

THE CAMP FIRE.

A Monthly Record and Advocate of The Temperance Reform.

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IMPORTANT ANNOUNCEMENT.

The Vanguard for 1893-4, in neat cloth binding, is now for sale. It is the most important Canadian contribution yet made to the literature of the temperance and prohibition reform, containing over 650 pages full of invaluable arguments, facts and statistics, all reliable, fresh and good, fully and carefully indexed. No worker can afford to be without it. The price is only ONE DOLLAR. The number of copies is limited. Send your order at once to the Editor,

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PERSONAL LIBERTY.

All the barroom slang about the people's inalienable right to eat and drink what they please, and the consequent right to buy and sell whatsoever any of them please to imbibe, has been overruled and scouted in decisions as old as jurisprudence and as authoritative as any decisions can be. A free and independent citizen has just as good a right to set fire to his own house in the midst of a dense city, or to shoot rifle balls from his own field across a thronged highway, as he has to sell rum when the State forbids it.

DRINK DID IT.

"At the entrance of one of our college chapels lies a nameless grave; that grave covers the mortal remains of one of the most promising fellows—ruined by drink. I received not very long ago a letter from an old school-fellow, a clergyman, who, after long and arduous labor, was in want of clothes and almost food. I inquired the cause; it was drink. A few weeks ago a wretched clergyman came to me in deplorable misery, who had dragged down his family with him into ruin. What had ruined him? Drink! When I was at Cambridge one of the most promising scholars was a youth, who years ago, died in London hospital, penniless, of delirium tremens, through drink. When I was at King's College, I used to sit next to a handsome youth, who grew up to be a brilliant writer; he died in the prime of life a victim of drink. I once knew an eloquent philanthropist who was a very miserable man. The world never knew the curse which was upon him; but his friends knew it was drink. And why is it that these tragedies are daily happening? It is through the fatal fascination, the seductive sorcery of drink, against which scripture so often warns. It is because drink is one of the surest of the devil's ways to man, and of man's ways to the devil."—*Archdeacon Farrar.*

"ITS BREAKING MY HEART."

"Many a pitiful story is brought out in the police courts of a great city. Perhaps the saddest the newspapers of New York have ever reported came from Jefferson Market court last week. A poor mother dropped dead there at the feet of the son who had been a disgrace to her. This son was a young man of thirty or so. Instead of helping his aged mother he spent what little he earned in drink. At last the poor woman determined to have him committed as a habitual drunkard, hoping that such a step would be for his good. She was called to the witness-stand to swear to the complaint, but the effect was too much for her, and she died with the words on her lips, 'It's breaking my heart.' Here is a temperance lecture more eloquent than any man ever delivered."—*Catholic News.*

NOTES OF NEWS FROM MANY PLACES.

The twin villages of Plymouth and Terryville, Conn., have had "no license" for nineteen years.

Queen Victoria has such a deep-rooted objection to the smell of a cigarette or a cigar that smoking is strictly forbidden at Windsor castle, at Balmoral, and at Osborne.

All liquor advertisements will hereafter be excluded from the Boston daily *Standard*. We hail this action of its publishers as a bright promise of the near approach of the day when no reputable newspaper will aid the traffic by publishing such advertisements.

Another step in advance is the action of the Catholic Benevolent League of Pennsylvania, which has decided that no one who is identified with the liquor business as a retailer is eligible as a member after July 1 of this year. The total membership of the order is 35,000.

The Anti-Cigarette League has been established in all of the ninety-five grammar schools of New York City. The league now numbers 40,000 school boys.

At Santa Monica, Cal., recently there died from alcohol a man who claimed to be a relative of the famous General Gordon. He had been a clerk in the Bank of England, was separated from his wife because of drink, came to this country with \$20,000 in business, was left penniless, gained a livelihood by serving as porter in the saloon, and died from drink.

On the evening of August 2nd James McGee, aged twenty-four years, bartender of the Royal Hotel, was killed in a drunken quarrel with the bartender of the Brunswick Hotel, Moncton, N. B.

Dr. John R. Alexander, one of the most active friends of temperance and prohibition in the city of Montreal, an earnest worker in many good causes, died at his home in the Turkish Bath Hotel, of which he was proprietor, on Saturday, August 10th. Dr. Alexander was not merely a friend of the temperance cause, but an earnest worker for its advancement.

It was proved at the inquest held in connection with the sad accident to a train in Quebec in July last, that the engineer, who was killed, had supplied himself with a quart of beer at the last station passed before the terrible fatality occurred.

Mrs. Jane Cakebread was before the magistrate recently in the North London Police Court, on a charge of drunkenness and disorderly conduct. This was the 27th charge for this offence for which this woman has been tried. She pleaded guilty and was sent to jail for one month.

A New York magistrate has been investigating a discreditable swindle. An advertisement has been published offering work to men who were to call at a certain place where their names and addresses were taken down and work promised them. The place was a room over a saloon and the object was to get the men to patronize the establishment below.

The Catholic Total Abstinence Union will hold its national convention in New York City, commencing August 7th. It is estimated that many thousands of people will there assemble from all parts of the country. It is announced that the Apostolic Delegate, Mgr. Sabelli, will be present and participate in the proceedings.

The Independent Order of Rechabites of Great Britain held its 30th annual session at Brighton, on August 6th. The increase of the Order during 1894 was 15,100 adult members, and 11,880 juveniles. The total adult membership is 137,291, and the juvenile membership 71,785.

