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## LITERATURE.

### A SPRINGTIDE THOUGHT.

I hear it in the whispering showers that bless  
the springing grass,  
I see it in the bright-eyed flowers that bless me  
as I pass—  
God is love.

I hear it in the song-bird's note from yonder  
greening bough,  
It sighs upon the perfumed breeze that tans my  
throbbing brow—  
God is love.

I hear its music in the stream that shimmers in  
the light,  
Its voice floats to me from the stars soft shining  
through the night—  
God is love.

The fancies sweet and softened glow that o'er  
my spirit steal,  
These kindly springtide sympathies, they teach  
my heart to feel  
God is love

O blessed springtide! in our hearts thy genial  
influence leave,  
For still a glad creation felt will help us to  
believe  
God is love.

### MY IMITATION WIFE.

I had just adjusted my tie and was  
preparing to leave, when mother came  
in.

Going out, are you, Tom? said she.  
Yes, ma'am.  
Where, to another party?  
Yes, ma'am.

That makes three this week, doesn't  
it, Tom?  
Yes, ma'am. We're hurrying to get  
through. Going to take Miss Beaufort  
to-night, and then I'm done with the  
Jolly club's parties.

Mother, somehow or other, did not  
seem to think very much of what I said.  
Tom, I wish you would get married,  
she said, with a troubled face. I believe  
you would stay at home some.

Well, I am awful tired, mother, and  
completely worn out.  
Then why don't you quit it?  
Best reason in the world, mother. I  
am neither engaged nor in love but I'm  
willing to be.

It was getting late, so I started after  
this, but the look on mother's face set  
me to thinking.

My mother is the best woman in the  
world, even if I do say it myself, and I  
felt worried about her.

She was right. I was out nearly  
every evening. This evening at a  
reception, next time a ball, then a theatre  
party, and so on. Of course I could  
afford it, for my salary as cashier at Hart's  
was a liberal one.

But—  
I wasn't saving a cent, and my own  
home folks never saw me except at the  
table. Even poor, old, patient mother  
was complaining.

But I was having lots of fun. There  
was that Beaufort girl. She was a fine  
one. Could dance any kind, talk about  
anything you wanted, and make you

have the finest time in the world. Then  
there was Vene Wright. She would  
take in the base ball with a fellow, go  
rowing, skating, anything for fun.

Then Vene had money. That was an  
important item.  
Why shouldn't I tackle Miss Vene  
on the subject of matrimony.

Thomas, old son, said I to myself,  
Vene is the one.  
But Vene, somehow or other, did not  
exactly suit the case, and my mind  
reverted to Miss Beaufort. Miss  
Beaufort was smart, pretty stylish and  
suited better, but I knew nothing about  
her financial standing. This was an  
important matter to me in those days.

Meanwhile the coupe had neared  
Miss Beaufort's. I had never been  
there before, and to my surprise found  
it to be a very unpretentious house.

I confess I was disappointed. I  
expected to drive up to an elegant  
mansion, be ushered into a fine reception-  
room with servants in livery, and there  
await the coming of Miss Beaufort.

Then I expected to make a bold dash  
for Miss Beaufort's heart—propose, and  
possibly be accepted or declined by the  
time the party was over. But not so.

A little lady with gray hair opened  
the door, and she was introduced to me  
by Miss Beaufort as mamma. Miss  
Beaufort was ready and waiting so we  
walked out to the coupe.

Mr. Silver said she, don't you think  
there is a great amount of snobbery in  
society, and lots of downright foolish-  
ness?

Well, yes, said I.  
For instance, said she, here is an  
elegant coupe that you have brought for  
me, and yet the party is only two blocks  
away.

This certainly was very refreshing. I  
had actually squandered five dollars to  
have this coupe for the evening, and she  
did not even so much as notice it. I  
knew Vene would have enjoyed a ride in  
it.

Mr. Silver, said she to me again, this  
is the last party I am going to this  
winter.

Well, why? said I. Aren't you going  
to take in the German club ball and the  
others?

No, she said. Mamma hasn't the  
money; she can't afford it.

Mr. Silver, she continued can you af-  
ford to spend so much money on  
society?

I looked at her. There was honesty  
fairly shining out of her pretty black eyes  
even if she wasn't very polite. So I  
answered her honestly.

No, Miss Beaufort, I cannot! I  
haven't saved a cent this winter, and I  
get a big salary, too.

Well, said she, I have met you out so  
frequently, I feel quite well acquainted  
with you, and expect I have been a little  
impolite.

No, said I. I am glad that you take  
that much interest in me.

Then we changed the subject. I had  
a splendid time at the party, and enjoyed  
Miss Beaufort's company very much. I  
found her level-headed and bright if  
she was too frank.

