

THE TEMPERANCE JOURNAL

AND NEW BRUNSWICK REPORTER.

OUR MOTTO—NATIONAL PROHIBITION.

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

1.00 per Annum
Vol. IV., No. 28

Herman H. Pitts,
Editor and Proprietor.

TEMPERANCE DIRECTORY.

NATIONAL DIVISION.

M. W. P., Eugene H. Clapp, Boston, Mass.
M. W. A., J. S. Rawlings, Baltimore, Md.
M. W. Scribe, Rev. R. Alder Temple, Halifax,
N. S.
M. W. Treas., William A. Duff, Philadelphia,
Pa.
M. W. Chap., Rev. George H. Hick, New
York.
M. W. Cond., Elizabeth H. Amer, New
Brunswick, N. J.
M. W. Sent., M. C. Parker, 411 1/2 St. 3

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 Pettitodiac.

NOVA SCOTIA.

G. W. P.—P. Monaghan, P. O. Box 317,
Halifax, N. S.
G. W. A.—Wellesley J. Gates, Truro,
Colchester Co.
G. S.—Rev. R. Alder Temple, Halifax.
G. Treas.—Henry A. Taylor, Halifax.
G. Chap.—Rev. Thos. D. Hart, Berwick
Kings Co.
G. Con.—D. W. B. Reid, Elmsvale, Hali-
fax Co.
G. Sent.—Stephen Langille, East Rawdon
Hants Co.
P. G. W. P.—R. L. Black, River Philip,
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. McRossaie, Kingston.
G. S.—W. H. Howell, 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

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.
Stohart.
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. Tryon.
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
Doughton, 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.; Dunphy'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.
McT. Intercolonial, 243; Friday; Miss
Vena Fawcett.
Victoria Mills, West Co.; Victoria, 245; Thurs-
day; A. J. Main.
Mounville, 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, King's Co.; Havelock, 251
Friday; E. Keith.
Pettitodiac, West Co.; Pettitodiac, 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.
Tevers Mountain, West Co.; Mountain Rose
260; Saturday; R. Lutz, Sr.
Hampton, King's Co.; Spring, 262; Monday
G. Barnes

