

Good of the Order.

PROHIBITION.

There's a glimmer in the darkness,  
There's a star within the sky;  
Though our land is drenched in crimes,  
There'll be freedom by-and-by.  
Open wide your crimson banner,  
Let its message be unfurled;  
"Prohibition's England's freedom,"  
That's the truth against the word!

Drunkness is our distinction,  
Inebriety—our fame;  
Sullied is our boasted virtue,  
Tarnished our once glorious name;  
England, is thy light the clearer,  
For the sanction of State crimes?  
Are their evils less notorious  
Because of our "enlightened times"?

Church and State asleep together  
On the vessel's quivering mast,  
Wake! the breakers are before you,  
England now is drifting fast;  
Are there men for England's glory?  
Stand together for the plan;  
Fight the battle for its freedom,  
Prohibition's in the van!

Palsied is the arm of virtue,  
Whilst it was not with its foe;  
Vain the voice of our religion,  
Till we offer blow for blow;  
Foot to foot, in solemn conflict—  
Drink is raging, and must fail,  
Else the evil which it threatens  
Bodes calamity to all.

Why is Prohibition needful?  
Blasted homes will tell you why,  
Lives now wrecked and prisons crowded,  
Stifled moans and widow's cry;  
Children crouching in their garrets,  
Shivering on cast's bitter sigh,  
Tell you as no words could utter  
Prohibition's reason why.

There has been enough of scheming,  
Mild reproaches and reproof;  
Too much parleying with evil,  
While our valor keeps aloof;  
Every man must wake to conflict,  
Crush the evil—that's the plan;  
Fight—for truth will always conquer,  
Prohibition's in the van!

Land of stars and stripes we greet you!  
First in noble work thou art;  
Here on the same field we meet you,  
Brethren brave in flesh and heart;  
Albion! freedom is before thee,  
Truth must conquer man and beast;  
There's deliverance coming o'er thee,  
Prohibition's in the van!

God of hosts, lead on this army,  
Let our brethren heed the cry;  
Arm with all Thy gracious succour  
Those who fight for liberty;  
Thou who England's past hast honored,  
Look in mercy, aid and bless;  
Strong in Thine own strength we'll conquer  
Drink and all its bitterness.

LINES.

Suggested by the death of Bessie E. White,  
of Grand Lake Division.  
She has gone from her childhood's home,  
From the fields that her feet trod,  
From the lake's wild shore, where she loved to  
roam,  
And is resting beneath the sod.

Beneath fell disease and pain,  
And affliction's seething rod;  
She has faded from earth, to bloom again  
In the Paradise of God.

And we miss the fair young face,  
And the glance of the laughing eye;  
And the girlish form, and the witching grace,  
That we greeted in days gone by.

We will miss her in Sunday School,  
Where her bird-like voice did ring  
In praise, from her inmost heart and soul,  
To Heaven's Eternal King.

She was lovely, young and fair,  
She was tender, real and true;  
But her cheek's ripe bloom, and her rich brown  
hair,  
Have faded from our view.

Be it ours each season still,  
To deck with earth's lowliest flowers  
Her grave, while her spirit roams at will  
Amid Eden's fairest bowers.

For the clasp of her fair young hand,  
And the kiss of her lips of love  
We will feel no more; until we stand  
In the Heavenly Home above.

And we pray that when grief and pain,  
When the battle of life is o'er;  
By the Grace of God, we will meet again  
On Heaven's Eternal Shore.

R. ROBERTSON.

THE RUM TRAFFIC.

This iniquitous business has become  
hardened, cruel, and law defying, as  
well as God dishonoring. It has  
reached the position in the land,  
when it aims at controlling all the  
various influences of society. It  
claims the right to shape legislation  
in its interests, and by a lavish ex-  
penditure of its ill-gotten wealth,  
succeeds in such manifestations of  
its power over the ballot box, as to  
intimidate the time serving politician.  
It reclines in the glittering and softly  
cushioned pews of the aristocratic  
church, and hurls its defiance at the  
pulpit, and if the Minister dares to  
address himself to the christian duty  
of warning his flock to beware of  
the evils of the grog shop, he is  
soon reminded that the financial sup-  
port of this soul-destroying traffic  
will be withdrawn from the church.  
It boycotts in commercial circles, all  
who have the manliness to denounce  
the evils connected with the dram  
shop, and in trade relations seek by  
its tyranny, to corrupt and degrade  
those who depend upon the public  
for a demand upon their labor, or  
the consumption of their goods.

