

## IMPORTANT.

TORONTO, 1901.

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.

This journal will be in every respect reliable and readable. Every article will be short, good and forcible, containing nothing sectional, sectarian or partizan. The literature of the old world and the new world will be ransacked for the most helpful and effective material. The price is very low.

Such literature will convince many a man whom his neighbors cannot convince. It will talk to him quietly, in his own home, in his leisure moments, when he can listen uninterruptedly, when he cannot talk back and when the personality of the talker cannot interfere with the effect of the talk.

It will ply him with facts, arguments and appeals, that will influence, instruct and benefit him. It will set him thinking. This is half the battle. Its wide circulation will swell the victory that we are about to win. This is its object.

Your help is asked in this great work. **Every society** should subscribe for and distribute hundreds of copies. This is the easiest and surest plan of making prohibition votes. Look at the terms:

**Twenty copies will be sent to any one address every month for six months, for ONE DOLLAR, payable in advance**

On no other plan can a small investment be made to produce so much of educative results. One hundred and twenty copies may be placed in as many homes. And have more than **HALF A THOUSAND** readers. One dollar will cover this placing of the claims of our cause before five hundred people. Ten dollars may reach **FIVE THOUSAND**. **WILL YOU HELP US?**

Address,

F. S. SPENCE,  
52 Confederation Life Building,  
Toronto.

## BACK AGAIN

THE FAMOUS

## "BLACK KNIGHT"



REV. J. H. HECTOR

**will return to Ontario (D.V.) in December for a short lecture tour and is now open for engagements.**

**Applications for terms and dates should be made at once to**

**F. S. SPENCE,  
52 Confederation Life Bldg.,  
TORONTO, CAN.**

**Read the following specimen extracts from newspaper opinions of this MARVELLOUS MAN.**

## CANADIAN.

His speech was irresistible in its earnestness and pathos.—*Toronto Globe.*

A powerful address, full of humor and sanctified common sense.—*London Advertiser.*

A veritable outburst of true-spirited, natural eloquence, born of a devoted patriotism.—*Charlottetown Guardian.*

Succeeded without any apparent difficulty in keeping his audience in roars of laughter.—*Toronto World.*

The large assemblage was inspired, amused, thrilled and caused to weep almost in unison.—*Montreal Witness.*

## ENGLISH.

The embodiment of all that is best in his race—humorous, solemn, eloquent and pathetic.—*South Wales Argus.*

His inimitable drollery, mixed with the truest wisdom, completely took the gathering by storm.—*Christian World.*

Such an amount of hearty, healthy, wit-provoked laughter we have never heard before in one and a half hours.—*Methodist Times.*

A sparkling speaker, full of fire and dramatic action, and carries his audience along in a very tornado of eloquence.—*Templar Watchword.*

## Selections.

## HOW MY BOY WENT DOWN.

It was not on the field of battle,  
It was not with a ship at sea,  
But a fate far worse than either  
That stole him away from me.  
'Twas the death in the tempting dram  
That the reason and senses drown.  
He drank the luring poison—  
And thus my boy went down.

Down from the heights of manhood  
To the depths of disgrace and sin;  
Down to a worthless being,  
From the hope of what he might  
have been—

For the brand of a beast besotted  
He bartered his manhood's crown;  
Through the gate of sinful pleasure  
My poor, weak boy went down.

'Tis only the same old story  
That mothers so often tell,  
With accents of infinite sadness,  
Like the tones of a funeral bell;  
But I never thought once when I  
heard it

I should learn all its meaning myself;  
I thought he'd be true to his mother,  
I thought he'd be true to himself.

But alas for my hopes of delusion!  
Alas for his youthful pride!  
Alas! who are safe when danger  
Is open on every side?

Oh can nothing destroy this great evil?  
No bar in its pathway be thrown,  
To save from the terrible malestrom  
The thousands of boys going down?

—The National Advocate.

## "THE END THEREOF IS DEATH."

## A TRUE STORY.

Far away in bonnie Scotland, nestling among the Grampian Hills, in the little village of L—, where the subject of this narrative first saw the light. Hugh McGorman was born of honest, God-fearing parents, whose hearts swelled with joy and pride as they saw their only son grow up a sturdy, healthy lad, blest with a larger portion of brains than the one or the other of them had ever possessed. They determined that, though they might be an ordinary common-place couple, their only son should be something extraordinary, that is, if they had anything to say in the matter. So, from the first birthday of the little lad, a certain sum of money was laid aside every year to accumulate, both principal and interest, until he was old enough to be sent to an English University, to prepare for whatever career he should set his heart upon following. He was to make a name for himself, but whatever lay in their power to assist him was to be done.

