

THE CAMP FIRE.

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ITEMS OF INTEREST.

AFFECTING THE GREAT REFORM.

THE OLD STORY.

The Toronto daily papers have recently reported a number of very sad fatalities directly attributable to the intoxication of the victims. Cases are included of asphyxiation, assault and other such occurrences that in all probability would not have occurred but for the excessive intoxication of the parties who suffered.

KEEPING AT IT.

The Orillia Packet reports an interesting session of the License Commissioners of East Simcoe at which strong protests made by leading residents in different localities resulted in the refusal by the Board of certain unnecessary licenses for which application had been made.

LORDS AND LIQUOR.

Something may be learned of the strength of the liquor traffic in Great Britain from an examination of the records relating to the members of the House of Lords. There are forty Scotch peers who have a direct financial interest in the continuation of the liquor traffic. In England and Wales 172 members of the House of Lords are listed as owners of licensed places.

A GOOD EXAMPLE.

Dr. John Ellis, a wealthy American and an ardent friend of the Temperance cause, who died recently, left a will in which he bequeathed \$10,000 in aid of the support of the National Temperance Society and Publication House of New York.

SCOTCH TEEOTOTALERS.

The recent annual meeting in Glasgow, Scotland, of the Scottish Temperance League, was a gathering of unusual interest. The organization named has now been in operation for fifty-three years and has accomplished vast results in the education of the people on the temperance question. The receipts and expenditure amount to about \$25,000 per annum.

TIGHTENING LAWS.

The New York Legislature has passed the Raines amendment bill which is expected to make a great deal of difference in the working of the law relating to the liquor traffic. The former Raines bill had led to the establishment of many fake hotels which will be wiped out under the new system. Club selling will also be interfered with and generally speaking, restrictions will be imposed upon those who are carrying on the business.

IN POLITICS.

The National Reform Union of Great Britain held its annual meeting in Manchester last month. Sir R. T. Reid, M. P., was one of the principal speakers. He claimed that it was the duty of the liberal party to deal with the liquor traffic, deploring the frightful ravages that are being made in the country by that traffic. He strongly endorsed the local option bill that had been introduced in the last Parliament by Sir William Harcourt.

A NEW METHOD.

A curious attack upon liquor selling is being made in the State of Pennsylvania. A leading prohibitionist has applied for a mandamus ordering the License Court not to issue liquor licenses on the ground that the liquor traffic being hurtful to public morals and health, a law authorizing it is unconstitutional. The prosecutor expects to be defeated, but proposes to carry his case if necessary, to the United States Supreme Court in effort to obtain a vindication of his contention.

MAKING IT WORK.

The State of Vermont has a prohibitory law. It is the duty of the State Attorney to prosecute violators. Recently a State Attorney applied to a Supreme Court Judge for a certificate that the Attorney had discharged his duty, such a certificate being necessary to enable him to draw his salary. A liquor-seller whom the Attorney had prosecuted objected on the ground that others had not been punished for wrong doing. The objection was sustained. Immediately there has been wonderful activity among officials all over the State and applications are made for injunctions against places known to sell liquor. The penalty for selling liquor is not so severe as the penalty for violating an injunction. The latter punishment being a fine of from \$500 to 1,000, with or without imprisonment for not more than six months. Prohibition is just now working in the State.

CRIME AND DRINK.

The New York Voice has been making inquiry of Police Judges in different United States cities regarding the proportion of business that comes to them which may be properly charged to intoxicating liquor. The answers of Judges in Massachusetts' cities are summarized as follows: the figures being the percentage of crime attributable to drink as estimated by the Judge of the city named. Boston, eighty per cent; South Framingham, fifty per cent; Charlestown, ninety per cent; Gloucester, seven-eighths; Hyde Park, nine-tenths; Cambridge, ninety per cent; Newburyport, seventy per cent; Fitchburg, two-thirds; Somerville, seventy-eight per cent.

Some of the answers received from judges in the State of Illinois give the following results: Belleville, ninety per cent; Bloomington, seventy-five per cent; Moine, seventy-five per cent; Danville, seven eighths; Rock Island, a large proportion.

The same judges were asked their opinion as to what would be the result of the closing of saloons upon the criminal record of their respective localities. Nearly all joined in declaring that the suppression of liquor drinking would do away with nearly all crime. Some however, hold that closing down saloons would not produce this result.

A GREAT CONVENTION.

The great prohibition event of 1897 in Great Britain was the National Prohibition Convention held at Newcastle-on-Tyne commencing on Saturday, April 10th. Sir Wilfrid Lawson, Bart, M.P., was President. Many thousands of people attended some of the meetings. Addresses were delivered and papers read by leading prohibitionists from different parts of the United Kingdom, and some from other countries. All the proceedings were intensely interesting. A full report will be published in a volume containing these addresses and papers, which will be an invaluable compendium of temperance and prohibition information.

WRETCHED TEEOTOTALERS.

One of the best known stories in connection with the late Sir Benjamin Ward Richardson's advocacy of temperance tells how he had been on a

visit to one of the three or four small towns in England which have no public house. Although there were 1,000 people there, the doctor was nearly starving. One day a young medical man came to Sir Benjamin for advice as to taking the practice, and Sir Benjamin, placing his hands on the young doctor's shoulders said: "Take my advice, and don't. Those wretched teetotalers not only shirk accidents, but, when wounded, heal so fast that there is neither pleasure nor profit after the first dressing." *Westminster Gazette.*

NEAL DOW'S INSPIRATION.

