

forwarded to her in order that her son, in the coming years when he should grow up to manhood might have them as a souvenir of the regard and esteem in which his father was held by the friends of temperance on both sides of the Atlantic:

BOSTON, Oct. 10th, 1887.

To the Members of the Order:

JOHN B. FINCH is dead! One of the foremost leaders of the temperance reformation on the continent has passed from earth. To-day our sister organization, the Independent Order of Good Templars, mourns the loss of its Right Worthy Grand Templar. Brother Finch was stricken down at a moment's notice, on the evening of October 3rd, after he had delivered one of his most powerful lectures in behalf of our cause, and to-day thousands of homes on both sides of the Atlantic are in mourning for the loss of the man who had done so much to relieve them from the curse of alcoholic drink. Bro. Finch was a member of our Order, holding membership in Massachusetts Division, No. 71, in the city of Boston, the same Division with which the M. W. P. is connected. It is fitting that due recognition should be taken of his loss, not only on account of his membership in our Order, not only on account of his leadership in the Independent Order of Good Templars, but also on account of the pre-eminence he held among total abstinence leaders. He has left his impression upon the minds and upon the legislation of our generations. One of our bravest and best has gone to his reward. We shall miss his warm grasp, his kindly smile, and his encouraging word, in our work in the future. His memory remains to cheer and enliven us in our labor for the right. Let us remember the dear dead brother, and testify our regard for his work and his worth, by the earnestness with which we try to discharge the duties of life. Over his grave we can erect no fitter memorial than the tear which comes from the eye, the thought from the heart, and the labor of the voice and hand, in this great work of saving men from the curse of intemperance. His words will remain with us as an incentive for higher duties and stronger devotion, and we can hope that sometime in God's good future, if we but do our duty aright, we shall be privileged again to meet and greet him in the "world beyond" in the "great hereafter" where our Father has promised that the faithful shall meet "to drink of the water of life." In token of our respect it is directed that the circular be read in every Division of our Order upon receipt, and it is also further requested that such fitting action shall be taken as may be deemed most appropriate by each Division interested.

Yours Fraternaly,
EUGENE H. CLAPP,
M. W. P.

(Concluded in our next.)
Who Need Licenses?

Do our pastors need licensed saloons to aid them in their work?
Will they aid the high and grammar school teachers?
Do the school committee deem them a good means of educating the young?
Are they fit places for our youth and young men?
Will they increase the value of real estate, even of that where they are located?
Does the laboring man need such a place of deposit for his hard-earned and scanty wages?
Do the tried and tempted ones need the licensed saloon as a perpetual test of their power to resist temptation?
Do the wives and children of the unfortunate drunkard need it to make their lives happier?
Does the victim of appetite need a legalized place at which to gratify this insane thirst?
Does the occasional drinker, who has any self respect, need any one of the places ever licensed in town?
Do those who are leaders in society the men of wealth and influence, need the licensed saloons and the bar-rooms?
Will they lead the men who are licensed to sell, to purer lives, to more noble impulses, to more generous and charitable actions?
Has anybody a right to grant a license to one man to injure others by wholesale.—*Catholic Temperance Advocate.*

Communications.

Kingsclear Division, No. 315.

Our Division has been holding its meetings quite regularly of late and we are if anything gaining ground; three new recruits having joined our ranks during the last term. The officers for the present quarter are as follows:—
Minnie Kilburn, W P J;
John Mills, W A;
B W Fox, R S;
Isaac Kilburn, jr., A R S;
Mary Patterson, F S;
Mrs. Isaac Kilburn, Trea;
Isaac Kilburn, Chap;
Jennie Poore, Con;
Mina Patterson, A Con;
Eliza Kilburn, I S;
Jonathan Simms, O S;
Henry Forsey, P W P.
Yours in L, P and Fidelity,
O. C.

Kingsclear, July 16th, 1888.

Howard Division.

Old Howard is still moving onward. We have one or more names added to our list of membership nearly every evening. Notwithstanding the warm weather the attendance is good. Our hall was well filled last Friday evening invitations having been sent to Wilberforce, Brunswick and Star in the East Division to attend the last meeting of "Howard" previous to the departure of G W P Campbell, who we sincerely regret is about to leave us. After the business had been gone through and we had proceeded to the "Good of the Order," the G W P was presented with a certificate of life membership and an address, to which he feelingly and eloquently replied, thanking the members for the honor they had conferred on him.

