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Herman H. Pitts,
Editor and Proprietor.

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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; 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.
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J. C. Harper.
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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.
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Goodwin.
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Alfred E. Steeves.
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St. John, Excelsior, No. 346, Thursday, Robert
Wills.

Good of the Order.

LOOK NOT UPON THE WINE.

Oh, soft sleep the hills in their sunny repose,
In the lands of the South, where the vine gaily
grows!
And blithesome the hearts of the vinetagers be
In the grape-purpled vales of the isles of the
sea,
And fair is the wine when its splendor is
poured
From silver and gold round the festival board,
When the magic of music awakes in its power,
And wit gilds the fast-falling sands of the hour!
Yet lift not the wine-cup, though pleasure may
swim,
Mid the bubbles that flash round the roseate
brim;
For dark in the depths of the fountain below
Are the sirens that lurk by the vortex of woe!
They have lured the gay spirit of childhood
astray,
While it dreamed not of wiles on its radiant
way,
And the soft cheek of beauty they've paled in its
bloom,
And quenched her bright eyes in the damp of
the tomb.
They have torn this live wreath from the brow
of the brave,
And changed his proud heart to the heart of a
slave;
And e'en the fair fame of the good and the just,
With the grey hairs of age, they have trampled
in dust.
Then lift not the wine-cup though pleasure may
swim
Like an angel of light round its roseate brim;
For dark in the depths of the fountain below
Are the sirens that lurk by the vortex of woe!

HEROES.

E. MURRAY.

Have you heard the olden story,
How a dragon, fierce and fell,
Ranged across the ravaged country,
Lay at evening by the well;
Scales of iron, tongue and fire,
Blood-stained, terrible and grim,
Slaying mothers, murdering children,
In the twilight gray and dim?
All in vain the fathers fought him,
All in vain were wall and gate;
Horrible, relentless, sleepless;
Lay the deadly beast in wait.
Then the old-time hero, bravely,
Signed the cross and drew the sword,
Said, "I may not pause or falter,
I, the sworn knight of the Lord."
So St. George attacked the dragon;
Long the fight and terrible,—
Teeth and claws to sword and buckler,
Dead at length the monster fell.
So they cry, "St. George for England!"
So they praise the hero well.
Let me tell the newer story:
Dragon-like across the land,
Slavery raged fierce and
Soaked with tears and blood the land,
Fettered men and helpless women,
Crying children for its prey;
And the monster, grim and awful,
Grew in horror day by day;
Strong men trembled—wise men sadly
Gave the hideous thing its way.
Then the new-time hero, calmly,
Coming from his quiet place,—
"Be it death or be it victory,
Christ, my Saviour, lend me grace."
Firmly faced the giant monster;
Conquered! God was by his side;
Freedom! freedom! cried the nation,
As the hateful dragon died.
But our hero,—well the angels
Took him to their holy care,
And the Lord, his warrior greeting,
Crowned him saint and hero there.
Heroes! answer from your Heaven,
You have fought a goodly fight,
Who won your crown and saved your people
Strong in Christ, your Leader's might.
Is there nothing we can conquer?
Is there nothing we can do?
In our land no dragon creepeth,
Yet we must be heroes to.
Every land must have its dragon,
Every age its hero bear,—
See! a monster, grim and deathful,
Crouches in our country fair!
Lurking in the class of whisky,
Growing from the dram shop's till,—
Who upon the Lord's side standeth?
Who the dragon drink will kill?
By the vows our lips have plighted,
By the witnessed oath and word,
We a pledge to fight the dragon,
We, the sworn knights of the Lord.
Lift the banner! gird the armor!
Shout the battle cry again!
We will never cease the conflict
Till the dragon Drink is slain.

—Good Times.

HOW JOHN WAS CURED—A TRUE STORY.

BY MRS. E. J. RICHMOND.

