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Herman H. Pitts,
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Place of Meeting, Divisions, Numbers Night of Meeting, and name of Deputies.

St. Stephen; Howard, 1; Friday; S. Webber; Milltown, St. Stephen; Wilberforce, 3; Monday; H. McAllister.
Market Building, St. John; Gurney, 5; Thursday; John P. Bell.
Orange Hall, Portland; Portland, 7; Monday; A. Y. Paterson.
Market Building, St. John; Albion, 14; Monday; E. A. Everitt.
Gagetown; Queens, 21; Saturday; H. J. DeVeber.
Chatham; Northumberland, 37; Friday; G. Stothart.
St. John; Mariners and Mechanics, 38; Tuesday; John Kinney.
Hillsboro, Albert Co.; Albert, 39; Wednesday; John I. Steeves.
Sackville, West. Co.; Sackville, 40; Tuesday; J. C. Harper.
Richibucto, Kent Co.; Richibucto, 42; Wednesday; A. Haines.
Newcastle; Newcastle, 45; Thursday; Jas. Falconer.
Point de Bute, West. Co. Westmorland, 50; Thursday; Jas. W. Colpitts.
Hopewell Hill, Albert Co.; Golden Rule, 51 Tuesday; L. R. Moore.
enfield, Charlotte Co.; Safeguard, 58; Saturday; H. C. Tyrnor.
Cambridge, Queen's Co.; Johnston, 62; Saturday; George S. Wilson.
Dalhousie; Dalhousie, 64; Monday; G. Haddow.
Baie Verte; Baie Verte, 65; Wednesday; R. Goodwin.
Dover, West. Co.; Dover, 70; Saturday; Alfred E. Steeves.
Carleton, St. John; Granite Rock, 77; Tuesday; John C. Thomas.
Derby, North. Co.; Nelson, Monday; J. Betts 99.
Douglastown, North. Co.; Caledonia, 126; Tuesday; J. Henderson.
Collina Corner, Kings Co.; Collina, 129; Thursday; Jacob I. Keirstead.
Upper Gagetown, Queens Co.; Oxford, 134 Saturday; James E. Coy.
Benton, Carleton Co.; Garibaldi, 151; A. T. Campbell.
St. Martins, St. John Co.; St. Martins, 164, Tuesday; Samuel Osborn.
Moncton, Moncton, 183; Monday; F. W. Steeves.
Douglas, York Co.; Bunphy's W. O. Farmers 190; Saturday; Arthur W. Ross.
Salisbury, West. Co.; Crystal Stream, 191 Monday; C. A. Beck.
South Bay, St. John Co.; Lime Rock, 207 Monday; Wm. Roxborough.
Milford, St. John Co.; Everett, 238; Tuesday; Geo. H. Waring.
Mer ton; Intercolonial 243; Friday; Miss Vena Eawcott.
Victoria Mills, West. Co.; Victoria, 245; Thursday; A. J. Main.
Mountville, Albert Co.; Home Circle, 244 Friday; E. E. Peck.
Baillie, St. James, Char. Co.; Baillie, 248; Wednesday; John A. Robinson.
Weldford, Kent. Co.; Harcourt, 249; Saturday; H. Wathen.
Portland; Valley, 250; Tuesday; J. Fowler.
Butternut Ridge, King's Co.; Havelock, 251 Friday; E. Keith.
Petitodiac, West. Co.; Petitodiac, 252; Tuesday; D. A. Jonah.
Lewis Mountain, West. Co.; Sunnyside, 253 Saturday; Ausley Lewis.
Deer Island, Char. Co.; Moss Rose 254; Saturday; A. T. Lloyd.
Millstream, Kings Co. Britannia, 255; Saturday; C. W. Weyman.
Little Ridge, Char. Co.; Spreading Oak, 256; Tuesday; A. F. Matheson.
Fredericton; Landowne, 257; Thursday; H. H. Pitts.
River Charlo, Rest. Co.; Charlo, 259; Thursday; J. H. Galbraith.
teeves Mountain, West. Co.; Mountain Rose 260; Saturday; R. Lutz, Jr.
Hampton, King's Co.; Spring, 262; Monday; C. Barnes.
Pomroy Ridge, Char. Co.; Mayflower, 263 Thursday; W. Moulton.

Good of the Order.

ALCOHOL'S TRAGEDY.

BY MRS. W. V. NASON.

