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AND NEW BRUNSWICK REPORTER.

OUR MOTTO—NATIONAL PROHIBITION.

FREDERICTON, N. B., SATURDAY, JUNE 2, 1888

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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; Wednesday; E. A. Everett.
Gagetown; Queens, 21; Saturday; H. J. DeVeber.
Chatham; Northumberland, 37; Friday; G. Stohart.
St. John; Mariners and Mechanics, 33; 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.
Douglastown, 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.; 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.
Mcraon; 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.
Welford, 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; 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 Charles, 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; 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; 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. 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; J. W. Folkins.
Waterford, K. Co.; 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.
Canterbury, York Co.; Dufferin, 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. Furguson.
Manuhurst, Kings Co.; Lincluden, 301; Thursday; D. S. Mann.
Dundee, Restigouche Co.; Dundee, 302; Tuesday; Jas. Malcolm.
Morecombe, 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 Gaudin.
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, Canterbury; York County; Star No. 313; Saturday; Hiram H. Vesey Deputy.
Janesville, Gloucester Co.; Janesville, 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. Princes.
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.
COME DOWN OFF THE FENCE.
Lend us a hand! We are weary of striving;
Straining each nerve to win popular sense;
Why do you all, when we need your assistance,
Placidly neutral, still sit "on the fence!"
Inwardly sure of the right of our pleading,
Secretly hoping success to our fight,
Step from your outlook, your neutral position,
Bravely and openly join us outright.
Fathers, whose children are lost by Intemperance,
Men, whose young sisters are led into sin!
Have you not utterly failed to protect them?
Is it not time for us to begin?
Laws which you pass seem made to be broken;
Open saloons are wherever we come,
Just let us help to make laws for our children,
Outside, as inside, the four walls of home.
Deep in your hearts you approve of our wishes,
'Tis but a question of time, as you know;
Openly come to us, say you are with us,
Now is the time to encourage us so.
Are we not pleading for right and for justice?
Dare not deny it; it is no pretence.
Come with your influence, eloquence, wisdom,
Come down and help us! "Come off of that fence!"
Q. E. P. in Detroit Center.

LIQUOR.
BY JAMES LAWSON.
The Devil once sent up from Hell
A scourge upon the earth to dwell,
To drag men to perdition;
A curse which should their ruin be,
And blind them that they could not see
Their ruinous condition.
He sent to earth this dread firebrand,
To spread destruction o'er the land;
And though you wouldn't think it,
Millions were found so void of brain,
They took and sold their precious grain
To make this stuff, to drink it.
Yes, with all your boasted science,
And other grain, that stuff to make,
And sell to the distiller.
Oh, what a shame that people should
Destroy that which would yield them food,
If taken to the miller.
This wretched man the grain he takes,
And thus his deathless soul he stakes,
All for the sake of gain;
The fiery poison he distills,
And thus extracts unnumbered ills
From out the precious grain.
This poison, then, the root of vice,
Is sold to men at wholesale price,
For them again to sell,
And thus another profit make
From those who madly go and take
Their glass at the hotel.
These tavern keepers, poison venders,
The worst of all earth's ruin senders,
A curse to every land;
Labor they thus coarive to shirk,
'Tho' none shall eat but those who work,
For this is God's command.
But if their laziness were all,
Their guilt would be but very small,
If it should be compared
With all the wretchedness and woe,
Which over all the land they sow,
By tens of thousands shared.
What worse are murderers than they?
For though they take men's lives away,
Rum-sellers do the same;
Widows and orphans, too, are made
By this infernal "lawful" trade.
Then which is most to blame?
But if our men who legislate
Would put away this evil great,
By total prohibition,
The demon liquor would be hurled
Away from this rum-stricken world,
Back to its home—Perdition.

A Boy's Logic.
A little boy in Leicester was induced to sign the Band of Hope pledge. His father was a collector, and one night a publican called on him for the purpose of paying his taxes. In the course of conversation it came out that the little boy was a teetotaler.
What? said the publican, with a sneer, a mere boy like that a teetotaler.
Yes, sir, said the little boy, I am one.
And you mean to say that you have signed the pledge?
Yes, sir, I have; and mean to keep it, too.
Nonsense! said the publican. The idea! Why you are too young to sign the pledge.
The little fellow came up to him, took hold of him quietly by the arm and repeated his words: You say, sir, I am too young to be a teetotaler? Yes, I do.

