

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.-

REASONABLE

DRY GOODS

— AT —

LOWEST PRICE.

John J. Weddall.

COME AND SEE

OUR STOCK OF

Spring and Summer

SCARFS,

ALL NEW AND CHEAP.

We are selling them from

20 to 50 Cents.

Best Furnishings a Specialty.

C. H. THOMAS & Co

224 QUEEN STREET.

New Goods.

New Goods,

THOS. W. SMITH

is now receiving his

New Spring Cloths

CONSISTING OF
English, German and French
Suits and Trousers.

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TWEEDS,

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

FUR and FELT HATS at very low prices—the best value in the city.

THOS. W. SMITH,
192 Queen St., Fton.

A WOMAN'S QUERY.

A dealer stood at his "bar" one day
Quietly dreaming the hours away,
Reading his "license," counting his gold
Reck'ning how many votes he had sold,
When in came a woman, poorly clad,
Pale faced and weary, haggard and sad.
She scanned the man, the license, the floor,
Muttering "How often I've been here before
To find him. Sir, please tell, if you know,
Which way from here did my husband go."

The dealer groined, and, turning aside,
With a fiendish look, sternly reply—
It's not my business, I'd have you know,
To tell the wives where their husbands go.
I sell the drinks to those who will buy
Regardless of who may laugh or cry."

Then out went the woman, poorly clad,
Pale-faced and weary, haggard and sad,
Into the streets, where men real and roll,
Battered and bruised in body and soul
To find her husband; wondering when
The law will cease that licenses men
To sell the drinks to those that will buy
Regardless of who may laugh or cry.

ANON.

LINES.

BY LIZZIE E. PALMER.

Out of the town, a runseller
Had sought a place to muse,
And found a shaded, purling spring
Secure from dust and news.

"These Temperance Organs," mutters he,
King out a warning note,
(I know too well how brandy's made
To pour it down my throat.)

There's H. H. Pitts—the "Journal" man,
He makes his "leaflets" fly
As thick as hail, with "circulars,"
(I read them on the sly.)

And women speechifying, too
O dear, how they do go it;
While every one hits me a rap
Who thinks he is a poet.

It almost makes what hair I have
To stand on end with fright;
If I had only made my pile
I'd shut up shop this night."

"Buzz, buzz," sings a musquito bold,
"I'm thirsting for a drop."
With twanging horn his victim marks,
Who cries "hold on there, stop!"

"I wish you'd stop" the pest responds,
"Now keep your hand quite still,
And don't disturb me 'till I find
A place to insert my bill."

You wish to know what right I have;
Strange thing for you to ask;
If I don't bleed you, others will,
So now I'll to my task.

Our rulers passed a license law,
Last spring—the first warm day;
And gave us leave to drain a man,
When he comes in our way.

This privilege granted us, we will
With our sharp lance defend;
And hate, as you the Scott Act hate,
Laws, that our rights would end.

"I would not mind" the man replies,
"Your taking a square meal,
But 'tis your poison most I dread,
When first your pump I feel.

With both hind feet raised high in air,
"Poison!" his listener cried;
"My daddy tapped a drunkard's nose,
And in a moment died."

The fountain of domestic peace
You poison, that you know;
And over rum-cursed regions pour,
A lava-tide of woe,

A temperance lecture you've received:
From you I got a bite;
Some wise ones say our trades are one,
I'll be around to-night,
Douglas Harbor, N. B.

A Mother's Reprieve.

What can a mother's heart repay
In after years—
For watchful night and weary day
Beside the cradle passed away,
And anxious tears?
To see her dear ones tread the earth
In life and health and childish mirth.

What can a mother's heart repay
For later care—
For words that heavenward point the way
For counsel against passion's sway,
And earnest prayer?
To watch her little pilgrims press
Along the road to holiness.

This will a mother's heart repay,
If that loved band,
Amidst life's doubtful battle-fray,
By grace sustained, shall often say
"Next to God's hand,
All of true happiness we know,
Mother, to thy dear self we owe."

What Intemperance Does.

