The Temperance Journal.

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY MORNING.

A limited number of advertisements taken at 10 cents per line, minion measure, 5 cents for each subsequent insertion. Special rates given for yearly advertisements. All communications o be addressed to

HERMAN H. PITTS, Editor & Proprietor, Fredericton, N. B.

THE TEMPERANCE JOURNAL.

THE ORGAN OF THE SONS OF TEMPERANCE OF AMERICA.

OUR MOTTO—NATIONAL PROHIBITION.

Herman H. Pitts, Editor and Proprietor.

FREDERICTON, N. B., SATURDAY, JANUARY 21, 1888

$1.00 per Annum Vol. IV., No. 3.

EVERY Son of Temperance Should take the JOURNAL and solicit for it.

EVERY DOLLAR Put into the JOURNAL by the *Temperance People* is expended in extending the circulation, and increasing its usefulness.

TEMPERANCE DIRECTORY.

NATIONAL DIVISION.

M. W. P., Eugene H Clapp, Bos[illegible]n, Mass.
M. W. A., J. S. Rawlings, Balt[illegible]ore, Md.
M. W. Scribe, Rev. R. Alder Ter[illegible]e, Halifax, N. S.
M. W. Treas., William A. P[illegible]hiladelphia Pa.
M. W. Chap., Rev. Geor[illegible]Hick, New York.
M. W. Cond., Elizabe[illegible]H. [illegible]mer, New Brunswick, N. J.
M. W. Sent., M. C. Parker, Honea[illegible]th, S

GRAND DIVISION S. OF T.

G. W. P.—Rev. G. M. Campbell, St. Stephen.
G. W. A.—H. H. Pitts, Fredericton
G. S.—David Thomson, St. John.
G. Treas.—W. C. Whittaker, St. John.
G. Chap.—H. A. McKeown, St. John.
G. Con.—S. McLeod, Woodstock.
G. Sen.—D. Jonah, Petitcodiac.

NOVA SCOTIA.

G. W. P.—P. Monaghan, P. O. Box 317, Halifax, N. S.
G. W. A.—Wellesley J. Gates[illegible]Truro, Colchester Co.
G. S.—Rev. R. Alder Temple, Hali[illegible]
G. Treas.—Henry A Taylor Halifa[illegible]
G. Chap.—Rev. Thos. D. Hart,[illegible]vick-Kings Co.
G. Con.—D. W. B. Reid, Elmsva[illegible]Hali, fax Co.
G. Sent.—Stephen Langille, East[illegible]wdon Hants Co.
P. G. W. P.—R. L. Black, River[illegible]hilip, Cumberland Co.

P. E. ISLAND.

G. W. P.—Wm. Ramsay, Park Corner.
G. S.—Jesse S. Burns, Lower Freetown,
G. T.—D. W. Henderson, North Wiltshire.

ONTARIO

G. W. P.—Thomas Webster, Paris
G. W. A.—Wm. McRossie, Kingston.
G. S.—W. H. Bewell, Whitby.
G. T.—G. M. Rose, Toronto.
G. Chap.—Rev. Geo. Fuller, Brantford.
G. C.—J. Driffell, Bradford.
G. S.—J. B. Johnson, Kingston.
P. G. W. P.—C. E. Ewing, Cobourg.

QUEBEC.

G. W. P.—J. M. M. Duff, Montreal.
G. S.—William Dagg, Montreal.
G. T—W. A. Farquhar, Rockburn.

NEWFOUNDLAND.

W. P.—John McDougall, St. Johns.
G. S.—J. W. Nichols, Box 827, St. Johns.
G. T.—Wm. J. Thompson, West End St. John's.

Our Poetry.

En Voyage.

Whichever way the wind doth blow,
Some heart is glad to have it so;
Then blow it east, or blow it west,
The wind that blows,—that wind is best.

"My little craft sails not alone;
A thousand fleets from every zone
Are out upon a thousand seas;
What blows for one a favoring
Might dash another with a shock
Of doom, upon some hidden rock.

