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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

Good of the Order.

PROHIBITION BATTLE SONG.

I have heard Truth's silver clarion
In the watches of the night,
I can see her purple summits
Flush with morning's golden light.
I have seen the bow of promise
Over human doubts and fears,
And I hear the trump of Progress
Sound the battle-march of years.

Of a nation's weakened conscience
I have caught the accents sweet,
Thrilling through the din of traffic
And the clamor of the street.
I have heard the clang of armor
Being burnished for the fight,
And have read the startling challenge
Of the champions of right.

I have heard the ringing anvils
Where the Master's will is wrought,
And the harvest-song of reapers
In the higher fields of thought.
I can see dark storm-clouds gather
Over Error's devious path,
And have caught the low, deep warning
Of the thunder of God's wrath.
Let no man henceforth ho'd poison
To his brother's lips for gold,
Or a nation's shameless sanction
Of iniquity be sold.
Never more let want and famine
All the land with mourning fill,
While the blessings of the harvest
Turn to curses in the still.

Never woman's wail of anguish,
And childhood's cry of pain
Hush to silence in the tumult
Of the strife of greed for gain.
For the olden voice is crying
In the wilderness of wrong,
"Make ye straight Jehovah's pathway,
Vengeance waits not over long."

—W H MELLEN, in the Voice.

THE WICKED, CRUEL SPIDER.

I know a dingy corner, where a wicked spider
clings;
Where he spins his web round bottles, glasses,
jugs, and other things,
And I listened in the shadow as one day I
passed along,
And I heard the wicked spider, as he sung his
cruel song:
"Will you take a little cider? Will you call
while passing by?"
Said the wicked, crafty spider, to the busy
little fly:
"Will you take a little lager? Surely you will
not decline
To take a drink for friendship; say, just
sip a little wine?"
"He is coming for his cider!" said the wicked
cruel spider;
"He is coming for his wine, and my cords shall
round him twine:
While he sits and sips his lager, I will wet my
little dagger,
And when he has drunk his wine he will find
that he is mine.
If the little fool is coming; I can hear him
buzzing, humming,
Who comes to visit me vainly struggles to
be free."
"You are welcome to my parlor, I am glad to
see you come,
Do not stay outside the entrance, please to
make yourself at home;
Will you take a little lager while I sharpen up
my dagger?
Will you take a drop of wine? then you surely
shall be mine;
Will bind you, I will grind you, though you
struggle, weep and pray.
Will tie your hands behind you, you shall never
get away;
Will fight you, I will snite you, I will stab you,
I will bite you,
Will make you poor and needy, I will make
you old and ready,
Will make you bleared and bloated, and with
rags and tatters coated,
If your hat will look so shocking, that the
boys will all be mocking,
If I haunt you till you die, then I'll hang you
up to dry."
"My boy, beware of cider, and of lager and of
wine,
For the wicked, cruel spider ne'er shall get a
child of mine.
If you storm his ugly castle, let us tear his web
away;
Let us drive away this spider; heaven in
mercy speed the day!"

A True Incident.

BY MRS. E. J. RICHMOND.

In the pretty Eastern village of
Williamsburg may be found churches
and schools, societies for the suppression
of vice and for the promotion
and spread of the Gospel, and saloons,
licensed by law, which are able to
destroy all the good accomplished by
the other agencies combined. It
is none of my affair, says one. Liquor
is good in its place. Let it alone and
won't hurt you.
Let us see.

Among the happy homes of the
peaceful village was one in which the
beloved husband and father had re-
tired from the busy turmoil of life to
spend the evening of his days in the
quiet of the old homestead. He was
not quite well—heart trouble, the
doctor said, but avoiding excitement
he may live many years.

Mr. Herrman was a man of genius
and culture, and such men are never
alone or lonely. A graduate of one
of the German Universities and gifted
with rare genius, he was the originat-
or of many valuable inventions, which
if they did not bring to him pecuni-
ary reward, afforded him great
pleasure, and caused him to be hon-
ored wherever known. It was a
happy home. The sunny-faced wife
and mother made any place, where-
ever she might be, bright and cheery;
and industry and thrift joined hands
together, while taste presided over
all.

