

A GREAT CONVENTION.

Arrangements have already been made for a great Provincial Prohibition Convention to be held in the City of Toronto on the 5th and 6th days of July next. The occasion will be one of the keenest interest. Parliament will have dealt with the Plebiscite question, and voting will probably be not far away. Before that date the province should be thoroughly organized and there ought to be on hand representatives of the organized workers of every community, so that there may be the fullest discussion of campaign plans.

Every temperance society, every church congregation, and every Young People's Church Society is invited to send representatives to this great gathering. In some places it will be found convenient to appoint immediately representatives who will so shape their private business and plans as to enable them to take part in this great event. The early announcement will also be useful in enabling many of our friends to keep those dates free from other engagements. This will probably be one of the greatest and most eventful prohibition rallies ever held in the Dominion of Canada.

Great Britain's Drink Bill.

Rev. Dr. Dawson Burns has published his annual statement relating to drink consumption in Great Britain and Ireland. He states that the total quantity of liquor consumed in the year 1897 was as follows:—

Spirits, 41,008,692 gallons, costing £42,673,015. Beer, 34,755,905 barrels, costing £93,840,844. Wine and cider, 30,853,071 gallons, costing £15,267,764.

This gives a total of 33.17 gallons per head of the population, and an expenditure of over \$19 per head. The per capita consumption of spirits in Ireland and Scotland was greater than in England, but England leads in beer, consuming over 36 gallons per head of that beverage. Reducing intoxicants to a basis of alcohol, it is found that the average consumption in the United Kingdom is 2.23 gallons per head.

A COLD WATER STORY.

Somewhere lives a small farmer of such social habits that his coming home intoxicated was once no unusual thing. His wife urged him to reform. "Why, he would say, "I don't like to break off at once; it ain't wholesome. The best way is always to get used to a thing by degrees, you know." "Very well, old man," his helpmeet would rejoin, "see now if you don't fall into a hole one of these days, while you can't take care of yourself, and nobody near to take you out." Sure enough as if to verify the prophecy, a couple of days after, returning from a glorious frolic, the old fellow reeled into his own well, and after a deal of useless scrambling, shouted for "the light of his eyes" to come and help him out. "Didn't I tell you so," said the good soul showing her caprill over the edge of the parapet "you've got into a hole at last and its only lucky I'm in hearing or you might have drowned." "Well," she continued, after a pause, letting down the bucket, "take hold." And up he came, higher at every turn of the windlass, until the old lady's grasp, slipping from the handle, down he went to the bottom again. This occurring more than once made the temporary occupant of the well suspicious. "Look here," he screamed in fury, at the last splash, "you're doing that on purpose; I know you are."

"Well, now I am," responded his old woman tranquilly, while winding him up once more: "didn't you tell me its best to get used to a thing by degrees? I'm afraid if I was to bring you right up on a sudden, you wouldn't find it wholesome."

The old fellow could not help chuckling at her application of his principle, and protested that he would sign the pledge on the instant if she would lift him fairly out. This she did, and packed him off to "swear in," wet as he was.—*Exchange.*

THE DESTROYER

Intemperance creates in man an ungovernable appetite. Men who have fallen have told us it is not a desire, not an appetite, not a passion; these ordinary words fail to express the thing. It is more like a raging storm that pervades the entire being; it is a madness that paralyses the brain, it is a corrosion that gnaws the stomach, it is a storm-fire that courses through the veins; it transgresses every boundary, it fiercely casts aside every barrier, it regards no motive, it silences reason, it stifles conscience, it tramples upon prudence, it overleaps everything that you choose to put in its way, and eternal life and the claims of God are as feathers, which it blows out of its path.

What does it do to a man's body? It diseases it; it crazes his brain, it blasts his nerves, it consumes his liver, it destroys his stomach, it influences his heart, it sends a fiery flood of conflagration through all the tissues; it saps the recuperative energies of man's body, that oftentimes a little scratch upon a drunkard's skin is a greater injury than a bayonet-thrust through the body of a temperate man.—*Watchword Almanac.*

CAMPAIGN LITERATURE.

DEAR FRIEND,—

You are respectfully requested to carefully examine **The Camp Fire**, a neat four-page monthly Prohibition paper, full of bright, pointed, convenient facts and arguments; containing also a valuable summary of the latest news about our cause. It is just what is needed in the plebiscite campaign to inspire workers and make votes.

The contest upon which we are entering, will be largely a literature campaign. Printed matter tells. It does its work continuously, silently, fearlessly and well. No form of literature is so generally read and so potential as the up-to-date periodical. It comes with the force and interest of newness and life. For this reason the form of a monthly journal has been selected.

This journal will be in every respect reliable and readable. Every article will be short, good and forcible, containing nothing sectional, sectarian or partizan. The literature of the old world and the new world will be ransacked for the most helpful and effective material. The price is very low.

Such literature will convince many a man whom his neighbors cannot convince. It will talk to him quietly, in his own home, in his leisure moments, when he can listen uninterruptedly, when he cannot talk back, and when the personality of the talker cannot interfere with the effect of the talk.

It will ply him with facts, arguments and appeals, that will influence, instruct and benefit him. It will set him thinking. This is half the battle. Its wide circulation will swell the victory that we are about to win. This is its object.

Your help is asked in this great work. Every society should subscribe for and distribute hundreds of copies. This is the easiest and surest plan of making prohibition votes. Look at the terms:

Twenty copies will be sent to any one address every month for six months, for ONE DOLLAR, payable in advance.

