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Editor and Proprietor.

WHAR THE CORN JUICE FLOWS.

BY CLARENCE H. PEARSON.

My son, afore you leave yer home, I want ter say ter you,
Thar's lots of pitfalls in the world ter let young roosters through.
So keep a padlock on yer mouth and skin yer weather eye,
But never advertise yerself as being monstrous "fly."
Don't run to dress—of all the orts with which the airth is strewed,
The most consarned useless thing is what they call a dood,
An' don't be "tough" an' wear yer hat a tilted on yer nose,
An' don't be forever loafin'.

Whar
The corn
Juice
Flows.

I know you think I don't know much, but take a fool's advice,
An' never go to a saloon to play at cards or dice,
Fer tho' I don't hold playin' cards itself as any crime,
I know these bar-room games use up a heap of cash an' time;
An' every little while, ye know, the reg'lar drinks must come,
Until yer head goes swimmin' on a reservoir of rum.
Sometimes you'll jaw about the game an' likely come ter blows,
Fer ye don't know what'll happen.

Whar
The corn
Juice
Flows.

They say a wise man takes his drink an' goes about his biz,
Tho' I think he's a wiser one who lets it be whar 'tis,
Still bar-room talk an' sich does more than drink ter spoil a man,
Fer the mind absorbs more pizen than the stomach ever can;
So ef you will indulge, my lad, don't hang about the bar,
But down yer booze an' plank yer dues an' git away from thar,
Fer barrin' liquor men—themselves, thar's no one ever rose,
Thet made it his headquarters.

Whar
The corn
Juice
Flows.

I s'pose this kinder talk from me may sound a little odd,
Bein' as how I've allus drank my share of forty rod,
But if I had ter live agin the years thet's past an' gone,
I'd undertake ter organize a temperance club of one,
Fer, now that you are leavin' home ter steer yer own canoe,
Some theories I hev allus held is sorter fallin' through,
An' I'd feel a good deal better ef my son afore he goes,
Would boycott all the places.

Whar
The corn
Juice
Flows.

VICTIMS OF THE TRAFFIC OR PRAYER OF THE OPPRESSED.

Oh hark to that sound so mournfully pealing
So dismally wailing upon the night air,
So plaintive and low such sorrow revealing
A heart-touching cry as if borne of despair!
Now loud and now soft, now burdened with sadness,
Now touching the heart like a voice meek and low,
Now changed to the Demonic howling of madness
Or wail of the dying all blended with woe.

Oh what are those sounds? from whence are they stealing?
What meaneth those wails so dismally low?
Those heart-rending cries so mournfully pealing,
So burdened with sadness and laden with woe!
Go down to the battle field dismal and gory,
Go down where the lepers of poverty dwell;
Those victims ensnared, go hear th'ir sad story,
Go view the foul work of the demon of hell!

Go stand by the side of that mother who's weeping
O'er the corpse of a son by demon laid low;
The joy of her life, the boy of her keeping,
Go feel for one moment a pang of her woe.

Go into yon hut where a drunkard is lying;
His wife and his children in grief sit around,
His soul in the horrors forever is dying,
The chains of the demon about him are bound.

Deep is their affliction and loud is their weeping
The cup of their sorrow doth now overflow;
By the fiend he is maddened and from his couch leaping,
He taketh a weapon and ends all their woe.

Such are the scenes of this great bloody battle!
Such are the sounds that fall on the ear!
While thousands go down 'mid the crash and the rattle,
Go down in the gloom and the darkness so drear.

Go down in the gloom and the darkness eternal,
A sacrifice unto the rum traffic given,

Condemned by the words of Jehovah Supernal,
"No drunkard shall enter the Kingdom of Heaven."

Oh hark to those sounds! will you list to their pealing
Ye kings of the traffic wherever you be?
From the cells of your dupes they most surely are stealing
Oh hear what they say for they cry unto thee.
They tell you of sorrow, of pain and privation,
A score of sad stories all blended in one;
Of sickness and poverty, want and starvation,
Oh that such misery should dwell 'neath the sun!

They cry unto thee from the depths of their prison,
They tell of the work you have wrought with your hand!
Tis the prayer of God's creatures that now has arisen
And He will avenge them. He rules o'er this land.

Yes He will avenge them. Ah think you that scorning
The prayer that doth rise so unceasing to thee,
Will do thee much good on the great judgment morning,
When fire shall cover the earth and the sea?

No! methinks not, for there shall be weeping
And gnashing of teeth in the place thou wilt go.

Will thou have thy soul to awake from its sleeping
To dwell with the damned in the dungeons of woe?

Then lay down the sword with thy brother's blood gory,
No more be a traitor to country and home,
Enlist for the right, and then share in the glory
Of a nation, redeemed from the power of rum.
—ALFRED J. GALLAGHER.
St. Mary's, Kent Co., N. B.

ONE WOMAN'S WORK.

A TRUE STORY.

(By Mrs. E. J. Richmond.)

Harry Martin came into his wife's private sitting-room with an expression on his face which she had never seen before. It was Sabbath evening, and he had been at church, which was an unusual thing for him.