And so I do not dare to pray
For winds to waft me on my way;
But leave it to a higher will
To stay or speed me, trusting still

"That all is well, and sure that He
Who launched my bark will sail with me
Through storm and calm and will not fail,
Whatever breezes may prevai,
To land me, every peril past,
Within the haven safe at last.

"Then whatsoever wind doth [illegible],
My heart is glad to have it so,
And blow it east, or blow it [illegible]
The wind that blows,—that [illegible] best."

—*Selected.*

Here Am I, O Lord; Send Me.

Are there those around my door,
Whom I, thoughtless, do not see,
Sick, neglected, wretched, poor,
From their sin and suffering sore?
Here am I, O Lord; send me.

Are there those who're far from home—
Far from home, O Lord, and free,
O'er the wilds who lawless roam,
'Neath the white Sierra's dome?
Here am I, O Lord; send me.

Are there those who wretched hie
Sunk in sin to low degree,
On some city's surging tide,
Lost to love and truth and pride
Here am I, O Lord; send me.

Are there those who know thee not
On some island of the sea?
In some lone, neglected spot,
Stained by many a crime and blot?
Here am I, O Lord; send me.

Send me where, thou knowest best,
Where the greatest need may be;
Where men are the most unblest,
Tossed upon their sin's unrest,
Here am I, O Lord; send me.

The low, old-fashioned sofa, which of late years has rather dropped out of style, begins to be seen in all comfortable rooms; its broad arms and high back make it a restful piece of furniture.

A very handsome portiere and the result of much time and patient work was made of bits of silks, sewn together in long strips and then interwoven checkerboard fashion. The result was a rich, desirable curtain, such as could not be easily duplicated.

Our Family Circle.

THE OLD HOMESTEAD

THE RICH MAN WHO HAD ALMOST FORGOTTON FATHER AND MOTHER.

Hello, Jum! Where have you been lately? shouted a broker the other evening to a portly, finely dressed man it the corridor of the St. James. The gentleman stopped, shook hands with his friend, and said: I've been home to see my old father and mother, the first time in sixteen years, and I tell you, old man, I wouldn't have missed the visit for all my fortune.

Kinder good to visit your boyhood home, eh?

You bet. Sit down. I was just thinking about the old folks, and feel talkative,

If you have a few minutes to spare, sit down, light a cigar, and listen to the story of a rich man who had almost forgotton his father and mother.

They sat down and the man told his story.

How I came to visit my home happened in a curious way. Six weeks ago I went down to Fire Island fishing. I had alunch put up at Cook & Nash's, and you can imagine my astonishment when I opened the hamper to find a package of crakers wrapped up in a piece of newspaper. That newspaper was a little patent inside country weekly published at home in Wisconsin. I read every word of it, advertisement and all. There was George Kellogg, who was a schoolmate of mine' advertising hams and salt pork, and another boy was post master. By George! it made me home sick, and I determined then and there to go home, and go home I did.

In the first place I must tell you how I came to New York. I had a tiff with my father and left home. I finally turned up in New York with a dollar in my pocket. I got a job running a freight elevator in the very house in which I am now a partner. My haste to get rich drove the thoughts of parents from me, and when I did think of them the last hard words that my father spoke to me rankled in my bosom. Well, I went home. I didn't see much change in Chicago, but the magnificent new depot in Milwaukee I thougnt was an improvement on the old shed that they used to have. It was only thirty miles from Milwaukee to my home, and I tell you, John, that train seemed to creep. I was actually worse than a school boy going home for a vacation. At last we neared the town. Familiar sights met my eyes, and, darn it all, they filled with tears. There was Bill Lyman's red barn, just the same, but, great Scott? what were all the other houses? We rode nearly a mile before coming to the depot, through houses where only occasionally I saw one that was familiar. The town had grown to ten times its size when I knew it. The train stopped and I jumped off. Not a face in sight that I knew, and I started down the platform to go home In the office door stood the station agent. I walked up and said: Howdy, do Mr. Collings?

