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LITERATURE.

THE CHANCE MEETING.

A stranger in the moving throng,
To whom I said some careless word
About the weather, and a song
Or singer he and I had heard.

His answer I have wholly lost,
In separate ways we left the place,
But I keep what I value most,
The memory of a pleasant face.

And I keep still within my heart
The thrill his touch awakened there,
As clasping hands, we moved apart,
Each ignorant of the other's sphere.

We are not strangers, you and I,
Who touch but once each other's hands,
Look once into each other's eye
And then drift off to different lands.

It is our heritage to grasp
Each friendly hand from far or near,
And in the quick responsive clasp
To feel the common life we bear.

It is our duty, if we can,
As life leads on from place to place,
To leave to every careworn man
The memory of a pleasant face.

A PAIR OF LOVERS

Sweet little Nettie Fay had two lovers. A very delightful condition of affairs, but a state of things which made Nettie a great deal of trouble; and as for the men, they rendered each other, as well as the girl of their hearts, very miserable.

So it wasn't so very nice after all. It had been years since Nettie had been assigned by their friends to Warden Dormer, and she expected to marry him, for Nettie was of a gentle, yielding nature; but her step-father's son, whom she had never seen, Arthur Stevning, came to quiet Bevingdean, and fell so straightway and unmistakably in love with Nettie, as to alter greatly the situation, for Nettie did give him encouragement.

One day a party of young people had gone up to the cliff which overlooked the harbor, to see the great man of war the Sultan, come in, and Nettie had taken Arthur's arm, and laughingly climbed the hill with the best of them, though such a little thing.

And being a bright, magical sight—the white-capped, crisp, dancing waves, the long, gleaming decks; the small, active thronging figures of the seamen;—that and the splendid air was worth climbing the ascent for, they all agreed.

And then this impromptu basket-party spread their lunch upon a rock among the crisp green moss, and discussed cold chicken and Italian cream, up among the clouds as securely as if sunshine and safety lasted forever.

Arthur Stevning had gone half-way down the cliff with his gun, and was banging away at the flying birds, when a sudden gust of cold air, and the darkening of the sun, reminded him that he had foretold a storm at sunrise.

He was not used to the locality, and was all unprepared for the suddenness with which the weather changed.

A mist spread over the landscape, the air grew humid, there was a distant growl of thunder, and the next moment a close flash of lightning.

It was followed by more vivid ones. Shouldering his gun, he turned to retrace his steps. He had ascended a few yards when he heard the distant voices of the descending party. Something in their tones—a cry of alarm or entreaty—made him hasten his footsteps, when, suddenly round the curve of a rock came the flying figure of a girl.

It was Nettie, who, born with a terror of lightning, was running at full speed down the mountain, her hat hanging by its blue ribbons down her back, her sweet eyes wide with fright, her gold hair blown over her face, a wild-rose color in the dimpled cheeks, stung by the sharp, salt air.

Arthur sprang forward and caught her in his arms, and retreated with her under the shelter of an overhanging rock.

The drenched and frightened party rushed by him like a meteor, and he made no attempt to delay them. He could hardly trust his head to keep his feet in the dim and blinding light.

Yet, through it all, he could feel Nettie's heart beating faintly against his breast.

'Poor little darling!' he murmured, seeing that she was quite senseless.

She remained so until the storm began to abate.

She caught her breath, at last; and uttered a choking little cry. 'Nettie, wake up! The storm is almost over. Nettie, don't you know where you are?' shaking her a little.

She opened her eyes, and then slipped to her feet, shaking and clinging to him. Her broken and incoherent exclamation gave him some insight into the peculiarity which all her other friends were aware of—her terror of lightning—and the loveliness of her white cheeks and the sweetness of the tearful eyes, made the task of reassuring her not distasteful.

Indeed, before he knew it, he had kissed the pretty lips, and brought the burning blushes to the young face.

