

Liquor-selling is the great author and instigator of our criminals—the leader into the dark labyrinths of human wretchedness that can not be fathomed.

Viewed from every standpoint—economic, social and religious—it is the parent of all other crimes. There is no more important question now before the public—none that so closely affects the welfare of mankind and the Christian church.

To the political economist it is a question of the greatest possible importance. Think of it; the country spends yearly in liquor more than half the National debt. More money is spent for intoxicating liquors than it takes to keep the wheels of government in motion. Give us prohibition and all this wealth will be turned into its proper channels. We do not want to see the workman carry his wages on Saturday night and leave it in the hands of the rum-seller, while his children cry for bread, and his wife pawns article after article of her scanty household store; but we want to see him take it home, and throw sunshine where he has cast only shadows before.

We want to make him feel that an honest man is the noblest work of God, and that a sober man is as far above a drunkard as the heavens are above the earth.

Prohibition of the liquor traffic lies at the basis of all our National prosperity, and he is no friend to himself, his religion, or his country, who opposes a movement that seeks to rid the community of the greatest curse of our time.

Shut up the liquor shops and you kill a greater monster than St. George did when he slew the dragon.

Talk about regulating the liquor traffic! You might as well talk about regulating the cholera or the small-pox. You must overthrow it; you must root it out and destroy it forever.

It is an admitted plea that this liquor interest is very formidable. It is, in fact, a powerful Samson in our midst—strong enough to bring down the pillars of this vast Republic if not soon shorn of its locks.

The contest may wage long, fierce and furious, but in the cause of right, and God on our side, we shall triumph in the end.

This is no dreamer's dream; it is a logical conclusion. State after State is wheeling into line. All over the South the cause is progressing. North Carolina, Alabama, Georgia, Mississippi, Tennessee, Kentucky, Texas, are rallying to the support of the cause, and they will not find it a lost cause, either.

There are now more than one hundred prohibition counties in Georgia, and Atlanta has given a grand boom to this prohibition movement.

Immense enthusiasm is excited among the people; prominent men are falling into the ranks, and the colored race, as a general thing, will join in voting Prohibition.

That's the progress the cause is making in the South; that's the progress we want to see it make in the North, the East, the West. We want to see a mighty, resistless tide sweep over this continent until every brewery, every distillery and every dram-shop is engulfed forever.

We want to see the complete overthrow of this monster tyrant that demoralizes the world and outrages all the decencies of life.

We want every man and every woman, every child, to join in our crusade against the monster of iniquity.

Let all rally to the cause of prohibition, for in that alone is there safety.

High or low license will not correct the evil; it only serves to make it respectable, and gives a justification to the rum-seller for his otherwise criminal business. Here's a death-dealing traffic to which you have been giving your approbation, and lending your influence. Stop trying to trim and regulate this deadly upas tree. Don't touch it unless you exterminate it. Take the axe of prohibition and cut it down; root out every particle of it until nothing remains but its hateful memory.

Let the law come in and protect men from themselves. Let it absolutely forbid the sale of intoxicating liquors. Make it impossible for a man to buy liquor to drink. Let law overthrow the disgraceful traffic and not sanction it by a legal indulgence.

Intemperance is not a crime that

the law cannot reach. It can punish a man for getting drunk, if he makes himself obnoxious in the streets; then why should not the law go further and put a stop to all drunkenness?

In prohibition lies the safety of this nation. In prohibition lies the happiness of our homes, the prosperity of our people, the safeguard of our young men, and the welfare of the Christian church. It's a banner worth fighting under; and it is a banner on which is inscribed: "Prohibition our high ambition."

We like to think of the time when this cause shall triumph. What a glorious resurrection for this Nation! What an anthem of praise will resound through the land! Every harp will be turned to joy! Every voice will sing the songs of Prohibition! Every church in the land will raise its anthems in praise for deliverance from this monster evil! We seem to hear the knell of intemperance sounding through all the corridors of time! We see the monster crushed, never to rise again. He can never repair the wrong he has done. He can never heal the hearts he has broken. He can never rebuild the homes he has destroyed, nor call back the souls he has sent wailing into eternity. But with prohibition in State and Nation his power will be over; his rod of iron will be broken! Our votes will be the silent yet strong hand of power to secure the entire prohibition of the monster evil, and a party to enforce it.

