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LITERATURE.

A BABY FOR A DRINK.

A drunken father in Lowell, Mass., the
other day, took his baby out in a carriage
on pretense of giving it air, and visiting a rum
shop, pawned it for drink.—New York Voice,
Sept. 12, 1885.

A business that begets a thirst
So startling and so hard to bear,
Appears to have a spirit nursed
In the sad purlieus of despair;
Else its poor minions ne'er would think
Of pawning babies off for drink.

Who would have tho't that the vile thing
Could e'er attain such mastery,
That it could make a parent bring,
While on a drunken, mad'ning spree,
And pawn his offspring, to obtain
But one more drink to fire his brain?

Yet men engaged in vending drink,
Claim that it is "respectable,"
While yearly causing hosts to sink
Into dark and hopeless hell;
And, judging from its daily fruits,
Makes others, still, act worse than brutes.

Oh, that the God of peace and love,
Who governs our poor fallen race,
Would, in his own good time remove
This direful source of deep disgrace,
To that long prayed-for final bourne,
Whence it may never more return.

A business that so much prevents
The milk of human kindness, is
A mean employment that inserts
Upon the plastic nose and phiz,
A sign significant as one
Bellshazzar saw in Babylon.

This poor, besotted Lowell sire,
Made pretence to "air" his child,
In order to get "liquid-fire,"
Must have been by strong drink made wild
To conjure up a pretext rife,
With falsehood to deceive his wife.

But so it was, and yet we find
A class of so-called christian men,
Who seem, alas, to be inclined,
To still, with voice, and vote, and pen,
Boast that which gives its slaves and rables,
And pawn for it their very babies.

HOW CENTRALIA WAS MADE OVER.

BY J. M. FRENCH, M. D.

Centralia was shaken to its founda-
tions. The apostles of a new dispensa-
tion had appeared, and the town was in
a ferment.

For years it had been known as a
hard town. Liquors were sold openly
and drank freely in spite of the stringent
prohibitory law. Morality was at a
discount, and rowdiness in the ascen-
dant. Education was at a low ebb, and
religion was shrivelled as by a drought.
Factories were idle, property dwindled
in value, and business interests of all
kinds suffered.

But while the general drift of affairs
was downward, good men and women
were not wanting even in Centralia.
Some faithful ones there were who
ceased not to labor and pray for deliv-
erance from the bonds of alcohol and
evil. The week of prayer—it was now
the first month of the new year—had
just been observed by the three churches
unitedly, and out of their efforts had
grown this new movement which was
convulsing the town.

At Lakeville, some ten miles away,
two temperance evangelists had been
laboring with great success. It was
decided to invite them to Centralia in
the name of the churches, and pledging
their hearty co-operation. The invita-

tion was sent and accepted. The evan-
gelists came, and began their work by
holding an afternoon prayer-meeting for
consecration. Of themselves they
claimed nothing. Only the all-powerful
One could save poor drunkards. Let
Christians supplicate His favor, and
then labor as instruments in His hands
to reclaim the fallen. In this spirit
they made ready for the evening meet-
ing.

The first meeting was well attended,
and the speakers made a favorable im-
pression upon the audience, and through
them upon the community. A large
number of temperance people signed the
pledge and donned the blue ribbon.

Among those who were present was
Tom Benton, a rough man and a hard
drinker but a man of native ability and
an acknowledged leader among the
drinking men of Centralia. How he
came to be there was no less a mystery
to himself than to others. But there he
was, and he became interested in what
he heard. After the meeting was closed
he crossed over to the store of his bosom
friend, Captain Lance, to talk matters
over with him.

'Captain,' said he, 'I've been to the
temperance lecture.'
'Temperance lecture!' said the cap-
tain in surprise. 'Why, who has been
lecturing on temperance?'

'Two fellows from Lakeville,' re-
sponded Benton. 'They have been
through the mill, and know how it is
themselves.'

'Yes, that's just the way it goes,'
replied Lance. 'The worse drunkard
and the bigger fool a man can make him-
self out to have been, the larger crowd he
can draw and the more money he can
make. I don't take any stock in that
kind of business myself.'

'Well, cap,' said Benton, who was
used to having full weight given to his
own opinions, 'tell you what it is, I
liked them pretty well, I've heard lots
of temperance lecturers before, but
somehow these fellows didn't go at it
'hammer and tongs,' as most of them do.
Seem to have a kind of sympathy for a
fellow, you know. I'm going again to-
morrow night, and you'd better go, too,
and hear them for yourself.'

'That's a good one for you, Tom
Benton, I vow. You're a fine subject
for a temperance meeting, you are!
For my part I never went to one yet,
and I guess I won't begin now.'

Nevertheless, after some further per-
suasion, he finally concluded to go, 'just
to hear what they would say, you
know.' And then they parted.

