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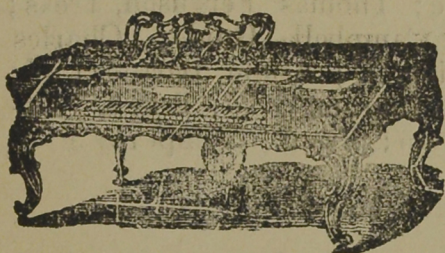
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will go out of business, resign lucrative positions, part with all they have in the world, to live perhaps ten years. But these same men, were you to ask them, as the Lord asked the rich young man, to make a sacrifice for their soul's sake, would think it a cruel sort of exaction, a thing too hard for them to do. Men who are earning day by day fair wages, making money, growing in wealth, set so little value on their soul, and all that is being done for their soul, that perhaps they give less than ten cents a Sabbath. You think that is not a fair way to put it, and you object to it. But that is one way of putting it, and it reveals to us an aspect of the question that is not pleasant to contemplate. Cheap souls! the cheaper the better with some of us! But the Creator of souls and the Redeemer of souls do not think them cheap. "For what is a man profited, if he shall gain the whole world, and lose his own soul? Or what shall a man give in exchange for his soul?"

Now, the soul is in danger of being lost, my soul, your soul. And to lose the soul is more than to lose life. It is to lose the greatest treasure we have; it is to lose all.

We lose our soul in a way when we forget we have a soul, or do not know that we have a soul. A man may have what he does not know he has. Some body rummaging among his old books and papers may discover a gem of a book, a book that in its faded pages contains what the whole literary world has been in search of for centuries. Or, in his garret, buried up among dust and lumber, is an old picture, the chef d'oeuvre of one of the old masters, and that lost work of art is worth more in money value than all his wealth.

Now, in you and me, buried perhaps amid worthless rubbish, the dirt and dust of wasted years, lost to all that is grand and good, is a soul, a gem alongside of which the famous Koh-i-noor is of no account, a work of art of infinite value. We are so busy with life, so absorbed in everything else but the right thing, so taken up with pleasure and the world and the things of time and sense, that we hardly know we have a soul at all. At all events, we do not know the worth of the soul we have, and so its worth is lost to us. What it might be to us and the world were it where and such that it could shine, and make its light and power felt! What a gladness and glory it might be! Instead of grovelling where we are amid mean earthly gratifications and sensualities, herding with hogs, companioning with fools, we might be stars shining in the night, the light and guide of others. But our soul is as though it were not, and so is lost to us and others. It is hidden, neglected, undeveloped, and so worthless.

But there comes One, a shining One who loves souls and knows their worth, and who wants us to know their worth, and He searches among what we call our trumpery and trash, our neglected garret, and out from dust and darkness, after much searching, He brings forth the lost soul, still bearing, though sadly defaced, marks of its Divine origin. He is sure He has found something better than gold or diamonds. So He patiently cleanses it of its dust, by a skill all His own restores its faded beauty, develops slowly its wondrous powers of love and light, and reveals to the world the glory of His discovery. He has found what was lost, and there is great joy.

Men lose their souls in their efforts to gain the world. They barter away their souls for gold. They say: "Soul, I want to make money, and I care not much how I make it so long as I make it, and you must keep out of the way while I am doing it. It is inconvenient to have you around just now, questioning, and fault-finding, and meddling."

And they make their money, make it in ways that it does not do to enquire too particularly into, and they make lots of it. They gain the world. But what about their soul? What about love, conscience, faith, hope, reverence, and all that goes to make a soul? Lost! lost! And what is a man profited by gaining the world and losing his soul?

There comes a day in his history when he can make no more money, when he is old and must die, when judgment and eternity are upon him. And now he begins to think about his soul. It was inconvenient once to have a soul, but now he needs it. Oh how he seeks! You hear him crying in the night. But his soul is lost. He has only money, and money wrongly gotten, stolen, squeezed out of the hard earnings of the honest poor, and it cannot help him. It is a torment to him. Now he knows what this means: "For what is a man profited, if he shall gain the whole world, and lose his own soul?"

The soul lost! Origen thinks *psyche*, the Greek word here for soul is derived from another Greek word which signifies to grow cold, and his idea is that the soul is called so, "because it has waxed cold from the fervor of just things." But it is not so cold but that it may be kindled up again to its original holy glow.

