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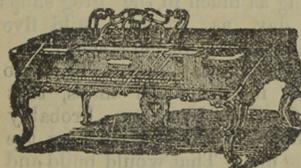
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the giant's huge broad-sword, and beheads him.

Now, I suppose, there are some who will sneer, and say in their senseless way: "Pooh! anybody almost could do what David did. It was not much to do. He did not have to fight. There was no life-and-death struggle at close quarters. No; David took care to keep off at a safe distance, and sling a stone, and the stone happens to hit in a fatal spot. That was all, and it was not much. Give me a sling, ha-ha! and I will slay giants too, ha-ha!"

Thus would men to-day run down David's heroic deed, and then, it is asked, "where does faith come in? It was works all through. And hardly that, for slinging stones is boy's play, not hard work."

Ah! true faith always works, always uses means, and moreover is very choice and skilful in the use of means. It does not take everything that comes to hand in the shape of means. It is select, as David was in the selection of the stones he put in his scrip. All his life David had been learning to sling, not knowing but that it might serve him in good stead some day. And sooner than he expected it proved to be of great service to him; it put him in a position to save the nation in a crisis in its history.

Boys, you are learning to read, as David was learning to sling. You are slowly growing skilful in the use of letters and books, and the pen, as he was in the use of stones. You do not see much sense in it perhaps. But go on and learn, and grow skilful in learning. And learn to pray as well as to read and write. Learn to have faith in God. Learn to be good and true, wise and brave. The day may yet come in your history, and it may not be so far off as you think, when, because you have skill in this or that branch of knowledge, you may be called of God to do a great work of faith that will bless the people, save the nation.

And let me learn in my work to be skilful in the use of words as David was in the use of stones. If I would slay giant evils, if I would reach heads and hearts, if I would do good, I must aim straight, and put my might into what I do. And how much I have to pray, and have strong faith. There is always plenty room for faith when we have done the best we could, plenty for God to do when we have done all we can do.

O sinner, look out! I want to be at you to-night with one of David's sling-stones. It was with one of them he slew the giant. But I would save rather than slay. Look out! I say, for if the word of truth does not save it will slay. Bow down on thy knees, O sinner, and cry to God for mercy, for it is vain for thee to fight against God. As perished Goliath yonder in the valley of Elah, so will perish the sinner who defies God. Even now, it may be, doom is flying towards thee as a stone from David's sling and thou shalt not escape. If Goliath at the last moment had bowed down to plead for mercy, he would have escaped, David's sling-stone would have passed harmlessly by. But he stood up, and went on scoffing, and high-headed and hard-hearted; and so he was a mark for Divine vengeance. And it came. Be warned then, O sinner, and fall on thy knees, and plead to be forgiven. Jesus is as swift to save as He is to destroy, and swifter. Trust not in thy brass, or thy gold, or thy sword, or thy shield, or thy great strength, for these things cannot help thee in the day of God's might; but trust in the Lord, and make Him thy Salvation. Flee to the arms of His mercy and seek forgiveness for thy sins. To-night flee. This moment flee. AMEN.

A SERIOUS CASE.

Customer—My watch won't go.
Jeweller (examining it)—My! My! Have you been in a railway collision?

Customer (surprised)—Why, no.
Jeweller (solemnly)—When you undress you should not throw your vest down on the floor when your watch is in the pocket.

Customer (thoughtfully)—I never do. I have been exceedingly careful with that watch. Don't know how it got hurt. How long will it take to fix it?

Jeweller (after another examination)—You'd better leave it here at least a week, but if you can get along without it, I would advise two weeks.

Customer—Very well. Do it up right. Good day.

Jeweller (to assistant)—Hans, blow that speck of dust off this wheel, and charge up five dollars for repairs.—*New York Weekly*.

He wanted a Souvenir.—Scene in an artist's studio—friend equipped for a journey, who has come to say good-by. Friend—Farewell! you will never see me again. Artist—You say I will never see you again?

That's what I say. Do you really mean it? I do. Then lend me ten dollars before you go. I want something to remember you by.—*Texas Siftings*.

Next to hearing that she is pretty herself, a woman likes best to be told how homely some other woman is.

TEACH YOUR SERVANTS.

They Need to Learn Many Things to Make Things Pleasant.

Pleasures of Housekeeping May Be Greatly Enhanced If the Work Is Done Neatly, Systematically and Economically—Some Valuable Hints.

Some things may be taught one's servants about dining-room service which every good servant should know, and which are not trifling matters nor of little importance. The great majority of servants know only half their duties, and yet, truthfully observes the *Chicago Herald*, they firmly believe they "know it all."

