

# THE TEMPERANCE JOURNAL

AND NEW BRUNSWICK REPORTER.

OUR MOTTO—NATIONAL PROHIBITION.

Herman H. Pitts,  
Editor and Proprietor.

FREDERICTON, N. B., SATURDAY, JUNE 16, 1888

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

St. Stephen; Howard, 1; Friday; S. Webber; Milltown, St. Stephen; Wilberforce, 3; Monday; H. McAllister.  
Market Building, St. John; Gurney, 5; Thursday; John P. Bell.  
Orange Hall, Portland; Portland, 7; Monday; A. Y. Peterson.  
Market Building, St. John; Albion, 14; Wednesday; E. A. Everett.  
Gagetown; Queens, 21; Saturday; H. J. DeVeber.  
Chatham; Northumberland, 37; Friday; G. Stothart.  
St. John; Mariners and Mechanics, 38; Tuesday; 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; Wednesday; 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, 53; Saturday; H. C. Trynor.  
Cambridge, Queen's Co.; Johnston, 62; Saturday; 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.  
Donglastown, North. Co.; Caledonia, 126; Tuesday; J. Henderson.  
Collina Corner, Kings Co.; Collina, 129; Thursday; Jacob I. Keirstead.  
Upper Gagetown, Queens Co.; Oxford, 134; Saturday; James E. Coy.  
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Moncton; Moncton, 183; Monday; F. W. Steeves.  
Douglas, York Co.; Dunphy's W. O. Farmers 190; Saturday; Arthur W. Ross.  
Salisbury, West. Co.; Crystal Stream, 191; Monday; C. A. Beck.  
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Milford, St. John Co.; Everett, 238; Tuesday; Geo. H. Waring.  
Meriton; Intercolonial, 243; Friday; Miss Vena Fawcett.  
Victoria Mills, West. Co.; Victoria, 245; Thursday; A. J. Main.  
Mountville, Albert Co.; Home Circle, 244; Friday; E. E. Peck.  
Baillie, St. James, Char. Co.; Baillie, 248; Wednesday; John A. Robinson.  
Weldford, Kent. Co.; Harcourt, 249; Saturday; H. Wahlen.  
Portland; Valley, 250; Tuesday; J. Fowler.  
Butternut Ridge, King Co.; Havelock, 251; Friday; E. Keith.  
Petitcodiac, West. Co.; Petitcodiac, 252; Tuesday; D. A. Jonah.  
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Deer Island, Char. Co.; Moss Rose 254; Saturday; A. T. Lloyd.  
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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.  
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24 Falls, St. George, Char. Co.; Stewart, 269; Saturday; A. Sherwood.  
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Haupton Village, King's Co.; Hampton, 273; Tuesday; Chas. Frost.  
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St. John, 102 King Street; Gordon Division, No. 275; Monday; H. P. Sandall.  
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Salisbury, Westmoreland Co.; Middleton, 277; Friday; Jas. Henry.  
Healthland, Charlotte Co.; Rising Sun, 278; Tuesday; Julius Powers.  
Goshen Corner, Albert Co.; Star of Hope, 279; Saturday; B. B. Hayward.  
St. Mary's Kent Co.; Rosefield, 280; Saturday; W. Vincent.  
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Lewisville, Moncton; Lewisville, 285; Tuesday; A. McW. Russell.  
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Canterbury, York Co.; Duffin, 296; Saturday; Eli Taylor.  
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Kirkland, Carleton Co.; Monument, 298; Thursday; John Lyons, Deputy.  
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Morcombe, P. O. Kings Co.; Rising Star, 303; Wednesday; Martin Freeze.  
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Waterside, Parish of Harvey, Albert Co.; Gladstone No. 311; Friday; Rev. S. C. Moore.  
Poquico, York Co.; Poquico, 312; Wednesday; Edward True, Deputy.  
North Lake, Canterbury; York County; Star No. 313; Saturday; Hiram H. Vesey Deputy.  
Janeville, Gloucester Co.; Janeville, 314; Saturday; Edward L. Caie, Deputy.  
Kingsclear, York Co.; Kingsclear, 315; Wednesday; Isaac Kilburn, Deputy.  
Rolling Dam, Charlotte Co.; Rolling Dam, 316; Monday; Neill McDermott.  
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Dalhousie Junction, Restigouche Co.; Maple Green; 333; Wednesday; Wm. Jamison.  
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Presque Isle, Connell P. O. Carleton Co.; Dawn of Hope No. 337; Tuesday; John N. Perry.  
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Mapleton, Albert Co.; Mapleton, No. 339; Tuesday; J. A. M. Colpitts.  
Tide Head, Restigouche Co.; No. 340; Saturday; Thomas Adams.  
Boiestown, North. Co. Boiestown, No. 341; Wednesday; Rev. Thos. Allen.  
Little River, Albert Co.; Princess Louise, No. 342; Saturday; Sanford Parkin.  
Moncton, Bulmer, No. 343; Saturday; James M. Murray, deputy.  
Caraquet, Gloucester Co.; Caraquet, No. 344; Thursday; J. W. Young.  
Ludlow, Northumberland Co.; Pine Grove, No. 345; Thursday; George Neagles.  
St. John, Excelsior, No. 346; Thursday; Robert Wills.

