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THE ARK OF GOD.

My startled eyes see a city rise
Up from the Jordan banks.
The sky above it is clear and blue,
The air is sweet with the breath of morn,
Its walls are strong and its guards are true,
The siege or attack it laughs to scorn.
I see its army's glittering ranks,
I hear its warbler's challenge cries.
And at break of day a strange army
Unfolds to my wondering ken.
A long procession passes by,
I see in its midst the ark of God.
I know that this host with courage high,
Through the waves of Jordan in safety trod.
I hear the tramp of armed men,
And the trumpets' call for deadly fray,
But never a voice through all the way.

The cycle rounds with the circling year,
The days of old are the Now and Here.
Beset by foes upon every side
Still the hosts of God sweep their mystic march
By buttress and tower, and postern arch
Of many a Jericho's walls of pride,
And still behind the rallying ranks,
The Jordan flows over all its banks.
Retreat is death—and the work we do,
Seems an idle march as in days of yore;
No victory gained, no conflict through
But timing footsteps o'er and o'er.

But courage, hearts! be brave and strong!
Ye bear in your midst the ark of God.
The path your feet have travelled long,
The bleeding feet of the martyrs trod.
Soon shall be ended God's week of years,
The spell of silence shall soon be given,
The victory cry banish all your fears,
'Shout, for the city to you is given!'

From the sunset shore comes the rallying word,
The Father of waters has caught the cry;
New England hills have the challenge heard,
And in answering echoes made reply,
The world moves on—our God is true;
Without Him never a sparrow falls,
The triumph-hours of the past review,
Count the Jericho's fallen walls.

LITERATURE.

EDITH GRAY'S UNDERTAKING

Edith Gray came into the pleasant breakfast-room, one morning, her face flushed with preparing the morning meal; but she greeted her mother's worried look with a smile. They ate their breakfast in utter silence. Finally Mrs. Gray inquired,—

"Did you use the last of the flour last night?"

"Yes, said Edith.

Her mother sighed.

"We shall be obliged to go to the bank again. The expense of my illness has taken every cent of the interest money.

Mother, said Edith, what is the use of our worrying and pinching in trying to be genteel? It is very nice for those who have plenty to do without work, though the Bible says, 'If any man will not work neither shall he eat,' and I cannot see why that will not apply to the rich as well as the poorer class.

"What shall we do? If your father had only lived to put his affairs in order, we would have had several thousands which are now lost or in the lawyers' pockets.

Well, father didn't live. And as for the money, it is gone. By that little I know of the tangle affairs were in, I only wonder how the four thousand was rescued. Beside using the interest on

the amount, we have been obliged to use five hundred dollars of the principal. It is only two years since father died, and we have scrimped and pinched till my patience is exhausted, and I think it is time I went to work.

But you do work. Since our last girl went I am sure you have had plenty to do, and we don't even hire the washing done.

Yes, and what is the work for two of us? We sit down to our sewing nearly every forenoon, and the worry of trying to make both ends meet is worse for me than the hardest of labor.

You must wait patiently, said Mrs. Gray. You know your friends are trying to get you the position which Miss Jameson will leave in the spring.

Wait nearly a year, hoping that by that time some one will get married and I may have her position as teacher of languages! I shall look so old and wrinkled that they will think me only fit to teach the dead languages.

What can you do? You might get a few music scholars, said Mrs. Gray, doubtfully.

Oh, mother, don't! You know I have no ear for music, but what little I have I won't have spoiled by such means. Beside, there are already more music teachers than there are scholars.

You couldn't take in sewing?
No, I can't do that, for one day's sewing unfits me for several day's work.

Then what can you do?
Well, I have been thinking the matter, and have decided to take in washing during the summer and fall.

Take in washing? Edith Gray, what do you mean? You, a graduate of Smith's Institute! I always thought you a girl of sense.

But, mother, we must have money, and I must earn it.
If it has to come to this, we will live on bread and water.

I don't think we would enjoy such living, and am sure the friends who visit us would not.

How many do you think would visit us if you should do as you propose?

I don't know, but I think more than would come under the bread and water regime.

You foolish child! You know I should not entertain my friends in that manner.

No, we spend more during one week of company than we can save in the remaining fifty-one weeks of the year, just because we must entertain well, and not show our poverty.

What do you think your Aunt Jane would say to your taking to washing?

I mean to go right over and see.
So, hastily finishing her breakfast, Edith ran over to Aunt Jane's.

In a spirit of mischief she concluded not to break her purpose gently; so, as she rushed in all out of breath, she said,—
Aunt Jane, do you want a washerwoman?

