

Temperance Journal.

ORGAN OF SONS OF TEMPERANCE OF AMERICA

OUR MOTTO—NATIONAL PROHIBITION.

Herman H. Pitts
Editor and Proprietor.

FREDERICTON, N. B. SATURDAY OCTOBER 26, 1889

\$1.00 per Annum
Vol. V., No. 44.

204. 204.

Oct. 19.

New Fall Goods

AT

John J. Weddall's

DRESS GOODS

An Elegant stock to select from

Jersey Jackets

For Street Wear.

JACKET CLOTHS.

ULSTER CLOTHS.

FUR LINED CLOAKS

In Newest Shapes

Astrachan Jackets.

Agent for McCall's New York Paper Patterns. All Patterns kept in stock. Also for Gilbert Lane Dye Works, St John.

John J. Weddall.

GREAT

BARGAINS

— IN —

GENTS'

UNDERCLOTHING

THIS WEEK AT

C. H. Thomas & Co's

224 QUEEN STREET.

THOS. W. SMITH

Has now completed his

FALL STOCK

English, Scotch, French and German Cloths; also, Meltons, Beavers, Pilots and Worsted Over-coatings.

These goods are marked down very low, and will be made up to order at rock bottom prices, or retailed by the yard very cheap.

Mens' Linders & Drawers

Selling at the lowest possible prices.

BOYS & YOUTHS OVERCOATS

At rock-bottom prices.

Homespun from our leading Woolen Mills, the best and cheapest in the market.

THOS. W. SMITH,
192 Queen St. F. ton.

October 2, 1889.

The Sunday Hallway Door.

"Whither leadeth yonder doorway?"
Quoth the stranger on his way—
'Twas the corner liquor storeaway
On the quiet Sabbath day.
He was answered, "I will show you,
If you've not been there before,
They'll be glad within to know you—
'Tis the Sunday hallway door."

To a den where drunkards wallowed,
In the fume, sickening air,
He the guide obliging followed,
Prudence whispering, "Beware!"
At the bar, though young the morning,
Drinkers down the rum did pour,
Law and Christian duty scorning,
Hidden by the hallway door.

In a corner senseless lying
Slept the father of a brood;
At his home were voices crying
For the luxury of food,
Did he think of them at waking?
Not a bit; he drank the more,
Till they threw him, limp and shaking,
From the Sunday hallway door.

Still the rattle of the glasses,
Still the riot of the brains;
No one heeds how swift time passes
While the demon cup he drains.
Shouts and laughter idiotic,
Ribald curses by the score!
Go and see King Rum despotic,
Through the Sunday hallway door!

Paul Jassett, in New York News.

One Day at a Time.

One day at a time! That's all it can be;
No faster than that is the hardest fate;
And days have their limits, however we
Begin them too early and stretch them too late.

One day at a time! Every heart that aches,
Knowing only too well how long they can
seem;
But it's never to-day which the spirit
breaks—
It's the darkened future, without a gleam.

One day at a time! When joy is at height—
Such joy as the heart can never forget—
And pulses are throbbing with wild delight
How hard to remember that the sun
must set.

One day at a time! But a single day,
Whatever its load, whatever its length;
And there's a bit of precious Scripture to
say
That according to each, shall be our
strength.

One day at a time! 'Tis the whole of life;
All sorrow, all joy, are measured therein;
The bound of our purpose, our noblest strife
The one only countersign sure to win.
—Helen Hunt Jackson.

We'll Soon Be Men.

A swarm of boys in summer,
Like a hive of bees in June,
With eager voices humming,
But not in rhythmic tune;
For some were loud and angry,
And others fierce and low,
And threats of grim defiance
Were tossing to and fro.

And as I passed the corner,
To the eager, surging group,
From every quarter, swiftly
Came comrades in a troop;
The leader's whistle sounded,
Like the call of Roderick Dhu,
And the fellows leaped to answer it,
Like soldiers tried and true.

I did not learn the trouble
That was vexing every breast,
But I heard an earnest orator,
Who comforted the rest;
And, as I went my way, I said
His fiery words again,
With thoughtful hope and loving prayer:
"Now, boys, we'll soon be men!"

Yes, flashing eyes of boyhood,
And boyhood's beardless cheek,
The kingdom you are coming to,
It is not far to seek.
For the hastening years are bringing
The unborn future nigh;
The land we love is waiting you
To serve her by and by.

And oft when greed of evil hearts,
And sordid lusts of gold,
Send shame and grief to loyal souls
As the piteous tale is told,
Our courage springs to bear the ill,
In hopes of days to be,
When they who vote and they who rule
Shall worthily be free.

