

SONS OF TEMPERANCE LITERATURE.

Tracts and Leaflets

Prepared especially for the Temperance Literature Committees of the various Grand Divisions and Subordinate Divisions.

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HERMAN H. PITTS, P. G. W. A.

Proprietor *Temperance Journal*. Fredericton, N. B.

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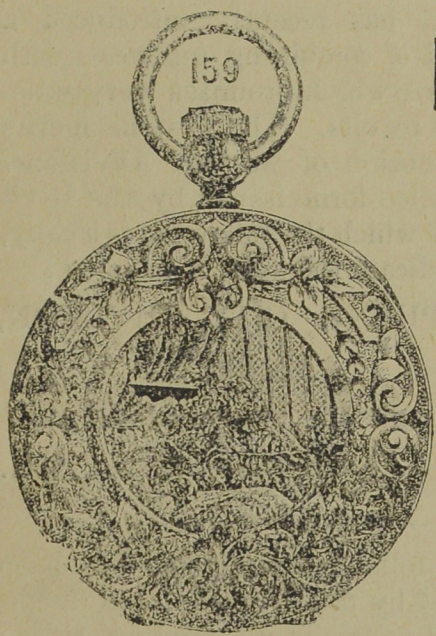
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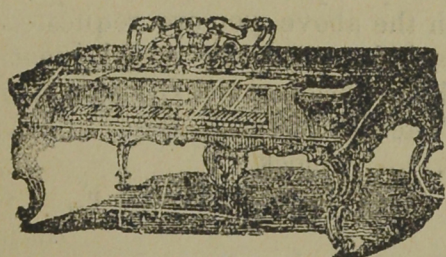
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TRUCK WAGGON

For Sale

A Single Truck Waggon, new for sale at a bargain. Enquire at the

REPORTER OFFICE

with chopping and sawing. Now true as the old preacher puts it: "If the iron be blunt, and one do not whet the edge, then must he put to more strength."

Now, I think you will agree with me, that too much of the church's work is done with blunt tools, and that therefore the work is very much harder to do than there is any need for. What pushing and pulling everywhere in the church to raise the necessary funds to run the missions of the church, and to support her. What efforts to keep the people up to the mark of giving as they ought to give? How hard it is to keep the prayer meeting and the Sunday school going efficiently? now, it ought not to be hard, if the church, and her office-bearers, and the Christian workers, and the membership generally, were what they should be. But they are not what they should be, and so it is hard. As a church and Christian workers we have not the edge on us we need to have to do the work it is ours to do to the best advantage. We are the blunt iron, and so we have to put to the more strength, and the work is harder than it need be to the worker, and the work is neither well done, nor indeed done at all.

What we need is whetting, and the whetting we need worst is the outpouring of the Divine Spirit. Our Lord told his followers, as he ascended from them, to tarry at Jerusalem, not idly indeed, not indifferently and carelessly, but on their knees, in an earnest expectant prayerful attitude, for the Father's Promise. And that is the way for us to seek to be fitted for our work. If the spirit would be poured out upon us as on the day of Pentecost, how easy it would be for us as a people to give sufficiently to support the church, and to pay off the debt as well. And how easy then to preach, and hear, and work, for Jesus, and what glad and grand results.

The ten days of whetting, prayerful waiting, were not in vain. Then they could work, preach, pray, give, as they never could have done without the whetting. How sharp were Peter's words. They cut like a two-edged sword right into the quick of men's souls. Men were convicted of sin, led to earnest enquiry, bowed down at the footstool of the Divine Mercy, and saved.

And the latent energies of the church were developed. New men, with great souls in them, and these great souls Spirit-filled, came to the front, and the gospel grew apace. It broke out and spread abroad on every side, and where there used to be one wearily and all alone toiling, so soon there were scores, hundreds of willing earnest energetic workers mightily doing. Ah! my people, we want something like that here. We want to have the promise the Lord gave His disciples fulfilled to us, the Spirit poured out upon us as a people. And we can have it. Let us do as they did. Let the praying ones, the workers, come together, and consult about things, talk matters over with one another, and pray and wait together around the mercy-seat and we will not need to tarry long, I feel sure, till we see what the Lord can do for us, how He can bless us, waken up the latent energies of this church, and glorify Himself in us. And we are going to begin to-night.

Revive Thy work, O Lord!
Give power unto Thy word:
Grant that Thy blessed gospel may
In living faith be heard.

Revive Thy work, O Lord!
Give Pentecostal showers:
The glory shall be all Thy own,
The blessing, Lord, be ours.

WHAT A WOMAN CAN DO.

A student of the sex exalts woman and covers man with contempt thus:—
* She can come to a conclusion without the slightest trouble of reasoning on it, and no sane man can do that.

Six of them can talk at once and get along first rate, and no two men can do that.

She can safely stick fifty pins in her dress while he is getting one under his thumb nail.

She is cool as a cucumber in half a dozen tight dresses and skirts, while a man will sweat and fume and growl in one loose shirt.

