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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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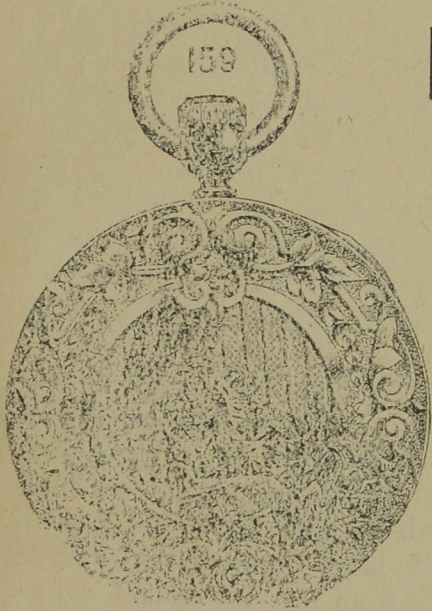
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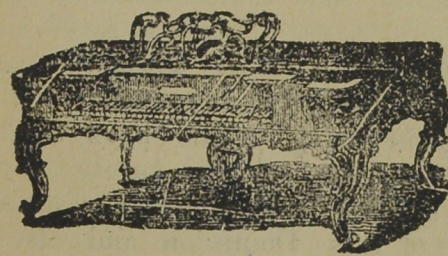
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REPORTER OFFICE

There is a finding that is not much, To find a fortune is looked upon as a great find. Every now and again we read in the papers of how somebody or other has fallen heir to great wealth, and it is dwelt upon, and turned over, and commented on, as if it was so much, such an all-good; whereas, it is often a calamity, a curse instead of a blessing, no good at all but rather a great evil. It brings care, worry, and responsibility. It feeds indulgence, inflates vanity, pampers worldliness, pauperizes the souls. If we could get at the true story of the wealth-findings we read and hear about, so often we would find that it was an ill day for those who have them when they got them. Unless we have the grace and business ability to make a wise and right use of wealth, we are a thousand times better without it. And so we are without it, and it is a kindness of God to us, whether we think so or not.

But here is a finding that is all good, the finding of the Lord. And, my young friends, you may find the Lord. Perhaps you have not yet found Him. To-night you are without Him. You have no interest in Him. You are seeking other things, but you are not seeking Him, and you have not found Him. And alas! how poor and empty you are, how lost and undone. Without the Lord you have nothing, and you can be nothing. Over your head hangs a curse, around your life twines a serpent, at your heart feeds a worm. Oh! how undone you are! how ready to perish! But the Lord wants you to find Him. Oh this finding—what a good it is! It is forgiveness of your sins. It is peace with God. It is salvation. It is good now and glory forever. It is more than I can tell you, more than you can know. Haste, then, O young souls, to find the Lord. This hour seek Him, for early seeking and earnest seeking are sure finding. Hear His word: "I love them that love me, and those who seek me early shall find me."

In life's gay morn, when sprightly youth
With vital ardor glows,
And shines in all the fairest charms
Which beauty can disclose:
Deep on thy soul, before its powers
Are yet by vice enslaved,
Be thy Creator's glorious name,
And character engraved.

For soon the shades of grief shall cloud
The sunshine of thy days:
And cares and toils, in endless round,
Incompass all thy ways,
Soon shall thy heart the woes of age
In mournful groans deplore,
And sadly muse on former joys,
That now return no more.

AMEN.

THE HEALTH OF THE MIND.

There is a mutual relation between the mind and the body in regard to the health of each which is most close and important. We know that the state of the body affects the state of the mind; we know that the state of the mind affects the state of the body. These are facts of every day knowledge; we feel within us the two distinct natures, warring with each other, or in accord with each other, or helping each other, and, as it were, reasoning with each other, although it is only the mind which, recognizing itself as well as its body, really reasons. We feel and are strangely conscious of all this, but what we do not feel and do not appreciate, what we have yet to learn to appreciate, is the independency of the two empires of mind and body, as well as the dependency of the one on the other. We are conscious that the food of the body influences the health of the mind, as when we say of some unsuitable or indigestible thing, "It has made me dull of mind, it has made me sad, it has made me irritable, or has in some other way affected my equanimity."

But we do not recognize with like readiness and in the same way the effect of the foods of the mind on the mind and its health; nor is this remarkable, for the body feeds perceptibly, and by one stomach alone, while the mind feeds imperceptibly, by five stomachs, by every sense, which is to it a veritable stomach from and by which it receives its aliment be that good or bad, and from and by which it is renewed and from day to day sustained. These foods of the mind entering the mental organization, the camera nervosa largely, if not altogether mold that organization into set form, according to its quality for molding. They are so like the touch of the sculptor on the clay that to a large extent all men and women born shape their mental surface according as they are led to give it form and shape. I could not if I should search for years find a better simile. Common foods and drinks must be healthy in order that the material of the body may be good; and the impressions which enter the body by the senses, the foods and drinks of the mind, must also be healthy in order that the mind may be good. Granting, therefore, that the substance is good and the molding or modeling good, all will be good—Longman's Magazine.