There is a beautiful Greek romance about *Psyche*, generally believed to be a tale of the human soul. A king had

three daughters, the youngest of whom was *Psyche* who was very beautiful. This beautiful princess was hated by *Venus* because of her beauty, and she did all she could to effect her ruin. She tried to get her married to a monster. But in this she failed. At last *Psyche*, who was too much given to listen to silly stories, got into trouble, and she wanted to put an end to herself. But nothing in nature could destroy her. She could live, but not die. At last poor *Psyche* fell under the influence of a sleep from the infernal world, and she slept and slept on in the dangerous sleep. But hope came to her, and purified through suffering, she awoke to a new and happy life.

Thus runs the old Greek tale, and how true that the soul is ready to be lost. How true that a dangerous sleep has fallen upon the soul, and it sleeps on through the awful earnest years. But the Redeemer of souls comes, and He loves the soul, and awakes it to a new life of love with Him. He marries it to Himself, and wins its love and devotion, and takes it to Heaven with Him.

But alas! that is not true of every soul. There is a loss beyond even His finding, a loss that is so forever. And a lost soul, a soul in Hell, who can picture the horror of it?

Sad world indeed, Ah! Who can bear

Forever there to dwell,
Forever sinking in despair,
In all the pains of hell!

Conscience, the never-dying worm,

With torture gnaws the heart;
And woe and wrath in every form,
Is now the sinner's part.

AMEN.

Mourn over it as we may, it is nevertheless true that there are many deserted farms to-day in New England, and many more that are likely to be abandoned in the near future, says the *Congregationalist*. It is equally true that farms remote from large towns or cities have been steadily decreasing in value for several years past. There may be a difference of opinion as to the causes which have tended to produce this unfortunate state of things, as well as the best way, if there be one, to counteract the evil. No one who goes about the country towns remote from large centers can fail to observe that many farms—especially on the hills—which in former times were considered valuable, and on which several generations have lived and prospered, are now left to grow up again to forest. In many cases all the young men and women have left for cities and it is only a question of time—and that not very long—when the old folks, now well advanced in life, will be gathered to their fathers, and then in a few years the old farm is no longer to be cultivated.

THE WAY TO POUR TEA.

There is more to be learned about pouring tea and coffee than most people are willing to believe. If those decoctions are made at the table, which is far the best way, they require experience, judgment and exactness. If they are brought on the table ready made, it still requires judgment so to apportion them that they shall prove sufficient in quantity for the family, and that the elder members shall have the stronger cups. Often persons pour out tea, who not being at all aware that the tea grows stronger as they proceed, bestow the poorest cup upon the greatest stranger, and give the stronger to a very young member of the family, who would be better without any. When several cups of equal strength are wanted, you should pour a little into each, and then go back, inverting the order as you fill them, and the strength will be apportioned properly.

An earthen pot is by far the best for brewing; the tea may then be poured into a silver pot, if desired. Heat the pot and pour the water out before putting in the tea required, filling up at once with boiling water; set from the fire about ten minutes to draw, then pour out as above.—The Housewife.

Quince jelly requires a quarter of a pound less sugar to the pint of juice than other fruits.

Celery acts as a sedative on the nervous system, and is a cure for rheumatism and neuralgia.

The common dandelion, used as greens, has a direct effect upon the kidneys, and so has spinach.

The culinary jugglers can now employ their art to transform English sparrows into reed birds on toast.

The annual statement of the watermelon industry in South Carolina shows that the area planted was 8,000 acres. Ambrosia is made by filling a deep glass dish with alternate layers of pineapple, oranges, bananas and peaches, with plenty of powdered sugar sprinkled over each layer.

Some boys of Princeton College tore up a hundred feet of sidewalk for a widow named Nevis, and she sent them a great big sweet cake with enough poison in it to have killed 25 people had they eaten it.

THE MODERN WOMAN.

A Washington Bride Outlines the Duties She Owes to Society.

"Nellie, dear," began young Mr. Towers to his bride, who had just come in from an early constitutional, "you—"

"Helen, if you please, dear. Let us begin life in good form; Nellie is obsolete."

"Well, then, Helen, I'd like to have you drive with me after breakfast."

"Impossible, William; at 9:30 I practice with the pulleys and weights."

"Well, then will do."

"At ten I begin muscular exercise, the neck and chest movement and ankle exercise."

"Eleven, then—"

"At 11 I take my Turkish, which brings me home to lunch with you at 1:30."

"Then surely, dear—"

"How inconsiderate, dear. I have an engagement with the manicure at two sharp, and at 2:30 the lady who does my hair and complexion—"

"Good heavens, you don't mean—"

"That I paint or bleach my hair. O, no; but it is now customary for ladies to put their hair out to regular artists, massage and oil and electric needles, you know, to strengthen the facial muscles, prevent wrinkles and remove superfluous hairs."

