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THE CAMP FIRE.

A Monthly Record and Advocate of the Temperance Reform.

VOL. VII. No 8.

TORONTO, ONT. FEBRUARY, 1901.

25 CENTS PER YEAR

Every one who receives this paper is respectfully requested to read every part of it carefully. It is a journal that no Canadian temperance worker can afford to be without. The subscription price is almost insignificant. In the great impending campaign for prohibition in Ontario it will be of intense interest and great value.

A STRONG APPEAL.

Mrs. Edith J. Archibald of Halifax delivered an address at the last Nova Scotia W.C.T.U. Convention in which she made an earnest plea for the suppression of the liquor traffic, closing up with the following stirring appeal.

"Men of Canada we appeal to you to make this Century just begun the brightest in the annals of the history of our country. If you will not now place in the hands of woman the weapon of the ballot, that she may use it for the protection of her home, at least see to it that you no longer force her to be an unwilling partner in the legalized sale of that which has power to leave its prison brand not only on this generation but on that yet to come.

"The essence of true patriotism is not so much to die for one's country as to live for it, and to live at one's best! We are a young nation; our history is to be written. We are writing it line by line, day by day, year by year. Some pages would be fair to see; bright with energy, industry and integrity. But there is a foul blot on every page so far, marring it all in the eyes of the world! Oh, men! wipe out that blot or the scroll of Canada's story will yet be wet with tears and blood! Wipe it out, I beseech you, in the name of the womanhood of the new century. All fair and bright and holy incentives are yours to make of this great Dominion a people whose God is the Lord."

JUDICIAL STATISTICS OF SCOTLAND.

The report on the Judicial Statistics of Scotland for 1899 shows that while the average apprehensions of the five years from 1893 to 1897 was 154,500, during 1899 no fewer than 176,524 persons were taken into custody charged with various offences. In 1898 the figures were 165,903. The total of 1898 was a record, but it is now exceeded by 10,621. Those charged with serious crime in 1899 number 2,153. The number charged with drunkenness and disorder reach the appalling total of 112,063. The following towns have the worst record in cases of drunkenness and disorderly conduct:—South Queensferry has a proportion of 1,424 cases in 10,000 persons, Falkirk 1066, Linlithgow 830, Cumnock 770, Clydebank 756.

The comment in the report on these figures is—"It remains terribly clear that we are farther than ever from getting rid of the huge volume of drunkenness and disorder which mark Scottish statistics so unfavourably as compared with those of other countries."—Good Templar.

GROWTH AND SPREAD OF LOCAL OPTION.

The growth and spread of Local Option—or Prohibition on the instalment plan—is seen in the following table from the "Prohibition Handbook and Voters' Manual":—

Alabama—Fifty out of sixty-six counties have Local Option.

Arkansas—Fifty out of seventy-five counties have Local Option.

California—175 towns and cities have Local Option.

Colorado—Fifty towns and cities have Local Option.

Connecticut—Seventy-five out of 125 towns and cities.

Delaware—Half the State has Local Option.

Florida—Thirty out of forty-five counties.

Georgia—All the State except four cities.

Illinois—650 towns and cities.

Indiana—140 towns.

Iowa—All the State except twenty-five cities.

Kentucky—Ninety out of 118 counties.

Louisiana—Twenty out of fifty-nine counties.

Maryland—Fifteen out of twenty-four counties.

Massachusetts—125 out of 175 towns.

Michigan—400 towns and cities.

Minnesota—400 towns and cities.

Missouri—Eighty-four out of 115 counties.

Mississippi—Seventy out of seventy-five counties.

Nebraska—250 towns and cities.

New Jersey—200 towns and cities.

New York—700 towns and cities.

North Carolina—Sixty out of ninety counties.

Ohio—500 towns and cities.

Pennsylvania—600 towns and cities and twenty counties.

Rhode Island—Twenty towns and cities.

South Carolina—All the State except ten cities.

Tennessee—Seventy out of ninety-six counties.

Texas—120 out of 246 counties.

Virginia—Fifty-five out of 106 counties.

West Virginia—Forty out of fifty-four counties.

Washington—Fifty towns and cities.

Wisconsin—300 towns and cities.

THE REAL CULPRITS.

