

QUESTIONS.

1. How do you think the temperance work can most successfully be carried on, by non-partisan methods or by the lines adopted by the third party?
2. Do you think the temperance people should agitate for more stringent laws, more prohibitory laws than the different communities now have, or do you think the efforts just at present should be the thorough enforcement of what laws we have, and the educating of the people to a greater sense of the necessities for prohibition?
3. Do you think prohibition would be any more successfully enforced at present, where local option laws are only partially enforced?

Kingsclear Division, No. 315.

DEAR SIR,—I am pleased to report Kingsclear Division still gaining ground, new members being added by initiations at almost every night of meeting; and though this is a season of the year, when the members are very busy farming, yet the attendance is good, and the interest in the cause seems unabated.

Each member seems to manifest a willingness to do his or her part toward making the meetings interesting and much good is being done, in the dissemination of the principles of our order throughout the neighborhood.

In answer to a circular received from you last week the following representative committee was appointed to aid the different organizations in their work, viz.—

W. Egerton Everett, Benjamin Burden and our D. G. W. P., Isaac Kilburn.

One of our members, Bro. James Sutherland, was taken suddenly ill and being unable to do his work, the matter was brought before the Division, and on the night of the 11th inst, it was unanimously resolved that the members go with their teams etc. and assist him on the following Wednesday. Accordingly on that day about eighteen teams and twenty-five or thirty members assisted by others, who were not members went to his farm and put in all the crop necessary at this season. "Let brotherly love continue."

Submitted in L. P. & F. O. C.
Central Kingsclear, May 20th, 1889.

Welsford Division, No. 355.

DEAR SIR,—Permit me to offer a few lines to your temperance columns in re our Division, S. of T., which was organized on the 31st of January, 1889, with 11 members. We have kept on increasing in numbers and now we have 24 on the roll of membership.

On Friday evening we initiated three young ladies. They were the first ladies to join our Division. As soon as the ceremony was over, we received a goodly number of the members of Salmon Rock Lodge, I. O. G. T., of Nerepis, who came to pay us a fraternal visit, and they came armed with a lengthy programme to entertain us.

Our W. P., Wm. H. Brittain, welcomed them in a neat and appropriate address, after which we had an address and recitation by Mr. Greer, C. T., of the visiting lodge; then a chorus from the same; reading by A. Z. McKenzie; solo, Mrs. D. W. McKenzie; all from the visitors. Then P. McKenzie, of our Division, gave a humorous reading, followed by an address from D. W. McKenzie, Sec. of Silver Star District, of I. O. G. T., giving an account of the standing and increase of that Order in his District. Then a duett by Miss E. B. McKenzie and Miss McInnis; and a reading by E. J. McKenzie was followed by an address from J. A. McDonald, late from Kingston University, Ontario, who treated of the evils of the license system out west, and urged all to work for Temperance and Prohibition. After a recitation by Miss Bunnell and a comic song by S. Sharp, of the visitors, Bro. P. Lingley W. Sharp, of our Division, gave us an earnest and practical temperance speech. Miss E. McInnis carried off the honors of the evening by a recitation, and the same may be said of a solo by Miss E. B. McKenzie. Then all sang the closing ode and a pleasant meeting came to an end, and so must my letter this time.

The Division will soon occupy a fine, new hall, near the Episcopal church, built by the young men of the place, of which, I hope to send you more anon.

Yours Respectfully,
WM. HONE.
Welsford, May 18th, 1889.

Madoc County, Cal., is the first county in the state to vote prohibition.

National Division, S. of T.

The forty-second annual session of the National Division of the Sons of Temperance of North America, will be held in the lecture room of the Methodist Episcopal Church, Saratoga Springs, New York, commencing Wednesday, June 26, 1889, at 10 o'clock, A. M. The efficient reception committee of the Grand Division of Eastern New York, have made arrangements with Congress Hall to accommodate the members of the National Division, with their accompanying friends, at the reduced rate of \$2.50 per day. Members desiring rooms at Congress Hall will communicate with the managers of that Hotel, at an early date. Good board can be secured at Dr. Hamilton's Medical Institution, at \$1.50 per day, and at Elmwood Hall, at \$1.00 per day.

