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THE CAMP FIRE.

A Monthly Record and Advocate of the Temperance Reform.

VOL. VI. No. 12.

TORONTO, ONT. JUNE, 1900.

25 CENTS PER YEAR.

NOTES OF NEWS.

FROM THE FIELD OF FIGHT.

A Mighty Army.

Northern Europe contains the following estimated number of total abstainers:—Sweden, 260,000; Norway, 200,000; Denmark, 100,000; and Finland, 20,000; an aggregate of 580,000 adherents.

Drink Did It.

A report comes from Ottawa of a brutal murder back on the Sucklingham River, directly caused by drink. A man named McCabe was buying furs from Indians and irritated one of them who had been drinking hard. The Indian killed the trader with an axe.

Work in Welland.

Mr. Robert Coulter an old and tried friend of the prohibition cause, is working hard to secure a thorough organization of prohibitionists with a view to electoral action in the County of Welland, Ont., at next general election.

Where Liquor Rules.

The *Chicago New Voice*, reports that the municipal election this year in Milwaukee, Wis., was a most disgraceful saloon campaign, the liquor party taking a prominent part and succeeding in electing ten saloon keepers to the common Council and seven liquor dealers to the Board of Supervisors.

Progress in France.

On Thursday, May 3rd, the Minister of War for France issued an order prohibiting the sale of spirits inside barracks on all military camps and manoeuvring grounds. The prohibition does not extend to wine and beer, but covers distilled liquors and fermented liquors to which any alcohol has been added.

Well Organized.

Press despatches from Manitoba state that the prohibitionists have been thoroughly organized throughout the Province and are in good fighting shape, with a branch organization in every electoral division, and a prohibition committee in nearly every township. The work being done at present is urging the Legislature and Government to enact an effective measure of provincial prohibition.

A Bad Chief.

The *Daily Guardian*, of Charlottetown, P.E.I., calls attention to the fact that the Chief of the Fire Department of that city who was some time ago fined for selling liquor without a license, was lately arrested and fined for drunkenness. The *Guardian* strongly urges the City Council to dismiss this discreditable official, but apparently thus far without effect.

Work in the Army.

The Kildonan Castle, which took nearly 3,000 officers and men to South Africa, in the early part of March, was the scene of several Temperance meetings organized by Lieut. Webb, of the 3rd King's Own Scottish Borderers. The commander of this fine vessel and the officer commanding the troops readily gave permission for the meetings to be held. Eighty-two pledges were taken, including that of Capt. Robinson, the commander of the steamer, who took part in addressing the meetings, as did also Colonel Witham, Majors Laurie, Barrie, and McKie, Capt. Sir A. Grierson, Bart., and Lieuts. McCall, Cochrane, and Bell. Four branches of the Army Temperance Association were formed.

A Champion Conquered.

A press despatch from New York states that the champion beer drinker of that city recently dies in Bellevue Hospital, aged forty three. Previous to his admission to the Hospital he had drunk on an average, seven quarts of beer daily. His weight had increased from 180 pounds to 460 pounds, and he had not been able to sleep except in a rocking chair. He was suffering from the most severe case of cirrhosis of the liver that had ever been known in the hospital.

A Basis for Union.

The Temperance Committee of the Wesley Methodist Conference of England has issued a strong appeal in favor of progressive temperance legislation in Great Britain. This manifesto speaks of the urgent necessity for immediate reformation of the liquor laws, and states that the minority report of the Liquor License Commission is a fair and practical basis for union among men of different views upon the subject of temperance legislation. The manifesto is signed by the President of the Conference, seventeen ex-Presidents and a great array of Chairmen of Districts.

Grand Lodge of England.

The Good Templar Grand Lodge of England Annual Session at Southampton, at Easter, passed off with great eclat. The Hon. Mrs. Eliot Yorke and leading townspeople entertained the Grand Lodge members every day. The adult and junior membership was reported to be over 105,000, in over 2,000 branches, including 2,600 Naval and Military members—and of the latter about 500 were with their regiments in South Africa—in addition to members under other Grand Lodge jurisdictions. The Grand Lodge re-affirmed the demand for Local Option by Direct Veto and for Sunday closing, and generally approved of Lord Peel's Report on Licensing, but demurred to the compensation proposals and to any delay in Local Veto legislation.

The sessions were presided over by the veteran Joseph Malins who had just returned after a tour round the world in the interests of the temperance cause, during which he had travelled 40,000 miles and been greeted everywhere with great enthusiasm by his co-workers.

Good Templary and the War.

