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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 P. Bell.
Orange Hall, Portland; Portland, 7; Monday; A. Y. Paterson.
Market Building, St. John; Albion, 14; Monday; E. A. Everett.
Gagetown; Queens, 21; Saturday; H. J. DeVeber.
Chatham; Northumberland, 37; Friday; G. Stothart.
St. John; Mariners and Mechanics, 33; 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.
Newfield, Charlotte Co.; Safeguard, 53; Saturday; H. C. Tryon.
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 90.
Douglasston, 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; O. A. Peck.
South Bay, St. John Co.; Lime Rock, 207 Monday; Wm. Roxborough.
Milford, St. John Co.; Everett, 238; Tuesday; Geo. H. Waring.
McTear; 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, King's Co.; Havelock, 251 Friday; E. Keith.
Petitcodiac, West. Co.; Petitcodiac, 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. Wayman.
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; C. 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; Oscar Stevens.
Hampton Village, King's Co.; Hampton, 273 Thursday; 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, 267 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. McN. Russell.
Fort 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. 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.
Cantelbury, York Co.; Dufferin, 296; Saturday; E. H. 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. Furguson.
Manhurst, Kings Co.; Lincluden, 301; Thursday; D. S. Mann.
Dundee, Restigouche Co.; Dundee, 302; Tuesday; Jas. Malcolm.
Morcaube, 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.; Caladonia, 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, Cantelbury; 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; Wm. Wry.
Mount Middleton, Kings Co.; Mount Middleton, 318; Friday; Joseph Chapman.
McKenzie Corner, Carleton Co.; McKenzie Corner Division 319 Friday; Jas. Forest.
Stylessville, Westmorland Co.; Mapleville, 320 Saturday; James McFarlane.
Bayfield, Westmorland Co.; Bayfield, 321 Monday; A. W. Bent.
Curryville, Albert Co.; Curryville, 322; Saturday; Isaac H. Carle.
Clark's Corner, Queens Co.; Clark's Corner, 323 Thursday; Isaac H. Carle.
Fredericton, No. 2 Gordon, No. 325; 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.; Princes Louise, No. 342; Saturday; Sanford Parkin.
Moncton, Bulmer, No. 343, Saturday; James M. Murray, deputy.
Caraquet, Gloucester Co., Caraquet, No. 344, Saturday, J. W. Young.
Ludlow, Northumberland Co., Pine Grove, No. 345, Thursday, George Neagles.
St. John, Excelsior, No. 346, Tuesday, Robert Wills.
Bamford Settlement, North Co., Blissfield, N. 347, Saturday, David Bamford, Deputy.
Carleton, St. John, Tillev, No. 348, Monday; Herbert B. Belyea.
Marysville, York Co., Marysville, No. 349, Wednesday, —

Good of the Order.

THE QUESTION OF THE HOUR.

Shall the nation stand sponsor for Satan's own child,
Whose bride-giving hands are with murder defiled?
Shall the nation be found on the side of our foe?
Shall it help to bind on us a burden of woe?
Shall it license distilleries and take of their gain;
Be a partner in guilt for the blood of the slain?
Take their money and sell them our citizen's lives,
Help to beggar their children and murder their wives.
Shall it license the brewers? Shall its honor be sold
To distillers and brewers for millions in gold?
For their gold shall it barter our freedom away;
Make us yield to this thralldom forever and aye?
Shall it license the sellers to ruin our boys,
And take from our home-life the sun of its joys?
Shall we help him to conquer the noble and brave,
And crush out his manhood and make him a slave?
We appeal to you, freeman, to think and to pass,
Ere you vote for the statesman who will vote for such laws
Let dictation of party be a thing of the past,
Put your principles first, let your party be last.
Let the people awaken and enter the strife
Let them strangle the vampire that feeds on our life.
Make the nation prohibit this curse of our land,
And sweep it away with the strength of its hand.

FOR TEMPERANCE.