You dear child, said Aunt Jane, did you know how I have been troubled to find one? And there are Mrs. Arnold and Mrs. Johns and Mrs. Folson, all looking in vain for one who will be thoroughly reliable.

That is just it, said Edith. I have just the one for you; she is young, but understands washing, and will do it for the price which you paid Mrs. Sullivan.
Where shall I find her? said Aunt Jane.

At number three Harland street.

Why, that is your home!

Yes, I am the young lady.

Edith Gray! I ought to know you well enough by this time to understand your jokes. You are enough to try the patience of a saint.

But, Aunt Jane, I am not joking; I really mean it; I am tired of this scrimping along, trying to make on dollar take the place of five. Now I am going to get five, and make them take the place of one, if I should want to be so extravagant.

What would Charles Graham say to your becoming a common washerwoman.

I think it would be quite uncommon for a washerwoman to work the sciences and talk in several languages. I could discourse learnedly about the stars while carrying home my washing, and the latter accomplishment would be quite an advantage, for I could talk with those who employed me each in her native tongue. As for Charles Graham, if he had rather marry a dependant goose than an independent woman, he may look elsewhere. But I don't think he will.

You will lose all chance of getting the position in Stranham University; they won't want an ex-washerwoman in their language chair.

I can't see why I should lose it, for my name is on the list already, and I don't know that washing will weaken my brain.

Well, said Aunt Jane, solemnly, I suppose you will go on your own way; but I shall not encourage you in such arrant nonsense by anything I can do or say.

Then I can't have you washing? said Edith, mischievously, which remark met with no response.

She hurried home not in the least disheartened. She had gotten along much better than she expected, for Aunt Jane hadn't said she shouldn't work, and had unwittingly helped her to the names of three ladies who were even looking for a washerwoman.

Edith did a great deal of thinking that day, and finally induced her mother to say that she might try one or two washings if she could get them to do—her mother consenting in the firm belief that she could not.

The next day Edith called on the three ladies, and they, taken quite by surprise, promised to try her for a month, thinking by that time her courage would have failed.

So Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday mornings found Edith in the kitchen, and really it was not so very hard, after all, for although she had seemed so cheerful and determined when talking with her mother and aunt, when alone in her room she did bemoan the cruel fate that forced her into trying this experiment.

In her secret heart she wondered if people would treat her as if she were an ignorant washer-woman, and so had no place in society.

The next Sunday morning she went to church with fear and trembling, but to her surprise, was treated just as usual, and not at all as if her strange action had been the chief topic of conversation during the week. She even imagined that some of the older people treated her with added respect.

The weeks passed on, and she smiled to herself as she saw their thin purse slowly but surely expanding, and thought her mornings in the kitchen paid well. Her mother, too, seemed better, and every week they could hire a carriage for an afternoon ride.

There were only a few who looked down upon her, and she thought with a smile of the position which had been offered her as teacher of languages in the Stranham University, and of how the same people would respect her when occupying that position.

Charles Graham had surprised even her by the way in which he took the news of her departure from the ordinary walks of life. Instead of looking displeased when she told him, he actually laughed over her account of her talk with Aunt Jane, and ended by saying that she had undertaken this, for his grandmother had often reminded him that a girl who couldn't earn her own living wasn't suitable for a wife.

For she often says, said he, with a shake of her head, Riches are liable to take to themselves wings and fly away.

The next spring, as Edith was about to take her place in the university, she called on Aunt Jane and told her with a little note of triumph in her voice that she hadn't taken the interest money from the bank during the past six months, and now, if she should lose her position—and Charles Graham—she could take her old place as washerwoman, for there were three families, at least, who were sorry to lose her valuable services.

THE MINUTIE OF BUSINESS.

Every young man contemplating a business venture should carefully read the following article, every line of which portrays profound wisdom:

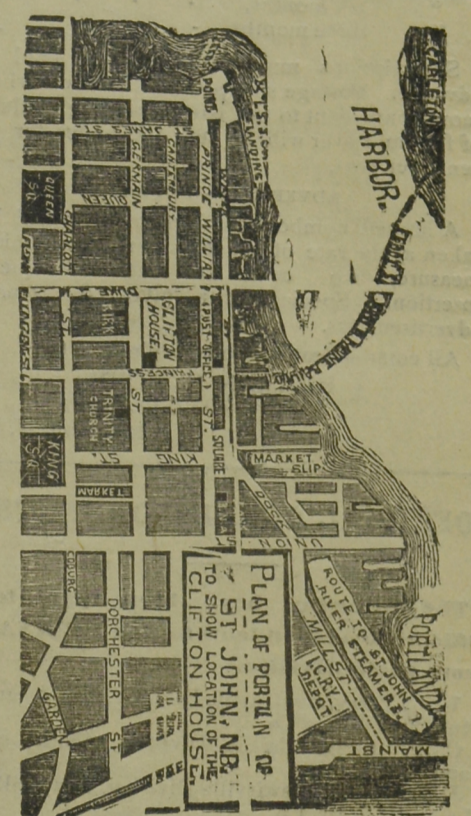
How often do we hear of the failure of young men who have entered upon their career seemingly with every prospect of ultimate success, having sufficient capital and an average amount of energy and perseverance. We largely ascribe their failure to living beyond their income in order to maintain questionable habits. Public opinion is seldom at fault, and in many cases this may be the true cause, but other failings often co-operate to hasten a business reversion, and a very important one is a want of attention, generally through ignorance of its existence, to the minutie of business. A proper knowledge and appreciation of this necessary attribute to mercantile success is possessed by all well-established firms, and it is only the beginners that fail for the need of it. Again, young men are too apt to aim to start right where hard-working and close calculating merchants may be thankful to attain to after twenty years of comparatively successful business.

To begin with a thorough apprenticeship is absolutely necessary to a true perception of the specialties of any business, a full realization of its peculiarities, and a perfection in the art of adapting one's self to all the different phases which may pertain to it. These are so many accessories to the triumphant perpetuation of a business venture, and are attained only through a just regard for the inferior expenses and the many little ways by which a merchant may legitimately economize. These constitute the minutie of business. Expressed in fewer words, the minutie of business is naught but the perfection of the off-repeated maxim—the combination of theory with practice, the two forming what should be an inseparable whole. To attain to this standard all who start in business should have had practical knowledge of that business, a more than partial apprenticeship to it, a more than limited knowledge of the variations which such business at times undergoes. Even theory and half-practice is one thing, and theory and knowledge quite another.

Young men who start out 'on their own hook,' as they are sometimes pleased to call it, are mostly animated with a desire to be their own masters, to throw off the yoke that compels subservience to one more experienced and feel themselves free to act for themselves, and to test by actual conflict with the world the ideas they may entertain that differ from the plans of older heads. This desire, a sort of ambition, is in itself commendable enough, but it is apt to be over estimated by those in whom it is embodied. Naturally they have friends and these friends either become customers or influence trade in their direction, and the number of customers gradually increases until the youthful merchants become in a measure so absorbed with the weight of their recent elevation, and the unestablished, though by them firmly accredited fact, that they are making money with astounding rapidity, that they lose sight of the minutie of business, the little leaks that have been steadily draining their assets, and when the time for reparation is past they realize that though ready enough to purchase at reasonable terms yet customers are not so prompt to pay. This source, together with the leaks above spoken of, cause all their hopes and aspirations to become as vagaries, unreal, unstable and most unsatisfactory.

We do not pretend to set the time that would be required for any person to acquire a perfect knowledge of any particular branch of business, because some can learn in six months what would take others years to acquire. Neither do we assume to indicate that it is possible for any one to appreciate or compass the minutie of business in the allotted time of six months because that is too wide an assertion. Many have had long apprenticeships and yet have failed when they stood a one. The obvious reason of this is that many clerks aim to do as much as their employers require of them but no more, laying an extensive foundation for not learning the intricacies of a business that they might be thoroughly conversant with if it was their desire to employ all leisure moments, during business hours, in lending a hand to some one who is at work, and by this means pave the way to a higher position.

The Rev W O Haddock, who has been murdered at Sioux Falls, Iowa, on account of his intense activity in behalf of prohibition, was well known in Wisconsin, where he had preached for years. Whenever he advcced a cause he handled its opponents without gloves and neither asked or gave quarter. As an apostle of the Church militant the following stories are told. Eight or nine years ago while he was stirring up the temperance question in Sheboygon Falls, he was waylaid by five or six men, who all pitched on him at once with the intention of giving him a sound thrashing. Although surprised by the attack Haddock quickly rallied, and placing himself against a fence knocked his assailants down as fast as they came up. Finally, convinced that they had undertaken a bigger contract than they bargained for, the roughs fled. At another time, while preaching on temperance in the interior of the State, Haddock made remarks which aroused the ire of the village blacksmith to such an extent that he waited for him till the meeting was out, and then undertook to thrash him. A rough-and-tumble fight ensued, in which the blacksmith was badly worsted. The blacksmith later became a total abstainer and is now one of the most earnest Prohibitionists in his district.



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