

# Temperance Journal.

ORGAN OF SONS OF TEMPERANCE OF AMERICA

OUR MOTTO—NATIONAL PROHIBITION.

Herman H. Pitts  
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## CHRISTMAS 1889.

Grand preparations have been made  
for this Season's Trade at

### John J. Weddall's

EXCLUSIVELY

## DRY GOODS

ESTABLISHMENT.

All Goods Marked at lowest prices  
Money cheerfully refunded for any  
goods turning out otherwise than  
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### John J. Weddall.

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AT

### Hall's Book Store.

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HALL'S BOOK STORE.

CELLULOID GOODS AT  
Hall's Book Store.

CELLULOID IN SHEETS, AT  
HALL'S BOOK STORE

CELLULOID GOODS AT  
Hall's Book Store.

CELLULOID IN SHEETS, AT

### Hall's Book Store.

#### Whiskey and Geese.

A TRUE STORY.

—Whiskey is not good for man  
Everybody knows,  
But much further down the road  
This true statement goes.

—Whiskey is not good for man  
—God send him release!—  
And my story goes to prove  
'Tis not good for geese.

Some naughty boys one Autumn day  
Upon a picnic went;  
And they took whiskey with them, to,  
On purest mischief bent.

They ate and drank and when at last  
They all were satisfied,  
A quart of whiskey left, lo! there  
A flock of geese they spied.

And one boy badder than the rest  
Proposed to soak some corn  
In whiskey, give it to those geese  
And see what happ'd ere morn.

No sooner said than done. They did,  
And strewed with generous hand  
The plump fair grain that looked so good  
Before that trusting band.

They ate and ate those geese they did  
Till each one had his fill,—  
It was a sorry sight to see  
Them waddle up the hill.

And when they reached the farm-yard  
Sense and feeling fled,  
The farmer's wife came out and thought  
They all were poisoned dead.

And so,—a thrifty wife was she—  
She took them one by one  
And picked their feathers off of them  
Until the last was done;

And threw them o'er the back-yard fence.  
It was a chilly night,  
And long before the morning broke  
They realized their plight

And hastened to the kitchen door.  
The farmer's wife came out  
Aroused by th' unearthly din,  
To see what 'twas about.

And when she saw those naked geese  
Shivering side by side,  
She knew not what to say or think,  
But to the store she hied;

And hardly knowing what to do  
She bought some flannel cheap  
And made some nice warm jackets  
Those geese from cold to keep.

And those bad boys they saw it all  
And frolicked home again—  
If whiskey isn't good for geese  
It can't be good for MEN!

M. Batterham Lindsay,  
Asheville N. C.

#### An April Shower.

BY FRANCES KERSHAW.

The young Squire of Methleigh was on his way home, after a tour round the world of two years. The sun, which had shone uncertainly for the last hour, as he walked up and down the steep Devonshire hills from the station towards home, suddenly disappeared, and a sharp shower came on, so that in two minutes' time the road was a series of swift-flowing rivulets. Fortunately for the young Squire, a little inn, the "Methleigh Arms," was but a few hundred yards further. He hastened on, and took shelter till the shower chose to pass over, under the wide old-fashioned gateway. A carriage with the Methleigh crest upon it, had already taken shelter there, he found. The coachman, who was standing at the head of the fiery young mare, touched his hat, and a smile of delighted recognition lighted up his old face.

Brumby, my man! You here? said the young Squire, hastening to shake hands with the old servant. Right glad to see you again? I meant my return to be a surprise to them at home. Neither my father nor mother have any notion of my coming.

I am sure we will be right glad to have you home again from these furrin' parts Master Noel—I beg your pardon, Mr. Methleigh, said the coachman. The place hasn't been the same since you left it.

I suppose they are all pretty well, Brumby? inquired Noel Methleigh.

Oh, yes sir. My master, he's up in town still; and my mistress—well I'm just off to fetch her from the station when this shower gives over. She has been down to Lady Anne's tennis party. But p'raps you'd wish me to drive you on to the Hall first. Mr. Methleigh—there'll be time enough for me to go down to the train afterwards. This mare goes like a good 'un!"

