

## A NEW PLAN

OF WISE WORK FOR RICH RESULTS.

BY W.C.T.U.'S - YOUNG PEOPLE'S SOCIETIES - TEMPERANCE ORGANIZATIONS AND CHRISTIAN WORKERS GENERALLY.

[We carried prohibition in Maine by showing the land knee-deep with literature.—NEAL DOW.]

The mighty power of the printed page is admitted by all. It does its work continually, silently, fearlessly and well. No form of literature is so generally read and so potential as the periodical.

THE CAMP FIRE is a carefully prepared budget of the latest and soundest campaign literature, bright and telling sketches and poems, and a summary of recent temperance news, put in the taking form of a monthly journal.

It is published to meet the wishes of the many friends who want fresh, strong, attractive temperance and prohibition literature for circulation.

Its articles will be short, good and forcible, containing nothing sectional sectarian or partizan. It will be an inspiration and an educator wherever it goes.

It is the rival of no other good agency, but seeks to be the friend and ally of all while doing its own special work. There is room for it, and need of it.

You can greatly help it by subscribing at once for some copies and planning for their distribution. Look at the prices:—

1 copy monthly, per year..... \$ 10  
10 copies monthly one year, or 20 copies monthly for 6 months, mailed to one address..... 1 00  
25 copies monthly one year, or 50 copies monthly for 6 months, mailed to one address..... 2 00

No charge for postage! A splendid plan of work! Try it!

Address

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

### A CATHOLIC VIEW.

At the Catholic temperance congress held in Chicago recently, Father Maddock of Winona said that of the effectiveness of prohibition in suppressing intemperance there could be no honest difference of opinion. "Where no liquor is to be had," he said, "men will not drink. The reformed drunkard is always in danger of returning to his cups while the saloon stands invitingly open on every corner. But close those saloons, and he cannot fall. It is the duty of every good Catholic to work with might and main for the enactment of prohibitory laws. But he should not cease his effort there. The only benefit of this legislation comes from its enforcement, and officers sworn to execute the law should be compelled to do their duty."—*The Constitution*.

"The saloon is sometimes called 'the poor man's club.' It is, literally. It 'clubs' him into the gutter and jails. But it don't stop there. It is laid on the backs of his helpless family without mercy. On their shoulders rests the curse of the saloon. Are you voting for it?"—*Morris County Journal*.

**Read carefully the IMPORTANT ANNOUNCEMENT on the third page.**

## DEMOREST MEDAL CONTEST BUREAU.

### 'FROM CONTEST TO CONQUEST'

Education of Youth in the Principles of Temperance and Prohibition of the Liquor Traffic.

By Means of a Series of Elocutionary Contests in which Silver, Gold and Diamond Medals of Honor will be Awarded the Successful Competitors.

Mr. W. Jennings Demorest of New York has devised a plan for promoting the development of public sentiment on prohibition lines that has probably never been equalled for either ingenuity or liberality.

Recognizing the intense interest always taken by the public in everything of the nature of a contest or competition, he has developed a scheme for utilizing this tendency to secure the presentation and consideration of sound argument on the prohibition question. He has published a series of capital books of selections entitled "From Contest to Conquest." He has had prepared a number of magnificent Silver, Gold and Diamond Medals. These Medals he generously donates to young people who make the best elocutionary presentation of selections from his books on the following plan:

A public meeting to be arranged, for which the recitations will form the programme, which may be interspersed with music.

Three disinterested persons of intelligence are to be chosen to act as judges, for whom suitable blanks will be furnished. Judges are advised to avoid a tie, as but one Medal can be presented at a contest.

A competition class shall consist of not less than six nor more than ten persons.

When not more than six young persons of either sex, between the ages of twelve and twenty-five, shall recite before an audience selections taken from either of the volumes "From Contest to Conquest," the one adjudged to have made the best recitation will be awarded a Silver Medal in satin-lined case.

When not less than six of the Silver Medals are secured by as many contestants, the winners will be entitled to compete for a Gold Medal.

When eight or more have won Gold Medals they can compete for a Grand Gold Medal.