The Eastern New York Reception Committee will spare no pains to make the session both pleasant and profitable. The Trunk Line Association have granted the following terms in reference to railroad fares: "It is agreed that persons from points in New York State, who pay full tariff first-class fare going to the meeting, shall be returned at one cent per mile, on the Committee's certificates; and that persons from points in Trunk Line territory, outside of New York State, who pay full tariff first-class fares going to the meeting, shall be returned at one-third the highest limited rate, also on Committee's certificates." Said certificates to be obtained of ticket agents at starting points, and to be endorsed by Most Worthy Scribe.

The general Propagation Committee will submit a plan for temperance work and education for the children of this continent, on Thursday, June 27, at 10 A. M. The session will be an important one in many respects, and a large attendance is desirable.

Fraternally Yours,
Benj. R. Jewell,
M. W. S.
Boston, May 13th, 1889.

Gurney Division Anniversary.

The oldest division of the Sons of Temperance in St. John, Gurney No. 5, celebrated its 42nd anniversary Monday evening in the Temperance hall, Market building. The attendance was limited to members of Gurney division and invited friends. The chair was occupied by the worthy patriarch of the division, Albert Smith. The following was the programme as carried out: Address, S. B. Paterson; duet, the Misses Wood and Fowler; reading, Gurney hold the fort, James Woodrow; harmonica solo, W. Foss; solo by Mrs. C. Y. Gregory, with piano and violin accompaniment by Miss Idella Fowler and Alex. Watson; recitation, Miss Ethel Thomas; reading, Miss Smith; piccolo solo, James Myers; solo, Miss Maud Shaw; recitation, Miss Flora Thomas; harp solo, Percy Parks; solo, Miss Laura Buchanan; bone solo, R. Camm with brass whistle accompaniment by A. Johnston; recitation, Miss Lena Morrissey; address, C. A. Everett, one of the charter members of the division when it was organized in 1847, who made brief reference to the division's history; reading, Robert Maxwell; brief address, Sheriff Harding; reading John Salmon.

Refreshments were then served by a committee of the Misses Lizzie Fleming, Laura Graham, Maggie Kingston, Annie Rankine and Laura Wales. The proceedings closed with the National Anthem. Among the members present who have for many years been connected with the division, were Messrs. James Mason, John Rankine, G. H. Hay and John P. Bell. The division has had a remarkable and successful history, having, it was stated, initiated during its existence over 4,000 persons, many of whom are now engaged carrying on temperance work in other divisions and societies not only St. John, but in many countries throughout the world.

The occasion was one of much interest and pleasure to those who were present. The hall was completely filled.

C. A. Everett is the only charter member who is still connected with Gurney Division.—Sun.

The Minnesota Legislature has passed a bill declaring drunkenness a crime and providing for its punishment.

SOUND THE TRUMPET.

BY FRANK J. BROWN.

(Article No. 20.)

A trumpet once sounded from the rocky heights of Sinai. It was blown by the breath of God, and so terrible was the blast that the encamped hosts of Israel, at the base of the mountain, trembled as if seized with a fit of ague.

Again a trumpet's voice will wake the sleeping dead, when the dispensation of mercy closed, and the master rises up and shuts the door.

How grand and awful was the scene when Sinai's firm foundation shook as by the grasp of an earth quake, when even Moses, who was accustomed to talk with God face to face, as "friend talks with friend," said: "I exceedingly fear and quake."

But how much more sublime and awful will be the pageant when the voice of the judgment trumpet shall break upon the ears of an unexpert world sudden as lightning from the rifted storm-cloud.

Our trumpet is neither the herald of a coming decalogue, nor of the resurrection morning; though it pertains to the decalogue proclaimed to the world by God, through his servant Moses, thousands of years ago, and to the foretold resurrection, when Gabriel will be the great trumpeter, and Christ the Eternal Son will come to judge the quick and the dead.

Our trumpet is a warning to those who have departed from the fiat of God, given upon tablets of stone, from the summit of old Sinai; to those who have wandered into by and forbidden paths; to those who have blurred the image of their Maker; to those who have forgotten their obligation, as Sons of Temperance, and are "weary in well doing," but fain would "bear their burdens in the heat of the day," to those who desire to be found with the faithful few, with their armor on, when redemption draweth nigh.