His curiosity had been excited by the fact that a "revival" was in progress, and among the converts was a notorious drunkard—one to whom he had every day dealt out the "liquid fire" until this wonderful transformation had taken place. Now he saw him no more standing before the bar, but he had this evening listened to his humble confession of sin in the church, and he had heard him say, "God helping me, I will never again taste the maddening cup. I will be His servant forever and ever."

He trembled when he listened to this confession, and a contempt and loathing came over him when he thought of his vile business, "ruining men, body and soul, forever and ever," he thought.

"I'll give it up, was his next resolve. I'll give it up and seek my soul's salvation, and perhaps He'll have mercy on my soul."

He entered his wife's room full of this determination.

She was a handsome woman, with a firm resolute expression about the lips.

She was a splendid housekeeper and cook, and set the best table of any hotel in the country, so travellers said. She was proud of this distinction, and was really—though her husband did not see it—the ruling spirit of the house. He felt a strange shrinking now as he came into her room, and knew that her eyes were fixed on him inquiringly.

Amanda, he said at length, in a trembling voice, I've concluded to change my business.

The look of indignant surprise which flooded Mrs. Martin's face found expression only in the exclamation:

Well! well!
I've just come from church, he went on, with a sort of trembling eagerness. I've heard Jack Marshall talk, and he's a changed man sure, and I've got a soul, Amanda, and I want it saved.

The exclamation, Fool! which was the only reply which fell from his wife's lips, might apply to Jack Marshall, and it might apply to himself, but he went on:

Yes, I've got a soul, and it will

live forever and ever, and I want it saved now while it can be.

Of course who disputes that? But what has that to do with your business, pray?

Mrs. Martin had evidently decided to change her tactics, and her tone was more conciliatory.

We must live, you know; and the Martin House is one of the very best.

Whatever a man sows, that shall he also reap, the Book says. I'm not a fool, if I do love liquor too well. I know I can never serve God and sell rum.

But Mrs. Martin's mind was made up as she told her daughter, who was betrothed to a prosperous young farmer.

Father shall never give up the business when he is making money so fast. He must not.

The outcome fulfilled her predictions.

Mr. Martin, wearied by the steady opposition he met, and stung by his wife's reproaches, ceased to think of his soul's interests, and drank more deeply than ever.

Death came suddenly, and the attending physician, "to avoid injuring the feelings of the family," gave as the cause one of the long list of diseases under which the victims of the drink curse are hidden.

And the Hotel Martin kept on its deadly work.

The mother could not see, as all others did, that the fair young boy was following close in his father's footsteps. He was the picture of health, his step was always firm, his form robust, and his cheek blooming; but many times he tasted the cup which he every day poured out for others, and the habit was fixed.

Harry Martin will go as his father did, was the verdict of those whose vision was not clouded by strong drink. Did he see his danger?

As his father had done, he at times tried to induce his mother to give up the traffic, but Mrs. Martin was firm. A man needn't be fool enough to drink just because he sells liquor, she said, and the deadly work went on.

Anna, the mother's counterpart, married the prosperous young farmer, and two lovely children came to brighten their home; but she chafed under the slow returns of farming, and remembered the immense profits of the hotel bar.

Yielding to her importunity, the farm was exchanged for a hotel in a pleasant country village.

The citizens were delighted. We shall have no more disgraceful rows. We have at last a sober, respectable landlord.

Alas! one cannot venture into the whirlpool and find easy sailing.

Ten years after Enos Peyton entered the hotel, he died a drunkard. His son soon followed him. His beautiful daughter was lost, and his property all gone.

Did Mrs. Martin realize the terrible consequences of her determination?

She died without appearing to know that the harvest of ruin and death she was reaping was sown by her own hand. All the community know that the brother and sister living are bound by the chains of the same deadly habit; but few know that this is the legitimate effect of one woman's work.

WHY THE SCOTT ACT SHOULD BE SUSTAINED.

1. Notice the many bold assertions in the Anti-Scott Act Circulars, without any proof whatever.

2. Notice the good referred to,—a mere caricature, much like the circular throughout.

3. \$8,000 Revenue Lost. But they don't tell us that this is only a small fraction of what the hotel-keepers first collect from the county. They don't tell us that our country suffers to the extent of \$27,000,000 directly, and as much more indirectly, every year by this traffic. They don't tell us the great reduction there

would be in the administration of justice and in the maintenance of jails, etc.

4. "No Stoppage in Sale of Liquor." A bold statement, and as false as it is bold.

5. "Opening up of Drinking Dives." The same may be said under Crooks Act, as many towns and cities declare.

6. "Removal of all Control over Hotels." We need no control when liquor is removed; it becomes safe and respectable like other business.

7. Then follow some more bold assertions with no proof, and need no contradiction for proper thinking people.

8. "Has Caused Perjury." Almost every other law has caused perjury; therefore, all other law should be repealed.

9. "Not Effective as a Temperance Law." The Temperance people are anxious to keep it—strange, is it not?

