ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, JANUARY 15, 1898.

A SOCIETY THAT GREW.

THE SONS OF TEMPERANCE AND THEIR PROGRESS TO DATE.

How the Order Originated and Who Were The Pioneers in the Movement-Men Who Have Been Prominent in the Work of Temperance in the Province.

One of the chief reforms of this century of reforms in the relationship of man to his fellows has been that of temperance and sentiment in regard to the use of intoxicating drinks has wonderfully changed in the last hundred years. The temperance organizations have had much to do in creating new views about the evils of intemperance and the pioneer and the foremost among these has been the Sons of Temperance.

As in other secret societies this city and this province has had quite an important part in determining the course of temperance sentiment and quite a prominent voice in the high councils of the order. The establishment of the organization in this province was almost contemporaneous with its original inception and four residents of New Bruuswick have had the honor to fill the highest post in the gift of the thousands of members of the order the world over. There have been only some twenty-five or twenty-six Most Worthy Patriarchs of the National Division of North America, which is the premier of all the National Divisions in point of time and in point of importance in all Christendom, so that this province has been particularly honored.

The order was established in New York on September 29.h. 1842, by sixteen gent-

viz., Guerney, Portland, Victoria, Carleton The order grew with great rapidity and Rechab, Albion, New Brunswick, St. John in 1848 were able to have an organ of their Coldstream and Mariners. These had all own, the Temperance Telegraph, edited by told 1095 members. Christopher Smiler. In a rare copy of the

Pages 9 to 16. PROGRESS.

Quarterly Journal of the order in posses. There are now in this city seven divisions sion of Major A. J. Armstrong appears a as follows : Gurney, No. 5; Albion, No. couple of interesting circulars issued by the 14; Mariners and Mechanics, No. 38 Granite Rock [Carleton], No. 77; Gor-Grand Division. The first one dated Oct. 26th, 1847, states that there were then in don, No. 275; St. George, No. 353; and the province sixteen subordinate divisions Jubilee, No 422. These have a total numbering collectively little short of one membership of probably about 400, St. George, organized nine years ago, being thousand members. "Now when it is remembered" the circular goes on to say, 'he strongest with 140. Besides these "that but nine months have elapsed since | there is in St. John a branch of the junior ithe formation of the first division in the order called the Bind of Loyal' Crusaders province it will appear that the order has and also a District Division. ncreased at the average rate of more than

The following have occupied the offices of grand worthy patriarch and grand scribe since the grand division was estab-

standing in their respective denominations and many lay gentlemen of well known moral worth and considerable note both in the literary and political world, it must certainly force the conviction upon any candid mind that there is a moral excellence in the institution which renders it worthy of the support of all who wish to promote the happiness and prosperity of mankind." The circular, which further sets forth the benefits of a moral, social and pecuniary nature, of the order is signed by the following gent'emen: A. Campbell, G. W. P., St. Stephen Ass Coy, G. W. A., Fredericton, F. H. Todd, G. S., Saint Stephen. H. W. Pitts, Saint John. J. W. Lawrence, Saint John.

1862-63 Rev. James C. Hard. Daniel C. Perkins. 1863-64 John L. Marsh, ir. 1864-65 Oscar D. Wetmore. 1865-66 1866-67 Rev. Geo. D. Huestis. 1867-68 Charles S. Lugrin. Rev. Duncan D. Currie. 186--69 Charles Stevenson, Saint Andrews. 1869-70 William H. A. Keans. 1870-71 James A Harding,

RAISED OVER THE LIMIT.

A DISAPPOINTING POKER GAM ON A RIVER STEAMER.

