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AND NEW BRUNSWICK REPORTER.

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Editor and Proprietor.

FREDERICTON, N. B., SATURDAY, JUNE 16, 1888

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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. Peterson.
Market Building, St. John; Albion, 14; Wednes-
day; E. A. Everett.
Gagetown; Queens, 21; Saturday; H. J.
DeVeber.
Chatham; Northumberland, 37; Friday; G.
Stothart.
St. John; Mariners and Mechanics, 38; Tues-
day; 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; 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, 53; Satur-
day; H. C. Trynor.
Cambridge, Queen's 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
Donglastown, 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.
Mex ton; 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; Wednes-
day; John A. Robinson.
Weldford, Kent. Co.; Harcourt, 249; Saturday;
H. Wahlen.
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, 256; 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.
Teves' Mountain, West. Co.; Mountain Rose
260; Saturday; R. Lutz, Sr.
Hampton, King's Co.; Spring, 262; Monday
G. Barnes.

Good of the Order.

THE COLLIER'S WIFE, A TRUE STORY.

BY HARRIET DEVAN.

In the wintry days when Christmas, with its
joys, was drawing nigh,
There went forth a fearful summons, calling
many men to die;
In their homes the shining holly on each humble
cottage wall,
Spoke of hearts unscared by danger; and un-
conscious of their call,
They had chanted Christmas carols in the hours
of twilight dim,
Little dreaming of the nearing of a guest so
dread and grim;
That their tables, oft in by-gone groaning 'neath
the Christmas fare,
Would this Christmas, 'mid heart-breaking, fear-
ful shrouded burdens bear;
That the bells would cease their chiming, many
a solemn knell to toll,
And sorrow, like a tempest, o'er the stricken
valley roll.
There was one in that rude village, to an humble
collier wed;
She had suffered from the drink curse—he by
drink was oft misled.
Never husband kinder, truer, more devoted to
his wife,
Than the one who claimed this woman through
the weal and woe of life.
But when led astray by drinking, words so vile
defiled his tongue
That the wedded love soon languished, and the
woman's pride was stung,
And each sober promise broken on which she
had oft relied,
Till at length in gloom and darkness she was
missing from his side.
Then the tidy hearth untended, and the homely
board unspreed,
And the children's pale, scared faces, asking him
"Is mother dead?"
Brought so vividly before him all the desolation
wrought,
That in terror and misgiving, eagerly his wife
he sought;
For she was his hidden treasurer—oh, how
cherished and how dear!
And his earnest "Have you seen her?" wearied
every neighbor's ear.
Soon the dreary months brought tidings, that
gave beamings of delight—
Once again he trudged the valley, seeking still
the joyful sight.
When he reached the home she dwelt in, when
he saw his dear one's shawl,
Oh, he kissed the faded garment, as it hung
against the wall,
But the wife refused his pleading, and she
scorned his wild request,
And she vowed her past was bondage, and her
present freedom rest.
He, thus driven from her presence; and her dear,
familiar face,
With a hatred for the beer cup which had
wrought him this disgrace,
Wept within his lonely cottage, with his chil-
dren at his knees;
Oh, to leave these lambs uncared for, Oh, how
hard her heart must be!
Then amid his tears of anguish came a thought
of peaceful bliss:—
If again she saw her children, if they gave her
one sweet kiss,
If their soft blue eyes were pleading, saying
gently, "Mother come,"
That would storm her hard heart's fortress, and
would surely bring her home.
So he dressed his little daughters, almost with a
mother's care,
And with man's unskilful fingers smoothed their
curly silken hair;
And he led his little children all the rugged
mountain o'er,
And the mother's heart relented when she saw
them at the door;
'Gainst his promises and pleadings her heart no
more was proof,
And again she took her station 'neath the col-
lier's humble roof.

* * * * *

Happy days of love rekindled were just blend'ng
into weeks,
When the fearful blow was given which a life-
time's woe bespeaks.
She was placing sprays of holly o'er the pictures
in her room,
When there came a loud explosion, like a crash
of coming doom,
And the air grew thick and murky, and the
earth in terror shook,
And there came a rush of footsteps, gathering
from each lane and nook.
Every face was full of horror, and their eyes
with dread dismay;
Hand in hand e'en little children sped along the
crowded way,
And their talk was all of "father"—Oh, if father
dear were dead!
And "poor brother" in the workings, in that
fiery pit, they said.
So in breathless, gasping terror, still the crowd
kep surging past,
While the poor wife of the collier stood with
misery agast,
Till a passer by, unthinkingly, breathed words
soon proved too true,
"Why poor man's in the workings, so perhaps
its widowed you!"

* * * * *

She was lying all unconscious, when they
brought her dead one in:
He who was her faithful husband till he fell
through drink-caused sin.

But the years that should have bound them in
the closest, dearest link
Had been marred and blighted, ruined, by the
cursed demon drink.
When she woke, to know her sorrow, and the
measure of her grief,
And she thought of the days of blessing, though
their length had been so bri
When her stricken heart remembered all her
bridal days of bliss,
And she called to mind his goodness, and his
errors strove to miss,
With his last kind greeting haunted, and his
last glance clear and bright,
"God is good," she said; in darkness He has
sent one ray of light."
While she mourned her loved and lost one, she
blest God amid her pain,
That his soul had gone to judgment clear from
drink's defiling stain!
—New England Good Templar.

THE ECHO AND THE TOPER.