Young man starting away from home,
Fortune to seek, among strangers to roam;
Parents and sisters do silently pray
He never from the right go astray;
From strong drink warn him to ever abstain;
Farewell kisses thrown back from hilltop;
Just ring the bell lightly, let the curtain drop.

At the marriage alter next he is found,
With lovely bride and friends gathered round,
Bride decked with laces and jewels so bright,
White veil trailing so airy and light;
Friends congratulate and wish them long life,
May they ever be faithful as husband and wife;
With a prayer for their meet their future to crown,
Then ring the bell joyfully, let the curtain down.

'Tis midnight! Woman waiting still
As staggering steps pass over the sill,
A story of hardship marks the wife's face,
Another life blighted, brought to disgrace;
Three graves next appear to finish the scene,
In a dark lonely corner, neglected, unseen;
Clouds lower over them as with a dark pall;
Now ring the bell sadly, let the curtain fall.

Grave of a husband whom strong drink did betide,
Grave of a wife with a broken heart died,
Grave of a child from want pinged away,
Gone home forever with angels to stay;
God speed the day when Alcohol's chain
Will be broken forever, no more o'er us reign;
Then will God's blessing smile down from the skies,
We'll ring the bell gladly, let the curtain rise.

FORWARD.

FOR THE JOURNAL.

Gather around the standard,
And unfurl it to the breeze;
Let the world see that you are numbered
'Mongst the workers of the temperance cause.

Come now and show yourself,
Come lend a helping hand
To free forever from the curse,
This our own—our native land.

They say that this can never be done,
But think you, that for a moment right
Will be stayed by the power of Rum,
If we raise in our strength and might?

Then make up your mind to-day,
And without a moment's hesitation
Step manfully up to the poll
And vote for "National Prohibition."
S. A. D. K.
Halifax Aug. 22nd '88.

MARY DOLAN'S ALBUM.

"Yes, go, No one wishes to see you here again," were my hasty words to the poor drunken creature who stood with her bundle in her arms, at the back kitchen door.

For a week she had served faithfully in the place of the one maid-of-all-work, who was taking her Summer "outing," and now that the week's wages had been paid, the recipient had invested all in drink, and not knowing what she was doing, had returned in a beastly state of intoxication. Her grumbling voice had sounded in the kitchen since early morning, more like the inarticulate growl of some brute animal, as she poured into Hannah's not too fastidious ears her drunken mumbings.

Every moment I thought she would go, and that I would be rid of her forever. During her stay I had had frequent talks with her for I knew of her besetting sin, and had been foolish enough to hope that in the week of temperance and temperate talks I could help her to a better mode of life. But in her present state, I knew that no words would avail, and just what to do with her I could not tell. I was growing distracted at the almost inhuman utterance reached me in my chamber above. Answering the summons to breakfast, I passed out through the dining-room, believing that my appearance before the inebriate wretch would at least melt her into shame or cause an instant retreat. I heartily wished I could do the poor woman some good, for woman she still was—daughter, sister, wife, mother. She had borne every sacred relation in life, this wretched creature now more beast than human.

As I entered the doorway she arose cursedly, and said, as plainly as she was able. "I am about to go, mum, and I'll bid you good-bye"

It was to this I had said, "Yes, go. No one wishes to see you here again."

The words had no sooner escaped my hasty lips than I would have given words to recall them. Such a wounded, hurt look came over the poor brutalized face—such as one sees in the pleading face of some dumb animal. She turned away, and then suddenly faced about and said: "I am coming back again. I have left my album on your table. It has my son's picture in it." Then she went, and the alley gate was closed and fastened behind her.

Filled with loathing, yet touched, too, with compassion for the sinning, debased creature, I opened with some curiosity this relic of her better self, when, a few minutes afterward, I found her album on my table. The first page contained the picture of a delicate young girl—doubtless the daughter who had died, for in the week's sojourn I had learned stray facts concerning Mary Dolan's history.

She had told me much of her son. She had several sons, but this one seems to have been at once her pride and despair. He had torn himself from the Catholic Church, and, studying for the ministry in another faith, had gone as a Chaplain in the army. Here he lost his life. Her other sons had perished also in the army, and now upon the pension which she derived from their faithful service to the Government, she was living, or rather she was defiling, the life that was given her.

