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Tracts and Leaflets

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

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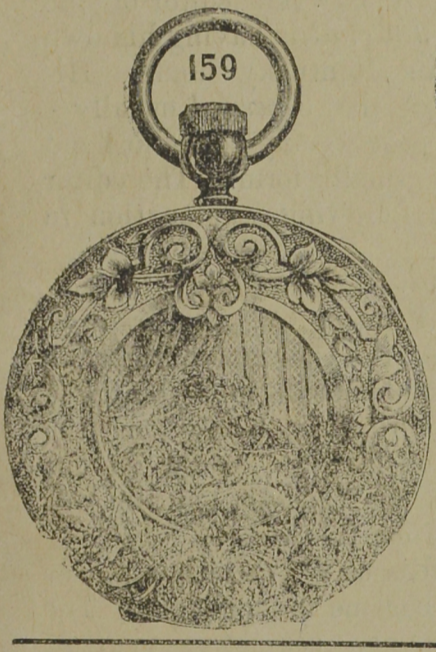
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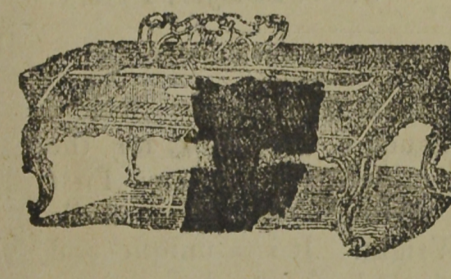
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If Christ were here where I am, He would exhort you to be friendly, sociable. Yes, my hearer, have your friends, and be yourself worthy of their friendship. Stand by them through the testing years with a faithfulness that cannot be shaken. Let your friendship be sacred. Such is the friendship religion enjoins, and such a friend is Jesus. And go into society, and take religion along with you. Take it with you to the socials, the great suppers, the marriage-banquets, and so on, and it will make your face shine, and help you to be social in a right way. It is not always easy to be a christian in society. It is easier to be a christian in one's own chamber, and a good many christians prefer to absent themselves from all that is going on. When they are invited out to tea, they do not go; they excuse themselves. But sometimes it may be their duty to go, and wrong for them to stay at home. Their Master would go, for society's sake, friendship's sake, and He would help the joy around Him in a right way.

Again: Religion is a bright-faced, cheerful, joyous sort of thing. It is not a settled gloom, a shadow on the young life. No. It sings; it smiles; it laughs aloud, and wants others to laugh with it. A long face is no evidence of religion, nor a face round with joy an evidence of the want of religion.

They tell us our Lord was never seen to laugh, but He often wept. They paint Him in His humble father's workshop as contemplating the shadow of the cross on the wall, caused by the rays of the setting sun streaming in through the casement, and falling upon Himself as He rests a moment with His arms outstretched.

And no doubt the shadow of the cross was very often, in one way and another, obtruding itself upon His young life, and causing His tears to flow. But let us not believe a word of it, that He never laughed, that He only wept. It is not like Him to keep His back to the sunshine, and His face to the shadow. He opens His mouth to speak to men, and what is it He says? Is it, to put on sackcloth, to throw ashes on their heads, to go into mourning and fill their years with weeping? No; He exhorts men to be happy, to rejoice with a great joy, to fill their lives with gladness and the sunshine of hope. He tells them not to be anxious and care-worn, to go about borrowing trouble, looking for crosses where there are none, and burdening themselves with the burdens that it may never be theirs to bear. On the contrary, He wants them to look at the bright side of even calamities, to gather up the sunbeams and live the sunny life, to be cheerful and hopeful, to sing and shine rather than gloom and groan.

Some of you here today at this banquet of the King have come through a season of sorrow you will never forget, and never want to forget. You have scars in your heart that time will never heal; a cross crushing your years with its weight, and there it will lie, growing heavier and heavier, a sorrow that like a worm keeps gnawing at your life, and there is no hope for you. Ah, how bitter is the past! And while the past is bitter, the future is dark. You say: "Tell me not of joy, for it is not for me to rejoice any more. It is for me to weep, to go softly and sorrowing all the rest of my life. It is for me to wrap myself up in sorrow's garb, and sit waiting in the shadows till the lamp of life burns itself out."

But the Bridegroom comes. His voice is heard in the garden. The birds sing; the flowers bloom; all is gladness where He comes. And what is His message to you, mourning one? I think He wants you to dry those fast-falling tears. He wants you to hope in Him, to let His sunshine beam in upon you, to feel that out of the wrecks of the past He can still build up a gladness and glory to come, a future as bright as the past has been black. He speaks, and as He speaks, let there fall upon the waves of your trouble the calmness that fell upon the waves of the Galilean sea: "Let not your heart be troubled; ye believe in God, believe also in me." And then looking up, high up above the grave where lies so much that is dear to your heart, He goes on to say: "In my Father's house are many mansions; if it were not so, I would have told you; I go to prepare a place for you. And if I go and prepare a place for you, I will come again, and receive you unto myself, that where I am, there ye may be also." And yonder where He is, and where yours are, and where you are to be, there are no more tears, no more nights of sorrow and darkness, no more graves to be dug, no more pain to be borne, no more bitter separations, but life and joy and all that is good forever and forever. Think of that, and you will be cheered and helped; you will hope again.