HELP YOURSELVES.

Fight your own battles. Hoe your own row. Ask no favors of anyone, and you'll succeed a thousand times better than one who is always beseeching some influence and patronage. No one will help you as you help yourself, because no one will be so heartily interested in your affairs. The first step will be such a long one, perhaps; but carving your way up the mountain you make each one lead to another, and stand firm while you chop still another out. Men who have made fortunes are not those who have had \$5,000 given them to start with, but boys who have started with a well-earned dollar or two.

Men who acquire fame have never been thrust into popularity by puffs begged or paid for, or given in friendly spirit. They have outstretched their own hands and touched the public heart. Men who win love do their own wooing, and you never knew a man to fail so signally as one who induced his affectionate grandmother to speak a good word for him. Whether you work for fame, for love, for money or for anything else, work with your hands and heart and brain. Say "I will," and some day you will conquer. Never let any man have to say, "I have dragged you up." Too many friends sometimes hurt a man more than none at all.—*Each*.

LEARN A TRADE.

A good trade is something which bank failures or commercial panics do not destroy. It is a passport to all countries and climes. It is a something which can be carried in our heads and hands. A demand not which passes current everywhere. The one thing that cannot be learned in an academy or college. A strong crutch on which to lean. The friend of your youth which will not desert us in our age of affliction. The only language understood by the people of all races and climes. Beyond the possibility of decline at any time, years enhance its value. The only property which cannot be mortgaged or sold. It is a calling which can be declined or taken up at pleasure. Something about which neither friends nor kindred can quarrel.

THIRTEEN GRAVE MISTAKES. — To yield to immaterial trifles. To endeavor to mould all dispositions alike. To expect uniformity of opinion in this world. To expect to be able to understand everything. To believe only what our finite minds can grasp. To look for judgment and experience in youth. To measure the enjoyment of others by one's own. To make allowance for the infirmities of others. To worry ourselves and others with what cannot be remedied. To consider everything impossible that we cannot perform. Not to alleviate all that needs alleviation, so far as lies in our power. To set up your own standard of right and wrong, and judge people accordingly.

WORTH REMEMBERING. — That the tongue is not steel, yet it cuts. That cheerfulness is the weather of the heart. That sleep is the best stimulant, a nerve safe for all to take. That it is better to be able to say "no" than to be able to read Latin. That cold air is not necessarily pure, nor warm air necessarily impure. That a cheerful face is nearly as good for an invalid as healthy weather. That advice is like castor oil, easy enough to give, but hard enough to take. That it is not enough to keep the poor in mind; give them something to keep you in mind. That life's real heroes and heroines are those who bear their own burdens bravely, and give a helping hand to those around them. That hasty words often rankle in the wound which injury gives, and that soft words assuages it; forgiving cures, and forgetting takes away the hurt.

WHAT A HORSE'S COLOR INDICATES.

Many people might smile if I said that a horse's color was an index to his gameness, but such is the case, as I have found from experience, says Dr. Browley in the St. Lewis Globe Democrat. I have closely noted this fact and have had an opportunity to judge, having performed thousands of operations on horses, some of them sufficiently painful to test the gameness of the subject. I have found that the most arrant cowards among horses are sorrels and the gamest brutes bays or browns. Some time ago I performed an operation on a pair of chestnut sorrels, and they groaned like human beings. A bay or brown will usually suffer without a noise of any kind, just rolling its big eyes in an appealing way which is almost human in its intensity. Gray and white horses, as a rule are not particularly game.

Lady Guinness, the wife of the well-known brewer has given an order for a diamond necklace to cost £25,000.

In Chicago, says a leading brewer of that city, eighty-five per cent. of the saloons are controlled by the breweries

AN INTELLIGENT CAT.

It Goes to Prayer-Meeting to Bring Home Miss Eliza Orangeblossom.

Over at the West End, says the Boston Transcript, there lives a colored family which is noted for possessing a breed of cats which it seems to have a monopoly of—remarkably intelligent animals they are, if not always sleek and handsome. Not long ago a lady on Beacon Hill who was in need of a servant, and to whom a daughter of this colored household had been recommended, called one evening at the little house up an alley where the people lived. A stout, black woman came to the door.

"Does Eliza Orangeblossom live here?" the lady asked.

"Yes, she do, ma'am; but she ain't in jes' dis minute," said the stout, colored woman. "But ef you'll step in, I'll sen' out arter her."

She led the way in and seated the lady in the living-room of the house. There were several cats present, one of which, a scrawny but alert-looking Maltese with green eyes, rubbed up amiably and inquiringly against the visitor's dress.