Who then is responsible for the continuance of the daily grinding wretchedness of Canada's drink traffic? Sir Wilfrid Laurier—a statesman of no mean order—and Government, together with those who voted for the Parnalee amendment? Hon. A. S. Hardy and his allies? No, verily they are only symptoms of disease that lies much deeper. We will give both gentlemen the credit of believing that they would have cordially supported prohibition had there been a reasonable prospect that to do so would have been advantageous, and to fail to do so would have been disastrous. As they saw it, through the lenses of past experience, the temperance man was a gentle, easily entreated, spineless individual, whose principles could be relied on to collapse conveniently at any critical juncture. But the liquor man was an evil that must be tolerated and reckoned with, because his stock of hard-headed common sense is vast and of an adamant order. He cannot be coaxed or cajoled. As his official press mouth-piece once put it "This paper has no politics. It is for the trade, first, last and all the time."

Then the real culprit is the citizen, man or woman, who in this drawn battle between God and the fiercest forces of the bottomless pit, puts the success of a man, or a party, before the triumph of God's issue.

Yes, it is God's issue. You cannot say it too often or too loudly. Let us keep this thought to the fore and force it upon the minds of a party-bewitched electorate, until the enormity of turning their backs on it, under any pretext, shall have burned its way into the heart of the church membership of this country.

In the words of the Ontario section of the Methodist General Conference Temperance Committee:

"The prohibition question is of more importance than any of the other political issues of the day, and patriotic citizens are earnestly urged to unite, regardless of mere partisan consideration to secure the election of those who will stand by the right and by the people, and the defeat of those who have treated this great movement with hostility and contempt."—From annual address by Mrs. Thornley, President W.C.T.U.

NOTES.

The Manchester Women's Temperance Association recently declined a bequest of one hundred pounds from a brewer.

The Trustees of the California Good Templar Orphanage have received from a Mr. Upham a bequest of nearly \$80,000; with which they have paid off local expenses and a debt of \$25,000, and invested \$40,000 in 19,000 acres of additional profitable land.

FINLAND.—Mr. F. W. Linnbeck, at the recent Scandinavian Temperance Congress at Christiania, read a paper which stated that last year "out of 310 country districts from which returns had been received in Finland, 194 demand complete prohibition of the manufacture, sale and importation of intoxicating drinks; 60 districts demand the same or local veto power; 51 demand local option only, while three districts are content with the present position.

In the army in India last year over one-half of the men of the East Yorks, Hants, and Argyll and Sutherland Highland Regiments were pledged teetotalers, as were those of the 6th, 25th and 55th Royal Artillery; while the 4th and 15th R. A. Field Batteries had over 60 per cent., the 3rd Field Battery had 74 per cent., and the Southern Battery Garrison Artillery had 89 per cent. of their men on the roll of the Army Temperance (Total Abstinence) Association.

The New South Wales temperance leaders have just organized a "New Temperance Party" at a great demonstration in Sydney Town Hall, said to be the largest town hall in the British Empire—the party declining to vote for any parliamentary candidate save those who will support a law to give voters power to stop any increase in, effect a reduction in, or totally discontinue the grant of liquor licenses. The law now gives a popular veto over new licences. The Salvation Army, Christian Endeavour, and Church of England Temperance Society took part with the other temperance societies in inaugurating the new party.

THE PRESENT DUTY.

One present and pressing duty is a campaign of warning and education. The rising generation is not being forearmed against intemperance. Temperance instruction in the schools, according to the regulations, is not enough. The temperance lodges with their dominant insurance interest will not meet the need. It must be taken seriously. The prophets in the pulpit, on the platform, and in the press must take up the warning cry. The home must do its duty. Let there be no uncertain sound. The danger is very real and very near. The

stake is what is best in our young nation's life. Warning against the evil of intemperance and a positive upbuilding of moral character is a duty which cannot be neglected, and for the doing of which no legislation is needed, nor any delay. Let that be done.

Another duty is a campaign against the saloon and the treating system. There is difference of opinion as to the principle of prohibition; there is no difference of opinion, there can be none among informed and earnest people, as to the burdensomeness of the bar-room and the curse of social treating. The open bar, with its accompaniments, is an unmitigated evil. It is a constant temptation to the weak, a ministrant to every unholy passion, and the prolific mother of all the sins of the flesh. The bar part of the hotel business, and the saloon which is not a hostelry but a drinking place—for the continued existence of such institutions no excuse can be offered, and no defence, either on the ground of political economy or of personal liberty, can be made. Let an intelligent and wisely planned campaign against the saloon be waged throughout Canada and the public will come to feel its weight as an insufferable mountain of sorrow and loss and it will be dug out of the way. That done, the treating system will go with it, and the way will be open to consider the entire removal of the liquor business from the region of selfish interest and personal gain. But of that more hereafter.—The Westminster.

ALCOHOL AND ARSENIC.