Yes, in the busy school-room now,
And on the thronging street,
And in the field and on the farm,
With joyous look we greet
The eager, bright, truth-telling boys,
Who mean such grand things when,
God helping them, they reach the line
When boys—how soon!—are men.

—Congregationalist.

A Pleasant Entertainment.

The Columbia Division, No. 6, Sons of Temperance, of Columbia S. C. in accordance with its established custom broke the monotony of the regular routine work of business meetings by giving a reception in their division room. In addition to the membership many invited guests were present, in all more than a hundred persons. A most enjoyable programme was arranged and executed, consisting of music, reading, recitations, games and refreshments. Hardly has an entertainment been given by the Sons of Temperance that proved to be such a success. The programme rendered is as follows:

Music—Der Freischutz—Miss Jessie Zobel.

Humorous Reading—How Mother Did It—Miss Lizzie Roach.

Music and Song—Darling, Listen to My Story—Miss Ida Williams.

Music on the Organ—E. S. Jones. Recitation—The Drunkard's Bondage, Miss Kensler Hunter.

Merrily on—By Arsenal Hill Quartette, consisting of W. A. Jones, pianist; and Messrs. King Platt, Jennings and Hooper.

Henpecked Husband—Rendered by Perry W. Fuller.

Hammer Song—Arsenal Hill Quartette.

Reading—Turning the point—Miss Hattie Fetner.

Music and Song—By Chorus.

This pleasing programme was interspersed with variations, first by the selling of a beautiful bouquet of flowers for propagation work, and next by voting for doves on perforated board to be presented to the most popular young lady of the Division, presented to Miss Hattie Fetner by Major John Alexander, G W P, in a few pleasant words. This was followed by music, "Love in Man," Miss Jessie Zobel. A very pretty rustic pyramid was voted to Miss Lizzie Marshall as the most popular young lady present, and was presented by Mr G M Rosser in appropriate terms. The rustic pyramid voted to Miss Marshall was composed of historic rocks, one on which George Washington was supposed to have stumped his toe on.

With that incident as a cue, Mr Rosser made a most laughable presentation, suggesting that probably there were other rocks in the pyramid alike famous.

Mr Perry Fuller's delineation of the hen-pecked husband had the effect of bringing down the house.

After the presentations were over, refreshments were served in a plentiful and enjoyable way.—Columbia Record.

Jimmy Reed's Influence.

BY MRS. A. E. SIGSBEE.

Hurrah, boys! I say, let's go down to the mill and get a drink of sweet cider, shouted Fred Beaman as school was dismissed for the day.

Yes let's all go, said Harry Day. There's lots of cider there now, and we can have all we want; and a half dozen or more boys started on a run for the cider mill.

Fred Beaman was the largest and oldest of the boys. He was the acknowledged leader in all kinds of mischief, and many were the scrapes that the others were led into through his influence.

They ran a short distance, when Jimmy Reed, who was the smallest of the number, stopped suddenly, and said to his companions, I can't go.

Can't go! I'd like to know the reason, said Tom Foraker. Are you afraid of your mother? Hello! here's a boy that has to keep hold of his mother's apron strings! He says he can't go, and three or four set up a shout in answer to this witticism.

Yes his mother is a temperance woman and don't believe in drinking sweet cider. If I can't belong to a temperance society and drink sweet cider when I want it, I'll leave it for the cranks, said Fred Beaman.

During this discussion they had halted and, Jimmy Reed stood silent,

but at the closing remark, which was sneeringly made, he said, with a slight tremor of voice. I signed the pledge last Sunday, and I mean to keep it.

Oh, ho! signed the pledge! so did I; but sweet cider is only apple juice. That isn't intoxicating, and we don't break our pledge by drinking it, said Harry Day, triumphantly.

I know it is only apple juice, but it is only a little while before it begins to ferment, and then if we drink it we break our pledge; for our Lesson Manual says cider contains from five to ten per cent of alcohol. I don't care about it, and I mean to be on the safe side and not drink any. My mother says she would rather her boys would all die than that they should become drunkards. I believe I would rather die myself than to become a man like Jack Seldon. Tom says that his father began drinking sweet cider first of all. Now he keeps a barrel or two of cider in his cellar every year, to make vinegar, as he says; but Tom says his father drinks it when it is hard, and he sold lots of it to the restaurant the other day, and there it will be sold to others. I won't touch it.

While Jimmy was preaching his little sermon, all except Charley Graham and Harry Day had left for the mill. Harry, who was about to follow, stood as if he hardly knew what to do, when the decided *I won't touch it*, was spoken. Only the day before he had heard Mrs Seldon tell his mother that she was very sorry a new restaurant had been opened, that Tom wanted to go there evenings, and she was afraid he would get into bad habits.