Pomroy Ridge, Char. Co.; Mayflower, 263
Thursday; W. Moulton.
Scotch Ridge, Char. Co.; Iona, 264; Wednes-
day; D. M. Sinclair.
Oak Hill, Char. Co.; Oak, 265; Thursday; Harry
E. Grimmer.
Tower Hill, Char. Co.; Wills, 266; Saturday
S. S. Smith.
Graves Settlement, West. Co.; Rockland, 267
Friday; G. Johnston.
2d Falls, St. George Char. Co.; Stewart, 269
Saturday; A. Sherwood.
St. George, Char. Co.; Red Granite, 270; Satur-
day; Chas. Johnson.
Penobscus, King's Co.; Cardwell, 271; Wed-
nesday; J. W. Floyd.
Hampton Village, King's Co.; Hampton, 273
Tuesday Chas. Frost.
Bloomfield, King's Co.; Leading Star, 274;
Thursday; O. A. Wetmore.
St. John, 102 King Street; Gordon Division
No. 275; Monday; Robert Maxwell.
Eagle Settlement West'd Co.; Twilight, 276
Tuesday; G. A. Taylor.
Salisbury, Westmorland 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.
Elgin, Albe. Co.; Elgin, 281; Saturday; W.
P. Robinson.
Whites Cove, Grand Lake; Grand Lake, 283;
Friday; H. E. White.
Stonehaven, Gloucester Co.; Gloucester Divi-
sion 284; Tuesday; N. R. Ritchie.
Lewisville, Moncton; Lewisville, 285; Tuesday;
A. McW. Russell.
Port Elgin, West Co.; Fort Moncton, 286; Tues-
day; C. H. Goodwin.
Centreville, Kings Co.; Centreville, 287; Satur-
day; John W. DeForest.
Waterford, K. C.; Essex Division 288; Satur-
day; John W. DeForest.
Dube, Carleton Co.; Centenary, 289; Thursday
Wm. V. Benn.
Waterville, Carleton Co.; Waterville, 293
Saturday; J. T. Fletcher.
Bath Carleton Co.; Ray of Hope, 294; Friday;
W. D. Keith.
Lower Coverdale, Albert Co.; Coverdale 295
Tuesday; F. A. Steeves.
Canterbury, York Co.; Dufferin, 296; Saturday
Eli Taylor.
River Louisa, Restigouche Co.; Louisa, 297
Friday; Donald Stewart.
Kirkland, Carleton Co.; Monument, 298; Thurs-
day; John Lyons, Deputy.
Woodstock, Carleton Co.; Campbell, 299; Fri-
day; S. McLeod.
Campbellton, Restigouche Co. Campbellton.
300; Monday; J. C. Fergusson.
Manuhurst, Kings Co.; Lincluden, 301; Thurs-
day; D. S. Mann.
Dundee, Restigouche Co.; Dundee, 302; Tues-
day; Jas. Malcolm.
Morambe, P. O. Kings Co.; Rising Star, 303
Wednesday; Martin Freeze.
Scotch Settlement, Westmorland Co.; McCarthy
304; Wednesday; David H. Murray.
Upper Millstream, Kings Co.; Millstream, 305
Monday; Zebulon Gannoe.
Gibson, York Co.; Gibson, 306; Friday; J.
H. Hamilton.
Case Settlement, Kings Co.; Snowflake, 307.
Monday; C. E. Black.
Portland, N. B.; Silver, 308; Friday
Rev. J. Spencer.
Old Ridge, Char. Co.; Brunswick Division, No
309; Monday; John A. Grant.
Northampton; Carleton Co.; Caledonia, 310;
Thursday; Geo. Watson.
Waterside, Parish of Harvey, Albert Co.
Gladstone No. 311; Friday; Rev. S. C.
Moore.
Poquiock, York Co.; Poquiock, 312; Wednes-
day; Edward True, Deputy.
North Lake, Canterbury; York County; Star
No. 813; Saturday; Hiram H. Vesey Deputy
Janeville, Gloucester Co.; Janeville, 314.
Saturday; Edward L. Caie, Deputy.
Kingsclear, York Co.; Kingsclear, 315; Wednes-
day; Isaac Kilburn, Deputy.
Rolling Dam, Charlotte Co.; Rolling Dam, 316
Monday; Neill McDermott.
Buctouche, Kent Co.; Buctouche, No. 317
Tuesday; Rev. J. D. Murray.
Mount Middleton, Kings Co.; Mount Mid-
leton, 318; Friday; Joseph Chapman.
McKenzie Corner, Carleton Co.; McKenzie Cor-
ner Division 319 Friday; Jas. Forest.
Stylsville, Westmorland Co.; Mapleville, 320
Saturday; James McFarlane.
Bayfield, Westmorland Co.; Bayfield, 321
Monday; A. W. Bent.
Curryville, Albert Co.; Curryville, 322; Satur-
day; Clark's Corner, Queens Co.; Clark's Corner, 323
Thursday; Isaac H. Carle.
Fredericton, No. 2 Gordon, No. 326; Wednes-
day, Sergt. Major McKenzie.
Smith's Corner, Walker's W. O., Kent Co.
Olive Branch 327 Saturday, Ephraim Wheten
Berry Mills West Co. Millville, 328, Monday
John T. Prince.
Blackville, Northumberland Co.; Blackville,
329; Wednesday; E. W. Gaynor.
Black Brook, North Co.; Silver Stream, 330;
Wednesday; Wm. Tait.
Tattagouche, Gloucester Co.; Forest Home,
331; Thursday; Richard Bell.
Bathurst, Gloucester Co.; Ever Onward, 332,
Monday, Dr. Wm. P. Bishop.
Dalhousie Junction, Restigouche Co., Maple
Green, 333; Wednesday, Wm. Jamison.
Little River, Buctouche, Kent Co. Forest
View No. Co 334; Monday, Chas. E. Hicks.
Upper Woodstock, Jubilee 335, Wednesday,
John Burpee.
Napan, North Co., Napan, No. 336 Thursday
Alex. Dickson.
Presque Isle, Connell P. O. Carleton Co.;
Dawn of Hope No. 337 Tuesday; John N.
Perry.
Bloomfield Corner, Carleton Co.; Unity No.
338 Saturday, Alex. Strong.
Mapleton, Albert Co., Mapleton, No 339, Tues-
day, J. A. M. Colpitts.
Tide Head, Restigouche Co.; No. 340, Satur-
day, 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, Excursion, No. 346, Thursday, Robert
Wills.

SUBSCRIBE

FOR THE
TEMPERANCE JOURNAL.
Eight page paper for one year, weekly,
for ONE DOLLAR. Y&

Good of the Order.

THE SONS OF TEMPERANCE ARISE.

Ye sons of temperance arise,
Rise up like men in might,
And banish demon drink away,
Its sellers put to flight;
Too long has this dread evil reigned,
Too great has been its sway,
But now, ye sons of temperance,
This mighty giant slay.

Alas! too long its gloom has spread
Its nightmare o'er the land,
Thousands of hopeless victims fall
A wretched, hopeless band;
Our homes too long have felt its curse
And blighting influence,
Too long this Nemesis
Has thrown a shadow dense.