A worn-out subject, threadbare, old,
A tale, say you, so often told
There's nothing new or nothing more
To tell that's not been told before.
The labor of years do you say in vain,
And that we have failed the end to gain?
That we never can put down this wrong
That has blighted and cursed our land so long?
A worn-out theme, perhaps to you;
Oh God! that it be so, so true
To so many suffering hearts to-day
Walking life's thorny, weary way,
Oh Rum! whose baleful power doth blight
Happy homes and firesides bright,
That scatters broadcast, far and wide,
Ruin and death on every side,
Breaking hearts innocent of blame,
Leaving a stained, dishonoured name.
Oh shall this Cause be e'er too old,
Or shall our hearts become so cold,
So hard midst all this crime and woe,
That in this work we'll weary grow?
Nay, never! but rally yet more strong.
And fight till death this fearful wrong.
So long as this dark curse shall rest
Upon a land so fair and blest,
So long as this dark curse shall make
Human hearts to bleed and break,
So long as this dark curse shall roll
Its blighting power o'er mind and soul,
Wrecking a life for good began,
God's noblest work—a noble man—
So long we'll strive with heart and hand
To crush this wrong from out our land.
And will you help us and you?
This great and noble work to do?
When at the ballot box you stand,
Oh will you lend a helping hand,
And the accursed Rum power show
We will their murderous work overthrow?
You are the people; unto you
Is given there this work to do,
You are the people; yours the power
To tell in that decisive hour
When to the polls you gather strong,
If right shall triumph over wrong.
Will you not take this noble stand
"For God and Home and Native Land?"
God guide you friends, and move each heart
To choose the nobler, better part,
To vote against wrong license laws,
And thus advance our noble cause.
And conquer we will, for 'tis right and just
Our motto is, "In God we trust."
Our star shall ne'er go down in night,
For God will surely "speed the right."
We're fighting; on life's battle-field,
A foe to whom we never will yield.
Our good Temperance cause, till death we'll
defend her,
We will hold the fort and never surrender.

A History in Four Scenes.

"When I marry I intend to give up this sort of thing," said Perry Ralston as he raised a glass half filled with dark-colored liquid and eagerly quaffed the contents.
Better reform before the event takes place; if you wait until afterward I pity the little woman who takes you in hand, replied one of the young man's companions in a joking one.
Perry's face was flushed and his hand unsteady, as he replaced his glass upon the table.
What do you mean to insinuate? he asked angrily.
Nothing, nothing whatever replied the young man hurriedly; he saw that Perry was in a frame of mind that would render it very easy to quarrel. Come, he said, let us take a stroll up Broadway.
As the two young men sauntered along, arm in arm, no one would have imagined that they were partly intoxicated or that they had been on the verge of a quarrel.
The man whose reasoning powers have been destroyed by the demon Rum, stands upon a smouldering volcano which may, at any moment, destroy him, body and soul. Many a life has been forfeited or spent behind the bars of a prison in payment of a blow given to resent a fancied insult. Father, mother, wife, and child are made to feel the unjust fury of a drunkard's frenzy, and as they crouch, trembling with fear at the sound of the dreaded foot-step, may God in His infinite mercy watch over them.
* * * * *
You are not going out to-night, Perry? I thought perhaps you would like to hear the new song that I have been practicing.
Both the song! bring Bertie out of the nursery, she will enjoy it immensely said Perry Ralston as he drew on his over-coat.
The young wife turned aside her head to hide the tears that dimmed her eyes.
You wouldn't have me give up the club Myra?—the fellows would say I was henpecked, and you wouldn't care to have them even think such a thing, now would you Myra? asked Perry persuasively.
Of course not, replied the little woman decisively.
I'm glad my wife has common sense, said Perry, as he kissed her and hurried away.
As the echo of his receding footsteps became fainter and fainter, Myra Ralston covered her face with both hands and sobbed.
That horrid club! Why does Perry spend so much of his time there? I'm sure that I try to make his home pleasant. I have even given up spending so much time with baby, so that I will be able to attend to my music. Perry used to be so proud of my talents, but now—
The little woman sobbed, until, exhausted, she fell into a deep sleep.
Five hours later she was aroused by feeling a heavy hand upon her shoulder. A loud voice exclaimed: What in the mischief are you doing here at this hour? If you have been waiting for me, the sooner you stop that sort of thing the better it will be.
Myra arose to her feet and saw her husband standing against the wall. There was a maudlin leer upon his flushed countenance, and his body swayed to and fro as he made an effort to stand erect.
A frightened look crept into Myra Ralston's dark eyes, and without a word she turned and walked slowly up the stairs toward the nursery.
Miffed, is she!—better not wait for me again. That's all I've got to say, said Perry in a muffled voice.
He could not have continued his remarks even if he had desired to do so, for by this time he lay extended on the lounge, breathing heavily and filling the atmosphere with the vile stuff that has been the cause of so many untold heartaches.
An hour later, Myra Ralston, with face blanched to a death-like pallor, entered the room. She paused before the recumbent figure and clasped her hands convulsively.
Hot tears fell from her burning eyes and her hands trembled, as she spread a coverlet over the sleeping form of the man who was bringing misery into a household that might have been one of the happiest on earth. poor Myra! The time of thy visitation is come; may the black surge of thy desolation be tempered by a merciful God!
* * * * *
A crowd of riotous men are holding high carnival in a fourth-rate saloon, situated in the lower part of the city. A man, shabbily dressed, is begging the bar-keeper to give him just one more drink!
No use, Ralston, you owe us ten dollars now, and the boss gave orders to stop short on your allowance.
At this moment their is a stir at

