

## The Camp Fire.

A. MONTHLY JOURNAL  
OF TEMPERANCE PROGRESS.

SPECIALLY DEVOTED TO THE INTERESTS OF  
THE PROHIBITION CAUSE.

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NOTE.—It is proposed to make this the cheapest Temperance paper in the world, taking into consideration its size, the matter it contains and the price at which it is published.

Every friend of temperance is earnestly requested to assist in this effort by subscribing and by sending in facts or arguments that might be of interest or use to our workers.

The editor will be thankful for correspondence upon any topic connected with the temperance reform. Our limited space will compel condensation. No letter for publication should contain more than two hundred words—if shorter, still better.

TORONTO, SEPTEMBER, 1899

### THE PLAN OF CAMPAIGN.

The plan of campaign set out in the CAMP FIRE of August is meeting with strong commendation in every part of the Dominion. The principles and methods which it details are warmly approved and in many places steps are being taken to carry them into practical operation. Conventions are being planned, and organization arranged for.

Now is the time for action. Meetings should be held as early in the cool weather as possible. All preparations ought to be made long enough beforehand to ensure their being perfect. Elections sometimes come on unexpectedly. We must be always ready. The Alliance Secretary is always ready to give information, advice and assistance. Write him if needful. In any case push on the work.

### TOTAL PROHIBITION.

The total prohibition of the manufacture importation and sale of intoxicating liquors for beverage purposes, is the only legislative method of dealing with the liquor traffic that can be accepted as final or satisfactory. For that and towards that we must continually work. We may, however, accept and use any measure of prohibition that promotes progress or relief.

The adverse vote of Quebec is paraded as a reason why the Dominion Parliament should not enact a prohibitory law to take effect in that province. We do not admit that the reason advanced is a sound one. We say however at once, that even that adverse vote can only be cited in its relationship to the province in which it was polled. The Dominion as a whole gave a substantial majority in favor of prohibition. The liquor favoring vote of Quebec cannot by any process of sophistry be twisted into the appearance of a reason for refusing prohibition to the rest of the country.

To say that Ontario, with her mighty majority for temperance, must still submit to the wrong of legalized debauchery because Quebec is not ready to give it up, is an outrage on all decency and fair play. To suggest that we take something less than what we voted for is very unfair. We voted for total prohibition. That we must have. We want no manufacture, no importation, no sale. If Parliament is determined to continue the liquor traffic in Quebec because Quebec wants it, then parliament must

find a plan of confining that liquor traffic to Quebec.

The whole plebiscite campaign was conducted so far as the prohibitionists were concerned with moderation, reason and fair play. We have not followed up our victory with any unreasonable impatience or extravagant demands. We must however insist upon at least such legislation as no one can say our vote did not warrant, and the very least that parliament can reasonably offer is total prohibition for all Canada outside Quebec.

### PARTY BONDAGE.

We do not profess at this time to discuss the question of whether or not party government is the most desirable, or the only practicable, method of managing public affairs in a country like ours. It may be admitted that the party system is right without any weakening of the argument against party tyranny on the one hand and party subserviency on the other.

There are times and instances in which parties are separated from each other by differences of opinion regarding important issues. Men rally round ideas and unite to strive to secure the embodiment of those ideas in law. There are other cases in which the rallying is merely round a party name, or an organization that has for its main object the obtaining or retaining of office and power. Any good that comes from partyism must come from the partyism of ideas. All the evil comes from the partyism of blind adherence to traditions or names, and the greed for office and emolument.

It follows then that all the advantage that can come from partyism must come through the action of men who are not extreme partisans. Fortunately for society there are many men of principle and character who will not follow leadership that they believe to be wrong. If the party which they have been supporting adopts a policy or methods of which they disapprove, they are ready to leave the party. Hence party leaders are impelled toward the devising of wise policies and the adoption of such ideals as will command approval and attract support.

It is true that many men, some of them loudest in their professions of party loyalty, are selfish enough to unhesitatingly desert the party with which they have been connected, if they believe that they will personally be financially benefited by the triumph of the other party. They are also ready to change sides, and party leaders sometimes pay much attention to their views and desires.

It will thus be seen that the purely party men, those who pride themselves in their loyalty to the party to which their forefathers belonged, are the men who have least influence and are of least use. The men who determine politics, the men who force issues, the men who ensure progress, are those who must be considered, who will not yield unthinking allegiance to any party authority. The man who is ready to leave his party if his party goes wrong, is a power for good, but the man who stands by his party under all circumstances, imagining that he is therefore a party strength, is the man whose views are least considered, and whose opinions have least weight.

The men who will vote Conservative or Liberal according to the methods and principles of the Liberal or Conservative leaders, govern the country to-day. The men who are party first, well deserve to be called party slaves. They are simply the political chattels of those who are independent, never free enough and feared enough to be considered and respected.

## Selections.

### POETICAL QUOTATIONS.

Touch the goblet no more:  
It will make thy heart sore  
To its very core.  
Its perfume is the breath  
Of the Angel of Death:  
And the light that within it lies  
Is the flash of his evil eyes.  
For sorrow, sickness, and care  
Are all there.  
—Henry W. Longfellow.

Truth forever on the scaffold,  
Wrong forever on the throne;  
Yet that scaffold sways the future,  
And behind the dim Unknown  
Sitteth God within the shadow,  
Keeping watch above His own.  
—James Russell Lowell.