"But you're pretty enough—"

"One must be beautiful, William. Mere prettiness is passe. At three o'clock I play tennis, which calls into action and develops one set of muscles. At four I mount the bicycle for the same reason. From five to six I go through my posing or drawing-room exercises, and after dinner—"

"Will you go with me?"

"Well, perhaps; but this is my raw veal evening—"

"Raw veal! What on earth—"

"Stupid boy. Of course you've noticed that I wear a mask every day to keep from tanning, and wear gloves every night; but the raw veal laid over one's face for two or three hours is only an occasional—"

"But, Helen," in horror, "do you never do any thing but this all the year round?"

"Goose! of course this merely happens to be my physical culture day; to-morrow is society day. I receive and give myself up to society visitors and the club. Wednesday is church day. I hunt up worthy poor, arrange Sunday-school picnics, visit the W. C. T. U., Foreign Missions, Daughters of the King meeting, and have the minister and wife to dinner. Thursday I devote to literature and politics. I read, write, attend a suffrage meeting or lecture on literature, theological or science subjects. Friday is art day. This time I devote exclusively to art, to painting, modeling in clay, or in the search for antiques and in the study of ceramics. Saturday I give up to my dress-maker and the study of fabrics, tones and draperies. You will notice the Greek model—"

"Well, Mrs. Towers, will you tell me what time is left for me?"

"Oh, you, William! Why, I had forgotten; but then," cheerfully, "I'm never busy after church Sundays. That time is wasted any way. We can always have Sunday afternoons, except the time I devote to home duties."

A modern woman is a martyr, concludes the Washington Post, and she rarely has an hour for her own enjoyment.

THE LUNA MOTH.

A Beautiful Creature That Haunts the Electric Lights.

Shadows of fitting nocturnal things that hover about the street electric lights are seen, thrown upon street or pavement, by hundreds of passers-by who never know if the creatures that cause them are bats, moths or some smaller things whose nearness to the light magnifies the fitting shadow. In fact, there are all of these creatures frequently hovering about the lights; the bats, doubtless, in pursuit of some of the tiny insect brood, while the larger moths are drawn, like the minute insect swarms, about the light as a brilliant object. Mr. D. W. C. Pond, of Hartford, Conn., showed a Hartford Times reporter a beautiful green moth which his wife succeeded in bringing down with a stroke of a whip. It is the *Attacus Luna*—perhaps the most beautiful of all our moths. It is not as brilliant, nor quite so large, as some others, but the exquisite delicacy of its wings, both in texture and tint, surpasses that of any other variety that flies here.

The wings expand about five inches—in hue a pale, delicate green. A broad border of purple runs along the front edge of the fore wings, and the hind wings are tipped with the same color all around. In the center of each of the four wings is a transparent eye-like spot, encircled by a ring of black and yellow on the upper side of the wing, and white beneath. Each hind wing has a slender, symmetrical tail, nearly two inches long. The good-sized body is thickly covered with a hair-like mantle of white—a kind of down, which looks like a soft kind of slightly curled hair of the white bear. The eyes, rather large, are deep, dark, dull purple; and there are two minute bead-like shining points in the white down, beneath the head proper, that look like the creature's sparkling little bat-like eyes, but are not.

The antennae are yellow and beautifully feathered, and the legs are purple like the border. The worm of the *Luna* moth lives on walnut trees; a large, ugly-looking creature, which spins its shroud inside a nest made of the dead or dying leaves in autumn by tying two or three leaves together, a brown looking mess, which would attract no notice among the similarly colored dead leaves on the branch or on the ground—for it sometimes drops and is kicked over with the rest by boys poking the dead leaves in October in search of walnuts. So found, if taken home and kept in a quiet place in a room, the cocoon will burst in May, and the young moth will emerge. Its swift growth and transformation before your eyes, as it becomes in a few minutes a beautiful green moth, is one of the marvels of the creature's changes. It changes in twenty minutes from a wet, white, half worm-like thing into a charming green moth.

Not Entire Strangers.

Simon Greenleaf, the eminent jurist, who for fourteen years previous to his appointment as professor in the Harvard Law School was a practicing lawyer in Portland, had a charming daughter. A foppish young man named Barrell, meeting her at a social gathering in this city one evening in early spring, remarked to her that he had that day seen in Deering's woods something that reminded him of her. When asked that it was he said: "A green leaf." "And what it was this morning from my window that reminded me of you," returned Miss Greenleaf. "May I ask what it was?" said the youth. "An empty barrel!"