Professor Huxley is worth listening to on any scientific subject, and a word of his is singularly appropriate when the interest of the country is excited on the arsenical poisoning caused by drinking beer. In a letter, published in his "Life and Letters," in a reply to a question as to what he thought of alcohol as a stimulant to the brain in mental work, he said:—"Speaking for myself (and perhaps I may add for persons of my temperament), I can say without hesitation, that I would just as soon take a dose of arsenic as I would of alcohol under such circumstances. Indeed, on the whole I should think the arsenic safer, less likely to lead to physical and moral degradation. It will be better to die outright than to be alcoholised before death. If a man cannot do brain work without stimulants of any kind, he had better turn to hard work. It is an indication on nature's part that she did not mean him to be a head worker."—League Journal.

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The Camp Fire.

A. MONTHLY JOURNAL
OF TEMPERANCE PROGRESS.

SPECIALLY DEVOTED TO THE INTERESTS OF
THE PROHIBITION CAUSE.

Edited by F. S. SPENCE

ADDRESS . . . TORONTO, ONT.

Subscription, TWENTY-FIVE CENTS a Year

NOTE.—It is proposed to make this the cheapest Temperance paper in the world, taking into consideration its size, the matter it contains and the price at which it is published.

Every friend of temperance is earnestly requested to assist in this effort by subscribing and by sending in facts or arguments that might be of interest or use to our workers.

The editor will be thankful for correspondence upon any topic connected with the temperance reform. Our limited space will compel condensation. No letter for publication should contain more than two hundred words—if shorter, still better.

TORONTO, FEBRUARY, 1901

PROHIBITION PETITIONS.

All who have on hand signed petitions to the Ontario Legislature, are earnestly requested to send them at once to the Alliance Secretary.

The Legislature is about commencing the business of the Session and it is specially desirable that all petitions should be presented at an early date.

If any petitions have not yet been completed, those who have them are specially requested to see that they are signed and sent in without delay.

GOOD WORK.

A vigorous campaign for the enforcement of the Scott Act has been inaugurated at New Glasgow, N. S. A mass meeting was held in St. James Church on the evening of January 11th, at which a Committee of representatives from the different churches of the town was appointed to take steps towards the employment of a special inspector to prosecute liquor sellers. The Rev. H. R. Grant offered to take the position without any salary and his earnestness and zeal roused the meeting to a high pitch of enthusiasm. Three hundred and fifty dollars was immediately subscribed to a law enforcing fund. This fund has since been considerably augmented and efforts will be made to put down the law defiance of which the decent people of the town are heartily ashamed.

A CRISIS FOR OUR CAUSE.

The Ontario Legislature is summoned to meet on February 6th. The question of liquor legislation is sure to be taken up. At last session the Government promised a measure for the consolidation of the inconsistent and defective patch work that makes up the present license law. Many petitions will be presented praying for a measure of prohibition on the lines already acted upon by Manitoba and Prince Edward Island.

No intimation has yet been given as to the intention of the Government in regard to the petitions to be presented. No doubt the liquor party, now unusually well organized and strong, will do its utmost to prevent any further progress. The Legislature must, however, face the stern fact that the people are overwhelmingly in favor of prohibition. Great majorities recorded in two plebiscites have made this clear. The Premier is a pronounced friend of the temperance cause, an officer of the Dominion Alliance, a P.M.W.P. of the National Division of the Sons of Temperance. Other mem-

bers of the Government are also friendly to this great reform. There is good reason to hope for the action which certainly ought to be taken.

It is a time for earnest effort on the part of all patriotic and progressive citizens. Nothing must be left undone to give the members of the House the impression that the Christian sentiment of the Province will be with them in an honest discharge of their manifest duty, and that the right-thinking voters in every constituency will stand by the men who in this crisis will stand fearlessly up for the right and do their best to wipe from our statute books the dark blot of the legislation of the unholy traffic in strong drink.

GREAT BRITAIN'S DRINK BILL.

The latest British Parliamentary Return relating to the liquor traffic shows that for the year 1900 there were issued in England, Ireland and Scotland a total of 172,101 retail liquor licenses, besides a number of so called occasional licenses issued for the short periods.

The total amount of spirits that paid duty for the fiscal year ending March 31st last, was 48,981,934 gallons. The total quantity of beer on which duty was collected was 37,090,986 barrels. The total gross revenue from the liquor traffic was 42,452,729 pounds sterling.

RUM'S WORK.

The Canadian Royal Templar for January publishes a sweeping record of nearly a dozen fatalities resulting from drink, some of them attended by circumstances of the saddest kind.

In one week's record of reported casualties through drink, the English Alliance News tells of five cases resulting in death, generally with accessories of heart rending character.

