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Editor and Proprietor.

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LITERATURE.

AGRICULTURAL COURTSHIP.

The potatoes went out on a mash,
And sought an onion bed;
'That's pie for me!' observed the squash
And all the beets turned red;
'Go'way,' the weeping onion cried:
'Your love I cannot be:
The pumpkin be your lawful bride,
You cantelope with me!'

But onward still the tuber came,
And lay down at her feet;
'You cauliflower by any name,
And I, too, am an early rose:
An' you I've come to see:
So don't turn up your lovely nose
But spinachot with me!'

'I do not carrot all to wed;
So go, sir, if you please?'
The modest onion meekly said:
And lettuce pray in peas!
Go, think that you have never seen
Myself, or smelled my sigh!
Too long a maiden I have been
Favors in your rye,

'Ah, spare a cuss!' the tuber prayed;
'My cherryshed bride you'll be!
You are the only weeping maid
'That's currant now with me!'
And as the wily tuber spoke,
He caught her by surprise,
And giving her an artichoke,
Devoured her with his eyes.

THE CHILD KING.

'Will you go over to Nankin with me tomorrow?' asked kindly Mrs. Brown of her tired and hard-working neighbor, Mrs. Peters. 'You know Association meets there, and husband's got to go, so I thought you would like to drive over and see your Aunt Betsey.'

Oh, I should, ever so much! but Dell has got to go to a picnic tomorrow afternoon, and it'll take me the whole of the afternoon to iron her white dress. I've just got it washed and hung out; and then there's biscuit to make, she wants 'em fresh. And—

'Oh, mother!' The words came before the door flew open, and in bounced a young girl of twelve, with the assurance and poise of forty, dressed in a braided costume that implied a week's hard work from somebody, her light hair banged on her low forehead, cheap rings and bracelets shining on her fingers and arms, a gilt necklace round her shallow throat, over a wide frill of imitation lace, her whole air pert, tawdy and disagreeable. She barely nodded to the minister's wife and went on in a loud voice, 'Say! Luella says I'd ought to have some little pies and some cream-cakes besides the biscuit, so I run home to tell you.'

Poor Mrs. Peters' face fell.

'I don't really see how I can, Dell. It's quite a piece of work to make them cream-cakes. I can make some pie-crust and fix it up for the pies.'

'Oh, but I want the cream-cakes! If

you make 'em tonight the pies can wait till morning.'

'But, Dell, I've got to get the breakfast and wash the dishes and make the beds and sweep, and then iron your white dress, and you know there's sights of work on it, and you want the ruffles fluted, and'—

'Oh, can't you get up real early?'

Mrs. Brown was indignant. A wise proverb cautions us not to put a finger between the bark and the tree, but she did not remember it. 'Why don't you make the cake yourself, Della,' she said. 'When I was your age I could make cake. Can't you?'

Della stared at her scornfully; Mrs. Peters put in her word at once.

'Oh, I haven't never asked it of her, Miss Brown. Dell's real delicate, and she loves to go; children ain't children but once, and I want for her to have a good time. I'll fetch it round somehow Dell, dear. You tell Aunt Betsey, won't you, Mr. Brown, how that I wanted to see her, but I really couldn't get over. I thank you just as much.'

Mrs. Brown offered no further remarks. There was a tone of aggrieved motherhood in Mrs. Peters' voice that warned her to keep silence; she said good-bye, and pursuing her walk up the street rung the bell at a handsome house standing in a well-kept yard, that told its own story of wealth within. She was admitted to the parlor and warmly welcomed by Mrs. and Miss Vincent, a wife of middle age, and her sister-in-law.

But hardly had she begun to talk with her friends when the door opened, and in rushed four children of various ages, who, after nodding at the visitor, or reluctantly shaking hands, at once monopolized the conversation. In vain did Mrs. and Miss Vincent struggle to be heard.

'O Mary! I was trying to tell Mrs. Brown'—

'Well, ma, I've got to go, I said I would, and'—

'Oh, yes! You told Will Johns you'd go, and you've got to! Just like a girl! Pd'—

'Milly, dear, I want to ask Mrs. Brown'—

'Well, Aunt Sue, I must go if Mary goes, and there's that picnic, and'—

So it went on, a perfect Babel, which no present effort could silence, it had been so long the habit in this house for the elders to listen and the children to speak.