Wherever God erects a house of prayer,  
The Devil's sure to build a chapel there;  
And 'twill be found upon examination,  
The Devil has the largest congregation.  
—Daniel Defoe.

A weapon that comes down as still  
As snowflakes fall upon the sod:  
But executes a freeman's will,  
As lightning does the will of God;  
And from its force, nor doors, nor locks,  
Can shield you; 'tis the ballot-box.  
—John Pierpont.

He who drinks when he's hot  
To keep himself cool,  
Adds the vice of the sot  
To the deed of a fool.  
He who drinks when he's cool  
To keep himself hot,  
Adds the deed of a fool  
To the vice of a sot.  
—G. W. Bungay.

Thou sparkling bowl! thou sparkling  
bowl!  
Though lips of bards thy brim may  
press,  
And eyes of beauty o'er thee roll,  
And song and dance thy power confess,  
I will not touch thee; for there clings  
A scorpion to thy side, that stings.  
—John Pierpont.

Once to every man and nation comes the  
moment to decide,  
In the strife of Truth with Falsehood,  
for the good or evil side;  
Some great cause, God's new Messiah,  
offering each to bloom or blight,  
Parts the goats upon the left hand, and  
the sheep upon the right,—  
And the choice goes by forever, 'twixt  
that darkness and that light.  
—James Russell Lowell.

John Adams lies here, of the parish of  
Southwell,  
A carrier who carried his can to his  
mouth well;  
He carried so much, and he carried so  
fast,  
He could carry no more—so was carried  
at last;  
For, the liquor he drank, being too  
much for one,  
He could not carry-off—so he's now  
carri-on.  
—Byron.

O madness, to think use of strongest  
wines  
And strongest drinks our chief support  
of health,  
When God, with these forbidden, made  
choice to rear  
His mighty champion, strong above  
compare,  
Whose only drink was from the liquid  
brook.  
—Milton.

"Far hence be Bacchus' gifts," Hector  
rejoined.  
"Inflaming wine, pernicious to mankind,  
Unnerves the limbs, and dulls the noble  
mind.  
Let chiefs abstain—and spare the sacred  
juice  
To sprinkle to the gods—'tis fitter use."  
—Homer.

### RESCUED, YET LOST.

By H. HOLME (Honorary Secretary of the  
Commercial Travellers' Christian  
Association).

One fine morning in April, some years ago, I found myself, in the course of my usual South Coast journey, in the Mitre Hotel at Chatham, at that time a roomy, old fashioned hostelry, with a fine howling green in its rear. I had done a fair amount of business by noon, and, having no other engagement till after dinner, was just passing out to the green, to enjoy a saunter in the sunshine, when I met in the hall a brother commercial whom I had known for some years, not intimately, but in the usual friendly fashion of those who, travelling over the same ground, frequently meet, and grow pleasantly familiar.

I knew he was not staying in the hotel, his quarters being elsewhere. As we met he seized my hand in a somewhat warm and excited manner, and detaining it in his, asked if he might speak with me a few moments.

"Certainly, I am quite at leisure," I replied; "and if you step out with me to the bowling green as there is no one there, we shall be quite free from interruption."

We did so. Seizing my arm, as we strolled over the grass, I noticed that his whole frame was trembling with excitement, and I was somewhat astonished when he suddenly exclaimed, "I am going mad! I am going mad!"

Before this I had noticed nothing particular in his demeanour. I knew he was of a lively, excitable, and somewhat quick and irritable disposition: but I was quite unprepared for his next exclamation:

"Yes, sir, I am just going off into delirium tremens; but I knew you were a kind, earnest man, and felt sure you would help me if you could. What am I to do?"

From his appearance I judged that he might not be quite so bad as he thought he was. After-experience showed me that his was one of those temperaments which, with the help of a fine constitution, could carry an immense amount of strong drink without showing it. I had no idea, though so often meeting him, that he was an habitual drinker, and seldom went sober to bed; but so it was.

The tale he unfolded was sad in the extreme. But, not to anticipate, I may state that he represented one of the best and largest city firms. He was well and widely known, holding a good position, and for years had the high respect and esteem of his firm, who had reposed the highest confidence in him. He made a large and profitable return, and was thoroughly respected by a wide range of the best class of customers over the ground he covered. But gradually a change had come over his standing with the firm. His orders had diminished in size and regularity, and twelve months before they had taken off his salary, and placed him on commission only.

"And now," said the poor fellow, whilst every limb shook, "I am expecting every post my final dismissal. Why yesterday I drank a bottle of port wine, nine glasses of brandy, eight glasses of old ale, and a quantity of sherry and bitters, and I have been going at about the same rate for over three weeks. During that time I have not seen my wife and children. I am unfit to go home. I cannot write out my sheets; but some of my customers have written out their orders on my sheets for me. What am I to do? I dread to meet my wife and children. My home will be broken up, and we shall soon be beggars."

He wept like a child. Much more to the same effect he told me, as we sauntered over the green. It was a painful position, but I felt it must be met somehow.

To his oft-reiterated request, "What must I do?" I at last replied:—

"You must act like a man. You know your danger, and, what is better, you know and freely acknowledge its cause. Make up your mind. All is not lost yet. Now or never! You must give up the drink at once and for ever, and be determined by God's help you will never touch it again."

"Give up the drink!" he exclaimed. "How can I? It will kill me at once."

"The old fallacy," I said. "A devil's lie, which has hurried many a man on to a drunkard's hell. Ask the best physicians in London, and they will