

# The Camp Fire.

A MONTHLY JOURNAL  
OF TEMPERANCE PROGRESS.

SPECIALLY DEVOTED TO THE INTERESTS OF  
THE PROHIBITION CAUSE.

Edited by F. S. SPENCE

ADDRESS - - TORONTO, ONT.

Subscription, TWENTY-FIVE CENTS a Year

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, APRIL, 1902

## DRINK

In a recent issue, the New Voice of Chicago, edited by John G. Woolley, discusses the murder of Bridget Kilroy, reported on another page of this paper, and makes an appeal based thereon, to Bishop Potter, Dr. Rainsford and other prominent clergymen and scientific men who lately have been arguing against prohibition and prohibitionists. From this forcible and personal appeal, we clip the following paragraphs, only stopping to say that the liquor traffic in Ontario does the same work that the liquor traffic does in the United States:

"We respectfully call the attention of these gentlemen to the tragic death of Bridget Kilroy, floor scrubber and woman of general work, drunkard's wife and the mother of a drunkard's children, lying dead upon the floor of a basement tenement of the city of Boston on the morning of the Sabbath day, January 26, in the year of Christ 1902.

"Gentlemen, upon various occasions in public addresses and in the public prints, on dates more or less recent, you have given utterance to views concerning the saloon and concerning the use of alcoholic drinks, to which we have felt obliged to take exceptions, and the fallacies of which it has seemed to us necessary to point out. Concerning these views we raise no discussion at the present time. We will allow, formally, of course, and merely for the sake of argument, your contention. Let it be taken for granted that the prohibitionist is a fraud and a hypocrite, as Bishop Potter has insisted; let it be accepted without dispute that the saloon is a beneficent institution and has come to stay, as Dr. Rainsford has told the public; let it be conceded that the encouragement of beer drinking, taking place in certain of our institutions of learning, notably in the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, arises from the best of motives; let it be accepted as scientific truth that alcohol is a food, valuable both in sickness and in health, as Dr. Atwater and his disciples contend; let all these things be granted upon your side of the contention, and in the face of them all, and in recognition of them all, we do you to wit the lot of Bridget Kilroy.

"It was the saloon that killed Bridget Kilroy; it was the drink that choked out her life, pounded and kicked her body into a mass of wounds and bruises. The saloon,

gentlemen, that you praise, conditionally, it is true, but praise none the less; the drink, gentlemen, that you defend, under limitations, of course, but defend none the less! The home of the Kilroys, bare, cheerless, poverty stricken, a place of suffering and sorrow, a place where hungry children cried for food and little ones shivered for lack of clothing, a place where a father and husband forgot his duty to his wife and children, where a despairing mother, in the last extremities of anguish fought day by day to merely continue the torture of life for herself and her little ones — that home, a fit place for the commission of such a crime, a place ready prepared, as it were, for such a scene of blood and violence — that home, gentlemen, was the product of the American saloon system, as clearly marked as such, as well recognized as such, as if the saloon's "hall mark" had been stamped upon it. It was not only a product of the saloon system, but it was merely one of the innumerable host of similar products, such as the saloon, to the knowledge of all men, constantly and unceasingly creates.

"We call to your attention further, gentlemen, that no other agency known to men creates such places. Not poverty alone, not ignorance alone, not wickedness alone, makes a place so forsaken of God and man, so remote from heaven and the possibility of good, so elected by the devils and hell, as a drunkard's home. But the poverty, the ignorance and the wickedness of the saloon make such places by the uncounted thousands.

"When Michael Kilroy reeled home in the early hours of the holy Sabbath of Sunday, January 26, in the Christian city of Boston, his pockets empty of the money that he promised to his wife to buy the clothing for lack of which his children were freezing; when he answered her appeal for the fulfilment of his promise with a blow that knocked her to the floor; when he choked, with his fingers upon her throat, her appeal for mercy; when he kicked her with his heavy boots, and she about to become the mother of another child; when he sat for hours, unmoved, listening to her moans and watching her sufferings; when he brutally mistreated the children who would have brought her help; when he struck away the water that her little daughter was lifting to her bloody, thirsting lips—it was drink, gentlemen—the drink that Professor Atwater tells us is food—the drink that you gentlemen recommend in "moderation", that made him do it; and neither in earth nor hell has any other agency been found, in the history of the whole human race that inspired men to such deeds.