And yet this traffic in human  
souls is fostered, and pampered in  
nearly every christian community in  
our land. Christian men and women  
give it their countenance and by  
their lukewarmness, or their patronage  
encourage its work of death.

An honored christian gentleman,  
who has after a long and active life  
in christian effort, been recently  
called to a higher sphere, once wrote  
of this business of rumselling, as  
follows:—

"The grog-shop is a two-edged  
word, and cuts both ways at once.

It is a rotating machine for the  
snaring of souls. It catches our  
young men and boys before they  
reach the church and Sabbath school  
—while they are on their way—and  
they never reach its door; or else it  
catches them as they return and mar  
or neutralize the lesson there imparted.  
Between the two there is an old  
"irrepressible conflict" over age.  
It is war to the knife, and knife to  
the hilt, and only one can win. and  
in this warfare we of Christ's army  
are out-numbered. There are twelve  
saloons to every church; twelve bar-  
keepers to every minister. The  
church opens its doors two or three  
days in the week. The saloon grids  
on and on with its mill of destruction  
all the days of every week, all the  
months of every year. That we are  
out-numbered is not all. We are  
out-generalized as well. The people  
in the rum shop propose in their  
hearts, not only to mar and neutral-  
ize, but to obliterate and displace  
the lessons of Church and Sunday-  
School. They have their series of  
lessons with which our International  
series cannot at all compete. They  
have studied carefully the tastes,  
tendencies and preference of boys  
and of young men, their natural and  
innocent taste for variety, fondness  
for amusement, preference for young  
company, and they pander to all  
these in ways that take hold upon  
truth."

Is it possible that there is no  
power in the land capable of destroy-  
ing this monster agency of the devil?  
Is this traffic in reputations, in  
human lives, in homes and home joys  
to go on forever?

When the harvest of rum is  
reached, and our people wake up to  
a consciousness that the fiend has  
secured a firm grip on the pride of  
the home circle; that the hope of  
the family has become a slave to the  
appetite for strong drink, then re-  
morse will take the place of indif-  
ference, and the agony consequent  
upon criminal neglect, will produce  
an experience which only an affec-  
tionate parent can know. When the  
church realizes how rapidly the rum  
shop is decimating the ranks of Sab-  
bath worshippers, and how steadily  
the professing followers of the  
Saviour are withdrawing from their  
christian allegiance, then the pulpits  
will tremble at the recollection of  
the terrible denunciations of the  
Almighty:—

"Son of Man, I have set thee a  
Watchman unto the House of Israel,  
therefore thou shalt hear the word of  
my mouth, and warn them from me,  
when I say unto the wicked man,  
thou shalt surely die; if thou dost  
not speak to warn the wicked man  
from his way, that wicked man shall  
die in his iniquity, but his blood will  
I require at thine hand."

These responsibilities cannot be  
shirked by the pulpit. The man en-  
gaged in dealing out this soul de-  
stroying beverage should be warned  
against "putting the bottle to his  
neighbour's lips," as well as the man  
who is surely becoming a victim to  
the appetite for strong drink. The  
work of counteracting the horrible  
effects of the rum traffic cannot be  
delegated to the temperance societies.  
Every man and woman who is a pro-  
fessed disciple of Christ, and who is  
looking on with indifference upon  
the work of drunkard making, in  
which the rumseller is engaged,  
every day in the week, passively  
giving their consent to the work of  
destruction, and are thus engaged in  
assisting in building up Satan's  
kingdom in this world. There is no  
neutral ground to be assumed in this  
connection, and while we may be  
horrified at the havoc going on  
around us, and possess a desire to  
see the rum shop closed, this is not  
all that is required of us in the per-  
formance of our responsibilities as  
citizens, Christians, or ministers.

WHY PEOPLE DRINK.

Mr. A. drinks because his doctor  
has recommended him to take a little  
suthin'.

