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AND NEW BRUNSWICK REPORTER.

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Herman H. Pitts,
Editor and Proprietor.

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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 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. Stehert.
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.
Douglaston, North. Co.; Caledonia, 126; Tuesday; J. Henderson.
Collina Corner, Kings Co.; Collina, 129; Thursday; Jacob L. 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.
Mer ton; 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.
Batterside, Ridge, King's 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, Jr.
Hampton, King's Co.; Spring, 262; Monday; G. Barnes.

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; Robert Maxwell.
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. P. Robinson.
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. K. Folkins.
Waterford, K. C.; Essex Division 288; Saturday; John W. DeForest.
Duhac, Carleton Co.; Centenary, 289; Thursday; Wm. V. Benn.
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 Louisa, Restigouche Co.; Louisa, 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.
Manahat, 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 Gaunce.
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.; Caledonia, 310; Thursday; Geo. Watson.
Waterside, Parish of Harvey, Albert Co.; Gladstone No. 311; Friday; Rev. S. C. Moore.
Poquiock, York Co.; Poquiock, 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.
Stylesville, Westmorland Co.; Mapleville, 320; Saturday; James McFarlane.
Bayfield, Westmorland Co.; Bayfield, 321; Monday; A. W. Bent.
Curryville, Albert Co.; Curryville, 322; Saturday; Clark's Corner, Queens Co.; Clark's Corner, 323; 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, Dr. Wm. P. Bishop.
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, Excision, No. 346, Thursday, Robert Wills.
Bamford Settlement, North Co., Blissfield, N. 347, Saturday, David Bamford, Deputy.

SUBSCRIBE

FOR THE

TEMPERANCE JOURNAL.

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

Good of the Order.

INDEPENDENCE DAY.

This is Independence Day!
Who is independent?
Who can raise his hand and say,
Truth is my defendant?
A slave is he who takes his toddy!
A slave to rum in soul and body!

How the guns do crack and roar,
Across the continent,
Over mountain, lake, and moor
The crackling flash is sent;
'Tis followed fast by freedom's thunder
And grape-shot knocks its victims under.

Filled with stars the banner flies,
Unhindered everywhere;
Copied from unclouded skies
Coquetting with the air.
A million throats greet with hosannas
Our clean, cold-water, shining banners.

All hail to the whitest day
In freedom's history!
We'll keep it, unstained for aye,
Sacred to Liberty.
And temperance and peace forever,
Deserting from our army never!

—GEORGE W. BUNGAY, in the Banner

BANE AND BOON.

And may a bane become a boon?
Are curses borne to bless?
Can midnight shine with rays of noon?
Will vice win virtue's dress?

That doctrine was in Eden taught,
And lo! earth has the fruit—
Sad boast that blessing would be wrought—
Figs reaped from thistle root!

The laws of God are not repealed,
However men may dare,
Wheat still unfolds to wheaten yield,
Tare yet produces tare.

Whatever poisons human veins,
Corrupts the human race;
And drunkenness inflicts its stains,
That time may not efface.

If States approve and license give,
The crime is but the worse;
The righteous host of heaven will live,
And curse will follow curse.

Ah! men are 'widered by their taste
And by their lust for gain;
Their vices only work their waste
And sting at last with pain.

—REV. F. DENISON.

THE WASHERWOMAN'S SONG.

Wring out the old, wring out the new,
Wring out the black, wring out the gray,
Wring out the white, wring out the blue—
And thus I wring my life away.

An occupation strange is mine;
At least it seems to people droll
That while I'm working at the line
I'm going, too, from pole to pole.

Where'er I go I strive to please;
From mourn to night I rub and rub;
I'm something like Diogenes—
I almost live within a tub.

To acrobats who vault and spring
In circuses I take a shine;
They make their living in the ring,
And by the wringer I make mine.

My calling's humble, I'll agree,
But I'm no cheap calico
As some folks are who sneer at me;
I'm something that will wash, you know.

I smile in calm, I strive in storm,
With life difficulties I cope,
My duties cheerfully perform;
My motto: While there's life, there's soap.

Wring out the old, wring out the new,
Wring out the black, wring out the gray,
Wring out the white, wring out the blue—
And thus I wring my life away.

—Boston Courier.

THE OLD HOME.

It stands upon the hillside, with the tall elms
bending o'er it,
The homestead, with the lilacs by the door,
And the quaint, old-fashioned garden gently
sloping down before it,
I see it just as in the days of yore.

I remember how the sunshine fell across the
golden meadows,
Beyond the wooden door-step, old and worn.
And how the summer cloudlets cast their quickly-fleeting shadows
On distant fields of rustling, ripening corn.

In the pleasant, roomy kitchen I see my father
sitting,
With leather-covered Bible open wide;
While my sweet-faced mother listens as she
lays away her knitting,
And rocks the old red cradle by her side,

Three brown-eyed little children, with tangled
tresses,
When evening prayer in simple words is said,
Come clinging round her neck with loving, soft
caresses,
Then merrily go tripping off to bed.

Oh! happy years of childhood, with thoughts
so true and loving,
And sweet and guileless days so full of rest.
Our old hearts love to linger, after all our years
of roving,
And clasp fond memory's pictures to our breast

Shall we ever, in that country, the bright and
glorious heaven,
Win back the innocence and bliss
We knew when, in our childhood, in the dear
old home at even

We received our angel mother's good-night
kiss?
EMILY G. WELHERBEE.