Perhaps the war in South Africa generally has produced no parallel to the calamities which have befallen a much-respected family named Webster, whose home is in Kimberley, and who were among the besieged. A 12-in. shell exploded in Mr. Webster's dining room, when Mrs. Webster, who had three weeks before been confined of a baby boy (who had only lived three days) had her leg so smashed that it had to be amputated three inches above the knee; her eldest daughter had her arm wounded; a son had his leg broken, his arm broken, and his hand nearly severed at the wrist; while a younger son, five and half years old, was killed outright. All suffered, of course many hardships, and the youngest survivor of the family, a girl of eighteen months, is still in hospital, and, though progressing favorably, weighs at last report only thirteen pounds. Mr. Webster, was an officer of the Good Templar Grand Lodge of Central South Africa, which embraced British and Boers, and whose annual session was due at Kimberley this Easter, but it is postponed till peace brings the brethren together again. The English Lodge Deputy in Kimberley was killed by a shell, and the roof of the Good Templar Hall was burnt. The G. Sec. is Walter Scott, a Scotchman, now in Capetown; and the Grand Chief Templar is a Boer, a Mr. Broeksma, of Johannesburg (where four British and

four Boer Lodges were working), and he names three Good Templar Boers killed in action. General Roberts has a Good Templar, Niel McWilliams in his body-guard. There are two Dutch Good Templar lodges in Pretoria, and thirty lodges in the British Army in South Africa.

RESULTS ARE INEVITABLE.

As shadow follows substance so surely does harm follow the use of strong drink, says Dr. T. D. Crothers emphatically. "The central point I wish to emphasize is that moral insanity follows all use of alcohol, and is present in all inebriates to a greater or less degree." As surely as a hot iron will burn the flesh, so surely will alcoholics injure both body and mind of those who drink it. The boast of the young man, "Drink does not hurt me," is false—absolutely false. He does not know himself. He is reckoning without his host. So able a man as Dr. Harlow, Superintendent of the Maine Insane Hospital, wrote me a remarkable letter. He states, "It is quite a frequent occurrence to have patients brought to us, between the ages of 50 and 70, who in early life were given to the use of alcoholic drinks, but had reformed and lived temperate lives ten, twenty or thirty years prior to the appearance of their malady, showing conclusively, to my mind, that the alcohol taken thus early left a damaged brain doubly susceptible to mental derangement."

I have in mind a man who inherited an excellent constitution, but who in early manhood took to the cup. Later he radically reformed and there never was a more abstemious man for the next thirty years, yet as age came on, he began to turn his mind back to what he had been in the days of his indulgence. He re-acquired the same looks on his face, the same motions and actions of body, the same wonderings and hallucinations of mind as when he used to drink. His daughter said it was pitiable to see him, it was such a painful reminder of his former condition she so much witnessed when she was a little girl.

But worse than all this is the damage done through the drinker upon his offspring. They suffer to a degree beyond his own. Think of a whole large family, so-called sons and daughters, every one made a fool or near it by parental drinking. Go up and down the town and observe the idiots, the under-wits, the stunted heads and bodies, the nervous and hysterical and otherwise injurious bodies and minds and ask what has done it? And in almost all cases liquor through their parents is the proper answer.

A school teacher investigated the case of one of his scholars that had the appearance of being drunk. The fact was developed that not the pupil, but his father did the drinking. I personally knew a man past middle life who from a young man had the unsteady step, the broken and hesitating speech and other nervous irregularities characteristic of the appearance of old toppers. I charged him with drinking. He denied. I then spoke to some of his friends and was told to my surprise that he never drank, but that these drunken symptoms were begotten in him by his drunken parentage, running back several generations.

No, it is not safe to drink, either directly or indirectly; the mischief done will leak out. Consequences must follow, though they may not be expressed till in the third or fourth generation. Can one take fire into his bosom and not be burned? No more can one indulge in strong drink and escape. There is somewhere or at sometime an inevitable retribution. Drink and be damned. Such is the close logic, or let alone and be safe, you and your posterity.—Dr. E. Cheney in *National Advocate*.

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PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND LEADS.

A SPLENDID EXAMPLE.

Provincial Prohibition a Fact. Great Victory for the Temperance Cause.

Just before this edition of the "CAMP FIRE" is printed off, a press despatch announces the third reading by the Prince Edward Island Legislature of a Prohibition Bill for the Province. This Act was the principal business of the session, which was prorogued on Saturday, June 9th. It was introduced as a Government measure by which the Premier stated his Cabinet were prepared to stand or fall. The Bill absolutely prohibits the retail sale of liquor excepting for sacramental, medicinal, or scientific purposes. Stringent restrictions are imposed upon all permitted traffic. Wholesaling is also prohibited except to druggists and physicians for permitted purposes, and in cases where the liquor is sold for consumption outside the Province.

THE ONTARIO GRAND LODGE.

The Annual Session of the Grand Lodge of Canada, I.O.G.T., will be held at Ottawa commencing at nine o'clock a.m. on Wednesday, July 27th.

The usual arrangements have been made with the railways, delegates will purchase single tickets and secure standard certificates which will entitle them to reduced return rates on the usual conditions. It is expected that the meeting will be one of much importance and interest.

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, JUNE, 1907

COMING CONVENTIONS.

The annual convention of the Ontario Branch of the Dominion Alliance will be held in the City of Toronto on Tuesday, July 17th. It will be followed by the Annual Meeting of the Council of the Dominion Alliance to be held in the same city on July 18th.

Both these meetings will take place opportunely. The question of national prohibition is now being considered by the Dominion Parliament. The action to be taken will no doubt have its influence in the approaching general election. The intense dissatisfaction that prevails throughout the Dominion over the unfair treatment of the prohibition question by the Dominion Government, will be a force in the campaign, unless something should be done by Parliament before the close of the present session.

