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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; Thurs-  
day; John P. Bell.  
Orange Hall, Portland; Portland, 7; Monday;  
A. Y. Paterson.  
Market Building, St. John; Albion, 14; Mon-  
day; E. A. Everet.  
Gagetown; Queens, 21; Saturday; H. J.  
DeVeber.  
Chatham; Northumberland, 37; Friday; G.  
Stohart.  
St. John; Mariners and Mechanics, 38; Tues-  
day; 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; Wednes-  
day; 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; Satur-  
day; H. C. Trynor.  
Cambridge, Queens Co.; Johnston, 62; Satur-  
day; 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  
Doughlastown, North Co.; Caledonia, 126; Tues-  
day; J. Henderson.  
Collina Corner, Kings Co.; Collina, 129; Thurs-  
day; 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.; Dunphy'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.  
McRaton; Intercolonial, 243; Friday; Miss  
Vena Fawcett.  
Victoria Mills, West Co.; Victoria, 245; Thurs-  
day; A. J. Main.  
Mountville, Albert Co.; Home Circle, 244  
Friday; E. E. Peck.  
Baillie, St. James, Char. Co.; Baillie, 248; Wed-  
nesday; 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.  
Petitcodiac, West Co.; Petitcodiac, 252; Tues-  
day D. A. Jonah.  
Lewis Mountain, West Co.; Sunnyside, 253  
Saturday; Huesley Lewis.  
Deer Island, Char. Co.; Moss Rose 254; Satur-  
day; A. T. Lloyd.  
Millstream, Kings Co. Britannia, 255; Saturday  
C. W. Weyman.  
Little Ridge, Char. Co.; Spreading Oak, 256;  
Tuesday; A. F. Matheson.  
Fredericton; Lansdowne, 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, Sr.  
Hampton, King's Co.; Spring, 262; Monday  
G. Barnes

## Good of the Order.

### LOOK NOT UPON THE WINE.

Oh, soft sleep the hills in their sunny repose,  
In the lands of the South, where the vine gaily  
grows!  
And blithesome the hearts of the vintagers be,  
In the grape-purpled vales of the isles of the  
sea.  
And fair is the wine when its splendor is  
poured  
From silver and gold round the festival board,  
When the magic of music awakes in its power  
And wit gilds the fast falling sands of the hour.  
Yet lift not the wine-cup, though pleasure may  
swim  
'Mid the bubbles that flash round the roseate  
brim;  
For dark in the depths of the fountain below  
Are the sirens that lurk by the vortex of woe!  
They have lured the gay spirit of childhood  
astray,  
While it dreamed not of wiles on its radiant  
way,  
And the soft cheek of beauty they've paled in  
its bloom,  
And quenched her bright eyes in the damp of  
the tomb.  
They have torn this live wreath from the brow  
of the brave,  
And changed his proud heart to the heart of the  
slave;  
And e'en the fair fame of the good and the  
just,  
With the gray hairs of age they have trampled  
in dust.  
Then lift not the wine cup, though pleasure  
may swim  
Like an angel of light round its roseate brim;  
For dark in the depths of the fountain below  
Are the sirens that lurk by the vortex of woe!

## THE OPEN SALOON.

The open saloon will have to go,  
A glaring wrong it's ever been,  
To home, and Church, and State a foe—  
A blighting, mad ning haunt of sin.  
Despoiling home of love and joy,  
It tempts the husband and blights his life;  
Ruins the bright-eyed, darling boy,  
And breaks the heart of mother and wife.  
It fills the state with strife and hate,  
With blighted hope and dark despair,  
With sins, and woes, and sorrows great,  
And wildest shrieks that rend the air,  
Dread evils follow in its train,  
Disease and death on either hand,  
And by its work are thousands slain,  
Without a hope of better land  
Awhile, recruits for the prison's cell,  
May wildly gulp its liquors down;  
With vilest slang, and savage yell,  
May raise a row, and "paint the town."  
But, the people, rising in their might,  
Are girding on their armour strong,  
And armed, for the triumph of right,  
Will nobly battle against the wrong.  
So, whate'er its friends may do or say,  
Its doom is sure—the die is cast;  
The open saloon has had its day,  
And soon will be a thing of the past.  
—L. W. WEBB, in the Southern Journal.

