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Editor and Proprietor.

BALLOTS COUNT, NOT WOMAN'S TEARS.

Oh! forget not I entreat you,
Pass it down through coming years,
This—the "maxim of the Nation,"
"Ballots count, not woman's tears."
Woman's prayers and tears are noted,
At our Father's throne above,
Her petitions are not slighted,
By that "government of love."

But in councils of our country,
Led by men of wisdom's years,
She is told at their tribunal,
Ballots count not woman's tears.
Ballots count, for good or evil,
Be not blindly led astray,
While you pray for Prohibition,
Cast your vote the way you pray.

Ballots count, then cast them only
For the cause of right to-day;
Cast them with the men and party
Who are voting as they pray.
And in years to come our children,
From the curse of liquor freed,
Will thank God for Prohibition,
For our glorious victory.

BETTER TIMES ARE COMING.

AN ANTI-LIQUOR RECITATION.

Better times are coming;
Our country shall be free
From drink contamination,
The foe of liberty.
Too long the vile oppression
Has ground the people down,
But temperance aggression
The demon shall dethrone.

Better times are coming;
The dawn foreshadows day;
The sun of truth is rising
To beam refulgently;
And as the day is breaking,
With radiance o'er the land,
The people are awaking,
Deliverance to demand.

Better times are coming;
Fast flows the temperance tide;
Thousands are bravely striving
To spread truth far and wide.
Science will aid progression,
And nobly lead the way,
Till the people by persuasion
The laws of health obey.

Better times are coming;
When it shall be the rule
To give good temperance training
In every public school.
Teachers will be abstainers,
And personally feel
That thereby they are gainers
In health, and wealth, and weal.

Better times are coming;
All hail the joyous day!
Old customs are declining
That for ages have held sway.
The rising generation
In Bands of hope, secure,
Are being trained in thousands,
The drink cup to abjure.

Better times are coming;
Right welcome shall they be,
By all who labor to obtain
Freedom from slavery.
The Church, in earnest everywhere,
Might soon the change ring in,
By resolute contention
With this mainspring of sin.

Better times are coming;
When victory shall be won,
And the nation will be prosperous,
With the drinking system gone.
Disease, and crime, and poverty
Will well-nigh disappear,
With all their grim appliances,
Maintained from year to year.

Better times are coming,
With happier family life,
And homes where peace and comfort
reign,
In place of grief and strife:
Where children, by example,
Will learn strong drink to shun,
And be fitted for life's battle
By training well begun.

Better times are coming;
Let all work with a will;
Each in his chosen circle
Has duties to fulfil.
Unitedly for action,
Together let all stand,
With hearts resolved to overthrow
The drink-scourge of the land.

—Richard Cameron in the League Journal.

"I Want to Vote for my Pa."

"Good morning, my little man, and who will you vote for to-day?" So said a neighbor to little Jimmie Lambert, a brave five-year-old. It was village election day, and the neighbor was on his way to the polls. Jimmie straightened himself up, and was puzzled but for a moment—a bright thought struck him. "I—I'm goin' to vote for my pa," he said, as if there could be no doubt about the propriety of that. "I guess you are hardly big enough," replied the man laughing, but you might try." Jimmie's old plays suddenly grew stale. Here was a new thing that men were doing, and he wanted to do the same; for all play is but an imitation of real life, whether it be the play of children in the nursery, or of grown-up people on the stage. But he was sorely puzzled how to do it, and after trying several things, and calling them voting, he said to his little sister, fourteen months younger than himself:

"Mamie, let's go an' vote down town," and off they went. But mama saw them. Now, Mrs. Lambert was somewhat out of temper that day; for Mr. Lambert, while fuddled with beer at the saloon, had made a peculiarly unfortunate bargain. He had traded his cow, one main support of his family, for a washing machine, which some smooth-tongued guzzler assured him would do their washing before breakfast—meaning of course, if they commenced early enough. Mrs. Lambert was kneading bread and brooding over the matter when she spied her two children just turning into the street.

"Jimmie!" she cried, "James Henry! Do you hear me! Come into the house." James Henry obeyed, but reluctantly.

"I'm goin' to vote for pa," he said, by way of apology. "I wish you would vote for him," retorted Mrs. Lambert, as she went into the pantry after some flour, "that he wouldn't have any saloon to go to."

This was taken at once by Jimmie as his mother's permission to do the voting forthwith, and, slipping out of the door, he was soon on his way to the hall, carefully leading Mamie by the hand.

The usual question of License or No-License was before the people, and as the contest was expected to be very close the excitement ran high. Each side had computed its forces, and was seeing that their last man was brought in. The large room was full of men looking on, passing tickets, kepping tally of voters, or discussing the situation in loud tones. Jimmy, still holding Mamie's hand, timidly twitched a man's coat, and looked up in his face.

"I want to vote for my pa," he said.