He stared at me and replied: You've got the best of me, sir.

I told him who I was and what I had been doing in New York, and he didn't make any bones of talking to me. Said he: It's about time you came home. You in New York rich, and your father scratching gravel to get a bare living.

I tell you, John, it knocked me all in a heap. Ithought my father had enough to live upon comfortably. Then a notion struck me. Before going home I telegraphed to Chicago to one of our correspondents to send me $1000 by first mail, then I went into Mr. Collings' back office, got my trunk in there, and put on an old hand-me-down suit that I used for hunting and fishing. My plug hat I replaced by a soft hat, took my valise in my hand and went home. Somehow the place didn't look right. The currant bushes had been dug up from the front yard and the fence was gone. All the old locust trees had been cut down and young maples were planted. The house looked smaller somehow, too. But I went up to the front door and rang the bell. My mother came to the door and said: We don't wish to buy anything today, sir.

It didn't take long to survey her from head to foot. Neatly dressed, John, but a patch and a darn here and there, her hair streaked with gray, her face thin, drawn and wrinkled. Yet over her eye glasses shone those good honest, benevolent eyes. I stood staring at her and she began staring at me. I saw the blood rush to her face and then with a great sob she threw herself upon me and nervously clasped me around the neck, hysterically crying: It's Jimmy! It's Jimmy!

Then I cried too, John. I just broke down and cried like a baby. She got me into the house hugging and kissing me, and then she went to the back door and shouted George.

Father came in a moment, and from the kitchen asked, What do you want, Car'line?

Then he came in. He knew me in a moment. He struck out his hand and grasped mine and said sternly, Well, young man, do you propose to behave yourself now?

He tried to put on a bold front, but he broke down. There we three sat, like whipped school children, all whimpering. At last supper time came and mother went out to prepare it. I went into the kitchen with her,

Where do you live, Jimmy? she asked.

In New York, I replied.

What are you workin' at now, Jimmy?

I'm working in a dry goods store.

Then I suppose you don't live very high, for I hear tell o' them city clerks what don't get enough of money to keep body and soul together. So I'll just tell you, Jimmy, we got nothin', but roast spareribs for supper. We ain't got any money now, Jimmy. We're poorer nor Job's turkey.

I told her that I would be delighted with the spareribs, and to tell the truth, John, I haven't eaten a meal in New York that tasted as well as those crisp roasted spareribs did. I spent the evening playing checkers with father, while mother sat by telling me about their misfortunes, from old white Mooly getting drowned in the pond to father's signing a note for a friend and having to mortgage the place to pay it. The mortgage was due inside of a week and not a cent to meet it with—just $800. She supposed they would be turned out of house and home, but in my mind I supposed they wouldn't. At last 9 o'clock came and father said; Jim, go out to the barn and see if Kit is all right. Bring in an armful of old shingles that are just inside the door, and fill up the waterpail. Then we'll go a-fishing.

I didn't say a word, but went out to the barn bedded down the horses, broke up an armful of shingles, pumped a pail of water, filled the wood-box, and then all went to bed.

Father called me at 4 30 in the morning, and while he was getting me a cup of coffee I skipped over to the depot and got my best bass rod. Father took nothing but a trolling and spoon hook. He rowed the boat with his trolling line in his mouth, while I stood in the stern a silver shiner rigged on. Now, John, I never saw a man catch fish like he did. To make a long story short, he caught four bass and five pickerel, and I never got a bite.

At noon we went ashore, and father went to the postoffice. I got a letter from Chicago with a check for $1000 in it. With some trouble I got it cashed, getting paid in $5 and $10 bills, making quite a roll. I then got a roast joint of beef, and a lot of delicacies, and had them sent home. The joint was in the oven. Mother had put on her only silk dress, and father had donned his Sunday, go-to-meeting clothes, none too good either. This is where I played a joke on the old folks. Mother was in the kitchen watching the roast. Father was out in the barn, and I had a clear coast. I dumped the sugar out of the old blue bowl, put the $1000 in it, and placed the cover on again. At last the supper was ready. Father asked a blessing over it. and he actually trembled when he struck his knife in the roast.