It was a fault which had clung to him from his early youth, and gray hairs were now thickly sprinkled among his brown locks.
It had robbed him all the way along, causing him to squander the fortune which he inherited from his father first, and then making him powerless to keep any money he earned afterward, so long as the saloon-keepers wanted it. He had a smart, capable wife, who bore all her troubles patiently, till at last she decided to take matters into her own hands. She hired a pleasant house, and with the help of her two daughters—bright, energetic girls like herself—took boarders. She paid her rent, and all her bills promptly, and every one was ready to help John's wife, though no one dared to trust her weak husband with a farthing's worth.
He did chores around the place, and was kindly cared for, but no money came into his hands.
The moment he procured any, in any way, the thick, stammering speech and bloodshot eyes spoke of the idiocy caused by strong drink.
But what could be done?
Prayers, remonstrances, everything had been tried, all in vain.
He had two sisters living in a village near, one a beautiful, white-haired maiden of three-score years, yet as bright and sparkling as a girl of eighteen.
Many had said:
Isn't it strange such a bright, pretty woman never has married? but in one of Hetty's secret drawers is a handsome miniature of a young man, which is dearer to her than all the living faces she has looked upon since death claimed him, her betrothed husband, in his early youth.
John came to call on this pretty sister one warm summer day, his face flushed and his speech thick, telling plainly that he had some money.
He drove a fine span of horses and an open carriage.
Come, Hetty, I'm going over to Sterling to see Cousin Abbott's people. Put on your duds and go along with me. It will do you good.
Well, John, I'll be ready in a few minutes, said Hetty, her heart sinking as she saw his condition.
But, sister, you are not going, said Alice, following Hetty from the room. Don't you see John is half drunk now? and when he once gets started you know what he is. You must not go, Hetty.
I am going, Alice. He will be very angry with me if I do not. It is my only way, and God will take care of me.
It was with an anxious heart that Mrs. Starr saw her friends depart, and Hetty's heart was by no means as light as her brother's who went on for some time chatting gaily, or singing some rollicking song.
They passed through a small village, and he drove up before the hotel.
I'm as dry as a duck, he said I must have something to wet my whistle. What will you have, Hetty?
Nothing, John, and it is getting late. Do you see that cloud! said Hetty, pointing to a dark cloud rolling up from the west.
As they rode on, the sky grew dark, and the rain began to pour.
Hetty covered under her umbrella, but John, who was growing sillier every moment, gave no heed to the storm. Swaying from side to side Hetty trembled every moment lest he should fall from the wagon.
Night came down, and the road could only be seen by the lightning, which flashed incessantly.
At last the catastrophe came, and John pitched headlong from the wagon, leaving his sister alone amid the rain and darkness. She saw a light not far away.
Help! help! she cried, and soon men with lanterns appeared.
You see my trouble, she said, and

they kindly lifted the drunken man from the mud and carried him into the house, while one cared for the horses.
No remarks were made, even when John rose sobered in the morning, to find himself amid such strange surroundings. He harnessed his horses, offered remuneration to his entertainers, which was refused, and silently drove on to his journey's end, returning home in the same silent mood.
Dear Hetty, how I have worried about you! said her sister, when she was safe at home telling her story. Weren't you almost frightened to death?
I didn't think I only prayed every minute, said Hetty.
More than a dozen years have passed by since that fearful ride, and though no word has been said to John, the experience has never been repeated. He goes abroad with money in his pocket now, and comes home sober. It is one of the unsolved mysteries how John was cured.—
Eli Perkins Explains How Prohibition is not Ruining the Jayhawkers.
I was lecturing out in Kansas last spring where they have Prohibition. An intemperate man came to me one day and said:
Yes, Mr. Perkins this Prohibition will bring ruin to the State.
It will, will it?
Yes, it will impoverish us and destroy our business houses.
Now let's see about this, my friend, I said. Let's examine this a little. If a Kansas farmer brings a thousand bushels of corn to Topeka, he gets how much for it?
Four hundred dollars.
Now, if you take this thousand bushels of corn over to Peoria, how much whiskey will it make?
Four thousand gallons.
And this whiskey is worth—how much?
Oh, it will be worth about \$4,600.
And if this whiskey should come back to Kansas you would have to pay about \$4,600 for it. Would it be worth anything to your citizens?
No, I suppose it would cause a great deal of idleness and crime. It would hurt us. I never did think whiskey a positive benefit.
Well, I'll tell you, I said. This whiskey will hurt you directly \$5,000 worth. You sell the corn from which the whisky is made for \$400, and then buy back the whisky for \$4,600. You would be directly out of pocket just \$4,200. And indirectly this whisky would cost Kansas in idleness and crime about \$20,000. It would take 16,000 men a day apiece to drink it up, if they drank a quart a day each. The loss of 16,000 days' labor to Kansas would be \$20,000, wouldn't it?
By heaven! he exclaimed, I never heard it put in that way. I see it all plainly now. I'll never say anything about Prohibition damaging Kansas again.
Yes, if Kansas can save \$25,000 on every thousand bushels of corn by letting it stay in Peoria, the more she is damaged that way the richer she will become, until finally, Illinois, utterly impoverished, will have to call on Kansas to lend her money to build her poorhouses. But there is one thing in Kansas that will be ruined by Prohibition.
What's that? he asked.
Why, her poorhouses.
One day, when the lesson was the table called 'Ale and Beer Measure,' a little boy, remarkable for his correct lessons, was quite unprepared.
How is this, John? said the teacher.
I thought it was no use, said John.
No use! said the teacher.
No sir; its ale and beer measure, said John.
I know it is, said the teacher.
Well, sir, said the little boy, father and I think it is no use to learn about ale and beer, as we never mean to buy, sell, or drink it.
Liquor recently killed Henry C. Spaulding, the inventor of "Spaulding's Glue." At one time he is said to have been worth \$80,000, but his death-bed was in an alms-house.

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