

# TEMPERANCE JOURNAL.

HERMAN H. PITTS.]

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Recording

### INTEMPERANCE—WHAT IT IS.

Viewed in the light of crime, it is a mountain of 200,000 criminals. To incarcerate them requires solid masonry sufficient to build a wall 10 feet high halfway across this continent,—enough to wall our larger cities pave our streets and build their reservoirs, warehouses and depots. I see yonder an innumerable company, composed of the sorrowing, the heart-broken and the forsaken ones of earth. There are fathers and mothers in helpless old age the last drop snatched away, their support gone, and they, shorn and destitute, stand arm and arm on the verge of the grave; with no one to ease them down. With a sigh and a tear for him who has never returned, they slide into the unknown. There are tender, devoted, defenseless helpless sisters, forsaken and robbed of brothers, upon whom they have long learned to lean and trust with their dearest interests—forsaken by the one they loved, only to realize the ashes of their expectations.

I now halt at the gate of the nation's nursery. Here is the sprouting and rooting of the nation's hopes, achievements and liberties; from this soil must come its executives, legislators, counsellors, and orators; its poets, philosophers, preachers and reformers. Yet over this soil of immortal promise enriched by the tears of mother and sisters, come the accused damnable, damning shadows of this awful mountain of intemperance. Into this holy of holies of the nation comes this monster. Whence these shadows? Whence all this grief and violence, this leprosy and death? I lift mine eyes, and I see it piling the alters of Bacchus with the the youths of our land till they reek and bend, and run with blood. It is a mountain of 100,000 youth of our nation offered yearly. What a defiance of the nation's safety! What a monument to the nation's glory! I see by the flash of the highwayman's pistol, by the light of the incendiary's torch, by the light of the burglar's lantern that lights him, with bludgeon in hand, through your window, across the floor to your bed, that shows him to let fall the deadly weapon, while you are sleeping. I see by the bonfires of rioters, thieves, burglars and murderers to be turned loose on the nation to ravage your cities, plunder the banks, break into your houses and steal your money; to murder you and your wife and children. What an army of destruction! But don't complain if you vote rum. It is the inevitable result of your own choice.

We take at last our stand at the gate of death, and from among the thousands that sit there in the ashes of their hopes, mantled in the sable drapery of their grief, I look and it is a mountain of the bloated, blotched, broken and bruised, leached and lecherous remains of nearly 100,000 drunkards that die yearly. What a mountain of confined corruption! Some die in the gutter; some die in the bar-room fight, unattended; some blow their own brains out; some planted the dagger in their hearts; some die at home, in the fond embrace of wife, with the warm, loving farewell kiss of children upon their delirious brow. What a sight! Coffins enough to reach across this continent if placed 25 feet apart, nearly enough to form a pathway from Boston to New York, filled with dead drunkards. Let us bury them. It takes 200,000 horses, and a line of black chariots that reach across the continent within 10 feet of each other, and they are followed by an almost innumerable company of disgraced and heart-broken mourners. What a stretch in the nostrils of civilization! What a ghost to haunt our government! What a sight in the eye of

high Heaven! What a burden for the bosom of mother earth! To cover them, we rob their children every year of nearly 50 acres of precious soil. To bury them will be needed the service of 100,000 ministers for one hour each, or the entire service of one minister for 22 years, and 600,000 pall bearers. To sound the death-knell of this doomed list, we will have to set all the church and school bells on this continent ringing. If they are placed within sounding distance from each other, they will girdle the earth with their funeral tones; while the cry of anguished millions will invade the ear like the wailing of the wind, or the roaring of the ocean. What a mountain! Would to God that some well directed stroke, forced by the ministry of mighty angels, might hurl it into darkness so profound, so deep and distant, that no winged fiend could ever reach it.