Intemperance, the desire for drink
which causes the birth of a maddening
devil, a restless, hungry fiend, which
drives to destruction; a tyrant which
no supplications can touch, no entreaties
move. It is something which gets into
the veins, mixes with the blood, and
which becomes an inseparable part of
self. It ruins body, mind, and soul,
and not only, alas! in the case of the
person whom it has mastered, but of
all who are brought under that person's
influence; wife and children—those
who ought to be most sacred and most
dear—suffering most. It is little wonder
if they themselves take to the same evil
ways; if a poor wife, deprived night
after night of her husband's society,
accustomed to be beaten and kicked
when he returns home dazed and drunk,
and unable to obtain from him at the
week's end the pittance of his wage
which will keep herself and her children
alive, should also in despair take to
drink. God help her if she does; a
drunken man is bad, but a drunken
woman is worse—worse for herself,
and for all those who are dear to her;
but if she does, let us, while we
condemn, also pity her.—
Home Words.

The Home vs. the Saloon.

BY FRANCES WILLARD.

I do not deliberately desire to do
harm, says the saloon keeper, but I
must keep my patronage recruited,
because if I do this I am sure to become
a rich man after a while. That is the
reason why I am in the business. I
must pay my tax on somebody's fire-
side, on somebody's cradle, on some-
body's dearest and best. In order to
succeed, I must take the little fellow
away from his mother's side, wait for
him with cigarettes and cider, music,
cards, and young company, drawing
him away gradually until after a
while I will change that boy's ideas
so greatly that he who loved the song
of home and sanctuary shall far better
love the Buchananian ditty of the
saloon; he who used to breathe forth
God's name in prayer shall hiss out
that name in curses; and I will so
change his face that his mother would
not know him, and his soul that God
could not save it. Friends, it is
because this is true that womanhood
has been roused at last; for to protect
her children is the dearest and most
sacred instincts of a woman's heart.

Rooted and Grounded.

No one need fear the repeal of
prohibition when and where the con-
viction in the hearts of the people
support it as the just and righteous
method of dealing with the liquor
traffic. Such a conviction lies deep
in the hearts of a majority of the
people of Iowa. A thirty thousand
majority of them testified their belief
in prohibition in the amendment elec-
tion. In the election of successive
legislatures since, pledged to carry
out the people's will in the enactment
of effective prohibitory statutes, they
have repeatedly testified their con-
viction in favor of prohibition. In
their loyalty to the enforcement and
strengthening of these statutes they
have again and again testified to the
conviction that prohibition is the safe
and right policy of the state. Now
again, when the hopeful enemy—
encouraged by numerous defeats of
prohibition in states where the con-
viction in favor of its efficacy is not
yet in the hearts of a majority of the
people—when this enemy moves his
forces against the law, Iowa people
are testifying to their deep conviction
that prohibition is the best method
of dealing with the liquor traffic. The
press of the state is full of devotion
to the law. The papers vie with
each other in giving testimony in its
favor. They are e'en-most as good as
temperance papers in showing the
fallacy and iniquity of license laws,
and in denunciation of the saloon.

These voices of the people—are a
mighty chorus in support of the law,
and give proof of the strong hold it
has upon their convictions. Entrenched
in law is a good thing, entrenched
in the hearts of the people is far
better. Iowa's prohibitory law is
entrenched—rooted and grounded—
in the hearts of her people, and
only some untoward condition of
apathy, or over confidence can endan-
ger it. The peace and prosperity
within our borders, the high moral
tone of society, the general uplift of
lofty moral and intelligent conditions,
are things felt and realized by all
who come in contact with Iowa in-
vironments, and their worth to the
state cannot be computed or measured
by the rules applied on the plane of
the saloon and its demoralization.
In spite of unfavorable financial con-
ditions from three years of poor crops,
the wealth of people and state has
steadily increased, crime, pauperism,
and debauchery have decreased, all
that elevates humanity heavenward
has thrived and prospered, all that
degrades and drags human life and
purposes downward has decreased,
and lost power. A people consciously
in possession of such blessed con-
ditions of life, will hold fast the power
to keep out the element most potent
to destroy them—will see to it
that the "dram shop is never again
legalized in Iowa."—*Iowa Messenger.*

Prohibition in Kansas.

