

SPECIAL NOTICE.

The TEMPERANCE JOURNAL is devoted to the Principle of Temperance, and is designed as a family newspaper. It is issued on Thursday morning of each week.

The articles are specially selected and are such as to recommend the Paper to all Deputies of all temperance organizations are our Authorized Agents.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES:

One Copy, one year,	\$1.00
“ six months,	60
“ three months,	30

Subscriptions must invariably be paid in advance. Postage stamps will be taken when more convenient to the party remitting. Clubs of four and over will be sent the paper for 75 cents per year.

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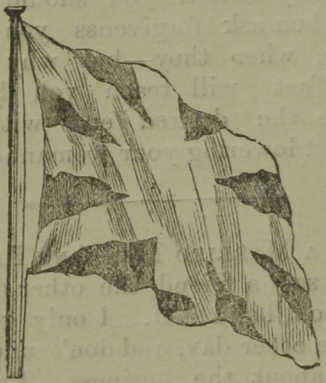
A limited number of advertisements will be taken at the rate of ten cents per line, minimum measure, five cents for each subsequent insertion. Special rates given for yearly advertisements.

All communications to be addressed to
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Fredericton, N. B.

OFFICIAL CORRESPONDENTS.

The following have been appointed Official Correspondents for the JOURNAL from their Divisions.

- W. C. Perry, Centreville Division, Millstream, Studholm, Kings Co.
- C. F. Mann, Baillie Division, Baillie St. James, Char. Co.
- John Keenan, Lewisville Division, Lewisville, Moncton, West. Co.
- Peter Grindwood, Havelock Division, Buttner-ridge, Havelock, Kings Co.
- Zebulon Gamme, Millstream Division, Millstream, Kings Co.
- William Wetmore, Collina, Collina Corner, King's Co.
- J. F. Frost, Spring Division, Hampton, King's Co., N. B.
- G. R. Bailey, Harcourt Division, Weldford, Kent Co., N. B.



RAISE THE STANDARD.

—OUR MOTTO—

“NATIONAL PROHIBITION.”

Temperance Journal.

THURSDAY, JUNE 3, 1886.

The annual session of the Grand Division's will be held at Moncton on the third Tuesday in October.

DRAW THE LINE.

There is just a possibility of being too good in our desires, as a division, or as individuals, to help along and encourage those who have been addicted to the use of intoxicating liquors, and who are endeavoring to reform by joining a Division or Lodge. Very often this philanthropical feeling on the part of a society is carried so far that very soon after the party's initiation an effort is made to place him in the highest office, with the plea that it will be a great help to the individual, etc.

We are strongly convinced that this is not right. The principle is altogether wrong, and in so many instances it has brought worthy institutions into bad repute by their having a chief officer who cannot be depended upon, and about whom there are evil reports. Of course there are exceptions, but as a general rule we would be opposed to having any person who had been greatly addicted to liquor holding the chief office until he had been a member for at least two years. While it is most desirable that every shield and protection shall be afforded those who are battling their desire for drink, yet we should think the Associate's chair is high enough honor, and should give the moral protection desired. It must always be remembered that a society to be of any benefit to a community, must have the confidence of the community, and the people are apt to lose confidence in any temperance organization whose chief officer is inclined to violate his pledge, or of whom there may be any doubts of his sincerity. We are most liberal in our views as regards encouraging and protecting those who are coming to our temperance societies as a place of refuge, but we believe and feel there is a place to draw the line, so far as offices are concerned. We have a case in our mind, upon which we have received numerous communications, of a division, the chief officer of which, not only voted

against the Scott Act, but used all his influence in opposition to the Act, and who, we understand, since he has joined the Division, a period of not more than a year, has been re-obligated at least once. This kind of chief officer has a bad influence in any order. We make no personal remarks, we do not judge the brother's motive, they may have been conscientious, but they seem very strange from our view of the matter.

SONS OF TEMPERANCE AND THE SCOTT ACT.

A correspondent writes us to know if it is a violation of the obligation of a Son of Temperance to vote and work against the adoption of the Scott Act, and whether the Grand Division would initiate such an one.

We are not in a position to give any official information on the subject, but as the question has been referred to a number of times by correspondents, we take this opportunity of expressing our opinion, and it can be taken for what it is worth.

