

Temperance Journal.

ORGAN OF SONS OF TEMPERANCE OF AMERICA

OUR MOTTO—NATIONAL PROHIBITION.

Herman H. Pitts
Editor and Proprietor.

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-AUGUST 5TH.-

SEASONABLE

DRY GOODS

— AT —

LOWEST PRICE.

John J. Weddall.

COME AND SEE

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Spring and Summer

SCARFS,

ALL NEW AND CHEAP.

We are selling them from

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New Goods.

THOS. W. SMITH

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GENTS' FURNISHING GOODS of all the latest novelties and fashionable styles, selling at very small profits.

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THOS. W. SMITH,
192 Queen St. F'nton.

Stop and Think.

My boy, when they ask you to drink,
Stop and think.
Just think of the danger ahead;
Of the hearts that in sorrow have bled
O'er hopes that were drowned in the bowl,
Filled with death for the body and soul.

When you hear a man asking for drink,
Stop and think.
The draught that he drinks will destroy
High hopes and ambitions, my boy;
And the man who the leader might be
Is a slave that no man's hand can free.

Oh, this terrible demon of drink!
Stop and think
Of the graves where the victims are laid,
Of the ruin and woe it has made,
Of the wives and the mothers who pray
For the curse to be taken away.

Yes, when you are tempted to drink,
Stop and think
Of the danger that lurks in the bowl,
The death that it brings to the soul,
The harvest of sin and of woe,
And spurn back the tempter with "No."
—E. E. Rexford.

A Harvest Hymn.

Thank God, that on a thousand hills
His summer gift the landscape fills,
And reapers in the joyous morn
Are busy with the ripened corn.

Thank God for coverlets of snow
That keep the corn-seed warm below,
And for the patient Mother Earth
That nursed and fed it from its birth.

Thank God for all the generous rains,
And the hot sunshine on the plains;
And that the season's grey and gold
Brought increase of a hundred-fold.

Thank God for plenty everywhere;
And, that the poor may have their share,
The miracle of loves again
Is wrought for multitudes of men.

Thank God for all the corn that stands
In other fields of other lands,
And that, where'er His children roam,
Some grateful hearts sing 'Harvest Home.'

Thank God with life as well as lip,
With lowly prayer and fellowship;
With holier hope and nobler aim
Sing praises to the Father's name.

Thank God that all the harvest store
Is only one love gift the more,
That He who gave His Son will spend
His love in blessing to the end.

Thank him who, for our joy and rest,
Has made the Father manifest,
And for His Kingdom that shall come,
With Righteousness for Harvest Home.

MARIANNE FARRINGHAM.

Home.

A man can build a mansion,
And furnish it throughout;
A man can build a palace,
With lofty walls and stout;
A man can build a temple,
With high and spacious dome;
But no man in the world can build
That precious place called home.

So 'tis a happy faculty,
Of women far and wide,
To turn a cot or palace
Into something else beside
Where brothers, sons, and husbands, tired,
With willing footsteps come,
A place of rest, where love abounds,
A perfect kingdom—home. —Selected

I Climb To Rest.

Still must I climb, if I would rest,
The bird soars upward to his nest;
The young leaf, on the tree-top high,
Cradles itself within the sky.

The streams, that seem to hasten down,
Return in clouds the hills to crown;
The plant arises from her root,
To rock aloft her flower and fruit.

I cannot in the valley stay;
The great horizons stretch away;
The very cliffs that wall me round
Are ladders unto higher ground.

To work, to rest—for each a time;
I toil, but I must also climb.
What soul was ever quite at ease,
Shut in by earthly boundaries?

I am not glad till I have known
Life that can lift me from my own.
A loftier level must be won,
A mightier strength to lean upon.

And heaven draws near as I ascend;
The breeze invites, the stars befriend,
All things are beckoning to the best;
I climb to Thee, my God, for rest,
Lucy Larcom.

To REMOVE WRINKLES and brighten the luster of alpaca dresses, dust them nicely with a brush and spread them upon an ironing-board, then, having wet the sponge-cloth with the ammonia water, pass a moderately warm iron over them quickly, a few times, and the work is complete.

Moderate Drinking.

Many men deceive themselves by the moderate indulgence of liquor, apparently hearing no warning voice, and ere they are aware, it "Biteth like a serpent and stingeth like adder." But "be not deceived, God is not mocked; whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap."