B. because his doctor has ordered  
him not to, and he hates quackery.

C. takes a drop because he's wet.  
D. because he's dry.

E. because he feels something rising  
in his stomach.

F. because he feels a kind of sinking  
in his stomach.

G. because he's going to see a friend  
off to Oregon.

H. because he's got a friend come  
home from California.

I. because he's so hot.  
J. because he's so cold.

K. because he's got a pain in his  
head.

L. because he's got a pain in his  
stomach.

M. because he's got a pain in his  
side.

N. because he's got a pain in his  
back.

O. because he's got a pain in his  
chest.

P. because he's got a pain all over  
him.

Q. because he feels light and happy,  
R. because he feels heavy and mis-  
erable.

S. because he's married.  
T. because he isn't.

Y. because he likes to see his friends  
W. because he's got no friends  
and enjoys a glass by himself.

X. because his uncle left him a  
legacy.

Y. because his aunt cut him off  
with a shilling.

Z. (we should be happy to inform  
our readers with Mr. Z's reason for  
drinking, but on putting the question  
to him, he was found too drunk to  
answer.—Peoples Advocate.

"LET 'EM GO TO HELL IF THEY  
WANT TO."

Not long ago, in talking with a  
business man about prohibition, he  
said he believed in the doctrine of  
'letting every man be his own probi-  
tionist,' that it was optional with  
him as to whether he made a man  
of himself or a sot, and if a sot he  
had no one to blame but himself and  
that if he wanted to go to hell let him  
go—the sooner the better. Society  
would be better off by killing off  
these weak creatures, and that we  
had no right to step in and prevent  
them from suffering the penalties of  
their own vices, he claimed. This is  
mighty selfish philosophy, and yet it  
is standard in many places. He also  
said it would hurt him as a business  
man to help to save these weak crea-  
tures, and no man was bound to hurt  
himself in order to save men from  
their own voluntary acts.

There is nothing broad, noble and  
philanthropic about this. Its spirit  
is narrow, and its selfishness is per-  
fect. If some of our ancestors had  
gone on this idea eighteen or nineteen  
centuries ago, where would have been  
our modern Christian civilization? This  
man might have been the des-  
pised vassal of some petty chief in  
Central Europe who entertained his  
henchmen by barbarous feasts. If  
men, some men especially, had follow-  
ed this doctrine forty and fifty years  
ago, we might still have been partners  
of the auction block and the slave  
market.

But, aside from the selfishness mani-  
fested in this philosophy, there comes  
in the question or patriotism, and  
even of self-interest. We have a  
Government to preserve and perpetuate.  
All our interests, no matter how  
little or great, are contained in it.  
We are deeply, vitally interested in  
its preservation, though we may have  
no thought whatever for some of its  
citizens. A man may say, "I have no  
interest in my neighbor," and society  
imperfect as it is, would excuse him;  
but if he says I have no interest in my  
country, the vast inheritance of mine  
which was obtained by my forefathers  
by trials at Valley Forge and the pri-  
vations of fearful Winters, and at the  
expense of fortune and life, society  
would not excuse him. Even the  
most soulless man in the Common-  
wealth would shrink back from such  
an answer, when he thought of the  
immense treasures that were spent  
and the huge cemeteries that were  
built, the red fields, the broken can-  
non, the desolated firesides and the  
great host of widows and orphans  
that were made only a few years ago  
in order to maintain its unity and ex-  
istence. So, if a man can say, "I  
have no regard for my fellow-man,"  
he cannot say from even self-interest,  
"I have no regard for that great  
friend of mind that stands guard over  
me while I sleep and has protected  
me in life, liberty, and the pursuit of  
happiness." On this wide, compre-  
hensive ground of duty to one's  
country, and love for our free institu-  
tions, we make the call to action, on  
this wide ground we make the call to  
selfish and unselfish, to Jew and  
Gentile, Christian and pagan, the  
learned and the unlearned, the strong  
and the weak, the poor and the rich  
alike, to join and help us preserve  
our common country, our glorious in-  
heritance from the clouds of danger  
that hover over it and the unnum-  
bered foes at work at its foundations.  
We know that the saloons to-day  
foster and protect these enemies, and  
that they constitute the great citadels  
of our bitter National foes. We find  
they breed poverty—bitter, galling  
poverty—suffering, disease, death,  
discontent, anarchy, crime, murder,  
insanity, idiocy and political corruption  
We find our great cities are becoming  
great powers for evil, through and  
by their great brood of saloons. We  
find that the ballot-box in them is cor-  
rupted, and government made a farce.  
We find that though we can perhaps  
afford to "let a man go to hell if he

wants to," yet we cannot afford to let  
the Republic go there too!

