

His Worship Mayor Thorne; reading, Robert Maxwell; address, S. B. Paterson; mouth organ solo, Edward Ward; recitation, Miss Lena Morrisey; address, Rev. R. Wilson.

During the evening refreshments were served by an efficient committee, the lady members including Miss Lizzie Fleming, the W. P. of the division, and the Misses Annie Rankin, Laura Wales and Ada Fleming.

During the evening Mr. Everett read a letter from Rev. Mr. Campbell, G. W. P., regretting his inability to be present.—Sun.

Communications.

Bulmer Division.

Between twenty and thirty members of Intercolonial Division, S of T paid Bulmer Division, Cherryfield, Parish of Moncton, a fraternal visit on Saturday evening. After the initiation of a candidate and the general routine of business was gone through with, a lengthy programme was carried out by the members of Bulmer and Intercolonial and was heartily enjoyed, especially the songs and recitations of Bro. Thos. Richardson of Intercolonial. The members of Intercolonial enjoyed themselves immensely and the time is not far distant when the members of Bulmer Division will pay Intercolonial a visit. After a vote of thanks by Bulmer Division the party broke up, the Moncton contingent arriving home about 23 o'clock. The following was the programme:—

- F. Murray—Reading.
- Miss Anna Warman—Recitation.
- Thos. Richardson—Recitation
- Joseph Bedford—Speech.
- F. Goodere—Music.
- Alvin Murray—Recitation.
- Miss Verna Fawcett—Reading.
- Irving Murray—Reading.
- Thos. Richardson—Character song.
- Miss Keith—Recitation.
- Alex. McNeil—Speech.
- Jennie McWilliams—Recitation.
- C. W. Robinson—Recitation.
- Miss Bennett—Recitation.
- Avard Knight—Recitation.
- Sam Blake—Song.
- F. Goodere—Song.
- Thos. Richardson—Song and comic sermon.
- W. H. Price and W. G. Speer—Speeches.

COLLINA DIVISION 129.

MR EDITOR.—It has been so long since I reported to you, that I scarcely know where to commence. But under the present circumstances, I deem it most prudent to go back and begin, as near, as possible, at the end of my last report.

There have been some important incidents, since then, worthy of notice, which I have been intending to report, when the time would come that I could do so. Among other things we have had some important visitors; first was Bro. Stanley Keirstead, Barrister from St. John. His address on the occasion of his visit, was interesting and instructive to all, and we would be much pleased to have him call again.

We also had a visit from the Grand Scribe Bro. D Thompson. We were pleased to see the good brother, and trust his visit and address were not in vain but will be to our advantage. Also Bro. A J Keirstead and M. Scovil, though members of our Division, their business relations do not permit them to meet with us often, but when they do it seems quite a treat.

But, while we in the past have been able to report a large increase of members, it becomes our sad duty to turn the scale, numbers of our members having left this season for the United States. We feel truly sorry to see so many promising young men and women leave their native land; but when it is that they may improve their circumstances in life we can only wish them success.

The following lines are in remembrance of our Sisters and Brothers who have lately left us, and gone to other parts:

Far from your homes in the land of the stranger  
Must you there wander, in search of employ;  
Why could you not abide with us longer;  
Why not the comforts of sweet home enjoy?

We much regret, that you from us have parted,  
Now when we meet in our hall Thursday night;  
Still we will trust you will ever feel cheerful,  
And remember our motto and dare to do right.

Yes! we believe you will keep the pledge truly,  
Nor seek the false friendship of those who would stray;

But seek the halls where true men do gather  
Under our loved banner, and with them stay.

We oft will think, when we meet at Collina,  
O her brave sons to our cause ever true;

So far away from the home of your childhood,  
Yes! friends and brothers we will still think of you.

Now at your homes when the twilight doth gather,  
Fond ones await your soft tread at the door,  
But, when you come not, with sadness remember,  
You'll not return, for a season or more.

Now, we must bid you adieu for the present;  
While sisters and brothers send greetings to you  
Praying you'll always avoid the fell tempter,  
And to your pledges remain faithful and true.

