

THE WAY IT WORKS

A SPECIMEN OF LIQUOR TRAFFIC RESULTS

One More Victim Laid on the Altar of Law-Protected Evil.

WHAT LIQUOR IS AND DOES.

It is not pleasant to read or write of the revolting tragedies that are every day enacted in some part of our fair country as the direct result of the legalized facilities for the supplying of strong drink. Every issue of the "Camp Fire" could be filled with records of such cases. To read the record would be simply to tell what everybody knows occurs and names and dates would harrow the feelings of the already sorely tortured victims of this terrible evil. As an instance, however, to remind our readers of the kind of ruin this evil works, we take the following report from a recent Boston daily paper. The survivors of the tragedy are strangers to us and it is not likely that this statement will affect them, while it may be useful in reminding our readers of the nature of the liquor traffic which Sir Oliver Mowat said is the cause of three-fourths of the crime that curses our country. The Boston Post says:—

Mrs. Bridget Kilroy died in her home in the basement of 200 Marion street, East Boston, yesterday forenoon, supposedly from the effects of blows and kicks administered by her drunken husband, Michael J. Kilroy, who is held on the charge of murder.

Kilroy is a big coal heaver, and a few months ago was sentenced to a month in the house of correction for wife beating.

Five children, the eldest a boy of thirteen, were witnesses of the assault on their mother, and for hours the two eldest were the sole guardians of the corpse after their brutal father had left the house.

Kilroy, according to the neighbors, was always in a quarrelsome mood when he had been drinking, which was usually whenever he could obtain the money.

He worked two or three days last week and was paid off Saturday night. About 11.30, after the saloons had closed, he returned to his home, three ill lighted rooms in the basement of the house. The family had been living here but a few weeks as Kilroy paid his rent so irregularly that he was forced to move at short intervals.

Mrs. Kilroy went out washing and cleaning, doing any work that she could find to earn money with which to feed her children, but this was not much.

The wife had been watching for her husband all of the night, as she knew that he was to be paid off, and she had promised to give her money to buy the children clothes, which they sorely needed.

But the coal heaver had spent none of all his earnings in the saloons, and when he was asked for money he answered with a blow, knocking his wife down.

Janine, aged 13, and Mamie, aged 9, were awake at their father's entrance and the sound of his loud, angry voice, aroused the other three children, who had been sleeping on the couch.

Mrs. Kilroy struggled to her feet and put up her hands to ward off the attack, crying: "Don't, Mike; you will kill me!"

But Kilroy, crazed with liquor, was merciless. Blow after blow he struck her and when she fell, unable to rise, he kicked her with his heavy boot. The five children standing about, wide-eyed and frightened.

When the wife and mother lay upon the floor, bleeding from a dozen cuts, moaning and helpless, Kilroy sank into a chair and surveyed his work moodily.

Mamie Kilroy started on a run for the door to seek the police, but with an oath her father was upon her

and flung her heavily into a corner. A dash by the 13-year-old son met with a similar treatment.

Until nearly 4 o'clock the woman lay upon the floor suffering untold agony. In a few months she was to have become a mother again, but her pitiable condition did not touch the heart of her husband.

The girl Mamie hurried the other children into another room and put them to bed, soothing them to sleep like the little mother she was to them.

When the last pair of eyes were securely closed she tiptoed back to the kitchen, where her brother and father were with her dying mother.

Once Mrs. Kilroy came to herself sufficiently to ask for some water. Her husband did not stir, but little Mamie ran to her mother's assistance. The woman raised herself a little to receive the eagerly awaited draught, but before her bloodstained lips touched the edge of the dipper Kilroy struck it away, spilling the water over the floor.

"If she wants a drink let her git up an' git it," he told Mamie.

Fainter and more faint came the moans of the dying woman, until at last all was hushed in the room save the heavy breathing of the man and the stifled sobs of the children.

Kilroy called to his son, and though the giant could have lifted the corpse easily, he forced the boy to aid him in lifting the woman onto the couch.

The gray light of morning began to stream in through the low basement windows before there was any change in the house. Returning day seemed to rouse Kilroy, who got up and went out after threatening the children should they leave the house.

For four hours the boy and his sister were left alone with their dead. About 10 o'clock Mrs. Mary Boyan, who lives in the rear of 298 Marion street, sent her little girl over to the Kilroys' for some water. The child came back with startling news so that Mrs. Boyan hastened over.

She found the two children of her neighbor sobbing on her dead body. Under Mrs. Boyan's direction the boy hurried to notify the police.

The sight that confronted her was enough to turn the most hardened sick at heart. There were jagged wounds on the woman's head and face. Her throat was discolored and showed where strong fingers had pressed their way into the flesh. Her body was black, blue and bruised. Appearances indicated that she had been kicked heavily on her sides.