## Good of the Order.

### THE COLLIER'S WIFE, A TRUE STORY.

BY HARRIET DEVAN.

In the wintry days when Christmas, with its joys, was drawing nigh,  
There went forth a fearful summons, calling many men to die;  
In their homes the shining holly on each humble cottage wall,  
Spoke of hearts unscared by danger; and unconscious of their call,  
They had chanted Christmas carols in the hours of twilight dim,  
Little dreaming of the nearing of a guest so dread and grim;  
That their tables, oft in by-gone groaning 'neath the Christmas fare,  
Would this Christmas, 'mid heart-breaking, fearful shrouded burdens bear;  
That the bells would cease their chiming, many a solemn knell to toll,  
And sorrow, like a tempest, o'er the stricken valley roll.  
There was one in that rude village, to an humble collier wed;  
She had suffered from the drink curse—he by drink was oft misled.  
Never husband kinder, truer, more devoted to his wife,  
Than the one who claimed this woman through the weal and woe of life.  
But when led astray by drinking, words so vile defiled his tongue  
That the wedded love soon languished, and the woman's pride was stung,  
And each sober promise broken on which she had oft relied,  
Till at length in gloom and darkness she was missing from his side.  
Then the tidy hearth untended, and the homely board unspread,  
And the children's pale, scared faces, asking him "Is mother dead?"  
Brought so vividly before him all the desolation wrought,  
That in terror and misgiving, eagerly his wife he sought;  
For she was his hidden treasurer—oh, how cherished and how dear!  
And his earnest "Have you seen her?" wearied every neighbor's ear.  
Soon the dreary months brought tidings, that gave beamings of delight—  
Once again he trudged the valley, seeking still the joyful sight.  
When he reached the home she dwelt in, when he saw his dear one's shawl,  
Oh, he kissed the faded garment, as it hung against the wall,  
But the wife refused his pleading, and she scorned his wild request,  
And she vowed her past was bondage, and her present freedom rest.  
He, thus driven from her presence; and her dear, familiar face,  
With a hatred for the beer cup which had wrought him this disgrace,  
Wept within his lonely cottage, with his children at his knees;  
Oh, to leave these lambs uncared for, Oh, how hard her heart must be!  
Then amid his tears of anguish came a thought of peaceful bliss:—  
If again she saw her children, if they gave her one sweet kiss,  
If their soft blue eyes were pleading, saying gently, "Mother come,"  
That would storm her hard heart's fortress, and would surely bring her home.  
So he dressed his little daughters, almost with a mother's care,  
And with man's unskilful fingers smoothed their curly silken hair;  
And he led his little children all the rugged mountain o'er,  
And the mother's heart relented when she saw them at the door;  
'Gainst his promises and pleadings her heart no more was proof,  
And again she took her station 'neath the collier's humble roof.  
\* \* \* \* \*  
Happy days of love rekindled were just blending into weeks,  
When the fearful blow was given which a lifetime's woe bespeaks.  
She was placing sprays of holly o'er the pictures in her room,  
When there came a loud explosion, like a crash of coming doom,  
And the air grew thick and murky, and the earth in terror shook,  
And there came a rush of footsteps, gathering from each lane and nook.  
Every face was full of horror, and their eyes with dread dismay;  
Hand in hand 'e'en little children sped along the crowded way,  
And their talk was all of "father"—Oh, if father dear were dead!  
And "poor brother" in the workings, in that fiery pit, they said.  
So in breathless, gasping terror, still the crowd kept surging past,  
While the poor wife of the collier stood with misery agast,  
Till a passer by, unthinkingly, breathed words soon proved too true,  
"Why poor man's in the workings, so perhaps its widowed you!"  
\* \* \* \* \*  
She was lying all unconscious, when they brought her dead one in;  
He who was her faithful husband till he fell through drink-caused sin.