The following letter from Hon. Neal Dow to the President of the National Temperance Society, will interest our readers:

PORTLAND, March 12, 1895.

MY DEAR HONORED FRIEND, JOSHUA L. BAILY:

Your welcome note of the 10th inst. is just received, and I lose no time in responding to your wish.

I was interested in a general way in the temperance cause when the incident occurred of which you speak. Like many others of that day, I was a teetotaler and exhorted people to follow that example, but the thought of any movement to suppress the liquor traffic had not occurred to me. The sin, shame, and crime of that infamous business burst in upon me with great force when I heard the rumseller's reply to my request to sell no more rum to one who had become a victim to it. It occurred to me as a flash:

"What place on God's earth has that horrid crime?"

I give you the story exactly as it occurred.

There was in Portland an interesting family, in which my wife was particularly interested. The husband was a Harvard graduate. The wife was in feeble health. There were seven children, and all of them were dependent upon the father, who had an important position in the U. S. service. He had occasional irresistible temptations to intemperance.

I had a note one day from this mother asking to see me. I went immediately to the house and found her in great distress. Her husband was away from home at the rumshop, where he always went on such occasions. Her husband had been warned by the department that his services would be no longer wanted at his desk unless he would change his habits, and without his salary his family would be absolutely without resource. The rumseller had great influence over him. If he could be persuaded to sell him no more liquor, his wife could put him in condition to resume his duties at the department.

I went immediately to the rumshop and asked for Mr. Blank.

"He's not here," the rumseller replied.

I heard voices in a back room, and, opening the door, saw Mr. Blank there among other victims. I took him by the arm and pulled him out, and, face to face with the rumseller, laid the whole case out before him, with an earnest plea to sell him no more rum.

"He's a friend of mine, and I do not want to offend him by refusing what he asks for. It is my business to sell liquors. That is all my business. I have a license authorizing me to carry on that business. I will sell rum to anybody who asks for it, who has the money to pay for it. I ask no questions. I support my family by selling liquor and I do not want any of your advice. When I want it I'll send for you. Until then, keep it to yourself."

"You have a license to sell liquor, have you? You'll sell liquor to anybody and everybody who can pay for it without thought or care for the consequent ruin to them of body and soul? You support your family by destroying the families of other people, do you? God helping me, I'll change all that."

And so I turned my back upon the rumseller, and, taking his victim by the arm, led him to his home.

That was the inspiration for the active, earnest, persistent crusade in Maine against the liquor traffic—the gigantic crime of crimes."

Very truly yours,

NEAL DOW.

A MAN TO BE PITIED.

The man who says he should consider it a very great hardship to be deprived of a glass of wine or beer on Sunday! Poor man! He is to be pitied in having made himself so dependent on wine or beer that he feels it "a very great hardship" to be for a single day without the one or the other. In contrast with this, what a blessed freedom is that which the total-abstainer enjoys, who gets on comfortably week after week and year after year without either wine or beer! *Exchange.*

HOW IT PAYS.

He was seated on a park bench, a dilapidated looking fellow, and seemed to be reading a piece of paper he held in his hand.

"You seem to be much interested in your letter," I said as I took a seat on the same bench.

"Yes," he said, "I have been figuring out my account with Old Alcohol to see how we stand."

"And he comes out ahead, I ventured the guess."

"Every time, and he has lied like sixty."

"How did you come to have dealings with him in the first place?"

"That's what I have been writing. You see, he promised to make a man of me, but made me a beast. Then he said he would brace me up, but he has made me go staggering around and then threw me into the ditch. He said I must drink to be social. Then he made me quarrel with my best friends, and be the laughing stock of my enemies; he gave me a black eye and a broken nose. Then I drank for the good of my health. He ruined the little I had and left me as sick as a dog. He said he would warm me up, and I was soon nearly frozen to death. He said he would steady my nerves; but instead he gave me delirium tremens.

"He said he would give me great strength and he made me helpless. He promised me courage but he made me a coward, for I beat my sick wife and kicked my little child. He said he would brighten my wits but instead he made me act like a fool and talk like an idiot. He promised to make a gentleman of me, but he made me a tramp."

"Then you quit?" I ventured to ask.

"No," he answered sadly, "I drink now to forget all the other mean things he has made me do. Say! could you let a poor working man out of employment have ten cents to buy bread?"

"I see he has also made you a liar." I remarked.

"Yes I forgot that. I must put that down.—*Edward Carswell.*

DAYLIGHT.

Swing inward, O gates of the future!
Swing outward, ye doors of the past!
For the soul of the people is moving

And rising from slumber at last;
The black forms of night are retreating

The white peaks have signalled the day
And Freedom her long roll is beating,
And calling her sons to the fray.

Swing inward, O gates of the future!
Swing outward, ye doors of the past!
A giant is waking from slumber

And rending his fetters at last,
From the dust where his proud tyrants
found him,

Unhonored, scorned and betrayed,
He shall rise with the sunlight around
him,

And rule in the realm he has made.
—*James G. Clarke.*