What is it? It is a monster, huge and hungry, devilish and devouring. Unlike all other monsters, it never localizes. The monsters of the sea cannot be allured from their accustomed haunts. A few fathoms, a few inland caves and sun-heated sand banks, mark the limit of their excursions. So with land animals. The hyenna cannot be drawn beyond a certain distance from his den; for centuries it continues to inhabit the same loathsome cave, until filled so full with bones he is obliged to vacate. So with the grizzly and the wolf. But it is not so with the monster of intemperance. No zone has ever belted him. No circle has ever compassed him. No lines of latitude or longitude have ever bound him. No darkness has ever hidden him. No wilderness has ever secluded him. No deep has ever covered him. No generation has ever outgrown him. No country has ever aged him. No revolution has ever overthrown him. No legislation has ever legalized him. No license has ever chained him. No sacrifice has ever appeased him. No offering of blood has ever satiated him. His principle is deception. His doctrine is doubt. His law is destruction. His throne is doom. His sceptre is death. His dominion is darkness. His march is downward. His drive is duration. His name is rum. His home is Hell.—Exchange.

### COUNSEL TO MERCHANTS' CLERKS.

Make yourself indispensable to your employers; that is the golden path to success. Be so industrious, so prompt, so careful, that if you are absent one half hour out of the usual time you will be missed, and he in whose employ you are shall say, "I did not dream George was so useful." Make your employer your friend, performing with minuteness whatever task he sets before; and above all, be not too nice to lend a hand at dirty work, no matter how repugnant—your business in after years depends upon how you conduct yourself now.

If you are really good for anything, you are good for a great deal. Be energetic; put your manners into your business, look as well as act with alacrity; appear to feel an interest; make your master's success your own, if you have an honest one. Let your eye light up at his request and your feet be nimble; there are some who look so dull and heavy, and go with so slow and heavy a pace, that it is irksome to ask them what it is your right to demand of them; be not like these. Be the arch upon which your employer may rest with safety; let him feel that he may entrust with you uncounted gold.

If you do an errand lightly you begin to lose his confidence; if you forget twice some important request, you cannot be trusted. If you accustom yourself to loose and untidy habits, you will gain no respect, but rather contempt. Avoid theatres, cardrooms, billiard saloons, as you would a pestilence; little faults are like so many loopholes in your character, through which all that is valuable sifts out and all that is pernicious sifts in to fill the empty places.

But you say you want some pleasure make your work a pleasure. There are two ways of seeing sunrise—one with a dull complaining spirit; that, if it could, would blot out the great luminary with its washy flood of eternal complaints, the other with lark-like pleasure, soaring out upwards, and seeing along the western path, gates of gold and palaces of ivory. So there are two ways of doing work; one that depresses the soul by its listless formal, fretful participation, the other that makes labour a boon and a blessing—pursue it not only for gain, but the higher exaltation of the mental and moral being.

### TEMPERANCE REFORM.

Very few people have the least idea of the amount of good the Women's Christian Temperance Union have been doing for the temperance cause since first introduced into Canada. The following summary by a correspondent of the *Presbyterian Review* will be read with interest by all interested in the cause:—

The women of our Dominion are doing much to advance the cause of temperance. It has been said that women suffer most, through the vice of intemperance, and that, on this account they should be most active in combating the evil. Be this as it may, our Christian women are now thoroughly aroused to the importance of this question. Energy and activity mark their purposes and methods, which are mainly on the line of the aggressive, and their efforts and influence are being felt in many directions. This marked interest dates from the formation of our Woman's Christian Temperance Unions. These unions originated in the United States, and were a direct result of the Woman's Crusade against the liquor traffic. Mrs. Letitia Youmans has the honour of introducing into Canada a little more than a decade ago, these organizations. Subsequently to this period a few local unions sprang into existence, and considerable was accomplished in a spasmodic kind of way. The formation of the Ontario Provincial Woman's Christian Temperance Union, in the year 1877, has done much to consolidate, and to direct into a concerted and systematic plan of action the praiseworthy efforts of our Canadian temperance women.

Previous to the organization of the Provincial Union we had in Ontario 27 local unions, which represented a membership of nearly 500. At the first annual meeting of the Provincial Union the Secretary reported 42 unions in 24 different counties, these representing a working membership of about 900. From the Seventh Annual Report of the Ontario Provincial Union, presented in 1884, we find 95 auxiliaries reported, with a membership of two thousand. These 2,000 women had held 172 meetings, the average attendance being 12, and had distributed 116,105 pages of temperance literature. They had organized and conducted 30 Bands of Hope, having a membership of 2,425; boys' night schools, girls' sewing classes, flower missions, blue ribbon societies, also a regular system of prison and hospital visitation had been instituted, equipped and successfully continued by these indefatigable workers. Good work had also been done, in the circulation of petitions, and in memorializing educational and medical conventions, assemblies, synods, conferences, etc., in the introduction of pledge cards and the blue ribbon into Sunday Schools, and in the education of public sentiment in connection with the Scott Act campaigns in the various counties where it had been presented for the popular vote.