Mrs. Brown made only a short call; she went but a few steps further to the house of a desolate woman, a widow, who had lost her two children a month since with diphtheria. Mrs. Tenny burst into tears as she came into the room, and Mrs. Brown put her arms about her tenderly.

'My poor friend!' was all she could say.

'Oh, Mrs. Brown, I can't, I can't be reconciled to it! I miss them every second. Hal used to come in so bright from school—his first year to go, you know; and Susy was always at my knee or in my lap, when she was awake; and in the lonesome nights I used to listen for their soft breathing, and put out my hand to feel Susy's little tender face in the crib, and thank God I had them still, if their father had left me.'

There was nothing to say to this; as of old, the mother wept for her children and refused to be comforted. Mrs. Brown tried another course.

'They were not both taken at once?' she asked. And the mother ceased weeping for the moment to answer her, and with the pathetic garrulousness of grief entered into detail.

'No. Hal came home from school, one day, so tired, and said his head ached. And I tried to make him keep still on the sofa, but he was restless, and he would go out in the sunshine to see the chickens; it was a hot day in May, and I couldn't make him keep a hat on; pretty soon he sort of crawled back into the kitchen and said his 'froat' was sore, and 'fings kep' goin' round an' round an' round.' Then I sent for Dr. Smith, and he gave me some medicine, and a brush, and told me to put it on the inside of his throat, and rub some liniment on the outside. But Hally wouldn't let me, and he screamed and kicked so he choked up right away; I could not do it, it hurt him so, and he would not let me if I had wanted to.'

'I meant to send Susy away, but she never would stay with anybody but me, the little precious! I never could make her. So she sickened next day, and there could not be anything done for her; there was not a day between them. And now—now—my house is like a grave all the time.'

In the piteous burst of sobbing that followed could Mrs. Brown speak the

thought that filled her heart, and say, 'My friend, you have fallen into the pit which you have digged; if your children had learned to obey you in health they might have been with you today?'

She could not, deeply as she felt it; the hour for counsel was past; she could only weep with them that weep, and betake herself to the next call on her list, for Mrs. Brown was doing parish duty this afternoon.

Mrs. Tibbetts was very glad to see her. 'And how are you all to-day?' asked the minister's wife.

'Oh, we're reasonable well, all but Nelly; she got thrown down at the rink, last night, and sprained her ankle real bad. I've expected all along something like that would happen to her.'

'Don't you think it is a bad place for girls to go, anyway?' asked Mrs. Brown.

'Land, yes! But all the young folks are possessed to go, and you can't stop 'em. I wish to goodness the men that built that rink had been further! There's all sorts go there, and they talk to everybody, and get familiar-like with folks you wouldn't have them know no more than nothing. There's about as much harm to a rink as there is to a rum-hole, but it makes about as much money; so you can't stop 'em; nobody can't.'

'Why do you let your girls go there?'

'Mercy! I can't help 'em going.' Girls is as headstrong as pigs; the more you pull 'em one way the more they go 'other way. I've always wanted my children to have a good time whilst that they was young; there's troubles enough ahead of 'em, so I've let 'em run, and 'tisn't to expect that I can up an 'stop 'em now.'

There was no controverting that point so Mrs. Brown said no more.

The next house was Mr. Meeker's. Mrs. Meeker stood at the window, watching with anxious eyes her eldest son, who was experimenting with a new bicycle.

'O Mrs. Brown,' she said looking over her shoulder, 'come in, do; I can't go away a minute from the window, I'm so afraid Charley'll fall and hurt him. He's been crazy after a bicycle, and Mr. Meeker didn't know how to get one for him—they're real costly—and I begged and begged him not to buy one, for I knew well I shouldn't have a minute's peace while he was off with it; but the boy wanted it, and that's enough. What he wants he has got to have. We're behind with the taxes, and I'm fixing over my old clothes, rather than ask John for a cent; but Charley's got the length of his father's foot, as folks say, and I do no' why he shouldn't have. Boys must be boys, you know, and I never did believe in making images of 'em, to do just so and be prim and proper all their days. Oh, o-h, there! I thought' he was off that time, but he hasn't. I do believe my nerves will be worn to ravelin's with that bicycle. Don't go!'

