been brought before the court. He thought that the fact was probably unprecedented in the history of the world.

This statement is all the more remarkable when we remember that a great many non-union men were put to work in place of the strikers, and the character and low grade of education of the latter, many of whom could neither read or write. Their forbearance and orderliness were not, therefore, due to any superior intelligence on their part. Probably their only chance of success was in their retaining the sympathy of the public and such men as Cardinal Manning and the Lord Mayor of London, and that would have been forfeited by acts of lawlessness. But while the leaders were able to realize this, the men themselves certainly did not do so. They obeyed orders implicitly, however, and their discipline, with the respect for the law so common among all classes of Englishmen, did the work.

The most intelligent order of workmen in the world is probably the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers, and Chief Arthur is one of the ablest leaders at the head of such an organization. But he never handled the skilled engineers under him in any protracted strike as well as John Burns did the ignorant dock laborers of London. We do not believe the Brotherhood has ever gone through a long strike without a single case of violence being reported.

But Burns' skill is likely to be tested still more thoroughly. He is going to Australia, it is said, and he will probably take charge of a strike there. If he succeeds as well as he did in London, he will have shown himself the greatest of all labor leaders, but it is not likely he can repeat his success.

HAVE A BATH ROOM.

It is often a mystery to those to whom a bath room is a necessity as well as a luxury, how some families will get along year after year without any such convenience. There are many homes in Maine where the occupants are qualified for all the work necessary to build such a room and who could easily give the time and money required, and who yet have no place down stairs for washing hands except the kitchen sink, and some times even this is unprovided with a spout for carrying off the water. There often is a place near the kitchen where a regular room may be finished off, with a set tub wash bowl, etc., but where there is not a room with a wet sink, table and looking glass, kept provided with water, towels, brush, combs and scissors can usually be provided, and after such a place for washing and combing hair is once enjoyed no one will be willing to give it up. Even a rough lean-to just outside of the back kitchen door will be found convenient on a farm for the use of the men from their work in the fields, or a corner of the kitchen most distant from the spot where cooking and dish washing is carried on may be fitted up. Perhaps there is an unused brick oven in the kitchen that may be taken out, thus giving the required room.—Lewiston Journal.

Tartest fruits makes the firmest jelly.

The corn is acknowledged now by everybody.

Tomatoes act upon the liver. Asparagus purges the blood.

Flute playing on the corn ear is best performed in private.

The daintiest of all the Florida fruits is the rose apple or Jambosee.

BIG BUTTERFLY WHALE.

Reminiscences of a Giant Strong Man of the Sierras.

His Great Feats of Strength—Capturing a Cub and Dispatching a Ferocious She Bear—Death His Only Conqueror.

Asberry Wills, says the Fresno (Cal.) Expositor, has been dead a dozen years, but his phenomenal strength, coupled with his daring exploits in the Sierras, are fresh in the minds of pioneers. Asberry was born in Mariposa County, and at the age of seventeen years stood six feet and four inches high in his stocking feet, and was at once entitled to and received the sobriquet of the "Butterfly Whale." The "Whale" was unusually fond of explorations among the rugged, snow-clad peaks of the jungled mountains. He was a man of fine physique, proportionately built, an eagle eye and a clear-cut American profile. His hair and beard were as black as the raven's beak, and he always wore a luxuriant growth of both; his beard, at twenty-three, reached his well-filled hunting-belt, and I have often seen him, says the correspondent, tie on his sombrero with his mustache. He had a sparkle of humor about him, and his commanding person, bold, daring and aggressive make-up made him a general favorite in camp.

He, like other phenomenal men, had his peculiarities. "Old-Hell-in-the-Brush" and "Heart-Deep" were ever his companions in camp and on trail. "Old-Hell-in-the-Brush" was a magnificent London twist, rifle-bore gun which exactly chambered an ounce ball. It was an old-fashioned muzzle-loader, weighing eighteen pounds, but it never went back on its credentials, as indicated by its name, when in the hands of the Whale. "Heart-Deep" was a tremendous steel two-edged dirk weighing eleven pounds, which the Whale could wield as easily as a pen-knife. These two weapons which he had thus grimly christened were his constant companions while traversing the mountain ranges from Mineral King to Mount Lyell.