And it is only our votes combined for prohibition that can effectually grapple with this gigantic evil—this fearful wrong—and annihilate it.

Is it possible that men in their senses will vote with a party that encourages and is committed to the liquor traffic? Is it possible that fathers will consent to the ruin of their own sons to gratify their own party prejudices? Look! See your boy as he turns into those death-dealing places—the liquor saloon—on his way from work. See him as he turns in again at night. See him as he turns out again at midnight, stupefied, dazed, maddened, ready for any crime, eager for violence, and perhaps, before the sun rises, bearing the mark of Cain on his brow. You stand within the shadow of the gallows and you shudder as you hear his last words, "Liquor brought me here." What matters your cry of anguish "My son! My son! Would to God I could have died for you!"

You helped to bring him there. You voted to keep the places open where he could bring his fearful doom upon himself. You were a consenting party. You were one of the signers of his death warrant.

Are these youths who crowd the liquor saloons in a fair way to become honest, upright, useful, patriotic citizens? Are they in a fair way to become honored heads of a household or good Christians?

Are these liquor-saturated young men—these youthful dram-drinkers—fit to be the husbands of virtuous young women? Said a father: "I would see my girls six feet under ground rather than married to drunkards." What father does not echo that sentiment?

The liquor-sellers are responsible for nearly all the crime and wretchedness that flows like a stream of burning lava over the land; the saloons graduate wife-beaters, thieves, murderers. Yet you vote to keep them open. You oppose the men who would close them. Was there ever such madness as this? Where is our boasting chivalrous patriotism, or our high-toned manliness, or Christian sympathy?

We have suffered and indulged this fearful scourge long enough, God knows, and with His help we will try and rid ourselves of it by every effort we can make. Let every man who has one spark of humanity in his breast join us in the cry: "Down with this infamous liquor traffic." Come! Come, and help us to wage this war. Help us to crush this monster of evil. "They who would be free themselves must strike the blow," and we call on all the good and conscientious men and women of our land to join with us to strike a blow that will reverberate from Main to California—a blow that will rid our country of a monstrous demon that now curses every department of our social, political, and Christian civilization; a blow that

will make us in reality a free, and prospering, and happy people.

Then shall we sing with hearts overflowing with gratitude: "Praise God from whom all blessings flow." *W. Jennings Demorest.*

**The Curse of Alcohol.**

We have an epidemic of moral malaria in New York, cried the Rev. S. Wright Butler from the pulpit of St. Paul's Evangelical Church the other night. Crime is on the increase. The people show in their moral condition the same symptoms that mark the physical victim of malaria. They are poisoned in their consciences. There is a torpidity in noble endeavor, an unhealthy mental despondency, social unrest and morbid tendencies on all sides.

But where are the centres of this poison, the breeders of this pestilence? What is the cause? Is it the overhanging shadow of war that has made the young manhood of Germany melancholy? No. Is it combined capital crushing the spirits of the working-men? Partly. Is it the abnormal literature of novel and drama, that is as false to life as the wind of the sirocco is to the rose of Sharon? Partly.

But more than any other cause, more than all other causes, ten thousandfold greater and more damnable in their baleful influences are the 12,000 anti-prosperity societies that squat like poisonous toads along the 360 miles of our society—ninety-five of them to every mile. See how these blasting, blighting saloons are crowded into the blocks where dwellings are crowded. We know that the vast bulk of all crimes are committed by the satellites that revolve around the groggeries. There are 12,000 centers of rottenness, centers and spores of disease, exhaling their foulness upon the air we breathe. The brewery's baleful smoke darkens the sky. The rattle of the mighty wagons filled with kegs is the first sound heard in the streets in the morning and the last at night. Mothers who hear the sound of these chariots know that there is more mercy in the wheels of Juggernaut; know that their children must be crushed. And they think sometimes it would be better to kill the little boy while yet he is pure.

Great God, think of these groggeries! Here are twelve thousand vampires sitting on the breasts of New York's bread winners; twelve thousand minotaurs that feed upon the blood of our maidens, twelve thousand sinkholes of pitch and bitumen like those on the plains with flowers to their very edge, but from which the horseman never returns. And to know that \$90,000,000 must be raised to pay tribute to the Moloch that rules with the sceptre of death along the streets of our city. Thank God, I don't pay a dime of it. It is drawn from the parlors of the poor, and want and crime must result.