'I won't stay now, Mrs. Meeker. I know you want to watch Charley. I'll come some other time.'

So, quite unattended, Mrs. Brown found her way to the door, and went on to the next house, where Miss Sophronia Packard lived all alone and took in sewing. Mrs. Brown made the usual civil inquiries, and then Miss Sophronia opened the conversation.

'I see you come from Mis' Meeker's; well, I do pity that woman; she hasn't a moment's peace for them children; and here's Mis' Bunnell, next door, is just as bad though she hasn't got but one but her May is headstrong now I tell you. Why she goes all the time; if it is not a dance it is a picnic or a ride or a sail. She is as imprudent as a bumble bee and as pumptious as a wren but she is not of no use in this living world as I see but to plague her ma. Why t'other day Miss Bunnell found out that May was going over to Norwalk in a buggy with a young feller at eight o'clock in the evening calculating to come home by moonlight betwixt one and two in the morning and naturally she sot down her foot that May should not go. She did not know the feller, but she knew real well it was not seemly for a gall of fifteen to go off that way with any young man and so she told May; but, if you will believe it, Miss Brown that piece jest put on her sack and bonnet and walked right out of the door and off with her feller! If I'd been her ma she'd have got a locked door in her face when she come home.'

'O Miss Sophronia, do you think that would have helped the matter?'

A father's house ought never to be closed on a child any more than our Father's least of all when the child's faults are the result of the parents folly and weakness.

'Well mabbe, there is something in that, but it does seem to me that something had ought to be done when a girl flies right in her ma's face like that!'

I am afraid it is too late to do much at May's age, but pray for her.

'Land! you do not suppose Miss Bunnell thinks May needs praying for? Why she thinks she has about as nigh perfect as they make them she is clean set up with that child all the one she ever had. If you should so much as hint about praying for her, I guess you would raise a muss right off!'

Mrs. Brown tried to control her face, but found it hard. Miss Sophronia's air of fine scorn was irresistible. She changed the subject by saying I am sorry Mrs. Phelps has gone away I meant to have called on her.

'Well you can if y u want to; she aint gone said Miss Sophronia in an aacid tone.'

'Not gone! Why she had wanted so much to see her sister I thought nothing would hinder her.'

I know it she had not seen Miss King for three years but Marian went and asked two girls and the brother to one of them to come this week and stay till after the Fourth and Miss Phelps was not going to leave them there alone to raise hudy besides that her hired girl aint competent to do for company but that's the fashion the children rewl nowadays I feel thankful to goodness every day that I was not never beguiled into the married state and I have not got youngsters walking over me and making a door mat of me! Not but what I might be like Miss Perkins to be sure of I had a nephew thanks be to praise I had not! But I stepped in there the other day and if that man was not going round the keeping room on all four with her sister's boy astride of her back, she a-saying, Oh, do stop, Sammy! I am screaming. Go along, hossy. And she did go along, till I picked him up with a jerk, and sot him down hard on the highest chair. My! didnt he holler, and wasnt she mad! But I am glad I done it!'

That night Mrs. Brown detailed all that she had seen and heard in her round of calls to her husband, as they sat together by the study fire. His face clouded darkly, but he did not tell her what heavy thoughts pierced the future, and that he saw, as in a vision, impending trouble for the land and the people that he loved. All that he did when his reverie was ended was to draw a deep sigh, and repeat in melancholy tones one text from the Scripture that was his counsel for both lives, 'Woe to thee, O land, when thy king is a child.'

And let all the people say, Amen.

THE FINEST DIAMOND IN THE WORLD.—In August, 1884, the arrival of the celebrated 457-carat fine white diamond from South Africa was announced, and its subsequent purchase by a syndicate of London and Paris diamond merchants. The gem was entrusted to the care of one of the most skillful cutters, who has been engaged on the stone during the past eight months, and expects to complete the work in April.