Teach them that the setting of the table can make a frugal meal a success. Teach them to lay the creases of the table-cloth straight; a wavy line up and down the length of a table is a constant vexation. Teach them to use extreme care in making the arrangements of each cover exactly similar, and to see that the lines on either side the table between one claret glass and another, etc., are straight as a die, that all the distances are evenly proportioned, and that all the articles are placed so as to be as little as may be in any one's way, while as near as possible to every one's hand. Just above the forks a small salt-cellar and pepper-castor (cayenne, also, if liked) should be put for each person, as well as the individual butter-plate. Every knife and fork should lie with precision upon the cloth. One cover carelessly put on ruins the effect of the whole table.

Teach them to cut the bread the right size for soup, and to be exact about the thickness of each slice, as well as the necessity of having the pile arranged exactly even upon the bread dish. Teach them to be as particular in the laying of the sideboard and the side tables as in the table itself; that much of the charm of a well-served meal depends on what is placed on these pieces of furniture. Extra dishes and table utensils, vegetables and bread should be placed on the side table. The dessert, sugar and cream, sometimes the salad, and any thing that is a pretty accessory, must go on the sideboard. Teach them to wipe every dish before leaving the pantry, especially such as, from their use, must needs come from the kitchen. A dish should no more be allowed to remain in a condition that will leave a rim on the cloth of the side table than to be placed on the table itself in such shape. Teach them careful habits of keeping the table-cloth clean, how to dip small spots in a bowl of boiling water and then set the bowl itself on the table, the cloth spread out over this slight elevation to dry, which it should be by the time the work in the butler's pantry is done up. Teach them the monetary value of each piece of china and glass, and that they are responsible for each individual article. If the lesson seems a hard one to learn, enforce it by exacting payment for broken things. It is a disagreeable task to set one's self, but often is the only means to an end. Teach them that the silver (the small silver in daily use) must be counted after dinner every night, without fail. If a spoon or a fork is abstracted occasionally it serves as a test. Teach them to unlearn a habit which they have probably been taught, to lay all the forks and knives at each cover which will be used during the meal. It is far better to supply them as they are needed from the side table. Some persons dislike extremely to see such an array of implements of war before them.

Teach them the need of keeping a watchful eye on every person, so as to supply their needs without the necessity of being told, to keep the glasses filled, the butter replenished, a knife and fork always at hand, a spoon ready, etc. In spite of the many demands on them, a well-trained servant will always do this. Teach them that to offer one dish without its accessories is a capital crime, as coffee without sugar, or small fruit without cream and sugar, etc.

Teach them to step about the room and round the table as if they were shod in velvet; in fact, see that they do wear felt shoes in the dining-room. Teach them the necessity of extreme neatness about their personal appearance. If you can afford to employ good servants see that they have a comfortable place for bathing, and make them understand that finger-nails can and must be kept clean. Teach them the suitability of clothes, and do not permit them to go about the house in your half-soiled finery. Remember the case of the young housekeeper who, having a new bodice made to a certain dinner-gown, gave the old one to her parlor maid, and wearing the dress on the occasion of a dinner, was crushed on beholding the maid come in to serve at table got up in the old bodice of her mistress's gown, long lace ruffles in the sleeves, and all. Teach them that every thing about the dining-room must be kept immaculate. Teach them to go to the left of persons at table in serving, but to the right with wines. Teach them the inestimable value of silence, both of look and voice.

Teach them that the highest value in servants is their willingness to oblige; that a reply to the effect that "such a thing is not my work" will not be permitted a second time, and that whatever you desire each one to do must be done without demur. Teach them the value of your smile or your frown, and that you always remember that they are human, but are paid to attend upon your word. Teach them to be able, in case of necessity, to do each other's work well and to relieve you of any anxiety and trouble if one falls ill or has an accident.

Remember that one's servants and service reflect one's success at housekeeping, and that there is no reason why servants should be poor housekeepers either. Patience, unlimited, unflinching patience, is needed at first—for the first month—repeated and again repeated, in instructions plain and distinct. By that time, if you have shown that unlimited, unflinching patience, and a servant has not grasped your ideas, or most of them, further struggling is useless. You would better commence anew with some one else, until a person is found who shows adaptability and quickness of understanding. A good servant is such a treasure, housekeeping such a joy, when the wheels of the machinery are well oiled, that housekeepers should be willing to devote more time to training their servants, so that in the end that freedom from anxiety is constant that all know so well how to appreciate.

Topics for Curtain Lectures.
Consult with your wife.
Better use, on a rainy day, mind and pen than tongue and jack-knife.

"All work makes Jack a dull boy," and no work makes Bill a very mean one.

Every man ought to be heartily ashamed

of a gall on the shoulder or the animal he drives.

A lie is the only thing that can be made out of nothing; the milk can not contain more than is in the feed and drink.

When the wife and children attend to the poultry, it isn't fair to exchange eggs for tobacco and machine oil.

If the money expended for tobacco and whisky were judiciously applied to the beautifying of our homes, what a lovely land would ours be!—*American Agriculturist*.

