

THE CAMP FIRE.

A Monthly Record and Advocate of the Temperance Reform.

VOL. V. No. 3.

TORONTO, ONT. SEPTEMBER, 1898.

25 CENTS PER YEAR

THE SALOON MUST GO.

There is not a vice, or a disease or a calamity of any kind that has not its frequent rise in a Public-house.—*Times London Eng.*

Public-houses are just so many allurements and ambushes, so many traps and pitfalls in the paths of working men.—*Rt. Hon. Earl Cairns.*

THE LIQUOR TRAFFIC IS THE HEAVIEST DRAG UPON THE PROGRESS, THE DEEPEST DISGRACE OF THE 19TH CENTURY.—*New York Tribune.*

In the whole English language I can find no word that strikes more terror to my soul than the one word, RUM.—*T. V. Powderly.*

The evil ought not to be permitted to grow in order that the police may be called in to repress it. Prevention is not only better than cure, but prevention is a duty, and cure is a lame halting attempt to undo an evil which we have wilfully permitted.—*Cardinal Manning*

Formerly Maine produced nearly ten thousand barrels of beer annually, but has fallen to seven barrels in consequence of the local enforcement of prohibitory law.—*President of Brewers' Congress.*

We cannot shut our eyes to the fact that the drink traffic is the fruitful source of a large portion of the crime and misery of our land, and that the open bar and saloon with public treating system are largely responsible for the sad results.—*York County (Ont.) Grand Jury.*

Maine fifty years ago had 13 distilleries; now none.
Then, 400 open-bar taverns; now none.
Then, 10,000 drunkards; now 2,000.
Then, 2,000 grog shops; now none.
Then, 200 delirium tremens deaths; now fifty.
Then 1,500 rum paupers; now very few.
Then poverty; now plenty.
Then wretchedness; now happiness.—*Censor.*

It is too clear that the rapid extension of this saloon drinking is threatening the very life of this community; that it is producing a physical and moral pestilence more deadly, in the deepest sense, than any other plague which infested cities of the east; that it is bringing great masses of our working classes into a self-imposed bondage, more complete and more degrading than slavery itself; that it is not only filling the present with unspeakable misery and vice, but blighting the prospect of labor for the future.—*Prof. Goldwin Smith.*

WHAT OUR COUNTRY NEEDS.

God give us men, a time like this demands
Strong minds, great hearts, true faith,
and ready hands,
Men whom the lust of office does not kill;
Men whom the spoils of office cannot buy,
Men who possess opinions and a will;
Men who have honor, men who will not lie,
Men who can stand before a demagogue
And damn his treacherous flatteries without winking.
Tall men, sun-crowned, who live above the fog
In public duty and in private thinking,
For, while the rabble, with their thumb-worn creeds,
Their large professions and their little deeds
Mingle in selfish strife; lo, Freedom weeps,
Wrong rules the land, and waiting justice sleeps.

—*Dr. J. G. Holland.*

THE REAL QUESTION.

What shall we do with the dram-shop? If we refuse to face this question to-day, we may have to face, to-morrow, the question, "What will the dram shop do with us?" Shall we regulate it? We have tried it for 100 years, and to-day it regulates the regulation. Prohibit it in spots? As well try to cure pyaemia by washes and salves, for the poison, alcohol, is in the very blood of the nation. The question is not what your private appetite or mine may be, not what the moral quality of the wine glass may be, but what shall be done with this public institution, the liquor traffic—the saloon, that claims protection from courts, and police and fire departments. It is a public institution, amenable to public laws, and, as all of our public institutions, must bow before the requirements of the public good. If law cannot be demanded against private appetites, neither can needed law be refused because some private appetites will suffer thereby.—*Christian Statesman.*

TWO GREAT JOURNALS.

THE TORONTO GLOBE.

The liquor traffic has but few to speak in its favor. Its true character is becoming more and more widely known. Its insidious nature, its widespread and demoralizing effects, its corrupting influence, especially upon the young, and its far-reaching and disastrous power for evil in municipal and national affairs, are becoming to be practically known so that multitudes are being forced to become prohibitionists whether they will or not. They say that they would rather not, but they cannot help themselves. They cannot stand with folded hands, and see strong drink rule and ruin the country.

THE TORONTO MAIL.

If moral suasion could check drunkenness in an equal degree, we should prefer moral suasion; but the world has been trying that agency for a long time, and though it has saved many it is not an adequate remedy by itself. On the other hand whilst no one pretends that prohibition removes drunkenness absolutely, no reasonable person can deny that it strikes directly at its front and origin, for it is plain that if there were no liquor there would be no abuse of it. If any opponent of prohibition can point us to a better temperance measure or to one so good, we will gladly embrace it; but at present, as Mr. Gladstone would say, prohibition holds the field.

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A NEWSPAPER OPINION.