'Nettie, dear little Nettie, I couldn't help it. You see I love you so. Tell me that you don't care for that other fellow!'

At that moment there was a hurried step and 'that other fellow' stood before them.

To say that Mr. Warren Dormer was astonished, is but feebly to state the case. He stood looking at his sweet-heart in the arms of another man in simply round-eyed wonder.

He had been absent from Bevingdean for the last three weeks, and though he had been introduced to Arthur Stevning before his departure, he had never dreamed of him as a rival—or of anybody else for that matter. For two years he had considered Nettie securely his.

He had a nice farm and handsome country house to make Nettie mistress of, and—there could be no doubt of that—he honestly loved her.

'I—I came for you, Nettie,' he said, in a rather smothered voice. 'They said you were up the cliff, and the storm—'

The poor fellow's voice faltered and broke.

Nettie had hastily disengaged herself, breathless and frightened.

'When—when did you come home, Warren?' she asked, instinctively trying to avoid a scene.

But she was not quite successful, since Arthur Stevning still kept possession of her hand, and though evidently a little startled, looked from her to Warren Dormer unflinchingly. The painful silence that followed was broken by his voice.

'It may as well come out now as any time. You and I can hardly pretend to be friends since we are rivals, Mr. Dormer.'

'No!' returned the other, in the same smothered voice, moving uneasily, and not looking at Nettie, who not having the least idea what she ought to do under such circumstances, began to cry.

'You understand that I love Miss Fay, the same as you do, I suppose, and she must choose between us now,' went on Arthur.

'I—oh, I—I cannot now!' sobbed Nettie, confessing more than it was pleasant for one of her hearers to hear, since her words implied that a choice was not only possible, but eminent. 'The storm is over now, and I must go home.'

And gathering her skirts from her little feet, she literally ran away.

The only thing they could learn of Nettie for the next few days was that

she had caught cold from her drenching in the storm, and could not leave the house.

The next was that Nettie whisked herself out of sight of her two admirers to spend a fortnight with her aunt Barbara, in the next town.

Arthur did not know what interview th might have had with Warren Dormer, but he was really not much afraid of "that other fellow"—not so much as he would have been had he known Warren Dormer.

Another week passed. At the end of that time, Nettie Fay was in receipt of two letters—one from Arthur, one from Warren Dormer. With sorrow and misgiving she pondered over these letters; but Nettie was sincerity itself, and at length wrote to both, explaining exactly the state of her feelings. The task was a hard one, and her hand shook so as she folded the sheets, that she let the portfolio upon which they lay fall to the floor. She picked them up hurriedly, placed them as quickly as possible in envelopes superscribed, and sent them to the post.

When she reached home a fortnight later there was a lawn party, and her mother hurried her to her room; and Nettie came down from her chamber, at last, in a lovely silk costume. The girl had lost flesh and color, but had never looked sweeter.

And there was Arthur Stevning. He was going to and fro with campchairs and cups of tea for the ladies.

He would come to her side soon; but he passed, at last, with only a pale constrained look, and barely a civil word. The next moment, Warren Dormer took the chair at her side.

'I thought you would come home to-day, Nettie.'

One glance at his cheerful face bewildered her. Warren bent towards her and affecting to look at her bracelet, whispered:

'I received your letter.'

Nellie bent her head silently in response.

The silvery chat and the music around her seemed to make her head reel.

How strange she felt! The glance from Arthur chilled her heart.

Her eyes dwelt in bewilderment on Warren's flushed face. He looked actually happy.

'Warren,' called Mrs. Fay, 'will you go to the house and ask Lily for my shawl?'

When Warren Dormer had gone away, Nettie rose and, walking down the lawn, stood looking in a rather forlorn way at the tennis-players—really not seeing them at all. Suddenly there was a voice at her side.

'I think, Nettie, you might have spared me the pain of knowing that I was a object of pain and dread to you, or very much the same thing.'