To the young men from whom so much is expected in the future, we most earnestly appeal for your everlasting enmity to ruin. Make not the mistake of thinking you can drink and the world not know it, for it is a vice above all other vices that leaves its footprints just where all may see it. One of the delusions of drinking men often is, that nobody knows of their failing, though the trade-mark of the demon drink is burnt into their cheeks, and is conspicuous in their eye; their step tottering and uncertain, yet they persist in thinking that the world thinks them sober and pure.

That is nothing praise worthy or grand in being able to say, "I have never drunk to excess." But if you want to show true nobility, show us the man who can say, "My lips have never touched the vile poison." And as you value your happiness and honor, and usefulness to yourself and to the world, taste not nor handle the rum that has power to lay low so many thousands of our race, clouding the brightest intellects that ever glowed upon the world, destroying the very manhood of the developing boys, and imperiling the noblest instincts of their hearts; crushing human hopes, blighting human character, stinging to death, honor, purity and innocence, and spreading a black shadow over the hearth-stone.

There may be men with a fortunate heredity and an exceptionally balanced organization, who can drink moderately and be able to steer safely around the dark chasm or intemperance, but such cases are rare. And notwithstanding they may escape the fearful fate of the drunkards, their examples are noted, and are continually luring the young and innocent to follow in their footsteps and when once in the hands of this remorseless destroyer, they are soon swept on to ruin. Who are responsible for these heaps of slain?

"It is said, 'Men of most brains grow dizzy first, because strong drink strikes for the brain.' Byron one of the most illustrious of brilliant geniuses, fell from the effect of moderate drinking. Listen to this dirge:

"My days are in the golden leaf,
The flower and fruit of love are gone;
The worm, the canker, and the grief
Are mine alone."

If there were no moderate drinkers, no fashionable or occasional drinkers to-day, there would be no drunkards to-morrow; then would the young men and boys of our land be saved. But it is no unusual sight to see boys of twelve years of age, up to manhood's years, go staggering up the street; and again we ask: "Who are responsible for this?"

Are there any ministers of Christ who have given no timely warning? Are there not courts of law that have offered license? Are there fathers and mothers who permit wine on the sideboard? Are there men who hold responsible positions in society, and whose influence is wide-spread, who drink moderately and pride themselves in not indulging to excess? Are there not hundreds and thousands of Christian men and women in the land, who are stolid and indifferent to these evils? Then why ask, "Who are responsible for these heaps of slain?"

Is it not time we awake from our apathy and fall into line, working with earnest purpose, instead of sitting silent, inactive, blind to our duty? We know it's an old "story," but nevertheless a story fraught with too much wretchedness and crime to remain unnoticed with only half the telling.

Fathers, is it not high time you awoke to a realization of your duty and responsibility? Give not only your sanction and influence to the cause, but cast your ballot for the

eternal Prohibition of the traffic! Mothers, see the long procession of W. C. T. U. with their badge of white, and its motto, "For God and Home and Native land," and fall in-line; its influence for good is manifold in crushing out the ravages of the foe, and the time may not be far distant when we shall see total abstinence for the individual, and total Prohibition for the nation.

Above the Clouds.

BY F. L. OSWALD, M. D.

A few years ago an aeronaut persuaded a party of his friends to accompany him on his trip to the sky. It was a sunny October day, and we promised ourselves a magnificent view of the river-valley and the distant mountains, but it took us nearly a quarter of an hour to rise above the smoke-atmosphere of the large city beneath our feet.

"What a horrible mass of black clouds," exclaimed the aeronaut's little daughter. "Where do they all come from, I wonder?"

"Why, that's chimney smoke, pet," said the professor, "the smoke of the big factories on the river, and the breweries and distilleries that use up many hundred carloads of coal every week."

"Why don't they make them move out of town, then?" said the little lady, "isn't it a terrible nuisance to have that black fog hang about, and have to breathe it night and day?"

"She's right," said one of the professor's friends. "It's one of the things that has always kept me away from the big cities. You ought to get rid of such nuisances."

"We tried it several times," said the professor, "and on one occasion we circulated a petition and got several thousand signatures to move those distilleries with their smoke and horrible poison smell, but they bribed our city council, and, after all, got permission to stay."

"They ought to be driven out of the country," repeated the little Miss. "I do not see how people can stand it for a day."

