

TEMPERANCE JOURNAL.

OUR MOTTO—NATIONAL PROHIBITION.

FREDERICTON, N. B., THURSDAY, JULY 8, 1886.

Vol. II., No. 27.
\$1.00 per Annum.

Herman H. Pitts,
Editor and Proprietor.

TEMPERANCE DIRECTORY.

NATIONAL DIVISION.

M. W. P.—B. F. Dennison, Philadelphia, Pa.
M. W. A.—Charles A. Everett, St. John, N. B.
M. W. S.—Rev. R. Alder Temple, Halifax, N. S.
M. W. T.—Wm. A. Duff, Philadelphia, Pa.
M. W. Chap.—Rev. C. Mead, Hornellsville, N. Y.
M. W. Con.—Mrs. G. L. Sandford, New Haven, Conn.
M. W. S.—George P. Bliss, Brandon, Man.

RIGHT WORTHY GRAND LODGE I. O. G. T.

J. B. Finch, Lincoln, Neb., R. W. G. T.
W. H. Lambly, Quebec, R. W. G. C.
Mrs. S. A. Leonard, Boston, Mass., R. W. G. V. T.
B. L. Parker, Wisconsin, R. W. G. S.
Uriah Copp, Jr., Illinois, R. W. G. T.
Miss Mary Peck, Conn., R. W. G. S. of G. T.
Geo. B. Katzenstein, Cal., P. R. W. G. T.

GRAND DIVISION S. OF T.

C. N. Vroom St. Stephen, Grand Worthy Patriarch.
H. T. Colpitts, St. Martin's, Grand Worthy Associate.
David Thomson, St. John, Grand Scribe.
W. C. Whittaker, St. John, Grand Treasurer.
Rev. G. M. Campbell, St. Stephen, Grand Chaplain.
Dr. Thorne, Butternut Ridge, Grand Conductor.
W. H. Price, Mocton, Grand Sentinel.

GRAND LODGE I. O. G. T. OF NEW BRUNSWICK.

Wm. Vaughan, St. Martins, G. W. C. T.
Calvin Powers, St. John, G. W. C.
Mrs. E. A. Bradshaw, St. Martins, G. W. V. T.
S. Tufts, St. John, G. W. S.
A. D. M. Boyne, St. John, G. T.
Mrs. F. O. Todd, Fredericton, G. S. J. T.
Rev. Thos. Marshall, Fairville, G. W. C.
W. R. Gould, Shediac, G. W. M.

LITERATURE.

SUMMER TIME.

Now once more do our feet
Stand on the threshold sweet
Of days that show the year in her fair prime;
O'er the blossom-spangled sod
Spring the flowery paths we trod,
And so have come again to summer time.
By violets March displays,
By April's primrose ways,
By the fresh fragrance of May's copslipped
ground,
We reach at length the day
Toward which March, April, May,
Lead on the footsteps unto summer bound.
Through the door now ajar,
Sweet sweet the visions are
Of treasures which the precincts do contain
Precincts where roses red
Are gaily garlanded
O'er dainty realms where silver lilies reign.
O days of golden balm!
O nights of silent calm!
Right well may ye the souls of men enthral:
Spring tide the promise gave,
Fulfillment now we have,
And royal summer is the queen of all.

A DOCTOR'S COURTSHIP.