As Nettie lifted her blue eyes in pained surprise, Arthur Stevning was gazing very gravely down upon her.

She could not imagine he could look so stern. The color quite died out of her cheek.

She gave a little broken murmur—what she said she did not know.

'Forgotten what you said!' he exclaimed, as if repeating her words. 'I cannot forget so easily. And, then, I have them in black and white, you know, with a painful smile, as he passed on in response to a merry call—for Arthur was a favorite with the ladies.

Nettie could have thrown herself down on the grass, like a child, and cried in sorrow and despair.

Was this captious treatment all the reward she was to get for confessing the truth so bravely!

Her father's displeasure, her mother's disappointment, Aunt Barbara scolding, she had prepared herself to receive; but this was too much; the hot tears welled to her eyes.

There were other gentlemen in the party, who thought Nettie pretty and attractive; but she listened to everybody in an absent minded way, and at last the festive afternoon was over.

'May I come up at eight this evening, Nettie?' asked Warren Dormer at parting. He looked at her in a cheerful, confident way, which bewildered her.

He hopes to make me change my mind,' she thought.

'Certainly,' she said with visible reluctance.

She was not quite sure, as she glanced at Arthur's grave, averted face at the supper-table, that she would not take Warren after all, out of pure forlornness—it was so disheartening to miss the radiant smile, the tenderness she had unconsciously anticipated.

But when her old lover's straw-colored beard brushed her cheek, she shivered.

'Please don't Warren—I told you!' she exclaimed.

'Yes—that you loved me best.'

'No—that I love him best!' cried Nettie, hysterically. 'I can't help it—I do!'

Poor Warren's eyes looked more like blue porcelain than ever as he stared at her.

'You told me—' he began.

'Oh what did I tell you?' cried Nettie desperately, as she tore the letter he presented from his hand.

She glanced over the sheet and turned red.

'I—I put the letters in the wrong envelopes,' she faltered.

'Then this was intended for Arthur?' asked Dormer, stiffening.

Nettie nodded.

In vain he called her fickle, a coquette, a flirt. She only cried until he went away. Then she flung herself, face downward, upon the sofa, and the excitement and fatigue lulled her into drowsiness at last.

She went to sleep, thinking this a very forlorn world, and woke up to find it a very bright one, for Arthur Stevning was smiling over her.

'Dear little Nettie!' he cried. 'I know all; I got the wrong letter.'

'You did!' she answered.

Need we say how happy they were, how soon they were married, and what a long honeymoon their wedded life was, all through Nettie having had the courage to choose rightly between her 'Pair of Lovers?'

HE CAPTURED THE PRIZE.—The other morning a boy about 14 years of age knocked at the door of a house on Brush street and asked the woman if she didn't want the snow cleaned off the walk.

'How much?' she cautiously inquired.

'Thirty cents.'

'I won't pay it. If you want to do the work for 10 cents you can go ahead.'

He leaned on the handle of his snow shovel and looked thoughtful and she finally queried:

'Well, what do you say?'

'It's just as that woman around the corner told me,' he replied. 'I shoveled off her snow and she gave me 50 cents, I told her I was coming to ask you and she said—'

'I don't want to know. What business is it to her?'

'Yes, but—'

'What did she say?'

'She said I'd get left. She said that any woman who were a plump saque and passed it off for a \$300 sealskin would be mean enough to go out nights and shovel her own snow.'

'Boy!' whispered the woman as she turned white clear around her neck, 'I want you to clean off the snow. When you are through I'll give you a silver dollar, and I want you to go around and tell that woman that any one who buys and wears dollar store jewelry and 14 shilling shoes, hasn't got sense enough to fall off a bob-tailed car.'