It is the saloon which creates and encourages the wife-beaters, thieves, burglars and ruffians. By it boys are educated to be drunkards, and brought up in idleness, vice and bestiality. By it idleness and vice are taught to take the place of industry and sobriety. Everything that is debasing and villainous finds its natural birthplace in the saloon, and nothing produces or promotes these that is not destructive of decency, thrift and good morals.—*Chicago Tribune.*

SAMPLES OF WHAT THE LIQUOR TRAFFIC DOES.

I could tell the Commissioners any number of cases showing the evils of the use of liquor, but the recital of them would take a much longer time than the Commissioners can give me. I will mention, however, three instances showing the evils of liquor. I have been instrumental in having two men sent to the penitentiary lately, one for conspiracy and perjury. Liquor brought these parties to that position. The next instance I would mention is that of a man in prison for highway robbery. Liquor brought him to it. The third man killed another in the penitentiary, and he himself was hanged in the jail at Montreal. Liquor brought him to it.

There is another case I may mention where a woman respectably connected, became separated from her husband through drink. Ultimately she was sent to jail, and while there she became acquainted with another who had been married like herself. On leaving the prison she visited that woman one day. They had picked her fellow up on the street. They sent for liquor. The husband of the woman who was living in the house went out. The two women and the men then got drinking and a quarrel ensued. One woman took an axe and cut the head off the other and put it in a trunk. We arrested her. We had no evidence against the man, except what she could give. Consequently he was acquitted. I believe if we had been able to obtain evidence against him, he would likewise have been sentenced to be hanged, and no doubt the two would have been hanged the next morning. That very morning, at the very time the woman would have been hanged, he was drowned at the Grand Trunk basin. The woman was sent to penitentiary for life.

Another case I may mention is that of a man, his wife and family. The parents were notorious drunkards and they had several children. They were so poor that the corporation cut off their water. It was very cold weather at this time of which I am speaking. They got drunk one day and began to quarrel, and scattered their clothes and other things over the floor. Two children, I believe their ages were three and five, were found in the morning by the neighbors locked in each other's arms, apparently as if they had been trying to keep each other warm, and they were frozen to the floor. They were, of course, dead. There was so much ice that the neighbors had to get warm water before they could take them from the floor. The father and mother were also lying on the floor, with their hands and feet frozen. I saw them in the hospital; the man had his fingers frozen and the woman had her toes frozen. Some time afterwards I was in a corner grocery and she came limping in and got drunk there. She did not care; she had her drink.—*From the evidence of Chief Detective Andrew Cullen of Montreal before the Royal Commission.*

IT IS COMING.

Do you hear an ominous muttering
As of thunder gathering round?
Do you hear the nation tremble
As an earthquake shakes the ground?
'Tis the waking of a people—
'Tis a mighty battle sound.

Do you see the grand uprising
Of the people in their might?
They are girding on their armour,
They are arming for the fight,
They are going forth to battle
For the triumph of the right.

For the power of rum hath bound us
And the power of rum hath reigned,
Till baptismal robes of liberty
Are tarnished, torn and stained;
Till the struggling nation shudders
As its forces lies enchained.

It has filled the scales of justice
With unhallowed blood-stained gold,
And her sword to smite Crime's minions
Now lies powerless in her hold,
For the serpent of the still
Hath wrapped around it fold by fold.

It hath trampled o'er the hearthstone
And hath left it desolate;
It hath slain the wife and mother;
It hath filled the world with hate;
It hath wrecked the noblest manhood;
And hath laughed to scorn the great.

Shall it longer reign in triumph,
Longer wear its tyrant's crown,
Shall it firmer draw its fetters,
Firmly bind the nation down?
Shall this grand young country 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.
—*M. Florence Mosier.*

SONG OF THE TEMPERANCE ARMY.

We are marshalling the forces
Of an army true and strong;
We are marching to the music
Of a ringing temperance song;
We are going forth to battle
With a hydra-headed wrong,
Till one grand, triumphant chorus
Shall the victors' shout prolong.

Where the bugle calls to battle—
If heaven that call repeat—
If right and duty lead us,
Where alone the path is sweet.
Though the proud may deem this service
Both for us and them unmeet;
Unheeding scorn or frowning,
We will go with fearless feet.

We are pledged to guard each other,
And all those we love the best,
From the poisoned darts and arrows
Of the fell destroyer's quest.
And our battle-cry is "Onward!"
No faltering and no rest
Till his flaunting, mocking ensign
In dishonoring dust is pressed."

With hearts aglow with pity
For the tempted ones who fall;
And with arms outstretched to rescue
Wounded friend or foe, or all,
We are pledged to do our utmost
To break down this tyrant's thrall.
Ne'er "Am I my brother's keeper?"
Be our answer to God's call.

See, bright from many a hill-top
New camp-fires flash and glow;
From rank and file and tented field
Hear songs of victory go.
Shout answers, shout. A wave of sound
Breaks in impetuous flow—
"All hail" "What cheer" "Tis
morning"
"We are conquering the foe"
—*The Central Good Templar.*