It is easy to set out the figures representing this fearful destruction and degradation. The figures however, really give no idea of what lies behind them. They convey no adequate information as to the terrible sorrow, deplorable disgrace, misery, shame and sin connected with every case enumerated.

How long will a so-called Christian civilization tolerate license, and encourage an evil that for ruinous results has no parallel in the history of heathen barbarism.

SALOON SMASHING.

A good deal of excitement is being stirred up in the Western States over the campaign inaugurated by Mrs. Carrie Nation at Wichita, Kan. The movement seems to be contagious, and, either through shamefacedness on account of the toleration of the illegal liquor evil, or for some other reason, the authorities have done little to check its growth. Mrs. Nation has been arrested several times, but so far has always been released.

It looks as if the law-enforcing authorities feared to have the question of their dereliction of duty considered by the courts, and also disliked to be placed in the position of using the machinery of the law to defend the institution that exists and operates in opposition to the law.

What the outcome will be is impossible to predict. Women in other cities have taken to following Mrs. Nation's example. In some cases male friends stand by and encourage their action. So far the saloon keepers have not done much in the way of physical resistance, although Mrs. Nation was slightly hurt on one or two occasions. If the action taken stirs apathetic officials into an attempt at the honest discharge of their duty the result must be beneficial whether the methods are to be commended or condemned.

TRUE TO PRINCIPLE.

Louis Albert Banks tells, in the Union Signal, of a Poughkeepsie business man, a widow's son, who started as a confectioner. He prospered in business, and became also a sincere Christian. By and by his principles were tested:

"One of his friends, who was one of the richest young men in the community and the best customer he had, came into his shop and ordered ten pounds of brandy drops. The young confectioner did not make these, but he ordered them from New York by express. Before they came, however, his conscience began to trouble him. Was he doing right in having a hand in selling these brandy candies? He knew that the young man who had ordered them would give them out among the young men and the young women of his acquaintance, and the result might be that more than one would get their first taste of intoxicating drink in that way, and no one could tell what sad result would come of it. On the other hand, if he refused to accommodate his customer, he would, no doubt, lose his friendship and his trade, and only drive him to someone else who would procure them for him. He could not sleep that night, and the more he thought about it, the more thoroughly convinced he became that it was not a Christian thing to have part in any way in putting temptation in the way of another. Having come to this conclusion, he acted with promptness and firmness. When the brandy drops came he immediately expressed them back to the wholesale firm in New York, and when the young man came around after them he frankly told him what he had done, and why. As he expected, the young man was very angry and full of contempt for him on account of what he called his 'fanatical notion.'

"That was the parting of the ways for these two young men. The poor young confectioner that stood by his principles has grown to be a wealthy and honored citizen, while the rich young tippler has long since gone to a dishonored grave, eaten up by his sinful lusts and appetites as Herod was eaten by worms.

"Our young hero maintained the same attitude as his business enlarged and broadened. He became after a while a caterer, and on his business cards through all the years, he has kept the plain and simple statement that not only would no wines and liquors be furnished by him, but he will not permit his servants to serve at a feast or dinner where they are used. He has many times lost hundreds and thousands of dollars by this fidelity to principle, but it has never tempted him to swerve for a moment, and, perhaps in the long run he has gained by it, even financially. His splendid fidelity to principle has been a great object lesson for good to all who have known him, and has helped by example and influence to banish the punch bowl and the wine glass from many a wedding feast and public dinner in that part of the country.

When the great Poughkeepsie railway bridge was nearing completion, a big dinner was given to the railway men of the country at that place. Our friend, as the leading caterer of the region, was secured for the occasion. But as the time drew near and he learned they intended to use wines, he refused absolutely to have anything to do with it, and so steadfastly did he abide by his purpose, that the wines were banished.

Who can tell how wide the influence for good such a business man spreads through the community? Like Peter's healing shadow, on whomsoever the influence of such a man falls, its effect is to strengthen him in purity and righteousness of life.—'Safeguard.'

A MIGHTY BARREL.

"Lit-Bits," in answer to a correspondent who asked for some idea as to the quantity of beer drunk throughout the world every year, said:—"If 'Anti-Beer' can picture a barrel 330 yards in diameter and twice as high as St. Paul's Cathedral, he will have some idea of the size of the world's annual beer barrel. The beer in the barrel would form a lake 6 feet deep, 3½ miles long, and a mile wide, and would allow of a distribution of two and three-fifths gallons to every man, woman, and child throughout the earth. The cost to the consumers is at the rate of nearly \$125,000 for every hour of every night and day."