The *Dallas Morning News*, published some time ago details of the position of the temperance cause in the State of Texas. The State has a local option by-law permitting the prohibition of the liquor traffic in localities. Under this law out of 230 counties in the State, 53 are entirely and 70 partly under prohibition.

E. Godfree, Felton & Co., of London, wine merchants, give, in a published circular, the following "Guaranteed Summary of our more important customers":—

Gentlemen of title (Dukes, Mar-queses, Viscounts, Earls, &c.)	338
H.M. Judges	0
Officers of the Army and Navy	708
Regimental Messes	41
Clergy (including 9 Bishops, 16 Archdeacons, &c.)	2,228
Doctors	1,522
Baronets, Knights, M.P.'s, Mag-istrates, Barristers	2,000
Solicitors, Merchants, &c. (about)	4,250

—*Alliance News.*

SCIENTIFIC AND PRACTICAL CONDEMNATION OF BEER.

The highest authorities are of the opinion that beer is an injurious drink, and many of them think that it is more pernicious than whiskey itself—taken to what is called "moderation." The *Christian Advocate* treated a phrase of this subject editorially in two or three articles some years ago, and will not repeat the authorities then quoted; but Professor Oertel, of Germany, published a work in 1885 that sets the matter in so clear and strong a light as to establish the belief that the old idea that beer is healthful—or at least harmless—is utterly false.

Before Professor Oertel's time many physicians who studied in Germany had the idea that beer was a most beneficial drink, and recommended it in some cases in this country, and gave testimonials that the working people in the breweries who drank a great deal of beer were robust, strong, and long-lived. But Professor Oertel and his two friends, Drs. von Pettenkofer and von Voit, who lived where the beer is brewed and the most beer drunk—the professor having a hospital at his disposal where post-mortem examinations are properly and scientifically made, and the consequences of the large amount of beer consumed have been fully studied—have produced a work of such importance that Dr. Schweningen has adopted his conclusions, and applied them in the treatment of Prince Bismark.

He quotes Dr. Ballinger, who examined two thousand persons in the hospital at Munich, and found that eight per cent. of them died of excessive beer-drinking. The life insurance medical examiner says that while some men in English statistics have reached one hundred years of age who indulged in wine, whiskey, and tobacco, so far as he knows none were found who were habitual beer-drinkers. In Munich it is not uncommon for people to take from six to eight pints of beer in three hours, and during the day from twelve to twenty. Working brewers take some times thirty-six pints, and even forty. The strain of expelling this from the system at the last analysis depends upon the heart.

After a full examination of the subject this medical officer recommends that, as the disorders in consequence of beer-drinking increase every year and shorten life, it is advisable for life insurance companies to take the risks of such men on short endowments, and not to take them over fifty years of age. There are, of course,

some exceptions to this rule, that must depend upon the honest report of the physician and agent.

We have for years made it a practice to converse with hospital and general practitioners, and their uniform testimony is that diseases make rapid destruction of the fat of the beer-drinker, and that they do not recover from surgical operations easily or well. This was also the opinion of Sir Astley Cooper, who said that they sank away so often without adequate cause that he was always afraid of the results.—*Christian Advocate, New York.*

THE CURSE OF HEREDITY.

It seems hard that when a man does wrong his children should be put under an almost irresistible inclination to do wrong; it seems hard that when a man drinks spirituous liquors his children and his children's children should be urged by a burning thirst, which they can scarcely withstand, toward indulgence in intoxicating drinks; it seems hard that diseases should be transmitted, and that because a man has violated the laws of health, his children should be sickly and short lived. These things seem hard so long as we look at them only on one side; but what a power of restraint this economy has when every man feels, "I stand not for myself alone, but for the whole line of my posterity to the third and fourth generation!"—*Henry Ward Beecher.*

AN ASTONISHING RECORD OF WASTE.

A methodical old man recently died in Berlin at the age of seventy-three years, leaving behind him a diary in which were systematically recorded the details of a lifetime consumed in self-gratification. In the fifty-two years during which the record was kept this individual had smoked 638,715 cigars, of which he had received 43,062 as presents, while the remainder had cost him about \$2,066. In the same time by his account, he had drunk 28,780 glasses of beer, and 36,066 glasses of spirits, for which he spent \$1,068. There are other items equally startling, and the diary closes with these words: "I have tried all things; I have seen many; I have accomplished nothing."—*Selected.*

A WAIL OF DESPAIR.

"When you find a ticklish relish upon your tongue, disposing you to a witty sort of conversation, especially if you find a preternatural flow of ideas setting upon you, at the sight of a bottle and fresh glasses, avoid giving way to it, as you would fly your greatest destruction. If you cannot crush the power of fancy or that which you mistake for such, divert it, give it some other play. Write an essay, pen a chapter or description—but not as I do now, with tears trickling down your cheeks. To be an object of compassion to friends—of derision to your foes; to be suspected by strangers—stared at by fools; to be esteemed dull, when you cannot be witty; to be applauded for wit, when you know you have been dull; to be called upon for the extemporaneous exercise of that faculty which no premeditation can give; to be set on to provoke mirth which procures the procurer hatred; to give pleasure, and to be paid with squinting malice; to swallow the draughts of life-destroying wine, which is to be distilled into airy breath to tickle vain auditors; mortgage miserable morrows for nights of madness; to waste whole seas of time upon those who pay it back in little inconsiderable drops of grudging applause—are the wages of buffoonery and death."—*Charles Lamb.*