Next day I told mother about it. She  
said that she admired Miss Beaufort  
for her common-sense, if she hadn't  
seen her. Then she referred to my get-  
ting married again.

Suppose, said she, that you pretend  
for a week or so, that you are married,  
and see how it goes.

An imitation wife, said I.  
Why not said she. I will write the  
name of a young lady on a card, seal it  
in an envelope, and you can lock it in  
your desk. Then let us suppose that you  
are married to her say for two weeks.  
During that time I want you to act  
just as if the lady were here in person,  
and your lawfully wedded wife.

Whose name are you going to write  
on the card? said I.  
Never mind, said she, I will write  
my preference, and neither of us will  
breathe a word about this to a living soul.

We agreed on this. Mother wrote the  
name on the card and sealed it in the  
envelope. I knew it was Vene Wright's  
name, so I decided to imagine Vene was  
there in person, and so we started out  
the next week.

Monday night came. That was the  
night of the bachelor's germain. But I  
staid at home and talked to mother.

Then I played euchre with her for a  
while, and we managed to have a very  
enjoyable evening.

Next morning mother met me at the  
table with smiles, and about the best  
breakfast I had eaten in a long while.

You must imagine that your wife saw  
to this breakfast, she whispered.

Going up on the street car that morn-  
ing, who should get on but Miss Beaufort.  
I bowed gracefully, deposited her fare

in the nickel box, and was about to sit  
down by her when I happened to think  
of my imitation wife at home and walked  
to the rear of the car.

Married men have no business talking  
to the young ladies, said I to myself.  
Miss Beaufort looked at me rather queer-  
ly but said nothing, and I thought the  
car never would get up town.

Thursday was my evening to call on  
Vene, and I forgot to send her an excuse.  
Friday came a note which mother  
took the liberty of opening as she thought  
I would not care, and she felt like  
representing my wife in the desk. It  
was a tender missive, and somewhat  
surprised me when I saw it. But what  
could I do. Married men have no  
business getting tender notes from young  
ladies. Inasmuch as I had contracted to  
carry out mother's plan for two weeks,  
I left the note for mother to answer.

She is a very truthful woman, but in  
answering the note she prevaricated.

She said that I was very sick, and as  
a natural consequence Vene called that  
afternoon to see me, but I was up town  
and mother had to invent another story.

Then mother had to come all the way  
up town so as to keep me from coming  
down town my usual way for fear Vene  
might catch us.

I laughed a good deal at mother,  
and Vene did not find us out, but the  
society reporter of the paper met her,  
she told him I was sick, and the next  
day all of my society friends came  
around, among them Miss Beaufort.

Mother met her rather coldly, but  
invited her to stay awhile.

I suppose Mr. Silver is almost worn  
out with so much going out, said the  
young lady.

He is much better said mother, but I  
do not think he will go out for several  
weeks, I think I shall keep him at  
home.

I am so glad, said Miss Beaufort, not  
that you are going to keep him at home,  
but that he is not going out so much.  
I am getting so I fairly detest society.

Here was a woman who had mother's  
views, and they both, thereupon, had a  
confidential talk, and pleased each other  
mightily.

Then she asked mother to call on her  
mother, and this mother did.

Meanwhile I was staying home every  
evening, and was getting pretty tired of  
it as the two weeks were drawing to a  
close.

Don't you think a man ought to take  
his wife out once in a while? said I to  
mother.

Why not? said she.  
Then I'll take her to the theatre  
to-night. So I bought a couple of  
reserved seats in the parquet for  
Saturday night, and mother, who  
represented my wife, went with me.

We had hardly taken our seats before  
I noticed that they were adjoining those  
of Miss Beaufort and her mother. My  
mother was highly pleased when we  
changed seats so that I sat by Miss  
Beaufort, and my mother sat by her.

We went home together that night  
and laughed and talked a good deal.

I think mother told Mrs. Beaufort  
what we had been doing, but I did not  
hear it. I know that several days later  
after my two weeks of married life was  
over, I went to call on Miss Beaufort.  
We had a pleasant time, together, and  
just as I was about to leave, the old  
lady came in.

I forgot to ask you Mr. Silver, what  
you thought of married life? said she.

Miss Beaufort looked horrified, but  
laughed.

Mother has been telling on me, has  
she? said I.  
She has, said she.

Well, said I, during the two weeks I  
was married, I read three good books,  
gained four pounds in weight, and  
saved \$18.30, besides paying mother my  
wife's board and a ticket to the theatre.

And who were you married to? asked  
Mrs. Beaufort.

I forgot to look, said I. I hurried  
home to see who my wife had been.

The envelope was just as I placed it in  
my desk drawer.

I tore it open and there was the name  
of Miss Beaufort.

Well, said I, mother made her an imi-  
tation wife, now I will try to make her  
a real one.

And so I did.