With a similar astonishment, historians, reviewing the present age from the heights of the twentieth century, will read the accounts of our poison traffic, and try in vain to excuse, or even explain the motive of the legislators that could tolerate such outrages for a single week.

"Am I reading an account of the dark ages?" the historian's little girl will ask in 1989. "What is the meaning of 'liquor party' I wonder?"

"That's the name they used to apply to a party of unscrupulous speculators," her father will reply, "a party of sharpers who tried to enrich themselves by the sale of alcohol."

What is alcohol?
"A narcotic poison, my child; a nauseous liquor causing disease, delirium and sometimes insanity."
"Where did they get that horrible stuff?"

They used to collect a large quantity of grain and cause it to ferment—in other words, to spoil and putrefy. That putrefaction poison was stored up in barrels or bottles and sold at a large profit."

"Did they spoil the same grain we use to make bread?"
"Yes; wheat, rye, barley and corn, many hundred million bushels of it, every year."

"That must have made poison enough to sicken a whole city full of people!"

"It sickened people all over the world. In many thousand cities they had to pay heavy taxes to support the hospitals, asylums and prisons filled with 'drunkards,' as they called men who had grown fond of that poison."

"Prison! They imprisoned the people who sold that poison, didn't they?"

"No, only those who drank it and lost their senses. It was apt to make them crazy, and in that condition they would curse and fight on the public streets or come home and knock down their wives and kick their helpless children. Millions of men get stark mad in that way every

week in the year."

"How could they work to take care of their families if they made themselves crazy on purpose?"

"Many of them did not work at all, and relied on their neighbors to support their families. Every bit of money they could borrow or take away from their wives was claimed by the rum-sellers—the men who had sold them the poison."

"But why in the name of holy common sense did they not stop those poison-sellers? Those wretches ought to have been driven out of every decent town in the world!"

"They ought to have been shot, but they paid the government a share of their profits and got yearly permission to carry on their business as before."

"Permission to poison their fellow-men? Why, father, the very legislators of those times must have been blind or crazy—or what in the world was the matter with them?"

"What answer shall the historian make to that question? Shall we venture a guess?"

"Perhaps they had other reasons for shutting their eyes."

A Significant Fact.

THOSE WHO KNOW MOST ABOUT BEER
HAVE THE LEAST USE FOR IT.

The nonsense that "beer is better than milk" has received a stab this time, not from a prohibition paper, but from the Wine and Spirit Gazette: It says: "The less said about the salutary effect of our modern beer with its various chemical ingredients, the better it will be for the interests of our big brewers, many of whom are but too anxious to draw out of the business by accepting the offers of the English syndicates. * * * It is notorious that our brewers seldom drink their own beer or the product of any other brewery. At the places which they frequent, and at which they take their meals, or at public picnics and summer night's festivals which are attended by brewers, it is generally noticed that these men drink any thing but beer. If beer is healthy, why do our brewers refuse to drink beer?" When we have such testimony from a liquor paper, what shall be said of the practice still adhered to by some Temperance physicians of prescribing beer as a remedy in disease? This same paper says: "Modern beer taken in excess tends to develop liver and kidney diseases;" and yet we know a case lately where a physician recommended the free use of beer to a poor sufferer by rheumatism, a disease where, above all things, the liver ought to be kept free from such a filthy intruder in the system.—Union.

"The misery and degradation of the lowest classes will hardly be touched till it has been recognised how silly, and often how meanly selfish is the opposition to the efforts of temperance reformers. Until the nation sees that it is its imperative duty to diminish, if not to end, by strong and determined legislation, the intolerable curse of drink, to control the liquor traffic by the most stringent conditions, to punish drunkenness as a crime, and to put down the needlessly multiplied temptations to this worst, most fatal, and most continuous cause of ruin and brutality nothing will be achieved. If the English people is not serious enough, or righteous enough, or self-denying enough to defeat the tyranny of the drink interest, it may fold its hands and await the final and certain catastrophe. If, on the other hand, we summon up sufficient courage to sweep aside base sophistries, and to save myriads from destruction by grappling with this master-fiend of drink, all other legislative remedies would soon become effective. 'Rookeries' would be rebuilt, 'slums' would be swept away, virtue would be encouraged, the interests of vice would be harassed; it would become much easier to do good and much harder to do evil."—Ex