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Place of Meeting, Divisions, Numbers Night of Meeting, and name of Deputies.

St. Stephen; Howard, 1; Friday; S. Webber;
Milton, St. Stephen; Wilberforce, 3; Monday;
H. McAllister.
Market Building, St. John; Gurney, 5; Thurs-
day; John P. Bell.
Orange Hall Portland; Portland, 7; Monday;
A. Y. Paterson.
Market Building, St. John; Albion, 14; Wed-
nesday; E. A. Everett.
Gagetown; Queens, 21; Saturday; H. J.
DeVeber.
Chatham; Northumberland, 37; Friday; G.
Stothart.
St. John; Mariners and Mechanics, 38; Tues-
day; Walter Munford.
Hillsboro, Albert Co.; Albert, 39; Wednesday;
John I. Steeves.
Sackville, West. Co.; Sackville, 40; Tuesday;
J. C. Harper.
Richibucto, Kent Co.; Richibucto, 42; Wednes-
day; A. Haines.
Newcastle; Newcastle, 45; Thursday; Jas.
Falconer.
Point de Bute, West. Co. Westmorland, 50;
Thursday; Jas. W. Colpitts.
Hopewell Hill, Albert Co.; Golden Rule, 51
Tuesday; L. R. Moore.
enfield, Charlotte Co.; Safeguard, 58; Satur-
day; H. C. Trynor.
Cambridge, Queen's Co.; Johnston, 62; Satur-
day; George S. Wilson.
Dalhousie; Dalhousie, 64; Monday; G. Haddow
Baie Verte; Baie Verte, 65; Wednesday; R.
Goodwin.
Dover, West. Co.; Dover, 70; Saturday;
Alfred E. Steeves.
Carleton, St. John; Granite Rock, 77; Tuesday;
John C. Thomas.
Derby, North. Co.; Nelson, Monday; J. Betts 99
Douglstown, North. Co.; Caledonia, 126; Tues-
day; J. Henderson.
Collina Corner, Kings Co.; Collina, 129; Thurs-
day; Jacob I. Keirstead.
Upper Gagetown, Queens Co.; Oxford, 134
Saturday; James E. Coy.
Benton, Carleton Co.; Garibaldi, 151; A. T.
Campbell.
St. Martins, St. John Co.; St. Martins, 164,
Tuesday; Samuel Osborn.
Moncton; Moncton, 183; Monday; F. W. Steeves
Douglas, York Co.; Arthur's W. O. Farmers
190; Saturday; Arthur W. Ross.
Salisbury, West. Co.; Crystal Stream, 191
Monday; C. A. Beck.
South Bay, St. John Co.; Lime Rock, 207
Monday; Wm. Roxborough.
Milford, St. John Co.; Everett, 238; Tuesday
Geo. H. Waring.
McTou; Intercolonial, 243; Friday; Miss
Vena Fawcett.
Victoria Mills, West. Co.; Victoria, 245; Thurs-
day; A. J. Main.
Mountville, Albert Co.; Home Circle, 244
Friday; E. E. Peck.
Baillie, St. James, Char. Co.; Baillie, 248; Wed-
nesday; John A. Robinson.
Weldford, Kent. Co.; Harcourt, 249; Saturday;
H. Wathen.
Portland; Valley, 250; Tuesday; J. Fowler.
Butternut Ridge, Kings Co.; Havelock, 251
Friday; E. Keith.
Petitcodiac, West. Co.; Petitcodiac, 252; Tues-
day D. A. Jonah.
Lewis Mountain, West. Co.; Sunnyside, 253
Saturday; Huesley Lewis.
Deer Island, Char. Co.; Moss Rose 254; Satur-
day; A. T. Lloyd.
Millstream, Kings Co. Britannia, 255; Saturday
C. W. Weyman.
Little Ridge, Char. Co.; Spreading Oak, 256;
Tuesday; A. F. Matheson.
Fredericton; Lansdowne, 257; Thursday; H. H.
Pitts.
River Charlo, Rest. Co.; Charlo, 259; Thursday;
J. H. Galbraith.
teeves' Mountain, West. Co.; Mountain Rose
260; Saturday; R. Lutz, Sr.
Hampton, Kings Co.; Spring, 262; Monday
G. Barnea.

Good of the Order.

'TIS TIME TO SWING OUR AXES.

We've had enough of License Laws,
Enough of Liquor taxes,
We've tamed the grin long enough,
'Tis time to swing our axes,
This deadly uper tree must fall,
Let strokes be strong and steady,
Pull up the stumps, grab out the roots,
O brothers are you ready?

No longer will we shield this foe
To manhood, love and beauty;
We've had enough of compromise,
The right alone is duty.
We've had enough of weak men and distrust
The burden grows by shifting,
Just put out a shoulder to the load,
And do our share of lifting.