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.

The victory won in the plebiscite was only the opening of a campaign in which the liquor traffic will do its utmost to block, delay, and if possible prevent our securing the enactment and enforcement of prohibitory 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. Literature won the plebiscite victory. We must keep up the 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.

Selections.

THE IDEAL CITY.

What makes a city great and strong?
Not architecture's graceful strength,
Not factories' extended length,
But men who see the civic wrong,
And give their lives to make it right,
And turn its darkness into light.

What makes a city full of power?
Not wealth's display nor titled fame,
Not fashion's loudly boasted claim,
But women rich in virtue's dower,
Whose homes, though humble, still are
great,
Because of service to the State.

What makes a city men can love?
Not things that charm the outward
sense,
Not gross display of opulence,
But right, that wrong cannot remove,
And truth that faces civic fraud,
And smites it in the name of God.

This is a city that shall stand,
A Light upon a nation's hill;
A Voice that evil cannot still,
A source of blessing to the land;
Its strength, not brick, nor stone, nor
wood,
But Justice, Love, and Brotherhood.
—Rev. Charles M. Sheldon.

SINCE PAPA DOESN'T DRINK.

My papa's awful happy now, and
mamma's happy too,
Because my papa drinks no more the
way he used to do;
And everything's so jolly now—'taunt like
it used to be,
When papa never stayed at home with
poor mamma and me.

It made me feel so very bad to see my
mamma cry,
And though she'd smile I'd spy the tears
a-hiding in her eye,
But now she laughs just like we girls—it
sounds so strange, I think;
And sings such pretty little songs—since
papa doesn't drink.

My papa says that Christmas time will
pretty soon be here,
And maybe good old Santa Claus will
find our house this year;
I hope he'll bring some sweeties, and a
dolly that can wink,
He'll know where our home is, I'm sure
—since papa doesn't drink.
—League Journal

The Tale Teller.

HER LAST ERRAND.

BY MRS. ELLEN ROSS.

"What did the Master tell St. Peter
to do to show his love? Not to preach
a doctrine for Him, but just to mind the
little children for Him, to care for them.
And look at the little children to-day!
See the long line with their pictures and
jugs, and hear the tramp of their little
ragged feet as they stream out of the
public-house! Care for them with
tender hearts!"—Mrs. J. K. BARNEY.

I.

"Do you know where Mrs. Simpson
lives, my dear?" asked a respectably
dressed working woman of a thin, ragged
little mite of about four years old, who
had just come out of a dirty little house
in a dirty long street of one of our manu-
facturing towns. The child was on her
way to the brilliant public house at the
corner of the street, quite near to her
home; and hugging her empty quart jug
to her bony, uncovered arms she looked
up at her questioner with wordly-wise
eyes, and answered, "What d'you want wiv
her? Have ya got aughtin' for'er? She's
my muvver. We lives there," nodding
over her shoulder. She spoke hoarsely,
and her words finished with a little cough.

"And where are you going?" asked
the woman kindly; "you ought to have
somethin' on, it's so bitter cold, and
you've got a cold, too."

"Ain't got nothin' to put on," said the
child, indifferently, "and I'm goin' for
muvver's beer, and I shall ketch it if I
don't be quick. You go in there, and
you'll find her."

The little thing passed on in the fog of
the December afternoon, and pushed
open the swing door of the brilliant
public house, like one very used to it.
At the bar she put her little bare feet on
the step provided for the child mes-

songers, her face just peering over the
marble counter, and asked in a business-
like way for a "a pint o' fourpenny."

She watched the spry barman keenly
as he drew her pint, to see that he was
going to give her the "long pull," nearly
a pint over. She put down her two-
pence with a satisfied air, and carefully
lifted the big jug, which was now a real
burden to her. With tiny cautious steps
she got it outside, and then sat down on
the step to have a drink. A tall lanky
girl of about ten rushed up to her crying
"Let's have a pull, too, Nance!"

"You shan't," screamed the little one,
hugging the jug to her bosom. "If you
touch me, I'll scream for the pleece, I
will!"

A man passing by warned the big girl
off, and bade Nancy be quick home. He
paused a moment to see her on her way,
but it was not a quick job that the child
had in hand, to get her load home with-
out spilling it, and her little blue fingers
were painfully numbed before she
reached the dreary shelter of home.

As she entered the squalid room she
found her questioner of a few minutes
before seated on one of their rickety
chairs, sobbing piteously. She glanced
at her inquiringly, and then putting the
jug in her mother's hands, she said,
"Some for me muvver, some for me!"

"I won't! you've been drinkin' it
already, I can smell ye," said the
mother angrily.