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

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COME DOWN OFF THE FENCE.
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Straining each nerve to win popular sense;
Why do you all, when we need your assistance,
Placidly neutral, still sit "on the fence!"
Inwardly sure of the right of our pleading,
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A scourge upon the earth to dwell,
To drag men to perdition;
A curse which should their ruin be,
And blind them that they could not see
Their ruinous condition.
He sent to earth this dread firebrand,
To spread destruction o'er the land;
And though you wouldn't think it,
Millions were found so void of brain,
They took and sold their precious grain
To make this stuff, to drink it.
Yes, with all your boasted science,
And other grain, that stuff to make,
And sell to the distiller.
Oh, what a shame that people should
Destroy that which would yield them food,
If taken to the miller.
This wretched man the grain he takes,
And thus his deathless soul he stakes,
All for the sake of gain;
The fiery poison he distills,
And thus extracts unnumbered ills
From out the precious grain.
This poison, then, the root of vice,
Is sold to men at wholesale price,
For them again to sell,
And thus another profit make
From those who madly go and take
Their glass at the hotel.
These tavern keepers, poison venders,
The worst of all earth's ruin senders,
A curse to every land;
Labor they thus coarive to shirk,
'Tho' none shall eat but those who work,
For this is God's command.
But if their laziness were all,
Their guilt would be but very small,
If it should be compared
With all the wretchedness and woe,
Which over all the land they sow,
By tens of thousands shared.
What worse are murderers than they?
For though they take men's lives away,
Rum-sellers do the same;
Widows and orphans, too, are made
By this infernal "lawful" trade.
Then which is most to blame?
But if our men who legislate
Would put away this evil great,
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The demon liquor would be hurled
Away from this rum-stricken world,
Back to its home—Perdition.

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A little boy in Leicester was induced to sign the Band of Hope pledge. His father was a collector, and one night a publican called on him for the purpose of paying his taxes. In the course of conversation it came out that the little boy was a teetotaler.
What? said the publican, with a sneer, a mere boy like that a teetotaler.
Yes, sir, said the little boy, I am one.
And you mean to say that you have signed the pledge?
Yes, sir, I have; and mean to keep it, too.
Nonsense! said the publican. The idea! Why you are too young to sign the pledge.
The little fellow came up to him, took hold of him quietly by the arm and repeated his words: You say, sir, I am too young to be a teetotaler? Yes, I do.

Well, now, sir, please listen, said he. I will ask you a question. You are a publican, are you not, and sell beer?
Yes, I am a publican, and sell beer.
Well, then, suppose I came to your house for a pint of beer, would you send me about my business because I am so young?
Oh, no! said the Boniface, that is quite a different thing.
Very well, then, said the noble little fellow, with triumph in his face; if I am not too young to drink the beer, I am not too young to give up the beer.
The publican was defeated, he didn't want to argue with that boy again.—*Union Signal.*

DON'TS FOR PROHIBITIONISTS.