She can talk as sweet as peaches and cream to the woman she hates, while two men would be punching each other's head before they had exchanged ten words.

She can throw a stone with a curve that would be a fortune to a base ball pitcher.

She can say "no" in such a low voice that it means "yes."

She can sharpen a lead pencil if you give her plenty of time and plenty of pencils.

She can dance all night in a pair of shoes two sizes too small for her and enjoy every minute of the time.

She can appreciate a kiss from her husband 75 years after the marriage ceremony is performed.

She can go to church and afterward tell you what every woman in the congregation had on, and, in some rare instances, can give you some faint idea of what the text was.

She can walk half the night with a colicky baby in her arms without once

expressing the desire of murdering the infant.

She can—but what's the use? A woman can do anything or everything, and do it well.

She can do more in a minute than a man can do in an hour, and do it better.

She can drive a man crazy for 24 hours, and then bring him to paradise in two seconds by simply tickling him under the chin, and there does not live that mortal son of Adam's misery who can do it.

HIS LAST REQUEST.

I heard a story of an Irishman the other day which I think is new, said a friend at the club. This Irishman was in the habit of going home drunk every night of his life and beating his poor wife Biddy in the good old fashion. He didn't lick her because he disliked her or wanted to punish her, but just because he thought it the proper thing to do. Finally, however, the patient woman could stand it no longer and appealed to the priest. The reverend father went to her home that evening and waited for Pat. He came, drunk as usual, and the good priest took him in hand.

Pat, says he, you're drunk.

Yis, your riverence, says Pat, I'm feelin' purty good.

Well, how long is this goin' to continue, I'd like to know?

Just as long as I kin git a dhrop of the cratur, says Pat. I can't stop drinkin'.

Now, see here, Pat, says the good father, I'll tell you what. You'll stop this right here tonight. If you ever get drunk again I'll turn ye into a rat—d'ye mind that? If I don't see ye I'll know about it just the same whether ye get drunk or not, and if ye do get drunk, into a rat ye go. Now remember that—there's a good man.

"The priest went away and Pat was docile that night; but the next night when he came home and kicked open the door one glance showed Biddy that he was loaded to the hat. She gauged his 'jag' at once and saw that he was in fighting trim, so she dodged behind the table in an attitude of defence.

"Don't be afraid darlin'," said Pat in a subdued key, as he steadied himself before dropping into a chair. 'I'm not goin' to bate you this night. I'm not goin' to lay the weight of my finger on ye. I want ye to be good to me to-night, darlin' and remember, if ye kin, the days whin we were swatehearts, and whin I was always kind to ye and ye loved me. Ye know his riverence was here last night, and he told me if I ever got drunk again he'd turn me into a rat. I'm drunk this minute darlin'. The praste didn't see me, but he knows I'm drunk, and this night into a rat I go. I want ye to be kind to me darlin', and watch me, and when ye see me gettin' little, and the hair growin' out on me, an' me whiskers gettin' long, for God's sake, darlin' as ye love me, kape yer eye on the cat.

WRITING FOR NEWSPAPERS.

Let every casual newspaper writer start on the assumption that the briefest and most incisive articles are always most acceptable because most popular, and there is only one way to make practical application of the theory. First write what you have to say on the chosen subject. Second, study it over carefully and then write it over again. Third, study it over again with equal or increased care, and then re-write it again. By that time the original article will be from one-fourth to one-third the length of the original, and the author can't fail to see that it is more attractive, more logical and in every way more useful and creditable. Editors have no time for such re-writing in their daily work, but there are no successful editors who have not thoroughly learned to write first hand as most men would write after repeated revisions. Many orators in pulpit and forum wrestle under their midnight lamps to re-write their sermons and orations, and thus make them pointed, finished and impressive, and the sooner that casual writers understand that forcible and attractive expression is the fruit of the severest labor, the sooner will they have ready access to the columns of popular newspapers.

EVERY DAY A LITTLE.

Every day a little knowledge. One fact in a day. How small is one fact. Only one. Ten years pass by. Three thousand six hundred and fifty facts are not a small thing.

Every day, a little self denial. The thing that is difficult to do to day will be an easy thing to do three hundred and sixty days hence, if each day it shall have been repeated.

What power of self-mastery shall he enjoy who, looking to God for grace, seeks every day to practice the grace he prays for!

Every day a little helpfulness. We live for the good of others, if our living be in any sense a true living. It is not in great deeds of kindness only that the blessing is found. In "little deeds of kindness," repeated every day, we find true happiness. At home, at school, in the street, in the neighbour's house, in the play-ground, we shall find opportunity every day for usefulness.—Selected.

CHARMS OF CELIBACY.

A Sketch of How a Miserable Bachelor Sews on Buttons.