Don't fall in love with her, Junius.
Your caution comes too late old man,
I'm in love with her already.
Frank Bartley looked solemnly at Dr.
Junius Dale; shook his head as if to say,
"Tis true, 'tis pity 'tis true."
My dear fellow, said Bartley, the aged
mentor of the pair, you can no more
afford such a wife than you can afford a
steam yacht or an ivory mounted billiard
table.
There's no occasion to tell me that,
mournfully replied Dr. Dale. I'm quite
aware of it already. If I was rich I'd
marry Miss Clark to-morrow—always
providing that she thought me worthy of
acceptance; but I am only a struggling
young doctor. I'll do my best to keep
away from her fascinations in the future.
A sensible decision, observed Bartley.
But she is so pretty! yearningly
remarked Dr. Dale.
Granted,
And she sings like a nightingale.
She ought to, with the cultivation
that her voice has received.
And she has such a winning way with
her.
What difference does that make to
you? said Bartley. Haven't you resolved
that hereafter she is to be nothing to
you?
Yes; but—
Stick to your colors then, man! cried
Bartley. Clissy Clarke is nothing on
earth but a society belle. What you
want is a helpful, willing, working bee
of a wife—one that can aid you with
heart and hand to climb life's hill. You
saw Miss Clarke at the Winfield masquer-
ade last night in white satin and pearls?
And very beautiful she looked? cried
the young physician, firing suddenly up
at the recollection of Miss Clarke's
auburn hair, all twisted with ropes of

seed-pearl, and violet blue eyes, spark-
ling with a girlish animation.

Did she look like a poor man's wife?
No, hesitatingly.

Then be warned, said Bartley, shortly.
Remember the old story of the moth
scorching its wings in the candle flame.

Dr. Dale was silent. He had promised
himself a call on Clarissa Clarke that
very afternoon.

There was something about the girl
that attracted him with almost magnetic
force. The tender light of her eyes, the
sweet intonation of her voice, the
rosy flushes of color that overspread her
cheek when he talked to her, but he like
the hero of French romance, was a
poor, young man.

He recollected, now that he had even
said something to Clissy about going to
the Clarke cottage that day.

It won't do! he said to himself, I had
better keep away.

And so, instead of following the dearest
inclinations of his heart, he betook
himself, with Spartan resolve, to the
public library.

I'll read up that case on the investiga-
tion of cholera microbes, he thought. If
a man expects to make any mark in his
profession, he must keep posted up in
these modern discoveries of science.

So he disappeared in one of the al-
coves of the library, with his medical
quarto and his memorandum book, and
set to work in good earnest.

But he had not fairly entered into the
microbe question when the twitter of
sweet girl voices from the adjoining al-
cove struck upon his ear.

Oh, Clissy Clark! said one. I called
for her and she wouldn't come. It was
baking-day, and there was Clissy up to
her elbows in flour and spices.

Well I never! said the other, with a
giggle.

Oh she does all the house-work! said the
first speaker, scornfully, like any hired
servant. Even the fine washing—they
only keep one little bound girl—and
Mr. Clarke don't wear a shirt unless
Clissy has ironed it.

How does she find time for her music
and oil-paintings? asked a second.

Oh, she rises at dawn. She says the
best time of the working day is before
breakfast. She finishes the housework,
sews for the family—

Makes all her own dresses, don't she.

Yes, and her mother's too? That
satin dress she wore at the party last
night was her grandmother's bridal
gown made over, and the pearls were
borrowed from Miss Layton. It don't
cost her anything to dress. She'll take
the horrid old affair, remodel it with
a scrap of ribbon or a panel of velvet
until you would not think it was
made by a French dressmaker. I
declare I wish I had her knack. Papa
is always grumbling about my bills.
But that ain't all. Do you know she
gives Bessie Layton music lessons and
earns quite a nice little income for
herself? And she writes book reviews
and things for the newspapers, and
keeps Mr. Clarke in books that way.

Dear me! said the other, with a
yawn, who at the party last night would
think of it?

Humph! remarked the other. She
will live and die an old maid, see if she
does not. Such girls always do. Come,
here are our novels at last. Let us go.

The perfumed silken flounces rested
out of the library; the sound of
chattering voices died away, and still
Dr. Dale sat with his pencil in his
hand, staring down at his memorandum
book? It seemed that the gloomy veil
which had dropped between him and
his future life was lifted. In his
heart he could have blessed the angel
tongues of these idle, gossiping girls.

