

THE CAMP FIRE.

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SPIRITS IN MEDICINE.

THE USE OF ALCOHOL AS A REMEDY IS RAPIDLY FALLING INTO DISFAVOR.

Thoughtful observers recognize that alcohol as a medicine is rapidly becoming a thing of the past. Ten years ago leading medical men and text books spoke of stimulants as essentials in many diseases, and defended their use with warmth and positiveness. To-day this is changed. Medical men seldom refer to spirits as remedies, and when they do, express great conservatism and caution. The text book shows the same changes, although some dogmatic authors refuse to recognize the change of practice, and still cling to the idea of the food value of spirits.

Druggists who supply spirits to the profession recognize a tremendous dropping off in the demand. A distiller, who, ten years ago, sold many thousand gallons of choice whiskies almost exclusively to medical men, has lost his trade altogether and gone out of business. Wine men, too, recognize this change, and are making every effort to have wine used in the place of spirits in the sick room. Proprietary medicine dealers are putting all sorts of compounds of wine with iron, bark, etc., on the market with the same idea. It is doubtful if any of these will be able to secure any permanent place in therapeutics.

The fact is, alcohol is passing out of practical therapeutics because its real action is becoming known. Facts are accumulating in the laboratory, in the gymnasium, at the bed-side and in the use of experimental psychologists, which show that alcohol is a depressant and a narcotic; that it cannot build up tissue, but always acts as a degenerative power, and that its apparent effects of raising the heart's action and quickening functional activities are misleading and erroneous.

French and German specialists have denounced spirits both as a beverage and a medicine, and shown by actual demonstration that alcohol is a poison and a depressant, and that any therapeutic action it is assumed to have is open to question.

All this is not the result of agitation and wild condemnation by persons who feel deeply the sad consequences of the abuse of spirits. It is simply the outcome of the gradual accumulation of facts that have been proved within the observation of every thoughtful person. The exact or the approximate facts relating to alcohol can now be tested by instruments of precision. We can weigh and measure the effects, and it is not essential to theorize or speculate. We can test and prove with reasonable certainty what was before a matter of doubt.

Medical men who doubt the value of spirits are no more considered fanatics or extremists, but as leaders along new and wider lines of research. Alcohol in medicine, except as a narcotic and anæsthetic, is rapidly falling into disfavor and will soon be put aside and forgotten.

THE TETOTAL ISLAND IN THE PACIFIC.

In the northern part of the Sea of Japan, some forty miles distant from the large island of Ego, lies a tiny island called Okushri. Its soil is fertile, but the chief pursuit of the people is fishing. Every spring, says the *Japan Mail*, great shoals of herring approach the coast, and the fish are easily captured. Living thus with ease and plenty, the people might thus be expected to develop qualities usually incidental to such circumstances, and they appear to have fallen pretty freely into the vice of drunkenness.

In 1885, there were some 200 souls in the island. They possessed only four food pots. They lived in houses thatched with coarse grass; they had scarcely any roads and they could only hunt a single deer. Yet they consumed annually \$600 worth of *saki*, in

addition to *sachau* and other strong drinks. In the face of this reckless outlay for liquor, the people often suffered severely from hunger and cold during the winter, the price of rice ranging very high in the winter months, and dwelling-houses ill-adapted to exclude the inclement atmosphere. These circumstances induced some bold men amongst them to openly denounce the excessive use of alcoholic beverages as the cause of all the people's suffering, and to preach the necessity of applying to useful purposes the funds thus squandered.

The crusade provoked violent opposition, but in 1886 the inhabitants were induced to enter into an agreement by which the 117 inhabitants pledged themselves to abandon wholly the sale, purchase, and use of alcoholic beverages. The consequence of this covenant was very marked. It was rigorously observed. Even Government officials, whatever their rank, had to give up drinking *saki* when they visited the island, and, as a matter of course, every dramster who could not reform was compelled to take his departure. Order thenceforth reigned completely, and prosperity came with rapid strides. The population increased five-fold in five years, and the capital invested in the fishing industry ten-fold. Reed thatches were replaced with shingle, four large granaries were kept full of rice, and, in addition each house had a store. Statistics also show a marked decrease of crime, and so famous did the success of the experiment become that a large community of settlers in the neighboring island of Ego pledged themselves to a covenant similar to Okushri, and with similar happy results.—*The Sketch*.

