

# Temperance Journal.

ORGAN OF SONS OF TEMPERANCE OF AMERICA

OUR MOTTO—NATIONAL PROHIBITION.

Herman H. Pitts  
Editor and Proprietor.

FREDERICTON, N. B., SATURDAY NOVEMBER 30, 1889

\$1.00 per Annum  
Vol. V., No. 49

204. 204.  
Oct. 19.

New Fall Goods

AT

John J. Weddall's

DRESS GOODS

An Elegant stock to select from

Jersey Jackets

For Street Wear.

JACKET CLOTHS.

ULSTER CLOTHS.

FUR LINED CLOAKS

In Newest Shapes

Astrachan Jackets.

Agent for McCall's New York Paper Patterns. All Patterns kept in stock. Also for Gilbert Lane Dye Works, St John.

John J. Weddall.

OVERCOATS.

ULSTERS,

REEFERS.

Cheap for Cash.

C. H. Thomas & Co.

224 QUEEN STREET.

NEW RAISINS.

VALENCIAS,

VALENCIA LAYERS,

LONDON LAYERS.

DAY & MARTIN'S BLACKING.

Parafine Wax Candles.

77 Hlf Chests Tea, Just Stored.

For sale low by

A. F. RANDOLPH & SON.

NOTICE.

St. John, N. B., Nov. 16th, 1889.  
The Annual Meeting of the Stockholders of the Fredericton Boom Company will be held at the office of E. D. JEWETT & CO. St. John, N. B., on Tuesday morning, December 3rd, next, at 11 o'clock, to elect Directors for the ensuing year, and to transact such other business as may be brought before them.

H. J. OLIVE, Secy

GRAND DIVISION OF OHIO.  
REPORT OF THE GRAND WORTHY PATRIARCH.

Representatives:

One more year has rolled around and we meet again in Annual Session with purposes as undaunted and hopes as bright, I trust, as when we parted, one year ago. Some, perhaps, have become disheartened and have fallen out by the wayside; some of our most faithful and tireless workers have laid down the cross and taken up the crown. In these, we have reasons for regret, but we can rejoice in the fact that others are coming forward constantly to take their places in our ranks, and that our cause is surely growing stronger as time rolls on. While we miss the faces of some, in our meeting to-day, whom we have been accustomed to greet in Grand Division, we see in their places the faces of those who meet with us to-day for the first time. May they prove themselves as faithful as those we miss.

It is with pleasure that I meet you all under such favourable circumstances. I can say to you that on the whole our progress has been much greater during the year now closing than during the one previous. The condition of the Order in the State, I am happy to report, is improving. Those who had thought that the day of the Sons of Temperance was past, and that Legal Suasion must of necessity entirely take the place of Moral Suasion, have at last found their mistake, and one by one are coming back to us. We must not be of but one idea but must meet the enemy at every point.

There are many causes which conspire to hinder our work, chief among which is the moral cowardice of some of those of whom we have the right to expect much. There is the man who says "I am just-as-good-a temperance-man-as-you-but—" well sometimes he is in business, and of course you cannot expect him to hurt his trade and lose a few pennies for the sake of a principle, and sometimes it is one thing and sometimes another. Often he has a hope that he may sometime be elected to an office, provided he does not antagonize the saloon element. In the mean time, be content with his long prayers for temperance, and then don't say a word when he votes for a saloon keeper, for he only does it to keep solid with his party. When he has had enough of office, he may join the Sons of Temperance, and perhaps be a little bit independent in politics but in the mean time it would not be policy for him to say or do too much in favor of temperance. There are enough of just such men in the State of Ohio to-day, who know their duty and do it not, to sweep the last particle of liquor from our soil. If they would but give us their votes, I am sure the temperance people would be glad to give them all the offices, and if they should not be enough to go around, we might make a few more. The time will come when these men will find to their sorrow that their long prayers avail them nothing. The Sons of Temperance, as well as temperance people everywhere, have fully as much to fear from such men as they have from the saloon men themselves. The Sons of Temperance have a great work before them. They must educate themselves, their neighbors and the people at large. The Order is unalterably pledged to the National Prohibition of the Liquor Traffic, and this being the case, we must not allow ourselves to be led away by any of the wiles and sophistries of our enemies, such as High License Tax, Local Option or kindred evils, but ever keeping our eyes fixed upon the Banner of Prohibition, let us march on until the curse of liquor is banished from the earth. We indeed have before us a most stealthy foe; one which will stop at no crime, however great, to increase his own power and to destroy the work which we are striving to accomplish. Let us then stand firmly together, with

purposes undaunted, and a determination to ever meet a common foe with the victorious power of organization.