Clissy, then, was no mere butterfly
but a true, noble-hearted working
girl!

He carried back the ponderous
medical tome to the assistant librarian.

Much obliged, he remarked, succinctly.

Got through with it pretty quick
haven't you? said the assistant
librarian.

Yes, I have had very good luck
this morning, said the doctor, cheer-
fully.

He went straightway to the cottage
on the out-skirts of the village, where
Clarissa Clarke lived. An apple
checked little brother came to the
door to answer the knock.

Yes, Clissy's at home, said he. But
she is fixing a chicken for papa's dinner.
And then she's got my trousers to
mend. Clissy can't come up stairs.

But Dr. Dale laughingly pushed his
way across the threshold.

I'll come in and wait, said he.

In five minutes Clissy came in,
looking even prettier, if it were a possible

thing, in her calice morning dress than
she had in the white satin and pearls
the evening before.

How he happened to speak out the
dearest wish of his heart, Dr. Dale
never quite knew. He had prepared
a form of words on the way, but they
had vanished utterly out of his mind
when the eventful moment came. He
could only remember that she stood
before him in all her fresh young
beauty, like a human apple-blossom,
and that he loved her.

But after he had her hand in his, one
arm thrown caressingly around her
waist, he told her of the morning
occurrence.

Until then, dearest, he said, I looked
upon you as a sort of unattainable luxury
—a star to be worshipped afar off only.
I knew that I was only a village doctor,
with more ambition than practice—for
the present, at least. But now I feel
that I may venture to hope. Will you
run the risk of sharing my scanty
fortunes, Clissy?

Willingly, Junius, she said, looking
up into his face with her frank, blue
eyes. And to tell you the truth, she
added, smiling a little shyly, I am almost
glad that you are not a rich man.
Because, dear, I shall be so glad, so
proud to help you in my humble way.

So they were married. A few weeks
subsequent to their bridal, Franklin
Bartley married a rich Southern heiress.

It is like Bartley, said Dr. Dale. He
always looked out for the main chance.

At the end of five years, however,
Franklin Bartley came back to his
village, a moody and disappointed man.
His money had all been dissipated in
unwise speculations, and his wife had
returned to her friends minus her
fortune.

A young man married is a young man
married, he quoted gloomily. Except,
perhaps, in Dale's case. He seems to
have grown rich by degrees. And he is
happy, too, even in the obscurity of a
country physician's life.

Thanks to my helpful little wife, said
Dale, with a glance of pride and tenderness
toward Clissy, who sat on the door-
step with chubby children playing about
her knee. We have worked together,
Clissy and I, and our reward has not
been withheld from us.

THE CANADIAN ART GALLERY.

Not without misgivings in certain
quarters in Canada, it was, some time
since, decided to send a collection of
about 130 pictures to form part of the
Colonial Art Gallery in the Albert Hall.
It was felt by some timid spirits that
Canada was as yet so young a country,
and its native art talent comparatively
so little developed, that it would be
imprudent, to say the least, to place
beside the masterpieces found in the
metropolis what in modesty were termed
the 'puny beginnings' of Canadian
artists. Excessive modesty is not,
however, one of the leading qualities of
Canadian character; and happily so in
this instance, for otherwise the Exhibi-
tion would have lacked an interesting
and promising addition to its higher
artistic features. And Canadians have
no possible reason for hesitation as to
the opinion of competent critics. To
Canadian art the works, covering as
many as ten bays in the Albert Hall,
are a distinct credit. And this too in a
peculiar sense; for while a saunter round
the building may reveal in some cases
equal, or perhaps greater, artistic merit,
yet an inquiry as to the artist will more
often than not show the work to be of
other than native origin, the outcome of
talent developed elsewhere than in his
adopted country. With Canada it is
different. Most of its leading artists are
born and bred Canadians, while such
Academicians as are represented by
Homer, Watson and Bell Smith have
found material and possibilities of de-
velopment enough and to spare, without
crossing the Atlantic, and even in their
own immediate neighbourhood. Hence
the Canadian collection has as distinctly
an educational effect upon the British
mind as other parts of Canada's display
at the Exhibition. To the man of
commerce, to the farmer, the sportsman,
and the tourist, these graphic representa-
tions must convey some ideas hitherto
lacking as to the character and features
of the different parts of the Dominion.
As Lord Lansdowne some time since
truly said, 'Glass cases full of specimens
and samples are well and good, but they
leave in the mind a void only to be filled
by picture showing something of these
outward appearance of the districts in
which these commodities are produced.'