The following are the officers for the present quarter:—
W E Smith, W P;
Eve:ett Lyle, W A;
Kitty Mackee, R S;
C N Vroom, A R S;
Henry Webber, Trea;
W H Stevens, F S;
S Webber, Chap;
Ed Phealan, Con;
Alice Gregory, A Con
H Connick, I S;
T R Mitchell, O S;
Hugh Stevenson, P W P.
I remain yours,
In L, P and F,
O. C.
St. Stephen, N B, July 16, 1888.

Gibson Division.

MR. EDITOR,—I send you a list of our officers for the present quarter. We are a little late in our election but we have got it over at last. We congratulate ourselves on the fact that we are ahead of some Divisions that are taking a rest at this season of the year. We are trying hard not to rest. It is not often that a person has to try hard not to take a rest but it is the case with us. We intend holding our meetings right along through the summer and will come through the trying season all right no doubt. Such times of trial weed out the poor and less energetic members and strengthen the members who stand by their post all through the fight. It is with much sorrow that I hear that one of our members, a recent addition to our numbers, has fallen. We expected to do him good and to be able to keep him. It only makes us more determined to go on and fight the rum traffic down. We have decency at any rate on our side and we can go on confident that we are in the right. Rum selling is such a low, disgraceful business that no gentleman will engage in it, so we need not be afraid of treading on any gentleman's corns, no matter what we do. We understand that a member of Lansdowne Division has been requested to prepare a report of the standing of the Order of the Sons of Temperance in York County. I have been asked to give a report of Gibson Division and will do so; but it must be borne in mind that at the present the Order is at a lower ebb than at any other time in the year. A report that a Division is running at all amid the other attractions of this time here in Fredericton and vicinity, would be a good report. A Division that stands now, will stand all the year round. We will try and send encouraging reports from Gibson Division at least. It is hard to dampen our spirits and it does not take much to make us jubilant. Our hall is not packed

every night of meeting by any means, yet we don't feel discouraged. Below find a list of officers:—

- Bro F W Burpee, W P;
- Sister Burpee, W A;
- Bro B D Branscombe, R S.
- Sister Nellie Hoben, A R S;
- Bro Geo Kyle, F S;
- " John Martin, Trea;
- " H Hamilton, Chap;
- " Thomas Simmons, Con;
- Sister Maud Ferguson, A Con;
- " Nellie Simmons, I S;
- " Edith Porter, O S;
- Bro E S Barker, P W P.

O. C.

A Disgusting Business

One of results of the growing Temperance sentiment is a feeling of aversion towards the liquor traffic and the people who are engaged in it. Whisky is becoming more and more disreputable. A distillery is becoming detestible in the eyes of many of the citizens. Liquor stores are looked upon as a disgrace to the communities that have to endure them. Thousands of people pass saloons which were once thought as inoffensive places, at least as necessary ones, filled with feelings of disgust, and probably cursing them in their hearts as dens of vice and infamy. As for the men who keep them up, they are regarded as despicable, not solely because of the evil they have done, but because it is assumed that people who will devote themselves to such a work are without good character, and are willing to be known as representatives of that which is degrading and disgraceful. No one looks at the list of applications made in the city for license to sell liquor, without feeling that it represented an unmistakable amount of villainess. The fact of the asking, together with the falsehood and moral sottishness that accompanied it, made a disgusting picture with no aid of comic art to set it forth.

It will not only be a great blessing to society to break up the saloons, but a benefit to the thousands of men who carry them on. The most of them, of course have no self-respect, and are, therefore, not unhappy in their bestializing employment, but there must be some whose consciences, what there is of them, revolt against their practices. But they are in the business and can not, as they believe, get out of it. Bread is depended on their industry, in the one calling that is open to them. When the whole accurate traffic is broken up and public sentiment refuses it toleration, these men will be driven off to other pursuits, and will thus be saved from the influence that is brutalizing them. As for those who use it for the love of it, or for the love of money and power, without thinking of its wickedness, they will be no less helped than the others. The fact that it will be against their wills, will not prevent it being a blessing.—*United Presbyterian.*

A Liquor Maker's Confession.

A manufacturer of liquors with an experience of twenty years has declared in New York that a man has about as good a chance of being struck by lightning as he has to be served with a pure brandy in that city. Rectified whisky, he says, can be used as a base of an imitation of any style of brandy. And here are some more of his confessions which are not altogether revelations since the same or similar statements have been made and published repeatedly. They have importance, however, which justifies their publication again and again. The liquor manufacturer says:
"We make champagne which you buy for the genuine article. It costs to manufacture \$4 a basket. We sell it for \$10 to dealers. We make the stuff and put it into our own baskets; make a facsimile label of the genuine article; Spanish corks for the bottles and French straw and baskets to pack them in. When we want to imitate a genuine imported wine we buy a barrel of it. We put them through a steaming process and then they come out old and musty and worn just like the genuine importation. Thirty-two deadly poisons are used in the manufacture of wine. Not one gallon in fifty sold here ever saw France. We send thousands of gallons of whiskey to France to have them come back something else. Of all the poisonous liquors in the world Bourbon whiskey is the deadliest.