## PROHIBITION.

Raise our banner, oh give it to the breeze,  
We cannot halt, we cannot rest,  
Till far and near, from east to west,  
In triumph it waves o'er land and seas;  
An army strong,  
To fight the wrong,  
With word and song,  
Firm we'll stand for Prohibition.  
Aye, we'll throttle the demon, this curse of rum,  
Who is sapping our very life,  
With murderer's gun, assassin's knife,  
For who of sorrow can count the sum,  
The fearful woe  
That all must know  
Who feel his blow,  
So we'll work for Prohibition,  
We would save our youths from a terrible fate,  
Hold them back from a drunkard's gloom,  
His dark eternal death and doom,  
We'll give this traffic undying hate.  
God's law it breaks,  
All truth forsakes,  
And sinners makes,  
So we'll pray for Prohibition.  
Its bringing our country to ruin to-day,  
Staining the land of the freeman,  
Binding them slaves to the demon;  
For it makes the laws and holds the sway.  
Our lands we'd free,  
Rum's death we'd see,  
With God we'd be;  
So we'll vote for Prohibition.  
—EDITHA E. WIARD, in the New Republic.

## Harry's Anti Society.

It was a startling sight that met  
Mrs. Goodwin's eyes on Tuesday  
afternoon as she crossed the road and  
turned into another street or her way  
towards home. Could it be?  
She hastily brushed aside her veil.  
Yes, there was her own boy, Harry,  
walking along the streets with James  
Williams, each puffing a cigar? Both  
boys were young, bright, and intelli-  
gent-looking. Mrs. Goodwin stood  
a moment in blank astonishment—  
her boy smoking! And what other  
bad habit might he not have con-  
tracted, all unknown to her? Harry  
passed on without seeing her, but she  
fancied he looked pale and ill.  
The mother went home with a burden-  
ed heart. She had trusted her  
son; believed that he had been frank  
and confiding toward her. Was  
this the first cigar? Had he been  
tempted to taste the intoxicating cup  
also? Mrs. Goodwin was a judicious  
mother; she watched Harry anxiously  
that evening, but said nothing about  
what she had seen in the afternoon.  
She was earnestly considering how  
she could best accomplish the object  
she had in view. A pattern for  
mothers, Wednesday afternoon Harry  
returned from school earlier than  
usual. As he entered the library where  
his mother was sitting she greeted him  
with a smile, saying, "I was hoping  
you would get home early, Harry.  
I was going out and wanted company."

Harry made some vague reply  
which attracted Mrs. Goodwin's at-  
tention. She saw his face was serious  
and troubled. Harry turned to his  
writing table, and soon commenced  
writing. Anxiously his mother watch-  
ed his grave face. At length she rose,  
and went softly toward him. She  
laid her hand gently on his shoulder.

Harry?  
The boy looked up and met his  
mother's loving glance.  
What is the trouble, Harry?  
I am forming an Anti-Society, he  
said, with an impetuosity which  
would have amused his mother had  
she not known instinctively that it  
resulted from deep, suppressed feel-  
ing.  
Anti means against. What are  
you against, Harry?  
Mother, I am against smoking,  
swearing, and drinking.  
A rush of joy came to the mother's  
heart. She leaned over and pressed  
her lips upon the boy's open brow,  
and thanked God that he was saved.  
Then she sat down beside him.

Now, tell me all about it, Harry?  
Well, mother, of course I know  
that smoking, and drinking and  
swearing are bad habits. But ever  
so many real nice boys in our school  
do these things, and they are always  
asking me to take a cigar or some-  
thing, and laugh at me because I  
don't. Yesterday I did smoke a  
cigar—and sick enough it made me  
—and at recess James Williams gave  
us boys some kind of wine or spirit  
he brought to school in a bottle, and  
we talked in a way I know is  
wrong. But, mother, isn't it dread-  
ful? James was found drunk in a  
public-house last evening—really  
drunk. Our teacher told us about it  
just before school closed. And I  
want to sign a pledge to keep me  
from drinking and smoking. See  
mother, this is my constitution.