Circumstances That Made It Impossible to Determine Wether the Captain was Bluffing or Wether he had the man with the Pat Hand Beaten-A River Pilot's Story. 'It was the biggest pct I ever saw on a poker table in the early days of Missouri River steamboatin'," remarked Ben Jewell the retired Missouri River pilot, "an' that is sayin' a good deal, for the game of poker in them days was no penny ante amusement. I have seen a passenger start up the river from S.oux City or Yankton bound for Bismarck with a roll of bills like a city water main and when he reached the middle of his journey he was a-mortgagin' of his good looks and persussive manners for the loan of a little bit of chewin' tobacco or a nip of forty rod; and not because there wasn't plenty of them articles for sale on the boat, neither, but because he had struck a cyclone o' poker and been turned inside out-strapped, sucked, busted, skinned and cleaned up and hung over the pilot wheel to dry. It was a glo:ious game in them days-the great American poker.

'The game was aboard the steamboat Nancy Lee, on her last trip up from Sioux City late in the fall. The Nancy was rotten hulk. anyway. and I didn't want to pilot her no more than I wanted to pilot a sawlog down the Mississippi in a freshet, but it was a case of takin' her up the river or losin' a steady sit with the company, and I couldn't afford to throw up the job. The engineer was a reckless cuss, who filled up the firebox every once in a while full as boy's stomach on Christmas and let her wheeze and throb and slash through the water like an ocean liner. The smoke poured cut of her funnels like mad, and many and many a night I've sit in the pilothouse with my hand on the wheel and held my breath expectin' to be blowed two or three miles into the State of Nebraska or the Territory of Dakota by the bustin' of a boiler. But we had a streak of good luck and the steamer held together till we reached a wood yard a couple of hundred miles up from Sioux City and stopped to take on a supply of fuel. "When we swung out into the stream again it was bright moonlight and I turned the wheel over to the cub and went down into the Captain's cabin. The night was so clear a baby could have managed the wheel, and I wasn't afraid of nothin' but them cussed boilers, an' I couldn't get 'em off my mind. The Captain's cabin was full and the guests were just sittin' down to game of poker. The Capsain was one o nerviest poker fiends I ever saw, and the man who tried to run a bluff in on him was a busted spoke. The game run along sort o' quiet like for an hour or two. There was a cattle buyer from Sioux City in it, a railroad contractor from Yankton, several speculators and the Captain. No big hands had showed up and luck was about an even thing. The trouble started with a jack pot and how it ended I am about to tell you presently. "When the cards was dealt out the Captain skinned 'em along enough to get a squint at his hand, and I saw by his looks that he had openers, and moderate stiff ones, too. But nobody but me could 's told from his face whether he had a full house or the measles. The Captain had a funny way of twitchin' his mustache when he had a good bite, as we used to call it and I just kept watch of his mustache, and I had him. "I guess I'll tap her for about a hundred,' says the Captain, shovin' a stack over into the centre of the table. 'The cattle buyer looked studious for a minute, and figured over his checks sort o' nervous like, as if he wanted to come in, but needed a bracer. Finally he stayed, and the other fellows dropped in with a hundred apiece, and the draw began. The Captain drew one card, and that puzzled 'em. He might 'a' been drawin' to four of a kind, or he might a' had only one pair

hundred. The second min stayed, and the others dropped in with a hundred until it came to the last man, and he followed up his pile of a hundred with four more stacks of the same size. The little fish began to gasp. The Captain chewed his mustache like a member of an Arctic expedition attackin' a rubber boot, and swore softly like to himself. The fellow had puzzled him.

Pages 9 to 16.

"The Captain's nerve never failed him, but the other fellow set there so cuised quiet and serene like that it seemed he didn't have nothin' less than tour aces. Then he had stood pat in the first place, and that was a worryin' matter, too. It was a ticklish situation. The Captain didn't want to run up against a snag, especially so close to the end of the season, with a cold winter ahead of him. The other fellows, I could see in a minute, intended to drop out. The current was too swift for 'em. But the Captain chewed and chewed and chewed until his mustache was ragged as a roustabout's shirt, and still he couldn't make up his mind. And that other cussed icicle set there and whistled like he was at a church strawberry festival or a lawn sociable, and nothin' worried him but the weather.