It is to warn the brothers and sisters that their "names are enrolled among the champions of temperance," and that they are expected to advance the interests of the Order and the cause to which they have pledged their troth.

We sound the trumpet to awaken the sleeping members to a just sense of their duty to their Division, their kind and their God.

Already the fields are whitened for the harvest and the cause stands in need of all the friends it can rally.

The holy crusade has become fierce and hot, the cry of victory has come up from different sections to cheer us, and he who would throw down his weapons, or trail his colors in the thickest of the fight, is false to his duty, a coward and a traitor.

Sound the trumpet to warn the enemy that we will never give over, nor "beat our swords into ploughshares or spears into pruning hooks," till success has crowned our march, and victory is permanently perched upon our banners.

Sound the trumpet to encourage the friends of the warfare, and to warn all that this great battle for the annihilation of the rum-traffic is no holiday affair, and that we shall need all our professed friends, all reserved forces and constant new recruits to meet this formidable enemy ever on the threshold.

Skirmishers, sharpshooters and archtraitors will meet us on the whole line of our march; the liquor interests, with their artillery and infantry, and all munitions of war, will be arrayed for a great campaign; but we expect to demolish their earth-works and fortifications by the holy crusaders, who will bring their battering-rams of electric power and trumpets of no uncertain sound to encourage and inspire an active Christian zeal and faith in our final triumph.

Sound the trumpet to call the young men out of the saloons and of the broad road that leads to ineffable ruin, and our girls from the steps that "take hold on hell."

Sound the trumpet to call our comrades out into the world to labor with unflinching zeal for "God and Home and Native Land," and to encourage them to give not over the struggle till the trumpet of victory come up from every land and clime.

Sound the trumpet to call the voters to the polls at the coming elections to exercise the first rights of governors of a free country, by depositing their ballots against the parties that license and protect the murderers of thousands of our people per annum, and to vote with a party with temperance, morality and Christianity inscribed upon their banners. And when time shall bring its just reward to those who in the dark days of gloom and despair nobly stand the test, we will rest on the laurels won, and rejoice as the trumpet sounds forth its pæans and echo from our hearts the sweet refrain of Tom Moore the Irish poet and patriot.

"Sound the loud timbrel o'er Egypt's dark sea,
Jehovah has triumphed his people are free."
Laconia, N. H., U. S. A.

Dan's Liquor Case.

J. E. WRIGHT.

Oh dear, said Dan rather discontentedly, I wish I could do something myself—I can't do one thing. Dan's father was leaving the house for his office. Just keep your eyes open, Dan, my boy; that is all any of us can do up to a certain point.

They were having a great time with the saloons in Manchester, N. H. The city had gone "no license," and now the question was to enforce the law. A large number of public spirited men and women had resolved to have thorough work and to attend vigorously to cleaning out this their Manchester dooryard themselves, and not leave it to accident. Everybody's business is nobody's business, but they decided to make it their business, and the result was exceedingly discouraging to the liquor sellers. Two months before there had been four hundred and over open saloons in Manchester. At this time there was not one open saloon. Liquor was sold clandestinely—everybody admitted that. But they had triumphed over the open saloon, now the sneakholes were to be closed.

Dan heard all about it at his house. Dan's father was one of the most active men in Manchester on the temperance question, and whatever one man could do to enforce the law against the saloons he was going to do, and did, himself.

That afternoon Dan was down in the lower part of town and he saw a boy he used to see in school, but now the boy worked in a mill.

Halloo, Jim! said Dan. Where you going? Up street to Riley's there—after soap—ain't been to the mill this week. Can't work for my hand, showing his hand. How is school? come with me, won't you? As Dan walked along with him, Jim said:

Mary Riley up here sells whisky—and ale—and such; you just ought to see the men go there to buy groceries! It's rum fun! She knows me, and if you come in with me and watch, you'll see.

As they entered, Mary Riley gave them a sharp look. What do you want, Jim Croon?

Soap, was the laconic answer.

The men at the counter laughed. One of them said something that Dan could not hear. Mary seemed to move something with her foot stooped down, and then handed the man a glass of liquor. She did the same for the other men, and they went out.

Then she gave Jim his soap, and the boys went out. Dan was so excited he could hardly wait to get home; he told his story over and over again, while his father listened attentively.