As anticipated, the stone will turn out the most wonderful 'brilliant-cut' diamond on record, surpassing in weight, as also, it is believed, in color, purity, and lustre, all the crown and historical brilliants of the world. The stone in its almost finished state weighs still 230 carats, but in order to give it the best possible shape and lustre it is intended to reduce its weight to something under 200 carats. The Koh-i-noor weighs only 106 carats, the Regent of France 136½ carats, the Star of the South 125 carats, and the Piggott 82½ carats. The Great Mogul weighs 279 carats. It is, however, a lumpy stone, only rose-cut, and if cut to a proper shaped brilliant it would probably not weigh more than 140 carats.

A young lawyer was appointed to defend a Negro, who was too poor to hire counsel of his own. After the jury were in the box the young lawyer challenged several of them, who, his client said, had a prejudice against him. 'Are there any more juryman who have a prejudice against you?' whispered the young lawyer. 'No, boss, the jury is all right; but I want to challenge the Judge. I have been convicted under him several times already, and maybe he is beginnin' to have a prejudice agin' me.'

Place of Meeting, Divisions, Numbers Night of Meeting, and name of Deputies.

St. Stephen; Howard, 1; Friday; S. Webber.
Milltown St. Stephen; Wilberforce, 3; Monday;
H. McAllister.
Market Building, St. John; Gurney, 5; Thurs-
day; John P. Bell.
Orange Hall, Portland; Portland, 7; Monday
A. Y. Paterson.
Market Building, St. John; Albion, 14; Wed-
nesday; J. S. B. DeVeber.
Gagetown; Queens, 21; Saturday; H. J.
DeVeber.
Chatham; Northumberland, 37; Friday; G.
Stothart.
St. John; Mariners and Mechanics, 38; Thurs-
day; Robt. Wills.
Hillsboro, Albert Co.; Albert, 39; Wednesday
J. J. Steeves.
Sackville, West. Co.; Sackville, 40; Tuesday
J. C. Harper.
Richibucto, Kent Co.; Richibucto, 42; Wednes-
day; A. Haines.
Kingston, Kent Co.; Kingston, 44; Tuesday
B. S. Bailey.
Newcastle; Newcastle, 45; Thursday; D. Mc-
Gruar.
Point de Bute, West. Co.; Westmorland, 50
Thursday; J. Amos Trueman.
Hopewell Hill, Albert Co.; Golden Rule, 51;
Tuesday; L. R. Moore.
Pennfield, Charlotte C.; Safeguard, 58; Satur-
day; W. N. Bucknam.
Cambridge, Queen's Co.; Johnston, 62; Satur-
day; George S. Wilson.
Dalhousie; Dalhousie, 64; Monday; G. Haddow.
Baie Verte; Baie Verte, 65; Wednesday; R.
Goodwin.
Dover, West. Co.; Dover, 70; Saturday; W.
Steeves.
Carleton, St. John; Granite Rock, 77; Tuesday;
Henry Finch.
Derby, North. Co.; Nelson, 99; Monday; J. Betts.
Douglstown, North. Co.; Caledonia, 126; Tues-
day; J. Henderson.
Collina Corner, Kings Co.; Collina, 129; Thurs-
day; Jacob L. Keirstead.
Upper Gagetown, Queens Co.; Oxford, 134
Saturday; James E. Coy.
Benton, Carleton Co.; Garibaldi, 151; A. Teed.
St. Martins, St. John Co.; St. Martins, 164
Tuesday; Cudlip Miller.
Moncton; Moncton, 183; Monday; E. McCarthy.
Salisbury, West. Co.; Crystal Stream, 191
Saturday; C. A. Beck.
South Bay, St. John Co.; Lime Rock, 207
Monday; Wm. Roxborough.
Milford, St. John Co.; Everett, 238; Wednesday
John Waring.
Moncton; Intercolonial, 243; Friday; Alex.