BY PAUL BERWYN.
Don't be afraid of your colors. Have courage and backbone enough to stand by your principles at all times and in all places.
Don't on the other hand, be a demagogue—at all times and in all places talking to everyone about prohibition, whether they wish to listen or not, as some over-zealous friends do. Strike a medium between the two extremes.
Don't neglect the organizations. If there is a club or committee in your ward don't fail to join it and attend the meetings. Don't fail to keep up with the procession.
Don't neglect to subscribe for at least one Prohibition paper. Don't say you can't afford it, for you can. Fifty (50) cents per year is less than one cent a week, and no man is so poor that he cannot afford that.
Don't neglect to read your paper after you have subscribed. If you have not time nor don't care to read it all, at least look at the head lines and then read the most important articles. It will pay.
Don't throw your papers away when you are through with them. If you don't care to save them ask someone else, who is not at present a Prohibitionist, to read them. Perhaps they might convert him. It will do no harm, at any rate.
Don't deal at a grocery or dine at a restaurant where you know liquor is sold when you can be as well served at another place conducted on temperance principles or by a temperance man. Don't do this in the nature of a 'boycott,' which is un-American, but to encourage men who are on our side and are not afraid to have it known.
Don't employ a man who you know is a drinker when you can get a temperance man equally competent. If you do, you lay yourself open to criticism as inconsistent; and besides, you should always give the preference to a man who is a total abstainer.
Don't imagine that the millennium is coming at once and that the world will be reformed immediately. Rome was not built in a day. It is only by constant and unceasing work that 'our friends, the enemy,' can be brought to a change of heart.
Don't be continually running down local option. It has been a large, improvement over our former miserable license laws, and will probably have the effect of making saloon-keepers as law-abiding as such men can be. It has more prohibitory features than any bill passed in other states as it was drawn up by a Prohibitionist and cannot be compared with them. It will not do to utter words that may have to be eaten. It is vastly better to keep working right straight along and say nothing about it.
Don't stand back and allow someone else to do all the work and then complain that it is not done properly. There is plenty of work for all, and it should not be left for a few leaders and hard workers to do while the rest of us stand idly by doing nothing but criticizing them.
Don't be discouraged by the vote of the last election. The state cam-

paign was badly managed, but it can't be helped now. Keep a stiff upper lip; we'll pull through all right in the Fall.
Don't be a clam! Don't be a grumbler. Look on the bright side of things and believe everything is for the best. If we are to be successful we must get rid of all the dead wood.
Don't forget to vote at every election and don't scratch your ticket. A great many do, but that is no reason why you should. Every vote counts, and when good men are put up on the Prohibition ticket, as there generally are, every man who is for 'God, Home and Native Land, should have sufficient manliness and courage to vote as his conscience dictates.

TEMPTED TO HIS RUIN.

I was called at ten o'clock one Saturday night to go as speedily as possible to a certain house on Water street. The family, which was one of our standing 'poor families,' lived in a dismal old rookery that was only two stories high on the street, but ran down to the river's edge so that in the rear, as seen from the river, it was four stories high. I made my way down a shaky outside stairway that on that particular, gusty, dripping night, seemed to end nowhere. I came at last to a narrow rickety balcony that ran across the end of the building. I could hear the water lapping under my feet.
I found the door of the room open and perfect silence and darkness reigning within. I stood an instant at the door. A woman's voice came from the darkness. 'You'd better not come in. He's awful bad tonight.' The voice seemed to arouse some huge beast on the floor that immediately began to snarl and grunt and to scabble heavily and aimlessly about. The mother had heard the beast coming, and had hastily thrown the children on the bed, and had planted herself in front of them. There were that delicate mother and her three little children confronted by darkness, cold, hunger, terror; and he who should have come with light and comfort and protection was transformed to that beast. I am not going to tell you how the problem was solved for that night, but tell you what I learned afterward. The father was trying to reform. We had been helping him. He had worked well that week and was returning with his wages in his pocket. The saloon-keeper saw him coming, and hailed him:
Coming in, ain't ye, John?
No. Not to-night.
Oh, come on in! I got something to show ye; something new. Just come in. See here, I've got in a new stock. Here's the nicest thing you ever see. Just taste of that. 'Twon't cost you nothing.
I declare, that is good, says poor doomed John. Just give me a little of that. I'm tired as a dog.
Then John's wages began to pass into the pocket of the saloon-keeper. When the last penny had been transferred, and John was approaching the dangerous condition, he was hustled into the street, and after a time made his way home and then the minister was called and found the black den over hanging the river, the children thrown on the bed and the poor mother planted in front of them, and the beast snarling and grunting and scabbling heavily on the floor.
As I stepped out upon the little balcony and looked up and down the dark river, whose breath came in cold, damp gusts, whose gloomy waters were sliding swiftly beneath, I said, I wish he had taken them all, mother and children, and hurled them into the river; for the dark river is infinitely kinder than the fate that awaits them. I said, whose business is it to defend these helpless and innocent creatures? I cannot stand guard always at the mouth of this den. The husband and father is past hope. You might as well pray to death itself as to that saloon-keeper. Who is to take the part of these defenceless ones, the mother and the children?