'Well, it was an excitin' situation. They set there for fifteen minutes, and you could 'aheard pins droppin' at any time. Finally the Captain reached down in his inside pocket and pulled out a long leather pocket book, and started to unfasten the strap about it. Then we locked for a squall, and a considerable one, too. Whenever the Captain went after that pocketbook it meant trouble for the other fellow. There was enough hundred dollar bills in the book to make a thousand even, and the Captain pushed 'em out into the middle of the table and waited. Not a person said a word. The stranger unbuttoned his coat and fished up a pocket book from an inside pocket. It was as full of bills as a legislative session. He pulled out enough to stack up with the Captain's offer, and shoved 'em out in the centre of the table. 'I call you,' he said. "There was five or six thousand dollars on table in the pot, and I tell you it looked to a poor devil like me the rival, of prosperity. If the Captain won he had a stake to keep him a whole season in clover and nary a trip. We all held our breaths. The Captain started to place his hand face up on the table, when-B-r-r-r-r.c-c-oc-m-m-m-m! Talk about the ernption of Vesuvius, or the biggest earthquake that ever quaked ! There was roar, and a crash, and a rattle, like the noises of a hundred cyclones and earthquakes and volcanoes all goin' at once; the air was filled with flying tables, timbers, arms, pieces of iron, ropes, dishes, and a hundred other things, thick clouds of steam and smoke covered everything from sight and it seemed as though the end of the world had sneaked on us and jammed everything on earth all up on a pile, while we was a sittin' there watchin' that poker game. 'I felt myself flyin' through the air like a cherub or something of that sort, sailin' like a bird 'way up out of sight, and finally I came down, splash, in the middle of the muddy Missouri, and the water colder than ice. The strikin' of the cold water was what saved me, for it brought me to my senses, and I had gumption enough to grab a plank that came floatin' down my way alter a few minutes and hang on. In a little while there was a regular shower of splinters, pieces of boards, scraps of rope, and a hundred other things, all fallin' into the water, and floatin' down the river. A heavy cloud of steam and smoke hung over the water where the Nancy Lee had been scootin' along a few minutes before, and the Lord knows where her passengers were for I couldn't see a soul in any direction. 'The Nancy Lee had blowed up in midstream, just as I had feared ever since we left Sioux City, and of the persons on the boat at the time about a dozen turned up afterward. There weren't many passengers and several of the crew was never heard from. The whole business went into the sky, and with it the poker game, the Captain and the fellow who had just called him. And the worst of it was the Captain and the other fellow never turned up, and nobody knows to this day who would have won the pot. A good many who saw the game think the other fellow was bluffin' and that the Captain had him skinned, but I have my doubts. But it was tough that the biggest pot I ever saw, and I believe the biggest single pot ever played in a poker game, should have been blown to smithereens, and nobody know who won it, and what kind of a hand it was won with, and whether the other fellow was bluffin' or

when the following fact is added that among these are a number of clergymen of high | lished half a century ago. GRAND WORTHY PATRIARCES. 1847-48 Aler. Campbell. 1848-49 Ass Coy. 1849-50 Samuel Leonard Tilley. 1850-51 Rev. James Porter. James Johnson. 1851-52 1852-53 Thomas W. Bliss. 1853-54 William R. M. Burtis. 1854-55 Henry E. Seclye. 1855-56 Rev. Charles P. Bliss. 1856-57 James Steadman. Charles A. Everitt. 1857-58 1858-59 Rev. Richard Knight. 1859-60 William Wedderburn. 1860- 1 Stephen K. Foster. 1861-62 Oscar D. Wetmore.

lemen and it grew with such rapidity that in 1844 the establishment of a national division for North America became ne cessary.

