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FREDERICTON, N. B.

earnest prayers day by day did, at the last dread moment, for those wayward young men.

This is the time for neglected prayers. Our young people tired out with the day's sports, and the late evening's enjoyment, come home hours after their parents have retired, and creep prayerless to their beds. They do not feel like praying. They are too tired to pray. They think they will pray extra in the morning. But they find perhaps that their God-fearing father, or their gentle mother, has been on their knees all those long hours they were wasting in questionable amusements, pleading with God to have mercy upon them. You wonder why the revels of mirth go on night after night and no whirlwind doom strikes, why pleasure-boat and excursion-train crowded full go out and come back and no accident, why the festive season with its wicked indulgence and God-dishonoring pleasure passes by and no serious mishaps; but perhaps we would not wonder so much, if we could hear the prayers and cries of earnest souls besieging the Mercy-seat.

Many care not for prayer. They do not pray for themselves, and they do not want to be prayed for. But they are prayed for, and unseen influences are all around them for good, and they cannot get away from them. Somebody takes enough of interest in you, young man, young woman, to pray for you.

There was a young business man in Windsor who was a very fine young man in many respects, but he had no piety about him at the time I speak of. One day I was visiting in a family, and the head of the family told me she was very much interested in that young man. She had never spoken to him in her life, but she knew his father and mother, and as he sat in church she pitied him and prayed for him and longed for his salvation. About a year afterwards that young man professed Christ. I told him about this woman's prayers for him, and he was very much surprised. Now, who will say that those prayers had nothing to do in the young man's coming to Christ?

Some years ago, a surveying party were caught on the prairies of the far West in a violent snow-storm. They stumbled along trying to find a place of shelter. But their efforts were in vain. They felt they were doomed, and they talked of lying down to die. It was hard to die out there on the wild prairie. But there was no help for it. They stopped, and began to think of meeting God. Some of them went apart to pray. It was Sabbath morning. One of the young men was from Nova Scotia, and there on the cold prairie he thought of home and friends, and the church he used to go to, and the minister he used to hear preach. He thought how that he would never see home again, and all the past came up, and perhaps it was not any too good. Instantly the thought flashed upon him, "This is the Sabbath, and they are praying for me at home. I cannot die here." So he rushed back to his perishing companions, and he says to them, "Boys, they are praying for us at home; let us go on; let us make one more effort to reach the camp." And they did so, and they were saved.

O parents, is there any prayer in your families? Can your sons and daughters as they tumble over the billowy sea, or wade through the deep prairie snows, or struggle through the difficulties and dangers and deaths all around them, comfort and cheer their hearts with this thought, "They are praying for us at home." Ah! what a loss to a family is the want of prayer, a loss that nothing else can ever make up to them. You may not be able to do much to give your children a start in life, but with the memory of a christian home to go with them over lands and seas, and the blessed realization in their hearts that their good dear father and mother are often on their knees for them—that is more to them than silver or gold. With that they are not ill-equipped to fight the battles of life, and do bravely, heroically, in the supreme hour. Oh let us realize our responsibilities as christian parents, and the more they play the more let us pray, the more careless they are, the more concerned let us be! Our prayers will not be lost.

AMEN.

TIGHT CLOTHING.

A young lady a few weeks ago applied to a physician for treatment. She suffered from continual headache, and had done so for years, and she had other troubles. The physician examined her thoroughly, and satisfied herself (the physician was a woman) as to the causes of the patient's maladies.

"I cannot treat you," said the doctor, "unless you will follow my instructions implicitly. But if you promise to do so, I think your health will improve immediately, and will soon be entirely restored."

The patient promised entire compliance with the instructions of the physician.

"The first thing for you to do is to take off your corsets, or wear them so loosely that your vital organs will not be at all compressed even when you take a full breath. Then suspend all your clothing from your shoulders, and have

nothing hang from your hips. Procure a pair of low heeled shoes about two sizes larger than you wear now. Give up drinking tea and coffee, or take them very weak. At first you may miss the stimulus, but only for a few days. Eat nourishing food at regular intervals, and go to bed early and get your sleep out. Walk to and from your place of business so as to get all the exercise possible for you in the open air."

A little medicine was given the patient for some local trouble, but treatment was relied on for the main difficulties. She did exactly as her physician told her.