Provincial prohibition is also in the air. Manitoba and Prince Edward Island are leading the way in measures proposing to restrict the liquor traffic to the limits of constitutional provincial power. Other provinces will speedily follow in the line.

The indignation and annoyance, perhaps discouragement, felt after the Provincial and Dominion Plebiscites, which showed public sentiment, but brought about no practical legislation, are fast changing into determination to secure such changes in Provincial and Dominion Parliamentary representation as will give some effect to the loudly voiced sentiment of the people in favor of the suppression of the drunk evil. The cause of civilization will be served if politicians are taught that they cannot trifle with moral issues, nor play tricks with the best and most conscientious part of the electorate.

It is probable that the coming conventions will be strong in numbers, in sentiment, in expression and in practical action.

PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND.

The present Liberal Government of Prince Edward Island holds office by the closest possible majority, having had its strength seriously impaired because of public disapprobation of the license law recently enacted, and which is now in mischievous operation in the city of Charlottetown, all the rest of the Province being under prohibition through the operation of the Scott Act.

In the Province of Prince Edward Island a Plebiscite was taken by the local Government on the question of prohibition in 1893. The result was as follows:—

Votes cast for prohibition 10,616

Votes cast against prohibition 3,390

Majority for prohibition 7,226

In the Dominion Plebiscite of 1898 the vote of Prince Edward Island was as follows:—

For prohibition 9,461

Against prohibition 1,146

Majority for prohibition 8,315

The prohibitionists of Prince Edward Island are following the example of their friends in Manitoba in pressing vigorously for the enactment of a provincial prohibitory law.

On Thursday, May 24th, an influential representative deputation of temperance men from different parts of the Province waited upon the Prince Edward Island Government and asked to have introduced into the Legislature, a Bill which they had prepared.

Premier Farquharson stated to the deputation that he had submitted to the Dominion Minister of Justice certain questions relating to the powers of the Provincial Legislature, but had not yet received a definite answer. If the Government will not promote the legislation asked for, it will no doubt be introduced into the Legislative Assembly by a private member.

MANITOBA.

Newspapers are publishing semi-official forecasts of the Manitoba Prohibition Bill which is to be introduced into the Legislature at Winnipeg early during the present week.

It is stated that the Act which will come into force on June 1st, 1901, will provide for the entire prohibition of all liquor selling either in bulk or by the glass, except in drug stores, which are to be permitted to sell under very stringent regulations, and for permitted purposes only.

The penalty proposed for the first offence is a fine of not less than \$200 and not more than \$1,000 and the penalty for a second or subsequent offence, imprisonment for not less than three months with hard labor, without the option of a fine.

Wholesalers and manufacturers are to be permitted to carry on their business, but will only be allowed to sell liquor in Manitoba to the drug stores above mentioned. Manufacturing may go on, but only for export to some place beyond the boundaries of Manitoba. Wholesalers and manufacturers will however be prohibited from giving liquor to any person in the Province, either for money or without payment.

The importation of liquor into the Province by any private party except for his own use will also be prohibited. Stringently worded clauses provide for the enforcement of the law. Extensive powers are given to inspectors and rewards are provided for the securing of convictions.

OFFICIAL DESPOTISM.

The *Montreal Witness* has been inquiring into the case of Corporal Courtney of A Battery, Kingston, who has been severely punished for insubordination. He declined to carry out the order of Major Faeges who instructed him to march his men to the canteen to be served with beer in which to drink Her Majesty's health. Corporal Courtney has strong convictions on the temperance question, and on account of his obedience to those convictions in preference to obedience to his superior officer, was reduced to the ranks.

It looks unfortunately, as if dis-

obedience to orders in the Canadian Militia is to be dealt with differently in the case of those who desire to encourage drinking habits from the way in which it is to be dealt with when the offenders are anxious to promote sobriety and morality.

The Militia regulations prohibit the sale of intoxicating liquor at camps. It is a notorious fact that last year this regulation was flagrantly, openly, persistently set at defiance in the presence of officers in many places. Attention was called to this breach of discipline, but none of the offenders so far as the public know, has yet been called to account for his insubordination.

The principle at issue as the *Montreal Witness* points out, is not a new one. Religious convictions before now have led brave soldiers to refuse to obey instruction which their superior officers had no moral right to give. Upon investigation these courageous soldiers have been fully sustained. No man's obligations as a soldier should compel him to sacrifice his allegiance to what he believes to be righteous, the more so when no real issue of discipline or military usefulness is at stake.

It is to be hoped that the Militia Department will promptly interfere on behalf of a man who evidently is made of good soldier stuff, and against the petty tyranny that would take advantage of its position to seek to compel men to violate their conscience as well as to defy the law.

There may be a curious complication in the problem of whether or not the supplying of beer at the canteen was not illegal. Is it right for a military officer to command a subordinate to violate the law, which both are sworn to enforce? Is a Major at liberty to defy the Militia Department while a Corporal must be punished for declining to obey a Major?