In October 1883, the Quebec Provincial Woman's Christian Temperance Union was formed. Reference to the first annual report, October, 1884, shows a total membership, in the local unions of Quebec, of 2,750; meetings held, 593; signatures obtained to the pledge, 2,750; signatures obtained to petitions against the traffic, 4,384; and 31 Bands of Hope organized with from 20 to 100 members in each. The unions of the Maritime Provinces, as of the N. W. T., are flourishing, and woman's work in the cause of temperance is a recognized and acknowledged power throughout the land.

The Dominion Christian Temperance Union, consisting of representatives from all the Provincial Unions, was organized in the city of Ottawa in February, 1885. A sketch of the plan of work for the year presented and adopted by these enthusiastic women will give the reader some idea of the aggressiveness of their work. 1. Organization. 2. Preventive, hereditary and hygiene. 3. Educational: (a) scientific instruction; (b) lecture department; (c) Sunday School work; (d) juvenile work. 4. Evangelistic: (a) work among railway men; (b) work among soldiers and sailors; (c) work in prisons and police stations; (d) work among the Germans; (e) work among the Indians; (f) work among the colored people; (g) work among the raft-men and lumbermen. 5. Social: (a) Woman's Christian Temperance Unions; (b) Kitchen Garden; (c) flower mission; (d) parlor meetings; (e) Dominion and Provincial exhibitions and fairs.

The *Telephone* is the name of the first woman's temperance paper in Canada, printed and published by a union. It is edited by Mrs. J. S. Cowie, of Moncton, N. B. The *Woman's Journal*, edited by Mrs. Addie Chisholm, president of the Ontario Provincial Union, is a new paper devoted to the advocacy of prohibition and temperance. This paper is the organ of the Provincial Union; the first number was issued in September, 1884. Already it has secured a large circulation, and is proving most valuable as a link to bind together the various unions of the Province and Dominion, and as a record of work accomplished or contemplated.

The Montreal Union is the largest in Canada, having 1,285 members; two-thirds of this number pay the membership fee, which is optional. This union has only been two years in existence, and has active members in every Protestant church in Montreal, except two, viz., the French Presbyterian, and the Eglise du Sauveur. One noticeable feature of their work is the organization of an Auxiliary Union among the girls of the High School. They call themselves the Girls' High School Branch of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union. The Ottawa Union and Young Ladies' Union have also a large membership and are most active in temperance work of all kinds. In Toronto we have several unions, and various branches of preventive work are in contemplation. The distinctive badge of the W. C. T. Union is a white ribbon, denoting purity in the heart, in the house, in society, and their weapons of warfare are, a Pledge in one hand, and the Bible in the other.

A *Saturday Paper* asks, What is to become of us? With the morphia habit making a host of liars; the quinine habit a ghostly band of nerveless, would be suicides; the tobacco habit giving us a tendency to cancer and what not; the whiskey habit taking people by crooked ways to early graves; the money habit filling the country with avaricious speculators, thieves, and bank robbers; the office-seeking habit turning honest people away from honest work to getting an office, it does seem we are generally in a bad way.

### THE HIGH LICENSE SYSTEM.

Go back to the License System? Never! We trust that it will never be our experience to witness this community, or any other that has once got clear of this curse, retrograde so far as to return to the License System; and least of all a high license system, which is but putting a premium on the gilded rum stores, and adding to the ill gotten gains of the few who happen to have a little more capital than their less fortunate brethren.