Our Officers for the present quarter are:

- Daniel Rees, W P ;
- Newton Sharp, W A ;
- Newton Coy, R S ;
- Laura Keirstead, A R S ;
- G W Chamberlain, F S ;
- Iola Northrup, Trea ;
- Hwlett Northrup, Chap ;
- Adam Rutledge, Con ;
- Mrs. Samuel Bunting, A C ;
- Weldon Smith, I S ;
- Peter Rutledge, O S ;
- Arthur Keirstead, P W P .

O. C.  
Collina, Kings County, May 28, '88.

THE HORRORS OF THE LIQUOR TRAFFIC.

THE VOTER'S DUTY IN REGARD TO IT.

BY W. JENNINGS DEMOREST.

There is no oppression or degradation that scourges the people with such terrible and inexorable severity as that which comes from voluntary self-inflicted misery. This is best illustrated in the wretchedness, pauperism and crime that arises from the effects of alcoholic stimulants on either the individual, the home, or the community.

No pen is dipped in ink black enough, no language is strong enough, to adequately depict the awful horrors of drunkenness caused by the liquor traffic which now over-spreads our whole country!

No picture can accurately portray the agony, the woe, the dark, dismal pall of wretchedness that comes over the bloated, bleared and debauched husband and father, once the pride and joy of a loving wife and happy children!

No words can express the keen, mental anguish of a fond mother's heart when she sees her boy, perhaps her most cherished idol, her bright, active and promising boy, just merging into manhood, staggering in a frenzy of intoxication, or perhaps brought home in a condition of beastly insensibility!

How much more resigned a mother's heart would be to see her once noble, promising boy in the cold embrace of death, than to see him in this delirium of drunkenness, knowing that it is only the precursor of a most loathsome lingering death; to know that her beloved boy is in the clutches of a monster vice that will most likely drag him down to a terrible doom! All this horror comes to a mother's mind with a fearful reality. It is her boy, and she must endure the pangs of anguish that only a mother's heart can feel, endure them perhaps for years; and these realities blight her fondest hopes and crush her burdened heart with awful forebodings of what is most certain to follow.

But all the horrors of intemperance are too deep and terrible to be fully appreciated unless some of these personal experiences are brought home to our own hearts and homes; and as there are but few homes in the land that have been entirely free from this terrible scourge, therefore we can make a personal and earnest appeal to every father's and mother's heart, and also to every manly man and sympathetic woman in the community, to combine in a heroic endeavor to crush this monster vice with all the patriotic zeal and determination they can command, knowing that it depends on us as a people to turn aside this avalanche of crime now sweeping over our country. For we know that through the vote we are sovereigns of this whole matter.

We know that our moral sentiment, our influence, and our conscience expressed at the ballot-box will as certainly annihilate the saloon, as that light dissipates the darkness, or the heat dispels the cold; we also know that our apathetic delinquency has put the whole political power of our country into the hands of the liquor dealers, and they have terrorized our legislative assemblies and through fear secured the enact-

ment of laws to suit their purposes. Therefore it remains for us to use our common sense and moral power as political weapons to overthrow this tyranny.

To do this we have only to remember that these legalized dens of perdition, the Saloons, are so many piratical scavengers, seeking their prey with a diabolical greed; that the Saloon is the crowning, crying curse of our land; that the rapacious liquor-fiends are clutching at the hard-earned money of their wretched victims, while in return they deal out to them villainous, acrid poison that arouses a delirium of frenzied exhilaration which is sure to leave them with a strong, clamorous, and insatiable thirst for a continuous supply of the fiery liquid; and to say that alcoholic poison 'biteth like a serpent and stingeth like an adder,' gives only a faint conception of the terrible craving and horrible consequences that follow the use of these poisons in the shape of either beer, whisky, wine or other alcoholic beverages. Therefore let our vote be the most potent and efficient weapon to crush this enemy of our country.

