

THE WEST-SIDE REVIEW.

SEMI-MONTHLY.

This Journal is devoted to Literature, the Home Circle, and Temperance, and is published in St. John, and issued on the 1st and 15th of every month.

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W. J. EWING. Editor.

ST. JOHN, N. B., MAY 1, 1879.

The Issuing of Licenses.

The time for issuing the annual license for the sale of liquors in the City has arrived, and is a question that merits the forethought of the new Mayor and Commonality. There are so many flaws and "hitches" in the law regulating the sale of intoxicating liquors in this jurisdiction, that we must confess our ignorance of its exact bearing on the traffic. But we think one of its provisions is that the right shall be reserved for the Mayor to grant or refuse licenses at discretion. Another is that it shall be optional with him, whether the tavern shall be blessed with only one means of entrance or more. The separation of groceries from liquors is also another matter which we understand is left for him to exercise his judgment on. Thus it will be seen, that a grave responsibility rests on the Mayor in the regulation of this business, and it is to be earnestly hoped that he will consider it well, and use the prerogative vested in him by virtue of his office in the interests of the public.

Temperance Sentiment in New Brunswick.

Scarcely a day passes of late that does not bring with it fresh proof of the extreme views entertained by the populace of our Province with reference to the question of Temperance versus Intemperance.

By many it has been thought all these years back, that because the masses as a body did not rise up as one man and sweep the rum traffic away, utterly and forever the traffic had become thoroughly rooted and grounded, and no amount of energy, zeal or force on the part of total abstainers would avail one vote in removing it from our midst.

Late revelations abundantly prove this to be a mistaken idea. The fact is that while the chief promoters and leaders of the temperance movement have all along been engaged too devoutly quibbling with their rural organizations about supremacy, constitution, or some other trifling matters concerning the internal economy of Society affairs,—in many cases exhibiting themselves to the public in the role of buying stock, or eye-sores, and thereby working dead against their own intentions and efforts—the liquor blight has been doing its deadly work in every community, slaying its thousands and making miserable its tens of thousands, but at the same time convincing its manifold suffers that nothing short of the complete extermination of the scourge would bring about any real reform in this direction, coupled, no doubt with the silent inward resolution that when men mighty, intelligent, and courageous enough to compile and place within the manipulation of the common people, a law that that would, in some degree at least, aim at its annihilation they would be only too eager to lend hand and heart in bringing about its adoption.

The Government of Canada have recently legislated to each County within its dominions the right to decide, by the use of the ballot, aided substantially by very comprehensive and definite regulations governing the same, whether or not it shall prohibit the sale of intoxicating liquor within its precincts.

Already it has been submitted to the electors of several jurisdictions in Canada for their approval or rejection, and in every case the result has been most gratifying to every well-wisher of this "Canada of ours" and in an equal degree, crushing the defenders and friends of the opposite side.

In New Brunswick—especially where three Counties have, within the past few months introduced and carried it with an overwhelming majorities, the temperance sentiment seems to pervade the entire people, intellectually considered, to so great an extent that one would imagine that a wave had rolled over the Province, moving and affecting every inhabitant.

Let us hope that as each of these nails in the coffin of King Alcohol is driven home it will be thoroughly clinched, and let the clinking sound of the hammer continue to be heard until the last one is driven and riveted, and New Brunswick will at no very distant day turn out en masse to witness the dethroned Monarch carted out and buried deep down beneath the sands at low-water-mark where the tide will ebb and flow over his dishonored carcase twice every twenty-four hours.

Supplemental.

With this issue we send out to our readers a Supplement containing ten columns of interesting reading matter which, we hope, will be sufficient apology for the lateness of this number.

Local Prohibition.

On Wednesday last an end was made for three years at least, of the sale of liquors in Fredericton the capital city of New Brunswick, where an order by the will of a large majority of the people, the "Canada Temperance Act" as it is called, came into vogue. We are satisfied that the influence for good that will result from this action will be so clearly demonstrated within the time designated that the inhabitants of the Celestial city will spurn to return to worship before the shrine of Bacchus.

WHO?