We haven't had a piece of meat like this in five years, Jim, he said, and mother put in with: And we haven't had any coffee in a year, only when we went a visitin.

Then she poured out the coffee and lifted the cover off the sugar', asking as she did so: How many spoons, Jimmy?

Then she struck something that wasn't sugar. She picked up the bowl and peered into it. Aha, Master Jimmy, Oh? Well, boys will be boys.

Then she gasped for breath. She saw it was money. She looked at me then at father, and then with trembling hands she drew the great roll of bills out.

Ha! ha! ha! I can see father now as he stood there on tiptoe; with his knife in one hand, fork in the other, and his eyes fairly bulging out of his head. But it was too much for mother. She raised her eyes to heaven and said slowly: Put your trust in the Lord, for he will provide.

Then she fainted away. Well, John, there's not much more to tell. We threw water in her face and brought her to, and then we demolished that dinner, mother all the time saying: My boy Jimmy! My boy Jimmy!

I staid at home a month. I fixed up the place, paid off the debts, had a good time, and came back to New York. I am going to send $50 home every week I tell you, John, it's mighty nice to have a home.

John was looking steadily at the head of his cane. When he spoke he took Jim, by the hand and said:

Jim, my old friend, what you told me has affected me greatly. I haven't heard from my old home way up in Maine for ten years. I am going home to-morrow. —*New York Sun.*

OUR CONFESSION OF FAITH.

BY WHICH IT IS HOPED ANY INJUSTICE MAY BE CORRECTED.

To the readers of the REPORTER:

In common with many publishers and editors, we have been accustomed to look upon certain statements which we have seen in our columns as merely adroit advertising.

Consequently we feel justified in taking the liberty of printing a few points from a private letter recently received from one of our largest patrons as a sort of confession of faith to our readers. We quote:

"We have convinced ourselves that by telling what we know to be true, we have produced at last a permanent conviction in the public mind. Nine years ago we stated what the national disease of this country was, and that it was rapidly increasing. Five years ago we stated that a marked check had been given it:

"The statistics of one largest life insurance companies of this country show that in 1883 and 1884 the mortality from kidney disorders did not increase over the previous years: other companies stated the same thing. It is not presumptuous for us to claim credit for checking these ravages."

"Seven years ago we stated that the condition of the kidneys was the key to the condition of health: within the past five years all careful life insurance companies have conceded the truth of this statement, for whereas, ten years ago, chemical analysis to determine the condition of the kidneys was not required, to-day millions of dollars in risks are refused, because chemical examination discovers unsuspected diseases of the kidneys."

Nine years ago we stated that the ravages of Bright's Disease were insignificant compared with other unsuspected disorders of the kidneys of many misleading names; that ninty-three per cent, of human ailments are attributable to deranged kidneys which fills the blood with uric acid, or kidney poison, which causes these many fatal diseases.

The uric acid, or kidney poison, is the real cause of the majority of causes of paralysis, apoplexy, heart disease, convulsions, pneumonia consumption, and insanity; over half the victims of consumption are first the victims of diseased kidneys."

"When the recent death of an honored ex-official of the United States was announced, his physician said that although he was suffering from Bright's Disease, that was not the cause of death. He was not frank enough to admit that the apoplexy which overtook him in his bed, was the fatal effect of the kidney poison in the blood, which had eaten away the substance of the arteries and brain; nor was Logan's physician honest enough to state that his fatal rheumatism was caused by kidney acid in the blood. "If the doctors would state in official reports the original cause of death, the people of this country would be alarmed, yea, nearly panic stricten, at the fearful mortality from kidney disorders."