"You're too small, my little man, to—"

"Who is it?" cried a second.

"Sam Lambert's children," responded some one.

"Lobbying for a new candidate?"

"Give him a vote!"

"Give the boy a chance!"

So ran the exclamations around the room.

"Give us a speech," said the brawny gunsmith. What office does your pa want?"

And so saying, he stood the children side by side upon the judges' table. All were hushed for a moment in expectation of something to cause fresh merriment. Some who had just come in stood with their ballots in their hands, enjoying the diversion with the rest.

"Poor little things!" said one, in a sympathetic whisper, as if to suggest that the play had gone far enough. Jimmie's lips trembled, but he managed to say:

"I want to vote for my pa."

"Shimmie's doin' to vote for our pa," repeated Mamie, in a prompt, clear voice "so 'e wont do to s'loon!"

The merriment was over. An almost painful awe crept over that

assembly of men, as if in the voice of helpless childhood they had heard the voice of God.

"Won't none of yez help these babies!" cried an Irishman. "Sure an' I've a moind to help 'em meself."

"Give 'em some tickets!" shouted a voice.

It was a happy thought, and no sooner said than done.

"I'll count for yez, my little man," continued the Irishman, and he took a ballot from Jimmie's hand, folded and voted it. Then what a wild hurrah went up from the crowd! An officer rapt for order.

"The boy has voted now; who'll vote for the little girl?" cried the gunsmith.

"That's me!"

"I'm another!"

"I'm your man, little one!" And three hands were outstretched for ballots, drawing them from Mamie's closed fist.

Another cheer went up.

"You must remove the children gentlemen, and stand back a little," commanded one of the judges' rising. As they were lifted down another cheer arose, with cries of "Good!" "That's it!" and all eyes were turned to the cornet-band teacher's black-board, on which a local artist was sketching in outline the two children, with an inscription over and under like this:

VOTERS, ATTENTION!

PLEASE VOTE FOR OUR PA, "SO'E WON'T GO TO S'LOON."

In vain did the other side try to dampen the enthusiasm. The children triumphed, and the Prohibition board was elected by thirty-one majority. And so Jimmie did "vote for his pa."—*Exchange.*

THE SCOTT ACT.

Is It A Failure Or A Success?

A CALM SURVEY OF THE SITUATION.—BY A THOUGHTFUL OBSERVER.—THE LAW AND ITS OPERATION IN MIDDLESEX COUNTY.—HINTS FOR WORKERS EVERYWHERE.

The following article, written by a well-posted worker in the county of Middlesex, is a little lengthy, but it will repay a careful perusal. The conditions it discusses exist in other counties, and its warnings and deductions may be studied with profit by Scott Act workers in every part of the Dominion.

IS THE SCOTT ACT A FAILURE?

The cry that the Scott Act has proved a failure is one very persistently employed by the enemies of the Temperance cause. It is especially the weapon of persons who, although too intelligent and well-informed to question the ruinous consequences of intemperance, are yet unequal to the personal sacrifices involved in the abandonment of self-indulgent habits, or who are perhaps pecuniarily interested in supporting the liquor-traffic, in some one or other of its numerous branches. It is a cry which has unhappily been rendered plausible in many districts, not by reason of any defect in the Act itself, but by lamentable misconceptions and failures of duty, for which there has been no necessity, and for which there can be no sufficient excuse. Let us examine this cry, and endeavor to test its validity by a few pertinent considerations.

And in the first place, the idea naturally suggests itself, that if fairly successful in one county, there can be no necessity, for failure in another. If the Act be well carried out in Middlesex, with beneficial results (and this cannot be controverted), what reason can there be for failure anywhere? The conditions are much the same, and so should be the issue.

This necessarily brings up the question of Middlesex enforcement. How has the Act fared in our own county? The official returns of convictions made and of fines collected under its provisions, give a satisfactory reply, while another proof of success is a remarkable falling off in

the number of convictions for crimes and offences committed in the county, exclusive of the city since Mr. Noble's appointment as Police Magistrate, being somewhat more than the latter half of the period during which the Act has been in force—a hopeful state of things certainly, and no doubt, in a great measure, of the closing of so many country and village bars and drinking places, in which bad and idle habits were wont to be contracted with all their usual consequences. But while it may reasonably be claimed, that the Act has been fairly well administered in Middlesex, it is not intended to assert, that all has been done throughout the county that might have been done. The same causes that have elsewhere interfered with the proper working of the Act have not been altogether inactive here. Some of them can be readily pointed out, and among the most important will be found the following three:—

1. POLITICAL INFLUENCES.—THE FEAR OF OFFENDING POLITICAL ALLIES. This is no doubt the reason why, in some localities, the Act has been almost a dead letter—and why, in other places, pernicious methods have been followed, resulting in the utmost harm to the Temperance cause.

