

Gordon Division.

Gordon Division, S. of S., last Monday night elected the following officers:

- J. R. Clark, W. P.;
- Rev. W. O. Raymond, W. A.;
- W. H. Trueman, R. S.;
- D. W. Puddington, A. R. S.;
- J. S. Frost, F. S.;
- Jno. Kenney, Trea.;
- H. A. McKeown, Chap.;
- R. Dixon, Con.;
- A. Powers, A. Con.;
- C. E. Huestis, I. S.;
- J. L. Carmichael, O. S.;
- C. H. Ferguson, P. W. P.;
- Miss Jennie Stewart, Organist.

Portland Division, No. 7.

Portland Division, No. 7, S. of T. elected the following officers, last Monday evening:

- John A. Lester, W. P.;
- H. H. Hayes, R. S.;
- L. Delong, A. R. S.;
- A. Y. Patterson, F. S.;
- J. A. Smith, Trea.;
- W. Irwin, Chap.;
- Thos. H. Ogler, Con.;
- Jenny Irwin, A. Con.;
- Maggie Hill, I. S.;
- B. A. Turner, O. S.;
- Susie McCourt, Organist;
- W. D. Fowler, P. W. P.

Garibaldi Div. No 151 S. of T.

The membership of old Garibaldi is still increasing. The whole number of members in good standing is 125. The average attendance about 60.

About all the members who were away in the woods have returned and are taking an active part in the Division.

We have tried different plans of making the meeting interesting and profitable to the members, but the one we have adopted at present, I think has created the most interest and is more successful than anything we have yet tried.

It is as follows:—Two leaders were appointed each taking one half of the members of the Div., and they are to entertain the Div. night about for one month, at the end of that time the side that has furnished the poorer entertainment treats the Div. to an oyster supper or any other treat they think suitable.

Judging by the music, dialogue, recitation and readings that was given last meeting we will have a series of concerts for the next month at least.

Bro. Boyd the leader of the side that interested the Div. last Saturday evening, opened the entertainment with a short and appropriate address. This was followed by music by Sister Julia Howie in her usual pleasing manner, who, I may add, presided at the organ for the evening. Then came a song entitled the bridge by Sisters Julia, Jessie, and Minnie Howie which was fully appreciated. A song by Bro. Frank Mills brought forth great applause. The next on the programme was a dialogue entitled The victim, by sisters Carrie Boyd, Lizzie Speer, Minnie Feeling, Etta Porter and Bros. Willie Sharp Willie Chittick which was well rendered. Then followed a very appropriate song entitled The Drunkard's Child, by Janet Gibson. Bro. Arnold Porter then gave a reading entitled The way mother did it, which was thoroughly enjoyed. A song by Bro. Fraser Veness entitled, Wait till the moonlight falls on the water, was well rendered and heartily enjoyed. This was followed by music entitled A temperance home, by Sisters Julia and Jessie Howie, Lizzie Speer, Bros. Frank Mills and Frazer Veness, which was listened to with great interest.

Recitation entitled, Where there's drink there's danger, by Emma Speer. Reading by Janet Gibson entitled She fully understands it.

Then came a song by T Miller entitled, The railway guard, which was thoroughly enjoyed by all. A recitation by our leader, Bro. Boyd, entitled The rum-seller's right, was very suitable and well delivered. The evening's entertainment closed by music entitled, The reformers battle hymn, by Sister Jessie Howie, Bros. Veness and Mills.

As I am writing Bro. McElroy and his force is making great preparation for next night's entertainment which, to judge by the talk, will far surpass that of the previous week.

Thanking you for space in your valuable paper,

I remain,
Yours in L P and F,
Benton, N B, Mar. 29th 1888.

Brunswick Division.

At the last regular meeting of Brunswick Division, No. 309, S of T, at Old Ridge, the following officers were elected for the ensuing quarter:

- L W Fraser, W P.;
- Mrs. John Grant, W A.;
- Charlotte Milberry, R S.;
- Henry Murchie, A R S.;
- G E Grant, F S.;
- A H Duncan, Trea.;
- Robert Sizen, Chap.;
- Wm. Grimmer, Con.;
- Ida Fraser, A Con.;
- A M Dinsmore, I S.;
- Harris Milberry, O S.;
- R W Dinsmore, P W P.;
- Annie Murchie, Organist.

Pointers.

If the workmen of this country want to see an unparalleled era of prosperity, all they have to do is to elect men to office who will make and enforce prohibitory laws. Factories will spring up like flowers in Spring-time. Try it for once and see how it will work.