THE IMPERIAL PARLIAMENT.

In the Imperial House of Lords on May 8th, the Bishop of Winchester moved a resolution declaring that it was desirable to give legislative effect to the recommendations contained in both minority and majority reports of the Royal Commission on the Licensing Laws. Even a measure so moderate as this would no doubt in Great Britain be progressive and useful.

The Marquis of Salisbury, the Premier, took strong ground against the motion, and surprised even the staid House of Lords by his retrogressive and liquor favoring proposals. He strongly denounced the proposal to prohibit children under sixteen from bringing beer from public houses. Also the proposal to prohibit the sale of liquor on Sunday, and to regulate liquor selling on steamboats. He denounced the proposal to deny a great number of people the sustenance to which they had a right because other people got drunk and stated that the legislation was proposed by the cellared people to affect the cellarless people.

The discussion became almost a controversy between the Bishops and the other members of the House of Lords. Viscount Peel strongly opposed the Premier's sophistries as did also the Archbishop of Canterbury. The resolution was finally altered so as to simply request the Government to lay before Parliament legislative proposals founded upon the recommendations contained in the reports. Even this modified form was defeated on the following division:—For the resolution 42, against the resolution 45.

IMPORTANT.

TORONTO, 1900.

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 last year 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

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Address,

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

THE SONG OF THE OLD, NEW BATTLE.

We are sons of heroes valiant
As the Northland kings of old,
When they sailed the ice-clad ocean,
Ever conquering, strong and bold.
'Tis a war for Truth and Freedom,
For our God and native land,
'Tis against the foul usurper
That we wage the conflict grand!

And we hurl our weapons with heart
and will,
In battling with the evil we strike to kill,
For the conquering spirit is with us still,
Never our courage shall wane!
Then, "Clang, battle-ax, flash, brand!"
Clang, battle-ax, flash, brand!
Clang, battle-ax, flash, brand!
Let the white Truth reign!

We are storming Error's castle,
We are hastening, one and all,
Do you see its frowning turrets,
Battlemen's black, grim and tall?
Shoulder now set close to shoulder,
O'er the bridge we force our way,
Do you hear the clash of armor?
See the foeman's blank dismay!

Ho! ye brave, who love true glory,
Come and join this glorious fight!
Be among the loyal soldiers
Who defend the Home and Right!
Lift the Prohibition banner,
Let it waft its message grand,
'Till in victory's golden moment
It shall float o'er rescued land.

—Lillian M. Heath, in *The New Voice*.

THE DEATH OF A DRUNKARD.

We will just promise that the drunkard's amiable wife had before fallen a victim to his brutality and unmanly neglect:—

"Fasten the door, Mary," said the young man hastily. "Fasten the door. You look as if you didn't know me, father. It's long enough, since you drove me from home; you may well forget me."

"And what do you want here, now?"
"Shelter," replied the son; "I'm in trouble; that's enough. If I'm caught I shall swing, that's certain. Caught I shall be, unless I stop here; that's as certain. And there's an end of it."

"You mean to say you've been robbing, or murdering, then?" said the father.

"Yes, I do," replied the son. "Does it surprise you, father?" He looked steadily in the man's face, but he withdrew his eyes, and bent them on the ground.

"Where's your brothers?" said he, after a long pause.

"Where they'll never trouble you," replied the son. "John's gone to America, and Harry's dead."

"Dead!" said the father, with a shudder, which even he could not repress.

"Dead," replied the young man. "He died in my arms, shot like a dog, by a gamekeeper. He staggered back, I caught him, and his blood trickled down my hands. It poured out from his side like water. He was weak, and it blinded him, but he threw himself down on his knees, on the grass, and prayed to God, that if his mother was in heaven He would hear her prayers for pardon for her youngest son. 'I was her favourite boy, Will,' he said, 'and I am glad to think, now, that when she was dying, though I was a very young child then, and my little heart was almost bursting, I knelt down at the foot of the bed, and thanked God for having made me so fond of her as to have never once done anything to bring the tears into her eyes. Oh, Will, why was she taken away, and father left?' There's his dying words, father."

"I was her favourite boy, Will," he said, "and I am glad to think, now, that when she was dying, though I was a very young child then, and my little heart was almost bursting, I knelt down at the foot of the bed, and thanked God for having made me so fond of her as to have never once done anything to bring the tears into her eyes. Oh, Will, why was she taken away, and father left?" There's his dying words, father."

"I shall be carried back into the country, and hung for that man's murder. They cannot trace me here, without your assistance, father. For aught I know, you may give me up to justice, but unless you do, here I stop, until I can venture to escape abroad."

The girl wept aloud, and the father, sinking his head upon his knees, rocked himself to and fro.
"If I am taken," said the young man, "I shall be carried back into the country, and hung for that man's murder. They cannot trace me here, without your assistance, father. For aught I know, you may give me up to justice, but unless you do, here I stop, until I can venture to escape abroad."

For two whole days all three remained

in the wretched room, without stirring out. On the third evening, however, the girl was worse than she had been yet, and the few scraps of food they had were gone. It was indispensably necessary that somebody should go out, and as the girl was too weak and ill, the father went, just at nightfall.