The fact is that it is getting to be
unpopular to drink. Physiology keep-
ing pace with the general advancement
of science, has examined with more
accuracy the delicate organs of the hu-
man constitution and watched with
strict vigilance the effect of alcohol
upon those organs, and it unhesitat-
ingly declares that its use is an imped-
iment to the natural functions and the
inevitable destroyer of man's physical,
moral and mental well-being. Then,
in addition to this, scientists tell us of
a kind of reactionary nature about the
drink—that is to say, when a man
takes one drink there is a tendency in
him to take another, and when he gets
another then he wants another still.

They say it is a reactionary force.
Some affirm that that is not the result
of alcohol, but of consumption and ex-
haustion, and therefore like eating.
That cannot be so, for when a man
has taken a drink he wants another
drink either of gin, rum, or brandy—
alcohol all the time; but suppose a
man has ham and eggs for breakfast,
does he particularly want ham and
eggs for dinner? A good roast turkey
would do just as well. He does not
call for it by the same law that the
drunkard calls for drink, therefore
it is not the ordinary effect of con-
sumption that is produced by the
poison of alcohol. Why, no one de-
nies its effect; no one denies what
it has done. Look at the wrecks of
men who walk up and down your
streets, and that tells the story.
Look at the young men into whose
veins this poison has been infused,
and which aims at the citadel of life,
and you will see the effect of this
evil without any argument. It is
this terrible curse which is sending
100,000 to their graves every year.

People talk of grim war, why, war
with all its horrors, gaunt famine,
and the terrible pestilence have slain
their millions, but the cup of in-
temperance which the nation has
drank until the dregs have run out,
is slaying its tens of millions. And
yet, because certain men do not
stand still, because they appear to
be interested in this subject, they
are stamped as fanatics. Because
men will not stand quietly by and
go down to ruin and see innocent
women and children suffer and die,
they are branded as wild fanatics.
If it is fanaticism to go and take a
brother by the hand and lift him up,
if it is fanaticism to send all over
this country excellent literature to
save the lost and the erring, then
let him be a fanatic forever.

—J. C. PRICE, D. D.

A Few Nuts to Crack!

Who had turkey stuffed with
oysters, and all the 'fixins,' Christ-
mas day, you or the man who sold
you beer or whiskey?

Who has the fat of the land, all
that money can buy, you or the sa-
loon keeper?

Who keeps a horse and takes his
wife and children out riding, you or
the man who takes your money for
drink?

Who wears good clothes, you or the
saloon keeper?

Whose children are dressed nicely,
and have all that children want to
make life comfortable, yours or the
saloon keeper's?

Who eats stale bread because it is
cheap? Who buys cheap meats, buys
cheap bones, and everything that is a
little poor, because it is cheap? Is it a
saloon keeper?

When you are hauled up before the
police court for being drunk and dis-

orderly, whom does the judge smile
upon, bow to, and treat with defer-
ence, you or the man who jingles
your weekly wages in his trouser's
pockets?

Who pays your fine, the man who
has your money, or your broken heart-
ed wife who has earned a few extra
dollars by washing?

What good has come to you from
drinking?

Has it made you a better man?

Has it made you a better father?

Does your family love you because
you drink?

Do your neighbors show you more
respect?

Are the men who get your money
friends to whom you can turn in time
of need?

How I Would Paint a Bar-Room.

[Composition read before the Steuben County
Good Templar Convention by M. W. Draw, of
Hornellsville, N. Y.]

If I had the adorning of a bar-
room, it should be done somewhat
in this wise: On one side I would
paint "Death on the Pale Horse,"
his arm wielding the thunderbolt to
the very hoofs of his flying steed,
treading down everything fair and
lovely; the Garden of Eden before
him, a blackened waste behind him.
On the other side I would draw the
picture of a wretched hovel—once a
happy home; the roof broken in,
the windows stuffed with rags; in
the doorway a weeping wife with
ragged children clinging to her
skirts, piteously beseeching her for
bread. In the distance should be
seen the once happy husband and
father, now a reeling drunkard, on
his way from the village tavern to
the hut he calls his home.

Back of the bar, in full view of
the bloated creatures that stand with
the cup to their lips, I would paint a
company of demons in the death-
dance of fiendish hilarity, around a
fire kindled with the flames of al-
cohol, and over it I would write in
lurid letters, "Moderate drinking
lights the flame that burns to the
lowest hell."

Opposite the bar should be a lone-
ly and dishonored grave; a light-
ning-blasted tree should stretch its
leafless branches over it; and on
some withered bough should perch
the melancholy owl, hooting to the
wintry moon. At the foot of the
grave should kneel the angel of
mercy, with hands and eyes upraised
to the pitying heavens, and at the
head of the grave should be the
angel of justice carving with stern,
relentless hands, upon the tomb-
stone these fearful words of doom:
"No drunkard shall inherit the
Kingdom of God."

In the intervening spaces I would
have here a grinning skelton, and
there a broken heart, a shattered
hour-glass, a stranded boat, a torch
extinguished in blackness of dark-
ness; while from over the doorway
and from the ceiling should look
down all kinds of woeful human
faces, pale, imploring, wrathful,
deadly, despairing. The walls of the
room should be shrouded in sack-
cloth, and the floor covered with
ashes and wreathed in weeping wil-
low and gloomy cypress, while all
the vessels that held the damning
fluid should be black—black as the
gates of doom.

Then I would call the rumseller,
if he would, to take his place behind
the bar, and though a few besotted
wretches, hardened in sin, might
stagger up to the bar and drink de-
fiance to their fate, yet should I
hope that the young—the pride of
mothers, and the light of homes—
might turn away as though they had
caught a glimpse of the infernal
world.

Seven year-old Willie McConnell,
of San Francisco, found a bottle of
whiskey and tasted the contents.
He liked it and drank over half a
pint. He became tipsy, then ill,
and in a few hours died in great
agony, in spite of the best efforts of
a good doctor to save him.