It is the gilded rumshop that does the most damage to the community. This is where the promising young man is first drawn into vice; where he cultivates the taste for intoxicants, and which brings him eventually, through the low groggery, to the drunkard's grave. In this young and rising country we want no fellowship with the damning traffic. Some time ago, Rev. Mr. Talmage preached an admirable sermon entitled 'The Monopoly of Abomination,' speaking from the text of Matthew, xvii, 6. 'It is not lawful for to put them into the treasury, because it is the price of blood.' He said:

'For \$15 Judas Iscariot had sold Christ, and, disgusted because he had not made a more lucrative bargain, he threw the pieces of silver on the floor. There was a sentiment that the money could not be used for governmental or religious purposes, because it was blood-money, so the first Potters' Field was bought for the burial of paupers. We are at the point in this country when it is proposed to restrict or stop the sale of ardent spirits by compelling merchants to pay a high license of \$500 or \$1,000. It is thought this will have a tendency to close the small drinkeries, and help support the poor-houses, filled by drink, and the prisons, in which men are confined for crime committed when drunk, and pay the judges and the courts for trying them, don't you see? How any man or woman could be so hoodwinked as not to see that this whole high license movement is a surrender of the temperance principle, I cannot understand. It would make rum-selling highly respectable, close the small stores and open the large ones. The small establishments are only the rash on the body politic, the large ones gather the pus and poison in a huge carbuncle. There you'll have livered footmen, and pictures, and mirrors, and velvet carpets like a Turkish harem, and divans to rest on when a gentleman is taken mysteriously sick by drinking too much champagne. High license strikes at hosts of the best homes in America, and here in the presence of my God I stamp it as the monopoly of abomination. It is anti-American, anti-common sense, anti-demonstrated facts and anti-Christian. How dare you propose for \$500 to let one man sell sweetened dynamite, and deny the right to the other because he can raise but \$100? I plead for the rights of these men who are doing a small, provident, economical business in selling extract of logwood, strychnine and blue vitrol. High license is the property qualification in its most offensive shape. If rum-selling is right let us all have the right—otherwise license is only a bribe to Government. (Applause.) I do not wish for any outward manifestation of approval for what I say.' Mr. Talmage went on to ridicule the idea by proposing high licenses for theft, blasphemy and murder, and alluded to the profane address of the Speaker of a Legislature, the watering of stock by officers of commercial companies, and the difficulty of fixing the crime on murderers with money and influence, and then continued: 'All heavy a-side, if rum-selling is right, all should have it—if it is wrong, five million dollars in hard cash ought not to purchase immorality. It is time to keep home by votes the drivelling pot-house politicians of Albany and Harrisburg. Men could earn \$4 where they now earn but \$2, but for the liquor traffic. It is antagonistic to the working classes. It is the sweltering and purifying curse of the Nation. High license has been tried in Missouri and Kansas, and failed. It is the white flag of truce sent out by Alcoholism to Prohibition to make its army pause long enough to allow the former to get its army of decanters and bottles in better order. Away with it, or I'll fire on it! Either rum must be defeated or the Church of God and civilization will be. Better compromise with the panther in his jungle, the cyclone in its flight, or with an Egyptian plague in its ravages! Let us fight it out on the old lines. Alcoholism is panic-stricken. After paying \$700,000 to buy spectacles to enable the rulers to see things in their proper light, the liquor interest is now trying to have the Constitution amended so that any prohibitory law passed by the States may be declared unconstitutional. The temperance elements are going to hold the balance of power in this country, and I expect to see a President of the United States elected on a Prohibition platform. Alcoholism is imperial, a conqueror; but will be broken before the Conqueror of earth and heaven.

'But it is said we can't get prohibition and that it is better to take what we can get. Some say half a loaf of bread is better than no bread at all. Yes, providing the half a loaf is not poisoned. A half a pound of butter is better than no butter at all, providing it isn't oleomargarine. A midnight express train speeds across a bridge, one half of which has been swept away by storm and flood; the train rolls over into the torrent below and 200 souls are landed in eternity. Is half a bridge better than no bridge?

'But it is said that a prohibition law cannot be executed. But there is not a law on the statute book that is perfectly executed. We have laws against murder, blasphemy, theft, yet murder, blasphemy and theft abound. Then let us have a high license for theft. (Laughter.) We must put down these small thieves who make away with door-mats, postage-stamps and chocolate drops. Let us make the license high, say \$10,000, so that only a few can pay it. Then we shall put to flight the wharf rats, and all hail to the million-dollar rascals!'

English farmers are beginning to see how mistaken is their opposition to teetotalism. If the grain now destroyed in the manufacture of drink was used for food they would not have to import so much, and the money thus sent out of the country would be expended for farm produce, home industries and trade.