Ford.
Victoria Mills, West. Co.; Victoria, 245; Thurs-
day; A. J. Main.
Baillie, St. James, Char. Co.; Baillie, 248; Wed-
nesday; J. W. Mann.
Weldford, Kent. Co.; Harcourt, 249; Saturday
H. Wather.
Portland; Valley, 250; Tuesday; J. Fowler.
Butternut Ridge, King's Co.; Havelock, 251
Friday; E. Keith.
Petitcodiac, West. Co.; Petitcodiac, 252; Tues-
day; D. Jonah.
Lewis Mountain, West. Co.; Sunnyside, 253;
Saturday; R. Lewis.
Deer Island, Char. Co.; Moss Rose 254; Satur-
day; A. T. Lloyd.
Millstream, Kings Co.; Britannia, 255; Friday;
C. W. Weyman.
Little Ridge, Char. Co.; Spreading Oak, 256
Tuesday; A. F. Matheson.
Fredericton; Lansdowne, 257; Thursday; H. H.
Pitts.
Kouchibouguac, Kent Co.; Union, 258; D. W.
Grierson.
River Charlo, Rest. Co.; Charlo, 259; Thursday;
J. H. Galbraith.
Steeves Mountain, West. Co.; Mountain Rose,
260; Saturday; R. Lutz, Sr.
Lawrence Station, Char. Co.; Lawrenceville,
261; Saturday; F. S. Richardson.
Hampton, King's Co.; Spring, 262; Monday;
G. Barnes.
Pomroy Ridge, Char. Co.; Mayflower, 263;
Thursday; W. Moulton.
Scotch Ridge, Char. Co.; Iona, 264; Wednes-
day; Alex. M. McKenzie.
Oak Hill, Char. Co.; Oak, 265; Friday; Dr. J.
G. Atkinson.
Tower Hill, Char. Co.; Wills, 266; Saturday;
S. S. Smith.
Graves Settlement, West. Co.; Rockland, 267
Friday; G. Johnston.
McAdam Junction, York Co.; Star Branch, 268;
E. W. Brownell.
2d Falls, St. George Char. Co.; Stewart, 269;
Saturday; A. Sherwood.
St. George, Char. Co.; Red Granite, 270; Satur-
day; T. McGowan.
Penobscuis, King's Co.; Cardwell, 271; Thurs-
day; J. W. Foyd.
St. Nicholas River, Kent Co.; Milltown, 272;
Friday; J. Murray.
Hampton Village, King's Co.; Hampton, 273;
Tuesday; G. Flewelling.
Bloomfield, King's Co.; Leading Star, 274;
Thursday; O. A. Wetmore.
Good Templar Hall, St. John; Gordon, 275;
Friday; H. P. Sandall.
Eagle Settlement West'd Co.; Twilight, 276;
Wednesday; G. A. Taylor.
Salisbury, Westmorland Co.; Middleton, 277;
Friday; J. B. Henry.
Healthland, Charlotte Co.; Rising Sun, 278;
Tuesday; L. Hall.
Goshen Corner, Albert Co.; Star of Hope, 279;
Thursday; D. W. Goodall.
St. Mary's Kent Co.; Rosefield, 280; Saturday
W. Vincent.
Elgin, Albert Co.; Elgin, 281; Saturday; G.
Smith, A. B.
Springfield, King's Co.; Springfield, 282; Fri-
day; G. M. Wetmore.
Whites Cove, Grand Lake; Grand Lake; 283;
H. E. White.
Clifton, Gloucester Co.; Gloucester Division
284; Wednesday; N. R. Ritchie.
Lewisville, Moncton; Lewisville, 285; Tuesday;
Chas. J. Harris.
Port Elgin, West. Co.; Fort Moncton, 286; Fri-
day; W. M. Spence.
Centreville, Kings Co.; Centreville, 287; Satur-
day; H. W. Falkins.
Waterford, K. C.; Essex Division 288; Mon-
day; John W. DeForest.
Dubec, Carleton Co.; Centenary, 289; Wm. V.
Benn.
Forest Glen, West. Co.; Forest Glen 290; Thurs-
day; Miss A. Hubley.
Bristol, Carleton Co.; Bristol Union, 291
Tuesday; Rev. John Graving.
East Florenceville, Carleton Co.; East Florence
ville, 292; Saturday; Wm. Tompkins.
Waterville, Carleton Co.; Waterville, 293
Saturday; J. T. Fletcher.
Bath Carleton Co.; Ray of Hope, 294; Friday;
Herbert Gray.
Lower Coverdale, Albert Co.; Coverdale
Tuesday; F. A. Steeves.