In October last the jubilee of the order in New Brunswick was celebrated in this city and the year of the foundation of the fraternity here was worthy of a grand jubilee when one becomes acquainted with the rapid growth of the order here immediately after its establishment. The first divis ion in New Brunswick, probably the first in Canada, was Howard, Nol, organized at St. Stephen on March 8th, 1847. Thus the temperance men of the border town joined hands across the water with their brethern of Frontier D.vision, No. 22, of Calais. Other divisions quickly followed until by September of that year there were eight in the province. It was then decided to organize a grand division, and at the organization every division was represented except Gurney, No. 5, of this city. It is interesting to note that of the members of the order at that time only two are still living and identified with the order. These are Mr. Thos. Veazey, ot St. Stephen, a charter member of Frontier, No 1, and Mr. C. A. Everet, of this city, a member of Gurney. They were both youths then and too young to assist in inaugurating the Grand Division. Mr. Veazey, by the way, is said to have had the longest connection with the order outside of the United States.

21. 7

The Grand Division was organized in the hall of Howard Division No. 1, St Stephen Sept. 16th. 1847, by B:other Alexander Campbell, Deputy Most Worthy Patriarch, who was duly empowered to perform the duty. The following were the delegates present. Alexander Campbell, Howard Division, No. 1 Freeman H. Todd, Asa Coy York William Todd, 778 .. Wilber force James H. Whitlock Charlotte " .. Charles Stevenson, .. Samuel H. Whitlock ... Chatham " John Walker, 16 Richard Seelye Portland .. St. David " Isasc. Garcelon The following officers were then duly elected and installed : Alexander Campbell, G. W. P. Asa Coy, G. W.A. F. H. Tod I, G. Scribe. J. H. Whitlbek, G. T. Charles Stevenson, G. Chaplain. Wm. Todd, G. C. R. Sulye, G. Sentinel. At this session applications were granted for charters for Victoria Division, No. 9,

William Eills, Saint David. Alex. T. Paul, Saint Andrews.

D. V. Roberts, Portlard.

John Waker, Saint George.

H. E. Seely, Saint George.

one hundred members per month; and

The second circular is dated Feb. 2nd. 1848, and makes a strenuous denial of the charge that the order was formed for political or sectarian ends. "As a comple'e rebutation of all statements of this character, "it says," we might simply direct the attention of our readers to the array of names which follow these observations, Examine them and pronounce your verdict-Guilty? or not Guilty? There they stand, Whig and Tory, Churchmin and Dissenter, English, Irish, Scotch and American, in close order, united in one common cause, influenced by one common feeling, advocates of one grand expansive and expanding movement And now could you gather into one united mass the two thousand men who have already enlisted in our ranks in the province of New Brunswick alone, and add to them the two hundred thousand of the United States of America, and then propose the question, and urge them upon their sacred honor as men, to say whether there is not in our principles some concealed political or religious enterprise, that mighty band. with a steady voice, united as the voice of one would utter a decided, trathful emphatic, No".

This interesting document is signed by the following:

A. Campbell, G. W. P., St. Stephen. Asa Coy, G. W. A., Fredericton. F. H. Todd, G. Scribe. St. Stephen J. H. Whitlock, G. T. Wm. Todd, jr., G. C. Portland Rich. Seely, G. Sentinel. C. Stevenson, G. Chap., St. Andrews Jas. S. Beek Frederictor J. Johnson L. A. Wilmot John S. Coy S. D. McPherson Jas. W. Lawrence St. John W. R. M. Burtis P. Leiuer Thos. G. Hatheway Jas. S. Ballentine John R. Marshall A. McL. Seely D. V. Roberts Carleton B.P. Seely Wm Kindred Portland S. L. Tilley S. Dalton Indiantown Alex. T. Paul St. Andrews S. H. Whitlock Jas. Brown St. David T. R. Wetmore Gagetown S. P. Estabrooks Canning Sheffield Isaac Burpes J. S. Taylor R. A. Hay Woodstock T. O. Miles Maugerville W. Watts

1848, showed that there were in the pro-

vince 38 divisions with 2596 members,

of which 10 divisions were in St. John.