We believe there must be something radically wrong with any so-called temperance man's principles who will vote against the adoption of this law, but yet there are those who we believe have done so, and it is not for us to stand in judgment on their motives. That they must be wrongly informed on the subject we feel positive; that they must have been influenced by other motives than the promotion of temperance, we feel assured. As we have repeatedly stated, the Scott Act is not all we should like it to be; there are parts of it that might be made more stringent upon the sellers of liquor, etc., but this is the only law we have and shall we as temperance men, as Sons of Temperance, prefer high license to a partially prohibitory law? No true Son of Temperance, in our opinion, can think twice on the matter. So far as the Grand Division of New Brunswick are concerned, there has never been any particular decision or action against a member who opposes the law, but the Grand Division of Ontario has given the following decision which is very pertinent, and doubtless if brought before our Grand Division the decisions would be the same:—

“That for a member to openly oppose and vote against the Scott Act is conduct unbecoming a Son of Temperance, the total suppression of the liquor traffic being the ultimate aim of the Order, and the Scott Act being the only mode of suppression within our reach.”

We can hardly wonder that our correspondents feel so sorely over the conduct of brother Sons, and it becomes more discouraging when prominent officers in divisions are the transgressors. It is not our place as a public journal to publish names, or explain the possible personal reasons which may influence these erring brethren, although we are oftentimes very strongly inclined to do so. All we can do is to hope that they will see that they are but playing into the hands of the liquor party, and that in bar-rooms and shebeen-shops there is great chuckling over their course. It is a bad sign when a “rummie” laughs and chuckles; it means that some devilry is in the wind, and it behooves honest men to look out. It is undoubtedly a poor recommendation to see Sons of Temperance making bosom friends, associates and confidants of rum-sellers. You can't fool around a tar pot long without getting your hands or clothes soiled; “birds of a feather, etc., etc.” “a man is known by, etc., etc.”

GLADSTONE DIVISION NO. 31.

Through the exertions of Bro. L. R. Moore, of Hopewell Hill, and a number of other earnest workers in that vicinity, a division has been organized at Waterside, Parish of Harvey, Albert County. The organization ceremony took place on the evening of Saturday, 29th May. There were 23 charter members, and Gladstone Division starts off under most favorable circumstances. The officers elected for the present term are:

- W S Starratt, W P; Susan Barber, W A; W C Anderson, R S; Florence Barber, A R S; J S Starratt, F S; George W Fellmore, T; David Barber, Chap; George A Barber, C; LeBaron Richardson, A C; Lafayette Richardson, I S; H H Handren, O S; James G Barber, P W P.

THE WINE-GLASS.

It is a beautiful thing—the wine-glass. Shapely and graceful in its outlines, gleaming with ever-changing hues, saucy and roguish looking, it seems like a piece of fairy handiwork. And when it is filled to the brim with a sparkling, dancing liquid, as iridescent as the opal and as radiant as the eyes of an Egyptian princess, it is not at all strange that poets have been charmed and have sung its praises from time immemorial. It is a beautiful thing—the wine-glass.

How much are we ready to pay to preserve this little fairy goblet from destruction? Beauty, we know, commands high prices. Works of art have brought fabulous sums in the past. Fortunes have been paid for single pictures by the old masters, or pieces of sculpture, maimed and discolored though they may have been since they left the hand of the inspired artist. The peach-blow vase brought \$17,000. What will we pay for the wine-glass?

Let us suppose it is all that is claimed for it by its most ardent admirers. Admit all that poets have sung about it: Admit that it gives eloquence to the tongue, light to the eyes, animation to every feature, and a glow of youth to the whole body. Admit for the moment that, for him who drinks in moderation, it has no sting, and that in the case of him who does not stop at moderation, it is himself and not the wine-glass that is to be blamed. Admit that wine is the gift of God, the nectar of Apollo, and all that. What facts still remain? These:

It is not a necessity, but a luxury. It is not a duty to use it, but a pleasure merely.

If it were a necessity, no matter what the price might be, it would have to be paid. If it were a duty to use it, no one would have a right to hesitate at the cost of that duty. But it is neither, except, perhaps, in case of sickness—as a medicine. Otherwise it is a luxury, pure and simple. No one in this day claims that it is anything more.