A civilization that cannot protect its women and babies is not much to brag about. The people ought to hunt up something that can defend the homes of the land against those who would rob them of all that makes a people great in the sight of God and decent men. They say Prohibition can successfully fight down the saloon. If so (and we believe it), it is worth trying.

When the day comes that the seller and drinker of intoxicating liquors shall be proclaimed sinners by the civil law, there will be less sin of any kind indulged in. Under license neither the seller nor the drinker are civil sinners. That's one of the strong objections to the license system.

High license is often asked for by earnest men on the ground of expediency. They claim that because it is expedient it is right. They acknowledge that high license is wrong unless its contingent expediency makes it right. Such persons are like those whom the Master said could discern the signs of the sky but not the signs of the times. Most worthy brethren, it is not the expediency of a policy that makes it right, but the righteousness thereof which makes it expedient. The wrong is never expedient.

"What man as these of you whom, if his son shall ask bread, will he give him a stone, or if he ask a fish, will he give him a serpent?"—The Words of Jesus Christ.

The true interests of every "son" in this land to-day demand the bread and the fish of prohibition, and the anti-prohibitionists offer them the stone and the serpent of either a low-license or a high-license or a no-license saloon. And the saloon is a stone that will grind them to powder and a serpent that will sting them to everlasting damnation.

Some men keep hopping from low license to high license and other expedients for regulating sin. Stop this kind of business. Vote right at once and stick to it. Don't be a Kangaroo!

The Supreme Council recently in session in Buffalo, adopted the following:

Believing all laws licensing the manufacture and sale of intoxicating liquors as a beverage are wrong in principle, false in practice, and pernicious as educators of public sentiment, therefore,

Resolved. That we are unalterably opposed to all license laws, whether high or low, and in favor of the complete suppression of the liquor traffic, through constitutional and statutory prohibition.

LOTTERIES.—Thirty-five out of thirty-eight States of the Union have passed laws prohibiting the advertisements of lotteries within their limits. The Louisiana State Lottery, however, is still able to find ways of coming before the people. It is said that this, "the biggest fraud of the age," finds more fools now in Canada than elsewhere in the continent. All such schemes for enriching the few at the expense of the many are downright dishonest. Money that is not honestly earned by giving an equivalent in time or labor will not bring with it God's blessing.

The government protects the people from counterfeit postage-stamps, and licenses a horde of pirates to stamp crime, misery and pauperism on the whole country.

HOW NEAL DOW BECAME A PROHIBITIONIST.

If a man wishes to engage in a business that insures long life, let him become a mild-mannered apostle of prohibition. Here is General Neal Dow, now nearly 84, as youthful and fresh as at 40. Sitting in his study in his house at Portland the other night, he told how it happened, that he first undertook the big task of abolishing the liquor traffic. It was, he said, a good many years ago. I was sitting in this same house one evening quite late. In answering a knock at the door I found a lady whom I knew very well as the wife of a government official in this city. He was a periodical drunkard, and on this very night was down town on a spree. His wife wished me to get him home quietly because if he was drunk the next day he might lose his position. I started out, and found him in the back-room of one of the down town saloons. That was in the days of license in Maine. I said to the keeper in a quiet way: I wish you would sell no more liquor to Mr. Blank. Why, Mr. Dow, he said, this is my business; I must supply my customers. That all may be, I replied, but there is this gentleman with a large family depending on him for support. If he goes to his office tomorrow drunk, he will lose his place, I wish you would sell him no more. He became somewhat angry, and told me that he, too, had a family to support: that he had a license to sell liquor to whomever he pleased, and that he didn't care to have me meddling in his business. So you have a license, have you? said I, and you support your family by destroying that man's. We'll see about this. I went home thoroughly determined to devote my life to suppressing the liquor traffic in the best way possible. The Maine law originated in that rum shop. There is a good deal (says the correspondent) that is remarkable about this old gentleman with but one idea. Through business, through war, and now in retired life, it has been prohibition and nothing but prohibition with him. I eat well, sleep well, and never fret, he said, in explaining his youthful old age. There is lots of youth for the man who doesn't fret, and he lives up to his doctrine. His daily life is very regular, and by sunset he ends his work for the day. He invariably rises at five o'clock, and spends about two hours with his papers, being careful not to miss anything touching his favorite topic. By this time breakfast is ready—a simple meal, without coffee but he does drink tea. He then clears up his correspondence, which amounts to ten or fifteen letters a day. Then comes the regular drive down town. After that he spends a couple of hours with his pen. Just now he is writing a history of the Maine law, which is soon to be published. He spends about four hours a day on this, and after dinner drives and spends the rest of the day in the library with his family. Nine o'clock finds him dreaming of prohibition. *Boston Herald.*

Around the World.