We find in many of our own happy homes so little to justify the conviction that these terrible evils are common, that we often forget that there are so many victims of the liquor traffic in our own community and do not realize that we are responsible for their existence; but we should remember that there are in the City of New York alone over ten thousand and liquor saloons whose daily sales of this poisonous liquid amount to not less than ten dollars each, and that not less than one-fourth of the whole people are now either in the middle or last stages of drunkenness, while many more are following them through the dangerous maelstrom of what they call 'moderation' in the use of this delusive and deadly poison.

We have only to exercise our right at the ballot-box to vote right, and victory will be achieved; and while it can be said in most cases of human endeavor, 'where there's a will there's a way,' it is especially true respecting the destruction of this great curse of the liquor traffic. When the people desire to remove this curse, and so express their political power through their votes, the result will inevitably follow; so that this matter is entirely at our disposal.

The life or death of our country's best interests is in jeopardy and hangs trembling in the balance awaiting our decision; therefore, as voters, what a great and glorious work lies just before us in this Prohibition movement.

How many bleeding hearts, and wretched homes, how many blasted lives and pauperized children are calling in their most earnest and desperate necessity for the kind of relief that our votes can afford them! How earnestly their pitiable condition pleads for our manly sympathies, and a first determination to vote right! Then let the vote we put in the ballot-box express clearly the convictions of an enlightened conscience on this great question.

The greatly enlarged and constantly increasing consumption of alcoholic liquors, and the stupendous array of crime and other statistics relating to the dreadful results of the use of alcohol are indeed appalling; but the examples of drunkenness that are met daily in our intercourse with society have become so common that to some extent our susceptibilities are apathetic, especially as we are so liable to suppose that these terrible consequences will not come to our own homes. We are so apt to flatter ourselves that our boys will be proof against these numerous attractions of the saloon; we can so easily persuade ourselves that our example, our careful and judicious training, will be sufficient safeguards against all these allurements; but we too often forget that these boys of ours are simply human, that they are continually tempted to indulge in these exhilarating beverages, and that we cannot be with them at all times to remind them of the numerous pitfalls and insidious traps that are sent to tempt their ardent natures; so our young men sally forth with a vain and self-confident air of defiance, and the boy that we thought so pure and so strong in his manly pride, is insidiously allured along a flowery path of temptation, and finally drawn into and carried on to his final destruction through this maelstrom of fas-

cinating poison. For it is our boys and very young men more especially who become the ready and willing victims of this vicious traffic.

We forget that these ten thousand saloons in our city are like so many devil-fish, with their grasping suckers day and night continually reaching out to draw in and crush their unsuspecting victims, and also the fact that these saloons exist in such numbers, many of them having an air of respectability, and most of them sanctioned and justified by legal authority; while the glittering array of costly arrangements show what an enormous amount of the hard-earned money of the people is spent, and worse than wasted, for this fiery poison.

It seems so strange that a monster vice of such huge proportions and productive of so much misery, disease and premature death, should find any toleration in an intelligent, civilized society, much less among those who profess to be governed by the higher principles of our Christian religion, which are supposed to command and demand moral purity as its most essential element; and yet we find that this acrid, virulent poison, alcohol, is not only tolerated by a large proportion of church members, and some so-called Christian ministers, and by many distinguished men in the community, but it is cherished as one of the good gifts of a wise and beneficent Creator. This anomalous fact is the greatest contradiction and the most horrible blasphemy imaginable, and the best illustration of the blighting, demoralizing effects of a selfish delusion that has ever been known in history.

But the most awful, insidious, delusive theory adopted by these craven liquor-dealers and their sympathizers, to mislead the people, is the legal sanctioning of this monster crime of selling poison to the people by giving them, for a bribe, a license to make it respectable, and then pretending that in this way it acts as a restriction. Nor is this sanction of a license confined to the liquor dealers alone, as we find this diabolical idea pervading a large proportion of the whole community. The moral world should stand aghast to see in this enlightened age such wicked, such awfully pernicious, subversive to crime and criminal tendencies, in allowing that a tax or a license of the most atrocious evil in the community could be justified or tolerated by a legal sanction.