Thanks, Brumby, but I think I'll wait about this place till you return, and then you can pick me up. Say nothing to my mother about my being here, mind! And before you go, Brumby, I've a mind to treat you to a glass of something warm—if there's anything fit to drink in this rusty hole!

Brumby shook his head. I've given up that bad habit of mine, and took the pledge since you left, Mr Noel. It's nigh upon two years since I've touched a drop—let alone a drop too much. And I'm another man for it. The Squire don't talk about having to get rid of me in these days, I can tell you, Mr Noel!

Yes, you are certainly an improvement on yourself when I saw you last, Brumby, said the young Squire.

You've grown a dozen years younger, let me tell you! There's no doubt temperance is a good thing for those who have strength of mind enough to go in for it. But there's also no use in driving a good thing too far. Extremes are bad, you know. You can take a drop in honor of my having sailed round the world, and come home safe and sound, without going home a confirmed drunkard. That's the blunder you teetotallers make—you drive temperance to an extreme!

A drop never did mean a drop for me in the old times, Master Noel, said the coachman shaking his head. I'm better right out of temptation's way.

For this once I am ready to take the responsibility on my own shoulders, Brumby, said the Squire, gaily. You needn't leave the mare. Waiter, a good glass of hot whiskey-and-water for our friend here, and the same for me indoors.

The coachman shook his head but allowed himself to be over-persuaded; and when the spirits came, he drank them off, and even called for another glass at his own expense.

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The shower was over; the sun shone forth brightly, and Brumby drove on to the station. Noel Methleigh sat lazily smoking and sipping his glass of spirits in the stuffy little parlor of the inn, until it occurred to him that the carriage ought to be returning. He got up and shook himself, and then turned out to gaze across the hill for the vehicle. Surely that was none other than the Methleigh carriage standing before the door of the inn midway between the Methleigh Arms and the station.

Hang that man, Brumby! What can he be doing there, wasting his time! the young Squire muttered impatiently, and he went to the parlor and his pipe.

Time went on, and still the carriage did not arrive. Noel Methleigh turned out of doors again, to see if it was not still standing before the inn door. But not a shadow of the carriage was in sight. The road to the station was empty. The young Squire's mind misgave him sadly. What could be the matter? Had the young mare bolted? The road over the hill was frightfully dangerous; on one side a precipitous incline, on the other the deep banks of the river.

He left his travelling bag, and hastened in the direction of the station. Not many hundred yards away, his worst fears seemed realized. On a grassy level, some twenty feet below the level of the road, lay the carriage completely shattered, and the mare, dead as a stone, besides it. My mother! God help us all! groaned the young Squire, as with trembling limbs and a face bathed in cold perspiration, he hastened down to the scene of the disaster.

A few yards above the carriage he found Brumby. The coachman had fallen on a soft grassy spot, and though he had been completely stunned by the shock of the fall, he seemed to have sustained no other damage.

Master Noel, he said faintly thank God, she had'n't come! There was a telegram—the shower kept her back. Thanks be to Cod for that shower! cried Noel Methleigh in a voice choked with emotion.

Then taking a little brandy flask from his pocket, he held it to the coachman's lips.

Drink, he said and presently you will be able to mount the hill, and walk as far as the inn with my help. We shall get horse and cart there.

Drink! muttered the man, turning away with the expression of intense loathing. Never again! If I had had but the courage to stick to my pledge, this would not have happened.

Just then a cart happened to be coming along the road. It was one of the Squire's and in it the young Squire and Brumby were driven to the hall. On the way the coachman explained how the accident had happened. It seemed that both in going and returning he had stopped to "liquor" at the inn where Noel Methleigh had seen the carriage standing. Once yielded to, the old temptation to drink had returned with a force not to be restrained. You see sir, he said sadly, it's the same with me as with many more.

The first cup'll never be the last. You treated me at the Arms, and I treated myself at the Lion. I wasn't used to the drink, and it flew to my head like fire. I could no more hold that fiery young mare in check than a child. She flew like the wind, until she came to the place of accident. There all of a sudden, she seemed to see her danger, and she flung herself back on her haunches—but it was too late. She went over the ledge, and the carriage after her. It was the providence of God, Mr Noel, that things were no worse—what if my mistress had returned by that train as she said?

