

Special Notice.

The TEMPERANCE JOURNAL is devoted to the Principle of Temperance and is designed as a family newspaper. It is issued on Saturday morning of each week.

The articles are specially selected and are such as to recommend the Paper to all.

Deputies of all temperance organizations are Authorized Agents.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES:

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" six months, - - - - - 60
" three months, - - - - - 30

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SPECIAL RATES FOR DIVISIONS.

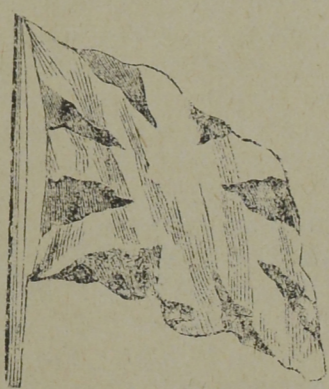
While the subscription rate for the JOURNAL is \$1.00 per year, where two will send their subscriptions together we will send a paper to their separate addresses for 80 cents each. Clubs of 5 will be sent the paper for 70 cents each—or where a division orders 5 copies, at the same rate—70 cents. Divisions ordering 10 copies, at the rate of 60 cents per year.

As a Son of Temperance, and no doubt anxious to promulgate the principles of our order, will you not kindly bring the matter of the JOURNAL, and this method of distributing temperance literature, before your division. Every subscription helps us make the paper better, and more useful as a temperance medium. The divisions are as a general thing not particularly burdened with funds, but almost any division could subscribe for 10 copies, or at least 5 copies, or surely ONE COPY, and every one helps.

ADVERTISING RATES:

A limited number of advertisements will be taken at the rate of 7 cents per line, minimum measure, five cents for each subsequent insertion. Special rates given for yearly advertisements.

All communications to be addressed to
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EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR,
Fredericton, N.



RAISE THE STANDARD.

—OUR MOTTO—

NATIONAL PROHIBITION.

Temperance Journal.

SATURDAY, MARCH 2, 1889.

ATTEND the meetings promptly.

THE fight goes on bravely in Ontario.

BRING in a new name next meeting.

SCOTT ACT trials still going on in Fredericton.

THE Grand Division of New Brunswick is still in search of an organizer and lecturer.

THE Grand Scribe reports increasing interest, and more work being done each week.

THERE seems to be an indication from the drift of the debate in the Canadian House of Commons that a strong effort will be made for compensation by the liquor interests, when the decisive time comes which even the liquor men see will be soon. No compensation for evil, should be the motto of every temperance man.

COMMUNION WINE.

The N. Y. Independent, referring to the communion-wine question, says:

"The wine question must come up in every foreign mission station where it is impracticable to obtain wine for communion purposes, as it is also often impossible to obtain wheat bread. The minutes of the last meeting of the Presbytery of Canton allow much space to this subject. It is not a question of fermented or unfermented wines, but of grape wine or rice wine. It is almost impossible to get grape wine, and the natives are prejudiced against foreign productions. It is almost impossible for missionaries to carry a case of expensive wine on their missionary tours, while the wine of the country can be obtained everywhere. So the Presbytery decided by a large majority that what could be had could be used, while old Dr. Happer and four others protest-

ed vigorously and appealed to the General Assembly on the ground that the fruit of the grape is required by the words of institution. The decision of the majority seems to us eminently wise. We are told on the highest inspired authority, that 'the kingdom of heaven is not meat and drink, but righteousness and peace and joy in the Holy Ghost.' They greatly misunderstand the essence of the Gospel who suppose that God cares about the form of rites, or that grapes are an incense of sweeter savor to Him than rice. We believe that our Lord was not offended when the missionary and his converts in one of the South Sea Islands celebrated His death with bread-fruit and coconut milk."

REPEAL TALKED OF.

There is a report in circulation that a petition is being handed around for signatures for the repeal of the Scott Act in this city. Well! there may be such a petition, it has not, however, been circulated very freely as yet, and it is going to be a pretty poor shucks of a man that signs it and a worse one that carries it around. Several names have been mentioned in connection with the petition but we believe there can be no truth in the report as to the names, as the official position of at least one name mentioned would prevent his taking an active part, unless he made up his mind that there was more money in catering to the rum-sellers than to attend to his legitimate business.