"But drink, gentlemen, alcoholic drink, not only made Michael Kilroy do that brutal, devilish deed, but has transformed uncounted thousands of men into fiends of the same character and has driven them to deeds equally brutal. Drink, gentlemen, has inspired tragedies so commonly and in such multitude, that the public scarcely pauses to notice their occurrence. Drink, gentlemen, is to-day preparing more men for just such deeds as that; and you know, and we know, and the world knows, that it will take boys from your churches, boys from your schools, aye, God pity you, perhaps boys from your homes, and will make them into such brutes to work such crimes

in future years on women who to-day are lovely and loving girls

"It was only twelve days before the butchery in that Boston tenement that Vincent Vincelsk came home drunk in Pittsburg and chopped his wife and little children to death with a rail cutter. It was only thirteen days before that John Blissett, of Detroit, drunk, emptied his revolver into his wife's body and poured kerosene over her and stood with lighted match to make her a burnt offering to drink when the police broke in upon him. It was just one month and a day before that a father in Indiana came home drunk, sought to kill his wife with a hatchet and was shot dead by his son.

"But why go on with such a list? The cases are innumerable; and before Michael Kilroy came home to kill Bridget, you and we and everybody in the whole land knew that such a man, because of the drink traffic, would come home and kill his wife, and that the terrible procession of crime would keep right on.

"Gentlemen, we bring no accusation against you; we question the motives of none of you; but, as if in the presence of the dead, before the intelligent people of the land, and before God in high heaven, we submit that amid the crying of the blood of Bridget Kilroy, as its voice rolls like thunder to the judgment seat of a just God, the naming of your names is heard."

## LAW ENFORCEMENT.

On March 18th a strong delegation representing the Prince Edward Island Branch of the Dominion Alliance, waited upon the Provincial Government and presented a petition asking for more vigorous enforcement of the Canada Temperance Act. In reply the Premier expressed himself thoroughly in favor of law enforcement and promised to give careful consideration to the details of the petition submitted.

## LORD ROSEBERY'S VIEWS.

In his great speech a few weeks ago at Liverpool, Lord Rosebery made the following reference to the Government Temperance Bill:—

"But what did the Home Secretary say in introducing that bill? He said he brought it in because as Home Secretary he could say this, that nine-tenths of the crime that came under his notice was due to the curse of drink. If that be so, what a damning condemnation for his Majesty's Government. For six years and a half they have exercised supreme and uncontrolled power in Great Britain and Ireland. Knowing all the time that nine-tenths of the crime of Great Britain was due to the curse of drink, they have not lifted up a finger to deal with that intolerable curse—worse than plague or pestilence—beneath them. They have not lifted up a finger to remedy it; they have flouted and jeered in the mouth of Lord Salisbury at the efforts of those who did so.

"In that course of action, or inaction, they have received the blind, the unswerving and the uncriticising support of the Parliamentary Liberal Unionists. To the Liberal Imperialists these matters are questions of Empire. They are questions of Empire as truly as are any questions of territory, because they relate to the well-being and development of the race, which is to animate, encourage and develop that Empire. In my belief the true policy of Imperialism is one that relates not to territory alone, but to the race as well. The imperialism that, grasping after territory, ignores the conditions of an Imperial race, is a blind, a futile, and an effete Imperialism."

## IMPORTANT.

TORONTO, 1902.

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 to **inspire workers and make votes.**

We are embarking on a campaign for prohibition legislation in which the liquor traffic will do its utmost to block, delay, and if possible prevent our securing the enactment and enforcement of useful law. We have plenty of hard fighting ahead of us. We must keep posted and equipped, knowing all that is being done by our friends and foes, and sophistry and misrepresentation that will be advanced.

**The Camp Fire** will be one of the best aids you can have in the struggle. It will contain nothing but what you need. Every number ought to be preserved. You cannot afford to be without it, and the subscription price is only nominal, **Twenty-five cents per year.**

While a necessity to every prohibition worker the **The Camp Fire** will also be of special value for distribution. We must keep up our educating work. Printed matter tells. It does its work continuously, silently, fearlessly and 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.

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