On no other plan can a small investment be made to produce so much of educational result. One hundred and twenty copies may be placed in as many homes, and have more than HALF A THOUSAND readers. One dollar will cover this placing of the claims of our cause before five hundred people. Ten dollars may reach FIVE THOUSAND.

WILL YOU HELP US?

Address,

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

Curtailling the Liquor Traffic.

CHAPTER I.—CONSTERNATION.

It was in Arcadia. The Council of State, patriarchs with gentle eyes and long beards, sat meditating on measures pertaining to the public weal.

The door was suddenly thrown open and a lad, breathless, with cheeks flushed and eyes bulging out with excitement, after several vain efforts to articulate, at length succeeded in saying, "Your Honors,—there's a mad dog—rampaging the streets!"

In a moment all was confusion. The aged counsellors sprang to their feet and stood silent with suppressed excitement. Then as with one impulse they all hastened to the front windows of the Consilium.

"There he is!" cried one of them, "yonder by the cross-roads at the market!"

"Ah, yes! And, oh, horrors! how he is foaming and raging! Woe to any helpless ones that may chance to come before him."

"See by the Pantheon," cried another, "the children are just coming from morning school! They will surely be bitten by this mad beast!"

And bitten they were. One and another of them were torn by his poisonous fangs.

"Oh, this is horrible!" cried one of the venerable men at the window.

"What shall we do about it?"

"Aye, that's the practical question, what shall be done about it?"

"Let us consult the Legalia Convella."

CHAPTER II.—CONSULTATION.

The Legalia Convella were the Books of Law, the accumulated wisdom of many ages.

The sages sat solemnly bending over the books. Day after day they turned the leaves with no results. Meanwhile the mad dog had bitten many others, and there were now scores of raging curs, foaming and lurking at every corner, ready to spring upon the passers-by.

The people mourned. There was lamentation in almost every house. Men women and children were bitten, and limped or were carried to their homes, where, after weeks of lingering pain, they died in awful spasms.

Still the deliberations went on at the Concilium. The aged functionaries were unwilling to do anything without the authority of law, and as yet they had been able to find nothing.

At length, as they were pouring over the Convella, a gleam of sudden joy lighted the face of one of them and he cried, "I have it; hear it is!"

They looked up eagerly, then bending over the book read as follows:

"Be it ordained: That in case any beast shall so rage and rave as to endanger the public safety, his tail shall forthwith be cut off!"

"His tail cut off!" "What will that do? A dog don't bite with his tail."

"No, but he isn't apt to bite so hard if his tail is cut off."

CHAPTER III.—REGULATION.

"We don't believe it! We don't believe it!" cried many voices!

"Well, anyway, if we abbreviate the tails of these dogs, we shall be better able to regulate their doings."

"Why so?"

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CURTAILING THE LIQUOR TRAFFIC.

"Because there won't be so much of the dogs to regulate."

"And besides we shall lend a respectable air to the whole business in this way."

"How?"

"Why after cutting off their tails, it will be evident that the law has nothing more against them. This will make rabid dogs respectable, and biting a legitimate business."

"Yes, and it will increase our revenues."

"How do you make that out?"

"Why, we can levy on the people a tax of one dollar for every tail cut off."

CHAPTER IV.—AGITATION.

"Enough of this nonsense. What we want to do is to get rid of this whole infernal business. A dog with his tail cut off is just as hard to regulate as a dog with a tail a yard long. And it is no economy to increase the public revenues by a drain on the people's purses. Neither do you gain anything by making mad dogs respectable and a bad business legitimate. What we want to do is simply and solely to stop this rabid biting in the streets." (It was a prohibitionist who spoke—a fanatic).

Then there was silence for a long while. The Regulators could find nothing to say.

"I have it, I have it!" at length cried one. Then he read:

"Be it ordained: That in case any beast shall so rage and rave as to endanger the public safety, his tail shall forthwith be cut off."

"Why, that's precisely what we had before."

"Yes, but it is enough; it will suppress the evil; no need of our exceeding the law."

"How do you make that out?"

"Why, don't you see, the law doesn't say where the dog's tail shall be cut off!" "Suppose we cut it off just back of the ears."

CHAPTER V.—EXTIRPATION.

This was approved. The thing was done. The dog's tails were cut off just back of their ears. That was curtailling the business with a vengeance. It was prohibition. There was no regulation about it.

But this curtailling proved most effective. The mad-dog business was done with forever. Everybody said, "Why didn't we think of it before?"

And when the old counsellor died, who had conceived the happy thought, they built a monument over him bearing this inscription:

TO THE MEMORY OF

TEETOTALIS PROHIBITUS,

THE SAGE WHO ORIGINATED THE MAXIM.

"The proper place to curtail a bad business is just back of the ears."

CHAPTER VI.—APPLICATION.

The moral is this, the liquor saloons are the mad dogs of our day, raving in every street. Nearly every home is in mourning because of their brutality, and the country is deluged with the crime and desolation which they have brought about. There is but one way of dealing with this awful scourge. Our laws must be made to conform to those of ancient Arcadia as interpreted by the wisest of her sages. The body and soul-destroying business must be curtailled as effectively as were Arcadia's mad dogs. How? Through the absolute Prohibition of the infamous traffic now and forever!

Issued by the Dominion Alliance for the Suppression of the Liquor Traffic.

Above is one of the two-page Prohibition Leaflets issued for the Plebiscite Campaign. They are sold far below cost for free distribution. Twenty kinds now ready. Address, F. S. SPENCE—Toronto.