THE POWER OF SYMPATHY.

I signed the pledge on Monday night, and on Tuesday morning commenced the battle with my enemy. Those who have experienced that fight know something about it. Those who never have, can form no idea of the terrible nature of this terrible struggle. Broken! broken—morally, physically, intellectually, spiritually broken. Twenty-five years of age, and not a friend on the face of the earth that loved me. And suffering! Oh, the horrible, horrible shivering; as if there was ice in the marrow, followed instantly by flushings of heat, as if every pore in the body was stinging with the puncture of a red-hot needle, and then whisperings of your name, "John! John!" You knew there was nothing there. I remember very well I went to the man I worked for. I said to him, "I signed the pledge last night." "I know you did." "I mean to keep it." "They all say that." "You don't believe I will, do you?" "No." It discouraged me. I went to my bench disheartened and discouraged. He had not been a total abstainer, therefore had no sympathy at all with the movement. I remember very well—I was a bookbinder, and I had in my hand the iron pin with which they screw up the hand-press. That began to move. It frightened me. I gripped it. Still it would move. I gripped it with both hands. I could feel it tearing the palm out of my hand, and I dropped it, and there it lay before me, a writhing, curling, slimy snake. I could hear the paper shavings rustle as the horrible thing twisted before me. If that had been a snake I should not have been afraid of it. What did I care for a snake? I would have stood and looked at that. No; I knew it was a straight bar of cold iron. And there were the green eyes, and the darting, forked tongue, as it writhed before me in all its slimy loathsomeness, and the horror seemed to fill me. My very hair seemed to stand on end, and I felt the skin lift from the scalp to the fingers. I said to myself, "I cannot fight this battle; I cannot fight this battle. I must give it up. I have got too heavy a load on me. I may as well

die in one way as the other. If I drink, I must die. If I fight, I must die. I'll give it up."

Just in the very moment of despair, a gentleman walked into the shop. "Good morning, Mr. Gough." "Good morning, Mr. Goodrich." You know me?" "Yes, Mr. Goodrich, the lawyer." "I saw you sign the pledge last night." "Did you? Well, I did it." "I was very glad to see you do it." "You say you were very glad to see me do it. Nobody is glad at anything I do." "Well," he said "did you see the young men follow your example?" "No, I did not see any. I didn't feel well. I didn't feel right." "Well, Mr. Gough, I have but a minute or two to spare, but I thought I would come in and say, keep up a brave heart. God bless you. My office is in the Exchange. Come in and see me. I would be very happy to make your acquaintance." He shook hands with me, and said "God bless you. Come in and see me when you can. Keep up a brave heart. Good-bye." He says, "Come and see me." Well, I will. He says, "I'll be glad to make your acquaintance." A pretty acquaintance for any decent man to make. He shall make it if he wants it. He says, "Keep a brave heart." Well, I will, I will; and I fought it six days and six nights, suffering torments unutterable,—fought it with horrible things creeping over me, fought it in the dark,—fought it alone, without one particle of food passing my lips. I fought it without one wink of healthy sleep,—fought it until I stood in the sunlight, so weak and so weary, so exhausted, but exultant in the victory—victory over the damning influence of drink.

Ah, yes, that man's kind words stirred me up. I had the privilege of purchasing and placing into his lips, on his death-bed, hot-house grapes and other luxuries that were cooling and comfortable to him in his last hours. He laid his hand on me and blessed me. He helped me just by a few words, and such laying on of hands is wonderfully blessed.

There is where you can work; you can work by your influence, but it must be by your example as well, so that you can say to these men, "Come with me;" not "Go as I direct," but, "Come with me," and there is a mighty power in that word "come."—*John B. Gough*.

DIABOLISM.