Strychnine is only one of the poisons in it. A certain oil is used in its manufacture eight drops of which will kill a cat in eight minutes and a dog in nine minutes. The most temperate men in New York are the wholesale dealers. They dare not drink the stuff they sell."

Rev. David Gregg recently delivered a sermon of great vigor on "A Weak Brother." In showing how Christians should surrender things that will injure a weak brother, he made a strong temperance point. He said: "If I should indulge in the social glass, say at a wedding or at a company given in my home, I by that act give the force of my character and example to wine drinking. There are young men who have been brought up, to believe that total abstinence is the duty which God has laid upon his minister. They could not drink a glass of wine socially without searing their conscience by that act. Yet by my wine drinking, be it right or wrong in itself, I am tempting them to violate the dictates of their own conscience. I am doing all that is in my power to lead them to do that which they feel to be a sin. I am tempting them to do that which is ruining young men by the thousands. If their opposition to wine drinking were a whim or a matter of taste, I would be free to drink or not to drink, in the exercise of my liberty; but since wine drinking exposes them to danger, I am bound by the law of love to abstain totally from social drinking in all its forms. There are men to-day who say that the only ground upon which temperance people can base the doctrine and practice of total abstinence is the ground of Christian forbearance and love. Granted, but this is all the foundation we temperance people want or need. This obligation is enough. It binds us with all the power that is in the nature of God. Everything that is God-like is obligatory; that which is un-God-like is prohibited to all the people of God."

The Treating Habit.

Is it not outrageous, is it not idiotic, and is it not sinful the way some people will coax, coerce and compel their friends to drink with them when neither party needs nor wishes to drink? And don't you think something should be done about it? You may probably say: "A man should not be coerced or forced to do anything that he does not wish to do, he should pleasantly, but firmly refuse." That is good advice, and those who are wise and strong of will may profit by it; but, you must remember that the majority of men are neither wise nor strongly willed. This thing of offering intoxicants has become recognized as a tangible evidence of friendship and of hospitality, and many dislike to decline the proffered kindness, fearing to give offence, for there be fools, and many of them too, who do take offence when such offers of hospitality are refused.

Queer, isn't it, that smart men of business, intelligent professional men, and those who are credited with being shrewd and wise in most things, are idiotic, aye, criminally assinine in this matter.

Treating is a national vice, and an evil that seems to be growing daily.

The Crime of Intemperance.

Bishop Ireland, in a late address upon the evils of intemperance in the United States and the influence of saloons thereon, and of alcoholic drinking as a present curse of mankind, eloquently anathematized the evil, wherein he said, alcohol, demon-like in cunning and malicious intent, courts admission to the mouth amid smiles and promises. The craving for alcohol, begotten of alcohol, even waxes stronger, and the moment comes when it is a wild passion. It commands and obtains the most fearful sacrifice. In slavery to it woman forgets her honor and the husband pawns the cot of his dying wife. Old age at its bidding puts on the garment of idiocy and closes its earthly journey in disgrace and sin. Intelligence will word off its arrows and piety does not withstand the fury of its breath. By it the sacred home is made desolate. The poisonous breath of alcohol passing over it; it is the passage of death. The drunkard's soul exhales hatred and sin, and the hearts of wife and mother break in anguish. Infancy

is joyless; the atmosphere of shame and crime leavens the whole nature of sons and daughters. The drunkenness of an employe endangers a whole industry. Crime stalks forth suggested and emboldened by drink. Drunkenness is a heinous sin, which unrepented of, forbids the doors of paradise to open.—*Prairie Farmer.*

Here is Dr. Talmage's answer to the saying, "Half a loaf is better than no bread," which so many temperance people are fond of quoting in favor of high license: "Here is a bridge over a roaring stream. A freshet in the night time sweeps away half the railroad bridge. The first half of the bridge stands solidly. It is half past eleven o'clock at night, and the express train is coming. The watchman stands there with a lantern. He sees the bridge sound at that end and he waves his lantern. All is well, and at forty miles an hour the midnight train sweeps on, and having passed the first half of the bridge—crash, crash, crash, crash! two hundred souls gone into eternity! Better have no bridge at all, then the watchman would have swung his lantern of warning."

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