Many and thrilling were the daring encounters which could be related of him during his twelve years of mountaineer life in Fresno County.

On one occasion, while camped at a meadow on the south fork of Kings river, he found it necessary to fence off a pasture for his mustangs. He and his companion were felling trees for that purpose, when, by some miscalculation, a tree two feet in diameter fell on his companion, crushing him to the earth. But the Whale was equal to the emergency. Throwing his giant strength into his arms he lifted the leaden trunk from off the prostrate form of his unfortunate friend. His friend died from the injury, but his prompt action in removing the tree allayed much of his pain, and gave those who knew the Whale an example of his muscular strength, which won the plaudits and praise of the people throughout the sparsely settled country.

The Whale's lifting weight was nine times his own, or 1,800 pounds. At another time he displayed even greater strength and wonderful presence of mind. He and Frank Lewis were on the middle fork of Kings river prospecting for gold and silver.

One evening about dusk, when nearing camp, the Whale espied a cub bear fully six months old and weighing upward of two hundred pounds. The cub was asleep on top of a slanting boulder. Wills determined at once to capture the beautiful specimen alive.

"Better give him a little lead morphine and burn a little saltpeter behind it," remarked Frank, "to make him sleep sounder."

But the Whale wouldn't listen to it. Frank got on the pinnacle of a neighboring tree, so, as he said, he could see just how Wills caught hold of the cub. Wills grabbed the animal by both hind feet, and, startled thus from its lair, the Whale was soon convinced that he had a large and powerful brute to contend with. The cub set up a hideous yelling, and, showing fight, summoned its young strength perhaps for the first time to cope with its new-found foe. The boulder was slanting and slick, making footing unsure, and down its declivities side rolled man and bear. A thick copse of yerba buena and fern received the mysterious couple into its wild retreat. When a footing was reached Wills was on top, but the desperate animal by its cries had warned the ferocious mother of its peril. Frank from his perch attempted to pour hot lead into the approaching beast, now not more than fifty yards away and nearing the spot twenty feet at a bound.

The Whale took in the situation. It took both hands to overpower the cub; what was he to do? There was no time to theorize. Swinging the cub as a boy would a cat, he struck the mother full in the mouth with the cub's head. The bear fell stunned to earth and the cub slipped from the Whale's grasp bleeding and helpless. Quicker than you could even think the circumstance in rehearsal, trusty "heart deep" had done his work. The cub and mother had met the enemy and they were his'n.

Frank cautiously descended from the upper tier of the wild amphitheater, and spent the remainder of the night in trying to find the place in the animal's anatomy that the leaden messenger from the rifle had penetrated on its mission of death; but he found only a wide, deep gash through which eleven pounds of steel, obeying the influence of a giant's muscle, had served notice of ejection upon the chain of life.

The Whale met with but one enemy to whom he succumbed. In the spring of '72 mountain fever seized his powerful frame, his mind departed, and soon the reaper wrapped his thick, mysterious mantle of eternity about him and the Whale was no more. On the left bank of the great Kings river canyon, near a few feet of granite soil and the refreshing shade of a wide-spreading juniper, wrapped in his hunting garb, unwept, uncrowned and unsung, lies the hero of Mariposa, and above his grave is this simple inscription: "The Whale."

The Nature of Fogs.

In an interesting letter to Science H. A. Hazen, of Washington, gives some interesting and valuable particulars respecting the properties and nature of fog. He says that it is admitted that fog is simply cloud composed of water, dust or solid minute spheres of water, from 1-7,000 to 1-1,000 of an inch in diameter. Many have supposed that a dust particle must be a nucleus for each sphere, but an examination under the microscope of evaporated fog has proved that such is not the case. Briefly stated, the cause of fog is as follows: It is essential that there be no wind. The sky must be saturated, or nearly so. The formation of fog is a purely mechanical process, unaccompanied by heat.