I'll go down-town for my paper,
Mr. Herrman said to his busy wife
on a summer evening.

The little lady nodded a smiling
assent, little dreaming it was a last
farewell.

Strolling leisurely down the street,
Mr. Herrman was passing, when a
drunken man, sallying forth, at-
tacked him. The sudden surprise
was fatal. Mr. Herrman sank upon
the ground, and being conveyed to
his home, rallied only to relapse till
death ended the scene.

There is a home in Williamsburg
to-day where the pall of midnight
darkness seems to lie—the very
house where the sunshine seemed
perennial.

Alas! such incidents are almost too
common to excite remark.

And they are the effect of a cause
for which the people are responsible.
How many in the day when inquisi-
tion shall be made for blood will be
found particeps criminals in the fear-
ful crime of murder?

A Drink That Kills Man.

Absinthe consists essentially of
alcohol mixed with volatile oil of
wormwood and some other less active
ingredients, especially oil of anise.
Dr. Cyrus Edson, of the health de-
partment, and others say that for
some time it has been noticed that
the effects of absinthe drinking differ
essentially from those of pure alco-
holic drinks, constituting a series of
symptoms which have been designat-
ed under the name of absinthism.
The attention of a reporter was called
to the case of a wealthy merchant
who was quite recently taken ill in
the street and carried into the house
of a physician. He had for a score
of years drank brandy and whisky,
often to excess. About six
months ago he took to drinking ab-
sinthe in the morning to steady his
nerves. He found that after the first
effects of the drink wore off he was
in a worse condition than before, and
in order to keep up he found it neces-
sary to keep himself pretty much all
the time braced up with the poison.
From drinking absinthe in whisky he
took to drinking it plain. When he
was carried into the physician's office
he was frothing at the mouth and
suffering from convulsions. He is
now under special care and there are
hopes of his ultimate recovery.

The characteristic symptoms of
absinthe are restlessness at night,
with disturbing dreams and nausea
and vomiting in the morning. The
hands tremble and the tongue shakes
in a jerky fashion in the mouth. The
sufferer is hardly able to articulate.
Then follow vertigo and a decided
tendency to epileptiform convulsions,
in which the patient loses conscious-
ness. He falls, bits his tongue, foams
at the mouth and makes facial grim-
aces. All the while his limbs are
working. Experiments have been
made with alcohol and oil of worm-
wood, separately, on the lower ani-
mals, and it is undeniably demon-
strated that the effects referred to are
ascribable directly to the wormwood.
As absinthe is made from wormwood
it may be inferred by even the un-

initiated in medical science that as a
drink it is more dangerous than any
other alcoholic drink in its pure form.

Rev. Sam Jones on Whisky.

The liquor traffic ought to be made
so odious that nobody but an infernal
fool will drink it. Separate these
liquor dealers from their liquor, and
they will be all right. The church
that will house a man who rents a
house to sell liquor is a hateful
hypocrite. Some of these churches
here in Atlanta are doing just that
thing. If there is a man or a woman
in this vast audience who never had
a relative or loved one hurt or ruined
by whisky, I want him or her to
stand up right now. You have all
had a brother, or a son, or a father,
or a son-in-law ruined by whisky!
My goodness! these sons-in-law, I'd
rather have a boa-constrictor around
my neck than to have a drunken son-
in-law. The devil cannot do anything
worse than that. Some of you old
hypocrites that are dilly-dallying with
the whisky question are going to get
caught that way. The devil is going
to slip up on you with a drunken
son-in-law, and I'll bet he will make
you Prohibitionist with a vengeance.

I look around your city and see
the bar-rooms as thick as the stars in
the heavens. Each one of the three
hundred bars in Atlanta represents,
at least, ten confirmed drunkards.
Three thousand men in Atlanta,
across the line, are gone to ruin! You
can stop it if you want. There are
church members enough in this town
to turn out any day and vote liquor
out of it. You don't want to have a
fuss. Well I'll tell you every good
man dreads a fuss, but he don't fear
anything that walks on the earth.
God despises a coward. I had rather
die at the mouth of a cannon doing
my duty than to run away from it
because I was afraid. God intrusts
all the noble causes on this earth to
men who are game.—New York In-
dependent.