Hillsboro, Ohio.

THE ENIGMA.

WHAT THE SCIENTIFIC WORLD WANTS  
TO KNOW.—A \$100,000 OFFER.

We have published in our columns  
from time to time different adver-  
tisements in regard to Brights Dis-  
ease and its cures.

What is this terrible disease?  
We have taken the trouble to make  
an investigation from the best sources  
and we give the results to our read-  
ers.

What astonishes us is the general  
indifference given to kidney disor-  
ders. The kidneys do not sound the  
alarm of their diseased condition,  
owing to the fact that they have  
very few nerves hence few suspect  
that there is any disease in them.  
Irritation inflammation, ulceration  
set in, and then the tubes, of which  
the kidneys are full, are destroyed  
and thrown off, and from this fact are  
called tube casts.

As soon as this begins to take place  
it is only a question of how fast de-  
composition goes on before the disease  
results fatally. If the proper remedies  
are taken before final decomposition  
or waste of these tubes commences  
or becomes too far advanced, that is  
the only and last chance for relief.  
It is at this point or before that  
Warner's safe cure proves so benefi-  
cial, and may cure or stop the wast-  
ing away of the kidneys if it has not  
advanced too far.

The most remarkable of all our in-  
vestigation is the fact that the patient  
with Bright's disease has no exclusive  
symptoms, but has the symptoms of  
every common disease.

First he may possibly feel a dull  
pain in his back generally upon one  
side, which does not debar him from  
his usual business routine. After a  
time he may begin to feel neuralgic  
pains or have a slight attack of  
what he may call rheumatism, or  
headache, with high or dark colored  
urine with an unpleasant sensation  
in its passage, and after standing  
showing an unnatural condition.  
Later on came tired feelings, loss of  
ambition or vigor, or loss of or fail-  
ing eyesight, which is very common  
with a distressed condition of the  
stomach. Any one of these symp-  
toms is liable to occur.

This no doubt explains why the  
proprietors of Warner's safe cure are  
curing so many diseases. By regu-  
lating and building up the kidneys  
symptoms of general ill-health dis-  
appear. They justly accuse the  
medical profession of treating the  
effects and not the cause. Finally  
if this disorder is neglected the  
patient either dies of apoplexy pneu-  
monia, heart disease, blood poison,  
consumption, or any other disease  
that the system is most subject to.

There appears to be some one  
cause for nearly every ailment of  
the human system, but up to the  
present time no one has been able to  
fully account for this terrible malady.  
We understand that the people of  
Germany have become aware of its  
fearful fatality, and have offered  
400,000 marks (\$100,000 to any one  
that can satisfactorily explain the  
cause.

Will You Vote To License It?

A Correspondent of the New York  
Pioneer says:—"On Saturday, Jan.  
14, 1888, three men of Shearon, this  
county, after filling up with licensed  
whiskey and beer, with a supply to  
use on the road, started with horse  
and buggy for Orangeville, a town  
some six miles off. Arriving there  
as the thunderbolt train on the N.Y.  
P. and O. Ry., was due, and in plain  
sight, they started to cross the track.  
In a moment the train was on them.  
Result: All three men and the horse  
were killed, and the buggy reduced  
to splinters. Each man leaves a  
wife and family of children in de-  
pendent circumstances. We license  
this business, for what? For the re-  
venue? Is it not a revenue from which  
Satan receives the lion's share?"

How long shall the church sit still  
and quietly contemplate the ruin of  
the traffic which is making our noblest  
aspirations a mere dream, and which  
all temperance efforts hitherto have  
failed to offset?

These tipping shops, under what-  
ever name they are known, are the  
gateways of hell, and it is within the  
power of the united church to close  
every one of them if she only will to  
do it.

If it is her business to save men  
from hell; then don't close her mouth  
and force her to give a silent consent  
to the ruin being wrought by these  
engines of destruction.—J. H. Bland,  
Paris, Mo.

What Breaks Down Young Men.

Scientific American.

