

THE TEMPERANCE JOURNAL

AND NEW BRUNSWICK REPORTER.

OUR MOTTO—NATIONAL PROHIBITION.

FREDERICTON, N. B., SATURDAY, JUNE 23, 1888

1.00 per Annum
Vol. IV., No 24

Herman H. Pitts,
Editor and Proprietor.

TEMPERANCE DIRECTORY.

NATIONAL DIVISION.

M. W. P., Eugene H. Clapp, Boston, Mass.
M. W. A., J. S. Rawlings, Baltimore, Md.
M. W. Scribe, Rev. R. Alder Temple, Halifax, N. S.
M. W. Treas., William A. Duff, Philadelphia Pa.
M. W. Chap., Rev. George H. Hick, New York.
M. W. Cond., Elizabeth H. Amer, New Brunswick, N. J.
M. W. Sent., M. C. Parker, Fredericton, N. B.

GRAND DIVISION S. O. F. T.

G. W. P.—Rev. G. M. Campbell, St. Stephen
G. W. A.—H. H. Pitts, Fredericton.
G. S.—David Thomson, St. John.
G. Treas.—W. C. Whittaker, St. John.
G. Chap.—H. A. McKeown, St. John.
G. Con.—S. McLeod, Woodstock.
G. Sen.—D. Jonah Petitcodiac.

NOVA SCOTIA.

G. W. P.—P. Monaghan, P. O. Box 317, Halifax, N. S.
G. W. A.—Wellesley J. Gates, Truro, Colchester Co.
G. S.—Rev. R. Alder Temple, Halifax.
G. Treas.—Henry A. Taylor, Halifax.
G. Chap.—Rev. Thos. D. Hart, Berwick's Kings Co.
G. Con.—D. W. B. Reid, Elmsvale, Halifax Co.
G. Sent.—Stephen Langille, East Rawdon Hants Co.
P. G. W. P.—R. L. Black, River Philip, Cumberland Co.

P. E. ISLAND.

G. W. P.—Wm. Ramsay, Park Corner.
G. S.—Jesse S. Burns, Lower Freetown.
G. T.—D. W. Henderson, North Wiltshire

ONTARIO.

G. W. P.—Thomas Webster, Paris.
G. W. A.—Wm. McRossie, Kingston.
G. S.—W. H. Bewell, Whitby.
G. T.—G. M. Rose, Toronto.
G. Chap.—Rev. Geo. Fuller, Brantford.
G. C.—J. Driffell, Bradford.
G. S.—J. B. Johnson, Kingston.
P. G. W. P.—C. E. Ewing, Cobourg.

QUEBEC.

G. W. P.—J. M. M. Duff, Montreal.
G. S.—William Dagg, Montreal.
G. T.—W. A. Farquhar, Rockburn.

NEWFOUNDLAND.

G. W. P.—John McDougall, St. Johns.
G. S.—J. W. Nichols, Box 827, St. Johns.
G. T.—Wm. J. Thompson, West End St. John's.

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; Wednesday; E. A. Everett.
Gagetown; Queens, 21; Saturday; H. J. DeVeber.
Chatham; Northumberland, 37; Friday; G. Stothart.
St. John; Mariners and Mechanics, 38; Tuesday; Walter Munford.
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. Trynor.
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.
Douglas, 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.; Arthur'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.
McTou; Intercolonial, 243; Friday; Miss Vena Fawcett.
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, Kings Co.; Havelock, 251; Friday; E. Keith.
Petitcodiac, West. Co.; Petitcodiac, 252; Tuesday; D. A. Jonah.
Lewis Mountain, West. Co.; Sunnyside, 253; Saturday; Huesley 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; 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, Kings Co.; Spring, 262; Monday; G. Barnea.

