TEMPERANCE JOURNAUL

OUR MOTTO-NATIONAL PROHIBITION.

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FREDERICTON, N. B., AUGUST 20, 1885.

[60 Cents per Annum.

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THE CENTENNIAL WATCHMAN. Watchman, what of the night?

LITERATURE.

What of the hundred years? What of the glorious temperance fight? Of the nation's toils and tears?

Is there, for all our pain, Our waiting, toil, and tears, A certain steadfast, final gain, In all these hundred years ?

So long are all these years Of wretchedness and wrong; For time, when measured by our tears, Seems long, O Lord, how long !

S'ad was the century pas O watchman of the night ! How long shall yet this darkness last?

When will the year grow bright ? Traveller, the night is here, But stars the night illume,

And rising stars and suns appear Beyond this belt of gloom. Far down the coming years,

Beyond the landscape's rim, Seen through the watchman's blinding tears, The morningstill is dim.

But still the morning comes-And come it surely will— The distant hills it now illumes, It's beams the cloudlands fill.

God wheels the rolling spheres Rules o'er the day and night; Beyond our darkness, hopes, and fears Reigns in transcendent light.

A denser darkness lies Upon the vision past ;

E'en to our finite human eyes This dimness cannot last.

Traveller, thy vision turn Upon yon bright array ; Behold God's warring chariots burn On mountains far away.

With this auxiliary host. Thy onset to sustain,

The temperance fight can ne'er be lost, It must the victory gain.

What if the frenzied foe With passion unconfined,

Assail thy strength, dost thou not know That he is stricken blind?

"For whom the gods destroy," 'Tis said, " they first make mad," The rage of rum presages joy; Let not thy heart be sad.

Watchman, what of the night ? The night is drifting by, The morning clouds are flushed with light

Adown the distant sky.

Watch for the dawn and pray-

For God thy prayer hears. He yet shall wipe thy tears away, And give thee smiles for tears.

THE STORY OF A BOTTLE

put blessed vinegar in me. Nice, sharp, so. respectable vinegar, that never did worse 'One day-it was such a bitter day, and I think I'll make a cup of strong days as a decent vinegar bottle, and here made a present to Jack, he stood, ragged

woman go away for ? Why did she go ? Up came the proprietor. Tom, who had grown used to the phe- 'Now, Jack Barker,' he says, 'why nomenon of a talking bottle, and did not don't you go home ?' mind it at all by this time, nodded his 'He was ashamed to have him there, head sagely.

talk as you do. What harm is there Think of that ! in a moderate drink ? All you'd hold wouldn't harm a fly. You've been abject whine. listening to teetotallers.'

said the bottle. 'I've formed my own use to say 'go home,' when I came here conclusions. There was a time when I with full pockets, Mr. Jones.' thought as you do. It was when I was 'Well, no, I didn't said the man; told,-nor that the hot mugs of flip, a brand new bottle, with a gilt label, 'and it would have been better if I had. egg-nog and other drinks were the chief 'Best Holland Gin,' on me, and my I'll fill your bottle for you Jack Barker.' attractions of the place. This same owner, the liquor dealer, took me out 'He filled it-goodness knows with William was alert for the pennies of his painting the store.

help you keep Christmas.'

'Thank ye,' said Jack; and off I went under his arm.

'And there, in a bright little room, another baby there. with a pretty wife and a nice old grandfather, and two cunning little staggered in. 'Happy Christmas, old band and father in regard to this busibabies looking on, he opened me.

'What a nice smell !' said she-the pretty wife.

'And then he made some stuff with Christmas.' lemon and sugar, and they all drank some; and the babies looked at the man in a rage. He answered her with say to the boys, "The sign is coming light shining through my green sides oath.

and the gilt label on me. And the old 'Anybody would think I was drunk grandfather said the drink had gone to to hear you talk,' said he. his head, and he should have to be And the poor woman answered : carried upstairs, and they laughed at 'Oh, good Heaven! are you ever the house in length, and was of conthat, because it was such a good joke.

in me.

was.

again, and again; and after a while.1 At first she screamed. Then she lay air, on its way to the ground. Being

'Yes,' said the bottle. 'Five devils. bear. But he fell down stairs with me devilish spirits into me again. For I've been possessed by them all. in his pocket, and broke his head, and heaven's sake, break me first! I don't Years and years they led me such a didn't break me. He hit me against want to destroy another household.' life that I wished I was smashed; years things to their injury, not mine. I 'You shan't' said Tom Barnaby. and years until your wife got me and must have a guardian devil, I lasted 'Here you go back on your shelf. I

than give some poor cabbage eater the ice and snow and sleet everywhere-just coffee. colic. And I thought I should end my five years from the Christmas I'd been I am-going to have one of the devils and dirty, at a bar-room stove, with me the cruet on Mrs. Barnaby's dresser; back, I know. Oh, what did that dear in his pocket-my neck sticking out. and Tom Barnaby is still a sober man.

