

THE VANGUARD.

A GREAT WORK—READ CAREFULLY.

The VANGUARD was published during the stirring years of 1893 and 1894 in the form of a magazine. It was devoted to expert discussion of the liquor question and the many matters thereto related. Prohibition workers found it a "mine" of information, and many of them desired to have its articles put into a form adapted for permanent use and reference.

This has been done by binding and indexing the eleven numbers issued in 1893-4.

The book thus produced is a complete encyclopedia of information relating to the temperance and prohibition reform. Every article is written by some person specially qualified to deal with the question he discusses.

In this volume will be found the latest, fullest and most accurate statistics and other authoritative statements; all reliable, fresh and good; covering nearly every field of available fact and argument, and including a great number of tables compiled with the utmost care.

This valuable work is in neat and convenient form, substantially bound in cloth boards, well printed, good paper, clean type, fully indexed, over 650 pages. Sent, postage prepaid, for

ONE DOLLAR.

Among a great many subjects comprehensively treated, are the following:—

The Liquor Traffic in Different Countries—Legislation Relating to the Liquor Traffic;—The Working of High License;—Prohibition in the Northwest;—Prohibition in Maine;—Prohibition in Kansas;—Prohibition in Pitcairn Island;—The Canada Temperance Act;—Local Option;—The Scott Act and Drunkenness;—The Gothenburg System;—The Question of Jurisdiction;—Constitutional Prohibition in the United States;—The Plebiscite Movement;—The Plebiscite Returns;—The Drink Bill of Canada;—The Drink Bill of Great Britain;—The Drink Bill of the United States;—The Drink Bill of Christendom;—The Indirect Cost of the Liquor Traffic;—Drink and Mortality;—Alcohol in Medicine;—Beer Drinking and its Results;—Drunkenness and Crime in Canada;—Drunkenness and Crime in the United States;—Drunkenness and Crime in Great Britain;—Drunkenness and Crime in other Countries;—The French Treaty;—Beer and Light Wines;—Adulteration of Liquors;—The Revenue Question;—The Compensation Question;—The Liberty Question;—Bible Wines;—Total Abstinence and Longevity;—The Catholic Church and the Temperance Question.

To put the information contained in the VANGUARD into the possession of those who will use it to advantage, it is offered—for a short time only—to clergymen, at the reduced price of

FIFTY CENTS,

postage prepaid. The number of copies available is limited. It could not be reprinted except at very heavy cost. Those who apply first will be first supplied. Address

F. S. SPENCE,
51 Confederation Life Building,
Toronto, Canada.

This offer to clergymen is only good for this month. On April the 30th it will be positively withdrawn.

Selections.

"WHO BIDS FOR THE CHILDREN."

Who bids for the little children—
Body and soul and brain?
Who bids for the little children—
Young and without a stain?
"Will no one bid?" said the children,
"For our souls, so pure and white,
And fit for all good and evil,
The world on their page may write?"

"We bid" said Pest and Famine,
"We bid for life and limb;
Fever and pain and squalor,
Their bright young eyes shall dim,
When the children grow too many,
We'll nurse them as our own,
And hide them in secret places,
Where none may hear their moan."

"And I'll bid higher and higher,"
Said Crime, with a wolfish grin.
"For I love to lead the children
Through the pleasant paths of sin.
They shall swarm in the streets to pilfer,
They shall plague on the broad high-
way,
Till they grow too old for pity,
Just ripe, for the law to slay."

"Prison and hulk and gallows,
Are many in the land;
'Twere folly not to use them,
So proudly do they stand,
Give me the little children,
I'll take them as they're born
And feed their evil passions
With misery and scorn."

"Give me the little children,
Ye rich, ye good, ye wise.
And let the busy world spin round
While you shut your idle eyes;
And your judges shall have work
And your lawyers wag their tongue,
And the jailers and policemen
Shall be fathers to the young."

"Oh, shame," said true Religion,
"Oh! shame that this should be!
I'll take the little children—
Oh give them all to me!
I'll raise them up in kindness
From the mire in which they've trod—
I'll teach them words of blessing
And lead them up to God."

—Charles Mackay.

DAISY WINTER.