The Cadets of Temperance have received little or no attention from the Grand Division for some years past, and when we consider that it is the youth of to-day that we must expect to assume the burdens and responsibilities of our Order to-morrow, we are forced to confess that we are lacking in one of the most essential elements of success. The National Division has taken hold of this work in earnest. At the last session at Saratoga Springs, N. Y., in June last, Bro F M Bradley, P M W P, was elected Superintendent of Young People's work, and an effort is to be made to put this branch of the Order on a more solid foundation. Do not let us of the Grand Division of Ohio lag in the work which is so essential to our success, but let us be among the first to second the efforts of the National Division to train up the youth in the Division Room. Ever keep in mind that the boys of to-day will be the voters of to-morrow, and that the girls of to-day will be the mainstays of the homes of our country to-morrow, training the young either for good or for evil. While other and similar organizations have been straining every nerve to gather in the children and educate them in their own particular organization, the Sons have been standing idly by while the material, which of right should be used for the up-building of the parent temperance organization, was being used to strengthen organizations which were working for the downfall of the Sons of Temperance, only a little less energetically than that of the liquor traffic. I would recommend that the Grand Division appoint a committee to devise ways and means to more effectively push this work in our jurisdiction. Remember that the success of our Order in the years that are to come will be measured exactly by the work done by us to-day for the youth of our land.

In my address one year ago, I called your attention to our need of an efficient medium of communication, and suggested the propriety of extending all aid in our power to Bro H H Pitts, Editor and Proprietor of the TEMPERANCE JOURNAL, who is trying to supply this need. Bro Pitts is, I should judge, meeting with a fair measure of success. Every live Son of Temperance in this State should give him all the aid in their power. But do not let the good work stop here. This is an age of newspapers, periodicals and reading. Every Division should have a committee, whose duty it is to see to the distribution of temperance literature. This can be obtained at very little expense of the National Temperance Society and Publishing House. Try it! Show the world that you are in earnest in this matter. Work for the Temperance cause, for Humanity, for God, and Home and Native Land, and see if you and your Division are not benefitted a hundred fold by so doing. I tell you my Brothers and Sisters, we are not doing the work of which our Order is capable, and for which it was intended, and we do not have to look far to find the cause. The fault is with us who are here to-day (with very few exceptions.) If every one of us would lay aside all his foibles and go to work in earnest, we would meet next year with double the numbers we now have. Do not let us weary in well doing. Let us go to our homes with a firm determination that we will bring our Division out of its old rut and start it on the firm roadway once more. If we will only take hold in earnest, we will not be alone, for our Brothers and Sisters in the Division will soon gather around with their aid, and others will join us, and thus the good work goes on.

I would suggest to the members of the Order the necessity of proposing the best and most active members of their Division for Deputies.

Being in most cases of necessity, almost entirely unacquainted with the personnel of the different Divisions, the Grand Worthy Patriarch is obliged to appoint those proposed by their Division. These members are frequently chosen, not because of any particular fitness or adaptability to the position, but because of their personal popularity with the members of the Division to which they belong. This is wrong. In choosing a member for this position, only such should be selected as are qualified for, and willing to perform its duties. What could you expect the Commander of an Army to accomplish if his communications to the commanders of the Divisions of his army should be entirely disregarded and unanswered except by a few?

Since our last session, the Great Conqueror has been busy in our midst, and among others he has taken Past Grand Worthy Patriarch, George Crosby; Dr A Berry, of Cincinnati Division, No 2, and Past Worthy Patriarch, S S Peck, of Bedford Division, No 81.

Never having met Bro Crosby, I know but little of his life, but I am assured that he was a noble man and a true Son of Temperance. Bro Crosby was born May 21st, 1817, in Pennsylvania, where he joined the Order, was transferred by card to Ohio, and died at Maplewood, Hamilton County, March 17th, 1889.

Bro Berry, died in Boston, Mass, Oct 2nd, 1889, aged 78 years and 8 months. He had long been a member of our Order, and his honorable and upright life was too well known by a majority of the members of the Grand Division to require any special mention from me.