The writers of the above letter give these facts to the public simply to justify the claims that they have made, that "if the kidneys and liver are kept in a healthy condition by the use of Warner's safe cure, which hundreds of thousands have proved to be a specific, when all others failed, and that has received the endorsement of the highest medical talent in Europe, Australia, and America, many a life would be prolonged and the happiness of the people preserved. It is successful with so many different cases because it, and it alone, can remove the uric acid from the blood through the kidneys."

Our readers are familiar with the preparation named.

Commendation thereof has often appeared in our columns.

We believe it to be one of the best, if not the best ever manufactured. We know the proprietors are men of character and influence.

We are certain they have awakened a widespread interest in the public mind concerning the importance of the kidneys. We believe with them that they are the key to health, and that for their restoration from disease and maintenance in health, their is nothing equal to this great remedy.

The proprietors say they "do not glory in this universal prevalence of disease, but having started out with the purpose of spreading the merits of Warner's safe cure before the world, because it cured our senior proprietor, who was given up by the doctors as incurable, we feel it our duty to state the facts and leave the public to its own inferences. We point to our claims, and to their public and universal verification with pride, and if the public does not believe what we say, we tell them to ask their friends and neighbors what they think about our preparations."

As stated above, we most cordially commend the perusal of this correspondence by our readers, believing that in so doing, we are fulfilling a simple public obligation.

MARRIED IN A SNOW BANK.

Olathe Despatch to Kansas City Journal.

News came to town this morning of a romantic marriage which took place on Christmas Eve about eight miles west of here. The contracting parties were J. R. Brown, a lawyer of Havana, Ill., and Miss Amanda Walker, a young school teacher of the same place. The young lady's family were opposed to the match and sent her out here about two months ago to get her out of the way, but it is the old case of love laughs at locksmiths over again. She wrote to her lover, telling of her hiding place, and he wrote to her renewing undying devotion but she never got the letters until her lover came here last week and took them to her in person to the number of two dozen. She was staying with her uncle, Henry Wagner, a well-to-do farmer of Lexington township, and when the lover came here last Friday, he called on her there, but meeting with a cold reception from the uncle he beat a hasty retreat for Olathe. The next morning the young lady found a chance to send him a note containing the information that she would be at a certain church on Christmas eve, and if he would bring the license and a minister she would meet him there and be married. This was enough for the lover, who hired a team at 4 o'clock and set off with the probate judge to meet his affianced. They got to the church at 6 o'clock. The young lady, who had been occupied in side fixing up a Christmas tree with goods sent by Santa Claus, met them at the door and got into the carriage. It was then dark, and the intention was to drive down the road a short distance, have the knot tied, and the young lady then return as though nothing unusual had occurred, but they had gone only at short distance when the horses got frightened and ran away. There was a lively time for about a mile, but the driver finally pulled up in a snow-bank six feet deep, where Judge Allen soon pronounced the now thoroughly frightened but happy couple man and wife, after which the party returned to the church, where the groom left his bride and came to Olathe. He returned to his home last evening, but before going he left a cheque for his bride, with instructions to follow him as soon as she thought advisable, which will be as soon as she gets time to break the news to her mother and have the family wrath blow over.

KEEP ON BUYING GUNS.

A firm of gun dealers down town got a consignment of beautiful cast iron shotguns from England. They were of that singular pattern which you can sell at about $4 and make a profit, the government test mark thrown in. They look well, but it is better not to fire them. The barrel may fall off or the charge come out the wrong way. But they look beautiful and solid. A seedy looking individual came in one day and bought one. He came back next day and bought another, He kept coming and buying them one at a time, and still he did not seem to look any less seedy or have much more capital. The gun dealer began to wonder what he was doing with all those guns. He might be preparing a revolution or a riot or some thing. He followed him one day. The fellow took the gun to a pawnbroker and got $9 on it. It cost $4 and he kept on buying those guns until he had loaded up all the pawnbrokers in town with them and almost drank himself to death with the profits—San Francisco Chronicle.

THE BEGGAR OF ROME.