But the years that should have bound them in the closest, dearest link  
Had been marred and blighted, ruined, by the cursed demon drink.  
When she woke, to know her sorrow, and the measure of her grief,  
And she thought of the days of blessing, though their length had been so brief  
When her stricken heart remembered all her bridal days of bliss,  
And she called to mind his goodness, and his errors strove to miss,  
With his last kind greeting haunted, and his last glance clear and bright,  
"God is good," she said; in darkness He has sent one ray of light."  
While she mourned her loved and lost one, she blest God amid her pain,  
That his soul had gone to judgment clear from drink's defiling stain!  
—New England Good Templar.

### THE ECHO AND THE TOPER.

A toper once returning from potatoes,  
Imbibed with freedom at the Dog and Gun—  
Where joyful comrades on the laws of nations  
Allowed their thirsty tongues to gibby run—  
Was passing through a valley where 'twas said,  
Though he had never put it to the test,  
That echo answered when'er questioned.  
Quoth he, 'T'll see whether 'tis true or jest.'  
He paused a moment, hiccoughed, scratched his head,  
His trembling fingers pass across his vest  
To feel that he was there and not in bed,  
And then and there the Echo thus addressed:—  
"The place we left, say, Echo dost thou know?"  
Echo—"No."  
"The public house where folks like thee don't go,"  
Echo—"Don't go."  
'Tis after ten, my mates still at their glasses,'  
Echo—"Asses."  
'The drink they love before all else is wine,'  
Echo—"Swine."  
'Good liquor I enjoy in any shape,'  
'I wonder what's the end of all this brewing,'  
Echo—"Ruin."  
'Wouldst have me take the pledge, all drink resign?'  
Echo—"Sign."  
'Methinks I could not live without such stuff,'  
Echo—"Such stuff."  
You may be right, at any rate I'll try it,'  
Echo—"Try it."  
He signed the pledge, and very soon he found  
That, like the eagle, he'd renewed his youth;  
He keeps it still, and furthermore has owned  
That what the Echo said was but the truth.  
—Alliance Record.