We've had enough of forge and chain,
This demon drink to fetter;
Good bullets from the ballot box,
Well sped, will suit him better,
Will you not hunt him to the death?
Speak out! Speak out! O brothers,
Will ye not sound the bugle,
O Sisters, Wives and Mothers?

We've had enough of shame and woe,
Of cruel spoilation,
Who fears to say it loud enough
To thrill our land and nation?
God help us all to work like men
By earnest agitation,
Till we have crushed the power of rum;
By righteous legislation.

—Cal. Voice.

WHICH WAY WILL YOU HAVE YOUR BOY TO GO?

Oh, which way will you have your boy to go?
Two well-marked roads beyond do part you
know—
The mountain path—the straight and narrow
way;
And the decline, where fogs and mists do
play.
That fair young foem, your boy will tread but
one.

He cannot travel both, nor travel none;
Just over one he's bound to pass, you know;
O, which way will you have your boy to go?

O, which way will you have your boy to go?
Your boy may travel fast, or travel slow;
Yet travel must, the way of peace and life,
Or else the way of sin and shame and strife.
The way where God is loved—where heart is
pure,
Or path of lust that leads to ruin sure;
Yes, over one he's bound to pass, you know;
O, which way will you have your boy to go?

O, which way will you have your boy to go?
You know he'll run for weal, or run for woe;
He'll find the path that leads to you bright
home;
Or find the road to death—the sinner's doom;
He'll find the fount where sin is washed away
Or find his vile ness grow more vile each day
For over one he's bound to pass, you know;
O, which way will you have your boy to go?

O, which way will you have your boy to go?
That fair and tender child you cherish so;
O, will you launch his bark on waters bright
And bid him watch for heaven's beacon light?
Or have him guide his boat with wayward
hand,
And eat and drink and sport with drunken
band?

For over one he's bound to pass, you know;
O, which way will you have your boy to go?

O, which way will you have your boy to go?
Dear mother say: 'Tis God who wants to know.
Our country opens a way that she should close,
Lest demons crush our boys with mortal
blows;
For by a license law strong drink is sold,
To fill our homes with death—her vaults with
gold.
Yes, over one he's bound to pass you know;
O, which way will you have your boy to go?

O, which way will you have your boy to go?
The drunkard's swift descent far down below,
Where vile debauch deforms the fairest life,
Where man dishonors sister, mother and wife?
Or royal road where all who walk are blest?
Dear father say, which way do you think
best?

For over one he's bound to pass, you know;
O, which way will you have your boy to go?

O, which way will you have your boy to go?
Shall Jesus cleanse from sin—make white as
snow?
Will you instruct his lips to temperance mild?
Or have his passion fired, his soul defiled?
He'll drink his wine and quaff his demon
bowl,
And run with speed into his dreadful goal?

For over one he's bound to pass, you know;
O, which way will you have your boy to go?

O, which way will you have your boy to go?
Beyond the clouds where crystal waters flow?
To sparkling seas—to thrones of glory bright—
To mansions where the Saviour is the light?
Or far adown the slope of endless death—
To drunkard's grave—to prison-house beneath,
For over one he's bound to pass, you know;
O, which way will you have your boy to go?

FOR YOUNG MEN.

John B. Gough says 'ninety-nine
out of every hundred men who are
ruined morally, and I might almost
say physically, intellectually, and reli-
giously, are ruined by the use of
drink. It is the great curse of this
country. Then what shall we do?
What we want is to stir up the peo-
ple to move in this matter. We
want you to help us, young man. It
may cost something, but life is a
battlefield. What a grand thing it is
to be a young man with all of life
before you, to make of it what you
choose, to mould it as you will, to
make it just what you please. How
many are making their life a desert,
when it might be a garden; making
it a dreary waste, when it might be
fruitful in good works and holy in-
fluences, stumbling, blundering and
aimless. O the beginning! So many
go into ruin with all of life before
them. You are like a switchman on
the railway. Here comes the loco-
motive and the train of cars, freighted
with human life, hopes and happi-
ness, and your hand is on the switch.
You can turn that train on the main
track, you can turn it on to the sid-
ing, you can turn it down the bank,
but when it has passed by, your con-
trol of has gone forever. Never
will you have another such an oppor-
tunity, and opportunities are pass-
ing you day by day.

