

TEMPERANCE JOURNAL.

OUR MOTTO—NATIONAL PROHIBITION.

FREDERICTON, N. B., THURSDAY, JANUARY 14, 1886.

Vol. II., No. 2.
\$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. E. Katzenstein, Cal., P. R. W. G. T.

GRAND DIVISION S. O. F. 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.

THE BEACON.

The beacon light shines clear and bright
Through blustering winds and calm,
From the seagirt strand, where its tower stands,
It spreadeth its rays out over the land
And lighteth the sea at night.

From the tower's feet through the waters deep
When the sea is still and at rest,
Falls a star of gold; but when rough winds
bold
Break the sea into waves, they scattered the gold
In a molten quivering sheet.

When returning home o'er the ocean's foam
From afar the traveler comes.
Oh what joy there seems in those first clear
beams
With the beacon sends in a steady stream,
To welcome the wanderer home.

When some spirit distressed, with dreams
oppressed
For the city looks out on the sea,
Oh! 'twill solace find in that steady shine
And comfort will come to the weary mind,
And the soul will be at rest.

Of the Father above, with his infinite love,
The beacon a symbol may be,
When clouds, like despair, settles down every-
where,
Wait and watch, in good time we will find light
still there,
As the glory that comes from above.

AN UNEXPECTED COURTSHIP.

'I do wish you would sit down and
keep quiet, Daisy; you distract me,
fluttering round the room like a bird!'

Now Miss Cybele Martin was a tall,
masculine female, hard on the 'thirties,'
with stiff little curls, and gold-rimmed
spectacles, and a stand-up collar and
cravat, like a man's; and she was very
busy among a pile of books and papers,
preparing had questions intended for
the annihilation of her Sunday-school
class on the morrow, while little 16-year-
old Daisy, with her pink and white
skin, brown curls and innocent blue eyes,
beat a retreat, mortified at having
'distracted' her staid sister.

'I suppose I shall learn better some-
time,' thought Daisy, 'but, oh dear, I
am such a silly little goose!'

She went on tiptoe past the door
where Mr. Vining, the young minister,
was engaged in the revision of his ser-
mon, for Mr. Vining lodged at Widow
Martin's and Daisy felt her youth and
folly more painfully than ever in his
dignified presence. She stood a moment
in the doorway, where the cheerful July
sunbeams made a golden checker-work
on the floor, quivering through the vines,
and a sweet odor crept subtly in of
newly-mown clover fields and roses just
blossoming along the garden wall.

'I know what I'll do,' thought Daisy
as her pet, the kitten, darted away
through the bushes. 'I'll have some of
those ripe cherries.'

Daisy bounded down the garden walk,
and deftly climbing the old stone wall,
swung herself into the branches of the
huge cherry tree like a white plumed
little bird.

'Mother would be horrified and Cybele
would have a fit,' quietly thought Daisy,
'but it is so nice and shady up here, and
the robins are stealing all the cherries.
I almost wish I was a robin, it is such a
pleasant life up among the green leaves,
with the blue sky peeping through.
Dear me, I hope it isn't mamma!'

Daisy crept a branch or two higher up,
as footsteps came down the garden path.
Alas! her premonitions were but too
correct. Mrs. Martin's cap strings were
fluttering below; and Mrs. Martin's
self had come out with a bowl to pick
currants, accompanied by Aunt Susann-
ah, her sister.

'Now, I'm caught,' soliloquized our
heroine. 'I hope they won't be long. I
wonder what they are talking about.
Mr. Vining, as I live!'

And Daisy held her breath, and
secretly laughed to see how utterly un-
conscious the two old dames were of her
near vicinity.

'Yes,' said Mrs. Martin solemnly,
'he's a good man—a very good young man.'
'There ain't no minister all the country
round gives such satisfaction?' said Aunt
Susannah. 'Them cabbages is coming
on finely, Lucretia.'

'Oh, bother the cabbage!' said Mrs.
Martin tartly; it's about Mr. Vining I'm
talking, Susannah! But he ought to
marry and settle down. A single min-
ister can't do all the good he could if he
was married.