In a few days she was free from headache, and in a few weeks she was enjoying a degree of health up to that time entirely unknown to her. The heart was able without check from tight clothing to do its work; her lungs had full play, and could purify the blood without hindrance from corset laces; the abdominal organs no longer crowded down upon the delicate organs below them, performed their functions without interfering with any other organs of the body; elasticity gradually came back to the step of the young woman, color came to her face, light to her eye and cheerfulness born of good health to her heart.

The physician from whose mouth this statement was received averred that the good results this patient enjoyed were directly from the treatment she received and gave herself, and not from the medicine.—New York Star.

A DANGEROUS MISSION.

The young lady who marries a man for the sake of reforming him, or with the expectation of reclaiming him from such dangerous habits as drinking, or other forms of dissipation, incurs a risk of personal danger, the wreck of happiness, and the almost inevitable failure of her efforts, no matter how self-sacrificing and persevering they may be, to which the majority of young women seem to be totally blind. Warnings against so dangerous a course cannot be uttered too frequently.

"If now," says Dr. Talmage, very wisely, under the restraint of your present acquaintance he will not give up his bad habits, after he has won the prize you cannot expect him to do so. You might as well plant a violet in the face of a northeast storm with the idea of appeasing it. You might as well run a schooner along-side of a burning ship with the idea of saving the ship. The consequence will be, schooner and ship will be destroyed together. If by twenty-five years of age a man can be grappled by intoxicants, he is under such headway that your attempt to stop him would be very much like running up on the track with a wheelbarrow to stop a Hudson River express-train. It is amazing to see how some women will marry men, knowing nothing about them. No merchant would sell a hundred dollars' worth of goods on credit without knowing whether the customer was worthy of being trusted. No man or woman would buy a house with encumbrances of mortgages and liens and judgments against it uncanceled, and yet there is not an hour of the day or night for the last ten years that there have not been women, by hasty marriages, intrusting their earthly happiness to men about whose honesty they know nothing, or who are encumbered with liens and judgments and first mortgages and second mortgages and third mortgages of evil habits."

A writer who seems to be at least partly awake to the danger above referred to, says to young women: "It is a terribly dangerous experiment that you are engaged in when you marry a rake for the sake of reforming him. But I will tell you of a plan that is perfectly safe and wise. Reform him before you marry him. There is a chance to display all your powers and charms as a philanthropist and a reformer."

We quite agree with the last writer in his recommendation that if a young woman is going to undertake a reformatory mission for the benefit of a dissipated young man, a rake, she should by all means make sure of reforming him before she marries him. But we would like to give a little further advice upon this point, namely, "reform him if you can, but don't marry him." Nothing could be more pernicious, nor more truly fallacious, than the opinion, which somehow has gained credence among women, that a "reformed rake makes the best of husbands." A man who has led a vicious life, who has gone down into the slums of iniquity, who has delighted himself in unrighteousness and revelled in immoralities,—such a man is spoiled; his character is smirched and stained with moral corruption. The canker of vice has polluted his heart, a moral putrescence has invaded the citadel of his mind, the taint of which cannot be removed by any ordinary disinfectant. Such a man has forfeited his right to the confidence of a pure woman. If he will marry, let him marry such an one as himself, and let him not thrust into the sanctity and purity of home, as the high priest of the domestic altar, a soul polluted with moral rotteness, a body scarred with fleshy lusts.

We have no sympathy with that sort of missionary enterprise which leads inexperienced young women to undertake the reformation of those calloused libertines whose vice-hardened hearts are as insensitive to pure sentiments as a piece of gristle, and their consciences as impenetrable to refining influences as the skin of a rhinoceros. Beware, young women; counsel well with your mother, or an experienced friend, before you undertake so dangerous a mission. Such enterprises too often end in giving another victim to the destroyer.—J. H. K. in Good Health.

BRANDY MANUFACTURE.

The Principal Industry of the Town of Cognac, France.

Originally Used as a Medicine, Brandy Soon Became the Tippler's Favorite Beverage—Destruction Worked by the Ever-Busy Phylloxera.