the door, and a man, bearing a child in his arm, enters the room.
Guess this youngster's done for; found him lying in the snow-drift under the window said the man as he moved toward the stove.
Shove the brat out again, no room here for him! said the proprietor brutally, at the same time coming forward as if to carry out his unfeeling suggestion.
Shame! exclaimed several voices.
Seeing that he had gone too far, the man drew back and permitted the person who held the child to approach the fire. As he lifted the limp form, the old cap that covered the child's head fell off, disclosing to view a mass of golden brown ringlets that clustered above a brow so white that it seemed as though the Angel of Death had already claimed the little one.
The warm glow of the fire revived the child; he raised his head and said faintly:
Let me go, man; I must find papa!
As the blue eyes wandered from face to face, they rested upon a figure crouched in a distant corner. A smile illumined the child's pinched face as he reached out his arms and exclaimed:
There's papa! See, papa. I tried to stop it when it came out of mamma's mouth, said the child, holding out his thin little hands which were covered with specks of blood.
Perry Ralston bounded to his feet, and clasping his boy in his arms, sped like the wind toward the miserable tenement, which but partly sheltered his wife and child from the cold blasts of wind that struck a chill to the heart, as it whistled mournfully around the miserable old building.
Still clasping his light burden, Perry mounted the rickety stairs and entered the room where his wife lay. At the first glance, he thought that life was extinct, and with a wail that betrayed his intense agony, he threw himself beside the bed.
Myra! Myra! my darling, I have killed you. Will nothing bring you back to me?
He felt the soft pressure of a hand upon his head; he raised his eyes and encountered the tender gaze of his wife, who even though her trust had been betrayed, still loved the miserable creature who had through his love of strong drink, plunged himself, his wife, and his child into the seething whirlpool that is ever yawning to engulf all that are too weak to resist the tempter.
The child Bertie, crept close to the side of his mother, and closing his eyes, slept the peaceful sleep of childhood.
The spirit of peace seemed to have entered Myra Ralston's heart—perhaps her near approach to the dark river had lifted the veil of futurity—for, still clasping the hand of her husband she slept.

* * * * *
Papa, are you going out to-night? asked a bright-faced boy as he glanced eagerly into the face of a gentleman standing near.
Most assuredly not, my boy, was the reply. Where could I find such a pleasant place as this? Besides mamma isn't feeling very well to-night, and I will have to contrive something for her amusement, concluded the gentleman, glancing affectionately toward a frail figure that sat in a great easy-chair in front of the open fire-place.
You are always doing something to promote our happiness, Perry, said the pale lady, glancing with a loving smile at the tall figure standing by her chair.
I cannot blot out the past, dear wife. If by a life's devotion to my God and my loved ones, I can partly atone for my sin, I shall feel that in the life beyond, there is peace that passeth all understanding and a reward in the love of a Saviour, who who suffered that I might be redeemed. — M. A. THURSTON, in *National Temperance Advocate*.

SUBSCRIBE

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