Pomroy Ridge, Char. Co.; Mayflower, 263; Thursday; W. Moulton.
Scotch Ridge, Char. Co.; Iona, 264; Wednesday; D. M. Sinclair.
Oak Hill, Char. Co.; Oak, 265; Thursday; Harry E. Grimmer.
Tower Hill, Char. Co.; Wills, 266; Saturday; S. S. Smith.
Graves' Settlement, West. Co.; Rockland, 267; Friday; G. Johnston.
2d Falls, St. George Char. Co.; Stewart, 269; Saturday; A. Sherwood.
St. George, Char. Co.; Red Granite, 270; Saturday; Chas. Johnson.
Penobscus, King's Co.; Cardwell, 271; Wednesday; J. W. Floyd.
Hampton Village, King's Co.; Hampton, 273; Tuesday; Chas. Frost.
Bloomfield, King's Co.; Leading Star, 274; Thursday; O. A. Wetmore.
St. John, 102 King Street; Gordon Division, No. 275; Monday; H. P. Sandall.
Eagle Settlement, West'd Co.; Twilight, 276; Tuesday; G. A. Taylor.
Salisbury, Westmoreland Co.; Middleton, 277; Friday; Jas. Henry.
Healthland, Charlotte Co.; Rising Sun, 278; Tuesday; Julius Powers.
Goshen Corner, Albert Co.; Star of Hope, 279; Saturday; B. B. Hayward.
St. Mary's Kent Co.; Rosefield, 280; Saturday; W. Vincent.
Elgin, Albe. Co.; Elgin, 281; Saturday; W. Robinsan.
Whites Cove, Grand Lake; Grand Lake; 283; Friday; H. E. White.
Stonehaven, Gloucester Co.; Gloucester Division 284; Tuesday; N. R. Ritchie.
Lewisville, Moncton; Lewisville, 285; Tuesday; A. McW. Russell.
Port Elgin, West Co.; Fort Moncton, 286; Tuesday; C. H. Goodwin.
Centreville, Kings Co.; Centreville, 287; Saturday; C. R. Folkins.
Waterford, K. C.; Essex Division 288; Saturday; John W. DeForest.
Dube, Carleton Co.; Centenary, 289; Thursday; Wm. V. Bann.
Waterville, Carleton Co.; Waterville, 293; Saturday; J. T. Fletcher.
Bath Carleton Co.; Ray of Hope, 294; Friday; W. D. Keith.
Lower Coverdale, Albert Co.; Coverdale 295; Tuesday; F. A. Steeves.
Canterbury, York Co.; Duffin, 296; Saturday; Eli Taylor.
River Louison, Restigouche Co.; Louison, 297; Friday; Donald Stewart.
Kirkland, Carleton Co.; Monument, 298; Thursday; John Lyons, Deputy.
Woodstock, Carleton Co.; Campbell, 299; Friday; S. McLeod.
Campbellton, Restigouche Co.; Campbellton, 300; Monday; J. C. Ferguson.
Manuhurst, Kings Co.; Lincluden, 301; Thursday; D. S. Mann.
Dundee, Restigouche Co.; Dundee, 302; Tuesday; Jas. Malcolm.
Morcombe, P. O. Kings Co.; Rising Star, 303; Wednesday; Martin Freeze.
Scotch Settlement, Westmorland Co.; McCarthy 304; Wednesday; David H. Murray.
Upper Millstream, Kings Co.; Millstream, 305; Monday; Zebulon Gance.
Gibson, York Co.; Gibson, 306; Friday; J. H. Hamilton.
Case Settlement, Kings Co.; Snowflake, 307; Monday; C. E. Black.
Portland, N. B.; Silver, 308; Friday; Rev. J. Spencer.
Old Ridge, Char. Co.; Brunswick Division, No. 309; Monday; John A. Grant.
Northampton; Carleton Co.; Caladonia, 310; Thursday; Geo. Watson.
Waterside, Parish of Harvey, Albert Co.; Gladstone No. 311; Friday; Rev. S. C. Moore.
Poquicoek, York Co.; Poquicoek, 312; Wednesday; Edward True, Deputy.
North Lake, Canterbury; York County; Star No. 313; Saturday; Hiram H. Vesey Deputy.
Janeville, Gloucester Co.; Janeville, 314; Saturday; Edward L. Caie, Deputy.
Kingsclear, York Co.; Kingsclear, 315; Wednesday; Isaac Kilburn, Deputy.
Rolling Dam, Charlotte Co.; Rolling Dam, 316; Monday; Neill McDermott.
Buctouche, Kent Co.; Buctouche, No. 317; Tuesday; Rev. J. D. Murray.
Mount Middleton, Kings Co.; Mount Middleton, 318; Friday; Joseph Chapman.
McKenzie Corner, Carleton Co.; McKenzie Corner Division 319 Friday; Jas. Forest.
Styvesville, Westmorland Co.; Mapleville, 320; Saturday; James McFarlane.
Bayfield, Westmorland Co.; Bayfield, 321; Monday; A. W. Bant.
Curryville, Albert Co.; Curryville, 322; Saturday; Clark's Corner, Queens Co.; Clark's Corner, 325; Thursday; Isaac H. Carle.
Fredericton, No. 2 Gordon, No. 326; Wednesday; Sergt. Major McKenzie.
Smith's Corner, Walker's W. O., Kent Co.; Olive Branch 327 Saturday, Ephraim Wheten Berry Mills West Co. Millville, 328, Monday; John T. Prince.
Blackville, Northumberland Co.; Blackville, 329; Wednesday; E. W. Gaynor.
Black Brook, North. Co.; Silver Stream, 330; Wednesday; Wm. Tait.
Tattagouche, Gloucester Co.; Forest Home, 331; Thursday; Richard Bell.
Bathurst, Gloucester Co.; Ever Onward, 332; Monday; W. R. Johnson.
Dalhousie Junction, Restigouche Co.; Maple Green; 333; Wednesday, Wm. Jamison.
Little River, Buctouche, Kent Co.; Forest View No. Co 334; Monday, Chas. E. Hicks.
Upper Woodstock, Jubilee 335, Wednesday, John Burpee.
Napan, North Co., Napan, No. 336 Thursday; Alex. Dickson.
Presque Isle, Connell P. O. Carleton Co.; Dawn of Hope No. 337 Tuesday; John N. Perry.
Bloomfield Corner, Carleton Co.; Unity No. 338 Saturday, Alex. Strong.
Mapleton, Albert Co.; Mapleton, No. 339, Tuesday. J. A. M. Colpitts.
Tide Head, Restigouche Co.; No. 340, Saturday, Thomas Adams.
Boiestown, North. Co. Boiestown, No. 341, Wednesday; Rev. Thos. Allen.
Little River, Albert Co.; Princess Louise, No. 342; Saturday; Sanford Parkin.
Moncton, Bulmer, No. 343, Saturday; James M. Murray, deputy.
Caraquet, Gloucester Co., Caraquet, No. 344, Thursday, J. W. Young.
Ludlow, Northumberland Co., Pine Grove, No. 345, Thursday, George Neagles.
St. John, Excelsior, No. 346, Thursday, Robert Wills.