In Cognac every thing and every body are associated directly or indirectly with brandy, says the English Illustrated Magazine. If you come upon a grand pile of buildings you may be assured that they are brandy warehouses; if you see an unusually fine house it is certain to be the residence of a brandy merchant; the very atmosphere is saturated with it. Its deposits have imparted a new aspect to every bit of masonry its fumes can reach, and it is impossible to give a description of Cognac without some account of that commerce upon which its very existence depends.

Although distillation was understood by the Arabian alchemists centuries before a French physician and alchemist, Arnauld de Villeneuve, who died in 1360, appears to have been the first who distilled the famous aqua vite, which the discoverer proclaimed to be a panacea for every ill that flesh is heir to. "This water of life," he wrote, "is the water of immortality, since it lengthens our days, dissipates unhealthy humors, cheers the heart, and prolongs youth." Such praises were considered by no means extravagant in that age, and the extraordinary virtues of aqua vite were universally believed; it was used, however, rather as a medicine or cordial than a beverage. In 1560 it was given out to the Hungarian miners as a remedy against the cold, unwholesome air of the mines, and twenty years afterward the English army in Flanders was provided with it as a protective against the damp of the climate. That it was used in this country in Shakespeare's time is proved by the nurse in "Romeo and Juliet" exclaiming: "Give me some aqua vite!" Nantes seems to have been the earliest seat of the trade; thence it was smuggled across the bay of Biscay to our southern coast. In old plays brandy is frequently spoken of as "Nantes." As early as 1650, however, there were five or six brandy firms established in the little town on the banks of the Charente, and one of these, the house of Angier Freres, still exists. In the reign of Louis XVI. the eau-de-vie of Cognac was considered to be the best, but even in 1779 its merchants numbered only ten and in 1820 they did not exceed sixteen. During the next twenty years, however, the total leaped to 104, and in 1877 it further rose to 134; since then there has been a decrease in consequence of the repeated failures of the vintages.

Very little brandy is distilled in Cognac, the operation being chiefly conducted on the brandy farms in the district where the grape is grown. The brandy grape, which very much resembles the champagne, is a small, white berry, the juice of which previous to distillation tastes like very bad, sour cider. The farmers, as a rule, keep the spirit several years before offering it for sale; it is then purchased by the Cognac merchants. When brought into the warehouses its strength is about twenty over proof; this is reduced by adding a certain proportion of distilled water. Different vintages are mingled in huge vats, which sometimes stand in an upper part of the building, and are kept constantly stirred to blend the flavors and a preparation of burned sugar is added for coloring. It is then filtered through a peculiar kind of paper pulp and flows into vats on a lower level, in which it remains from five to twenty and eventually years to mature. From these receptacles it is drawn off into casks for bottling or for exportation.

The premises of some of the principal brandy merchants are of enormous extent, the largest and most elaborate being fitted with all the newest appliances, which cover several acres of ground. The operations of the trade require large space. To give some idea of these we may state that the blending department, once the crypt of the monastery, contains eighty vats, each of the capacity of sixty hogsheads, and in the flourishing days of the trade this house has sent out in a single year as many as 6,000,000 bottles, besides casks. When we consider that there is another firm in the town whose business is equally large, and several that very nearly approach it, to say nothing of a hundred others which have more or less extensive transactions, some conception may be formed of the importance and enormous capital embarked in this branch of commerce.

But brandy is rapidly becoming a thing of the past, thanks to a tiny insect whose ravages have been as terrible to this part of the country as was the plague of locusts to Egypt. It was in 1865 that the phylloxera first appeared in France in the valley of the Rhone; by the close of 1874 it had extended throughout the south, southeast and southwest, from Lyons to Bordeaux. Only eleven years ago the cognac district had about 60,000 acres planted with vines; of these nearly 8,000 have been utterly destroyed, and over 20,000 seriously injured; since then three-fourths of the area have been desolated and the remainder much affected, and the opinion of the leading merchants is that the chances are that in another generation the true eau-de-vie will be a liquor introuvable. Some attempt is being made at replanting the vineyards, though, in most cases, the pest reappears upon the young shoots, and here and there experiments are being made with American vines, which are said to be phylloxera proof, but the prospects of cognac can scarcely be said to be improved to any great extent.

In the meantime, the effect of this state of affairs is everywhere visible. The precincts of the ancient convent, in which a famed firm of brandy-makers have taken up their quarters for the last hundred years and more, are as quiet and drowsy as though they were still the home of the followers of St. Francis.