

# THE CAMP FIRE.

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## 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 sowing the land knee-deep with literature.—NEAL DOW.]

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 specially adapted to meet the popular demand for cheap, fresh, pointed, pithy Temperance Literature, for gratuitous distribution by our workers and friends.

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### MONTREAL PLATFORM.

The plan recommended to prohibition workers in the different constituencies, by the Dominion Prohibition Convention held at Montreal July 1884, was set out in the following resolutions:

"That this convention believes that prohibitionists ought to stand firmly by the position that in political matters they will support only known, avowed and reliable prohibitionists.

"That to aid in securing the nomination and election of such candidates, our friends everywhere are urged to organize prohibition clubs, which will take advantage of every opportunity to plan and work for the carrying out of the objects above set out."

"That in order to secure the nomination of prohibition candidates our friends take a more active part in political organization so as to secure the nomination, by all parties, of men who can be depended upon to support our cause, giving it to be understood distinctly that any other candidates will have their active opposition. That no candidate for Dominion Parliament or Local Legislature receive our support who will not publicly pledge himself to work in the interest of prohibition at every opportunity regardless of fealty of his political party."

"That where such prohibition candidates cannot be nominated by any political party, our friends nominate independent candidates, and make special efforts to secure their election."

### QUESTIONS FOR CANDIDATES.

The Executive Committee of the Dominion Alliance drafted the following as suggestive of forms of questions to be submitted by local workers to candidates for the Dominion Parliament.

1. Are you in favor of the prohibition of the liquor traffic?
2. If elected to the House of Commons will you support and vote for a prohibition liquor law?
3. Will you co-operate with the other members of Parliament who favor prohibition to secure the introduction and enactment of such legislation at the earliest possible opportunity?

### DO NOT LAUGH.

Do not laugh at that drunken man reeling through the streets. However ludicrous the sight may be, just pause and think. He is going home to some tender heart that will throb with intense agony; some doting mother, perhaps who will grieve over the downfall of him who was once her sinless boy; or perhaps a fond wife, whose heart will almost break with grief as she views the destruction of her idol; or may be a loving sister, who will shed bitter tears over the degradation of her brother, shorn of manliness and self-respect.—*Selected.*

### "THE GOOD OLD DAYS."

The eloquent George W. Bain, in speaking of the progress of reforms, says: "If grand ideas had waited for public sentiment, where would we be now? In the dim twilight of a tallow dip, instead of this electric light around us; on the ox-team instead of enjoying the speed and splendour of the pullman palace-car, and on the temperance question back in the custom of the days when a man could advertise the liquor business on the tombstone of his father, as was done when that inscription was made on a tombstone in the old country, which comes to us thus:

"Here lies below, in hope of Zion, The landlord of the Golden Lion; His son keeps on the business still, Obedient to his country's will."  
—N. T. Advocate.

### DIGGING HIS GRAVE.

General Scott was in command at Rock Island when the cholera broke out there, and, after various injunctions in his order as to sobriety and cleanliness, he added this curious paragraph, which was recently printed in the *Magazine of American History*: "An addition to the foregoing, the senior surgeon present recommends the use of flannel underclothing and woolen stockings; but the commanding general, who had seen much of disease, knows that it is intemperance which, in the present state of the atmosphere, generates and spreads the calamity, and that, when once spread, good and temperate men are likely to take infection."

"He therefore peremptorily commands that every soldier or ranger who shall be found drunk or sensibly intoxicated after the publication of this order be compelled, as soon as his strength will permit, to dig a grave at a suitable burying place large enough for his own reception, as such grave cannot fail soon to be wanted for the drunken man himself or some drunken companion. This order is given as well to serve for the punishment of drunkenness as to spare good and temperate men the labor of digging graves for their worthless companions."  
—*International Good Templar.*

### A SHORT AND EVER TRUE STORY.

The official board of a prominent Methodist Episcopal Church was in session, discussing the advisability of giving letters to twenty-seven of its members who wished to withdraw because the Church opposed their prohibition sentiments.

"I don't understand what these fanatical prohibitionists want," said the Hon. Mr. Smith, "Our Church, as a Church, has declared that the liquor traffic cannot be legalized without sin, and nothing stronger than that could be uttered. The man who sells liquor for a living is worse than a—"

Just then a sharp knock at the door.