Good of the Order.

'TIS TIME TO SWING OUR AXES.

We've had enough of License Laws,
Enough of Liquor taxes,
We've tamed the grin long enough,
'Tis time to swing our axes,
This deadly uper tree must fall,
Let strokes be strong and steady,
Pull up the stumps, grab out the roots,
O brothers are you ready?

No longer will we shield this foe
To manhood, love and beauty;
We've had enough of compromise,
The right alone is duty.
We've had enough of weak men and distrust
The burden grows by shifting,
Just put out a shoulder to the load,
And do our share of lifting.

We've had enough of forge and chain,
This demon drink to fetter;
Good bullets from the ballot box,
Well sped, will suit him better,
Will you not hunt him to the death?
Speak out! Speak out! O brothers,
Will ye not sound the bugle,
O Sisters, Wives and Mothers?

We've had enough of shame and woe,
Of cruel spoilation,
Who fears to say it loud enough
To thrill our land and nation?
God help us all to work like men
By earnest agitation,
Till we have crushed the power of rum;
By righteous legislation.

—Cal. Voice.

WHICH WAY WILL YOU HAVE YOUR BOY TO GO?

Oh, which way will you have your boy to go?
Two well-marked roads beyond do part you know—
The mountain path—the straight and narrow way;
And the decline, where fogs and mists do play.
That fair young foem, your boy will tread but one.

He cannot travel both, nor travel none;
Just over one he's bound to pass, you know;
O, which way will you have your boy to go?