"Well, it wasn't yours; it was some
the man gev over, and I wants some o'
yours. Givme a drop, muvver?"

"Oh, no, no!" cried the visitor, horror-
stricken. "Surely, Jane, you wouldn't
let the little 'un touch drink! Come
here, my lamb, and sit on my lap. I'm
sure you're as cold as a little frog, and
there ain't much fire to warr ye."

The child did not move, but just looked
at her as at a curiosity.

"Oh, Jane!" cried the woman, still
with falling tears, "she's only a baby, and
yet she's like a little old woman! Oh,
it's so pitiful! However did things come
to this with ye? You and me as used to
be little gels together playing in our
country home, with our good father and
mother as took such care of us; and you
in a place like this now, with this poor
little thing, and that white baby that
looks as if it was dyin'; however did it
all come about? Oh, I'm sure it's all
along of the drink, Jane; I'm certin sure
it is! And what is this darlin' to come
to, brought up like this? Oh, I've had a
heavy heart for months a-tryin' to find
out where you was, but I think my
heart'll break now I've found you like
this! Oh, you must come away from all
this, back with me to the country, and
start a new life! And the dear little gel
must be brought up proper!"

Mrs. Simpson began to cry. She was
not sober, and she was longing for the
beer he child had brought, yet she could
not raise it to her lips in the presence of
her broken-hearted sister. She set the
jug down on the hearthstone amongst the
ashes, and began in a whining voice, "It
ain't my fault as we're like this. Tom
took to drink, and sometimes he earns
next to nothin', and we don't get food
enough. Then I must have a drop o'
somethin' to keep me up, and if I can
earn a honest shilling now and then I've
a right to have what I like."

"No, my dear lass; you've only a right
to do what's right. And it can't be right
for you, a mother, to be taking drink as
brings your home to such a plight as this;
and then to be sending that dear lamb,
bare-footed and half dressed as she is, to
the public. Oh, can anything be more
dreadful, more wicked than that? Come
here, darlin', come to me. I'm your
Auntie Susan. Haven't mother ever
told you 'bout Auntie Susan?"

The child now came slowly towards
her, the loving words having an attraction
for one who never heard them. Susan
Hepworth lifted her up and tried to draw
the thin scanty frock down over her cold
legs. "The child's fair chilled to the
bone," she said; "and see what a cold
she's got on her. Oh, Jane, if I'd got a
little 'un like this I should want to
cuddle her up night and day to keep her
warm and comfortable, and I'd spend my
last penny on her to get her warm things,
ay, and pretty ones, too. Oh, I've seen
poor children like this many a time, but
it never did come so close to me afore.
It's different like when it's your own
sister's child as is neglected and put
upon, and jest gev over to destruction,
as you may say."

She leaned over the little one, and her

tears fell on the tangled hair. When
she could control her voice again she
said, "Our blessed Lord calls them all
His little ones, and He says, 'Woe to
them that offend them and make them
to stumble!' And ain't you making
this dear lamb stumble, as He've gev
you to tend for Him, when she's learnt
from you to cry out for the drunkard's
drink? Oh, don't ever let it come in
her sight again. Give me that jug now,
and I'll give yer the price of the drink,
and let me pour the cur-ed stuff down
the drain. Now, Jane, give it to me,
and I'll set about getting you and the
dear child a nice tea."

There was such authority in the tender
voice that, after a little hesitation, the
miserable mother lifted the jug and
handed it to her sister. Mrs. Hepworth
put Nancy gently down, and opened a
back door to look for the sink. The
child followed her, and as she was about
to pour it away, stamped her little bare
feet, exclaiming, "You mustn't throw it
away, bad woman! Give me a drink!"

"No, no, lovie! It's bad, wicked
stuff, and it ought all to be thrown away.
Auntie'll get her somethin' good and
nice. Come and sit by mother, and
Auntie will run and buy lots of nice
things. Make up a good fire, Jane, your
house is as cold as a prison. Put the
kettle on, and I'll be back directly to get
tea ready."

II.

When Mrs. Hepworth left the wretched
home that night promising to come
again first thing in the morning, she left
a ray of hope behind her. The good
meal of which they had partaken to-
gether seemed to put new life into the
poor mother, who had not had such a one
for many a long day. She even felt
strong enough for the moment to promise
her sister that she would not touch
drink again that night; but shortly after
her departure the baby had a fit of con-
vulsive crying, and the old ghastly habit
again asserted itself. Notwithstanding
that Mrs. Hepworth had warned her
about Nancy's condition, that she was
hoarse and feverish, and evidently in for
a bad cold, the wretched mother turned
her out once more into the biting air to
the accursed house at the corner. It
was the little one's last errand. During
the night, while her parents were too be-
fuddled to realize the gravity of her con-
dition, she was battling with an attack of
croup, and while they slept heavily the
blessed Angel of Death came and bore
the neglected and ill-used lamb away to
the fold of the Good Shepherd.