He got some medicine for the girl, and a trifle in the way of pecuniary assistance. On his way back, he earned sixpence by holding a horse, and he turned homewards with enough of money to supply their most pressing wants for two or three days to come. He had to pass the public-house. He lingered for an instant, walked past it, turned back again, lingered once more, and finally slunk in. Two men whom he had not observed were on the watch. They were on the point of giving up their search in despair, when his loitering attracted their attention, and when he entered the public-house they followed him.

"You'll drink with me, master," said one of them, proffering him a glass of liquor.

"And me, too," said the other, replenishing the glass as soon as it was drained of its contents.

The man thought of his hungry children and his son's danger. But they were nothing to the drunkard. He did drink, and his reason left him.

"A wet night, Warden," whispered one of the men in his ear, as he at length turned to go away, after spending in liquor one-half of the money on which, perhaps, his daughter's life depended.

"The right sort of a night for our friends in hiding, Master Warden," whispered the other.

"Sit down here, said the one who had spoken first, drawing him into a corner. "We have been looking arter a young un. We came to tell him it's all right now, but we couldn't find him, 'cause we hadn't got the precise direction. But that ain't strange, for I don't think he know'd it himself, when he came to London, did he?"

"No, he didn't," replied the father. The two men exchanged glances.

"There's a vessel down at the docks, to sail at midnight, when it's high water," resumed the first speaker, "and we'll put him on board. His passage is taken in another name, and, what's better than that, it's paid for. It's lucky we met you."

"Very," said the second.
"Capital luck," said the first, with a wink to his companion.

"Great," replied the second, with a slight nod of intelligence.

"Another glass here, quick," said the first speaker. And in five minutes more the father had unconsciously yielded up his own son into the hangman's hands.

Slowly and heavily the time dragged along as the brother and sister, in their miserable hiding place, listened in anxious suspense to the slightest sound. At length a heavy footstep was heard upon the stairs. It approached nearer, it reached the landing, and the father staggered into the room.

The girl saw he was intoxicated, and advanced with a candle in her hand to meet him. She stopped short, and gave a loud scream, and fell senseless on the ground. She had caught the sight of the shadow of a man reflected on the floor. They rushed in, and in another instant the young man was a prisoner, and handcuffed.

"Very quietly done," said one of the men to his companion, "thanks to the old man. Lift up the girl, Tom. Come, come, it's no use crying, young woman. It's all over now, and can't be helped."

The young man stooped for an instant over the girl, and then turned fiercely to his father, who had reeled against the wall, and was gazing on the group with drunken stupidity.

"Listen to me, father," he said, in a tone than made the drunkard's flesh creep. "My brother's blood and mine is on your head. I never had kind look, or word, or care, from you, and, alive or dead, I never will forgive you. I speak as a dead man now, and I warn you, father, that as surely as you must one day stand before your Maker, so surely shall your children be there, hand in hand, to cry for judgment against you." He raised his manacled hands in a threatening attitude, fixed his eyes on his shrinking parent, and slowly left the room, and neither father nor sister ever beheld him more on this side of the grave.

When the dim and misty light of a

winter's morning penetrated into the narrow court, and struggled through the begrimed widow of the wretched room, Warden awoke from his heavy sleep and found himself alone. He rose and looked round him. The old flock mattress on the floor was undisturbed; everything was just as he remembered to have seen it last, and there were no signs of anyone, save himself, having occupied the room during the night. He inquired of the other lodgers and of the neighbours, but his daughter had not been seen or heard of. He rambled through the streets, and scrutinised each wretched face among the crowds that thronged them with anxious eyes. But his search was fruitless, and he returned to his garret, when night came on desolate and weary.

For many days he occupied himself in the same manner, but no trace of his daughter did he meet with and no word of her reached his ears. At length he gave up the pursuit as hopeless. He had long thought of the probability of her leaving him, and endeavoring to gain her bread in quiet elsewhere. She had left him at last to starve alone. He ground his teeth and cursed her!

He begged his bread from door to door. Every half-penny he could wring from the pity or credulity of those to whom he addressed himself was spent in the old way. A year passed over his head; the roof of a gaol was the only one that had sheltered him for many months. He slept under archways and in brick-fields, anywhere where there was some warmth or shelter from the cold and rain. But in the last stage of poverty, disease, and houseless want, he was a drunkard still.

At last, one bitter night he sunk down on a door-step faint and ill. The premature decay of vice and profligacy had worn him to the bone. His cheeks were hollow and livid, his eyes were sunken, and their sight was dim. His legs trembled beneath their weight, and a cold shiver ran through every limb.

And now the long forgotten scenes of a misspent life crowded upon him. He thought of the time when he had a home—a happy, cheerful home—and of those who peopled it, and looked about him then, until the forms of his elder children seemed to rise from the grave, and stand about him, so plain, so clear, and so distinct they were that he could touch and feel them. Looks that he had long forgotten were fixed upon him once more; voices long since hushed in death sounded in his ears like the music of the village bells. But it was only for an instant. The rain beat heavily upon him, and cold and hunger were growing at his heart again.