O, which way will you have your boy to go?
Your boy may travel fast, or travel slow;
Yet travel must, the way of peace and life,
Or else the way of sin and shame and strife.
The way where God is loved—where heart is pure,
Or path of lust that leads to ruin sure;
Yes, over one he's bound to pass, you know;
O, which way will you have your boy to go?

O, which way will you have your boy to go?
You know he'll run for weal, or run for woe;
He'll find the path that leads to you bright home;
Or find the road to death—the sinner's doom;
He'll find the fount where sin is washed away
Or find his vile ness grow more vile each day
For over one he's bound to pass, you know;
O, which way will you have your boy to go?

O, which way will you have your boy to go?
That fair and tender child you cherish so;
O, will you launch his bark on waters bright
And bid him watch for heaven's beacon light?
Or have him guide his boat with wayward hand,
And eat and drink and sport with drunken band?

For over one he's bound to pass, you know;
O, which way will you have your boy to go?

O, which way will you have your boy to go?
Dear mother say: 'Tis God who wants to know.
Our country opens a way that she should close,
Lest demons crush our boys with mortal blows;
For by a license law strong drink is sold,
To fill our homes with death—her vaults with gold.
Yes, over one he's bound to pass you know;
O, which way will you have your boy to go?

O, which way will you have your boy to go?
The drunkard's swift descent far down below,
Where vile debauch deforms the fairest life,
Where man dishonors sister, mother and wife?
Or royal road where all who walk are blest?
Dear father say, which way do you think best?

For over one he's bound to pass, you know;
O, which way will you have your boy to go?

O, which way will you have your boy to go?
Shall Jesus cleanse from sin—make white as snow?
Will you instruct his lips to temperance mild?
Or have his passion fired, his soul defiled?
He'll drink his wine and quaff his demon bowl,
And run with speed into his dreadful goal?

For over one he's bound to pass, you know;
O, which way will you have your boy to go?

O, which way will you have your boy to go?
Beyond the clouds where crystal waters flow?
To sparkling seas—to thrones of glory bright—
To mansions where the Saviour is the light?
Or far adown the slope of endless death—
To drunkard's grave—to prison-house beneath,
For over one he's bound to pass, you know;
O, which way will you have your boy to go?

FOR YOUNG MEN.

John B. Gough says 'ninety-nine out of every hundred men who are ruined morally, and I might almost say physically, intellectually, and religiously, are ruined by the use of drink. It is the great curse of this country. Then what shall we do? What we want is to stir up the people to move in this matter. We want you to help us, young man. It may cost something, but life is a battlefield. What a grand thing it is to be a young man with all of life before you, to make of it what you choose, to mould it as you will, to make it just what you please. How many are making their life a desert, when it might be a garden; making it a dreary waste, when it might be fruitful in good works and holy influences, stumbling, blundering and aimless. O the beginning! So many go into ruin with all of life before them. You are like a switchman on the railway. Here comes the locomotive and the train of cars, freighted with human life, hopes and happiness, and your hand is on the switch. You can turn that train on the main track, you can turn it on to the siding, you can turn it down the bank, but when it has passed by, your control of has gone forever. Never will you have another such an opportunity, and opportunities are passing you day by day.

“Look at the effects of drunkenness upon a man. God made man in His own image. What mars that image and stamps it with the counterfeit die of the devil? Drink does it. ‘Man by nature walks erect and lifts his forehead to the stars,’ and he is crowned lord of creation. What breaks his sceptre, tears his crown from his brow, and degrades him below the level of the beasts? Drink does it. What sears the heart and damps up the fountain of pure and holy affections? It is the drink. No young man expects anything of this kind to come upon him. I do not say that it will, but I want to warn any young man who is a moderate drinker that he stands on dangerous ground. ‘Oh! it is sublime to wrestle with an evil desire, this mastery of self by the force of a high resolve and the power of a mighty will: ‘I will; I will; by the help of God I will.’ To him that overcometh! the tree of life, safety from the second death, the white stone with the new name, the morning star, the white raiment, a pillar in the temple, a seat on the throne with Him in whose name he has conquered. To him that overcometh. Then buckle on the armour, brave heart; stand firm in the light, Ay, though you fall ten times, get up again, battered, bruised, covered with scars more glorious than were ever born by earth's greatest warriors, till by-and-by, standing erect, your armour dented and broken, you shall shout Victory! Victory! as you hang your battered armour on the battlements of heaven, and having fought the good fight, lay your laurels at the feet of Him through whom and by whom you stand redeemed forever from the power and dominion of every evil habit.”