Who is there, that, traversing our streets on the Sabbath day, cannot hear the clash of glasses and the suppressed muttering of voices issuing from within our liquor saloons, clearly pointing to the fact that in a hundred places in our city the laws of the land are being boldly defied and violated? Of a truth, not one, save our unwary policemen.

More Victories.

Since the last issue of our Paper, the city of Charlottetown, Prince Edward Island, together with the counties of Albert and Carleton, in New Brunswick have each carried the Permissive Bill at the polls by large majorities. Right will prevail.

How Bar-Room Liquors are made.

There may be seen daily in Philadelphia, a man dressed in faultless apparel, with a great diamond on his breast, vainly endeavouring to out-glitter the magnificent solitaire on his finger. In a German university he learned chemistry, and not even Liebig knew it better. His occupation is the mixing and adulteration of liquors. Give him a dozen casks of deodorized alcohol, and the next day each of them will represent the name of a genuine wine or popular spirit. He enters a wholesale drug store bearing a large basket upon his arm. Five pounds of Iceland moss are first weighed out to him. To raw liquors this imparts a degree of smoothness and oleaginousness that gives to imitation brandy the glibness of that which is most matured. An astringent called catechu, that would almost close the mouth of a glass instead, is next in order. A couple of ounces of strychnine, next called for, are quickly conveyed to his vest-pocket, and a pound of white vitriol is as silently placed in the bottom of the basket. The oil of cognac, the sulphuric acid, and other articles that give fire and body to liquid poisons, are always kept in the store. The mixer buys these from various quarters. They are staples of the art.

Our Societies.

No. 5. BY S. T.

Self-importance is quite a noticeable evil in our societies, and much unpleasantness that might be avoided arises directly from it. None of us are entirely free from this evil, but it shines out more prominently in some, than there is, absolutely, any necessity for. Self-importance, we do not put down as a vice in all persons. It is a natural element in human nature, although it shows a weakness; but it becomes so only when it crops out in superabundance, when a man realizes the propensity, and unmistakably manifests that he considers other men as in possessions of no importance whatever. When that is the case the possessor becomes a small nuisance. Such men see no worth in anybody—they alone possess all virtues. Nothing is well done or rightly done unless they are at the head and tail of it, no matter how really unfit they may be for the performance of any undertaking, even the most insignificant. They will oppose a promising great scheme, unless they are amid the head and front of it, or unless they have been consulted about the affair, and asked for advice. Through the pompous conduct of self-important personages has many a scheme of undoubted excellence, and of promising success, been gaged in its infancy.

Every sensible member should be ever on his guard—should look upon every affair with an even eye, and give it an unbiased consideration, and thus at all times checkmate the embodiments of superabundant importance. This is about the only way to cure such men of their vanity.

There is another failing which is very near akin to this, so much so that I cannot avoid giving it a dash; indeed it is even a much worse propensity, in fact a most contemptible trait in a man's character. This vice, for such we may justly call it, is envy. The envious; we are at a loss for half a dozen words to sum them up in and do them ample justice.

If this class of thistles note an earnest, energetic member, by means of his deep interest in the cause, and devotion to the great duty before us, and the consummation of our great arising to a position of distinction in the field, or a high place in the good opinion of his fellow workers, they make desperate efforts to lay hold of his coat tails, (if he has any), and tug away to retard his further advance, and if possible to draw him down to their own mean level. You have all seen such men.

You have beheld them in every branch of your orders, and you know what injury has been the consequence; and you know how difficult it is, and how long it takes to counteract the evil which such men have done, who have been permitted to have it all their own way, in the higher branches of our orders.

You have also known these men to introduce questions apparently beneficial, but which were only intended to create prejudice against good men, that they might draw the majority of members down to their own mean standard, especially those who are blind enough to be led by equally blind leaders, and thus destroy the power and influence of really able men,—men who would not dream of taking a step in any direction, without consulting the feelings and ascertaining the views of as many as possible.

It would be difficult to find a more despicable specimen of humanity in the shape of respectability than the thoroughly envious.

Envy is almost the only vice which is practicable at all times and in every place; the only passions which can never lie quite for want of irritation; its effects, therefore, are everywhere discoverable, and its attempts always to be dreaded.

