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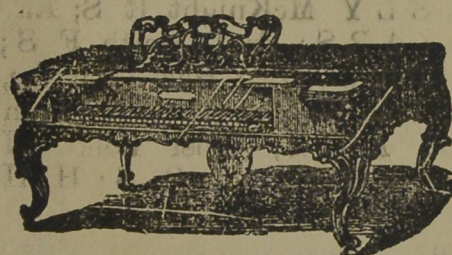
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among us as a people. I could tell you of the deadliness I have seen in the course of my ministry, the story of its ravages in homes that were once so happy, and upon lives that were once so full of promise. How terrible its bite! how deadly its sting! And it poisons the blood for generations sometimes, entails misery and wretchedness upon innocent ones, and sows seed, that other lives, in other days, in tears and agony, must reap. But I will forbear, and content myself with a brief reference to two paragraphs I saw in the papers of last week.

Under the heading of a wasted life, a paragraph opens thus: "In a pauper's grave, in sunny Saint Andrews, the victim of one of the most loathsome diseases that flesh is heir to, rests all that is mortal of George Lane." This man's hand held the throttle of the first steam war-ship England ever owned, and what a career of honor was opened up to him. But he drank, and all was lost, his splendid opportunities flung away. Poor wretch! Alas! how true: "At the last it biteth like a serpent, and stingeth like an adder."

The brilliant preacher of Regent Square Presbyterian Church, London, John McNeill, in a sermon on temperance he preached recently, read a letter he had received from a lady. The lady told a sad story of an inherited passion for drink. There were four or five of them, children of intemperate parents. The sister had unfortunately inherited the craving, and before she was fourteen had taken to drink. The others became converted and did all in their power to cure their sister. But it was no use. The sister at length married comfortably and children were born. But the craving for drink was greater and greater, and at length she was sent to a home for inebriates, where she stayed a year. She returned seemingly cured, saved. Soon after, however, her husband caught a severe cold, and before going out one morning drank a glass of hot whiskey, taking care not to do so in the presence of his wife. Then, as he was accustomed to do, before leaving, he kissed his wife. At once the fumes of the liquor maddened her, and in an hour she was a drunk and raving woman. This went on. Her husband died of a broken heart. She became abandoned. Her story is that of Annie Chapman one of the Whitechapel victims. "That was my sister," the writer adds. Thus, in the case of poor Annie Chapman, and many another, how true: "At the last it biteth like a serpent, and stingeth like an adder."

Lastly, The Serpent-Bruiser, or how to save the people from the deadly serpent's bite, the adder's sting.

The ghastly tale of what the serpent of drink is doing is told and told, and in the face of it all men will still drink, and they will still sell, and we will stand by and see this thing go on, see the serpent of drink bite, see the dreadful cockatrice of the accursed liquor-traffic sting victim after victim.

Now, what is to be done? Can anything be done, you ask? Yes, I answer. I open this book of God, and it tells me not only of the serpent and his deadly work, but of Him who is the glorious Serpent-Bruiser, the woman's seed, God's Son, Jesus Christ.

If I can persuade you, my people, to do as I suggested this morning, to draw near God in special prayer for the outpouring of the Holy Spirit upon me, and you, and the people in general, this perplexing serpent-question will be grappled with as it has not been yet, and successfully grappled with. Men who now drink will see they ought not to drink, and those who now sell will see they ought not to sell. Let us bring this question, and so many others, to the feet of the Lord, and we will be done with the serpent. In His name we will put our heel right on its head, and we will crush it. As far as our example goes, we will crush it. As far as our influence goes, we will crush it. As far as any power we may have goes, we will be with Christ, and crush it. We will not spare. It may indeed bruise our heel as it did His to crush the serpent's head. It may be a sore struggle for some of us to say: "I am done with the drink, done with it in every shape and form forever." It may all but slay us. It may cost us the loss of friends. It may be against our interests in some respects perhaps. Still, God helping us, we will put down our foot on the serpent's head, and, cost what it will, we will crush it.

A practical question is now facing us as a people, and I will tell you how it presents itself to me. Long ago I read one of Aesop's fables which was to this effect: A mechanic going to his work early one frosty morning found in his way an adder stiffened with the cold. He did not put his heel on its head, as some of us would have done. He pitied the poor creature, and took it up in his hand, and carefully put it in his bosom to warm it. The warmth of his body soon made it quite lively, and a little too much so for his own comfort. So he put in his hand to get hold of it, and it requited his kindness with a poisonous bite.