He rose and dragged his feeble limbs a few paces further. The street was silent and empty; the few passengers who passed by at that late hour hurried quickly on, and his tremulous voice was lost in the violence of the storm. Again that heavy chill struck his frame, and his blood seemed to stagnate beneath it. He coiled himself up in a projecting doorway, and tried to sleep.

But sleep had fled from his dull and glazed eyes. His mind wandered strangely, but he was awake and conscious. The well-known sound of drunken mirth sounded in his ear, the glass was at his lips, the board was covered with choice rich food—they were before him, he could see them all, he had but to reach out his hand and take them—and, though the illusion was reality itself, he knew that he was sitting alone in the deserted street, watching the rain drops as they pattered on the stones, that death was coming upon him by inches, and that there were none to care for nor help him.

Suddenly he started up in the extremity of terror. He had heard his own voice shouting in the night air, he knew not what or why. Hark! A groan!—another! His senses were leaving him; half-formed and incoherent words burst from his lips, and his hands sought to lacerate his flesh. He was going mad, and he shrieked for help till his voice failed him.

He raised his head, and looked up the long dismal street. He recollected that outcasts like himself, condemned to wander day and night in those dreadful streets, had sometimes gone distracted with their own loneliness. He remembered to have heard many years before that a homeless wretch had once been found in a solitary corner, sharpening a rusty knife to plunge into his own

heart, preferring death to that endless, weary, wandering to and fro. In an instant his resolve was taken, his limbs received new life. He ran quickly from the spot, and paused not for breath until he reached the river side.

He crept softly down the steep stone stairs that lead from the commencement of Waterloo Bridge down to the water's level. He crouched into a corner, and held his breath as the patrol passed. Never did prisoner's heart throb with the hope of liberty and life half so eagerly as did that of the wretched man at the prospect of death. The watch passed close to him, and he remained unobserved, and after waiting until the sound of footsteps had died away in the distance, he cautiously descended, and stood beneath the gloomy arch that forms the landingplace for the river.

The tide was in, and the water flowed at his feet. The rain had ceased, the wind was lulled, and all was, for the moment, still and quiet, so quiet that the slightest sound on the opposite bank, even the rippling of the water against the barges that were moored there, was distinctly audible to hear. The stream stole languidly and sluggishly along. Strange and fantastic forms rose to the surface, and beckoned him to approach; dark gleaming eyes peered from the water, and seemed to mock his hesitation, while hollow murmurs from behind urged him onwards. He retreated a few paces, took a short run, a desperate leap, and plunged into the river.

Not five seconds had passed when he rose to the water's surface, but what a change had taken place in that short time in all his thoughts and feeling! Life—life—in any form, poverty, misery, starvation—anything but death. He fought and struggled with the water that closed over his head, and screamed in agonies of terror. The curse of his own son rang in his ears. The shore—but one foot of dry ground—he could almost touch the step. One hand's breadth nearer, and he was saved; but the tide bore him onward, under the dark arches of the bridge, and he sank to the bottom.

Again he rose and struggled for life. For one instant—for one brief instant—the building on the river's banks, the lights on the bridge through which the current had borne him, the black water, and the fast flying clouds, were distinctly visible. Once more he sunk and once again he rose. Bright flashes of fire shot from earth to heaven, and reeled before his eyes, while the water thundered in his ears, and stunned him with its furious roar.

A week afterwards the body washed ashore some miles down the river, a swollen and disfigured mass. Unrecognized and unpitied, it was borne to the grave, and there it has long since mouldered away.—From *Charles Dickens' Sketches by Boz*.

THE THIRST REMOVER.

The German bill to permit licensed hotelkeepers to sell liquor on Sundays to bona fide travellers is one of the triumphs of constructive statesmanship, which shine like lamp posts in the legislative career of the member for Welland.

This effort to abolish the Sunday thirst of the wayfaring man would inevitably fill a long felt want and other vacuums.

The German bill seems to have left the fair hands of Mr. Edward Dickie in a sadly incomplete state.

It is all right for the Legislature to say at the instance of W. M. German, M.P.P., that every bona fide traveller shall be able to obtain liquor at a licensed hotel during prohibited hours on Sunday.

How is a bartender to know a bona fide traveller from a member of the Ontario Legislature?

The Legislature's clear duty is to define the exact meaning of those mysterious words, "a bona fide traveller," and the German bill will admirably suit the Hotelkeepers' Association if it includes the decision of the eminent Irish judge, who ruled that "every man with a bona fide thirst is a bona fide traveller."—*Evening Telegram*.

PLATFORM POINTERS

FACTS FOR PROHIBITIONISTS.

There are two or three facts that Prohibitionists ought to have always ready, like a cowboy's revolver, to fire back, promptly and effectively, in reply to this noisy but harmless old squib.

The first is: There is no Prohibition state, city or town in the country where conditions with regard to the drink evil and its results, even though the law is not as well enforced as it might be and should be, are not better than they ever were under any form of "regulation."