“Look at the effects of drunkenness
upon a man. God made man in His
own image. What mars that image
and stamps it with the counterfeit
die of the devil? Drink does it.
'Man by nature walks erect and lifts
his forehead to the stars,' and he is
crowned lord of creation. What
breaks his sceptre, tears his crown
from his brow, and degrades him be-
low the level of the beasts? Drink
does it. What sears the heart and
dams up the fountain of pure and
holy affections? It is the drink. No
young man expects anything of this
kind to come upon him. I do not
say that it will, but I want to warn
any young man who is a moderate
drinker that he stands on dangerous
ground. “Oh! it is sublime to wrestle
with an evil desire, this mastery of
self by the force of a high resolve and
the power of a mighty will: 'I will;
I will; by the help of God I will.'
To him that overcometh! the tree of
life, safety from the second death,
the white stone with the new name,
the morning star, the white raiment,
a pillar in the temple, a seat on the
throne with Him in whose name he
has conquered. To him that over-
cometh. Then buckle on the armour,
brave heart; stand firm in the light,
Ay, though you fall ten times, get up
again, battered, bruised, covered with
scars more glorious than were ever
born by earth's greatest warriors, till
by-and-by, standing erect, your
armour dented and broken, you shall
shout Victory! Victory! as you hang
your battered armour on the battle-
ments of heaven, and having fought
the good fight, lay your laurels at the
feet of Him through whom and by
whom you stand redeemed forever
from the power and dominion of
every evil habit.”

IMITATING PAPA.

He was a bright-eyed, rosy-cheek-
ed little fellow, and just as brimful
of fun as a boy of five summers
could well be, and when I tell you
that his mamma, that morning, for
the first time, had dressed him in a
pair of pantaloons and a little coat,
you can imagine what his feelings
were. But his little sister Mamie
did not like the change at all. She
had tried to get him to play with her
several times, but had been treated
so coldly that she had retired to one
corner of the room with her doll;
many a wistful glance did she cast at
him, but to no effect. He would have
liked to have a big play, but thought
it would never do, so he marched out
of the room, with great dignity, fol-
lowed by his dog Rover. In the
hall he espied a hat of his father's and
also a cigar stump that had been
left on the table. Putting the cigar

in his mouth, and the hat on his
head, he went out into the yard,
lighting the cigar as he went, still
followed by his faithful dog.

What are you about, Robby? said
a young man as he passed by.
Oh, I'm pretending I'm papa, said
he.

You'd better let that stuff alone,
was the laughing rejoinder, or you'll
rue it soon.

And he did, for he got so sick he
was compelled to lie down on the
grass for a while, and threw the
cigar away in disgust, concluding
that it was not so nice to do like
papa, after all.

Hoop, but ain't you fine!
Yes, ain't I, though! said the lit-
tle fellow, as he jumped up and dis-
played himself before a neighbor boy
about two years older than himself.
I say, Jim, let's play.

Well, what will we play?
Why, you keep a bar and I'll be
papa and come in and get a glass of
brandy, like he does down at the
hotel.

Rob and Jimmy soon fixed up a
bar by laying planks across the corner
of the fence, and furnished it in a few
minutes with some old bottles and
two broken glasses, and then getting
the cook to give them an old jug
that had once been used for molasses,
and filling it with water, they were
ready to begin business.

Good-morning, Mr. Glidden! said
Rob, as he marched up to the bar.
Good-morning! Good-morning!
glad to see you such a fine morning.
What will you have to-day?

A glass of your fine brand to cheer
me up a little, was the reply; and
being helped to a half-glass of mo-
lasses-water, Robby soon disposed of
it, and called for more; and, after
drinking several times, he staggered
away in such perfect imitation of his
father that the little bar-keeper
roared with laughter.

There was one, though, who wit-
nessed the scene, that did not laugh,
and, would you believe it, it was
Robby's own father! He had been in
the very same fix the night before,
that his little son had imitated so
well, and of course was not in a con-
dition to attend to business, and had
been in the Summer-house for several
hours trying to entertain himself with
the morning paper, and had heard
every word that had passed between
the little playmates. It set him to
thinking, and the result was that he
signed the pledge that very day. I
could not bear to have my son grow
up in that way, he said to his wife
that night, and with the help of God,
I'm going to set him a better example.
And he did.—Herald and Presbyterian.

As Sad as it is Suggestive.

The following extract from a letter
which a poor drunkard's wife sends
to the New York Evening Sun, is as
sad as it is suggestive. She says: 'I
cannot see why men with good sense
and judgment will approve of a man
selling intoxicating drinks, for it takes
the senses and feeling out of a man
and leaves him powerless to the
mercy of the police. I have seen
policemen on Sunday standing at a
liquor store and letting men, women,
and children go in and out with
pitchers of beer and never say a word
to them. I think the Sunday law
ought to be enforced, so that the
drunkard's wife and children may
have something to eat on Monday
morning. Look at the handsome
liquor stores, with their costly win-
dow panes and mirrors and every in-
ducement to take men from their
homes, which are decorated only with
poverty. I hope that those men who
are in favor of liquor traffic will
hearken to the voices of thousands
more of poor heart-broken drunkards'
wives and children.'

Says Dr. Herrick Johnson: 'The
saloons lead to drinking; drinking to
drunkenness; drunkenness to crime;
crime to the necessity for police; the
police cost money, and the saloons
have to pay it. There is the circle,
and there is the dog's mouth chasing
the tail. It has never caught up, and
never will.'

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