It is impossible to mention a name, which any advantage distinction has made eminent but some latent animosity will burst out. The wealthy trader, however he may abstract himself from public affairs, will never want those who hint with Shillock, that ships are but boards, and that no man can properly be termed rich whose fortune is at the mercy of the winds. The beauty, adorned only with the unambitious graces of innocence and modesty, provokes whenever she appears, a thousand murmurs of detraction and whispers of suspicion. The genius, even when he endeavours to entertain with pleasing images of nature, or instruct by uncontested principles of science yet suffers persecution from ennumerable critics, whose acrimony is excited, merely by pain of seeing others pleased—of hearing applauses which another enjoys.

When he who has given no provocation to notice, but by attempting to excel in some useful art, finds himself pursued by by multitudes whom he never saw with implacability of personal resentment: when he perceives clamour and malice let loose upon him as a public enemy, and incited by every stratagem of defamation; he then learns to abhor those artifices which he only laughed at before, and discovers how much the business of life would be enhanced by the eradication of envy from the human heart.

Five say to keep this propensity in subjection, we can do it: therefore let us strive: and let us enter into our work free from a superabundance of self-importance, and free from the fetters of an envious slavery, the swift flowing tide of popularity will soon be reached, and brotherly love in much of its beauty, and exalted fellowship in much of its magnificence will loom up, even through the darkest clouds that can ever overshadow our fraternity, or chill our affections.

I. O. O. F.

Contributions on the principles of Odd Fellowship and items of interest to the members of the Order, are earnestly solicited. Contributors will please address all communications to Odd Fellows Department "WEST-SIDE REVIEW" P. O. Box 226, St. John, N. B. Questions expected and cheerfully answered.

Canvassing for Members.

Members should be very careful in selecting those application they bring into their Lodge, always keeping in mind that quality is better than quantity. Many members run away with the idea that they are doing the Lodge good service, by laying before it the application of ever Tom, Dick and Harry, who asks them to do so. Now, while we admit that it is a very good thing to have a strong Lodge, we most solemnly enter our protest against any Lodge or Lodges of Odd Fellows, making members in the harem-scurum manner it has been done in some Lodges; no regard being paid to the health, habits, or character of the candidate. All that the Lodges seemd to want was to get a good long roll of members; having succeeded in getting a large membership, is the attendance any better at the Lodge meetings, or do they find their revenue increased in proportion to the increase in membership. We guarantee that if any of the Lodges referred to take the trouble to estimate the average attendance now, and the attendance 3 years ago, they will find that the average attendance now, is not to be compared with attendance at the earlier date, they will also find, that the receipts for dues, is not as large in proportion to membership, and that the amounts paid for sick benefits are in excess of what ought to be paid to be in proportion to the amount paid for dues; thus showing conclusively, that the careless taking in of members to lodges, no matter whether the number be ever so large, does not ultimately tend to the financial strength of the Lodge. There is also another evil in regard to getting persons to join Lodges that has lately been growing in the Order, and that members should practice as little as possible, and that is the habit of canvassing people to join our order. Some members seem to forget that it is contrary to the spirit

and obligation of Odd Fellowship to canvass people to join, and that every member who has been so canvassed before joining, has a very good excuse, in case he should during the course of time get into poor standing in his Lodge, viz. that he did not want to join, but merely did so to get rid of the importunities of so and so, another good reason why members should not seem too anxious to get applications, is that tends to cheapen or lower our Order in the opinion of outsiders who hear a continual canvas going on, and they naturally come to the conclusion that Odd Fellowship cannot be what it is represented to be when (in their opinion) the members have to work so hard to get people to become connected with it. Now the only proper way to get applications is, when you are thoroughly acquainted with a person and are sure that he will make a good member, or on the recommendation of another brother, you are led to believe as we would recommend the following course, Lend the person whose application you wish to get a copy of the Constitution and Bye Laws of your Lodge, also give him a blank application form and tell him that when he has made up his mind to send in his application, you will take great pleasure in endorsing and laying it before your Lodge. In this way none but men who understand what they are going into, and have made up their minds to follow the thing up, not having made up their minds on the spur of the moment but having given the matter due consideration, they are prepared for all the ups and downs, to be met with in all secret societies, and not do, as the person who is coaxed to join would, at almost the first occasion on which things begin to drag, go away in disgust, and leave the rest of the members to get on the best way they could. The man who joins of his own accord when he sees things going wrong, instead of losing heart, enters into with the spirit of the work with redoubled will and does not rest satisfied till the Lodge has tided over its difficulties. He will always remember his obligation and try on all occasions to carry them out; will be regular in attendance; always ready and willing to act on committees, and do his best to advance the interests of his Lodge and of the order.