1871-72 John Brait. 1872-73 John D. Robertson, 1873-74 Edward McCarthy. 1874-75 Andrew G. Blair. 1875-76 Charles A. Everitt. 1176-77 Alexander A. Sterling. 1877-78 Alexander W. Paterson, 1878-79 Samuel Tufts. 1879-80 Robert Bell. 1880-82 Hon. Ezekiel McLeod. Willis J. Robinson. 1882-83 1883-84 Robert Wills, sr. 1884-85 Hon. George E. Foster. 1885-86 Charles N. Vroom. 1886-87 William C. Antlow. Rev. George M. Campbell. 1887 88 James Watte. 1888-89 Henry J. Thorne. 1889-91 189I-93 Hezekiel A. McKeown. Rev. J. D. Murray. 1893-94 1894-96 Rob'. Maxwell. 1896-J. R. Woodburn GRAND SCRIBES. 1847 48 Freeman H. Todd. James Johnson. 1848-49 1649-50 Alexander Campbell. James S. Beek. 1850-51 1851-65 William H. A. Keans. 1865-76 Wm. W. Dudley. 1978-85 Sydney B. Paterson, 1885-90 David Thomson. 1890-Andrew J. Armstrong GEAND TREASURER. 1847-48 Jas. H. Whitlock. 1848-50 Geo. A. Garrison. 1850-52 Robert Salter. 1852-54 James Gerow. 1855-75 Charles A. Everitt. 1875-76 John Rankin. 1876-77 8. D. McPherson. 1877-78 Daniel McGruar. 1878-81 E. J. Sheldon. 1881-82 Leonard R. Moore. 1882-83 William W. Graham. 1883-84 Herman H. Pitts. 1884-85 David Thomson. 1885- Wm. C. Whittaker.

The supreme head of the order of the world is the national division of North America which takes precedence over the national divisions of England, Australia or any other country. The late Sir Samuel Leonard Tilley had the honor to be Most Worthy Patriarch of the National Division for the term of two years 1854 to 1856. Mr. Oscar D. Wetmore also of this city, was M. W. P. from 1872 to 1874. Mr. R. Alder Temple now of Moncton, but at the time a resident of Nova Scotia, occupied the same supreme post from 1888 to 1890 and Mr. C. A. Everitt was Most Worthy Patriarch from 1892 to 1894. Mr. Everitt was also most worthy Associate in 1884. Mr. W. H. A. Keans of this province, was most Worthy Treasurer for two terms, 1862 to 1866 and Mr. O. D. Wetmore held the same office from 1866 to 1872. Among the M. W. conductors were S. L. Tilley, 1850 to 1852 and S. B. Paterson 1888 to

St. John, and Brunswick Division, No. 10, Fredericton.

At the next session of the Grand Division at St. Andrews on Oct. 26th., 1847, a charter was granted to James S. Ballentine and others to organize Albion Division, No. 14. On Nov. 15th., of that year New Brunswick Division was opened in St. John and on Jan. 1st, 1848, S:. John Division in this city. On Jan. 10th., Frontier Division granted a charter to Union Division. Digby, the pioneer divi-St. John, N. B., and druggists gerally. sion in Nova Scotia.

Fred ricton 1892. The national division has met in St. J. Walker St. George H. E. Seelye The quarterly returns for Sept. 30th,

called.

or two pair, or three of a kind, and drawin' John in biennial session on two occasions. one to fool 'em. The next man drew two. A Proof of Death. and the boys had him sized up in a minute No one disputed the dictum of a Chinese as gettin' ready to bluff on a pair o' queens. physician, called to attend a Celestial, who maybe. The other fellows drew all around had fainted in a store in Portland, Oregon, till the last man, and he said he'd stand when the doctor said, after filling the pros-

pat. There was more trouble. Seein' a trate man's mouth and nose with red paint : hundred dollar openin' and standin' pat Short's Dyspepticure. cures Dyspepsia, Headache, Biliousness, etc. 35cts. and \$1,00. from C. K. Short, 'Him blow paint, him heap dead." The man did'nt blow out the paint and the coroner was was sort o' disturbin' to the others.

The Captain skinned his cards back again, as if to be sure he had what he thought he had, and made a bet of another | had the cards to rake in the long green."