We do not hesitate to say that it is going to be a cold day for the man who carries around a petition of that nature in Fredericton, and the little money the rum-sellers will have to spare after they get out of the clutches of the law, and the lawyers in the present cases they are involved in, will be poor remuneration for the calumny he will heap on himself and family, and the small position he will occupy in the minds of the general public. Even the rum-sellers themselves, who by the way, are not disposed to do their own dirty work, will chuckle at, and tickle themselves with the thought that their money has been able to buy another victim and he will get but poor consolation even from his masters.

If the parties mentioned are really doing this work, they are doing a great wrong, not only to themselves but to their families, more so to their families, possibly, than to themselves, for mark you, the stigma of having been the tool of the rum-sellers, of having been even associated with those who would be instrumental in licensing crime in the community will drag down even the innocent families into degradation and shame. Is this harsh language? No it is but warning words. How often the innocent suffer with the guilty, and this is one of the inflexible laws of nature. There may be those who believe the city would be better without the Scott Act, may think so conscientiously, although we cannot but wonder at their belief, but yet, even these, would hesitate about being directly responsible for its repeal, by carrying around such a petition as is contemplated. Absolute control by the rum-sellers, and the most urgent need of money could be the only reason for such an undignified, and mean business. That the wheels of justice grind surely, and that those who thus give themselves up to the God of Mammon, receive their reward even in this world, we have had abundant proof.

We may be putting up a straw man to shoot at when we refer to the matter of a petition being circulated, but that the rum men are at great straits we feel assured, and that they would do anything and sacrifice anything almost, for a repeal of the law, is beyond dispute. In consideration of the possibilities, and probabilities of the occasion we have a few words to say to our readers, whether subscribers or otherwise—for by the way there are a good many who take an interest in reading our paper, although no financial benefit comes to us from it, to all these as well as our friends and subscribers we take this opportunity of warning them against signing any such petitions.

Some years ago when the effort was made to repeal the Scott Act in this city we caused considerable

irritation and many subscribers discontinued their paper, because we published in the *Temperance Journal* a list of the signers to the petition, with a rule turned on each side and headed with the word "Dead." At that time we had no connection with the REPORTER other than managing the office, yet our action in the *Journal* was visited upon the REPORTER. What we wanted to say was that since that time we have changed our relation to the last named paper, and that, with-all, we are some years older, and perhaps more cheeky, as some who are not favorable to our methods and course may remark, and that if there is a contest coming off, we want it understood we are in it. The loss of one or two hundred subscriptions if necessary will not influence us in the least as to our action; and the petition, and the signers, and the pedigree of the same, with their relation to rum and temperance will be fully laid before the public, and if one column rule turned, does not make it black enough we will turn two. We state this now, so there will be no excuses offered, and threats thrown out, about not knowing this thing, that the names would be published. A petition of this nature is public property, and will be handled without gloves should the occasion arise. We do not hold this out as any kind of a threat, but simply a statement of facts.

Shall The Drink Trade Drive On?

It is recorded of Tullia, wife of Torquinius, that she was riding through the streets of Rome, when the body of her father, weltering in his blood, was lying across the way. Her charioteer reined up his horses about to stop, when the unnatural daughter cried out at the top of her voice, "Drive on." With crack of whip the fiery steeds dashed forward over the lifeless body, spurning the blood upon the daughter's dress. Yet this revolting act recorded is not more heartless than the acts of the thousands dealing out the dead drink.

Dead men do not stop them, or live men going down to shame and ruin. Point them to the wreck of manhood,—beseech them to stop their heartless traffic. They cry out in utter defiance of all solemn appeal and shocking sight, "Drive on!"

Every liquor trafficker in the land is plying his trade in spite of entreaties and appeals more powerful than dead men's mangled forms.