Yes, said Charley Graham, he'll be sure to if he goes there, for they keep cider, beer—I don't know whether they keep whiskey or not, but they play cards, and cheat—

How do you know? said Harry Day, quickly.

I know, because Tom told me that he made five dollars the other night from some one.

Oh, I wonder if it wasn't Will Owen! He told his mother he had lost his money and could not get the shoes he promised his sister; so she could not go to our temperance meeting, and had a real hard crying spell about it.

That's just what our teacher said last Sunday; that it was all connected, and when we began a bad habit we could not tell what it would lead to. She said we must have courage to say no, and that is what I mean to try to do. I carry my pledge in my pocket, and when I am tempted, or see others do wrong, I read it, and that helps me, said Jimmy.

Why do they have places where such things are allowed? I'm sure it's lots worse than stealing, and such places don't do anybody any good. It's just like paying money to make men and boys drink and gamble and do everything wrong; because, you see, it does look kind of respectable when good men take the money and say they have a right to sell whisky, said Harry Day.

No it doesn't said Jimmy; I think it looks lots worse for good men to have anything to do with the business. I tell you, it didn't look right at our rally to see our minister riding in the same carriage with Downing, who keeps the worst saloon here—everybody says so—and that's just what my mother told papa, and he said it would all come round right in time, that we must have patience, but I don't see how the good and the bad can work together in getting rid of the saloon. I should think one side would want to pull one way and the other side the other way, shouldn't you?

Yes, but they know better than we do; let's go home. I am glad I did not go to the mill, said Harry Day; So am I, said Charley Graham; and when Sunday came there was one more name added to the Loyal Temperance Legion, and Charley, Harry, and Jimmy put the pledge in their pockets.

So Jimmy's stand for the right had an influence over others.

"Ye are living epistles known and read of all men."

In Iowa.

FROM THE MESSENGER.

A few weeks will decide the complexion of the next Iowa legislature. A little time will determine whether that body shall have a majority of its members friends of the home, or friends of the saloon. Never since the election of members to the twentieth General Assembly has the liquor traffic made so energetic an effort to elect its friends as it is at present making. The friends of the home, the friends of the prohibitory law, should be fully awake and unceasingly vigilant in the contest. Elated with success in the states where constitutional prohibition failed, the friends of the saloon count it well to invest large sums of money, time and effort in the endeavor to elect a legislature which will repeal the prohibitory law. Only apathy, over-confidence, or failure to comprehend the situation can make it possible for them to succeed. Let our unions see to it that temperance men and women are thoroughly aroused to the needs of the hour. In the coming four weeks let temperance meetings be held in every accessible school house, and let temperance literature be distributed by the thousand pages. Arouse the women, set them to work with the zeal and enthusiasm of the amendment campaign. Let the old cry "the home against the saloon" ring out on the air, and rally the home forces for the law which is the home's best protection. Don't wait dear sisters. Time flies swiftly. Go to work at once. Remember the parting injunction of the superintendent of legislature at the Marshalltown convention, "do all in your power to elect men to the coming legislature who will stand by the prohibitory law," and do it quickly.

Temperance Items.

Whiskey in the United States causes more than 1,300 funerals each day.

In one year the police of St. Petersburg arrested 47,000 persons for drunkenness and a hundred died from inebriety.

Prohibition Kansas has 100,000 more people than license Texas. Kansas has one penitentiary with 966 prisoners. Texas has two large penitentiaries with 3,000 convicts.

The New Orleans Times says no liquor has been sold the last six years in one of the wealthiest and most prosperous counties in Texas, and consequently the jail is empty.

It is asserted that one-third of all the officers in Russia Asia are notorious drunkards.

The consumption of strong drink in Paris is 34,875,000 gallons, or 37 gallons for each inhabitant.

The Chicago Times thus prints—The difference between those who believe in Prohibition and those who believe in high license, is precisely the difference between right and wrong. The wrong may triumph, but it is not the less wrong. The right may fail, but it is none the less right.

There is no sorrow on earth equal to that which results from a drunken husband, wife, son or daughter, for it is life long, and attended by unspeakable mortification and vexation, and all this is caused by temperate drinking. Stop this unnecessary habit and drunkenness will disappear.—Dr. Ellis, in New Christianity.

A GREAT BREWER'S OPINION—Sir Charles Baxton, M. P., the noted great English brewer of former days, wrote some of the severest things written in regard to the evils of intemperance. In one of those articles he said: "If we add together all the miseries generated in our times by war, famine and pestilence, the three great scourges of mankind, they do not exceed those that spring from this one calamity." All that evil can be removed by law, and that is what the Prohibitionists are trying to do.