"Come in," said the pastor. The door opened, and the portly form of the publican from across the street appeared in the doorway. He said:—

"Gentlemen, knowing this to be your regular meeting night, I decided to come over and inform you that I and my family have made up our minds to join your church, and help along the good work you are doing."

The speech was greeted with dumb astonishment by the members of the board. Dr. Williamson (the pastor) was the first to speak.

"Have you given up the public-house business?" said he.

"No, sir," replied the publican.

"Are you going to?"

"No, sir; I am conducting a respectable place, and see no reason why I should."

"W-e-l-l," slowly replied the pastor, "our church rules prohibit us from taking in dealers in intoxicating liquors, and for that reason we must refuse you."

"Oh," said the publican, a flush of anger coming into his already florid face, "I was not aware of that. On what ground does your church refuse to admit publicans?"

"On the ground that they are engaged in a business that sends souls to hell," replied Dr. Williamson. "The Bible says that no drunkard shall inherit the kingdom of God, and, therefore, no drunkard-maker can. More than that, our board of bishops has declared that the liquor traffic cannot be legalized without sin."

The publican, in an angry tone, asked, "Do you know that a great many of your members are regular customers of mine?"

"I have heard that some were," said Dr. Williamson.

"Do you know that two of this official board, now in this room, are among my regular customers?"

No reply; but two very red faces showed who had been hit.

"Do you know that I get my license from Judge Grant, who sits right here, for which I paid the regular license fee?"

"Hold on," said Judge Grant: "I did not make the laws, and I am compelled by the licensing laws to grant licenses; therefore I am not responsible."

"Well, the law was enacted by Mr. Smith there and other voters."

"You can't place the responsibility on me," said Mr. Smith. "I carried out the wishes of those who elected me. Had I been elected on the prohibition platform, I would have voted for a prohibitory law. My party stands for high license, and I voted for the law."

"I understand that fully, said the publican, "but I voted for you, so did Judge Grant, so did Dr. Williamson; so did the rest of this board and a great majority of the voters in your church. I took it for granted that all that voted for you believed in license. Now, I am politely told that I cannot join this heaven-bound band, and that I shall go to hell. Dr. Williamson here voted for you, Smith, to pass a license law which compels Judge Grant to give me a license—to go to hell. I am the fourth party to the agreement, and without the consent of you three I could not engage in the liquor business. Gentlemen, if your Bible is true, and I go to hell for selling liquor, you will go with me for voting to give me the legal right of doing so. Good night."

With that he vanished, closing the door behind him with a vigorous slam.

The members of the official board looked steadfastly on the floor; each one was doing some pretty serious thinking, when Dr. Williamson ended the silence by saying slowly,

"Brethren, the publican has told us some terrible truths. Let us go home and pray for light."—*Watchword.*

### PROGRESS IN SWEDEN.

Edward Wavrinski, P.R.W.G. Co., writes under date Feb. 12, as follows:— "We have just finished a prohibition congress at Stockholm, consisting of more than 100 representatives from organized teetotal societies of Sweden, each representing 2,000 members—total more than 200,000 Prohibitionists. The societies are:—The Grand Lodge of I.O.G.T., The Blue Ribbon, the Grand Lodge of T.O., and the Grand Lodge of N.O.G.T.; both the latter children of I.O.G.T. The Congress was a success, and made all through good impression. The day after met a Temperance Conference of "Temperance friends," partly moderates, amongst which are several strong teetotalers. Our influence is growing steadily, but our antagonists are desperate and very active."

### GETTING LIGHT.

An exchange says: "If business men would only see how the saloon system bleeds them at every turn, taking the money that should go into legitimate channels, raising rents, increasing taxes, corrupting clerks, in fact doing nothing but destroy business, they would, whatever their private habits, vote to break the saloon power." And this is what business men are beginning to see. Let this great truth permeate the business community, let merchants and tradesmen only realize that every dollar spent for beer and rum would go into the till of those who manufacture and sell articles which are a blessing to the purchaser were it not for the saloon, and the end of the saloon power is at hand.—*V. T. Advocate.*

**Read the offers to Clergymen in last column of Page 3. It will be withdrawn next month.**