Now, the adder of the drink-traffic has been out in the cold for some twelve years or so among us, and if it is not as

chilled as we would like to see it, still it has not felt just as comfortable as it would like to feel. So it wants the city to take it to its bosom, and give it a warm place, respectability, a sort of christian standing. But will the city do it? I say, let us remember the fable, and not do it. It may bite the hand that does it. Let us rather, in the name of the Serpent-Bruiser, put our heel on its venomous head, and say with all the emphasis we can: "Die! old serpent, die!"

Christian! seek not yet repose,  
Cast thy dreams of ease away;  
Thou art in the midst of foes:  
Watch and pray.

Principalities and powers,  
Mustering their unseen array,  
Wait for thy unguarded hours;  
Watch and pray.

Gird thy heavenly armour on,  
Wear it ever night and day;  
Ambushed lies the evil one:  
Watch and pray.

Watch, as if on that alone  
Hung the issue of the day;  
Pray, that help may be sent down;  
Watch and pray.

AMEN.

Next to acquiring good friends, the best acquisition is that of good books.

The wealthiest kingdom can show nothing so beautiful as a virtuous home.

To forgive a fault in another is more sublime than to be faultless one's self.

The innocence of the intention abates nothing of the mischief of the example.

A man who is young in years may be old in hours, if he have lost no time.

He who would be superior to external influences, must first become superior to his own passions.

Never fear to bring the sublimest motive to the smallest duty, and the most infinite comfort to the smallest trouble.

When ill news comes too late to be serviceable to your neighbor, keep it to yourself.

Anxiety is the poison of human life. It is the parent of many sins and of more miseries.

To the truly brave man, good and evil fortune are as his right and left hands; he makes use of both.

A man's life is as large as the flight of his thoughts and the source of his pleasures.

The man who flies no farther than the bee flies, will get only the little honey that lies in his contracted circle.

We should beware of making social distinctions. The only distinction which is real and eternal is that of character.

Once having determined in your conscience that you are sailing under the right colours, nail them to the mast.

Every man, however humble his station, or feeble his powers, exercises some influence on those who are about him for good or for evil.

Nature has perfections in order to show that she is the image of God, and defects, in order to show that she is only His image.

If we could read the secret history of our enemies, we should find in each man's life sorrow and suffering enough to disarm all hostility.

Words, when well chosen, have so great a force in them that a description often gives us more lively ideas than the sight of things themselves.

### COOKING RECIPES.

#### CORN CAKES.

One cup of flour, half cup corn meal, half teaspoon of salt, half teaspoon of soda, one tablespoon of sugar, one tablespoon of melted butter and one cup of sour milk. Bake in gem pans.

#### CABBAGE SALAD.

To one quart of chopped cabbage add the yolks of two eggs, one teaspoon of sugar, two teaspoons of ground mustard, one teaspoon of salt, one-half teaspoon of black pepper, one cup of vinegar, two tablespoons of butter, boiled together five minutes.

#### HASHED MEAT.

Take the trimmings of cold boiled or roasted ham; chop fine and spread on delicate slices of toast, buttered, and place in the oven for about three minutes; beat up six eggs with half a cup of milk, put into a saucepan, add pepper, salt and two ounces of butter and stir till it begins to thicken; remove from the fire, stir a little, then spread on the ham and serve.

#### FRIED PUMPKIN.

Pare and slice the pumpkin and boil till tender; remove from the water and mash; add two beaten eggs and fry brown, in small cakes, in butter.

### ABOUT WATCH DOGS.

What a Dealer in Canines Knows from Long Experience.

Some Dogs Bark in Season, Some Out of Season, and Some Don't Bark at All—Good Points of the Bull Terrier and the Skye Terrier.

"But I am not looking for a cur," snapped the lady. "If I was I should not come to you. I could get all I wanted for nothing." "You can have this one for nothing, ma'am," said the liberal dealer. "And if he does not suit you I shall not ask you to bring him back. Just leave the basement door open and set the house cat at him. I'll warrant you'll see him no more."

The lady, says a New York Sun reporter, was offended. She picked up her reticule, which she had deposited on a chair, and haughtily swept out of the store. The dealer politely held the door open and allowed a vagrant yellow and white cur to follow her. He watched them until they disappeared in the crowd. Then he turned to the reporter, who had silently witnessed the interview.