Did you ever see a man in the solitude and privacy of his study attempt to sew a button on by himself? It is, in all its details, says the Housekeeper, one of the most interesting performances in the world. First, he hunts for a button. Generally, to secure it he robs Peter to pay Paul, and cuts one from another garment. This may be much larger or smaller than the size he is wearing. Next, he hunts for a needle, probably he goes out and buys a paper of needles. He always chooses the largest needles, having an impression that larger needles would sew stronger than small needles. As to thread, he gets the coarsest he can find, and this he doubles. He would thread his needle. He takes the big needle in one hand, and his coarse black thread in the other; he bites off the thread to the desired length; then he tries to twist it to a fine point. Generally, in this he succeeds in making two, and sometimes three, fine points out of one end. Of course, he can't get all these points through the needle's eye at once. He tries hard to make the needle and thread get on friendly terms with each other. Sometimes it is the needle that kicks, sometimes the thread. Sometimes he really imagines he has threaded his needle. It is an ocular delusion. The thread has missed the needle's eye half an inch. It is harder work than sawing wood. At last the needle is threaded. Now he tries to sew the button on without taking his trousers off. This proves a failure. He twists himself into an uncomfortable position, and so would sew. But he can not sew so. He runs the needle into his finger, and makes an inaudible exclamation. Again the needle slips into a fleshy part of the hand, which induces a very audible dash from the operator. The recording angel knows what is going on inside of him, and debits him with every item. He sews hard. He has forgotten all about the necessity for a thimble. He jams his thumb down on the needle's head, and it punctures his thumb or runs under the nail. By and by he sews the button's eye full of thread. His big needle does not pass through any more. He must stop. He ends by winding the thread as many times as it will go under the button, and perhaps he leaves off with two or three inches of thread sticking outside. A woman can, through many outward indications, tell when a man has been trying to sew on a button. He doesn't know the shibboleth of needle and thread, and it catches somewhere every time. At last the button is sewed on, and he is proud of his work.

A KING OUTWITTED.

How a Maimed Soldier Secured a Pension from Frederick the Great.

After the close of the Seven Year's War, Frederick the Great was for a time very busy with the long-neglected affairs of his capital, so that even his favorite flute was, for awhile, neglected. Among the officers who had particularly distinguished themselves during the war, says the New York Ledger, was a Captain of Grenadiers, named Ritter, who had lost an arm at Buckersdorf. But the lost arm was not his only mishap. He had fallen sick in hospital—so very sick that when peace was declared, and an account taken of the army, he was reported dead. But he survived and was at length able to make his way to Berlin, where he sought an interview with the King, but Frederick was engaged, and would not see him. Captain Ritter came again and again, demanding that a pension should be granted him; but the courtiers whom he saw could not help him, for the King would not see him. In the first place, Frederick disliked exceedingly to be importuned; and, secondly, he did not wish to pay more pensions than he could help.

One day the chamberlain entered the royal presence, and announced that Captain Ritter demanded audience.

"Tell him to go about his business," cried the King.

"I have told him so, sire; and he answers me that his only business is to see to the getting of his pension. If your Majesty will but see him. Poor fellow! he has lost an arm, and has otherwise suffered. If your Grace would but listen to him just one moment."

"Donner!" exclaimed the impatient monarch. "I will listen to him exactly one moment. He may come in and speak just two words. If he ventures more I'll banish him from the capital."

Shortly afterward the maimed Captain, having been duly informed of the King's biggantly grant, entered the presence-chamber, and advanced to the royal seat. In his hand he held a written petition for a pension; and, sinking upon his knee, he held it forth.

"How now, man?" demanded Frederick.

"What do you want?"

"Sire—SIGN!" answered the old soldier. He bowed his head, and said no more.

The King appreciated the humor of the thing; and with a hearty laugh he took the petition, and appended thereto his autograph.

New Wood-Hardening Process.

"The recently invented process," says Iron, "by which wood is made to take on some of the special characteristics of metal has been turned to practical account in Germany. By this process the surface becomes so hard and smooth as to be susceptible of a high polish, and may be treated with a burnisher of either glass or porcelain, the appearance of the wood being then in every respect that of polished metal, having, in fact, the semblance of a polished mirror, but with this peculiar and advantageous difference, namely, that, unlike metal, it is unaffected by moisture. To reach this result the wood is steeped in a bath of caustic alkali for two or three days together, according to its degree of permeability, at a temperature of between 165 and 197 degrees Fahrenheit. It is then placed in a second bath of hydrosulphate of calcium, to which a concentrated solution of sulphur is added after some twenty-four or thirty-six hours. The third bath is one of acetate of lead, at a temperature of from 95 to 120 degrees Fahrenheit, and in this latter the wood is allowed to remain from thirty to fifty hours. After being subjected to a thorough drying it is in a condition for being polished with lead, tin or zinc, as may be desired, finishing the process with a burnisher, when the wood apparently becomes a piece of shining, polished metal."

To Write a Dialect Story.

Take a number of sheets of new white paper and write a story on them. Any story will do. Get your double-barreled shot-gun and load it with fine bird-shot. Pin your story up against the side of the barn, stand off about twenty feet, aim carefully, and let both barrels drive. If you find that there hasn't been sufficient vowels knocked out, repeat the operation.