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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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Herman H. Pitts, - - Proprietor.

throw out at the window with a spoon, as fast as a man can throw in at the door with a shovel. A man may toil and save as much as he likes, and he will make no headway, if at home his wife does not know how to take care of what he gathers. There are men whose wages are better than those of their neighbors, and whose circumstances are very much the same; and yet, they are always struggling with poverty, while their neighbors are prospering, growing rich. The reason is, there is a leak at home.

It is pitiful, it is a sin in the sight of Heaven, to see the reckless waste to be met with in the homes of the wretched poor—the good wholesome food that is thrown on the ash-heap, the thousand and one things that could be utilized to advantage that are left to go to waste. If there was less waste, there would be less want. That is where no little of the wretchedness arises that is to be met with everywhere. The Christ teaches us not to waste even a crumb, when He commanded the broken-meats to be gathered up after the feast out in the hungry desert. If He who could wondrously provide for the thousands anywhere was so careful, then we should be careful.

A foolish woman's Extravagance is another way of pulling down a house. Extravagance is just a form of waste, and it is to be met with in the poor man's house, as well as the rich man's. It is seen in dress, in ornamentation, in unnecessary luxuries, in so much that is frivolous, nonsensical, utterly useless.

How given to dress some women are! They do not know how to bake a loaf of bread, or cook a beef-steak, or set a table, or sweep, or scrub; but they think they know how to dress. But they do not. Dressiness, showiness in dress, is the weakness of children or painted savages. The old prophet gives us an inventory of a lady's outfit in his day, one of the dressy sort: The caul, the round tires like the moon, the chains, the bracelets, the mufflers, the bonnets, the ornaments of the legs, the ankle-bells, the headbands, the tablets, the earrings, the finger-rings, the nose-jewels, the changeable suits of apparel, the mantles, the wimples, the crimping-pins, the glasses, the fine linen or lace, the hoods, the veils, the unguents. Oh, is it much of a wonder that many a man is poor, many a man that was doing a good business fails, many a man finds the home of his fathers going out of his hands, with such wasteful extravagance as his foolish wife's pulling him down all the time into the pit of want? There is no manner of use any man trying to run a race with his wife's extravagance, for he will be sure to be beaten.

Again, her Incapableness is still another way by which a foolish woman pulls down a house.

Some women are foolish and incapable, not because they are wanting in common sense, but because they have never been taught anything that they need to know. The well-to-do farmer must send his daughters to some lady's school in the city to be taught—French, music, drawing, calisthenics, and the accomplishments generally. By and by they are married, and have a house to build up, and perhaps they do not know the A B C of house-keeping. Now, I do not say, let us have less of the accomplishments so-called; but let us have more of the practical. Let no young lady presume to call herself accomplished, who cannot do everything, from lighting a fire, and scrubbing the kitchen floor, and cooking a meal, all the way up to French, and music, and drawing.

A woman may have plenty of help, but if she herself does not know all about house-keeping, she is at the mercy of those who will not be slow in taking advantage of her ignorance and incapableness, and, in her hands, the house will go down on all sides in spite of her. And there may come a day in her history, as there has come such a day in the history of others, when she may have to do her own house-work—her own cooking, scrubbing, sweeping, washing, ironing, everything, and she will be glad then that she knows how.

Then I might go on to speak of the foolish woman's slatternliness, her idleness, her gadding propensities, her gossiping, her frivolity, her pride, her vanity, her godlessness, all of which, and so much else, are mighty to pull down houses, wreck happy homes, embitter and ruin hopes and joys, and make lives that might have been good and useful an utter waste. But I must bring these remarks to a close as my time is well nigh up.

And, if I have helped any young woman here tonight to see herself better; her place in society, her work in the world, what she can do or undo for the making of the future, better than heretofore; then I shall not have spent my breath in vain. O woman, yours is a high sphere, a holy sphere. You have the generations, the ages, to nurse, to educate; and they will be very much as they leave your loving hands. How good you need to be! How much of the Christ you must have living in you, inspiring you, if you would be what is expected of you. Let it be said of you, as it was said of one who acted well her part, "She hath done what she could." AMEN.

WORTH REMEMBERING.