Proposed Amendment to Odd Fellow's Burial Service.

Proposed amendment to Funeral service to be read immediately after the opening address by the chaplain, and before the hymn and closing prayer.

Chaplain.—Man shall be brought to the grave. The vale of the valley shall be sweet unto him, and every man shall draw after him, as there are innumerable before him.

Noble Grand.—What man is he that liveth and shall not see death? Shall he deliver his soul from the hand of the grave?

Chap.—There is no man that has power over the spirit to retain it; neither hath he power in the day of death; and there is no discharge in that way.

N. G.—Your fathers, where are they? and the prophets, do they live forever?

Chap.—We are strangers before them, and sojourners, as were all our fathers; our days on earth are as a shadow, there is none abiding.

N. G.—Is there not an appointed time to man upon earth? are not his days also like the days of an hireling?

Chap.—To everything there is a season, and a time for every purpose under the heaven; a time to be born and a time to die, a time to weep and a time to laugh.

N. G.—If a man die shall he live again?

Chap.—Verily, verily, I say unto you except a corn of wheat fall into the ground and die, it abideth alone, but if it die, it bringeth forth much fruit. For we have here no continuing city, but we seek one to come.

Response by Brethren.—Farewell, brother! We hope to meet you in the Eternal home.

(After a pause.)

Chap.—Man goeth to his long home, and the mourners go about the streets. Then shall the dust return to the earth as it was and the spirit shall return to God who gave it.

G. L. U. S. proceedings, 1878, page 7880.

The Art of Forgetting.

What a blessed thing it is that we can forget! To-day's troubles look large, but a week hence they will be forgotten and buried out of sight. Says one writer:—"If you would keep a book, and daily put down the things that worry you, and see what becomes of them, it would be a benefit to you. You allow a thing to annoy you, just as you allow a fly to settle on you and plague you; and you loose your temper (or rather, get it); for when men are surcharged with temper they are said to have lost it; and you justify yourselves for being thrown off your balance by causes which you do not trace out. But if you would see what it was that threw you off your balance before breakfast, and put it down in a little book, and follow it up, and follow it out, and ascertain what becomes of it, you would see what a fool you were in the matter." The art of forgetting is a blessed art, but the art of overlooking is quite as important. And if we should take time to write down the origin, progress, and outcome of a few of our troubles, it would make us so ashamed of the fuss we make over them, that we should be glad to drop such things and bury them at once in eternal forgetfulness. Life is too short to be worn out in petty worries, frettings, hat-

Dare to say "No."

Dare to say "No" when you're tempted to drink; Pause for a moment, my brave boy and think— Think of the wrecks upon life's ocean tossed For answering "Yes" without counting the cost; Think of the mother who bore you in pain! Think of the tears that will fall like the rain; Think of her heart, how cruel the blow; Think of her love, and at once answer "No!"

Think of hopes that are drowned in the bowl; Think of the danger to body and soul; Think of sad lives once as pure the snow; Look at them now and at once answer "No." Think of a manhood with rum-tainted breath; Think how low the glass leads to sorrow and death; Think of the homes that, now shadowed with woe, Might have been heaven had the answer been "No."

Think of lone graves both unwept and unknown, Hiding fond hopes that were as fair as your own; Think of proud forms now forever laid low, That still might be here had they learned to say "No" Think of the lesson that lurks in the bowl, Driving to ruin both body and soul; Think of all this as life's journey you go, And when you assailed by the tempter say "No!"

"THE WATCHWORD." A copy of this nine column newspaper has been received in exchange. It is published at Lowellville, N. Y. every Wednesday, and edited by Mr John O'Donnell and Mrs. M. B. O'Donnell.

The Prizes we Offer

FOR 1879.

In order to increase the circulation of our paper, we have decided to offer the following inducements viz:

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