When Mrs. Hepworth came in early
next morning and realized the piteous
state of things she was too overwhelmed
to speak. She went to the corner of the
room where little Nancy lay in her last
sweet sleep, and gazed through blinding
tears at the wasted form. At length in
a burst of grief she cried, "Bless the
Lord that her little race is run! Bless
the Lord that He has taken her to safety
and shelter, to comfort and love! Oh,
if He would but gather all such neglected
lamb into His bosom, sudden, all at
once! Poor dear children, whose
mothers love, drink better'n them! God
have mercy on them all, and take them
away from this cruel and wicked life to
His heavenly home!"

As she uttered these words in a hoarse
undertone of passion, her breath came
in gasps, and her arms were stretched
upward as if calling for righteous ven-
geance on behalf of the outraged child-
hood of our country.

A week or two later she had the satis-
faction of taking her sister, with husband
and baby, back from the sordid surround-
ings of town slum-life to the sane and
wholesome life of the country, where
they might have a better chance to begin
a new life, though, indeed, the tempta-
tions to drink are there, too, as elsewhere
in our benighted land, and the oppor-
tunities for child-oppression, and for
robbery of children's rights, flourish in
the sweet country places, too. The
little innocent victims of the drink
traffic go under, and make no sign.

"It is good when it happens, say the
children,

That we die before our time."

But will not the God of Justice and
Mercy, the Lover of little children, come
to reckon in judgment with this blind
nation, if it does not speedily rise up to
prevent their being led into temptation,
if it does not strive its utmost to deliver
them from the evil of the drink traffic?
—Alliance News.

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rours of laughter.—Toronto World.

The large assemblage was inspired,
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in almost a trice.—Montreal Witness.

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

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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 audi-
ence along in a very tornado of elo-
quence.—Templar Watchword.

NOW

Rise! for the day is passing,
And you lie dreaming on;
The others have buckled their armour
And forth to the fights are gone;
A place in the ranks awaits you,
Each man has some part to play;
The past and the future are nothing,
In the face of the stern To-day.

Rise from your dreams of the future—
Of gaining some hard fought field;
Of storming some airy fortress,
Or bidding some giant yield;
Your future has deeds of glory,
(Of honor (God grant it may!)
But your arm will never be stronger,
Or the need so great as To-day.

Rise! for the day is passing;
The low sound you scarcely hear
Is the enemy marching to battle—
Arise! for the foe is here!
Stay not to sharpen your weapons
Or the hour will strike at last,
When, from dreams of a coming battle,
You may wake to find it past!

—A. A. Proctor.

DOMINION POLITICS.

An incident that came under Miss Willard's notice is apropos of the present political situation. A man boarded a Detroit car, stationing himself on the rear platform. The conductor requested the passenger to enter the car; the passenger declined; the conductor insisted; then the irate passenger enquired in a vinegary manner, "What's a platform for, anyway, if not to stand on?"

The conductor's reply is worthy of a statesman of the machine order. It was, "No sir, it isn't to stand on; it's to get in on."

That seems to be the main purpose of present day party platforms—"to get in on"—and we have had a shining example of these iridescent pre-election promises with the government whose term of office has just closed.

There is no use saying we were not promised Prohibition. If we were not, then we were deliberately deceived into believing that we had been promised it. We knew nothing of the secret agreement to which Sir Wilfred Laurier referred when pressed for action, and by which he justifies inaction. At St. Mary's and Brockville, if nowhere else, the replies the Premier gave a prohibition delegation and a prohibition representative appeared to be conclusive and satisfactory, and were publicly and constantly used, during the plebiscite campaign, to settle the faith of the doubting Thomases. There were also ministers of the cabinet, notably Mr. Fisher, who assured the country, in language that could not have been more explicit, that a prohibition majority would bring a prohibition law.

The whole affair reminds us of a story I heard when in Grey county. The first railway prospected in that section had, as a sort of advance agent, an old military man. His tactics were worthy of a Machievelli. Wherever he went, the farmers were gathered together, generally in the open air, and after the usual laudatory discourse upon the benefits of railway facilities in general and the desperate need of such a prosperity-promoting agent for Grey county, someone was sure to ask the pertinent question, "If we take stock, will the railway come near our farms? Will it be of real advantage to us?"

