

THE TEMPERANCE JOURNAL

AND NEW BRUNSWICK REPORTER.

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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; 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.
Stohart.
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 Buts, West Co. Westmorland, 50;
Thursday; Jas. W. Colpitts.
Hopewell Hill, Albert Co.; Golden Rule, 51
Tuesday; L. R. Moore.
enfield, Charlott Co.; Safeguard, 58; Satur-
day; R. 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
Douglastown, North Co.; Caledonia, 126; Tues-
day; J. Henderson.
Collina Corner, Kings Co.; Collina, 129; Thurs-
day; 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; C. A. Beck.
South Bay, St. John Co.; Lime Rock, 207
Monday; Wm. Roxborough.
Milford, St. John Co.; Everett, 238; Wednesday
Geo. H. Waring.
McInton; 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; Wed-
nesday; 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; Tues-
day D. A. Jonah.
Lewis Mountain, West Co.; Sunnyside, 253
Saturday; Isaac N. Alward.
Deer Island, Char. Co.; Moss Rose 254; Satur-
day; A. T. Lloyd.
Millstream, Kings Co. Britannia, 255; Saturday
C. W. Weyman.
Little Ridge, Char. Co.; Spreading Oak, 256;
Tuesday; A. P. 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
G. Barnes.
Pine Grove Division, No. 345, Ludlow, North-
umberland County, Thursday, Geo. Neagles.
Woolscior Division, No. 346, St. John, Thursday

Good at the Order.

I MUST NOT DRINK.

If I would be a gentleman
I cannot, must not drink;
For that will cause all manliness
Below the brute to sink.

If I would be a noble man
I cannot, must not drink;
Or far from purity and truth
I shall for ever shrink.

If I would be a useful man
I cannot, must not drink;
For will the idler drinking makes;
Be helpful, do you think?

If I would be a Christian man
I cannot, must not drink;
Behold the wretched drunkard now,
Trembling on ruin's brink

No; if I would be pure and good,
And holy, true, and wise,
I must not touch the poison-cup;
'Tis death in any guise.

—Temperance Banner

RETRIBUTION.

"The Saloonist should be tried by the Leviti-
cal law, or that of strict justice—an eye for an
eye, a tooth for a tooth."

Has e'er that ox been known to push,
Or with his horns to gore
Any woman, man or child,
At any time before?

Mind then, that ox is to be stoned,
His owner put to death.
So is the crime to be aton'd—
For thus the Scripture saith.

Has any man e'er dug a pit,
Wherein a beast may fall?
His money then shall pay for it,
Upon the owner's call

Have the saloonists ruined men,
And made them drunk and wild,
Taking their earning, caused them then
To murder wife and child?

Eye for an eye, tooth for a tooth
Yes, let them have this law;
In justice they should be pierced through,
By the rough sword they draw.

How many snares they daily spread,
How many wiles employ,
How many youths are easily led,
By Satan's own decoy!!

The Great Refiner.

COPIED BY MRS. T. P. CATTON.

'Tis sweet to feel that he who tries]
The silver takes his seat
Beside the fire that purifies,
Lest too intense a heat,

Raised to consume the base alloy,
The precious metal, too, destroy.

'Tis good to think how well he knows
The silver's power to bear
The ordeal to which it goes;
And that, with skill and care,

He'll take it from the fire when fit
For his own hand to polish it.]

'Tis blessedness to know that he,
The piece he has begun,
Will not forsake till he can see—
To prove the work well done—

An image, by its brightness shone,
The perfect likeness of his own.

But, ah! how much of earthly mould]
Dark relic of the mine,
Lost from the ore must he behold;
How long must he refine,

Ere in the silver he can trace
The first faint semblance of his face!

Thou Great Refiner! sit thou by,
Thy promise to fulfill;
Moved by thy hand, beneath thine eye,
And melted by thy will.

O, may thy work forever shine,
Reflecting beauty pure as thine.

Four Drinks.

Policeman Number Sixty-seven
was an elder and more thoughtful
man than is usually found on the
municipal force. He was retained,
in spite of his gray hairs, because of
his staunch integrity. He was apt,
in his leisure moments, to look be-
low the misery and crime which came
in his way, to find their cause.

I was once standing in front of
Tuft's saloon, he said one day, when
the bar-keeper set down a blue bottle
on the counter, and said: There are
just four drinks in that. It occurred
to me I'd like to trace up them four
drinks—where they went and what
they did.

Well, continued the policeman, a
woman, got the first glass. She
wasn't an old woman, nor used to
whisky; about thirty years old, had
been pretty once, and accustomed to
having a gay time, I suppose. She
was on her way home now from a
day's hard work, tired and cold, and
the whisky was a temptation. It
would take the place of the dance
and theatre and fun. She turned

down into a by-street, and stopped
at the door of a snug, little house.

I knew her husband Cratts, the
carpenter, a cheerful, hard-work-
ing fellow. He opened the door and
her baby ran out to meet her. She
struck it down to the ground with
an oath. Her husband looked at her,
and fell back as though he, too, had
been struck. Then he picked up the
child and carried it into a pretty,
warm room. I saw the mother lying
stretched across the hearth as
though she were dead.

The second drink out of the bottle,
the barkeeper told me, was given to
old Stacy. He is high seventy, and
soaked with liquor; blood, stomach
and brain is poisoned by it. There's
not a healthy atom of flesh left in
his body, not a good feeling in his
heart, nor manly thought in his head.
The drink only helped, with all the
liquor that he has drunk to kill him
surely inch by inch.