It is this, after all, that breeds moral malaria among us. These people without it would not be criminals. The disease is not in them—they breathe it from their surroundings. You must remove the disease or remove the patient. There is no room for moral health in New York so long as twelve thousand and garbage heaps fester along our high-ways under the sun of our intense city life. Every man's nerves are strained and his mind is on a tension. He cannot drop a stimulant when once he has taken it up. The malaria has taken hold, and as he keeps on breathing his soul is poisoned and polluted. I've seen young girls, with pails on their arms, push their way into these dens of foul smells and mephitic vapours—push their way past men—ghoulish, gibbering, leering men half inebriated. Those fair girls never came out again as pure as they went in. They saw the accursed interior—they saw man in his bestiality—they took a long, deep breath of contagion.

What shall we do to save our people from the awful pestilence, this moral contagion? In California and Algiers malaria was destroying the population. What did they do? They planted the eucalyptus tree and it conquered the malaria—it became the tree of life. Let us plant the eucalyptus tree that grows by the margin of the river of life, the eucalyptus tree of Christ. You can't get it to take root in the saloon. You may carry the Gospel to the Zulus and touch the heart of the

savage, but hope leaves you at the door of the saloon.

Ex-Senator Windom, in a Fourth-of-July temperance address at New York, said: "Considered merely from the plane of political economy, there is no one subject now before the American people at all comparable in gravity and importance with this one. The liquor men claim to have one billion dollars invested in the business of making and selling in this country, and they have at least 500,000 direct employees. It is estimated upon the best attainable authority that this tyrant's revels cost annually more than \$700,000,000, that 500,000 victims, rendered worse than useless, are staggering along in his triumphal procession to dishonored graves, and that his army of immediate retainers—the makers and venders of liquid fire—numbers 500,000 more. Estimating that this million of makers, venders, and victims, if engaged in some legitimate business, could have earned \$1.50 per day, we have a loss in productive power of \$450,000,000 per annum, which, added to the \$750,000,000 wasted for strong drinks, makes a total of \$1,200,000,000. Add to this, taxation, estimated at \$100,000,000, for the support of jails, criminal prosecutions, penitentiaries, almshouses, pauperism, and all the unnumbered burdens imposed upon the country by this tyrant, and you have \$1,350,000,000 as the annual cost of his reign."

**Pointers.**

The Governor-elect of Rhode Island, pledges himself in advance, to the enforcement of the prohibitory law in that State.

The Ohio Senate has passed a bill prohibiting the sale of cigarettes, cigars, and tobacco to any person under 16 years of age.

Of 600 cases of inebriety in the Kings County (N. Y.) Inebriate Asylum, 458 became inebriates from going with drinking men and indulging in the habit of treating.

Dr. Lyons Beecher once said; "Should a foreign army land upon our shores to levy such a tax upon us as intemperance levies, no mortal power could resist the tide of swelling indignation that would overwhelm it."

The District Court at Wichita, Kansas, recently sentenced Joseph Rode, a whiskey vender, to jail for two years and two months for selling twenty-six glasses of beer, and to pay a fine of \$2,600. One would judge by this that it is a crime to sell beer in Kansas, and the inference is almost irresistible that prohibition prohibits. — *Western Good Templar.*

Except thou desire to hasten thine end, take this for a general rule—that thou never add any artificial heat to thy body by wine or spice, until thou find that Time hath abated thy natural heat; and the sooner thou beginnest to help Nature, the sooner she will forsake thee, and leave thee to trust altogether to Art.

The N Y Christian Inquirer says: "There is danger in the present season of excited debate and legislation, concerning the liquor traffic in its political economic aspects, that the old-fashioned sort of temperance work, which consisted in efforts to reclaim the inebriate and increase the number of total abstainers, will fall into neglect. While so many are engaged in an attempt to kill the mad dog, how few are engaged in prayer and labor in behalf of those whom he has already bitten, or is trying to bite! Suppose each Christian should make the inculcation of temperance sentiment in the mind of some young person the object to which he would prayerfully devote himself as opportunity offered, how much, in a lifetime of such labor, would he contribute toward the destruction of the traffic?"