The awful inhumanity of the saloon is sometimes shown with fearful clearness by a single act. Such an incident was related the other day by a friend who is connected with a rescue mission in the slums of a great city. In connection with this mission a lodging-house is conducted, so that men who are striving after the better life need not return to their old haunts of sin. Upon most of these men rum has a terrific grip, and their safety lies largely in keeping out of temptation's way. When the saloon-keepers discovered that some of their best customers were being lifted out of the old life by the mission, they devised a diabolical plan to pull them down again. They hired men to profess a desire for reformation and to secure quarters in the mission lodging-house. These men carried with them quantities of liquor, provided by their masters, and during the night they offered it freely to their reformed companions, well knowing the power the old appetite had upon them. The result, as anticipated by the saloon-keepers, was that some were again in the thralldom of the drink monster. It is almost inconceivable that men could resort to such inhuman means to fasten the devil's chains upon a fellow-being; yet after all, we must remember that the life of the saloon necessitates the death of men.—*Golden Rule*.

W.C.T.U. WORK.

The September number of the *Woman's Journal* published by Miss Mary McKay Scott at Ottawa, has been received. This bright little paper is the Organ of the Canadian W.C.T.U. and is always full of interesting and important news. We note with pleasure its bright and prosperous appearance. It ought to have an immense circulation not only among white ribboners but also among all classes of temperance workers throughout the Dominion.

Among the important announcements in the September issue are those of the Annual Convention of the Ontario Provincial Union to be held at Pembroke commencing on October 27th, the Annual Meeting of the Quebec Provincial Union to be held at Knowlton commencing on September 29th, and the Annual Meeting of the Dominion Union beginning on November 6th in the City of Toronto.

Miss Agnes Slack, Derbyshire, Eng. Secretary of the World's W.C.T.U. is announced to assist at both the Ontario and Dominion Meetings. Her presence will be an inspiration to the rallied workers.

The many earnest Canadian ladies who take part in this great white ribbon work are however, themselves enough to make these annual gatherings deeply interesting and very useful. The approaching sessions will be of special importance in view of the great prohibition campaign opening up before us in the plebiscite about to be begun. Plans for work in that campaign will no doubt receive much attention from the ladies during their Convention and from their wise and careful consideration much good is certain to result.

A COMING EVENT.

The Call for the 23rd Annual Convention of the United States National W.C.T.U. has been issued. The meeting will commence in the Music Hall, St. Louis, November 13th. The announcement says: Among the distinguished guests from abroad whom we are hoping to meet are Lady Henry Somerset, Vice-President of the World's W.C.T.U.; Miss Agnes E. Slack, Secretary of the World's W.C.T.U.; Countess Schimmelmänn, of Norway; Mrs. A. O. Rutherford, President of the Dominion W.C.T.U., and Mrs. Hughes a gifted Welsh woman whose literary name is Gwyneth Vaughn. Mrs. Emma Booth-Tucker, a Commander of the Salvation Army in America, and Mrs. Maud Ballington Booth, who occupies the same position in the newer organization of American Volunteers, Mrs. Herant Kiretchjian, Miss Clara Barton, General Secretary of the Armenian Relief Association, Mrs. Lenora M. Lake, of the Catholic Total Abstinence Society, Miss Mary Blood, of the Columbian School of Oratory, Mrs. Emily M. Bishop, and many others from our own land are already under promise to be with us. Invitations will be sent to leading clergymen, reformers, presidents of societies, and so far as possible, to others engaged in reform work. It is aimed to make this one of the most representative gatherings we have had for years.

MARCHING THROUGH GEORGIA.

The State of Georgia is having a prohibition campaign. The liquor traffic is now prohibited in 105 counties under local option legislation. Agitation is going on for the enactment of a measure known as the Bush Law, which proposes to abolish all bar rooms and to establish dispensaries under the direction of the Government for the supply of liquor for permitted purposes, such liquor selling to be at prices covering only the expenses of the business so as to leave no surplus of profit. The liquor traffic will no doubt fight the measure very hard.