'That's true,' assented Aunt Susann-
ah; 'and Cybele would make a capital
minister's wife!'

'She's the very wife he needs; and if
some one would just put the idea into
his head.'

'Perhaps he doesn't mean to marry.'
'Then he is doing very wrong, en-
couraging Cybele the way he does, walk-
ing to Sunday school with her, and talk-
ing about the poor money, and picking
out the psalms and hymns with his head
close to hers. Of all creatures, I do dis-
like a male coquette.'

'Dear me, Lucretia!' said Aunt Susann-
ah with mild remonstrance. 'I don't
suppose he ever thinks of the thing.'

'Then he ought to think of it. Some-
one ought to speak to him.'

Meek Aunt Susannah picked currants
in perplexed silence.

'I don't really think he ought to trifle
with my poor Cybele's feelings—and she
is sensitive, too,' resumed the widow.

'I never did pretend to understand
young folks, when love and courtship
were in the business,' said Aunt Susann-
ah. 'But it would be a fine thing for
Cybele.'

'I'd be proud to be the minister's
mother-in-law,' said Mrs. Martin, ex-
ultant at the remote possibility. 'And
Cybele is a very smart girl. You ought
to hear her talk about free-will and fore-
ordination! Why, Mr. Vining himself
was astonished.'

'I should think it very likely,' said
Aunt Susannah dryly. Cybele had
never been her favorite niece; she had
lectured Aunt Susannah too often for
sleeping in church, singing out of tune,
and other venial sins.

'I don't really know what to do about
it,' sighed good Mrs. Martin. 'I wish
somebody would speak to Mr. Vining,
and tell him plainly what his duty is.'

'Haven't we picked currants enough?'
hazarded Aunt Susannah.

'I s'pose so,' said Mrs. Martin sharply.
'You never had the trials of a family,
Susannah; and they come hard, though
my girls are pretty good girls, after all.
Cybele's quite a model; and Daisy's well
enough, if she would sober down a little.'

And the two elderly ladies went in,
with their bowl of sparkling red currants,
leaving their unseen auditor still sitting
among the cheery boughs, with her
bright brown curls all blown about, and
the scarlet velvet of her lips deeper and
redder than ever.

'Dear me,' thought Daisy, 'here's a re-
velation! Our Cybele in love—I didn't
know women who wore spectacles ever
fell in love; Mr. Vining a male con-
quette—well, I never should have
thought that of old Mr. Vining. I really
think, as mamma says someone ought
to speak to him. I've a great mind to
speak to him myself.'

And, fired with the ardor of her new
plan, Daisy slipped nimbly down from
her perch in the cherry tree, to the great
astonishment of her friends the robins,
and ran into the house.

'I won't stop to consult mother or
aunt,' thought eager Daisy, 'for I
know they'd think I ought not to speak,
just because I'm only 16 years old.'

So Miss Daisy stole like a white
mouse along the hall, and tapped softly
at Mr. Vining's study door.

'Come in!' called out the clear
sonorous voice of the young clergyman.

Not until our Daisy was fairly in the
room did she fully realize the awkward-
ness of her position. Then, with the
roses mantling her cheek and her head
hung down, she stood a pretty picture
of maiden confusion.

'M—Miss Daisy,' said Mr. Vining
abstractedly, glancing up from his paper
and brightening visibly when he saw
who it was, 'I am happy to see such a
little sunbeam in my gloomy old study.
Sit down.'

'No sir, I can't stay,' said Daisy,
taking courage. 'I only came to speak
to you, sir—about being married.'

'About being married!' echoed Mr.
Vining in genuine astonishment.

'Yes, sir,' went on Daisy, twisting
her fingers together, 'the people in the
parish think you could do so much
more good if you were married.'

'So I might,' assented the minister
musingly. 'I have thought of that
myself.'

'Oh, then you have thought of it, sir!'
cried Daisy delightedly. 'I am so glad.'
'Daisy, I have been here a long time.'

'Yes, sir, I know you have.'
'Should you be sorry to have me go
away?'