It is a commonly-received notion  
that hard study is the unhealthy ele-  
ment of college life. But from tables  
of the morality of Harvard Univer-  
sity, collected by Prof. Pierce from  
the last triennial catalogue, it is  
clearly demonstrated that the excess  
of deaths for the first ten years after  
graduation is found in that portion of  
the class of inferior scholarship.  
Every one who has seen the curri-  
culum knows where Aeschylus and  
political economy injures one, late  
hours and run-punchers use up a  
dozen, and their two little fingers  
are heavier than the lions of Euclid.  
Dissipation is a sure destroyer, and  
every young man who follows it is  
as the early flower exposed to un-  
timely frost. Those who have been  
inveigled into the path of vice are  
named legion. A few hours sleep each  
night, high-living, and plenty of  
"smashes" make war upon every  
function of the body. The brains  
the heart the lungs, the liver, the  
bones, the spine, the flesh, every part  
and faculty are overtaken and weak-  
ened by the terrific energy of passion  
loosened from restraint, until like  
a dilapidated mansion, "the earthly  
house of his tabernacle" falls into  
ruinous decay. Fast young men  
right about.

One of the most serious hindrances  
to the progress of the temperance  
reform in this country is the enor-  
mous influx of immigrants from  
foreign lands. During the first nine  
months of 1887 the total immigration  
to the United States from all coun-  
tries except Canada and Mexico was  
411,000. The number for the same  
period in 1886 was 294, 596. The  
arrivals at the port of New York  
alone were 313,106 as against 233,  
500 in 1886. Official statistics show  
that 5,112,888 immigrants arrived in  
this country in the thirteen years  
from 1875 to 1887 inclusive. From  
1792 to 1820 only 250,000 immi-  
grants arrived in this country. Be-  
tween 1820 and 1840 the immigra-  
tion was about 500,000. It will be  
seen that during nine months of the  
present year nearly twice as many  
immigrants have been landed upon  
our shores as came during the entire  
period of twenty-eight years from  
1792 to 1820, and that the total  
number for 1887 will doubtless ex-  
ceed the total immigration to the  
United States for the period of  
twenty years from 1820 to 1840!  
These figures should challenge  
thoughtful consideration on the  
part of the friends of temperance in  
all parts of the country and stimu-  
late all to largely increased efforts in  
behalf of fundamental educational  
temperance work.—National  
Temperance Advance.

"I tremble to think what a half  
century more of legalized license of  
the liquor traffic will do for our country  
if it shall be permitted. And my  
apprehension is not merely in regard  
to the ruin and havoc it will bring to  
the drunkard's home; but especially  
concerning its effects upon sober  
Christians, in debauching their sci-  
ences and confusing their ethics.  
When I tell you that there are cities  
in Germany where prostitution is not  
only licensed, but made so respectable  
that the candidates for the harlot's  
profession are required to bring a  
certificate that they have been con-  
firmed in the Established church be-  
fore their permit can be granted, you  
can see what the principle of license  
leads to. If we have not yet reached  
this depth of shame in our country  
we are on the way to it, when min-  
isters of Christ are found riding in  
Tetzels indulgence wagon, and lend-  
ing their sanction to the auctioning

off of licenses to the rum sellers  
—high licenses it may be—which  
are as respectable as the confirmation  
certificates just referred to, but which  
lead just as surely to the lowest hell.

This temperance question is much  
more vital and serious than the great  
public dreams. No one thing in  
all Christendom occasions an equal  
amount of waste of money, morals  
and men, as alcoholic indulgence.  
It is the ponderous juggernaut of  
appetite and avarice at present roll-  
ing over its tens of thousands of in-  
fatuated victims. It is everywhere  
the chief obstacle and opposer in the  
way of Christianity. The Christian  
Church cannot afford to make peace  
with it, or suffer a truce an hour  
longer.—Chicago Standard.

WHAT AM I TO DO?

The symptoms of Biliousness are  
unhappily but too well known. The  
differ in different individuals to some  
extent. A Bilious man is seldom a  
breakfast eater. Too frequently, alas,  
he has an excellent appetite for liquids  
but none for solids of a morning. His  
tongue will hardly bear inspection at  
any time; if it is not white and furred,  
it is rough, at all events.

The digestive system is wholly out  
of order and Diarrhoea or Constipation  
may be a symptom or the two may  
alternate. There are often Hemor-  
rhoids or even loss of blood. There  
may be giddiness and often headache  
and acidity or flatulence and tender-  
ness in the pit of the stomach. To  
correct all this if not effect a cure try  
Green's August Flower, it costs but a  
rifle and thousands attest its efficacy.

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