The father and mother slept on a couch in the kitchen. Besides the two sleeping places there was a chair or two, the remnants of a table, a few cracked pieces of crockery and a bit of a stove. Nothing else except dirt was in any of the rooms. Not long ago there were two more occupants of this place called home by the Kilroys, but illness had ended in their death.

Kilroy had made no effort to escape, but had wandered about the neighborhood. When apprehended he was on Havre street and said that he was on the way to give himself up.

The boy Johanie was also locked up by the order of Captain Irish, to be held as a witness.

The other children, Mamie, aged 9; Frankie, aged 8; Lizzie, aged 2, and Joseph, aged 1, were taken in by Mrs. James H. Quinn of 218 Marion street. They will eventually be taken to St. Vincent's Home.

FRUITS OF THE TRAFFIC.

The career of the Biddle brothers is deplorable reading and the clos-

ing scenes of it an indelible disgrace to this continent and the twentieth century. Drink has primarily to answer for it that they were criminals at all.

A worse environment for youth than theirs it is impossible to conceive. They were born some thirty years ago at Amherstburg, in Ontario, where their father kept a saloon locally known as "Hell," and after he died their mother's brother took them to live with him.

Neighbors say that this uncle was a victim to this "Hell," and afterwards became the terror of the neighborhood. He used to go home crazy drunk, curse like a demon, and beat the boys brutally for no other reason than to gratify an appetite for cruelty. He frequently drove them out of the house to beg or steal from the neighbors, and the last scene of their home life was when in a drunken frenzy he threatened to shoot them, but changed his mind and blew out his own brains in the presence of the trembling orphans.

Prohibition would probably have prevented this and the subsequent tragedies. Those who do not believe in prohibition have probably some theory by which drink or the drunkard should be dealt with. This, however, is the way things are happening under our laws as they are. All the victims are dead now and their record is a memorable and horrible warning.—Montreal Witness.

THE DRINK TRAFFIC AT WORK.

The following few samples of the drink demon's work are culled at random from the multitude of cases appearing in the columns of the newspapers. Strange work for "a good creature of God" to produce. A system which produces such fruit should not be countenanced or supported by any true patriot. Of course the traffic is legal—but it is not right, and should be pulverised.

An Edinburgh man assaulted his bed-ridden mother with a large bread knife, and afterwards attempted to cut his throat; man found dead in a Glasgow close; wife kicked at Dundee; another Dundee wife dragged out of bed by the hair, and jumped upon until unconscious; and yet another wife in Juteopolis kicked and struck; young girl of 16 arrested for being drunk and incapable in Dundee; an elderly woman found in a helpless condition in an Edinburgh close, died shortly after admission to infirmary; a boy 15 years of age was found lying helplessly drunk in Renfield Street, Glasgow; "a worn-out alcoholic subject" died in Greenock prison; a young man died in Camlachie police station, Glasgow; a woman in Edinburgh was struck and stabbed—"the outcome of a drunken quarrel;" a Dalkeith gardener was sent to prison for three months for wilfully neglecting his two children, aged eight and six; an Edinburgh mother, for neglecting her eight month's old child, was sent 30 days to prison; a West Benhar miner was imprisoned for three months for neglecting his two children.

Oh, God! how the bairnies suffer; and many Christians act as if it were none of their business. "Shall I not visit for these things, saith the Lord!"—Glasgow Good Templar.

A Saloon Tragedy.

A correspondent of the New Voice writes from Jefferson in Oklahoma as follows: Pond Creek last Saturday evening witnessed a double tragedy, for which the saloon was directly responsible. A poor old negro, his life a whisky wreck, staggered into the "Keystone" saloon of that little town, and on being refused further drinks became uncontrollably enraged. Leaving the ginmill he began to abuse some little white boys and was drawing his gun on them when a bystander interfered. The deputy sheriff had now reached the scene and was attempting to seize the negro's weapon when the latter shot him through the head, mortally wounding the deputy. Less than half an hour after, a mob of half a dozen excited men dragged the drink-crazed murderer from the jail and hung him to a telephone pole. But the rum holes that had changed the old negro into a brute and were thus unescapably guilty of the death of these two men, meanwhile ran on their devilish course, legalized and protected by the state, quite unmolested by the crowd.

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Succeeded without any apparent difficulty in keeping his audience in roars of laughter.—Toronto World.

The large assemblage was inspired, amused, thrilled and caused to weep almost in unison.—Montreal Witness

ENGLISH.

The embodiment of all that is best in his race—humorous, solemn, eloquent and pathetic.—South Wales Argus.

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Such an amount of hearty, healthy, wit-provoked laughter we have never heard before in one and a half hours.—Methodist Times.