

TEMPERANCE JOURNAL.

OUR MOTTO—NATIONAL PROHIBITION.

FREDERICTON, N. B., THURSDAY, JULY 29 1886.

Vol. II., No. 30.
\$1.00 per Annum.

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SHOW ME THY FACE.

Show me Thy face—
A cheering beam
Of loveliness divine;
And I shall never think or dream
Of other love save Thine,
All lesser light will darken quite,
All lower glories wane—
The beautiful of earth will scare
Seem beautiful again!

Show me Thy face—
Thy heaviest cross,
Will then seem light to bear;
There will be gain in every loss,
And peace with every care.
With such light feet the years will fleet,
Life seem as brief as blest;
Till I have laid my burden down,
And entered into rest.

Show me Thy face—
And I shall be
In heart and mind renewed,
With wisdom, grace and energy.
To work Thy work ended,
Shine through the veil, Immanuel,
Until, the veil removed,
In perfect glory I behold
The face that I have loved!

LITERATURE.

TWO OF A TRADE.

Not a thousand miles from the Empire City, in a beautiful residence overlooking the Hudson, there reigned supreme a charming widow with a still more adorable daughter.

On the morning of the fifteenth of July, 1884, Mr. Egbert Haldane, the master of the afore-mentioned residence, (or perhaps I should qualify that descriptive clause, and say the owner of the residence aforesaid,) was seated at his morning meal—a handsome man of distinguished appearance, aged forty, opposite him sat the widow, whose youthful appearance would have belied her thirty-eight summers, had not the young lady on her left shown such a wonderful resemblance to her maternal parent, although the widow was a childish, clinging creature, while the daughter was a perfect Juno in size, strength and temper.

It was an angry exclamation from Miss Belle which recalled Mr. Haldane's attention from the all-absorbing stock market.

'What is it, Belle?'
'What is it, indeed! It's what one always gets by patronizing the deserving poor who have seen better days! Here this abominable Helen Durand has disappointed me at the eleventh hour, because she has, as she hypocritically puts it, accepted Mrs. Van Hyden's pressing invitation to be present at the party, and must of necessity give some attention to her own dress for the occasion. She refers me to that French creature on the avenue, who she knows will suit me much better, etc., etc. Suit me much better! Very likely; but who wants to change to—'

'To pay an artist's price for work when for one quarter of the sum you can get it equally well done by an old friend and schoolmate who has the misfortune to belong to that objectionable

class, 'the deserving poor who have seen better days.'

There was a quiet satire in the gentleman voice which brought an angry flush to the brow of the younger lady, and a keen dart of surprise into the mild blue eyes of the gentle widow.

'Why, Egbert, do you know I believe you are glad of it—glad that I shall have to pay that horrid French person her outrageous price!'

'No, my dear,' mildly interposed the widow, 'you misjudge Egbert; he is only glad that Miss Durand will be present at the Van Hydens' on Monday evening.'

It was the gentleman's turn to flush now, and rising abruptly, he left the room. A few minutes later a maid-servant brought in a check for two hundred dollars for Belle, with the request that she allowed it to supplement her last quarter's allowance. That young lady was jubilant, for she dearly loved to spend the 'fifty lucre' with which her half-brother abundantly provided her—for that is the relationship existing between these two, while the youthful widow was, of course, step-mamma to the grave old bachelor.

There was a time, however, when she had aspired to a different relationship. When Egbert Haldane was twenty and Nettie Brown eighteen, the poor young sempstress had dared to raise her beautiful eyes to the wealthy heir of Eldridge Place, and he, it was said, had almost succumbed to their magic, when it became evident that Mr. Haldane had also been attracted by their brightness.

Well—the artless creature's interest in young Egbert rapidly assumed a maternal aspect. She married the widower under the mistaken impression that he was the moneyed man of the firm, and found to her intense chagrin, a year later, that as a widow she was as poor as she had been as a maiden, while her infant daughter inherited not one cent of the vast wealth which for generations had descended to the Haldanes.

It is possible that visions of wily sempstresses had floated before the mental vision of young Egbert's grandfather; at any rate, the vast estate was given in trust to the son for the grandson and namesake of the old gentleman, thus mercifully cutting off succeeding wives and offspring from any part thereof.

There was a stormy scene a few weeks after the interment of the husband and father. It required the assistance of two lawyers to convince the bereaved widow that henceforth her sole dependence and that of her child was the charity of the young man she had jilted for his father's wealth.

It was a very bitter combination of circumstances, you will allow; but when upon his return from abroad, (where he went immediately upon his father's marriage,) he found a little blue-eyed sister, he accepted the situation with a very good grace, making the widow a handsome allowance, and asking her to preside over his home 'until I see fit to install another mistress here.'