The collection, with but few excep-
tions, was made at Ottawa, from the an-
nual Exhibition of the Royal Canadian

Academy, Lord Lansdowne himself acting
as chairman of the Section Com-
mittee, formed of presidents of the sev-
eral local art associations and of repre-
sentative artists. But while from the
present Governor-General Canadian art
happily receives support and practical
encouragement, it is to the efforts and
influence of the Princess Louise and
Lorne when in Canada that its establish-
ment on a sound basis is due. The
National Gallery of Canada and the
Royal Canadian Academy were both
founded by them some six years ago,
while since that time, thanks in some
measure to Viceregal influence, the Can-
adian Government have realised the im-
portance of a National Art Gallery, so
that a permanent gallery will, it is
hoped, soon be built under the adminis-
tration of the present Canadian Minister
of Public Works. The Royal Canadian
Academy, in spite of cynical scoffings
and initial difficulties, has happily met
with much practical success, and as one
outcome, art study is now cultivated that
Canadian artists are now represented in
the leading galleries of Europe.

BROTHER GARDNER ON OLD-FASHION-
ED FOLKS.—"I was readin' in de paper
yesterday," said Brother Gardner, as
the meeting opened after the usual style.
'I was a readin' a lament bekase de ole-
fashun'd man an' woman had died off, an'
would be seen no mo' on airth forever.
Ize glad on it. De ole-fashun'd man
scraped off de measure when he sold
wheat; he believed dat any sort of food
an' any sort of bed was good 'nuff for
his chill'en; he took de biggest piece of
pie at de table; he ate mo' like a hog
dan a human bein'; if he had sympathy,
it was fur his cattle instead of his famly'.
De ole-fashun'd man was a reg'lar at-
tendant at prayer meetin', but he work-
ed his hired help twenty hours out of
twenty four, just de same. He'd drive
five miles to church on Sunday to show
his religun, but doorin' de odder six days
of de week he was a bad man to trade
hosses wid. It took his wife six months
to git up courage to ax him fur a new
kaliker dress, an' mos' of his chill'en
grewed up an' went away from home wid'
out a reckoleckshun of a dozen kind
words.

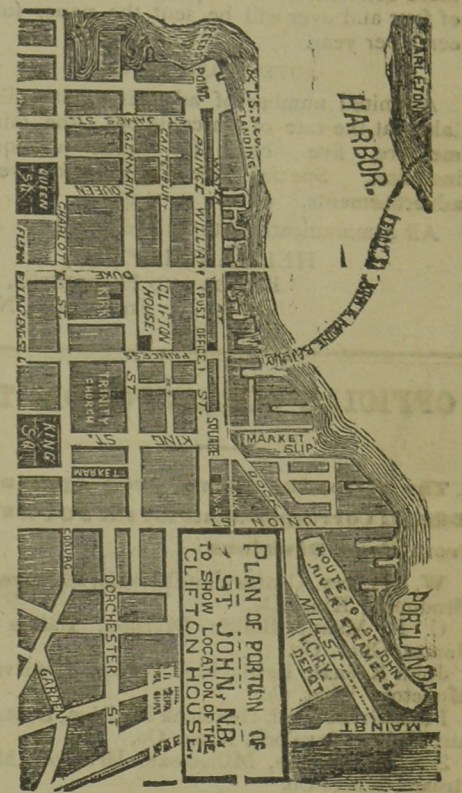
De ole-fashun'd man had two recipes
fur his fellow-bein's. De fust was hard
work; de nex' was boneset tea. He had
but two ideahs in regard to boys. De
fust was lots o' work an' a lettle school-
in'; de nex' was lots o' lickin's an' no
holidays. He had but two ideahs in biz-
ness; de fust was git all ye kin; de
nex' was keep all ye git. He argued
dat a liar could neber enter the kingdom
of heaben, but would go out an' lick a
sick ox to death widout any fear about
his hereafter. He prayed loudly dat de
Lawd would increase his crops, but he
kept his hired hands down to de lowest
possible figger. He made a great show
of submittin' to de will of Providence,
but if 500 pounds of hay got wet in a
rain storm some of de chill'en come in
fur a lickin, befo' night.