10. "Opposed to Liberty." When a man's liberty interferes with the good of the community, that liberty ought to be taken away. From how many has the liquor traffic taken liberty, and now they are confined in gaols or lying in the graveyard?

11. It is asked, "Is it not a sin to break the law of the land?" It is; and those sinners ought to be ashamed of their conduct for so persistently violating the Scott Act.

12. "The County Attorney's Circular Dishonest." The trouble evidently is the circular is too honest and truthful to suit them.

13. Their circular is careful to point out that there was less swearing and disturbing of meeting under the Crooks Act—just one case less; but they don't point out that there was nearly twice as much assault under Crooks Act as Scott Act—162 against 85. It points to the fact of less stone-throwing—just one case less; but they don't tell us that drunk and disorderly cases decreased nearly half under Scott Act—50 against 31. It pointed out that there were fewer cases of Breach of Peace—just one case less; but we were not told that Vagrancy decreased from 64 to 16 cases under Scott Act. These facts would not serve their purpose and so they are all omitted.

14. Then there is a desperate effort made to show that there was more liquor manufactured last year than for previous years. This fact, the temperance circular accounted for, and also plainly showed that there was much less spirits taken for consumption than in the preceding years. Exception is taken to Prince Edward Island, and they have taken a very ingenuous way to get over the fact that Prince Edward Island, all under the Scott Act, uses less than one-sixth per head of what British Columbia uses that has no Scott Act, and less than one-third of what is used in Ontario, one-half of which is under Scott Act.

15. The decrease of the number of criminals in Scott Act Counties, as shown by the Ontario Prison Report, and particularly by the County Attorney's Report for Ontario County, argues for less drinking, as drinking without controversy is the greatest source of crime in the country. As a consequence of all this we have less expense in administration of justice and prison management, as the County Reports plainly show.

Better Than Before.

It should be borne in mind that since the Scott Act was voted upon a year ago, amendments have been made in it, and also in the Summary Convictions Act, by which some of the difficulties in the enforcement of the Act, which had proved very embarrassing have been removed.

The following improvements have been made in the Scott Act itself:—
1. A medical man giving a certificate for liquor for any other than strictly medicinal purposes, incurs a penalty of \$20 for the first offence,

and \$40 for the second or any subsequent offence.

2. Prosecutions may now be brought before any police magistrate, so that the old difficulties about police magistrates for villages, parts of counties, etc., are removed.

3. A search warrant may be issued and a suspected place be searched, before any charge of selling liquor is laid, or the party receives a summons, or other notice of any proceedings.

4. All the liquor may be destroyed, and not merely 20 gallons as before.

5. A complete set of forms is given, so that with ordinary care irregularities may be easily avoided.

Besides, the Act is now made applicable to British Columbia, and to those districts in any province not yet organized into counties.

The amendments to the Summary Convictions Act enable a magistrate to subpoena a witness from beyond the county. Formerly there was no means of punishing any witness for contempt for disobeying a subpoena, or of holding him for the trial. Now a magistrate can commit him to gaol until the trial, or compel him to give bail, and to pay the costs occasioned by his contempt.—*Canada Citizen.*

Anti-Scott Act Men Destroying Property at North Sydney.

The construction of the Cape Breton railway and the employment of hundreds of navvies has greatly increased demand for liquors in Cape Breton, and the result has been deplorable, and several deaths from the results of drinking have recently been recorded. Recently a temperance League was formed and one thousand dollars subscribed. Many convictions have been recorded from various parts of the county and culprits have gone to jail, but in North Sydney the thirty illicit rum-sellers combined to fight the Scott Act and have entered upon the fight with lawyers, bombs, the incendiary's torch and brute force. A few nights ago George McKeen, a prominent and active temperance man, was beaten on the public streets. Monday night his barn was burned. The prosecutions are conducted in the name of the town clerk. On the night of April 1st, an explosive missile was thrown into his dwelling and his house set on fire, but the building was saved from destruction. These acts of incendiarism have aroused public indignation and to-day the town councils offers a reward of seven hundred dollars for the discovery and convictions of the incendiaries, and a public subscription is being taken up to reimburse McKeen for his destroyed property.

TEMPERANCE NEWS AND NOTES.

The Kansas Legislature has passed a bill prohibiting the sale of tobacco or other narcotics to minors under sixteen years of age.

The *New Republic* says: it takes about fifteen cents worth of corn to make fifteen dollars worth of whisky, and the farmer's share of the outcome of the whisky business is too small to warrant any very extensive stretchings of his conscience. The distillers only use a little over one per cent of the corn grown and what they do use takes the place of other corn for fattening hogs and cattle. If the world can get away with ninety-nine bushels of good corn and one bushel of slop, we think they will be able to manage the whole hundred in sound corn without any break in the market."

Campbell Division.

Campbell Division, S. of T., at its meeting Tuesday evening, elected the following roll of officers for ensuing quarter:—E M Campbell, W P; Miss Maud Henderson, W A; S B Charlton, R S; Miss Lillie Shea, A R S; James Sutton, Treas, Elmer Gray, Cond; Rev Job Shenton, Chap; William Austin, I S; L P Fletcher, O S; W S Saunders, P W P.