

THE ONTARIO CONFLICT.

(Tune:—"From Greenland's Icy Mountain.")

- 1 From scenes of wealth and splendour,
Where whines pass freely round,
From bar-room and from gutter
Where filth and vice abound,
From highest and from lowest,
From poor and rich the same,
The call comes to deliver
Our land from drink's domain.
- 2 What though of wealth uncounted
Our country's foes may boast!
What though their influence reacheth
Where influence counteth most!
The cry of starving children,
Of homes and wives forlorn,
Will surely break our slumbers,
And make us sloth to scorn.
- 3 What though we're poor and friendless
Of human power devoid!
What though by foes despised
By traitrous friends destroyed!
We know our God is with us,
We need not be afraid;
'Faint not for I am with thee,
Fear not nor be dismayed.'
- 4 From village and from hamlet,
From towns or near or far,
There comes the sound of conflict,
The clash and din of war.
Soon will the fight be over,
The mists be rolled away;
And on our own Ontario
Shall dawn a brighter day.
H. Mortimer.
Parkdale, 10 Jan., '02.

THE REIGN OF DRINK.

- Do you hear an ominous muttering,
As of thundering gathering round?
Do you hear the city tremble, as an
earthquake shakes the ground?
'Tis the walking of a people—'tis a
mighty battle sound.
- Do you hear the grand uprising of
the people in their might?
They are girding on the armour,
they are arming for a fight,
They are going forth to battle for
the triumph of the right.
- For the power of drink has bound us,
and the power of drink hath
reigned,
Till the glorious robes of Liberty are
tarnished, torn, and stained,
Till the struggling city shudders, as
its forces lie enchain'd.
- It hath trampled over hearthstone,
and hath left it desolate;
It hath slain the wife and mother,
it hath filled the town with
hate;
It hath wrecked the noblest man-
hood, and hath laughed to scorn
the great.
- Shall it longer reign in triumph, long-
er wear its tyrant crown?
Shall it firmer wield the fetters that
now bind the city down?
Shall this grand old city longer bow
and tremble 'neath its frown?
- No! let every heart re-echo; rouse,
ye gallant men and true!
Rouse, ye broken-hearted mothers;
see, the night is almost
through;
Rouse ye, every man and woman—
God is calling now for you.
—Selected.

THE VOICES.

- "Why urge the long unequal fight,
Since truth is fallen in the street,
Or lift anew the trampled light
Quenched by the heedless millions'
feet?"
- "Give o'er thy thankless task; for-
sake
The fools that know not ill from
good,
Eat, drink, enjoy thine own, and
take
Thine ease among the multitude.
- "The work is God's, not thine; let
Him
Work out a change if change
must be;
The hand that planted best can trim
And nurse the old unfruitful tree."
- So spake the tempter, when the light
Of sun and stars had left the sky,
I listened through the cloud and
night,
And heard, methought, a Voice
reply:

Thy task may well seem over-hard,
Who scatterest in a thankless toll
Thy life as seed, with no reward,
Save that which duty gives to toll

The mead unshared is food unblest,
We heard in vain what love should
spend,
Self-ease is pain; our only rest
Is labour for a worthy end.

A toll that gains by what it yields,
And scatters to its own increase,
And hears while sowing outward
fields
The harvest song of inward peace

What is it that the crowd requite
Thy love with hate, thy truth with
lies?
And but to faith and not to sight
The walls of Freedom's temple rise?

Yet do thy work; it shall succeed
In thine or in another's day;
And, if denied the victor's meed,
Thou shalt not lack the toiler's
pay.

Faith shares the Future's promise;
Love's
Self-offering is a triumph won,
And each good thought and action
moves
The dark world nearer to the sun.

Then faint not, falter not, nor plead
Thy weakness; Truth itself is
strong,
The lion's strength, the eagle's speed,
Are not vouchsafed alone to wrong.

Hast thou not on some week of
storm
Seen the sweet Sabbath breaking
fair
And cloud and shadow, sunlit, form
The curtains of thy tent of prayer?
So, haply, when our task shall end,
The wrong shall lose itself in right,
And all our week-day darkness blend
With the long Sabbath of the light!
—J. G. Whittier.

TEMPERANCE IN THE ARMY.

The Commander-in-Chief, Lord Roberts, has just issued to officers in command of troops at home some suggestions as to the reform of the present system of canteen management. His object is to promote temperance amongst the men by improving the system under which regimental institutes are conducted, in order that they may be rendered more attractive to the troops, and that the recreations and comforts provided may be dissociated as far as possible from the consumption of alcoholic drinks.

The regimental institutes, with the exception of the canteen, should be under one roof, and the refreshment room should "be fitted up somewhat on the lines of a modern restaurant, with small tables, having a big refreshment bar at one end, at which suppers, tea, coffee, mineral waters, etc., could be obtained. At the other end a stage should be erected, where the entertainments now given in the canteen as well as others could be held. Smoking to be permitted, and men to be allowed to purchase one pint of beer to drink with their suppers."

In connection with this room there should be reading rooms, and library, billiard-room, and games-room, and a writing room "which could be used as a study," and the grocery store should also be a portion of this establishment. It is suggested that the "liquor bar should be at a short distance from the institute, and that while it should be comfortably fitted up with such requirements as may be necessary, it should not vie with the other institute as regards attractiveness."

Lord Roberts further suggests that all the institutes should be under one committee, the profit of both portions to be used indifferently for either, and adds "that to make the system a success it must not be worked as conducing to the profits of either a company or an individual, but for the good of those for whom it is conducted."

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

recite 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 he had promised to give her money to buy the children clothes, which they sorely needed.

But the coal heaver had spent nearly all of his earnings in the saloon, and when he was asked for money he answered with a blow, knocking his wife down.

Johnnie, 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 boots, 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 Johnnie 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 213 Marion street. They will eventually be taken to St. Vincent's Home.

ABOUT GREAT BRITAIN'S DRINK BILL.

Great Britain's drink bill is upwards of \$30,000,000, while the amount spent on other articles of home produce is small in comparison. The figures of some of these items are as follows:

Butter and cheese	\$165,000,000
Bread	350,000,000
Cotton	80,000,000
Coal	85,000,000
Education	75,000,000
Farm rents	300,000,000
House rents	375,000,000
Linen	35,000,000
Milk	165,000,000
Sugar	130,000,000
Tea, coffee, cocoa	120,000,000

If the amount spent in drink were turned into more sensible channels trade and home comforts would be enormously increased.

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