Thus, to conclude, religion as it is set before us here in the text, and everywhere throughout the gospel, is a bright and blessed thing. It is not want; it is a banquet. It is not a wilderness experience, a life of loneliness in a cave or a cloister; it overflows with sociability, it has lots of friends, it surrounds us with the very best of company. And then it comes to us in the darkest ex-

periences that can gather around a life, and it wipes away our tears and bids us hope again. And even when the grave closes over all we love and hold dear, it points us to the bright and blessed Beyond, and lets us see, that out of all this sorrow and darkness, out of the deep grave even and the awful shadows of death, are to grow up and burst forth into eternal bloom and beauty a new life, a new world. Eat, then, O friends; drink, yea drink abundantly, O beloved.

Why should the children of a King
Go mourning all their days?
Great Comforter, descend and bring
Some tokens of Thy grace.

Thou art the earnest of His love,
The pledge of joys to come;
And Thy soft wings, celestial Dove,
Will safe convey me home.

AMEN.

LONG AND QUICK JUMPS.

Harvy Kennedy, the ventriloquist, has been pluming himself upon a long "jump" made by him from New York to San Francisco and back. He made the trip in one day less than a month, and played two weeks in San Francisco. But George Rignold has the best record at this sort of theatrical traveling. He went from San Francisco direct to New York to play at a charity matinee, and at the close of the performance went direct to the depot, and was at once headed back for San Francisco. He did not tarry there either, but proceeded to Australia.—San Francisco Argonaut.

Fourteen years ago a farmer living near Defiance, Ia., struck a huge tusk at the depth of 26 feet while he was digging a well. He laid the wall of the well on top of the tusk, but, fancying afterward that the water had a queer taste, filled the hole up. Recently some people of a scientific bent unearthed the farmer's find. It proved to be seven feet long. It is very brittle, but pieces broken from it are susceptible of a very high polish and resemble ivory.

WORSE THAN MARRIAGE.

A bachelor, old and cranky,
Was sitting alone in his room;
His toes with the gout were aching,
And his face was o'erspread with gloom.

No little one's shouts disturbed him,
From noises the house was free,
In fact, from the attic to cellar
Was quiet as quiet could be.
But still there was something wanting,
Something he couldn't command;
The kindly words of compassion,
The touch of a gentle hand.

And he said, as his brow grew darker,
And he rang for the hiring nurse,
Well, marriage may be a failure,
But this is a blamed sight worse."

FACTS ABOUT COFFEE.

The pleasures of coffee are by no means dissipated in the warm season, when "hot coffee" is not needed as a means of defying the discomfort of cold weather. Cold coffee is a delicious beverage when well made. Coffee ice made of strong coffee frozen in a freezer and served in cups with whipped cream is a dainty dessert, or a convenient part of the afternoon tea menu; coffee soda is a peculiar Summer drink, and few people accustomed to the morning cup of coffee make any difference on account of the weather in this most important feature of the breakfast table. An expert in coffee maintains that the best coffee is made in the old fashioned tin coffee pot. "Don't give me any new pattern arrangement for making coffee" he says, "the old tin pot is the only kind of cooking utensil that preserves the aroma and the full flavor of the coffee."

After the coffee has been boiled and settled pour it in good strength upon a cup half filled with cream and hot milk. Most true coffee epicures have a beverage prepared with full strength that will give a delicious aroma and a true but delicate flavor to a cup of rich cream and boiled milk. Rather peculiarly the average American drinks about the same amount of coffee now that he did 18 years ago. In 1870 the average consumption for each person was seven and a half pounds, in 1888 it was seven and two-thirds pounds, showing that the taste for coffee neither increases nor decreases.—Boston Journal.

TO TELL EGGS ARE FRESH.

Hold the egg to the light and look through it. Fresh eggs are more transparent in the centre—old eggs at the ends.

Or, dissolve a teaspoonful of salt in a quart of water. Good eggs will sink, indifferent ones will swim and bad eggs float in this solution.

Or, shake the egg gently at your ear. If you hear a gurgle or thud the egg is bad.—Good Housekeeping.

WEATHER PROVERBS.

What the Little Birds Tell While Nesting and on the Wing.

That birds have long been guides to sailors and agriculturists every one who knows any thing about popular weather prognostics is well aware. Not only have the flight and general action of birds been noted by all civilized nations, says the Savannah (Ga.) News, but among barbarous tribes in this and other lands the migratory habits of the feathered tribe have discounted prognostics of Government signal bureaus. Wind, rain and other atmospheric changes are predicted by those who narrowly watch the migration of birds, and sailors in particular, who are close observers of the heavens above, the atmosphere around them and the waters beneath them, base their prognostics on all the peculiar phases of land, water and sky and the elements of life which people them.