One picturesque character is generally lacking from the hill top—the beggar. Dirty and charming as he may be, he is relegated to one of the principal Pincio approaches—the Spanish steps and the piazza at their summit, were his progeny—especially the Nettaness from the Campaigna, swarm to heart's content. Ah, but isn't he a beauty of a beggar? he or she, but especially he for the Spanish steps' people are of the beggar upper ten, and take up such a mental occupation only when their regular trade as models becomes slack or when the only other allowable calling in comfort with their dignity becomes unprofitable—that of flower selling. But who, I say refuse those great liquid brown eyes of a soldo, even if he doesn't want a buuch of violets, and who anyway can refuse to look at the suburb coloring of the campagnese costume as the models threw themselves into the abandonment of a thousand unstudied postures on the steps.

They are honester, too, this motley crowd, than some who aren't beggars A little ragamuffin of them who takes a liking to you will often run up to you with his buttenhole bouquet and deaftly sticking it in. will be off in a jiffy Astonished indeed you are the first time this extraordinaay occurrence takes place. By and by, repeated experiences show you that it is an ebullition of gratitude on the part of little Giulio or Giovanni for sundry coppers which from time to time you've tossed him. He'll be glad of future tossings too, for begging has no element of disgrace here, but as pay for his free gift—never! Hence, joy and woe to him who, daily passing that way, cames to know and fancy any of the models. His stock of small change somehow will grow beautifully less, but he will ever in the free nature of color and form, and gracious manner, which one may find at all times, like wild yet clustering flowers clinging to these sunnied steps.—Rome Cor. Cleveland Leader.

THE STOCK YARD.

Beets are much relished by and very good for milch cows.

Be sure to give the cattle plenty of water now and see that it is not ice-cold.

When stock must wade knee-deep in the filth of the barn-yard, colds and disease usually result.

The Holstein-Friesian cattle breeders in the United States number 3,000 and there are 6000 registered animals.

Stock with inherent good qualities will make money on the same care and feed which with nondescript varieties will bring only loss.

When a cow is eight years old she is at her best. If well cared for she will become more valuable up to this point, after which she declines, becoming yearly worth less for final disposition.

Fall calves, kept in warm stables, are found to do as well as those dropped in spring, and every dairyman should have warm stables in which water will not freeze.

Straw has considerable nutritive value if rightly used, though to try to winter any stock on it alone is such an abuse of it as to make the possession of a straw stack an absolute injury to any one who attempts it.

All young animals need room for exercise. Calves should not be too closely continued when being fed by hand. Colts require even more room, as they are fond of galloping around an enclosure.

A good cow fed only on pasture will always pay double the cost of four or five pounds of bran daily in milk or butter. This is more especially true of winter feeding, when straw may be mixed with hay, and the difference in value of straw spent in bran will make the feed worth more for product than if all hay were fed.

HOME DECORATION.

The rose pillow now takes the place of the pine needle bag for making a perfumed head rest.

Lace is now painted with water colors and very effective results are produced. The paint is mixed with gum arabic or mucilage before it is used for this purpose.

In the decoration of the table a partiality for yellow and white is noticeable, and gold banded china and threads of lemon color in the borders of the damask are seen.

A scrap jar should be in every room. We knew of an old lady who was visiting an elegantly furnished house, and complained that she carried an orange peel all day in her pocket, because there was no stove, or open fireplace, nor any other place to put it.

THE BOY KNEW HIM.

A physician who resides in the northern part of the city is noted for his extreme leanness. He is very tall and thin. Several days ago, during his absence, a match boy called at the house was admitted, taken into the back office, and the doctor's wife bought some of his stock. The money was in a closet in company with an articulated skeleton, which was disclosed as soon as the door was opened. The boy took one look at the grinning horror and fled from the house; leaving both money and matches. This was related to the doctor, and several days afterward the same boy was seen passing the house. On the doctor's attention being called to the fact, he went to the door and beckoned the lad to come to him. The match boy shouted out: Not much, you big old skelington. I knows yer, even if ye have got on yer clothes—*Philadelphia Call.*