### HE SAW HIMSELF.

You must excuse me, gentlemen,  
For I cannot drink anything, said a man who was known to the entire town as a drunkard.  
This is the first time you ever refused a drink, said an acquaintance.  
The other day you were hustling around after a cocktail, and, in fact, you even asked me to set 'em up.  
That's very true, but I am a very different man now.  
Preachers had hold of you?  
No, sir; no one has said anything to me.  
Well what has caused the change?  
I'll tell you. After leaving you the other day I kept on hustling after a cocktail, as you term it, until I met a party of friends. When I left them I was about half drunk. To a man of my temperament a half drunk is a miserable condition, for the desire for more is so strong that he forgets his self-respect in his efforts to get more drink. I remembered that there was a half pint of whisky at home which had been purchased for medicinal purposes. Just before reaching the gate I heard voices in the garden, and looking over the fence I saw my little son and daughter playing.  
Now you be ma, said the boy, and I'll be pa. Now, you sit here and I'll come in drunk. Wait, now, till I find my bottle.  
He took a bottle, ran away and filled it with water. Pretty soon he returned and entering the playhouse nodded idiotically at the girl and sat down without saying anything. The girl looked up from her work and said:  
James, why will you do this way?  
Whizzer way? he replied.  
Gettin' drunk?  
Who's drunk?  
You are; an' you promised when the baby died that you wouldn't drink any more. The children are almost ragged, and we haven't anything to eat hardly, but you still throw your money away. Don't you know you are breaking my heart?  
I hurried away. The action was too life-like. I could think of nothing

ing during the day but those little children playing in the garden. You must excuse me, gentlemen. I cannot drink again.—Arkansas Traveler.

### A Woman's Practical Argument.

What brings you here, Mary? said Truesdell to his wife, as she entered the liquor shop.  
It is very lonesome at home, and your business seldom allows you to be there, replied the meek and resolute wife. To me there is no company like yours, and as you cannot come to me, I must come to you; I have a right to share your pleasures as well as your sorrows.  
But to come to such a place as this! expostulated Tom.  
No place can be improper where my husband is, said poor Mary. Whom God hath joined together, let no man put asunder.  
She took up the glass of spirits which the shop-keeper had poured out for her husband.  
Surely you are not going to drink that? said Tom in huge astonishment.  
Why not? You say that you drink to forget sorrow, and surely I have sorrows to forget.  
Woman, woman, you are not going to give that stuff to the children, cried Tom, as she was passing the glass of liquor to them.  
Why not? Can children have a better example than their father's? Is not that which is good for him good for them also? It will put them to sleep, and they will forget that they are cold and hungry. Drink, my children; this is fire and bed and food and clothing. Drink; you see how much good it does your father.  
With seeming reluctance, Mary suffered her husband to lead her home, and that night he prayed long and fervently that God would help him to break an evil habit and keep a newly-formed but firm resolution.  
His reformation was thorough, and Mrs. Truesdell is now one of the happiest of women, and remembers with a melancholy pleasure her first and last visit to the dram shop.—Waterloo (N. Y.) Observer.

**Jim, Give Up Drink.**

We will call him Jim, for I do not remember his name. He had lost all respectability, and was a common gutter drunkard. His family had disowned him and would not recognize him when they met him. Occasionally he would get a job at the stables where Dr. Davis kept his horses. One morning the Doctor laid his hand on his shoulder and said:  
Jim, I wish you would give up the drink.  
There was something very like a quiver of the man's lips as he answered:  
If I thought you cared, I would but there is a great gulf between you and me.  
Have I made any gulf, Jim? Think a moment before you answer.  
No—you couldn't.  
I do care, Jim!  
Say it again, won't you? There were tears in the man's eyes now.  
I do care, Jim, with a little tender emphasis on the Jim.  
Dr. Davis, I'll never touch another drop of liquor as long as I live. Here's my hand on it.  
This was fifteen years ago, and Jim is to-day the respectable and respected Mr.—. Saved by a kind word! Will you make an effort this week to win some one by kindness?—Christian Advocate.

Total abstinence, says Rev. Joseph Cook, is a closed issue. No intelligent man now, in the face of the record of life assurance societies, dares recommend anything like moderate indulgence. I hold that this country has settled it that total abstinence is the only safe thing. Eighteen States of this Union are teaching their children that total abstinence is required by the latest light of science. And the same number of States, also, are giving instruction against all kinds of narcotics and let the pulpit say amen!

## SUBSCRIBE

FOR THE

## TEMPERANCE JOURNAL.

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