When eight or more have won Grand Gold Medals, the holders may compete for a handsome Gold Medal studded with diamonds.

On these terms the Medals will be presented by W. Jennings Demorest, free of expense.

The headquarters of the Demorest movement are at No. 10 East 14th St., New York City. F. S. Spence of Toronto is, however, the Canadian Superintendent, and will cheerfully and promptly supply information to all who desire to take hold of this work, and will forward the medals when the conditions have been complied with. He should be written to for full details.

A very small fee will be charged for each medal to cover necessary cost of postage, etc.

### ONLY A BABY.

One sultry day last summer, at a time when children of the poorer class in Philadelphia were dying by the score every week, a bloated old man staggered up the steps of a physician's dwelling.

The boys shouted after him, "Old Bourbon," the name by which he had been known in the locality in which he had lived for many years.

"The baby's worse," he said standing, hat in hand, when he met the doctor coming out.

"You've been here for me every day for a week," exclaimed the doctor. "I cannot go again to-day. I told the child's mother there was no chance, this morning; it was dying then."

"Won't you come now?"

"No; I have not a minute to spare. There are patients waiting whom I can help."

"Old Bourbon" followed him to his carriage door, twisting his rag of a hat in his shaking hands. "She's—she's all I've got, doctor."

But the doctor, with a pitying nod, drove away, and the old man, nearly sobered by his keen distress, crept to the attic where his little grandchild lay dying. Whatever nursing or kindness little Mary had known had come from "Old Bourbon." Her mother had six other children, and went out washing every day. The poor old drunkard

and the innocent baby were left to form a strange friendship for each other. She called for him now feebly, as she lay on her mother's lap.

"Daddy! daddy! come to me!" He knelt down, and put his fingers into the tiny, withered hand. The tears ran down his bloated cheeks.

"God leave her to me!" he muttered. "Daddy, come to Mary!" she cried once more, and then the little soul whose taste of life had been so bitter, passed into the unseen.

It was only a baby. Its mother, who had six other half-starved children to feed, shed but few tears over it.

The doctor sent in a certificate of its death with a dozen others. In the weekly bill of mortality, there was an item, "Of cholera infantum, seventy." That was all. Her record was ended. The world had done with her. But an old, trembling man crept next Sunday into the back pew of the little mission church, not far from the attic in which he lived. He stopped the clergyman when the service was over.

"Why, is this you, Bour—I beg your pardon. What is your real name?"

"John Black, sir. I want you to take my name again. I'm thinkin' of signin' the pledge, 'n pullin' up for the rest of the time left," stammered the poor wretch.

The clergyman was wise and helpful. John did "pull up." He lived but a few months after that, but he did what he could to live a decent, honest, Christian life in that time.

"The Lord is merciful, John," his friend said to him, as he lay dying.

"I know it, sir. I'm not much acquainted with Him, but I've been tryin' to follow little Mary. I hear her always cryin', 'Daddy, daddy, come to me! I'm comin', and I reckon He'll not turn me back.'"

Even the baby had its work to do, and had done it.—*Exchange*.

### WHOM IT BENEFITS.

Prohibition benefits the butcher, because he will sell more steaks and fewer five cent soup bones.

The baker, because his bread will go into homes where the black bottle and growler held sway.

The clothier, because the overworn garments will be cast aside and not be made over a dozen times.

The shoemaker, because many who now go barefooted, even in bad weather, will become wearers of shoes.

The publisher, because men and women, having more desire for advancement, will naturally take to reading; the old, greasy, fifty times-read newspaper of the grog shop having lost its powers, the whole family will read.

The landlords, because they can then collect their rents and get better prices.

The farmers, because more will be consumed of better quality and at better prices.

The preachers, because more men would join the church and improve their opportunity to do good.

The buggy maker, because more men could afford to ride.

The iron merchant, because the increased use for useful material would demand his services.

Merchants, mechanics and manufacturers of all kinds, because the one billion five hundred million dollars now spent for liquor in this country would go into legitimate circulation for healthful and useful pursuits.

The foregoing are some of the financial reasons why all classes will be benefited by the prohibition of the manufacture and sale of alcoholic beverages. The moral reasons are too numerous to mention and the political reasons are myriad.—*Southern Journal*.