"You come 'way from dar, you Malty!" exclaimed the colored woman to the cat. "You hyah me? Now you go ober 't de chuch and git 'Lizy, and bring her home. You go fetch 'Lizy!" she repeated, holding the door open.

The cat, after sidling and wavering on the threshold a moment, as cats always do in order not to appear too obedient, disappeared through the door.

"Will—the cat bring your daughter?" the lady asked in astonishment.

"Laws bless ye, ma'am, you wait an' see," said the colored woman.

Some minutes went by, and the lady began to think that the mission was quite a failure, when the door opened and a strapping colored girl came in with the Maltese cat at her heels. The girl had hardly got in when she broke out:

"Mamma, did you send that 'ar Malty to fetch me?"

"Co'se I did."

"Wal, now, I'm tired o' habin' dat cat follerin' me up wherever I go. Seems like I can't go nowhere but you send her arter me! Dere I was in de pra'ar meetin' sittin' quiet in de pew listenin' to Matildy Johnson relatin' her 'speriences wid grace, an' all 't once in walks dat cat right up de aisle, an' begins mewin' an' yowlin' at de pew door! Oh, dey was all lookin' an' laughin', and nothin' fer me ter do, o' co'se, but ter went right out. I hope yell 'scuse me, ma'am, but I reckon you wouldn't like ter be foteched home yam from de pra'ar meetin' by a screechin' Maltese cat, neither."

The visitor could not help inwardly reckoning that she wouldn't. But her admiration for the cat was so great that she made a point afterward to get one of her kittens. The animal, however, was a great disappointment. Not that he seemed to be lacking particularly in intelligence—he was intelligent enough, on the contrary, to get himself lodged and fed and petted without rendering any return whatsoever. He sits in the window pretty nearly the entire day, watching the panorama on the street with evident interest, and never appearing to dream for a moment that he has any social duties.

HIS TROUSERS BAGGED.

But He Had Enough Money to Pay for a Good Breakfast.

"The restaurant-keepers in this city are the most suspicious people I have ever struck," said a tall, fine-looking man, dressed sedately, to a San Francisco Alta reporter. "My name is P. H. Pheriss and I am a native of Indian Territory; in fact, in plain words, I am a half-breed. I own a vast amount of property in the Territory. I am not boasting when I say that I am worth fully \$850,000. My wife and family have been living in this city for fully thirty years, and I have made my home here during that time, making occasional trips to my property in the Indian Territory. Lately I determined to take my family and locate there permanently. This morning early I dropped into a Market street restaurant—I had to catch the 8:30 boat—and asked for breakfast. The landlady eyed me for a minute or so, and, noticing that my clothes were rather old and seedy, said to me:

"Say, stranger, have you enough money to pay for your meal?"

"I was rather surprised, you bet, at this reception, but answered: 'Cert, ma'am,' and, opening my purse, drew out a \$1,000 bill, and added: 'Do you think that is enough to pay for a breakfast in this high-toned establishment? Of course I don't want pearls ground into my coffee, nor diamond-studded bills of fare, but if you think that is sufficient to pay for what I want, all right.' No sooner did the lady see the bill than she became the most obsequious creature you ever saw. 'I beg your pardon, sir,' she said. 'Please sit down here.' I sat down at the table pointed at and the landlady ordered a clean tablecloth, clean glasses, napkins—every thing she could think of, in fact—and even went so far as to put a beautiful bouquet of roses in the center of the table. She would not let one of the waiters take my order, but coming to me herself, said: 'What would you wish to have, sir?' She sir'd me then, you see.

"Feeling rather hot at the treatment I had received I said, shortly: 'Nothing at all, madam.'

"'Nothing?' she echoed. "'Nothing,' I replied. 'I want nothing in a house where they ask me whether they can pay for their meals first. Perhaps you would like to look at my purse, madam,' and I opened it and showed her twenty bills of \$1,000 each. When she saw I had \$20,000 on me you never saw such an astonished look on a person's face as appeared on hers. She was almost speechless. I arose then, and, bowing to her profoundly, remarked: 'I hope, madam, that you will not in the future judge a man by appearances and ask impertinent questions of him because his pants are baggy at the knees. By so doing you will not lose valuable patrons, as you have this morning.' I departed, leaving the lady looking the picture of chagrin."

The following story is told by the Oxford (Me.) Democrat: "About twenty years ago a Bluefield man, noted for his shrewdness, was attacked by the small-pox. Conceiving the idea, as he was convalescing, that it would be a good time to dispose of his road tax, he took his staff in one hand, and, shouldering his hoe, started for the scene of operations. Like the prodigal, he was seen 'afar off.' The men began to throw up their heads and sniff trouble. The surveyor sang out: 'I swow, Jase, they are afraid of ye.' 'Can't help it,' says Jason, 'I have got to work out my tax.' 'Say, Jase, if you'll go back I'll cross out your tax.' 'All right,' says Jayson, and the tax was 'crossed out.'