Moderate Drinkers.

Moderate drinkers engaged in pur-
suits calling for judgment and ac-
umen, and who use liquors during
business hours, end, with scarcely an
exception, as financial wrecks, how-
ever successful they may be in
withstanding the physical conse-
quence of their indulgence. Thousands
who retain their health and are never
ranked as victims of intemperance
lose property, wreck their business
and are thrown into bankruptcy be-
cause of tipping habits during busi-
ness hours. These men are not
drunkards, and only close observers
can detect the influence of strong
drink in their deportment; but, never-
theless, liquor gives them false
nerve, makes them reckless, clouds
the judgment and soon involves them
in bad purchases, worse sales and
rainous contracts.—Chicago Tribune.

THE PUBLICAN'S GAIN.—I have
made two hundred pounds during
the last three months, said a publican,
boastfully, to a crowd of his townsmen.
You have made more than that,
quietly remarked a listener. What is
that? was the quick response. You
have made wretched homes—women
and children poor, sick, and weary of
life. You have made my two sons
drunkards, you made the younger of
the two so drunk that he fell and in-
jured himself for life. You have
made their mother a broken-hearted
woman. Oh, you have made much—
more than I can reckon, but you'll
get the full account some day.

KEEP AWAY FROM BAR-ROOMS.—
If you would preserve your health,
never drink anything but water be-
tween meals.

If you would preserve your good
name keep away from bar-rooms.

If you would preserve your self-
respect, keep away from bar-rooms.

If you would preserve your good
manners, keep away from bar-rooms.

If you would preserve your good
looks, keep away from bar-rooms.

If you would keep out of the
clutches of the devil, keep away from
bar-rooms.

G. S.—W. H. Bewell, Whitby.
G. T.—G. M. Rose, Toronto.
G. Chap.—Rev. Geo. Fuller, Brantford.
G. C.—J. Driffell, Bradford.
G. S.—J. B. Johnson, Kingston.
P. G. W. P.—C. E. Ewing, Cobourg.

QUEBEC.

G. W. P.—J. M. M. Duff, Montreal.
G. S.—William Dagg, Montreal.
G. T.—W. A. Farquhar, Rockburn.

NEWFOUNDLAND.

W. P.—John McDougall, St. Johns.
G. S.—J. W. Nichols, Box 827, St. Johns.
G. T.—Win. J. Thompson, West End St.
John's.

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. Paterson.
Market Building, St. John; Albion, 14; Wed-
nesday; E. A. Everett.
Gagetown; Queens, 21; Saturday; H. J.
DeVeber.
Chatham; Northumberland, 37; Friday; G.
Stewart.
St. John; Mariners and Mechanics, 33; 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. Holmes.
Newcastle; Newcastle, 45; Thursday; Jas.
Edson.
Point de Buys, 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. O. Tryon.
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; 90
Doughton, North Co.; Caledonia, 126; Tues-
day; J. Henderson.
Collina Comer, Kings Co.; Collina, 129; Thurs-
day; Jacob L. Keirstead.
Upper Gagetown, Queens Co.; Oxford, 134;
Saturday; James L. Coy.
Denton, 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.
Salsbury, West Co.; Crystal Stream, 191;
Monday; O. A. Beck.
South Bay, St. John Co.; Lime Rock, 207;
Monday; John Roxborough.
Milford, St. John Co.; Everett, 238; Tuesday;
Geo. H. Waring.
Millton; International, 243; Friday; Miss
Vena Kawcott.
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; Wed-
nesday; John A. Robinson.
Weldford, Kent Co.; Harcourt, 249; Saturday;
H. Watten.
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. J. 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.
Steeves' Mountain, West Co.; Mountain Rose
260; Saturday; R. Lutz, Sr.
Hampton, King's Co.; Spring, 262; Monday
G. Barner.