### ROTTED OFF BY BEER.

This is a fact that the total abstainer may show to the beer-drinker when ever occasion offers. The attention of the New York hospital surgeons has been called to the big number of bartenders that have lost several fingers from both hands within the past few years. The first case was that of an employee of the Bowery concert hall. Three of the fingers of his right hand and two of his left were rotted away when he called at Bellevue one day, and begged the doctors to explain the reason. He said that his business was to draw beer for the thousands who visited the garden nightly. The man was in perfect health otherwise, and it took two young doctors quite a time to arrive at any conclusion. But they did finally, and it nearly took the beer man's breath away when they did.

"Your fingers have been rotted off," they said, "by the beer which you have handled."

Other cases of a similar nature came rapidly after this one, and to-day the physicians estimate there is an army of employees of saloons whose fingers are being ruined by the same cause. The acid and rosin in the beer are said to be responsible.

The head bartender of a well-known down town saloon says he knows a number of cases where beer drawers have, in addition to losing several of the fingers of both hands, lost the use of both members. "Beer will rot iron, I believe," he added, "I know, and every bartender knows, that it is impossible to keep a good pair of shoes behind the bar. Beer will rot leather as rapidly almost as acid will eat into iron. If I were a temperance orator, I'd ask what must beer do to men's stomachs if it eats away men's fingers and their shoe leather. I'm here to sell it, but I won't drink it, not much."—*Selected*.

### DOWN WITH THE SALOON.

Down with the saloon! Let that be the slogan and every voice a trumpet to proclaim it.

Down with the saloon! It is God's relentless enemy, the nation's and yours.

Down with the saloon! It has no respect for home, the church, the Sabbath. It curses the one, blasphemes the other and tramples upon the third.

Down with the saloon! It breeds violence and ruin. Twenty anarchists were dragged from an apartment of a Chicago doggerly the other day. It was a fitting place for them. The two bad things mix.

Down with the saloon! It is pledged by the most infamous means to perpetuate its diabolical ruin. It fattens upon the corruption it breeds, and, like the wrecker, is enriched by the ruin it works.

Down with the saloon! It multiplies madhouses and prisons and crowds their cells with brutalized, raving, cursing human wrecks.

Down with the saloon! It controls our politics, corrupts our legislators, intimidates our judiciary and insults every sense of decency with insolent contempt.

Down with the saloon! Its ranks are filled with troops of murderers, thieves, perjurers, tramps, libertines and harlots, who scoff at the restraints of society and thirst for blood.

Down with the saloon! It robs thousands of homes of their most promising boys, and, all besotted, and ruined, hurls them into drunkards' graves.

Down with the saloon! Talk against it. Work against it. Fight against it. Pray against it. Vote against it.—*Official Organ of Epworth Leagues*.

### A CURSE.

Before God and man, before the church and the world, I impeach intemperance. I charge it as the cause of almost all the poverty, and almost all the crime, and almost all the ignorance, and almost all the irreligion that disgrace and afflict the land. I do in my conscience believe that these intoxicating-stimulants have sunk into perdition more men and women than found a grave in the deluge which swept over the highest hilltops engulfing the world, of which but eight were saved. As compared with other vices, it may be said of this "Saul has slain his thousands, but this David has tens of thousands."—*Dr. Chalmers*.

### TORONTO.

DISTRICT LODGE.  
SUBORDINATE LODGES.

Pride of the West Lodge, No. 130, meets at W.C.T.U. Hall, 171 Bathurst Street, every Monday.

Prospect Lodge, No. 352, meets every Wednesday at Bracondale.

The Toronto Lodge, No. 827, meets at Temperance Hall every Wednesday.

John B. Finch, No. 326, meets at W.C.T.U. Hall, 171 Bathurst Street, every Thursday.

Dominion Lodge, No. 498, meets at Woolley Hall, Yonge, corner Gerrard, every Thursday.

Excelsior Lodge, No. 680, meets at Jackson's Hall, corner Yonge and Bloor Streets, every Thursday.