It is the greatest outrage ever perpetrated on common sense and common honesty to have this villainous traffic sanctioned by an internal revenue filtered through an infernal avenue of bribery, to an eternal and horrible debauchery of the people. No language is too strong, no condemnation too severe to stigmatize this wicked perversion of law, this terrible outrage of the morals and the best interests of the people. The justification and sanction, by a license, of this gorgon of evil, this monster of iniquity, the liquor traffic, is certainly the very acme of moral depravity, and indicates the awful depths of our national degradation.

To protect our homes from the blighting, withering curse of alcohol, to remedy the evils of the liquor traffic and escape the final results of this demoralization and degradation, we ought to be startled into an active and enthusiastic determination to throttle this monster with our votes at the ballot-box, and thus save our Christian institutions and civilization from the vortex of destruction that now threatens to engulf our whole country.—Demorest's Monthly for June.

WOMEN AND TEMPERANCE WORK

An old Quaker lady, in the time of the crusade, went with a young woman into a rum-shop. The saloon-keeper looked at them and said: 'what have you women come up here for? and the old lady of foreshore years looked up and said gently: I will tell thee what I came here for. Thee knows I had five sons and many grandsons; thee knows that here at thy counter more than one of my boys tasted his first glass; thee knows that more than one of them has gone to the drunkard's grave, and one by the suicide's knife; and can't thee let his mother lay her Bible down on thy counter, where her boy took that glass; and read to thee these words of God: 'Woe unto him who putteth the bottle to his neighbor's lips! That is what we have here in America in the rum-shops, something that devastates the places

we care most for, ruins the destinies of those you love best, have borne most for, and would shield with most of tenderness. And we want to say just this: We believe that we can do something about it. I believe that you and I—you, young lady, you young man, you, young child, you, man and woman in middle life, in the strength of your years—have something to do about it. This is one thing we are going to do: we are going to carry the Gospel to the drinking class, the class that is most beyond the pulpit's influence of any class. If we make an advance all along the line, upon a body so numerous, we must call out the reserve force of the Church; and you know two-thirds of the church members are women, and we must call them out; they have had the most in jeopardy; they have suffered the most, and will put forth the most earnest efforts in this work. Then another thing: women, as a class, and the women of the wealthier class and those of the middle class, are not so worn out and tugged out all their lives with care and anxiety as men; they have more leisure. That is something that will bear demonstration.

You and I are learning that not in the acquisition of a language, not in the mastery of a piano key-board, lies the supreme good; but in teaching the tender feet never to stray from the sure path, and in going out to seek him who is 'away in the mountains bleak and bare, away from the tender Shepherd's care.' There it lies more than anywhere else on earth, and we are getting to believe it. Those who have been on tours of philanthropy, these Christian women, are getting more of an idea of making it a business. We have tasted the sweetness of benignant life. The truest, most nutritious food God has given us we find in well-doing. I think about it what a fine thing it is to know a language, and many of us will never know any but our mother tongue, but yet there is none here but can learn and teach the words of life, the language of Canaan. We may not be able to obtain the highest proficiency in mathematics; but you and I can help many a tangled, wicked life into a plain solution. It is a tender thing to be a sculptor and to chisel marble into beautiful shapes and forms, but it is sweeter to mould the clay of a child's character. It is a noble thing to be an architect and build grand cathedrals; but grander far to teach somebody who had not found it out, that the body and the soul were made on purpose to be the temple of the Holy Ghost, in which shall dwell nothing that is not pure and white and clean. It is a grand thing, surely, to be able to trace upon the canvas features of beauty, but ah! to restore the image of God to the face that is really the face that smiles back into your own, to restore there the image of God, which was lost, that is a better office; and to sweep the harps Æolian, to strike the keys that tune with God's purpose in creation, that is a nobler kind of music than any ever learned from Beethoven or Mozart. That is for you, for me, and for every one of us, blessed be God's name.

FRANCES E. WILLARD.

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