But now, drink's course draws to its close,
Its day of triumph fled,
Now, forward, sons of temperance,
With noblest leaders led.
Up! up! and bravely follow on
The path of truth and right,
Protected by your buckles strong,
Strike now with fearless might.

Rise up in all your God-given power,
Obey each leader's call,
Far better live as conquerors
Than craven cowards fall;
Your temperance banners wave,
Your path is o'er each foe.
This hydra-headed monster great
For ever lay it low.

TEDDIE'S PRAYER.

The children sat at the frugal board,
The father had gone away;
Said the gentle mother, with a nod,
"Who'll ask the blessing to-day?"

"I will," said Teddie, the least of the flock;
"Now all of us shut our eyes."
And with loving thanks for their simple stock,
With an air so manly and wise.

He added: "We thank you, God, that when
A little money we have,
We do not spend for rum. Amen."
And his look was very grave.

Dear mamma smiled; but well she knew
He was thinking of neighbor Flynn.
Who spent the most of his shillings few
At the tavern close by for gin.

And she was glad that his little eyes
Were open the sin to see,
And the precious blessing of God to prize
When the home from drink is free.

And that it was wrong for people to spend
The means God gives for food
For that which must always to sorrow tend,
And rob them of every good.

THE MOTHER'S LAMENT.

They have taken my son from his happy home.
Where all was peaceful and bright,
And taught him away from my side to roam,
In an evil as dark as night;
They gave him the cup, and robbed his soul
Of the innocent peace of yore,
While I weep in vain, and my hot tears roll,
For my son is my son no more.

Oh, son! my son! has it come to this,
That I should have lived to know
That the sweet, dear child, whom I loved to
kiss,
Has fallen indeed so low?
Oh, what have I left to live for now?
For vanished is every joy,
Since I cannot see the smooth, white brow,
Or the smile of my darling boy.

Can that be he who goes staggering by,
With a dull and vacant stare?
With a bloated face and a bloodshot eye,
And the lips that curse and stare?
No—no, you have ruined my only son,
You have stolen his heart away;
You have killed all his virtues, one by one,
And left him a wreck to-day.

Give me back—give me back my boy again,
He is mine—and I love him still,
Take away from his lips the cup of pain,
From the cursed poisoned still.
Give him back, or beware! I say to those
Who lure him to sin and death!
For the God of the widow will hear her woes
And smite with the sword of wrath.

Boy Billy and the Beer.

Boy Billy was the adopted son of
Christian Zende, an honest German,
who was much shocked one day at
seeing the boy in a lager beer saloon,
tossing off a foaming glass of beer.
He bade the boy go home, but said
nothing till evening. After tea,
Zende seated himself at the table,
and placed before him a variety of
things. Billy looked on with curiosi-
ty.
Come here, Billy, said Christian
Zende. Why were you in the beer-
shop to-day? Why do you drink
beer, my boy?

O—O—because it's good, said
Billy, boldly.

No, Billy, it is not good to the
mouth. I did never see so big faces
as you did make. Billy, you think
it will taste good by and by, and it
looks like a man to drink, and so
you drink. Now Billy, if it is good
have it. I will not hinder you from
what is good and manly, but drink
it at home, take your drink pure,
Billy, and let me pay for it. Come
my boy! You like beer. Well, open
your mouth. I have all the beer
stuff, pure from the shop. Come
open your mouth, and I will put it
in.

Billy drew near, but kept his
mouth close shut. Said Zende,
Don't make me mad, Billy. Open
your mouth?

Thus exhorted, Billy opened his
mouth, and Zende put a small piece
of alum in it. Billy drew up his
face. A bit of aloes followed. This
was worse. Billy winced. The least
morsel of red pepper, now from a
knife-point, made Billy howl.

What not like beer? said Zende.
Open your mouth. A knife dipped
in oil of turpentine made Billy cry.

Open your mouth, the beer is not
half made yet.

And Billy's tongue got the least
dusting of lime and potash and sal-
eratus. Billy now cried loudly.
Then came a grain of licorice, hopy-
polien and saltpetre.

Look, Billy! Here is some arsenic,
and some strychnine which is used
to kill rats!

I shall die! O—O—O—do you
want to kill me, Father Zende!

Kill him! just by a little beer, all
good and pure! He tells me he likes
beer, and it is manly to drink it, and
when I give him some, he cries I kill
him. Here is water. There is much
water in beer.

Billy drank the water eagerly.
Zende went on.

There is much alcohol in beer.
Here! Open your mouth, and he
dropped four drops of raw spirit
carefully on his tongue. Bill went
dancing about the room and then
ran for more water.

Come here, the beer is not done
Billy, and seizing him, he put the
cork of an ammonia bottle to his
lips, then a drop of honey, a taste of
sugar, a drop of molasses, a drop of
gall. There, Billy! Here is jalap,
copperas, sulphuric acid and nux-
vomica. Open your mouth.