That had been fifteen years before that July morning '84, and it is safe to say no step-mother was ever more thoroughly attentive to the wishes of a son than had been Mrs. Haldane to those of her former lover.

Whether the enchantment of that early love had influenced all his life, or whether his faith in feminine purity and truth had received a fatal shock, had been long and ably discussed by more than one worthy matron with eligible or at least marriageable daughters, and there had been times when Mrs. Haldane had trembled before a possibly successful rival. But these were long passed.

Helen Durand had, from early childhood, been the constant companion and playmate of Belle Haldane, although a few years her senior. Brother Egbert had petted, teased and spoiled her, as he had done his sister, with no thought that the young girl had enshrined him as her hero in her heart of hearts.

When Helen was eighteen her father died, after having lost his entire property, leaving as his daughter's sole inheritance an invalid mother, with a small cottage near the Haldane estate. But the brave girl never faltered in her thorny path; she told her friends it was necessary for her to work, and she should be glad of their patronage. She was a natural genius in the making of artistic costumes and one morning, a few weeks after Mr. Durand's death, a placard, bearing the inscription, 'Helen Durand, Fashionable Dressmaker,' was a noticeable feature of the cottage now occupied by Miss Helen and her mother.

Mrs. Haldane was shocked at the unladylike business qualities of her daughter's early friend, and would have cut the acquaintance altogether had not her step-son insisted upon the members

of his house-hold treating her with all the courtesy of former years. They obliged him to the extent of ordering many of their charming costumes of the indefatigable young worker, and the widow did not hesitate to pronounce her prices exorbitant when she modestly asked a fair remuneration for the labor.

Egbert Haldane, calling at the cottage a week before the opening of this story, had found Helen in tears, and her mother not a little agitated. He forgot the fact that she was a young lady of twenty-two, and not a miss of seven, and in his old brotherly manner asked her the cause of her distress, whereupon she commenced sobbing painfully. As Mrs. Durand was no more communicative, he finally mastered the situation by forcibly seating the young lady upon his knee, and pinioning her arms to her side, (a trick of former days,) he demanded the whys and wherefores of the case.

The mother, pitying her daughter's evident confusion, hastily explained that Mrs. Haldane had just left, after being more than usually unkind and insulting. She had intimated that she did not approve of their receiving so many unceremonious calls from himself, who, though a model man, was probable no better than other men, etc., etc., and ended by saying that she really must withdraw her patronage from Miss Durand if she continued her present line of conduct. Belle had been present and had added,—

'You cannot, of course, expect Egbert to marry Helen now, no matter how good friends we used to be.'

At this stage of her mother's narrative, Helen piteously called out,—

'Please, oh, please, Mr Haldane, let me go!'

He looked for one instant into her eyes, and reading there something more than mortification, instantly released her—whereupon she rushed from the room.

'Mrs. Haldane is doubtless correct, Mrs. Durand, and you are to be censured for receiving so objectionable personage as myself. But Belle was entirely wrong, for—for—I think I do mean to marry Helen—that is, if you—if she—will overlook this unkindness on the part of my sister and her mother. Will you tell her so, please? and I'll call again to-night, and see what can be done about settling matters.' And he hastily took his departure.

Two hours later he received this note:—

'MR. HALDANE:—Doubtless you thought that little scene was gotten up this morning for your especial benefit, and mamma expected you to offer yourself as an antidote to your mother and sister. Many thanks for your kindness, but I'll not take the prescription, notwithstanding mamma's endorsement of it. Don't come down any more, please. Yours gratefully,

HELEN DURAND.'

This was an extinguisher, and Helen Durand was precisely the young lady to stand by any decision, once it was made. As for Mr Haldane, he was convinced that he had always intended to marry Helen. Most certainly! Why had he called upon Mrs. Durand and her daughter every week for years? Of course he had delayed the matter somewhat, but—well—the young lady's emphatic refusal rendered him doubly certain of his own intentions, and the possibility that she might persist in it was not to be entertained for an instant.

It is needless to say that the mother's strong approval, the lover's earnest pleading, and the young girl's long concealed regard for her suitor, at length outweighed her objections to the 'antidote,' and at Mrs. Van Hyden's party Helen Durand first figured as a beauty and a belle—such is the effect of happiness on most feminine mortals.

It was delightful to see the consternation depicted on the widow's countenance when she first noticed the superb diamond gleaming on her dressmaker's little hand. Poor woman! she knew she was vanquished, but she determined to die fighting—if die she must.