THE SALVATION ARMY.—The annual report of the Salvation Army of Canada for the last year has just been issued. The report shows that the organization is at work in 151 cities, towns, and villages throughout the country. It has "outposts" in 53 places. In five places land has been secured for building purposes while there are "barracks" in forty places. The number of officers in 1885 was 418, number of corps 148, and outposts 47. The attendance in '85 numbered 269,090 being an increase of 71,612 over 1884. The temple and head-quarters for Canada, which is in the course of erection on the north-west corner of James and Albert Streets, Toronto, is a substantial brick structure. It will cost in the neighborhood of \$20,000 and will seat 2,500 persons.

Most of the late British Cabinet were smokers, and some, like Sir Hicks-Beach, Lord Randolph Churchill, and Sir Richard Cross, strong smokers. Lord Carnarvon, too, was as good a judge of a prime cigar as even Lord Derby, who blows a dollar into thin air every time he lights a weed. The present ministers including the Premier, are mostly non-smokers.

Court officer (whispering in magistrate's ear)—A couple outside want you to join them. Magistrate—Sh! Tell 'em I'll be around the corner in five minutes. Court officer—It's a young couple, sir, as wants to get married. Magistrate—Oh! Tell 'em they'll have to wait until the court is adjourned.

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; Thursday; John P. Bell.

Orange Hall, Portland; Portland, 7; Monday; A. Y. Paterson.

Market Building, St. John; Albion, 14; Wednesday; J. S. B. DeVeber.

Gagetown; Queens, 21; Saturday; H. J. DeVeber.

Chatham; Northumberland, 37; Friday; G. Stohart.

St. John; Mariners and Mechanics, 38; Thursday; 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; Wednesday; A. Haines.

Kingston, Kent Co.; Kingston, 44; Tuesday; B. S. Bailey.

Newcastle; Newcastle, 45; Thursday; D. McGruar.

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; Saturday; W. N. Buckman.

Cambridge, Queen's Co.; Johnston, 62; Saturday; 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. Betts.

Douglastown, North. Co.; Caledonia, 126; Tuesday; J. Henderson.

Collina Corner, Kings Co.; Collina, 129; Thursday; Jacob L. 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; Cudlip Miller.

Moncton; Moncton, 183; Monday; E. McCarthy.

Salisbury, West. Co.; Crystal Stream, 191; Saturday; C. A. Beck.

South Bay, St. John Co.; Lime Rock, 207; Monday; Wm. Roxborough.

Milford, St. John Co.; Everett, 238; Wednesday; John Waring.

Moncton; Intercolonial, 243; Friday; Wallace Armour.

Victoria Mills, West. Co.; Victoria, 245; Thursday; A. J. Main.

Baillie, St. James, Char. Co.; Baillie, 248; Wednesday; 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; Tuesday; D. Jonah.

Lewis Mountain, West. Co.; Sunnyside, 253; Saturday; R. Lewis.

Deer Island, Char. Co.; Moss Rose, 254; Saturday; 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; Wednesday; 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; Saturday; I. McGowan.

Penobscus, King's Co.; Cardwell, 271; Thursday; 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, Charlott's 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. R.

Springfield, King's Co.; Springfield, 282; Friday; G. M. Wetmore.

Whites Cove, Grand Lake; Grand Lake; 283; E. H. 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; Friday; W. M. Spence.

Centreville, Kings Co.; Centreville, 287; Saturday; H. W. Falkins.

Waterford, K. C.; Essex Division 288; Monday; John W. DeForest.

Dubec, Carleton Co.; Centenary, 289; Wm. V. Benn.

Forest Glen, West. Co.; Forest Glen 290; Thursday; Miss A. Hubley.

Bristol, Carleton Co.; Bristol Union, 291; Tuesday; Rev. John Gravinor.

East Florenceville, Carleton Co.; East Florenceville, 292; Saturday; Wm. Tompkins.

Waterville, Carleton Co.; Waterville, 293; Saturday; J. T. Fletcher.

Bath Carleton Co.; Ray of Hope, 294; Friday; Herbert Gray.

Lower Coverdale, Albert Co.; Coverdale Tuesday; F. A. Steeves.