### THEY WERE DELEGATES.

She was a lean, scrawny woman, and  
she took the seat the third back from  
the stove. He was short and fat, and  
sat opposite to her. As soon as the  
coach door was closed the car began to  
heat up, and presently he snapped his  
finger at the brakeman and said:

For Heaven's sake open some of those  
ventilators!

Don't you do it! exclaimed the  
woman.

Do you think I want to freeze? she  
demanded in turn.

Madam, said the fat man, after care-  
fully surveying her, if I was a mass of  
bones I'd carry a hot brick when I  
traveled.

O, you would! If I was a mass of  
pork I would carry a hunk of ice with  
me.

The brakeman went into the smoking  
car to be clear of the storm, and the fat  
man got up and opened the door. He  
had scarcely returned to his seat when  
the lean woman got up and closed it.

Madam!  
Sir!  
I want that door open!

And I want it shut!

Just then a passenger came down the  
aisle from the other end of the car and  
shook hands with each in turn and  
said:

Mrs. Cassowary, this is Mr. White.  
I suppose you are both delegates to the  
convention.

Ah! Mrs. Cassowary, I beg your  
pardon.

Ah! You can have the door open,  
Mr. White.

By no means.  
I insist.

But allow me to give way.  
And they roasted us until we had to  
go out on the platform to keep from  
running to grease.

How THE BULLY WAS BEATEN.—It  
was one of these girls, and exactly that  
kind of a fellow, that I saw in an encoun-  
ter at the St. Thomas charity fair. The  
waitresses were volunteers, accustomed  
to silk and satin, but here clad in calico  
and gingham for the task of benevolent  
servitude. The costumers were polite  
folks, as a rule, but an exception was a  
coarse, intolerable boor, who may have  
entered by design to find out how it felt  
to be waited on by an heiress. The girl  
at whose table he took place was not  
going to be scared out of her duty, and  
she demurely solicited his order.

"Give me a glass of whisky," he in-  
sistently responded.

"Ah my friend," she murmured, in a  
nearly religious style of speech, "you're  
calling for something that 'stingeth like  
an adder.' We don't—"

"That's precisely the brand I want,"  
he retorted, "a stinger and a biter."

"You shall have it, sir" and now her  
eyes flashed as she disappeared, to quickly  
return with a colorless liquid in a glass.

"Now swallow that," she impressively  
added, "and you'll vow you're astonished.  
Drink it down."

The loafer was frightened. He thought  
the fluid was nothing weaker than aqua-  
fortis, and he slunk away, leaving it  
untouched. It was only water. Quiet  
bravery had once more vanquished  
blatant cowardice.

FIRST ICE HE HAD EVER SEEN.—A  
white man from away down south in  
Okeechobee lake region came up to  
Gainesville last week on business at the  
United States land office. While here  
he saw the first ice he had ever seen.

He manifested great interest in the  
frigid substance, and put a half pound  
lump in his pants pocket to take home  
to his family. He soon took it out  
of his pocket, however, and as did so  
said: "I'm afeared it will spile my  
terbacker."

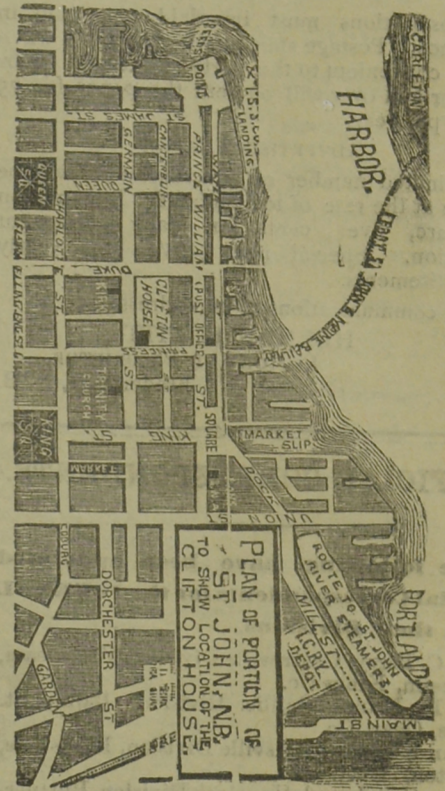
I left a little check for \$10,000  
among the wedding gifts, said the girl's  
father to his prospective son in law, and  
after the ceremony we will quietly tear  
it up. See? That's the style nowadays,  
George.

Ye-es, hesitated George, that's the  
style, but I'm afraid it's too late to tear  
it up now.

Because I went down to the bank and  
got it cashed.

When Herr Most, the eminent  
Anarchist, was conducted to the Tombs,  
he was told that he would have to take  
a bath.

"What!" shouted the frenzied and in-  
dignant beer destroyer, "a bath, and I've  
not been tried yet!"



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