**Grand Division, S. of T.**

THE Semi-Annual session of the GRAND DIVISION, SONS OF TEMPERANCE, of New Brunswick, will be held in

CARLETON, ST. JOHN,

—on—

**TUESDAY, MAY 8th.**

Representatives travelling on the Intercolonial and Grand Southern Railways will receive certificates from the Grand Scribe which will enable them to return free of charge. Excursion tickets will be issued at all stations on the New Brunswick Railway at one fare. All tickets good to return up to, and on Saturday, 12th.

D. THOMSON, Grand Scribe.



**MAIL CONTRACT.**

SEALED TENDERS, addressed to the Postmaster General will be received at Ottawa until noon, on 4th May, for the conveyance of Her Majesty's Mails, on a proposed Contract for four years, three times per week each way, between FREDERICTON and NEWCASTLE from the 1st July next.

The conveyance to be made in a suitable vehicle drawn by one or more horses.

THE MAILS to leave FREDERICTON on Monday, Wednesday and Friday of each week at 8 o'clock A. M. reaching Doaktown at 8 o'clock P. M. on the same days. Leaving Doaktown on Tuesdays Thursdays and Saturdays at 6 o'clock A. M. reaching Newcastle at 3 o'clock P. M. same days. To leave Newcastle on Monday, Wednesday and Friday of each week at 9 o'clock A. M., reaching Doaktown at 6 o'clock P. M. on same days. Leaving Doaktown on Tuesday Thursdays and Saturdays at 6 o'clock A. M., reaching Fredericton at 6 o'clock P. M. on the same days.

Printed notices containing further information as to conditions of proposed contract may be seen and blank forms of Tender may be obtained at the Post Offices of Fredericton, Boiestown, Doaktown, Millerton and Newcastle and at this office.

S. J. KING, Post Office Inspector.

Post Office Inspector's Office, }  
St. John 23rd March 1888. }

**TEMPERANCE LITERATURE**

Dialogue Books, Recitations, Singing Books,

Music, Readers, &c.,

AT ALL PRICES, AT

**HALL'S BOOK STORE FREDERICTON.**

School Books, Stationery, Classics Poetry and everything in the Book and Stationery line forwarded by mail to any part of the Province.

Prices and Price Lists sent application.

**M. S. HALL,**

Bookseller and Stationer, Fredericton

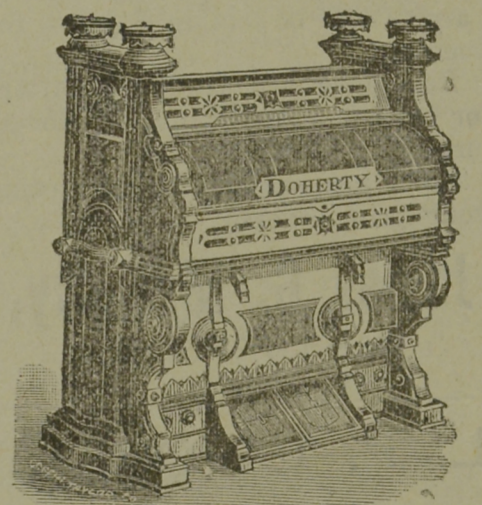
**Official S. of T. Badge.**



In Gold, Rolled Plate, Enamelled 50cts & \$1. each. Also rolled Plate not enamelled 25 cts. each.

Good Templars Badges and Emblems at same prices as above. All society emblems at half store prices. Agents wanted.

C. E. STREETER & Co. Attleboro, Mass, U. S. Manufacturers.



We beg to call the attention of intending purchasers to the

**UNEQUALLED QUALITIES**

**DOHERTY ORGAN,**

As the following testimonial will show. MESSRS. THOMPSON & CO.

Gentlemen:—After a thorough examination of several organs manufactured by Messrs. Doherty & Co., for which you are the General Agent, I have much pleasure in stating that the result has been most satisfactory. The tone is good and the touch faultless, and I have no hesitation in saying that they are deserving of the high reputation they have already attained.

FRANCIS C. D. BRISTOWE, Organist Christ Church Cathedral, Fredericton (late of H. M. Chapels, Royal, London, England). Fredericton, N. B., Aug. 1887.

**THOMPSON & CO**

GENERAL AGENTS, FREDERICTON, N. B.

We are the sole agents for the celebrated HEINTZMAN piano