If this terrible business were only insult to the dead, it might be borne, but the dire traffic lures, dashes down and destroys the living,—degrades manhood, womanhood, and everything noble—"Lamentation and mourning and woe" ascend from the wretched families which these mangled dead represent, and although hearing the long, loud, piteous pleading from one end of the land to the other, for the dread liquor sellers to desist, they ell on still, bidding high defiance to God and man they cry "Drive On!"

Pulpits interpose and plead; prisons threaten; officials arrest; courts condemn, and still the heartless dealers, defying all that is true and good, ignore all sacred sympathies and still shout "Drive On! Drive On!" Shall not tens of thousands of stronger voices raise the counter cry, "desist," and all good citizens rising in their might for the right, bring the dread carnage to a speedy and "perpetual end."

Surely public indignation is yet far from up to the mark, while the dire destruction is tolerated! Surely, "there is a cause." Let us then determinedly, in patriotic might, by all available means, hasten the death of the deadly trade, not by injury to any, but in the rescue of millions.

On the Almighty's arm rely,
Raise prohibition's banner high;
And sure as heard the heaving sigh,
Sure soon to raise the victors' cry,
The joyous day is drawing nigh.
—Citizen.

The great African traveler, Dr. Livingstone, leaves his valuable testimony: "I have acted on the principle of total abstinence from all alcoholic liquors during more than twenty years. My individual opinion is that the most severe labors or privations may be undergone without alcoholic stimulations, because those of us who have endured the most had nothing else than water, and not always enough of that."

Pennsylvania Notes.

(From the Quill.)

Sixteen persons have been added to the membership in Laurel Division, No. 313, since the first of the term, with a large number of propositions to be acted upon.

Mountain Division, No. 183, has added a number of new members, as the result of the meeting addressed by B. O. Osborn Congelton, of the *Quill*, three weeks ago.

Hill Top Division, No. 80, is steadily increasing in membership. It has had initiations every evening since January, and the members are fully alive to the work expected of them in the next four months.

Sixty-five members of Clarion Division, No. 102, visited Edenburg Division, No. 96, on the 1st inst. All persons passed a very pleasant and profitable time. Both Divisions are preparing to take an active part in the Amendment campaign.

Nicholson Division, No. 268, has secured the use of a splendid hall for its meetings on Tuesday evenings, in the centre of the town. New members are being admitted at nearly every meeting.

A delegation of Alleghany Division, No. 185, visited Golden Circle Division, No. 85, on the 1th inst. New members are being added at nearly every meeting by both divisions, and committees from each of them are working to interest the people in the important question now before us.

Your correspondent visited Lansdowne Division, No. 226, on the 12th inst. A delegation from Diligent Division, No. 122, of Bridesburg, were to have been present, but were not. A delegation of South Western Division, No. 114, was present and partook of an excellent supper which had been provided. One candidate was initiated. The Grand Scribe and a member of No. 34 were present.

Bristol Division, No. 107, of Bristol, Bucks county, has been making remarkable progress during the past year. On January 1, 1888, it reported forty six members, and about eighteen dollars in the treasury. Since that time it has admitted 145 persons to membership, and now has 183 members in good standing, and nearly \$300 cash in the treasury. During the past term it has made a net gain of twenty-five members. It has a number of earnest workers, among whom are P. G. Sent., Geo. J. Sheppard, D. G. W. P. Jos. Leafe, Bros. Chas. Coombs, Robert Warden, James Guy, John Lanahan, Wm. Marshall and G. W. H. Minister; and Sisters Sheppard and Blackwood. It meets on Tuesday evenings in Evan's Hall, corner Mill and Pond streets, Bristol.

From the Bench to the Gutter.