The evening was closing in, after a bitter and blustering December day, and Mr. Winter, the successful and highly-respected lawyer, was seated at his evening meal. Crimson curtains shut out the cold wintry landscape, and the bright firelight played over the polished furniture. Flowers glowed, and silver and cut glass sparkled on the carefully-laid table; but on the forehead of the master of the house a frown rested, and he seemed to derive little satisfaction from the various dainties with which he toyed, though at frequent intervals he filled his glass to the brim with various liquors. Presently the door opened gently, and his wife entered. Tall and slender, with golden curls and shining eyes, it was no wonder that her husband's face softened as his eyes rested on her.

"I am sorry that I could not come down to you before," she said; "but Daisy was so restless that I did not like to leave her. She is dozing now, and seems better."

"What is the matter with the child?" asked Mr. Winter.

"I don't quite know; it began with tooth-ache, but I think she will be all right now. I am rather tired. If you will excuse me, I will go and lie down for half an hour."

"Don't you want anything to eat?" asked her husband, glancing at the table.

"No, thank you; I have had what I require," she replied.

Then her blue eyes filled with anxiety as they rested on his flushed face.

"Norman," she said, pleadingly as acting on a sudden impulse she laid a gentle hand on his shoulder, "you will not take any more to-night, will you?"

"Nonsense," said Mr. Winter, roughly. "You might think I was a baby. I know what is good for me, and when to stop," and he shook his shoulder free from her touch.

With a sigh she turned and left the room; further remonstrance as she only too well knew, was useless.

"It is really too bad of Gladys to talk like that," soliloquised Mr. Winter, cracking a nut savagely; "as if I was in the habit of taking too much. I declare it is enough to drive a man wild. Women are half crazy now-a-days with their temperance notions.

There is Gladys thinks I ill-use her because I take a glass when I need it. I should not be the man I am if I didn't."

He drew the decanter to him. "So I'm not to have any more to-night?" he continued; but I will, my dear Gladys, and just as much more as I like," and he filled his glass again. Presently his thoughts turned to his child.

"Poor little Daisy," he said, and his face grew tender, for he loved his seven-year-old daughter passionately.

"What's good for toothache?" he continued, his glance wandering round the room. "By Jove! Whiskey! The very thing!" he exclaimed, "and she shall have it, too, in spite of Gladys," and after filling himself one last glass he rose from the table, and with somewhat unsteady steps went up the stairs to his daughter's room.

Pretty golden-haired Daisy lay with flushed cheeks, half asleep on the white pillows. As her father entered the sapphire eyes opened, and a delightful smile lit up her face.

"Well Daisy," he said, and his voice was thick and unsteady; "how are you?"

"Better, thank you papa," said the child, looking lovingly at him.

"I've brought you some medicine," he continued, sitting down on the end of the bed and pouring out the whiskey with a shaking hand.

"I don't think I want any, papa please," said Daisy, with a troubled glance at the bottle; "and mamma told me never to take it."

"Fiddlesticks!" said Mr. Winter impatiently. "Drink it up at once, like a good girl, and go to sleep."

Daisy's eyes filled with tears at his unusual harshness, and she took the large tumbler from his hand and drank the contents with a brave effort, not to show her distaste for it.

Then Norman Winter rose; to his surprise he found that his head was spinning round and round.

"It's that confounded pastry," he said; "it never does agree with me. I think I'll go and lie down. Ta-ta, Daisy," and he staggered to his room.

When Gladys Winter woke it was to her knowledge that she had overslept herself, and springing to her feet she crossed the landing to her daughter's room; then a sharp cry rang through the house, and brought one of the maids to the door.

"Quick Jane," cried her mistress, "run and tell John to saddle Prince and ride at once for the doctor, and go and call your master."

Jane soon returned. "John has gone," she said; "but if you please, master is asleep, and James can't wake him."

A sudden flush rose on Gladys' face, and she turned away from the gaze of the sharp-eyed housemaid. For what seemed hours she waited in speechless agony, then there was a sharp ring of hoofs, a quick step on the stairs, and the doctor entered. Hardly staying to greet her he turned at once to the bed, and examined carefully the little patient. Then his eyes glanced round the room, and fell on the bottle left by Mr. Winter.

"Ah! as I thought," he said under his breath. "I must have a stomach pump at once," he said. "Stay, I will write a message," and he hastily scribbled a note and gave it to her.

When Mrs. Winter returned he turned to her and said, "Your daughter is suffering from alcoholic poisoning, due to an over dose of spirits!"