Bro Peck, it has been my good fortune to have known intimately for some years. He was an active, energetic and uncompromising foe of intemperance, a strictly honorable and honest man, and a steadfast friend. He was born in Belmont Co, O, January 10th, 1819, and died in Suffield, Portage Co, O, June 8th, 1889. While we shall continue to miss them in our Division meetings, as well as in the daily walks of life, and shall mourn most sincerely their departure, let us not forget that they have left behind them a most glorious example, which, if we wisely choose to follow, will many times gladden our hearts with the consciousness that we have chosen rightly and are carrying forward the great work so nobly wrought by them; and when the last Division on earth shall have closed, and the Grand Division on high shall have opened, may we meet with them in that Division which will never close.

At the beginning of the year I hoped, and fully expected, to be able to do much more for the advancement of our Order than under the circumstances it has been possible. Business has demanded my almost undivided attention, and as a consequence, I have been able to do but little, where I had intended to do much. But we are fortunate in having our Bros Morris and Collins, who are always at the post of duty ready to do anything for our work.

Let us labor to make this the most profitable session of the Grand Division of Ohio ever held.

Let us labor in harmony, and wait in patience, strong in the faith that great will be our reward.

Faternally Submitted,

In L., P. and F.,

C. P. SMITH,

G. W. P.

The Drunkard's Plight.

A BRIEF BIOGRAPHY OF THE MEN ADDICTED TO STRONG DRINK.

(The October Contemporary.)

The last person who ever suspects that a wife drinks is always the husband; the last person who ever suspects that any given man is bitten with drink is that man himself. So stealthily, so softly does the evil wind itself around a man's being that he very often goes on fancying himself a rather admirable and temperate customer—until the

crash comes. It is all so easy that the deluded dupe never thinks that anything is far wrong until he finds his friends are somehow beginning to fight shy of him. No one will tell him what ails him, and I may say that such a course would be quite useless for the person warned would surely fly into a passion, declare himself insulted and probably perform some mad trick while his nerves were on edge.

Well, there comes a time when the doomed man is disinclined for exertion, and he knows that something is wrong. He has become sly almost without knowing, and although he is pining for some stimulus, he pretends to go without, and tries by the flimsiest of devices, to deceive those around him. Now that is a funny symptom; the master vice, the vice that is the pillar of the revenue, always, without any exception known to me, turns a man into a sneak, and it generally turns him into a liar as well. So sure as the habit of concealment sets in so surely we may be certain that the dry rot of the soul has begun. The drinker is tremulous; he finds that light beverages are useless to him and he tries something that burns, his nerves recover tone; he laughs at himself for his morning fears, and gets over another day. But the dry rot is spreading; body and soul react on each other and the forlorn one soon begins to be fatally false and weak in morals, and dirty and slovenly in person. Then in the dead, unhappy nights he suffers all the torments that can be endured if he wakes up after his day's supply of alcohol lies stagnant in his system. No imagination is retrospective as the drunkard's, and the drunkard's remorse is the most terrible remorse known. The wind cries in the dark and the trees moan; the agonized man who lies waiting the morning thinks of the time when the whistle of the wind was the gladdest of sounds to him; his old ambitions wake from their trance and come to gaze on him reproachfully; he sees that fortune (and mayhap fame) have passed him by, and all through his own fault; he may whine about imaginary wrongs during the day when he is maudlin; but the night fairly throttles him if he attempts to turn away from the stark truth, and he remains pinned face to face with his beautiful dead self. Then with a start, he remembers that he has no friends.

Shots.

God loves brave men.

All met hate cowards.

Father, your duty is plain. Investigate. A new idea is always fresh.

Please remember our mission is to save men's boys who will not try to save themselves.

Drinking means getting drunk occasionally, and that means bad habit, which is downward, not upward.

The two Dakotas were admitted as states but the daily press says nothing about them being Prohibition states.

"Mother, don't cry for me," is said by many a boy who is carried home bleeding, and wounded, in a drunken spree.

Father, with the wayward son! we appeal to you. Think of what part you have played in forming his habits and help us save him.

It is all honor to men who forget self to aid their fellow. Will you not begin now to aid in this great and growing movement?

Sister, interest your brother in this great movement. Many a heart ache may be spared you, and the reward of a clear conscience shall be yours.—Southern Journal.

The Charlottetown Guardian says the police marshal of that city has again been suspended for drunkenness. He is also the prosecutor under the Canada Temperance Act.