Bishop Ireland is conducting a very successful temperance revival in St Paul.

Liquor is taxed in Germany at about the same rate as it is in the United States.

Only seven per cent. of the alcohol manufactured in this country is used in the arts.

Doutney, the "reformed drunkard," who created something of a sensation in Fredericton a year ago, has been for some weeks in Toronto. The *World* of Thursday last says; Temperance Reformer Doutney did not get many 5 cent pieces on the plate which he held at the entrance of Shattsbury Hall. Mr. Doutney confined himself to looking after the collection, and Dr. McCully held forth inside on the evils of whiskey drinking.

Condensed Drunkenness, or the Beerometer of Crime.

The Rev. J W Horsley, late Chaplain of Holloway Gaol, London, was lately interviewed by the *Pall Mall Gazette* on his prison experience, and says:

"I would deal drastically with the drink question. This lies at the bottom of everything. The more

closely you come into contact with criminals the more deeply you will be convinced that crime is simply condensed drunkenness. It can be shown as clearly as figures can show anything, that were our drinking customs and facilities to cease, all our metropolitan prisons, with the exception of Pentonville, might be abolished or turned into asylums for decayed licensed victuallers. Three stipendiary magistrates at Bow street would be sufficient to deal with all the crime of the metropolis. Of eight hundred cases that would be tried at the police courts in a week, five hundred would be for drunkenness pure and simple, while probably more than half the remainder are crimes that spring directly from drunkenness. A teetotal London would not be a crimeless London, but the reduction which such a change would effect in its criminality would astonish those who look at the subject from a distance. A very remarkable fact bearing upon this question is that prisons are never so full as when trade is good. Poverty never fills a goal, or depression; it is prosperity. And why? Because it is only when men are earning good wages that they have sufficient to get drunk upon; hence summer is always more criminal than winter, for in summer work and wages are better than in winter. The barometer of crime is a beerometer; for the number of prisoners in gaol rises and falls in almost exact proportion to the quantity of beer consumed on the outside."

You had better be on the lookout for those Prohibitionists. They are the snowball fellows of American politics—that is, they double in size every time they roll over, and they roll over every year. They have the millennium by the coat collar and purpose to make it impossible for a citizen of this republic to moisten his vocal chords with rock and rye and sleep in the gutter. All right, ye Prohibitionists! Sail in, go ahead, keep the steam up, and let her go Galahar!—*New York Herald.*

When Charles Kingsley was dying, he said "It is not darkness I am going to, for God is light. It is not lonely, for Christ is with me. It is not an unknown country, for Christ is there." Then, after telling how earnestly he was looking forward, he added very solemnly, "God forgive me if I am wrong, but I look forward to it with reverent curiosity." How delightful such conceptions of the "Father's house" are! To the dying man of faith they are inexpressibly comforting. To the busy Christian who cherishes them in the heyday of life, they are a sure prophylactic to the fever of worldliness.—*Zion's Herald.*

One evening as Mohammed, after a weary march through the desert, was camping with his followers, he overheard one of them saying, "I will loose my camel and commit it to God." The prophet immediately exclaimed, "Friend, tie thy camel and commit it to God." We can not expect an indulgent Providence to make up for our neglect of proper effort. No amount of faith is an excuse for laziness.

There are three things which the true Christian desires, with respect to sin: Justification, that it may not condemn; sanctification, that it may not reign; and glorification that it may not be.—*Cecil.*

It is worth a thousand pounds a year to have the habit of looking on the bright side of things.—*Dr. Johnson.*

FOR SALE.

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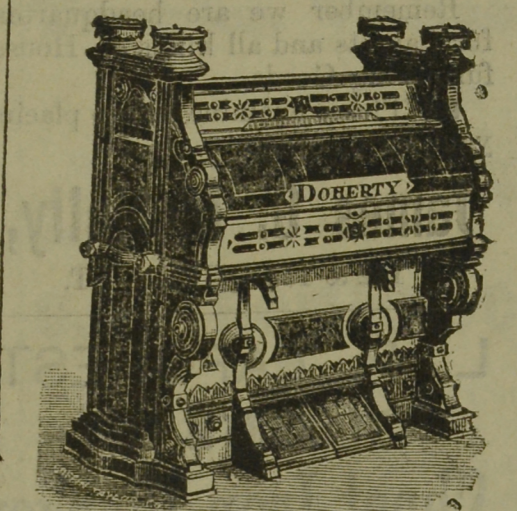
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Feb, 1888.



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FRANCIS C. D. BRISTOW,
Organist Christ Church Cathedral, Fredericton (late of H. M. Chapels Royal, London, England,
Fredericton, N. B., Aug. 1887.

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