Dan's father never let the grass grow under his feet. He took out a warrant, gave it to Constable Brown, who was in citizen's clothes with his badge on the inside of his coat, and told him to be at Mary Riley's establishment at exactly a quarter after four.

A customer will be looking at vegetables outside the store and Mary Riley will be outside. You go inside and go behind the counter. You will find a trap door or something on it you can push with your foot. Let it open at any rate, and you will find the liquor. Take care or she will attack you.

Dan took care to be at Mary Riley's store at a quarter after four on the day appointed. The constable came. He walked in and went behind the counter while Mary Riley was selling her vegetables outside. When she saw him go behind the counter, she rushed in enraged.

The constable had opened the trap and had found the liquor. She stormed.

None of that, madam, remarked the constable calmly turning back his

coat and showing his badge, and here is my warrant. Promise to be in court to-morrow by ten, or I will escort you to jail now.

So that little liquor hole was discovered, and the illegal traffic stopped most promptly, and Dan strutted around very importantly for some time afterward.

That was mine! I did that didn't I, papa! I helped—say, didn't I, now!—Young Crusader.

Taken for its Poison.

Alcohol has no power to cure diseases, and no intelligent physician administers it for that purpose, but its power to kill is terrible to contemplate. It is simply a deadly poison, and as such is classed with opium, nicotine and other deadly vegetable poisons. These articles are used for the sake of the poison they contain. Take the poison out of the tobacco and no one would either smoke or chew; and take the poison out of the beer and whisky and no man would drink. To be intoxicated is to be poisoned; the man that staggers along the street and is said to be drunk is simply poisoned with beer, champagne, whisky or brandy.

Alcohol arouses every vile passion of a man's soul and destroys every virtue. It dethrones honor, breeds falsehood and dishonesty, and leads to crimes of the deepest dye. It paralyzes usefulness, destroys happiness, closes the doors of heaven and opens wide the doors of hell.

Alcohol is the great home-destroyer. It renders the home a place of poverty and wretchedness; it clothes wife and children in rags. It takes the pictures from the walls, the books from the library, the furniture from the rooms, the carpets from the floors, the clothes from the wardrobe, the bread from the cupboard, and puts out the fire upon the hearthstone. It separates husband and wife, and throws helpless children upon the world's cold charities.—A. B. LEONARD, D. D.

The Deadly Cigarette.

One of the devil's latest devices is the cigarette curse. A man smokes a cigar, but a boy tackles a cigarette. The cigar is bad enough to debase, injury and finally kill the man, or perhaps start a cancer growing in his mouth to finish him up; but the cigarette is worse, and makes short work of the boy, who grows pale, feeble, nervous, sickly, and before he is aware of his danger, is beyond deliverance.

Says Prof. Laffin, "To be healthy the cigarette must be thrown away. It is very injurious, and sure death to those who smoke them habitually. Tobacco in any form is bad. In a cigarette there are five poisons, in a good cigar only one. In a cigarette there is the oil in the paper, the oil of nicotine, saltpeter to preserve the tobacco, and opium to make it mild, and the oil in the flavouring. The trouble with the cigarette is the inhaling of the smoke. If you blow a mouthful of smoke through a handkerchief you will find it leaves a brown stain. Inhale the smoke or blow it through the nostrils, and all this smoke will disappear. The oil and poison remains in the head and body. Cigarettes create a thirst for rum. There should be anti-cigarette societies. Teachers ought to watch and see that their pupils do not smoke. In 1879, 900,000 cigarettes were manufactured. Last year there were 1,200,000,000."

More than 200 young women at Lynn, Mass, are loyal white ribbon-ers.

Miss Jessie Ackerman, while at Honolulu, organized a Young Woman's Christian Temperance Union of sixty-seven members.



NOTICE

Is hereby given that all communications in respect to matters affecting the Department of Indian Affairs, should be addressed to the Honorable E. Dewdney as Superintendent General of Indian Affairs, and not as Minister of the Interior, or to the undersigned. All Officers of the Department should address their official letters to the undersigned.

L. VANKOUGHNET,
Deputy Superintendent-General
of Indian Affairs.
Department of Indian Affairs,
Ottawa, 11th May, 1889. 25-5-134