you see, a ragged creature with his toes 'Right there,' he said. 'It's out, and a black eye and a broken nose. of Lexington, Mass., more than fifty exceedingly uncomfortable to have He used to be called handsome Jack wife away, but you are very foolish to Barker before he took to filling me. years ago there might have been seen

'I haven't been listening to anybody,' Christmas Eve ?' says he. 'You didn't

of my case and handed me over to what-and the poor wretch staggered customers, hoping thereby to replenish Jack Barker who had just finished home. Oh, the wretched cellar-the his exchequer. miserable straw bed in the corner; the Now, at the head of this family was a 'Here, Jack,' says he, 'this will wife lying sick upon it. I remember woman of stirring character, a Christian them so well.

'She was very sick, and there was a up to manhood surrounded by these con. little baby beside her. Just think of taminating influences, for whom she

gall !'

ful day! That bottle came to us first on of the farm constitute their support, she

sober ? Oh, Jack ! Jack !'

me by the neck, and beat her over the substantiality. 'Before I was empty the first time, I head with me, The cork fell out and felt pleased to be such a favorite as I the liquor poured over her breast, and piazza, with ladders and ropes, the oldest over the face of the little baby lying boys mounted the ladders, and soon the

leave you to innocence and vinegar;

'Right,' said the bottle.

And so the bottle stands still beside

TAKING DOWN THE SIGN.

In the old historic and beautiful town across the front of a large, substantial 'Now he looked up with a miserable looking building on the principal street, a sign bearing these words : " William 'Go home with an empty bottle on a Simonds, Innkeeper." That this house was the resort of sleighing parties and merry making generally needs not to be

and a mother, with noble boys growing felt the most active interest. Having 'Happy Christmas!' said he, as he expostulated in vain with the good husness, and implored that the sign be 'Happy !' said she. 'Oh, this dread- taken down, and the legitimate products took the opportunity one day, on his 'It takes so little to put a drunken absence in a distant part of the city, to down."

That the magnitude of the work may be more apparent, we will say that the sign covered nearly the entire front of forming width, the thickness being such "I liked myself then and what was And then he flew at her. He took as in those times was deemed proper for

Assembling her forces on the front 'Ah, dear, I was filled up again, and upon it. It mingled with her blood. obnoxious object was swinging in mid began to see things changing about me. still. Her face grew white. I knew I safely landed, the next thing was to get it up into the garret. "Where there's thing comfortable,' said Tom Barnaby. old grandfather never laughed; the 'Oh, let me break !' I cried. 'Let me a will there's a way." It was pushed up the first flight of stairs without any temperance society whatever, and staggered in, took me up, drank the last But her fair flesh was mashed to pulp, much difficulty, but the second flight had happened, the boys having been insign was, "Go to mother." Not having occasion to pass the front of the house 'A glass of something comfortable,' one drove the furniture out of the Then he took one step more. Splash ten years, helping, he looked up, and with rage, he said : "You villain, where is that sign ?" Quaking with fear, yet full of laugh-

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Not that he was a drinking man. Oh, The wife began to cry.

then a nice glass of something comfort. house !'

ters, and crooned down the chimney, don't love me any more. You don't him drink. and made a banshee of itself along the care for the children. It's all that 'Sea-Bird, aboy !' he cried. 'Hullo ! structed to say, when asked where the street; and Tom, who was not very fond bottle. of reading, could not lose himself in

book or magazine, and there was no one what she said. He staggered over to 'I'm coming aboard,' he muttered- for two days, the loss was not discovered to talk to, and the resolution above re-corded seemed to be the most natural thing in the world. the table. took me by the neck, and the put another devil into me. That master.'

said Tom, 'and a biscuit, and then I'll house ; bit by bit it was pawned. turn in.'

for a vessel in which to bring the neces- in washing; some of the money she career is ended." sary liquor for the comfortable some- earned went for more evil spirits to Then I turned cold as ice myself, and ter, the urchin replied : thing' from the corner store, and spied fill me. on an upper shelf a green bottle, with a 'Didn't I loathe myself ? One night I Next thing I knew it was broad dayfat body and a long neck, which had sat on the table and saw the old grand light, and I was floating on the water. nothing in it, and smelt of nothing, and father lying dead and Jack drunk on the the fire and put the kettle on, that every- loathe myself? I tried to topple off. but the side of the boat and caught me. thing might be ready on his return.

Tom was keeping house for himself. He was no use. Happy bottles, beautiful side was on his knees before the stove, raking out glass cologne bottles, innocent water it, when he heard a groan. It was a bottles have been broken when they faint, far-away sounding groan; but it most desired to last, no doubt; but I and killed his wife. They've got an in- tavern, that sign has remained where it had such a ghostly sound that he started. who had become a dwelling place for quest on her, down in the cellar over was placed at that time, until a little

"What's that?" he cried; and some- devils. I lasted. thing answered :

'Only me.'

a voice but himself-not even a kitten or a canary bird.