The Chicago *Inter-Ocean*, November 22, says:—The shadows of the evening were lengthening, and lights from dingy street lamps and the dingier shop windows were beginning to illumine the rough and broken side walks, and dispel the gloom of the street, when an old man, clad in little else than rags, and tottering with the infirmities of age, entered one of the lowest of the many drink-houses on South Desplaines Street, at the corner of School. He entered by the side door, very quietly, with evident intention of being left unnoticed. And so it was. The bartender hardly glanced up from his seat behind the counter, and the old man dropped into a chair near the battered stove in the corner. He sat quite still for several minutes, with his head inclined forward, chin resting upon his breast. Then his hands dropped listlessly to his sides, the muscles of his limbs relaxed and his body slipping downward on one side, fell in a rude, limp heap to the floor, and Wm. W. Drummond, who once wore the judicial ermine of the United States and was recognized as one of the eminent jurists of his time, was dead—dead in a barrel-house, the resort of the lowest of the low characters of a great city; dead among people with whom he lived for years—yet he had once been a Chief Justice of the United States.

The liquor traffic, you think, will never cease to be a scourge; but certainly it may cease to be a legalized scourge.—Joseph Cook.

A Terrible Argument.

Rev. P. G. Robertson states that some years ago, when the great liquor agitation which went down to Ottawa to ask for the repeal of the Scott Act, were returning, he happened to be in a car where there were several of the "Delegates." Three of them were opposite to him, on seats facing each other. They talked very loudly—they "were going to kick the Scott Act higher than the moon!" they were going to do a great many things: "The government were going to repeal the Scott Act!" and so forth.

An old man sat behind them, and frequently put his hand up to his ear, to catch their words. After a while he came forward, and addressed them. "Gentlemen," said he, "I heard you speaking of the county of Halton Gentlemen I live in the county of Halton, and when the vote was taken for the Scott Act, I went up to the poll and voted against it; and my three sons followed me, and they all voted against it! Gentlemen, when the vote on the Repeal was taken, a few months ago, I went up to the poll, and voted against the Repeal! And two of my sons followed me; and they voted against the Repeal. Gentlemen, you'll wonder why my other son didn't vote? Gentlemen, he couldn't! He was dead. He was in a drunkard's grave!

"Gentlemen!" concluded the old man, with the tears now coursing fast down his cheeks. "When one of you has a son in a drunkard's grave, you'll think and speak of the Scott Act with more respect!" and then went quietly back to his seat. The "Delegates" said nothing then and not much afterward.

Sounding the Alarm.

Commenting upon the activity and alarm of the liquor men, *The new Christianity* says:

"One of the most encouraging signs for the success of the prohibition cause, is the alarm which is sounding along the lines of the organized liquor-dealers. Liquor journals are continually urging their constituents to greater activity in resisting the enactment of 'fanatical laws'; and a book lately published under the advisement of a liquor association in Cincinnati addresses itself to the trade in a prefatory note, as follows:

"The author of this little work does not wish to appear in your eyes as an alarmist, but he does wish to call the attention of the liquor trade to the strides made by prohibition in various States, and the support sumptuary laws are receiving from the courts, State and Federal. It behooves you to cultivate public opinion and so conduct your business that it will not hereafter be denounced as has been done heretofore. Another thing, each man should contribute his mite, and by putting his shoulder to the wheel, help along the good cause and battle with those arrayed against us. Brewers, distillers, wholesale and retail dealers—all men engaged in the traffic—stop your jealousies and petty quarrels. You are on the eve of a great battle. Next winter you will have to face legislation, the purpose of which will be to submit a prohibition amendment to the people. Do not, as heretofore, lock the stable door after the steed is stolen. Your action should begin now. Lose no time. Be prepared to combat our enemies when the Legislature convenes. Forewarned is forearmed. In union there is strength."

John L. Sullivan, the gigantic prizefighter, the iron-ribbed athlete who only a few months ago strode like a colossus among his fellow-men, is a wreck. His tremendous thighs and sinews are still there, but they are weak and tremulous. His huge bulk, once the terror of pigmies who looked at him in admiring wonder, is nothing but a flabby mass, a dead weight. The shattered giant frankly tells the story of his own fall. It was drink that did it. Drink robbed him of his strength, and made him at the age of thirty as helpless as a child. It is true that he does not use the word drink; he calls it "fun," but drink is what he means. "I have made up my mind," he says, "that I have had about fun enough."—*The Nor-West Farmer and Manitoba Miller.*