Now, Captain Lance was a gentleman,
every one said, and the most popular man
in town. He had served in the war and
was idolized by the men of his company.
He was a man of enterprise and public
spirit. More than that, he had a kind
heart and an open hand—too open, his
friends said, for his own good. Withal
he was not a drunkard, but only a
moderate drinker. For a long time it
was very moderate, but of late the habit
had been growing upon him.

The next night Benton went early and
took a front seat, while Lance came late
and hid himself in the gallery.

One of the speakers was a quiet man
and slow of speech, but very earnest.
His life had been a checkered one, with
years of wretchedness, and misery, and
crime, as the result of drink, until
rescued by the outstretched hand of the
Lord.

The other was a man of action, and
somewhat sensational, it must be con-
fessed, in his methods. His personal
experience was less thrilling, but he
possessed the faculty of rousing enthu-
siasm and carrying his audience by
storm.

'Some people think,' he said in an-
swer to the charge of 'getting up an ex-
citement,' 'that drinking men ought to
know that it was wrong for them to
drink, and that it was bringing them to
ruin; that they ought to sit down quietly
and alone and think the matter over
calmly—decide to stop, and do it. All
very well. Grant that they ought to do
so; but the fact is they don't do it that
way.'

And, when you come to think the
matter over, wasn't he about right?

Just before the meeting closed the
captain sneaked out, so as not to be seen
at a temperance meeting, and was in his
store when Benton came in a few minutes
later.

'Well, captain, did you go to the
temperance meeting? I looked all
around, but I didn't see you.'

'Oh! I was there, Tom, fast enough;
but the truth is, I didn't feel quite at
home in such a place, so I got up in the
gallery out of sight.'

'How did you like 'em?'
'They know what they're talking
about, Tom, and no mistake. And I

must admit that there's a good deal of
truth in what they say. What do you
think about it?'

'Well, sir, they just hit my case.
And I tell you what it is, captain, I
begin to think it's about time we swore
off.'

The hour was already late, so they
closed the store and stepped out upon
the street. But thoughts had been
awakened which would not down at
their bidding. So they walked up and
down the streets, earnestly considering
this new question which had suddenly
come so close home to their heart.
Finding themselves opposite a saloon
which they were in the habit of fre-
quenting, and yielding to the force of
habit, they stepped inside and ordered a
glass of liquor for each, still in earnest
discussion of the all-important subject.
It was now near midnight and the
saloon was well-nigh deserted, so they
were not troubled with comments.
Besides, these men were leaders and not
accustomed to defer to the opinions of
their comrades.

Finally, with glasses filled and hands
clasped over the bar where they had
drank so many times together, these
men solemnly pledged each other that
this was the very last glass of liquor
they would ever drink.

It was a strange scene, and it sounds
strangely in the telling. But the
captain and Tom Benton were in sober
earnest. They made the pledge, and
sealed it with a drink. It was not an
auspicious beginning, but they have
kept their pledge to this day inviolate.

When the next night came the hall
was packed. The drinking men were
out in force, drawn by the rumors, which
were feely circulated, of what was about
to happen.

The meeting was opened by the
evangelists, who spoke briefly and closed
with a thrilling appeal to the drinking
men.

When they were done the hall was
quiet for a moment in a hush of expect-
ation. Then a man arose near the door
walked down the aisle to the platform,
took up the pledge, and with a firm
hand signed the name of Tom Benton.
Next came Captain Lance from the
other side of the house, and followed
with his name.

The hush of expectation had given
way to a rustle of excitement, and now
came a thundering burst of applause,
and tears were in many eyes. As the
applause died away the captain rose to
speak, and in an instant all was still.

'Boys,' he began, and his eyes were
dim as he spoke, 'Tom and I have con-
cluded that we've been going the wrong
road, and we've made up our minds to
turn about and go the other way. And
we don't want to go alone. Here sobs
began to break the stillness, and it was
evident that hearts were being touched.
'Comrades,' he continued, 'you've
drank many a glass with us, and we've
had many a good time together. And
now—here his own voice broke—"won't
you come and go with us to-night?'

It was an effective speech, and yet it
was not so much the words spoken as
the man who said them. And when
Benton had followed with a few words
of like tenor the work was well begun
—the heart of the people was reached,
and the waters of the great deep were
broken up.

Then the brass band struck up, and
while its stirring strains resounded
through the house, man after man walked
down the aisle and signed the pledge.

There were more speeches and more
music, more sobs and tears and tender
entreaties. Fathers rejoiced over the
promised reform of wayward children,
and wives sobbed in the joy of a new-
found hope for their husbands. And so
the work went on.

It was midnight when the meeting
closed, and three hundred names had
been added to the roll of honor that
night, most of them of men and boys
who drank. It was a night not to be
forgotten in Centralia.