There is the wine-glass; here is the saloon. Exterminate the saloon and the wine-glasses will be shattered in the process. What is the saloon? It is something that no man can defend. No poet can sing its praises, and no orator can laud its beauties. It stands without an advocate and without a redeeming feature which an advocate could base his plea upon. It is bad and only bad. It is the gateway of hell for countless thousands. It is an active, aggressive agent for the devil, a pit for the unwary, a snare for the weak, a cess-pool for all society. It is a tree that bringeth forth no good fruit, nor the promise of any. No one can grow intemperate in speaking of the saloon. It has no right to existence, no claim to toleration. From its inception it has cursed the earth, corrupted society at its fountain head, changed men of talent into loathsome beasts, turned into bloated vileness, bleared the bright eyes of youth, made happy homes into miniature hells. What a record stands against it on the ledgers of the Almighty! What crimes it has heaped up, what lives it has blasted, what hearts it has wrung, what counter parts of Eden it has entered and laid waste! Was there ever an engine of destruction like it in all the ages of history?

There stands the saloon without a defender. No wonder society has lifted up its hand time and time and again to hurl the thunder bolt that should dash it to pieces. Once more the thunderbolt is poised; but there comes up a cry that stays the hand that holds it. That cry comes from the throat of the moderate drinker, the wine-bibber, “Dash down the saloon, and you shatter my beautiful wine-glass!” is his cry. It is true. There is no way to avoid it. There is no means of destroying the saloon of today without having the wine-glass broken by its fall. And so society hesitates, and the saloon still stands.

It is a beautiful thing—the wine glass. But oh! what a price to pay for it! It is not the money alone, hundreds of millions of dollars though it amounts to each year. That is not the only price that must be paid if that thunderbolt is withheld lest the wine-glass be crushed the fall of the saloon.

But myriad hearts and homes, manhood and womanhood, virtue and innocence, peace and joy and love must all be paid to preserve that beautiful wine-glass. Is it worth it?

Will the moderate drinker raise that cry any longer? The saloon cannot be extirpated without a law to do it. That law cannot discriminate between classes. It cannot say the poor shall be deprived of the means to gratify their appetites, but the rich, the fashionable, shall not be so deprived. Aside from the justice or injustice of such a law, it would be impracticable in this land where the poor man casts his ballot and helps to make the laws and the officers of the law. We tell you, gentlemen, we cannot smash the saloon without your wine glass being shattered in the fall. We've been trying for a hundred years to do it, and failed in every case. We must go behind the saloon and strike at the distillery and brewery, and strike to destroy.

That means that your luxury (but not your necessity), your pleasure (but not your duty), your beautiful little wine glass must be destroyed.

Are you not willing to have it so? Must we forever spare the saloon that the wine glass may continue to gleam and glow in beauty on your side-board? We appeal to you to stay no longer that bolt of destruction that will surely fall on the dramshop if your voice is no longer raised in protest.—*The Voice*

ALCOHOL AND ANARCHY.

The recent violent demonstrations of anarchists in Chicago and Milwaukee and their ominous declarations in this city and elsewhere have sufficed to awaken multitudes of Americans to a consciousness of a new and grave danger to the peace and prosperity of the country. This murderous lawlessness has developed among a class of foreigners who come here with the most extravagant and abnormal notions concerning personal liberty and free government. A group of Chicago anarchists who invaded and robbed a drug-store, drinking from bottles which they supposed to contain whiskey, imbibed a more active poison and paid the penalty of extreme suffering and speedy death. The beer-shops and whiskey-saloons of Chicago, as of this city, are the haunt and headquarters of these criminals and plotters against the welfare of society. The infamous chief of the anarchists of this city was, after much difficulty, traced to a disreputable haunt of vice, dragged from his hiding-place under a bed, and arrested. At the police headquarters he called impudently for brandy to brace up his nerves! Enough has been revealed by late events to show that alcoholism and anarchy go hand in-hand.

The red flag of the anarchists is a fit emblem for the law-defying liquor-sellers and liquor leagues, whose members are ready to rebel against all legal restriction upon the drink traffic. “Personal liberty” in their view means the right to make and sell intoxicants without legal restraint and without any respect for the rights and the welfare of others. The impunity with which liquor-sellers, licensed and unlicensed, have been allowed to disregard the restrictive provisions of excise laws, as in this city, and to defy and obstruct prohibitory legislation in other States, has been an object lesson and an incentive to Herr Most and his anarchist followers to raise the red flag, to murder policemen, and to defy all legal restraint. Capitalists and owners of property who wish to retain their possessions in peaceful security cannot afford longer assent to the perpetuation of the saloon system as a nucleus of rebellion and anarchy. As a necessary protection against the threatened ravages of cholera unwholesome nuisances are summarily dealt with. As a safeguard against anarchic contagion let the beer-shops and whiskey-saloons—pest-holes of vice and crime—be as promptly and rigorously suppressed.