As I said before, Mr. and Mrs. McGorman were an honest and God-fearing couple, fairly well-to-do in this world's goods, and their son was brought up in all the strict religious observances of so many of that class of people in Scotland. He was duly taught to observe the Sabbath, to attend church, to read his Bible, and to obey its precepts and observances, and carry them out in his daily life. As soon as he was old enough he was sent to the village school, where he soon overtopped all the other boys, and was taught all that the dominie could teach him. Then he began to attend the Grammar School in the neighboring town, where all his mental powers were soon brought into fullest play by the keen and incessant competition of the other lads. However, Hugh's powers were of the highest order; examination after examination was gone in for and passed with flying colours. His mind, having been well grounded from the beginning, was stored with a rich treasury of knowledge; many friends were acquired by him, and taken backwards and forwards to his quiet village home, where his father and mother always made both him and them right welcome. The proverbial Scotch hospitality was never lacking in this home, and always at this board were the lads pressed, as a matter of course, to take their regular glass of ale or wine. A little matter perhaps, some may think, but the result of which none could foresee!

Years passed on. Hugh's sixteenth birthday came and went, and soon the accumulated money was drawn up to send him to Cambridge. He now decided that he would study for a doctor, for which career, there was no doubt whatever, he was eminently fitted, and

straightway he plunged into all the work necessary to fit him for such a course. As a medical student he was an immense favorite with all. Handsome, genial, hearty, he made friends with everyone. At all houses where he visited the ready glass of wine or spirits was always offered still, and, as a matter of course, accepted. None but his most intimate chums knew that, after a few years had passed, Hugh McGorman was occasionally taken home to his rooms at night in such a befuddled state through drink that he could not have found his way there alone. None but these bosom friends knew the reason that his oak was sported the morning following these relapses, on pretext of illness, headache or something similar.

Hugh had always, from his very childhood, been accustomed to see wine or spirits on the table, and to partake of it (thank God that this custom is slowly but surely becoming a thing of the past) and so, quite unperceptibly, the subtle habit took possession of him with greater and more resistless force, until at last it became quite a foregone conclusion amongst his student friends that Hugh was invited to spend an evening out, he would invariably succumb to the influence of drink before the evening was half over, and require assistance to reach home safely.

"My dear fellow, why on earth can't you make up your mind to refuse to accept any more, when you feel you have had enough!"

"It's impossible, quite impossible! I do not believe I really know when that point is reached."

"Why, McGorman, you must feel your senses getting muddled and your wits deserting you, at a certain point. A bright, clever fellow like you! It's not as if you were a half-educated man, or half-witted, or anything like that."

"No, it's worse, far worse! The desire for more gets stronger hold upon me the more I take, and if I gave it up entirely I believe it would be the death of me."

"Old friend, you terrify and shock me! If the craving has already come to such a pitch as that, then, the only safe thing for you to do is to sign the pledge at once, and become a total abstainer. I have been a moderate drinker all my life, but I am ready this moment to sign the pledge if you will do the same. Dear old boy, do be persuaded; moderate drinking will never suit you! With your fiery nature and eager temperament, half measures will never do for you. It must be all or nothing!"

"Oh, nonsense! there's no harm done as yet! I can't do a thing like that all of a hurry. I must think over it and sleep upon it. My time at the hospital is nearly up, and when I blossom out in a full-blown medical practitioner, and get away from all the other fellows, and from the thousand and one temptations of town life, I shall be sure to do better, and feel the influence of the cursed thing less and less. You know my father has bought me a practice in Glasgow, and I am very shortly to be married."

"I only hope it may be so, but my experience is the other way about. Strike now, while the iron is hot! If you wait until you are setting up a practice of your own, you may have even less inclination then to get rid of the habit than you have now."

"Oh, hush, old man! let's change the conversation, now. I won't do it at present, so that's flat"; and, putting his hands in his pockets, his hat at the back of his head, and whistling a gay waltz tune, Hugh McGorman sauntered out of the room.

The young man who was left alone there looked after his friend with a grieved and sorrowful expression, and whispered to himself in a low voice: "I'm awfully mistaken if it's not the ruin of him, body and soul. He is far more under its influence than he dreams of, but there, it's no earthly use saying any more at present. I shall not leave off, however, as long as he is here, trying to get him to sign the pledge, for I am convinced 'tis his only salvation. With such a career before him, too! and such bright prospects! Oh, the pity of it, that he should be ruined and dragged down to hell by drink!"

The foregoing conversation took place one bright morning in June, between two medical students; both bright, good looking young fellows, evidently Scotch,