The Colonel's reply was always the following, or a slight variation of it: "Do you see that stump? If you do your duty by this thing I promise you that the track for the new road will run either this side of that stump or the other side, or maybe we'll have to dig the stump up and run the roadbed right over the place where the roots were."

What more could his auditors ask?

The canny Scotsman, the level-headed Britisher and the enthusiastic Celt agreed that the assurances given were ample, and down went their names for stock.

As these subscription meetings were held in all parts of that large and irregular district the impossibility of prospecting the line according to promise is apparent at a glance. If all the indicated stumps had been included it would have been a zig zag affair indeed. In time the story took wings and those who

had to choose between the Colonel's truthfulness and the railroad's crookedness demanded an explanation, which was forthcoming as follows: The Colonel said: "It didn't matter where they built the railway; it had to run one side or the other of all those stumps. In fact, if it bordered the Atlantic or Pacific ocean it would still be according to the agreement, AS HE UNDERSTOOD IT."

Unfortunately for the stockholders this secret understanding laid a blight upon the legitimate hopes of the bulk of them. A secret understanding that is at variance with the apparent meaning of an agreement, and that, if made public, would totally destroy the value of the agreement in the eyes of one party to it, is—dishonorable.—Mrs. May R. Thornley.

LAWLESSNESS.

What is the condition of the great municipalities in America so far as regards the observance and administration of law? Let Mr. Edwin L. Godkin, in his "Problems of Modern Democracy," describe the condition of New York in this regard. On page 144 he writes:—

If the newly-arrived emigrant is a man of parts and energy, or rises above the condition of a manual labourer into that of a liquor-dealer or small contractor, he finds himself impeded or helped at every step by "pulls." If he wants a small place in the public service he must have a "pull." If he wants a Government contract, he must have a "pull." Whether he wants to get his just rights under it, or to escape punishment for fraud or bad work in the execution of it, he must have a "pull."

"In the ward in which he lives he never comes across any sign of moral right or moral wrong, human or divine justice. All that he learns of the ways of Providence in the government of the city is that the man with the most "pulls" gets what he wants, and that the man with no "pulls" goes to the wall. Every experience of the municipality satisfies him that he is living in a world of favour and not of law. He hears that large sums of money are voted every year for the cleaning of the streets, but he sees that they are not cleaned.

"He hears that it is forbidden to throw out dirt and ashes into the highway, but he sees that all his neighbours do it with impunity. He hears that gambling houses and houses of prostitution are forbidden, but he sees them doing a roaring trade all around him. He hears that it is a crime to keep a liquor-saloon open on Sunday, but he finds the one he frequents is an accessible on Sunday as on any other day. He hears that licenses to sell liquor should be granted only to persons of good character, but he sees that the greatest scoundrels in his neighbourhood get them and keep them as readily as anyone else.

"He has come over the sea with the notion that magistrates should be grave and discreet persons, learned in the law, but he sees seated on the bench in his own district his own friend, Billy McGrath, who plays poker every night with him and "the boys" in Mike Grogan's saloon, and in court always gives his cronies "a show." Nowhere does he come on any standard of propriety or fitness in the transaction of public business, or on any recognition of such things as duty or honour in dealing with the public interests."—Selected.

PHASES OF THE FIGHT.

A London correspondent says that the Belgian Government has offered a prize of a thousand francs for the best picture depicting the evils of drunkenness; Denmark has passed a law securing medical attention for drunken persons at the expense of the publican who supplied the last drink; Norway prohibits the spending of more than three pence at one visit to any public-house; the little German State of Waldeck refuses to grant marriage licences to habitual drunkards; Michigan has recently insisted on public-house frequenters carrying licences; and the Argentine Republic has set us all an example by turning its drunkards into the streets with its spades and brooms. England has yet to make up her mind how to deal with her drunkards.—Alliance News.

A GREAT OFFER.

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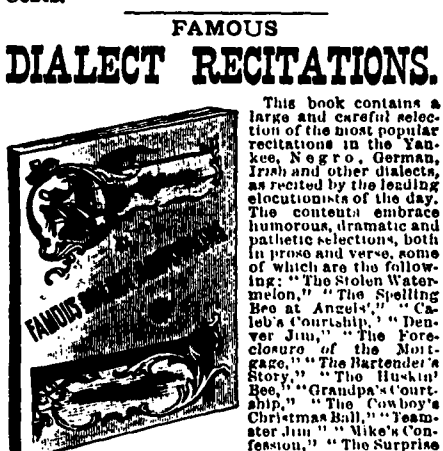
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