The second is: There is no state, city, or town in the country, from Sitka to Atlanta, where Prohibition has been repealed and any form of "regulation" substituted for it without a large increase in drunkenness and other evils of drink.

The third is that, just as faithless and corrupt old party politicians in office in Prohibition states and cities prostitute themselves and their offices for political favour and bribes of the liquor power, so, all over the country, whenever, under low license, high license, or state control statutes exist for the "regulation" of the liquor traffic, the same shameful and shameless official prostitution takes place, and regulation of the drink traffic doesn't regulate anywhere; until regulation has become the most colossal failure and the most monumental fraud of all the failures and frauds of our governmental system.—Selected.

LIQUID BREAD.

I remember once seeing over the door of a public house in Liverpool, "Good ale is liquid bread." I went into the house, and said, "Give me a quart of liquid bread."

The landlord said, "Ah! first rate sign, isn't it?"

"Yes," said I, "if it's true."

"Oh, it's true enough; my beer is all right."

"Well, give me a bottle to take home." He gave me a bottle of this liquid bread. I took it to an analytical chemist, and said to him, "I want you to tell me how much bread there is in this bottle."

He smelled it, and said, "It's beer."

"No, no," said I, "it's liquid bread."

"Well," he said, "if you will come again in a week, I'll tell you all about it." In a week's time, I went to learn all about the liquid bread. The first thing about it was that 93 per cent. of it was water.

"It's liquid, anyhow," I said: "we'll pass that. Now let us get on to the bread."

"Alcohol, five per cent."

"What's alcohol?" I said.

"There's the dictionary!—you can hunt it up for yourself."

I hunted it up and found alcohol described as a "powerful narcotic poison." "Well," I thought, "this is the queerest description of bread I ever read in my life."

Then he gave me a number of small percentages of curious things, which he had carefully put down on a piece of paper, and which amounted to about a thimbleful of dirty-looking powder. That was the bread—two per cent.

"And there would not be so much as that," said the chemist, "if it were good beer. This is bad beer."

"So the better the beer, the less bread there is in it!"

"Certainly. It is the business of the brewer to get the bread out of it, not put bread into it."

This is the simple scientific truth with regard to beer, and the case is stronger with regard to wine and spirits. There is practically no nourishment at all in them.—W. S. Caine.

THE VOICE OF SCIENCE.

I. WHAT IS A FOOD?

(1.) H. A. Hammarsten, professor of physiological chemistry in Upsala, University of Sweden says: "Those bodies are designated as food which have no injurious action upon the organism, and which replace those constituents of the body that have been consumed in the exchange of material (metabolism) or that can prevent or diminish the consumption of such constituents."

(2.) Dr. Gould, compiler of the Medical Dictionary, defines food as "Anything

used for the nourishment of or formation of tissue," and defines nourishment as "Anything that enters into the formation of living tissue."

(3.) W. H. Howell, as editor of the American Text Book of Physiology and professor of physiology in John Hopkins University, defines food thus: "What we eat and drink for the purpose of nourishing the body constitutes our food. . . . The food is utilized to repair the wastes of the body, i.e., the destruction of the body material which goes on at all times. . . . And in addition it serves as the source of heat, mechanical work and other forms of energy liberated in the body."

II. IS ALCOHOL A FOOD?

(1.) Robert Koppe, M.D., in an address before the International Medical Congress, in Moscow, in 1897 said: "The opinion that alcohol would be a useful source of heat energy in the human organism in consequence of its combustibility is not scientifically justified. The consideration alone that a substance will burn in our body in no wise justifies its dietetic use as a source of heat energy. Morphine, as is well known, burns in our bodies into oxyd morphin. Happily, however, it has not yet occurred to any one to proclaim morphine for this reason, a proper source of energy for the human organism, as is unfortunately done in the case of ethyl alcohol."

(2.) Prof. H. W. Conn, of Wesleyan University says: "A physicist could experiment with gun powder and prove that it is easily oxidized and gives rise to a large amount of heat and energy. From this it might be argued that gun powder is a most useful kind of fuel for cooking stoves. Such a conclusion would be hardly less logical than the conclusions that have been drawn from these experiments with alcohol, and which regard it as a useful food for the body. Gun powder is a most unsafe fuel because of its secondary effects, and in the same way the food value of alcohol cannot be determined by its power of being oxidized, but must include the consideration of its secondary effects as well."

(3.) H. F. Hewes, M.D., of Harvard, says of Professor Atwater's experiments: "These experiments merely show that the body can derive some energy from alcohol. This does not in itself entitle alcohol to be placed among the food substances in the hygienic sense of the term, which is the sense in which the schools and people in general use the term, food. If it did, such a violent poison as muscarine, the active principle of the poisonous plants of the mushroom family would have to be classed with the foods, since it also is oxidized in the body with liberation of its continued energy."—Union Signal.

TEMPERANCE SOLDIERS.