THE SONS OF TEMPERANCE TO THE FRONT. CONSTITUTIONAL PROHIBITION THE BATTLE CRY.

The semi-annual session of the Grand Division of the Sons of Temperance of Maryland, Thursday, April 26th, was one of the most successful held for years in point of attendance, harmony and business transacted, Grand Worthy Patriarch, Dr Billingslea, presided, with Grand Scribe P. T. Smith at the secretary's desk, and Joshua S Rawlings filling the Past Worthy's chair. Quite a number of past officers of subordinate divisions were initiated into the Grand Division. When the usual reports were made and acted on and the

business about finished, Mr. C. S. Mosher, a Past Grand Worthy Patriarch of the Order, rose and offered the following:—

Whereas—The battle of the library, the school and the church against intemperance is in this country to-day the most visible part of the conflict between good and evil, in the old, old war between heaven and hell: and

Whereas—While we are grateful to Almighty God for the measure of success thus far obtained in our state through the policy of Local Option, and hereby renew our pledges of fidelity to that purely nonpartizan method of obtaining relief from the infamous and overshadowing curse of the liquor-traffic; and

Whereas—We believe that the time has now fully come for Maryland to wheel into line with Maine, Kansas, Iowa and Rhode Island, by making the prohibition of the liquor-traffic a part of the constitution of our state;

Therefore Resolved—By the Grand Division of the Sons of Temperance of Maryland, assembled in semi-annual session at Westminster, on this 29th day of April, 1886,—That we here and now declare in favor of earnest work in the future for CONSTITUTIONAL AMENDMENT, waged and worked for on a purely nonpartizan basis

The discussion was earnest and spirited and the paper was adopted as whole with great unanimity and enthusiasm.

AT IT AGAIN.

The successful operation of the Scott Act during the past few weeks has far surpassed even the expectations of its advocates, and has aroused a great deal of indignation and resentment among those who had made up their minds to sell liquor in spite of any legislation that would be enacted. As on former occasions, these disappointed and disgusted whiskey men have vented their spite in the infamous methods with which we have already become too familiar.

On Saturday last Rev. James Lawson, of Renfrew Co., was brutally assaulted at Cobden railway station by Alex. Hudson, the tavern-keeper whose evidence about manufacturing and selling some vile liquor we published last week. On Monday night the dwelling-house and office of Mr. Monro, the fearless Police Magistrate of Dufferin County, were again dynamited, with serious damage to the property, but fortunately, with no loss of life; and on Tuesday night incendiaries fired the house of Mr. Schoff, Inspector for North Middlesex, who has been unusually active in suppressing the illegal sale of liquor.

Comment on these outrages is unnecessary. The liquor men are simply carrying out the policy deliberately announced when the Scott Act campaign was inaugurated. It is too bad that any friends of moral reform should be called upon to suffer from such heartless villainy, but the whiskeyites are simply working the utter destruction of every chance they could ever have succeeded in emancipating themselves from its tyranny. It is just as well, perhaps, that the eyes of the public should be fully opened to the real nature of this business, and the real character of those who carry it on.—*Canada Citizen.*

TO THE GIRLS.

“I wish some strong, bright angel stood before you just now while you read, girls, to flash before you, as no words of mine can, the power you possess to help or to hinder the cause of temperance; to make you feel your responsibility, because you are girls, in this matter. To shudder at its weight, and to never cease trying to fulfil it? Doubtless you have heard a great deal about the value of your smiles; but do you know the value of frown. I wish I could make you feel the value of your frown and the importance of knowing just what to frown upon. What a man must do by a blow, a woman can do by a frown. When the time comes that the young man who now shares his time in your society and the saloon, who jokes about temperance in your presence, and takes a glass socially, now and then, is made to feel that these things cannot be if you are to be his companion at party, ride, or church; that good society cannot tolerate these things in its members; in short, that this kind of man is unfashionable and unpopular, then alcohol will tremble on his throne, and the liquor traffic will hide its cancerous face.—*Miss Cleveland.*”