Oh, no, no, said Billy. Let me
go. I hate beer. I'll never drink
any more! I'll never go in that shop
again. Oh, let me go! I can't eat
those things. My mouth tastes
awful now. Oh, take them away,
Father Zende!

Take them away! Take away
good beer when I have paid for it.
My, boy, you drank them fast to-
day.

Oh, they make me sick. Said
Billy.

A man drinks all these bad things
mixed up in water. He gets red in
the face; he gets big in the body;
he gets shaky in his hands; he gets
mean in his manners.

Billy was satisfied on the beer
question.—Little Star from the Ger-
man.

The Accursed Saloon.

The following extract from a
speech delivered by ex-governor St.
John, reveals only one episode in the
dark history of saloonism. Read it,
and patriotically renew your hatred
of the saloon, and resolve anew, that
as far as in you lies, the liquor traffic
shall perish from this land and from
the earth. Mr. St. John said:

In one of our western towns, two
or three years ago, resided a widow
who had a son sixteen and a daughter
eighteen years of age. There had
never been a dram shop in that
place until, some three years ago, the
men petitioned the county organiza-
tion to grant a licenseto open a dram
shop. (The women are never guilty
of such outrages.) One was opened,
and the boy, who had been an ex-
emplary boy from his childhood up,
a regular attendant upon the Sunday-
school, soon was led astray, and went
in there to play cards. Let me tell
you, I never knew a boy who was

ruined by letting cards alone, but
many a boy has been destroyed
through the influence of cards. You
older ones here to-night, to you let
me say, that it will do no harm if
you never play another card. If you
do not you will set an example that
may sometimes lead astray younger
ones who look to you as patterns.
This boy went into card playing and
beer drinking, and from that to
drunkenness, and in less than nineteen
months in a drunken spree he
killed a comrade. He was arrested,
tried, and convicted, and sentenced
to be hanged. The day of his execu-
tion came on, and it found his sister
at the State capital before the gov-
ernor, asking executive interference
in her brother's behalf. The mother
was in the prison cell, watching, pray-
ing, comforting her boy as a mother
only can. The hour of execution
came, and he was literally torn from
his mother's arms as she fell fainting
to the floor. He was taken to the
gallows, the black cap adjusted, the
trap sprung, the rope broke, and he
fell almost lifeless to the ground. As
they raised him the blood gushed
from his mouth and nose, he, think-
ing of his mother, said in a husky
voice, "Oh, mother, for God's sake,
have them hurry, won't you, please?"
He was again led to the scaffold, the
rope adjusted, the trap sprung, and
his soul was sent to the God that
gave it. Men of Brooklyn! Men of
New York! for God's sake, I ask
you to hurry, hurry, not to open
more of these places of iniquity, but
hurry to blot them out and drive
them from our land. Be brave.
Strike for your firesides and homes.
Strike for a higher, grander, and bet-
ter civilization. From all the saloons
in this great State there never flowed
a blessing, not one. Curses, and
only curses, have come from them.
How long will you continue to give
them the sanction of the law? This
is no time for men to occupy a doubt-
ful position on this question. Every
good citizen should speak out boldly.
Let moral and political cowards step
to the rear, until the true men and
women of the State shall have won
a victory so overwhelming as to make
the rum power throughout the
country tremble. God is just, and
the victory will be for the people.

Taking the Responsibility.

A young man of great capability,
fascination and power had a passion
for brandy which nothing could con-
trol. Often a friend remonstrated
with him, but in vain; as often in
turn would he urge his friend to
take the social glass. On one oc-
casion the latter agreed to yield to
him, and they walked up to the bar.
The keeper said: "Gentlemen what
will you have?" "Wine, sir." The
glasses were filled and the friends
stood ready to pledge each other in
renewed and eternal friendship when
the young man paused, and said to
his intemperate friend: "Now if I
drink this glass and become a drunk-
ard, will you take the responsibility?"

The drunkard said: "Set down
that glass!" It was set down and
the two walked away. And if every
liquor dealer who asks for a license
to traffic in the souls of men who
asked, as he pays his money, "Are
you willing to take the responsibility,
the ruin of health, the broken hearts,
the loss of life, the waste of property,
the breaking up of families, the
blighting of hope and damnation of
hell, that waits upon the traffic of
drink?" Are their not some who
would say, "Take back the license;
let me rather live a life of poverty
and of toil, than win the wealth and
comforts of this world by spreading
ruin and desolation among my fel-
low men."

"I could make a garden of Eden in
the East end of London," says Dr.
Parker, "in three months if I had my
own way. I should do nothing but
burn down all the breweries and
shut up all the public houses. The
deadliest enemy with which the
social constitution has to contend is
the damnable drinkshop."