Among the birds which serve to guide the sailors to look out for squalls, the sailor expects wind when the cormorants fly landward. If the gull soars to lofty heights and, circling round, utters shrill cries, a storm is approaching. If the parrots whistle on shipboard it will rain. If they dress their feathers and are wakeful it will storm the next day. If the petrels gather under the stern of a ship bad weather will follow. The stormy petrel surely betokens stormy weather, and no sooner do they gather in numbers under the wake of a ship than sailors prepare to meet an impending tempest.

Hunters are close observers of the habits of birds, and many prognostics are learned from the vocabulary of an experienced hunter, who will stay in doors in the morning when an amateur hunter will be tempted out by a clear sky, to come back in the rain, or will find that a moderate temperature in the morning is no sure precursor of a warm day. Among the prognostics the hunter draws from birds a few will suffice:

If birds in the autumn grow tame,

The winter will be too cold for game.

Bats flying late in the evening indicate fair weather, but if they squeak flying it will rain on the following day. A solitary buzzard at a great altitude indicates rain, but if buzzards fly high together it will be fair weather. If chickens crow before sundown it will rain the next day. If they run to shelter it will not rain long. If they come off the roost at night rain will soon follow. The Zuni Indian hunters say that when chimney swallows circle and call they speak of rain, and Indians predict a deep fall of snow when grouse drum at night. Hunters and fishermen have a saying that "there will be no rain the day the crane flies down the creek." One crow flying along is a sign of foul weather, but if crows fly in pairs the weather will be fine. If crows make much noise and fly in a circle rain is expected. If the cuckoo halloo in low land it will rain, if on high land it will be fair. Domestic fowl look toward the sky before rain and go to roost in the day time.

If they stand on one leg the weather will be cold. If birds are fat and sleek in February it is a sign of more cold weather. If geese walk east and fly west it will be cold. An old proverb says: "When the hen crows, expect a storm within and without," and hunters say that the direction the loon flies in the morning will be the direction of the wind the next day. Owls hooting in the daytime indicates rain, but if at night the weather will be fair.

When the peacock loudly bawls

Soon we'll have both rain and squalls.

Pigeons return to their dovecotes unusually early before a rain. The habits of wild geese are watched, and furnish many prognostics. The following is a popular verse:

Wild geese, wild geese, going to the sea,

Good weather it will be;

Wild geese, wild geese going to the hill,

The weather it will spill.

In Kansas, when wild geese fly to the southeast in the fall, the people expect a blizzard.

There are many prognostics of the season which have their origin in the migrations of birds, and in the peculiar formation and appearance of the goose bone, which is to-day looked upon by thousands of people as a sure prognostic of what the coming winter will be, and in Kentucky, if the issue should be raised whether the Signal Service Bureau or the goose bone should go, the Kentuckian would cling to the goose bone; in fact Henry Watterson, if he had to choose between the star eyed goddess of reform and the goose bone, would not dare to offend Kentuckians by discarding the prophetic bone. The people of Kentucky say if the breast bone of a goose is red, or has many red spots, expect a cold and stormy winter, but if only a few spots are visible, the winter will be mild, and they furnish the following recipe so that it may be read intelligently, which instructions are as follows:

"To read the winter of any year take the breast bone of a goose hatched during the preceding spring. The bone is translucent, and it will be found to be colored and spotted. The dark color and heavy spots indicate cold. If the spots are of light shade and transparent, wet weather, rain or snow may be looked for."

When wild geese and wild ducks move south the weather will be cold, if north, the weather will be warm, and the birds migrate south much earlier if the winter will be early. A severe winter follows if crows fly south, but if they fly north it will be an open winter. No killing frost comes when the martins turn to their old haunts, and the first song of the robin is the voice of spring. The swan is said to build its nest high during seasons when freshets visit the localities where the swan broods, and those who cultivate low lands note how the swan's nest is built. If it is built low there will be no unusual rains. There are many other prognostics derived from observing the habits of birds, of interest to the seaman and land lubber, and in concluding the popular prognostic of the farmer, drawn from watching the nest of the swallow, is given:

When the swallow's nest is high

The summer is very dry;

When the swallow buildeth low

You can safely build and sow.

Slips of the Tongue.

A friend of mine was attending services at a certain Baptist church in Washington, says a letter in the Salem Gazette. The minister was a very deliberate speaker, with a broad mouth. The sermon was about the death of Moses. In the course of it the preacher began a sentence "Biddy diddy" and again halted. What could it be? He made a second attempt—"diddy diddy"—and again halted. Strange. Lubricating his lips he made a third attempt and succeeded—"Did he bid adieu," etc. A clergyman in Ohio said: "For now we see through a dark glass," and the same man spoke of some one going "headlessly" to destruction. A Providence minister once said: "Turned his eyeless sight-balls up to Heaven."