"She would have given me five dollars for that dog," he said, "if I had told her he was well bred. She is one of the many people who fancy that the watch dog is of a peculiar species. Of course, anybody who has the slightest practical knowledge of dogs is aware that they are all watchers. They are the lightest of all sleepers, and are very vigilant and quick to detect a strange footstep in or near the house. The only difference in their mode of watching lies in their action after they are aroused. The common cur, such as the one who has just gone out with the lady, is by far the most watchful, but he will bark furiously at any thing; and it is not the pleasantest thing imaginable to have the house disturbed every time a belated man passes it in the night. But the barking dog is the one that most women want. They have a horror of an animal that bites, and only desire to be notified when a robber is about to enter or has already entered the house. Then they can put their heads under the bedclothes and pray that the burglar may be satisfied with stealing every thing he can find outside of their door, and go away without entering their apartment. Of course, this end might be achieved with much greater personal comfort in the absence of the dog, when they could sleep through the danger, instead of lying paralyzed with terror; but they can't realize that, and always value a dog in proportion to the noise he makes.

"The bull terrier is a capital watch dog. He never barks, because he feels that he can deal unaided with any burglar; and in nine cases out of ten he is right. It is all tooth with him, and a robber rarely knows that he is present until he feels him. But in this line of business he is not a favorite with refined people. You see, there are no bounds to the ferocity of a bull terrier when he is once aroused, and the lifeless body of a robber is an unpleasant thing for the servants to find on a kitchen floor when they get up in the morning. I once sold a good bull terrier to the widow of a clergyman. She lived in a lonely house in Westchester County, and before she had owned the dog a week a burglar climbed through the basement window. He saw the terrier in the dining room, and managed to clamber up on the high mantelpiece. It was a bitterly cold night in mid-winter, and he clung there, shivering for several hours, while the dog hungrily licked his jaws underneath. The lady kept no servant, and when she entered the room in the morning she was at first terribly frightened; but the fellow told her such a pitiful story of his sufferings that she was moved to compassion. She gave him two dollars and a good breakfast, and allowed him to go away. Then she sent the dog back to me, advising me to shoot him, as such a savage, remorseless brute was clearly unfit to live. Bull terriers and the widows of clergymen have no common ground upon which they can amicably meet.

"I doubt, too, whether bull terriers, faithful, brave, strong and watchful as they are, have very much intelligence. Certainly they have not as much as the Scotch or the old-fashioned Skye; I mean the big silky-haired Skye, from which the delicate little thing, like a miniature portrait of his ancestors, has been bred for a lady's lap dog. A prominent lawyer of New Haven bought a fine bull terrier from me about a year ago. On the second night after the dog had been in his possession the gentleman was a guest at a supper party, and did not reach home until the small hours of the morning. The terrier met him at the gate of his orchard, and drove him up an apple tree, where he held him a prisoner until the family arose at breakfast time. The dog had only seen him half a dozen times, and he did not recognize him. This is a danger with all bull terriers when used as watch dogs. They reason slowly, and when they once reach a conclusion, whether it is wrong or right, they cling to it as tenaciously as though it was an opponent's throat or a prowling tramp's leg, and, like a gun with an imperfect breech, they are apt to injure their owners in an excess of zeal. Nothing will beguile them to forget their duty while life lasts, but their sense of smell is very weak, and a bit of poisoned meat thrown over the fence is tolerably sure to clear the course for the burglars when they arrive, ready for business, at night.

"By far the best dog for keeping watch and ward in a country house is one of the large light-colored, rough-coated terriers, with as little of the reduced breeds about him as is possible. He need not be a pure strain, but there must be no bad blood in him. A cross of Scotch and Irish is very good, but, I think, the old Skye and large plain Scotch is better. It should produce a dog weighing about twelve pounds. Such an animal, without either the strength or the ferocity of the bull terrier, has all his courage, tempered with a good deal of discretion. When he hears a noise near any of the doors or windows he does not at once begin to bark. He goes cautiously to the place whence the sound came, and, of course, generally finds that it was made by the wind, or some harmless passer-by, and the sleepers are not aroused without reason. But when he barks you may feel assured that it is time for you to get up, for he never gives a false alarm; and if there is any fighting to be done he will take his full share of it. But he is no fool. He can not deal with the burglars alone, and he is not going to try to do so. His bark almost invariably frightens them away, but if your house is isolated and they persist in trying to enter it, you can safely count upon him as a valuable assistant. The bull terrier allows them to come in before he begins operations, while the rough-coated dog endeavors to keep the door between you and them."