Oh my God, that would have indeed been fearful! exclaimed the young Squire, shuddering. Yes, it is true! I might be standing now before God—the murderer of you and my mother, solely through having persuaded you to break your pledge, and take that first fatal cup! Brumby you must let me do all I can to make amends for the fearful wrong I have done you. You and I will go down to the very next meeting of the League of the Cross; there you will renew your pledge and I will take it. From this day forward not a drop of spirits shall pass my lips.

And the young Squire kept his word.—*League of the Cross Magazine.*

#### A Wine Paper's Appeal.

The *Merchant* of San Francisco makes the following appeal to wineworkers to unite against prohibitory laws:

"You have an active and vital interest in the Prohibition campaign which is soon to be made in this State. Your business, which is already weakened by low prices and dull markets, is threatened by a small army of Prohibitionists, who, know nothing of wine and its effects, are striving to make your vineyards all but valueless by prohibiting the manufacture of pure wine.

Do you propose to stand by and see your business threatened by this army of ignorant but self-assuming men and women? Do you want your markets further contracted by the adoption of prohibitive high-license in the cities of this State? Do you want your legitimate business outlawed and yourselves branded as enemies of men?

If you do not want these things you must put your shoulder to the wheel and assist in the campaign which is soon to begin, against the spread of cold-water cran'dism. You are concerned just as much as the brewers and the distillers in this

matter, for your business is threatened just as much as theirs. The producers of all alcoholic beverages are to be made war upon equally, and when you are attacked you cannot afford to let the brewers and distillers alone bear the brunt of battle. Your enemies are active, persistent and full of resources. Misrepresentation is a large portion of their stock-in-trade, and abuse makes up the balance. You can afford to stand neither. Your moral and financial assistance is needed, and you cannot but give both.

If the prohibitionists gain much more ground, you will find that you have ills more dangerous than the phylloxera, the malnero, or the temporary depression in the market. Will you act? Will you assist the associations that are now formed?"

#### He Paid Dearly for his Drink.

A special telegram from Columbus, Ohio, to the *New York World* tells a sad story.

Many years ago Samuel White, while under the influence of liquor, killed a man. The slayer bore a good character and had many friends. His only fault was intemperance.

The prisoner was tried, convicted, and sentenced for life. Every effort was made to save him, and the Governor was induced to follow the precedent established by several other Governors in similar cases. He pardoned the unfortunate man on the condition that he would abstain from strong drink.

Last Friday Samuel White was carried back to prison to remain there for the rest of his life. After observing the condition of his pardon for eighteen long years he had violated it on the occasion of his daughter's wedding, and had made his drunkenness so conspicuous that the authorities felt it their duty to arrest him.

What a raging thirst for liquor this man must have had to run such a fearful risk! Eighteen years of sobriety failed to quench it. The regained confidence of his family and friends was nothing to him when the temptation came. The impending doom of a living death in a dungeon did not frighten him. His blood was on fire—his brain whirled—he was ready to jeopard body and soul if he could once more gratify his appetite.

This man White is the type of a large class. There are few ticket-of-leave men roaming about under similar pledges, but there are many unfortunates who defy the terrors of the law, certain death and damnation in just the same way. The dwellers in Christian lands know that drunkards will be barred out of Heaven; the followers of Mahomet know that if they drink they can never enter the prophet's paradise, and the Aztecs knew that drunkenness forfeited their lives, but these penalties have not been potent in the past, nor do they now hold the victims of this fatal habit in check.

The case of Samuel White and others like him gives color to the humane and reasonable theory that the drunkard is mentally unsound, and should be locked up as an insane man instead of being subjected to a legal punishment.

But there are all sorts of drunkards. Some outgrow their disease. Others throw off their old vice and pick up a new one. The great majority, however, cannot be saved. They may turn their backs on the bottle for years but excessive joy or sorrow, or physical weakness, or something else, will drive them back to their fate.

The life prisoner in the Ohio penitentiary has paid a big price for a drink; but he is not alone. He is one of the many.—*Atlanta Constitution.*

Home should not only be a haven of rest, peace, and sympathy, but should have an element of beauty in all its details.

Energy will do anything that can be done in this world; and no talents, no circumstances, no opportunities will make a man without it.