2. MISCONCEPTION OF THE REAL OBJECT OF THE LAW. Some inspectors seem to think that their chief endeavor should be to collect as many fines as possible, with the least inconvenience to the persons fined. They regard any arrangement or understanding by which this end can be best accomplished, as desirable and praiseworthy, thus creating in their respective districts, a license system of their own, of the worst possible character. They should know that the true object of the Act is to prohibit the sale of liquor, not to regulate it. Any departure from the right course should involve immediate dismissal from office, on which the friends of Temperance should insist.

3. APATHY OF THE TEMPERANCE PEOPLE. Many seem to have thought that after carrying the Act, nothing more was needed. A greater mistake could hardly have been committed. Constant vigilance should have been the watchword, and would have rendered opposition to the continuance of the Act hopeless. The chief blame for the present state of things rests on the Temperance people, themselves. If the Scott Act is a failure who are to blame so much as they who, having carried the Act should have seen to its proper enforcement, and who yet did nothing? It may seem too late in many counties to remedy the mischief in time for the coming vote, but not, it is to be hoped, in the county of Middlesex—and certainly a heavy responsibility rests on our people, not only as regards themselves, but in behalf of their neighbors. They have been remiss in their duty, not designedly perhaps, but by carelessly depending on others, not on themselves. They have taken for granted that the Act would be as thoroughly enforced as possible by the Government officials, and they have not taken the trouble to see that it was so. Nor to anything like the extent they might, have they assisted the inspectors in the performance of their arduous duties. No wonder, therefore, that so much neglect and apparent indifference should give rise to the cry, that the "Scott Act is a failure."

Now, the Temperance people of Middlesex must meet and defeat this cry, and so atone for the past by their resolute conduct during the coming struggle, and should victory again rest on the Temperance banner, they must carefully consider how to govern themselves thereafter. They will have learnt the lesson, that to carry the Act is not more than half the battle, and that the duty will always remain of doing whatever may be necessary, and at all necessary costs and charges, to ensure the Act being fully respected and enforced within the limits of their territory. Thus will they best serve themselves,

and also prove to the whole Dominion of Canada that the Scott Act is not a failure, in the county of Middlesex at all events, and therefore need not be a failure anywhere.

In conclusion, let our friends remember that the coming struggle is one of life or death on the part of the liquor interest. Victory this time will establish the Act so firmly in the county of Middlesex as to render further assaults upon it comparatively harmless. The liquor men know this, and will fight with all the energy of despair, fearing lest it be the last chance of re-establishing their vile business on a recognized legal basis. This hope of repeal has been their encouragement during their period of adversity, and has made the work of the inspector so much harder than if the law had possessed more permanency. It is indeed the great weakness of a liquor local option law, that public sentiment in its favor may temporarily weaken under such a cry as "The Act has proved a failure," especially when perhaps in some respects it has not accomplished all it might, nor all it assuredly will, if permitted an extended lease of life.

How important, then, to fight the good fight well this time—putting all our strength forth—not sparing ourselves in any way—trusting with God's help, not only to win the day in the present contest, but so to organize our forces and strengthen our purposes as, in the not distant future, to bring about the greater triumph of absolute Prohibition everywhere throughout Canada, and so perhaps lead the way for the extinguishment within Her Majesty's Dominions, and so eventually all over the Christian world, of this disgraceful and soul-destroying traffic.

Our fathers in England did this as regards slavery. Why should not we endeavor in like manner to exterminate a still greater evil, and one more widely spread and more injurious? Slavery is now unlawful wherever Christ is fully recognized, and the principles He taught acknowledged as the rule of life. Why should not a like result follow as regards the traffic in intoxicating liquors, if Christian states in America, on both sides of the border, would declare the business unlawful in all its branches within their respective territories? Would not the reward be great, and should not we Temperance men of Middlesex aim thus high in the present emergency? Can we do so more effectually than by defending the Scott Act now? Let us do so manfully, and God will help us, and give us the victory.—*Canada Citizen.*

The Pittsburg correspondent of the *Prohibitionist* writes of the amendment campaign just opened in Pennsylvania: It will doubtless be the most hotly contested Prohibition battle ever fought on this continent. This is the Keystone State. If the Keystone drops out the whole whiskey arch is likely to come tumbling to the ground.

In New York city 80,000 Swedes reside, and not one of them is a saloon-keeper. They are said to be about the best class of emigrants that comes to this country. King Oscar, of Sweden and Norway, is the Grand Chief Templar of the Swedish Grand Lodge of Good Templars. So much for royalty. He is not afraid of other powers or other influences of a depraved element.

Dr. Singleton, of Melbourne, says that during five and a half years he had over 25,000 applications for medical aid at the Collingwood Free Medical Dispensary for Sick Poor. He treated all on the non-alcoholic principle, and had a lower rate of mortality than usual. He adds that for over 59 years he has scarcely ever used alcohol with any patient or for any disease, and he has never lost a patient by this course. What a splendid testimony.