In the House of Commons on Monday, Mr. Weir asked a question as to the provision made for the necessities of temperance men at the front. Mr Powell-Williams replied: "The Secretary of State has no doubt that Lord Roberts makes every arrangement possible for the Temperance men among the troops." In answer to an inquiry on the same subject made privately by Sir Wilfrid Lawson some time ago, the following letter was received by him:—"War Office, March 5th, 1900. Dear Sir Wilfrid,—You will be glad that I am able to tell you that the only beverages supplied at the public expense to the troops for daily consumption are tea, coffee, and cocoa. (Occasionally, at the discretion of the General commanding or medical officers, lime juice is issued, or a small ration of rum added. The provision of all other beverages, whether alcoholic or non alcoholic, is managed by the regimental institutes under the control of commanding officers, and we have no reason to suppose that the wants of abstainers in South Africa are less assiduously cared for than at home. . . . One must bear in mind that whilst in standing camps aerated waters can always be manufactured and produced, it is impossible to take them on rapid marches over broken country, owing to their weight and the liability of the bottles to get broken. You will, however, be re-assured to learn that tea, coffee, and cocoa are invariably taken, even when beer and other alcoholic drinks are not—Yours very truly, (Signed) J. Powell-Williams."—Alliance News.

A GREAT OFFER.

READ CAREFULLY.

You need this paper. You will need it more and more as the prohibition fight gets hotter and hotter, and the 100,000 voters begin to get in their work. Read carefully what is said about it in column headed "Important" on page 2.

Although the price of the CAMP FIRE—Twenty-five cents per year—is very low, we have decided to make a special offer of premiums for subscriptions received during the early part of the present year.

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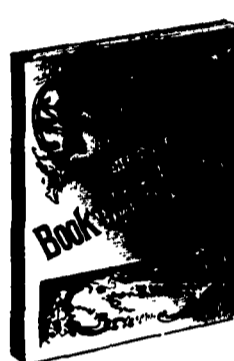
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A CART-LOAD OF FUN.



This is a new book, just published, and contains One Hundred and Sixty-six funny stories, Anecdotes and Jokes such as Mark Twain, Max Adler, Josh Billings, Bill Nye, R. J. Burdette, and many others. It is full of fun and nonsense from cover to cover, and a sure cure for "the blues." All the best jokes, anecdotes and stories of recent years have been carefully selected, and are now offered in this large and splendid collection, which will be richly enjoyed by all who love genuine humor and fun. Among the titles of the anecdotes and stories contained in "A CART-LOAD OF FUN" are the following: "A Man with a Liver," "Punkin Pie," "Potts and the Light-nuz Red Man," "How to Go a Courtin'," "Baungart-nuz Dog," "Stove's Elephant Story," "Marriage a Scheme to Manufacture Happiness," "Mrs. Jones's Burglar," "The Facts About Sam Snyder," "Deacon Amos Tunderlin Disposes of His 'Old Case of Pills du Roi,'" "The Dead Gulch Christmas Tree," "A Prizeval Scrap," "Marthy Becomes Reconciled," "Unc' Ephraim's Wisdom," "A One-Horse Hotel," "He Concluded not to Commit Suicide," "Queerly Married," "Hannah was Aroused," "How the Tired Patient Man had his Feelings Hurt," "Why the Tree Man Departed," "Jones's Baby," "Breaking up a Cat Concert," and 84 others. "A CART-LOAD OF FUN" is a book of 64 large, double-column pages, neatly bound in attractive colored paper covers, and will be sent by mail post-paid upon receipt of only Ten Cents.

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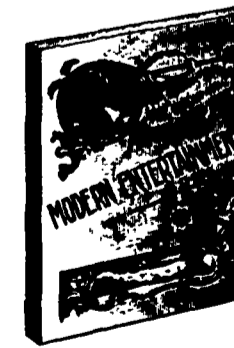
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"Modern Entertainments" is the title of a new book by Mrs. Elsie W. Merriman, describing numerous forms of entertainment for evening companions which have been successfully given by versatile hostesses in all parts of the country. "How can we entertain without dancing or cards?" is the ever-recurring question of that large class who consider such amusements harmful, and this book has been written to meet this precise need. Its possession will enable any hostess to entertain her friends and acquaintances in a manner thoroughly enjoyable, and without dancing or cards. It is the entertaining material needed in this line for many successive seasons. The following are the titles of the entertainments described: "Entertainment as an Art," "An Initial Entertainment," "The Modern Sewing Bee," "The Five Senses," "An Enjoyable Musicale," "The Round Table," "A Valentine Party," "The Bohemians," "A Book Party," "A Geography Party," "A Charade Party," "A Kindergarten for Adults," "An Evening with the Occult," "The Artists at Play," "A Spinning Party," "A Drawing Attraction," "A Hallow'en Party," "A New Year Party," "Our Door Entertainments," "Breakfasts," "Luncheons," "Teas," "Dinners," "Wedding Anniversaries," "A Meeting of Celebrities," "Entertainments for Children," "An Old Fashioned Party," "A Punch and Judy Party," "A Modern Battle," "A Mystic Circle," "A Shooting Match," "A Peanut Party," "A Christmas Entertainment," "A Hurly Burly," "Modern Entertainments" is a book of 64 large double-column pages, neatly bound in attractive paper covers. It will be sent by mail post-paid upon receipt of only Ten Cents.

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