De ole-fashun'd man an' woman hev
departed an' de world hasn't lost a cent
by it. It was a good depart. Wicked
as some folks claim the world to be, I fee'
dat I kin walk into de aiverage crowd
an' pick out mo' charity, humanity, reli-
gion, sympathy and morality dan could
be found in a ten-acre lot of ole-fashun'd
men. Let us now purceed to bizness.

A Chicago woman entered the office
of a loan agency the other day and said:
'I want to raise \$1500 on \$3000 worth
of furniture. What is your lowest rate
of interest? On such loans we generally
ask 10 per cent. Very well. Send
your examiner up to the house. It is a
speculation with me. Going into
business, ma'am! Yes, sir. I'm going
to take my three daughters to the sea-
shore, and either marry them off or
drown them!

One frequently hears of girl who is
as wild as an Indian. But an Indian,
girl is not wild. No girl is more
submissive to the rules of her race
and tribe than an Indian girl who is
not yet corrupted by the proximity of
the white man. She never goes
anywhere alone, and she never passes
anywhere on the highway without turning
back her head. If a man comes into
her wigwam she conceals her face, and
she does not stand within hearing
distance of men who are talking. She
lives up to her idea and her tribe's idea
of what is proper and becoming. If she
fails to do so she places herself beyond
the protection of her tribe.

One need not be a brilliant writer
to express himself in glowing terms.



CLIFTON HOUSE.

74 PRINCESS & 143 GERMAIN STS.

ST. JOHN, N. B.

A. N. PETERS - Prop.

GEO. A. BARKER,
APOTHECARY

DEALER IN

Pure Drugs and Chemicals, Per-
fumery, Soaps, Brushes, etc.,

35 KING STREET,

ST. JOHN, - N. B.

IRON, WHITE LEAD

—AND—

IRON PIPE.

To arrive Per Steam Ship direct from Liverpool
and London to St. John.

40 TONS

Bar and Bundle Iron Crown Best Refined, well
assorted to arrive in May.

4 TONS

Brandrams Bros. White Lead and colored
paints, strictly pure and guaranteed genuine;
to arrive in May.

6100 FEET

Wrought Iron water pipe usual sizes for city
purposes, same time.

R. CHESTNUT & SONS.

SILK HATS.

SPRING STYLES, 1886.

C. & E. EVERETT, HATTERS

11 KING STREET, ST. JOHN,
have already on hand the largest supply of
Silk, Hard and Soft Hats, Straw Hats,
Caps and Glengarries,
to be found in the Maritime Provinces.

C. & E. EVERETT,

4-2 11 KING STREET ST. JOHN.

OUR JOHJA AS A REPORTER.

BY BROTHER JONATHAN.

—PRICE 25 CENTS.—

One of the interesting and instructive books
of the times. Received the highest commenda-
tion from the Press of Canada and the United
States. A humorous work showing the trials
inherent to a newspaper office.

ADDRESS. HERMAN H. PITTS.
Fredericton, N. B.