VICTIMS OF SUICIDE.

How the Crime of Self-Destruction Is Defended by Various Classes.

It has been found utterly impossible to convince men and women who are so desirous of ridding themselves of the burden of existence that they will commit even a venial error by accomplishing their own release, says a writer in *Blackwood's Magazine*. It is simply useless to call it the crime of self-murder, or to talk of the sanctity of human life which God alone can give, and therefore He alone has a right to recall. In the case of prisoners who are suffering punishment for the attempt there is sometimes a diplomatic endeavor, from mere policy, to give an assent to the moral reflections pressed upon them; but when driven to speak their minds honestly they invariably repeat that they see no reason why they should not divest themselves of an embarrassing possession, with which no one but themselves has any concern whatever.

This mode of dealing with the subject is perhaps natural enough on the part of persons who have never taken any serious view of their moral responsibilities, but it is less easy to account for the extraordinary light-heartedness with which, for the most part, they are ready to plunge into the unknown darkness of the last mysterious change. As we have already said, no thought of what may lie beyond disturbs their mind.

"If you had succeeded in your attempt to kill yourself," the writer said to a young prisoner who had been rescued almost lifeless from the river where she had flung herself, "you would have been lying now cold and stiff under the coffin lid, unable to see the light of day or to hear the voice of a friend, and with no time left for repentance, or even a prayer for pardon. Are you not thankful to be restored to life and the opportunity of amendment?"

"No," she said lightly; "for if they had let me alone I should have been done with it all and had no more trouble or worry, and that was just what I wanted. I wish they had let me die at the bottom of the river."

Sometimes the immediate causes which lead to suicide seem strangely disproportioned to the gravity of the step. One girl, who was ready to fling maledictions at her rescuers, had several times done her best to put an end to her existence. On two of these occasions she had, so far as her own will was concerned, practically succeeded—once by poison and once by strangulation. She was to all appearance dead the last time, and would very soon have been so in reality but for the care and toil bestowed on her by a kindly physician who was sent for on the discovery of her condition and who spent a whole night in unceasing efforts to restore animation. He succeeded at last, and she did not thank him. She was given up to what she and her companions of the same unhappy class term with unconscious irony "a gay life," and she did find a fitful, hollow enjoyment in the excitement of evenings spent in theaters and dancing booths, and in the extravagant dresses and jewelry with which she adorned herself; but there came to her sudden moments when the whole brilliant phantasmagoria of her existence would seem to roll away from her and the reality of her position appear in its true colors, and straightway, without an instant's hesitation, she would take the best means in her power to divest herself of it altogether.

While the recklessness and indifference with which suicide is resorted to is almost universal in the lower stratum of society, the causes which lead to the impulse are, of course, very varied and often most pathetic. A poor old woman who had nearly reached the Scriptural threescore years and ten was sentenced lately to a short term of imprisonment for attempting self-destruction. It had very nearly been successful, and, in fact, was so in the end, as the shock to her system from immersion in ice-cold water proved fatal, and she only lived one week after her release from jail. She related her simple history with the utmost composure. She had lived most happily and respectably with her husband from the time of her early marriage in youth. He had a pension as a retired soldier, which supported them in comparative comfort when he was too old to work. Their home for twenty-eight years had been the little cottage in which he died at the commencement of an unusually severe winter. "He had been an angel," the poor woman said—"so good and steady, and so kind to her," and when he was gone she clung with passionate attachment to the little house in which she had spent so many happy years with him—but she could not pay the rent. His pension had, of course, expired with him, and she was, in fact, without the means of living at all.

She began by selling her little possessions one after another in order to obtain food, and in this way she managed to live for a few weeks. When every thing was gone except the scanty furniture of one room the landlord appeared and claimed it for his unpaid rent. It was all carted away, including even the chest containing her clothing; then he turned her into the street and locked the door. There was but one refuge open to her on earth—the work-house; but that last abode of wretchedness seems to hold a place in the minds of the poor—undeservedly we think—equivalent in horror to one of the circles of Dante's "Inferno." The idea of going to it does not seem to have occurred to the forlorn widow. She looked back for a moment at the closed door of her little earthly paradise, and then took her way sniveling through a public park toward the river. There, without apparently the slightest shrinking or dread, she flung herself into the water under a cold, wintry sky.

Two men happened to be going past in a boat. They rescued her just as she was sinking, and after consciousness had been restored she was taken to the prison. She passed the time of her sojourn there in a strange, dreamy state, talking only of her husband and her hope of seeing him perhaps again if she could only succeed in "getting out of this weary world." This hope had only been suggested to her mind by the religious consolations afforded to her in the prison, but it proved completely impossible to persuade her that she had not been perfectly justified in trying to die. She would have been quite willing to repeat the experiment if death had not mercifully come to her uncalled, and thus at last her desire was granted.