From this beginning the work broad-
ened and deepened, and continued to
increase. A Reform Club was organ-
ized, with Tom Benton as president, and
so many names were enrolled that the
saloons began to be closed for lack of
custom, and the druggists found that it
didn't pay to sell liquor. Finally most
of the men who had been engaged in the
sale yielded to the pressure of public
sentiment, came forward and signed the
pledge, and put on the blue ribbon.
Soon there was but one place left where
liquor was sold. Then the law was put
in force, and this was closed.

This was five years ago, and so far
the results are permanent. Nearly the
whole adult population of the town are
members of the Reform Club. Occasion-
ally one of 'the boys' goes astray when

out of town, but he is speedily sought
out and brought back into the fold.
Once in a while some new comer tries to
sell liquor on the sly, but he is soon
found out and taught that there is at
least one place outside of Maine where
the prohibitory law is enforced.

In every way the place has prospered.
Law and order prevail, schools flourish,
business has revived, new families are
moving in, and property has increased
in value. There has been a revival of
religion, the churches are being built
up, and the prayer-meeting and the
temperance meeting go hand-in-hand.

BROTHER SCOTT BOUNCED.

'Am Brudder Abraham Scott in de
hall dis evenin'?' inquired the President
as he looked down the aisles.

'Ye, sah,' answered a voice from the
northwest corner.

'Den please step dis way.'

Brother Scott scuffed forward, head
down and his countenance betraying
about seventeen different emotions, and
when he reached the mark the Presi-
dent continued:

'Brudder Scott, in gwine ober to de
old man Johnson's las' nite to borrow a
hunk o' butter for breakfast I discovered
some one lyin' on de sidewalk. My
first thought was to yell murder. My
next thought was smell of his brea'f
Dat settled the case at once. It wasn't a
murder but a case of dead drunk. I
turned de subjeck ober to git a look at
his face, and whod' ye 'spose it was?'

Brother Scott gazed straight at a bust
of Venus, and had nothing to say.

'It was Brudder Scott,' whispered the
President. 'Although two of his
children am bae' fut, his wife need cloze
an' he hasn't a dozen taters in de house,
he has taken good money from his
pocket an' paid it out fur bad whisky.
He wasn't a man when I found him.
He was a hog—a great big hog! I
could smell his brea'f six feet away, an'
it would have made a dog sick. He had
lost his hat, rolled in de slush, an' den
fallen into a stuporish sleep. I got help
an' toted him home, an' to night he
comes to dis meetin' to have a wote
among men who work hard, respect
demselves, an' lib sober lives.'

'Ize sorry, sah.'

'No doubt of it, but dat am no de-
fense. A fool excites pity, kase, God
made him dat way. A lunatic draws
sympathy kase he has met wid misfor-
tune. A drunkard arou es nuffin' but
contempt. He delibera'ly goes at it to
make a brute of himself. You hab heard
me speak of dis matter on s'beral prevus
occasions, an' you know how de major-
ity of dis Club feels on de subjeck. In
de las' two months you hab been drunk
fo' times.'

'Yes, sah; but I'll quit.'

I hope you will, but I doubt it. You
hab 'bery thing to los' gettin' drunk de
fast time. You have lost character,
respect, money and stan'tin' an' dar's
litttle hope dat you will see any reason
to quit. We kin guard a in thieves by
lockin' up our money. We kin put de
murder r in prison an' have him oute-
r way. V. kin expose de liar an'
kiver him wid confusion. But de
drunkard—de hog—de bast—who kin
trust him? Who kin believe in him?

Who wants his society? Who am not
degraded by walkin' besid' him? Brud-
der Scott, you am a bounced man!
Your name will be crossed from our
rolls, you will be refused admission
heah, and we shall forgit dat you war
eb-r numbered wid us. Let us now at-
tack de reg'lar order o' business.—*Lime
Kiln Club.*

ADVICE TO DRINKING MEN.

The question is frequently asked, not
only of Dr. Reynolds but of others,
what course a drinking man should
pursue to rid himself of the craving
appetite for liquor. None but one who
has been there knows how terrible is
this appetite and how difficult it is to
resist its demands. The desire for one
more drink besets every man who has
ever fallen a victim to the curse, and the
cries for something to fill up the void
without a return to the intoxicating cup
are heard everywhere. It is a pleasure
to know that such a substitute exists.
A drinking man can supply himself
with the remedies used at nearly
all of the reformatory asylums and be his own
physician at his own house, without the
necessity, expense and publicity of
visiting the Washingtonian Home or
any other reformatory institution.