"Impossible!" cried Gladys.

The doctor turned and took up the whisky bottle that stood by the bed. One glance the mother gave it, and her face set into stone.

Then began a fight with death. Hand in hand the grave-faced doctor and the wild-eyed mother struggled for the child's life. A thud of returning hoofs was heard, and a man brought up the doctor's case, and again the fight went on. At last the doctor turned away.

"It is no use," he said, "the spirit is absorbed. I can do no more, but she may live through the night."

Then he turned to the white-faced mother.

"Had you not better send for Mr. Winter?" he asked. With a bitter cry "Oh Norman, Norman!" Gladys dropped on her knees at her darling's side, and hid her face in the clothes.

The doctor glanced at her gravely for a moment, then he turned and left the room.

"Where is your master?" he asked one of the servants who clustered round the door.

"In his bedroom, sir," said James, and he turned and entered it. His finely-cut lip curled in scorn as he

gazed on the sleeping man, and thought of the wife in that other room, and crossing to the bed he shook him roughly. Norman rolled over and opened his eyes.

"What the —" he began angrily, then his eyes fell on the doctor.

"Oh, it's you, is it?" he said.

"What's the matter?"

Then his face changed as he saw his gravity.

"Is Daisy worse?" he asked.

"Yes," said the doctor curtly, with Gladys' face still before him. "She is dying!"

"My God!" cried Norman, and he sprang to his feet. "You're dreaming, man; she was all right when I left her."

The doctor gave him a quick scrutinizing glance.

"She is dying from alcoholic poisoning," he said coldly. "She has taken a large quantity of whiskey."

Then he sprang forward, for Norman Winter had fainted.

Four days later fair-haired Daisy Winter was laid to rest in the churchyard, and that night the snow fell and covered her with a garment as pure as her own brief life had been, and while it fell softly on the little grave, in the sorrow-stricken house the master sat alone in his study, his arms lying on the table, and his head resting on them, while hour after hour rolled by unnoticed. At last he rose, and going to his desk wrote a few words and then went slowly to his wife's room.

Gladys was sitting by the fire, and without glancing at her he crossed the floor and laid a card on her knee. "In memory of Daisy," he said, and turning away stood gazing with sightless eyes at the fast whitening landscape. She looked down and saw a brightly coloured pledge, with "Norman Winter" written across the bottom. Then she glanced at that solitary figure at the window, and her eyes filled with tears. With a quick step she crossed over to him, and laying her hand on his shoulder said gently, "My husband!"

He turned his haggard face to her, and a glance of surprise and joy lit up his eyes.

"Gladys!" he cried, "Gladys!" and his voice trembled. "Can you forgive me?"

For answer she came, nearer to him, and placed her arms round his neck.

"In God's name, yes," she whispered, and as she ceased speaking the clouds parted, and through the lessening flakes the first bright star appeared, casting its flickering ray alike on the smooth white grave where lay one of "Drink's" many helpless victims, and on the now childless father and mother.—By H. Shirley King, in the Alliance News.

Bad News From Kansas.

It is stated that the liquor party have won a victory in Wichita, Kan. by persuading Governor Morrill to remove from the Police Board a gentleman to whose conscientious enforcement of prohibition are to be contributed the benefits of which mention has already been made. A special despatch to the Voice states that the re-organized Board has removed the former Chief of Police and appointed in his stead Frank Burt, State Secretary of the Order of the Mystic Brotherhood, an organization with the object of securing the repeal of prohibition. Other changes have been made in the public officary. Saloons have been re-opened. The fine license system has been inaugurated, and in defiance of the law, with the consent of the officials, the liquor traffic is again in full blast. Wichita is one of the places in Kansas in which the prohibition of the liquor traffic has always been most difficult.

Liquor Not Needed.

The reported successful effort to reach the North Pole was commanded by a practical Prohibitionist. Dr. Nansen, in setting forth his plans, said:—"For drinking we shall have nothing except water, which we shall get by melting snow. This water, we may, however, mix with lime juice and sugar, or with milk, or make tea, chocolate or soup of it, and thus we shall have pleasant drinks. A good drink is also water mixed with oatmeal. Spirituous drinks will not be allowed." These are his own words.

We cannot tell how much Dr. Nansen's success is attributable to his Prohibition principles; in every other serious undertaking it is an element of success, and why not in a polar expedition?—The National.