Consequently, when Egbert returned from escorting Miss Durand to her door upon the eve of the before-mentioned social gathering, he found the ladies of his household awaiting him in their common sitting-room.

The widow had decided that a high moral ground was the proper stand for her under the circumstances, and commenced,—

'Egbert, I hope, out of regard for your father's memory, there is no truth in the rumor that you contemplate bringing that Helen Durand the dressmaker to reside over our home, which—'

'Which for so many years has been so regally presided over by another dress maker. Madam, your marked success

NEW YORK POLICE.

HOW THEIR CAPABILITIES FOR OFFICE ARE TESTED.

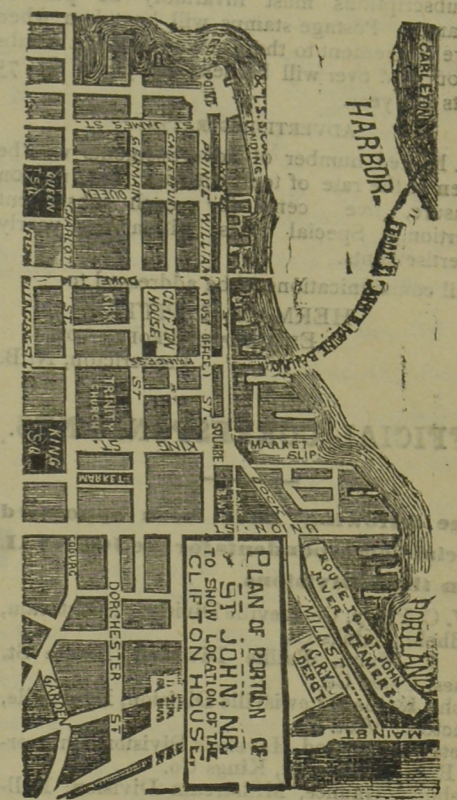
In the first place, every man is subjected to a searching and rigorous medical examination. By a simple and ingenious contrivance, the action of his lungs, heart, back, chest, legs, and arms is carefully tested, and the relative strength of these parts determined. There is a perfectly practical and scientific system of tests by which the general physical condition of any man can be ascertained with astonishing accuracy. All the life insurance companies, for reasons which are obvious, insist upon such an examination. And certainly the men who are to be intrusted with the protection of the lives and property of our citizens should qualify by at least as severe a test as is demanded of those upon whose physical condition depends only the question of a few dollars more or less by way of annual premiums. After this medical examination, the men are taken to a gymnasium and made to run a quarter of a mile to test their pace at a start, and afterward are given a mile to test their staying powers. They are then examined as to their knowledge of the use of firearms; and the flexibility of the wrist is tried to find whether they are likely to be good at wielding the club. Finally, to test whether the applicant has sufficient downright pluck, a simple but very practical plan has been adopted, of putting on the gloves and letting the men face each other in pairs for a short round. For one who has had any experience in matters of this sort, it does not take an exchange of more than two or three blows, and those not necessarily at all severe, to judge whether a man has not the requisite physical courage to qualify him to perform his duties.

We have taken the examinations in the police and fire departments for an example, because the proponents of civil service reform have always insisted that here the new system would be sure to fail. Yet the results have been just as successful in other branches of the public service. The mayor of the city of New York, the fire commissioners, the president of the park department, and the superintendent of police have all expressed their approval of the new method of selection, and testified to its successful operation.

Similar testimony comes from the mayors of Boston and Brooklyn.

The summer boarler is a fanciful creature. On the day of his arrival in the heart of the country he cherishes the illusion that he enjoyed the fruits of the earth fresh picked. The egg he no longer looks upon with suspicion, the fish he ceases to regard with emotion, and milk escapes his attention as an object of scientific speculation. On the second day he is apt to exclaim, Do I sleep? Do I dream? Alas! the egg has become the concentration of distrust, the fish as time worn as tales twice told and the lacteal fluid a very neat suggestion of a bubbling spring. The fruits of the earth which caused his mouth to water during the morning he sees shipped off to the city in the evening. But where-ever he goes the tuncful waiters voice glibly chirps in his ear Steak and Ham for breakfast and Ham and steak for dinner. To this variety may be thrown in—without fear of injury—the elastic doughnut on Sundays. After dinner the host of the inn assures him, Well, sir, the air in these here parts is mighty fine. And this is the consolation which waits upon indigestion.

No city life for me, said a Vermont farmer. Gimme the country and about 100 acres of land and I'm satisfied. Have to get up pretty early in the morning, eh? Not very, three o'clock in summer and four in winter. What do you do evenings? D'yr mean arter it gits tew dark ter work? Yes. B'gosh, I go to bed.



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