His laboratory need only contain a
small quantity of cayenne pepper, a pot
of concentrated extract of beef, and a
few grains of bromide of potassium.
When the desire for drink recurs make
a tea from the cayenne pepper, as strong
as can be taken with any degree of com-

fort, sweeten it with milk and sugar, and
drink. The tea will supply the place of
a glass of liquor, and will leave no inju-
rious effects behind. Repeated daily, or
so often as the appetite returns, it will
be but a few days before the sufferer will
have become disgusted with the taste of
pepper, and with the appearance of this
disgust disappears the love of liquor.
The fact is proven every day. The ex-
tract of beef is to be made into beef tea
according to the directions on the pot,
in quantities as may be needed for the
time being, and furnishes a cheap,
easily digestible and healthy nutriment
it being made to stay on the stomach
when heavier articles of food would be
rejected. The bromide of potassium is
to be used carefully, and only in cases
of extreme nervousness, the dose being
from twenty to thirty grains dissolved
in water. This is a public exhibit of
the method of treatment adopted at in-
ebriate asylums. In addition thereto,
the drinking man should surround him-
self with influences which tend to make
him forget the degraded associates of
the bar-room, and lift him upward. He
should endeavor, so far as his business
vocations will permit, to sleep, bathe,
and eat regularly, and to obey carefully
the ordinary rules of health. By the
adoption of this course energetically
and sincerely, no man who has the will
to reform can fail to do so. Hundreds
and thousands can attest the truth of
these statements.—*Traveller.*

THE MILD BEVERAGES.

Wine, and beer producers claim that the in-
fallible remedy for intemperance is to drive
out the stronger alcoholics by increasing the
consumption of the milder beverages.

We have before stated that experience
demonstrates that the countries consuming the
greatest amount of beer and wine also consume
the greatest amount of the stronger drinks.
The only difference between the two is in
degree. Prof. Miller, of Edinburgh, says:
'A man is apt to draw a broad distinction
between himself drinking beer and another
drinking brandy as a daily habit; but the
truth is, that both are drinking the same
thing, only in different guise and dilution. The
one drinks alcohol slightly diluted, the other
drinks alcohol much diluted.'

'Where there is a wine-shop, there are the
elements of disease, and the frightful source of
all that is at enmity with the interests of the
workmen,' said a member of the Academy of
Natural Sciences, in the National Assembly of
France in 1850.

Italy is frequently cited as an example of
sobriety, because of its wine-drinking habits.
Cardinal Acton, when Supreme Judge, said
that "nearly all the crime in Rome originates in
the use of wine."

Mr. Hill, recorder of the Social Science
Congress, which met in Liverpool in 1848, said:
'With regard to the causes of crime in Baden
and Bavaria, each of the Governors of State
Prisons, assured me that it was wine in the one
country and beer in the other, which filled their
jails.'

The great Charles Dickens once wrote: "The
wine-shops are the colleges and chapels of the
poor in France. The wine-shops breed, in a
physical atmosphere of malaria, and a moral
pestilence of envy and vengeance, the men of
crime and revolution."

Judge Pitman says: "The mild does not
banish, but invites the strong. Paris, per excel-
lence the wine city of the world, excels in the
consumption of distilled spirits—averaging in
1863 seven gallons per capita."

A San Francisco paper a few years ago made
these statements: "The lowest, most illiterate,
most vicious population is found in the oldest
wine districts of this State. The increased pro-
duction and consumption of wine on this coast
has diminished the use of neither distilled li-
quors nor lager beer, but has increased the de-
mand for both. Wines beguile many into drink-
ing habits, and finally into drunkenness, who
would never have drank a drop but for wine."

England established free beer-shops in 1830,
to drive out the "gin palaces." A short time
after the bill went into operation Sidney Smith
wrote: "The new beer bill has begun its opera-
tions. Every body is drunk. Those who are
not singing are snawling. The sovereign
people are in a beastly state."

A committee of the House of Lords in 1850,
reported concerning this act: "The consumption
of ardent spirits has far from diminished. Of
the direct causes of our national intemperance,
one of the foremost and most prolific, is the
operation of the legislative act which called beer
houses into existence."

In 1873 the Governor of Massachusetts said:
"Beer-shops are among the greatest obstacles to
the social and moral progress of the commu-
nity."

Dr. Albert Day, superintendent of the Wash-
ington House, in Boston, said: "A large ma-
jority of the 4,000 cases of inebriety I have
treated commenced their course of drunkenness
by the use of what is termed light drinks, such
as wine, beer, etc."

These quotations from authentic sources,
covering a large area of territory, and nearly
fifty years of time, and an irrefutable argu-
ment against the theory of the milder beverage ad-
vocates. Total prohibition is the only safe and
sure remedy. Any compromise measure is
dangerous.—*Pall.*

Any printer or newspaper writer who
has not read that interesting humorous
work, "Our Joshua as a Reporter,"
cannot begin to conceive of the amount
of fun that can be compressed in a book
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