By this time I had got back to the
saloon, and in a few minutes I saw
a young man named Waters stop for
the next. He had been drinking
already; I called to him. I used to
know Waters, a young clerk with a
good salary; had a nice little home,
and pretty wife and babies. He's
quarrelsome in drink, and a glass or
two upsets him.

Waters, I said, don't drink that
you've had enough.

But he laughed, took his drink,
and went down the street. A few
minutes later I heard a row going on
and followed him. He had picked a
quarrel with one of his friends and
shot him dead. Waters was sentenced
to ten years; his home is broken up,
his wife takes in washing to keep
her children from starving.

There was one drink left in the
bottle. An hour later a young lad
came in, a bright faced boy, the son
of Dr. Bunker. He's about sixteen
now. I've watched him grow up
since he was a baby in his pretty
lace dresses. I know what he is to
his mother. They have but this one
child. I think they never heard of
a good or great man that they do not
fancy Jim will be like him.

He tossed off the drink, and went
down the street, with a red face and
leering, stupid eyes. He is on the
same road as Waters and old Stacy.
They are a little ahead of him.

I only traced up those four drinks;
but I know there is not a drop of
liquor which goes out of Tuft's saloon
which does not help to carry discom-
fort, ill-temper, misery, disease,
poverty and disgrace into some
wretched, unfortunate home.—*Youth's
Companion.*

DAVY.

A boysigned the temperance pledge.
His mother said, Bring the brandy;
I want some for these pies.

Davy obeyed. But as he went the
thought came to him, Can I a tem-
perance boy, carry a brandy jug?
Hurrying back to the kitchen, he said,
Mamma, I can't carry that brandy jug
—I've signed the pledge; but I'll
stir the batter while you go.

Without a word the mother gave
into his little hands the spoon and
went herself to bring the jug. She
felt a strange, choking sensation in
her throat; but she walked up those
steps with a firm tread, and seized
the jug. When she came down the
dear little fellow was beating away
at the dough. His eyes followed her
as she went to the sink and began to
empty out the contents of the jug.

What are you doing, mamma?
I'm emptying out the brandy.
We'll not have any more in our
mince pies.

Oh, mamma! I'm so glad! Then
I can eat them too, can't I, mamma?
Yes, my dear; and mamma will
never make anything again that her
dear boy cannot eat.

Oh, I'm so glad we're going to have
temperance pies!

Davy fairly danced up and down
the kitchen as the brandy gurgled in
the sink.

Don't you think Davy is a real
good temperance boy? Then follow
his example. Touch not, taste not,
handle not the unclean thing.

A True Incident.

A family lived near us (and there
are many such in New York) who
were so poor they had to live in an
attic room, and could not afford a
great many things that we consider
to be necessary for our comfort.

It was so hot in their room in the
summer time that the heat was al-
most unbearable, still they could not
afford an ice box, and of course they
had no place to keep any milk, so
they did without.

The father was dead, and the
mother and children worked every
day, but there was nothing to cheer
them in their dingy room when they
came home at night, so it became
their custom to send out every evening
after a pail of beer.

One evening the mother attended
a Temperance meeting, when she be-
came convinced that beer drinking
was wrong and a needless waste of
money, so she decided not to buy
any more beer.

Several days afterwards her little
boy said to her, Mother you don't
know how glad I am that you have
stopped buying beer, for I had begun
to like it so well, that I used to be
thinking about it all afternoon and
kept wishing that six o'clock would
come, so that I could go home, and
then I would wish that seven o'clock
would come so that supper would be
over, for then you would say, Now
Johnnie, take this pail and go and
get some beer.

And mother, who knows but that
I might have become a drunkard, if
you had kept on getting the beer.

They stopped buying beer for good,
and the result was that before long
they had saved enough money to buy
an ice box, so that they had a good
place to keep their food, and it did
not take them long to find that milk
and meat gave a great deal more
strength than beer.

Now a great many more comforts
find their way in their home than
formerly, while every body in that
little family is happy and contented.

Hurry Up!

Temperance brothers and sisters,
hurry up! The great army of out-
casts, of helpless women and inno-
cent children look to you for aid to
emancipate them from the worse
than death in which they are now
plunged. Agitate for 'sweeter, purer
laws.' Already a broad streak of
light is in the horizon. In the name
of the Lord God Almighty, do not
slacken one single effort for right,
until the line of dawn shall have
broadened into the light of perfect
day.

The American saloon of to-day
stands at the bar of American civiliza-
tion for its verdict. The testimony
is in, and of such a nature that
we no longer ask shall anything be
done with the dram shop? but what
shall be done with it? Society has
laws for its protection, and in the
exercise of personal liberty you can-
not oppose the good of society. The
safety of the State and the protec-
tion of the pure is the demands of
temperance reform.

The Beauties of License.

What a beautiful example of con-
sistency is a license law! Men buy
the right to set up shops for the sale
of poison. The municipality takes
their money and gives them the
authorized right. The effect of the
poison is to make men lose control
of their bodies and reel and fall prone
in the street; to inflame their pas-
sions and set them quarrelling, fight-
ing, and killing. But the moment
the dram-seller has prevailed upon
a man to drink sufficient of
his poison to effect him, and he reels,
falls, quarrels, or fights, the same
law which authorizes the sale, and so
the effect, pounces upon the poor
victim and handcuffs him, judges
him, penitentiaries him. Logical,
isn't it? Sell a man snuff and fine
him for sneezing!—*Son of Temper-
ance.*

GLIFTON HOUSE.

Cor. Germain & Princess Sts.

ST. JOHN, N. B.

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and has all the modern improvements

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A. N. PETERS, - PROPRIETOR

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