And Harry read aloud:  
Whereas, Drinking intoxicating  
liquor does not do any good, and  
leads to drunkenness; and whereas,  
to chew and smoke are useless and  
filthy practices; and whereas, to  
swear is a sin against God; there-  
fore, in order the more effectually to  
keep from these vices, I do, praying  
for the Divine blessing and help,  
form myself into a society, to be  
called "The Anti Society," and bind  
myself to observe strictly the  
pledges contained in the following  
articles:  
I. I will not drink anything that  
intoxicates.  
II. I will not take the name of  
the Lord in vain; nor will I make  
use of vile or profane language.  
III. I will not use tobacco in any  
form.  
(Signed,) HARRY GOODWIN.

An excellent pledge, my son, said  
Mrs. Goodwin, only you should have  
collected the boys of his class to-  
gether, and said: I hold in my hand  
the constitution of a new society,  
called the Anti Society. My name  
is already down. Shall I read it?  
All that are in favor, say, Ay.

Ay, ay! ran round the circle again  
and again.  
Harry read slowly and distinctly.  
A deep silence followed. The boys  
looked at each other with sober,  
questioning faces.

My name is down, repeated Harry,  
as he placed the paper on which the  
pledge was written upon the desk  
before him. Who will join?

Another moment's silence; and  
then James Williams, pale and seri-  
ous, but with a look of stern resolu-  
tion on his face, stepped forward,  
and amidst unbroken stillness affixed  
his signature to the pledge. This  
society, formed by one boy's influ-  
ence, became a regular organization  
in the school—the teachers giving  
their hearty approval. Various  
officers were chosen, Harry Good-  
win being elected president. And  
what is better than anything else,  
the boys have nobly kept their  
pledge.—N. Y. Witness

## Don't Look at It.

I once learned a lesson from a dog  
we had. My father used to put a bit  
of meat or biscuit on the floor near  
the dog, and say, "No," and the dog  
knew he must not touch it. But he  
never looked at the meat. No, but he  
seemed to feel that if he looked at it  
the temptation would be too strong; so  
he always looked steadily at my  
father's face.

A gentleman was dining with us  
one day, and he said, "There's a les-  
son for us all. Never look at tempta-  
tion. Always look away to the  
Master's face."

Yes, this is the old way; do not  
look at temptation. "Avoid it, pass  
away." When the thought of doing  
wrong in any way comes into your  
heart, however small a thing it is you  
may be sure it comes from Satan, so  
do not look at it, but look up to Jesus  
and ask Him to keep you, and make  
you more than conqueror over every  
temptation, through Him that loves  
you.—Children's Treasury

## Moderate Drinkers.

Moderate drinkers engaged in  
pursuits calling for judgment and  
acumen, and who use liquors during  
business hours, end, with scarcely an  
exception, as financial wrecks, how-  
ever successful they may be in  
withstanding the physical conse-  
quences of their indulgence. Thou-  
sands who retain their health and are  
never ranked as victims of intemper-  
ance lose their property, wreck their  
business and are thrown into bank-  
ruptcy because of tipping habits  
during business hours. These men  
are not drunkards, and only close  
observers can detect the influence of  
strong drink in their deportment;  
but, nevertheless, liquor gives them  
false nerve, makes them reckless,  
clouds the judgment and soon in-  
volves them in bad purchases, worse  
sales and ruinous contracts.—Chicago  
Tribune.

## Let the Majority Rule.

The majority of the people have  
the right to prohibit the manufacture  
and sale of rum, and thus prevent  
its use by any one in the State, and  
in so doing are infringing no personal  
right of any one. They do it for the  
general good, not for the purpose of  
oppressing any one. The appetite of  
the one must be curbed that the  
whole body may not be harmed. The  
one great work of prohibition is not so  
much to save those who drink now  
as it is to stop the perpetuation of  
the cause through the teaching by example.  
To do this there is no way, save  
through prohibition, to pulverize the  
rum power.—Toledo Blade (Rep.)

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