Daisy lifted her eyes with a roguish
sparkle beneath her curling brown
lashes.

'You need not go away, sir; that is,
if—'

'If what, Daisy?'

'Mother said this morning she would
be very proud to be the minister's
mother-in-law.'

Mr. Vining looked a little surprised,
but not at all displeased, as Daisy stood
demurely before him with her roseate
cheeks and dishevelled curls.

'Did she really say so, Daisy?'

'I heard her say so.'

'To you?'

'No, not to me, sir.'

'Daisy, would you like it?'

'Oh, sir, I should be so delighted!'
cried Daisy, clapping her hands gleefully.

'A minister's wife has many trials to
bear with, Daisy.'

'Oh, yes, sir; but if she loves her
husband—'

'Do you think my little wife would
love her husband?'

How strange it was to think of
Cybele as a 'little wife!' Daisy thought
love must have cast a glamour on the
young minister's eyes, but she answered
nevertheless:

'I am sure of it sir! Cybele is so
sensible and so learned.'

'Yes, I know,' answered Mr. Vining
with something of a puzzled expression
on his face. 'Miss Cybele is a very
worthy person, indeed, and I shall be
very happy to be connected however
distantly, with her.'

Daisy stared until her blue eyes were
like newly-opened bluebells. What on
earth did the minister mean? Mr.
Vining, however, appeared to be very
clear on the subject of his 'intentions.'

He took Daisy's hand in his and
drew her towards him with a caressing
gentleness that the young girl felt to be
very pleasant.

'But you, Daisy, my dear little wild-
flower, when you are my wife—'

'I!' echoed Daisy, suddenly becoming
as rosy as her own pink neck-ribbon. 'I
your wife, Mr. Vining?'

'Who else?' demanded the young
minister a puzzled countenance. 'I
have been in love with you for the last
three months, my Daisy. Nay, do not
try so tremblingly to escape from me? Surely—surely I am not so disagreeable
to you as that?'

'N—no,' hesitated Daisy, 'it isn't
that—but I thought it was Cybele.'

Mr. Vining laughed.

'I respect Miss Cybele very sincerely,
but I should just as soon think of
marrying my Greek dictionary.'

'But I am such a silly little goose,
and I am only 16, and mamma and
Cybele are always scolding me!'

'But,' mimicked Mr. Vining with
playful fondness, 'they will not scold
the minister's wife; and I shall never
let the winds of heaven blow too roughly
on my little Daisy!'

'I can't believe it,' said Daisy ener-
getically.

'But you love me, Daisy, do you not?'

'I have never thought of it before,'
said Daisy, meditatively twisting one of
her curls around her finger. 'But I think
I do.'

'Daisy! Daisy, child!'

'In Mr. Vining's study, mamma.'

'What were you doing there?'

'Talking to him, mamma, about his
marriage,' answered Daisy, mischievously
'Is Mr. Vining going to be married?'

'Yes, mamma.'

'Bless my soul alive! Cybele, do you
hear that? And to whom?'

'To me, mamma.'

'Nonsense?'

'But it isn't nonsense, mamma,' cried
Daisy triumphantly, showing a little
gold ring with a blue stone that Mr.
Vining had placed on the forefinger of
her left hand. 'And we are to be married
in September next! Mamma, you will
be the minister's mother-in-law, after all!'

'Daisy, are you in earnest?' demanded
Cybele.

'Never more so in my life!'

'Do you love him?'

Daisy sobered down in a minute, and
held her face on her sister's shoulder.

'I love him dearly, Cybele!'

It was a disappointment to Cybele,
but she congratulated Daisy in true
sisterly style after all. If she couldn't
be the minister's wife, it was next best
to be his sister-in-law. And so began
Daisy's unexpected courtship.