'Who is me ? cried Tom.

And this time Tom saw it came from never had a decent dress again. the green bottle.

Tom. 'Is it spirits, or what ?'

And the bottle answered.

whiskey and alcohol !' 'Oh, that kind !' said Tom.

'I believe I'll have a glass of some- The wife's face was not so bright; the was a murderer.

Tom Barnaby was not a member of baby's toes were out; and one day Jack be broken into fragments !'

and he generally took it when it did. the evil spirit in me that she meant.

'But Jack was too tipsy to care Nobody answered him.

"Then they left the house itself and under the water. Then Tom went to the closet te look were in a cellar somewhere. She took

ing might be ready on his return. I couldn't manage it. If ever bottle did 'There was a man drowned here last look which desire to smash itself. I did. But it night,' said he to another boy at his as he lived.

away, and his poor daughter got a black dress for her father. He took it to a pawnshop and pawned it for enough to "Tom ought to know,' said the voice. fill me twice. The poor little woman it?"

She was in rags. She was hungry. home she brought me. 'Hanged if it isn't the bottle !' said m. 'Is it spirits, or what?' I've seen Jack clutch her hand and wrench the money she'd earned for her said I. And I expected nothing else; be emulated during all time. A grand-daughter, of this city, active in temperchildren's bread from it ! I had to aid but, bless her dear soul, she put vinegar ance reform and works of charity gen-'Yes, worse luck. It is spirits. Bad and abet him, and hear her say things in me-nice, sour, innocent, respectable erally, is proof incontrovertible that spirits, too. Gin, rum and brandy- about me that were very natural, seeing vinegar-and I've been a good reformed true worth descends even to the third she did not know how I hated the devils bottle ever since. And now you-you and fourth generations. - Cambridge that lived in me, but that were hard to you-her husband, are going to put the Tribunc.

had no dislike to the taste of liquor. drop from me, and tumbled into a chair. her delicate bones broken, and I was was narrower and winding, which caused sound as ever, when Jack, led by Heaven it to stick fast. A call to the mother dear, no! Never was drunk in his life ; 'Oh, Jack !' says she. 'Oh, Jack ! knows what mad fancy, left his victim was readily responded to, and with never even slightly overcome by liquor. how I hate that dreadful bottle! We and staggered into the street again. cheering words and her determined, But still-well, still, every now and were so happy before it came into the The snow was falling. The air was white "Now boost, boys, for your life !" up it with it. He staggered along, mutter- went, with the aid of her sturdy able struck Tom in a pleasant light, 'She blamed me, but I knew it was ing to himself. At last he came to a shoulders; the good woman saying, wharf, and stumbled across it. I believe "There let it stay, boys." To-night it was cold and chilly and 'You've lost your place, Jack,' says a boat lay there on which he had been Upon the return of the father at gloomy, and the wind rattled the shut- she. 'Everything has changed. You once before, and where they have given night all was serene as though nothing

hullo ! Sea-Bird, aboy !'

-crash! He was through the thin ice turning to the boy with a face livid

'Thank heaven,' said I, 'my miserable

there was a roaring in my neck.

he set it upon the table, while he stirred floor at the foot of the bed. Didn't I was a base-legged boy. He stooped over about ten minutes, he came forth with

' Did vou see him ?' said this one.

evils. I lasted. 'They carried the old grandfather there. I say, I'm going to sell this while ago, when it was given in keeping bottle to Bill, the junk man.' of the Historical Society of Lexington.

'So, I was saved, and much against And jumping to his feet, Tom Barnaby dress somehow. One night Jack went my will stood in the junk shop window to noble manhood, the youngest, now at stood staring about; for there was noth- sneaking out of the house with a bundle for a week. The water had washed the a mature age, giving the facts of this ing in the room that ought to have had under one arm and me under the other. blood off of me. I had no smell of history. Mrs. Simonds was a sister of The bundle was his wife's mourning liquor left, and along comes your wife. Cyrus Pierce, Esq,, teacher of the first - just what I want. How much for quently at Newton. The spirit of this

"Ask mother."

Dropping the barrow, with hasty nervous strids, he made his way to the There's a bottle,' cried some one. It house ; from whence, after the lapse of the pleasantest look upon his face, a There was a man drowned here last look which it continued to wear as long

What was said is not related, but the mother's love conquered. Through the 'Yes,' said the first. 'He was drunk, many changes of occupants of the old

This faithful mother reared these boys What a nice, flat bottle !' says she normal school, then at Lexington, subseworthy woman is such as the soil of And Billy charged her four cents, and Lexington adundantly produced during revolutionary times, and such as should