IMITATING PAPA.

He was a bright-eyed, rosy-cheeked little fellow, and just as brimful of fun as a boy of five summers could well be, and when I tell you that his mamma, that morning, for the first time, had dressed him in a pair of pantaloons and a little coat, you can imagine what his feelings were. But his little sister Mamie did not like the change at all. She had tried to get him to play with her several times, but had been treated so coldly that she had retired to one corner of the room with her doll; many a wistful glance did she cast at him, but to no effect. He would have liked to have a big play, but thought it would never do, so he marched out of the room, with great dignity, followed by his dog Rover. In the hall he espied a hat of his father's and also a cigar stump that had been left on the table. Putting the cigar

in his mouth, and the hat on his head, he went out into the yard, lighting the cigar as he went, still followed by his faithful dog.

What are you about, Robby? said a young man as he passed by.

Oh, I'm pretending I'm papa, said he.

You'd better let that stuff alone, was the laughing rejoinder, or you'll rue it soon.

And he did, for he got so sick he was compelled to lie down on the grass for a while, and threw the cigar away in disgust, concluding that it was not so nice to do like papa, after all.

Hoop, but ain't you fine!
Yes, ain't I, though! said the little fellow, as he jumped up and displayed himself before a neighbor boy about two years older than himself. I say, Jim, let's play.

Well, what will we play?
Why, you keep a bar and I'll be papa and come in and get a glass of brandy, like he does down at the hotel.

Rob and Jimmy soon fixed up a bar by laying planks across the corner of the fence, and furnished it in a few minutes with some old bottles and two broken glasses, and then getting the cook to give them an old jug that had once been used for molasses, and filling it with water, they were ready to begin business.

Good-morning, Mr. Glidden! said Rob, as he marched up to the bar.

Good-morning! Good-morning! glad to see you such a fine morning. What will you have to-day?

A glass of your fine brand to cheer me up a little, was the reply; and being helped to a half-glass of molasses-water, Robby soon disposed of it, and called for more; and, after drinking several times, he staggered away in such perfect imitation of his father that the little bar-keeper roared with laughter.

There was one, though, who witnessed the scene, that did not laugh, and would you believe it, it was Robby's own father! He had been in the very same fix the night before, that his little son had imitated so well, and of course was not in a condition to attend to business, and had been in the Summer-house for several hours trying to entertain himself with the morning paper, and had heard every word that had passed between the little playmates. It set him to thinking, and the result was that he signed the pledge that very day. I could not bear to have my son grow up in that way, he said to his wife that night, and with the help of God, I'm going to set him a better example. And he did.—Herald and Presbyterian.

As Sad as it is Suggestive.

The following extract from a letter which a poor drunkard's wife sends to the New York Evening Sun, is as sad as it is suggestive. She says: ‘I cannot see why men with good sense and judgment will approve of a man selling intoxicating drinks, for it takes the senses and feeling out of a man and leaves him powerless to the mercy of the police. I have seen policemen on Sunday standing at a liquor store and letting men, women, and children go in and out with pitchers of beer and never say a word to them. I think the Sunday law ought to be enforced, so that the drunkard's wife and children may have something to eat on Monday morning. Look at the handsome liquor stores, with their costly window panes and mirrors and every inducement to take men from their homes, which are decorated only with poverty. I hope that those men who are in favor of liquor traffic will hearken to the voices of thousands more of poor heart-broken drunkards' wives and children.’

Says Dr. Herrick Johnson: ‘The saloons lead to drinking; drinking to drunkenness; drunkenness to crime; crime to the necessity for police; the police cost money, and the saloons have to pay it. There is the circle, and there is the dog's mouth chasing the tail. It has never caught up, and never will.’

SUBSCRIBE

FOR THE

TEMPERANCE JOURNAL.

Eight page paper for one year, weekly, for ONE DOLLAR. Y&