THE MECHANIC OF TO-DAY.—Labor,
to-day, is not what it was two genera-
tions ago. Modern improvements have
made the workman more of a machine
than an intelligent artisan. Instead of
a long apprenticeship and the mastery
of a whole 'trade' one gets, in a short
time, a proficiency in one thing, and that
is all he learns to do. The truly skilled
mechanic is becoming a rare bird. The
fault is not alone in the present style of
manufacturing; the workman himself is
partially to blame. It is impossible to
secure apprentices. The boy who wishes
to learn a trade refuses the best chances
offered when not accompanied by wages
far exceeding any possible value he can
be to his employer. If, perchance, he
engages to work, excesses in tobacco,
liquor and similar vices so unnerve him
that hard work 'hurts him,' and his
health is affected. He is indolent, his
leisure hours are occupied in any way
but beneficial, and every parade and
excitement must find him a spectator. The
offer of a few cents more per week
causes his abandonment of his place
without notice to his employer, and he
grows up full of expensive habits, unfit
to support or care for himself, to say
nothing of marrying or rearing a family.
The war made many tramps, but the
degeneracy of our boys is making more.

WORKING ONE'S WAY.—Andrew Car-
negie, although a man of large wealth,
thorough culture and high character,
was once a poor boy, and he still believes
that it is better to have a birthright of
honest labor than to be the petted child
of rich parents. In a recent address to
a graduating class, he uses this language
on the subject: 'You should be grateful
to a kind Providence for a father who
has not burdened you with riches. The
poorest father is the richest one. By
bequeathing the necessity to work, the
poor man leaves a richer heritage to his
son than the millionaire can give his.
Poverty at the beginning of life is a
positive blessing. I hope, gentlemen, I
can congratulate you all upon your good
fortune in this respect, for the happy
consequence is, that it has been necessary
for you to make a choice of a profession
and earnestly to follow it for an honor-
able livelihood. And herein you become
not only manly and self-reliant, con-
sidered as persons, but useful and active
members of society, and worthy citizens
of the commonwealth.'—Farmer and
Manufacturer.

COURTESY AT HOME.—One is forcibly
reminded, in going from place to place,
how small and trivial often are the
things which go to make or mar the
comfort and peace at home. In some
households there is a genuine good will
and kindness which only works out half
its mission, for the reason that it does
not express itself in little courtesies of
speech and action.

These are more important than some
of our busy men and women may
realize. The ready 'thank you,' 'if
you please,' etc., at table and elsewhere,
the quiet 'excuse me' when obliged to
pass directly before or inconveniently
past another; the loving 'good-night'
and cheery 'good morning'—although
little things, are helps in making a
happy home. Courtesy is but the
ready overflow of kindness and good
will to all, and is therefore a natural
expression which costs nothing, but
which often cheers an aching heart, and
which never fails to make home brighter
and more attractive to old and young.

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 Co.; 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. Betta.
Doughlastown, North. Co.; Caledonia, 126; Tues-
day; J. Henderson.
Collina Corner, Kings Co.; Collina, 129; Thurs-
day; Jacob I. 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; Audlip Miller.
Moncton; Moncton, 183; Monday; E. McCarthy.
Salisbury, West. Co.; Crystal Stream, 191;
Saturday; Wm. McNaughton.
South Bay, St. John Co.; Lime Rock, 207;
Monday; Wm. Roxborough.
Milford, St. John Co.; Everett, 238; Wednesday;
John Waring.
Moncton; Intercolonial, 243; Friday; Albert
McWilliams.
Victoria Mills, West. Co.; Victoria, 245; Thurs-
day; A. J. Main.
Baillie, St. James, Char. Co.; Baillie, 248; Wednes-
day; 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; P. McGowan.
Penobscus, King's Co.; Cardwell, 271; Thurs-
day; J. W. Floyd.
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, Westmoreland 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-
uesday; 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; W. E. S. Flewelling.
Dubea, 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 Gravinor.
East Florenceville, Carleton Co.; East Florence-
ville, 292; Saturday; Wm. Tompkins.
Waterville, Carleton Co.; Waterville, 293;
Saturday; J. T. Fletcher.
Bath, Carleton Co.; Bay of Hope, 294; Friday;
Herbert Gray.
Lower Coverdale, West. Co.; Coverdale 295;
Jas. F. Steeves.