The following incident was related by a family physician: Being called upon to visit a sick child, he found the babe in apparently good health, but crying and struggling continually as though suffering extreme pain and anguish. The mother stated that the child was desirous of nursing continually, and in order to quiet it, she had been obliged to let it nurse as often as the crying paroxysm came on. When that failed to quiet it, paregoric or soothing syrup had been administered.

When did you give the baby a drink of water last? asked the doctor.

I don't remember, replied the mother. I seldom let him drink water. Does he need it?

Need it! exclaimed the doctor. Why should he not need it as much as you? The child is suffering from thirst, nothing more.

He accordingly called for cold water, gave the infant a few spoonfuls, and it immediately ceased fretting and soon went to sleep, enjoying a long refreshing slumber, the first for many hours.

All mothers and nurses should remember this. Infants who nurse may often suffer torment for the lack of a drink of water. Often a child cries from thirst; therefore use common sense, and instead of dosing it with poisonous compounds, give the little sufferer all he wants.—Exchange.

EARNING MONEY AT HOME.

Notwithstanding the fact that more than three hundred different occupations are now open to women, it is not easy for them to earn money at home. And yet some few, whose cares bound them to the hearthstone, have solved the problem. The story of the mother who sent two boys to college with the receipts of her strawberry bed, writes O. M. E. Rowe in Bazar, is too well known to repeat. But a woman in New York State bears of the palm for one summer's work. She was left a childless widow, with a small farm heavily mortgaged. The land was "run out," but she was shrewd enough to observe that the only thing that seemed to thrive was raspberry bushes. She took nature's hint, secured some choice cuttings, paid men for setting out the plants, and the second summer saw five acres heavily loaded with fruit. She hired women and girls to pick the berries, used great care to pack them in an attractive way, and always sent them to market the same day. At the close of the season she astonished her neighbors by informing them that her sandy farm had cleared sixteen hundred dollars profit just by raspberry culture. A Pennsylvania woman saw some birch-bark baskets and canoes filled with ferns and vines, and resolved to make and sell similar ones. It was easy to gather from wood and pasture a great variety of greenery, which she deftly arranged. She hardly knew how to spare two dollars for railroad fare to Philadelphia, but she went, and surprised her nephew, who kept an excellent grocery, by asking him to sell her "woods' baskets." She had eight of them with her, and fortunately a lady shopper exclaimed on their beauty and wanted to buy two of them, saying, "They'll be lovely ornaments for a dinner-table; novelties, too!" This decided the nephew to take the rest. Out of this grew a flourishing business, and she sent the baskets regularly every week. She also took orders for filling ferneries and Wardian cases. An old lady, in reduced circumstances, once sheltered a travelling party from a summer shower. Among them was a young girl who looked so ill that with old-fashioned hospitality the hostess offered a glass of raspberry shrub. The girl was so delighted with it that she wanted the others to taste. The gentleman gladdened the old lady's heart by inviting her to sell some, and the party finally bought every bottle she had. The next season he drove over from his summer cottage and offered to buy all the shrub she would make. When he found that she knew how to make elderberry wine, cherry cordial, and grape-juice for the sick, he gave her orders for these also, and sent his friends to her. This work now keeps her very busy at certain seasons, and the old lady says, with great satisfaction, "It pays nuff sight better than butter 'n' eggs!" A poor clergyman's widow maintains herself comfortably by selling wild flowers and fruits to the railway passengers passing through her town, her four young sons being her aids.

Another woman, a spinster in the forties, sends out cut flowers by mail, many ladies preferring to have them so delivered, as they escape the trouble of calling at a greenhouse. These instances only illustrate the possibilities within grasp when a woman has an intelligent eye to see, tact to avail herself of the resources fate bestows, and energy to persevere. But success in every case was due to scrupulous care to do the thing attempted in the very best manner.

The very best chances for doing good are to be found near at hand.

Man is not worthy of God, but he is not incapable of being made worthy.

SHE LIKED HIM.

How a Fault-Finding Woman Made Herself Extremely Ridiculous.

People who have formed the habit of finding fault with every thing and on all occasions, not only render themselves disagreeable to those with whom they come in contact, but frequently place themselves in very awkward positions. This, says the Young People's Weekly, was the experience of a lady who, while attending service in a church in Providence, R. I., not long since, forgot that it is better to worship God than to spend the time in criticising the preacher.