A second result of prohibition is a
general prosperity among the people.
Not everybody is rich nor getting
rich, but there are very few poor peo-
ple, and almost no paupers. There
is work for all, and wages for those
who work, and the wages of the
worker are expended upon the home,
and not upon the saloon. I was espe-
cially impressed with the improved
condition of one class, who were drop-
ped down upon Kansas so suddenly
and so strangely in the "Negro exodus"
a few years ago, and who are gener-
ally called "exodusters." They came
literally in want, without money,
without clothing, without shelter,
and without food. In nearly all in-
stances the first meals which they ate in
Kansas were provided by charity. Some
of them have been idle and improvident,
but at least ten thousand of
them now own the little houses in
which they live. Any one who will
ride through the suburbs of Topeka,
where several thousands of them
dwell, and compare their past and
present condition, cannot fail to see
one benefit of prohibition.—*Rev. J. L.
Hurlburt, D. D.*

In my town of Olathe, which has a
population of about 3,000, a local
option law was enforced a few years
ago, and the three saloons were com-
pelled to close on account of being
unable to obtain the petition of two
thirds of the adult inhabitants of the
town. Previous to this time the sa-
loons paid the city \$1,500 for license
—500 each—and out of this amount,
which they received yearly, it became
necessary to erect a small jail for
drunkards. Since the saloons have
been closed, their has been no use for
the jail, and but one drunken man
has been seen on the streets in a
period of several months. The town
was never before so prosperous, and
the improvements it has undergone
are wonderful.—*Gov. St. John.*

Temperance Items.

The new Parliament of Victoria,
Australia, contains ninety five mem-
bers, of whom sixty are supporters of
local option, while only twenty-five
are opposed to it.

The Woman's Christian Temper-
ance Union has become one of the
largest and most popular and success-
ful organization in existence. Its
influence is now world wide. Arrangements
are now being made for the fifteenth
anniversary of the National Organiza-
tion in Chicago.

A regular convention will be held in
battery "D"; the auditorium of which
will accommodate nine thousand (9,-
000) persons from November 8th to
12th. An immense gathering is ex-
pected.

Ireland with all her poverty
spends \$50,000,000 a year for intoxi-
cating drink. So says Michael Dav-
itt, writing to the Catholic Temper-
ance Convention of the League of
the Cross July 25th.

Although in many places in Ger-
many other English words are com-
paratively unknown, the various
English names of liquors are intel-
ligible everywhere, and 'American'
drinks are universally advertised.

Nine rum-sellers' societies in Chi-
cago, in their recent annual conven-
tion pronounced themselves in favor of
the Illinois high license law, and re-
solved that they would support and
defend it.

The Catholics are divided on the
Prohibition question. Cardinal
Gibbons and many leading men of
the church are for high license, but
Bishops Ireland and Spalding, the
Catholic Temperance Advocate and
the O. C. N. Journal, are committed
to Prohibition and doing earnest
work for our cause.

WHERE LIES THE GUILT?

Dr. Talmage on the Responsibility for
the Evils of Intemperance.

In a sermon recently preached at
Helena, Mont., Rev. T. DeWitt Tal-
mage, D. D., said:

"There is no use of my taking
your time in trying to give you
statistics about the devastation and
ruin and the death which strong
drink has wrought in this country.
Statistics do not seem to mean any-
thing. We are so hardened under
these statistics that the fact that
50,000 more men are slain or 500,
000 less men are slain seems to
make no positive impression on the
public mind. Suffice it to say that
intemperance has slain an innum-
erable company of princes, the chil-
dren of God's royal family; and at
the gate of every neighborhood
there are two heaps of the slain;
and at the door of the household
there are two heaps of the slain;
and at the door of the legislative hall
there are two heaps of the slain;
and at the door of the university
there are two heaps of the slain;
and at the gate of this nation there
are two heaps of the slain.

"When I look upon the desolation
I am almost frantic with the scene,
while I cry out, 'Who slew all these?'
I can answer that question in half a
minute. The ministers of Christ
who have given no warning, the
courts of law that have offered the
licensure, the women who give
strong drink on New Year's day,
the fathers and mothers who have
rum on the sideboard, the women
in the land who are stolid in their
indifference on this subject—they
slew all these!

"Some one says, 'You had better
let those subjects alone.' Why, my
brethren, we would be glad to let
them alone, but when I have in my
pocket now three requests saying,
'Pray for my husband, pray for my
son, pray for my friend, who is the
captive of strong drink,' I reply, we
are ready to let that question alone
when it is willing to let us alone;
but when it stands blocking the
way to heaven, and keeping
multitudes away from Christ and
heaven, I dare not be silent, lest the
Lord require their blood at my
hands."

High License has had a fair trial
in Nebraska, and has proven an ab-
solute failure as a temperance
measure in restricting the saloons.
Even the brewers have delivered
encomiums. What a disgusting
spectacle, and yet a few well-mean-
ing people have the courage to say
that the Slocum law is a good thing.
Nebraskans now have the oppor-
tunity to give this whited sepulcher,
full of drunkard's bones, its death
blow. Will they do it?