A toper once returning from potatoes,
Imbibed with freedom at the Dog and Gun—
Where joyful comrades on the laws of nations
Allowed their thirsty tongues to gibly run—
Was passing through a valley where 'twas said,
Though he had never put it to the test,
That echo answered when'er questioned.
Quoth he, 'I'll see whether 'tis true or jest.'
He paused a moment, hiccoughed, scratched his
head,
His trembling fingers pass across his vest
To feel that he was there and not in bed,
And then and there the Echo thus addressed:—
'The place we left, say, Echo dost thou know?'
Echo—'No.'
'The public house where folks like thee don't go.'
Echo—'Don't go.'
''Tis after ten, my mates still at their glasses.'
Echo—'Asses.'
'The drink they love before all else is wine.'
Echo—'Swine.'
'Good liquor I enjoy in any shape.'
'I wonder what's the end of all this brewing.'
Echo—'Ruin.'
'Wouldst have me take the pledge, all drink re-
sign?'
Echo—'Sign.'
'Methinks I could not live without such stuff.'
Echo—'Such stuff.'
You may be right, at any rate I'll try it.'
Echo—'Try it.'
He signed the pledge, and very soon he found
That, like the eagle, he'd renewed his youth;
He keeps it still, and furthermore has owned
That what the Echo said was but the truth.
—Alliance Record.

HE SAW HIMSELF.

You must excuse me, gentlemen,
for I cannot drink anything, said a
man who was known to the entire
town as a drunkard.
This is the first time you ever
refused a drink, said an acquaint-
ance. The other day you were
hustling around after a cocktail, and,
in fact, you even asked me to set 'em
up.
That's very true, but I am a very
different man now.
Preachers had hold of you?
No, sir; no one has said anything
to me.
Well what has caused the change?
I'll tell you. After leaving you
the other day I kept on hustling
after a cocktail, as you term it, un-
til I met a party of friends. When
I left them I was about half drunk.
To a man of my temperament a half
drunk is a miserable condition, for
the desire for more is so strong that
he forgets his self-respect in his ef-
forts to get more drink. I remem-
bered that there was a half pint of
whisky at home which had been
purchased for medicinal purposes.
Just before reaching the gate I heard
voices in the garden, and looking
over the fence I saw my little son
and daughter playing.
Now you be ma, said the boy, and
I'll be pa. Now, you sit here and
I'll come in drunk. Wait, now, till
I find my bottle.
He took a bottle, ran away and
filled it with water. Pretty soon he
returned and entering the playhouse
noddled idiotically at the girl and sat
down without saying anything. The
girl looked up from her work and
said:
James, why will you do this way?
Whizzer way? he replied.
Gettin' drunk?
Who's drunk?
You are; an' you promised when
the baby died that you wouldn't
drink any more. The children are
almost ragged, and we haven't any-
thing to eat hardly, but you still
throw your money away. Don't
you know you are breaking my
heart?
I hurried away. The action was
too life-like. I could think of not-

ing during the day but those little
children playing in the garden. You
must excuse me, gentlemen. I can-
not drink again.—Arkansas Travel-
ler.

A Woman's Practical Argument.

What brings you here, Mary? said
Truesdell to his wife, as she entered
the liquor shop.
It is very lonesome at home, and
your business seldom allows you to
be there, replied the meek and reso-
lute wife. To me there is no com-
pany like yours, and as you cannot
come to me, I must come to you; I
have a right to share your pleasures
as well as your sorrows.
But to come to such a place as
this! expostulated Tom.
No place can be improper where
my husband is, said poor Mary.
Whom God hath joined together, let
no man put asunder.
She took up the glass of spirits
which the shop-keeper had poured
out for her husband.
Surely you are not going to drink
that? said Tom in huge astonish-
ment.
Why not? You say that you drink
to forget sorrow, and surely I have
sorrows to forget.
Woman, woman, you are not going
to give that stuff to the children,
cried Tom, as she was passing the
glass of liquor to them.
Why not? Can children have a
better example than their father's?
Is not that which is good for him
good for them also? It will put them
to sleep, and they will forget that
they are cold and hungry. Drink,
my children; this is fire and bed
and food and clothing. Drink; you
see how much good it does your
father.
With seeming reluctance, Mary
suffered her husband to lead her
home, and that night he prayed long
and fervently that God would help
him to break an evil habit and keep
a newly-formed but firm resolution.
His reformation was thorough, and
Mrs. Truesdell is now one of the
happiest of women, and remembers
with a melancholy pleasure her first
and last visit to the dram shop.—
Waterloo (N. Y.) Observer.

Jim, Give Up Drink.

We will call him Jim, for I do not
remember his name. He had lost all
respectability, and was a common
gutter drunkard. His family had
disowned him and would not recog-
nize him when they met him. Occa-
sionally he would get a job at the
stables where Dr. Davis kept his
horses. One morning the Doctor
laid his hand on his shoulder and
said:
Jim, I wish you would give up the
drink.
There was something very like a
quiver of the man's lips as he an-
swered:
If I thought you cared, I would
but there is a great gulf between you
and me.
Have I made any gulf, Jim? Think
a moment before you answer.
No—you couldn't.
I do care, Jim!
Say it again, won't you? There
were tears in the man's eyes now.
I do care, Jim, with a little tender
emphasis on the Jim.
Dr. Davis, I'll never touch another
drop of liquor as long as I live.
Here's my hand on it.
This was fifteen years ago, and
Jim is to-day the respectable and
respected Mr.—. Saved by a kind
word! Will you make an effort this
week to win some one by kindness?
—Christian Advocate.

Total abstinence, says Rev. Joseph
Cook, is a closed issue. No intel-
ligent man now, in the face of the
record of life assurance societies,
dares recommend anything like
moderate indulgence. I hold that
this country has settled it that total
abstinence is the only safe thing.
Eighteen States of this Union are
teaching their children that total
abstinence is required by the latest
light of science. And the same num-
ber of States, also, are giving in-
struction against all kinds of nar-
cotics and let the pulpit say amen!

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