The minister in question was a young man, scarcely twenty-one years of age, and was widely known as the boy-preacher. On this particular Sabbath he had exchanged with one of the city clergymen and his wife, who looked older than her husband, accompanied him. She was ushered into the pastor's pew, while the minister passed through the vestry and thence into the pulpit by a private staircase.

There were many persons in the congregation who had never seen the young minister, and there was a noticeable buzz of surprise when the boyish figure mounted the pulpit steps. By chance, a strange lady was seated by the side of the preacher's wife, and she began the following dialogue:

"Is that young thing pastor of this church?"

"No, that is Rev. Mr. D—."

"Goodness me! I don't want to hear him preach. Why, he's nothing but a boy!"

After a really eloquent sermon, which, if it had no other effect, changed the opinion of the strange lady, she turned to her neighbor and said:

"Pretty good sermon, wa'n't it? I like him, don't you?"

As the "boy" descended from the pulpit and came to where his wife was standing, she quietly took his arm, and, turning to the astonished stranger, replied, with a smile: "Of course! I ought to, for he is my husband!"

Beaconsfield as a Linguist.

The Quarterly Review admits that Lord Beaconsfield was "deficient in a knowledge of foreign languages." I should think he was! I suppose the reviewer never heard the story about him which still lingers among the waiters at the Kaiserhof. During the Berlin Congress he was breakfasting alone one morning, and he rang the bell. He knew not a word of German, but he had a sort of smattering of French. So it was in that language that he asked, or imagined he had asked, the waiter to bring him a footstool. Some time elapsed; there was much disputatious whispering among the waiters in the corridors outside. At length there entered waiter No. 1, bearing ceremonially a footbath, followed by waiter No. 2 carrying towels.

If a man comes along and wants you to take stock in a company forming to recover the sum of \$5,000,000 sunk in some British ship off our coast in 1814, don't be in a hurry to part with your dollars.

The British Minister at Washington has looked all these things up, and he reports that no wreck can be found which had over \$10,000 aboard, and there were very few of them.

Better put your money into speckled turnips.—[Detroit Free Press.

It Should Have Stayed.

An example of nineteenth century rusticity:

Farmer: "I tell you I seed the thing last night right up there in the sky! It was a comet. I know them things when I see 'em."

Farmer's Wife: "What time did you see it, John?"

Farmer: "Hefpest nine, near's I could tell. But the strangest of all, Maria, was the fact that when I got up this morning I couldn't see the darned thing nowhere."—[N. Y. Star.

Treating the Poet Kindly.

The poem published this week is not thus rendered immortal by reason of its intrinsic merits, but out of consideration for its author.

Had the verses not been published the writer might have considered himself a poet and some day been impelled to commit a greater iniquity. As it is, somebody will now kill him and prevent the possibility of a repetition of the offense. —[Manitoulin (Canada) Expositor.

Doing Very Well.

"Look here, Jake," said a gentleman to his Teutonic friend, "you shouldn't keep your children penned up in this close tenement all summer. A few weeks in the country would do them a world of good and give them a fine appetite."

"Abbetite, mine frient!" said Jake in amazement. "Mine Gott! you should see de appetite dey have got already."

A Reminder of Home.

"How delightful it must be to a traveler in a foreign land to be approached by a person who addresses him in his own language."

Brown (who has travelled): "Stuff! Nonsense!"

Jones: "Don't you think so, then?"

Brown: "No, sir, I can't. I'll tell you why. I was in Kamschatka once. Hadn't heard a word of English for nine weeks. Met a man who looked like a Yankee. He spoke to me. He was a Yankee. First English words I'd heard for over two months. Made me so mad I kicked him clean into the river."

Jones: "You don't say so! Why what in the world did he say?"

Brown: "Said, 'Hullo, old man, I'm broke. Lend me \$10, will you?'"—[Somerville Journal.

Tonsorial Items.

A prematurely bald young man who is very vain about his personal appearance, asked a New York barber:

"Have you got any stuff that will make hair grow on my head?"

"I should say so—just you try my Ellixir and in less than a month you will look like one of the monkeys in Central Park."

A Greater Age.

Landlady (at breakfast, throwing down morning paper): "I think them everlasting jokes in the papers on boarding-house butter are about worn out."

Grigsby (with great suavity): "Ah, madam, you can well afford to smile at them when your butter has so vigorously outlived them all."—[Judge.