But I turn over the leaves of the album. Ah! here is the boy, I think, as on the next page I see the earnest, resolute face, half playful, half defiant. It is a face full of promise. Will I see its fuller development farther on in the book? Then follow the conventional album pictures: women standing in full ermine, elderly persons with the respectable book clasped in unaccustomed fingers; then soldier ladies, brave in sashes, swords and gauntlets. Then a face flashed forth, literally flashed. A face on which was stamped authority, a head that might have worn a crown, and none have questioned its prerogative. Can it be that this is "my son," of whom I had heard so much. I turn to the picture of the lad on the second page. The same broad, high forehead, the same square chin, and strong, straight nose. The defiant expression of the boy is matured into the habitual firmness and resolution of the man. Oh, what a man to be the son of such a mother! I turn over page after page, but revert constantly to this picture, seeking vainly to know the mystery of its power. Ah! from these firmly compressed lips might have issued a "Go, and come no more in my sight." They were lips framed for such utterance. If they had said it, it would have been because the king on his throne, the kingly intelligence seated behind those brows, had commanded the words most fitting for the hour. But I, a weak woman, fretted by the magpie jabbering of one made imbecile by that which seems to me the most despicable vice on the face of the earth, I without communicating with my own law-giving intelligence, had impatiently said the words, "Go; no one wishes to see you here again." What was my prayer as I sank to rest the night before? "Give me charity, dear God." How mockingly the words rang in my ears as I recalled them, still glancing over the pictures before me, and thinking of her son! What had he borne? How much did he know of his mother's shame? Did he ever see her drink?

I turn the next leaf, and startle at a familiar face. It is Mary's self looking out upon me; Mary, the mother of sons and daughters, the loved wife; the respected, honoured woman. Why, she would grace a royal home and be its queen. Here is the noble forehead, the gray eyes brimming with good humor and the whole deportment one to inspire respect. O Mary, mother of such a son, I cried, can it be that she has come to this? And where is she now, poor thing? And what will become of her! Thus I reflected, and I appeal to you, O sisters, brothers, mothers, fathers, in homes of happiness and ease, what is to become of such as these?—E. J. T. LIPPINCOTT in *Union-Signal*.

"It Is Well With The Child"

"It is well with the child," was a Minister's text, as he stood by the side of a little white casket, trying to speak words of comfort to crushed human hearts.

It was a beautiful text, very appropriate for the occasion, and the man of God spoke loving and tenderly, and if words could have carried comfort and consolation to bleeding souls then the friends of the little child would have felt the heavy burden lifted that was crushing them to the earth.

The sweet child had filled the old home with sunlight for many a day and the parents had worshipped at the only shrine of human purity that is ever found in this world. But the holy dream came to a terrible awakening, for one day the little baby form was brought to them a crushed and mangled thing. A drunken driver had done the deed, and it was very carelessly and cruelly done too. The young parents were so utterly crushed with grief that they could only weep and moan over the mangled form of the child.

"It is well with the child," the good minister said in a reverent voice, "for little Annie is forever safe in the beautiful city of our God. It is well with the child, but not well with those who are responsible for this awful crime. It is not well with those who in any way sustain the traffic that not only kills the body, but drives the soul an exile from God forever. Little Annie's freed spirit went into the presence of its Maker as pure as the winter snow and as white as the pale lilies and roses that are clasped in her cold, dead fingers."

Little Annie was laid away in her tiny grave in the old church-yard, and for many a day the parents watched over it. Sweet flowers were planted above it, and gently they lent their sweetness and fragrance to beautify the place that was so sacred to those who loved her.

A marble slab was placed above the silent sleeper, with the words of the text engraved upon it. The passing stranger might have thought the inscription, "It is well with the child," a little strange, but not those who knew the story connected with her death.

But the cruel traffic in rum goes on. Little Annie's tragic death did not stay its power for a single moment. It went on, even in the same community, just the same as it did before, and the very ones who were responsible for her death would keep on in their old ways. The little grave and white marble cross, with its simple words, "Little Annie. —It is well with the child," are nothing to them. And the murdered souls that they have helped to send into eternity are nothing to them, and the traffic goes on.—Mrs. M. A. HOLT, in *Union Signal*.

A Chapter on Snakes.

The *People* publishes the following significant chapter on snakes:

"Twenty-five snakes running through the streets—that's 'free whisky'."

"Twenty-five snakes gathered into a box, in which twenty-five holes are made by the authority of the court—that's 'low license'."

Ten of the holes are closed, and the snakes all get out through the other fifteen—that's 'high license'."

Drive all the snakes over to the next village—that's 'local option'."

Kill all the snakes—that's 'prohibition'."

Away with the serpents of the still!
"There ought to be no doubt that while high-license lessens the number of saloons in some places, it does not lessen the amount of liquor used by those who may be compelled to travel a little further to get it."

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