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# THE CAMP FIRE

A Monthly Record and Advocate of the Temperance Reform.

VOL. VI. No. 4.

TORONTO, ONT. OCTOBER, 1899.

25 CENTS PER YEAR

## 100,000 VOTERS

### A GREAT CAMPAIGN.

Special attention is called to the movement set out in circular printed on last page of this paper. We have no hesitation in warmly commending it to all friends of the temperance cause in the Dominion of Canada.

The Secretary of the Dominion Alliance will promptly furnish copies of the circular on application, and also copies of the proposed pledge to be signed, which is in the following form.

#### PLEDGE.

We, the undersigned, promise that at the next general election for the Dominion Parliament, we will vote only for such candidates as will agree to do all in their power, if elected, to obtain the immediate enactment of such legislation as will secure the total prohibition of the liquor traffic in at least those provinces and territories that gave majorities for prohibition in the plebiscite.

This pledge is null and void unless 25,000 signatures to it are secured.

Full particulars of the progress of this campaign will be published from month to month in the *CAMP FIRE*, which will thus be of special value to all interested in this important movement.

Friends who are pushing work to secure the 100,000 voters enrolment, are respectfully requested to send to the *CAMP FIRE* from time to time full details of the progress of their work and the success with which they are meeting.

### THE BALANCE OF POWER.

In the Plebiscite of 1898 there were polled 273,380 votes in favor of prohibition. The 100,000 Voters Movement asks that about one-third of these, pledge themselves to carry into the next general election the principle for which they have already declared.

One Hundred Thousand Voters would be an average of nearly five hundred in each constituency. If distributed about as the prohibition vote was distributed in the Plebiscite, and unitedly exercised, it would enable us to elect a prohibitionist to Parliament from at least every one of the 129 constituencies that gave prohibition majorities, thus giving us control of the House of Commons by a majority of about forty-five.

We ought to aim at this result. The attainment of any considerable part of it would compel the enactment of a prohibitory law. We have in Parliament at the present time, many friends whose hands are weakened by the fact that prohibitionists have never made a demonstration in their favor. We owe it to our friends to make them stronger. We owe to our cause the duty of opposing those who have opposed it. No higher object was ever sought by any political movement in the Dominion of Canada. It deserves to be cordially supported. It deserves to be enthusiastically advocated. It deserves the warm and energetic co-operation of every Christian voter.

## NOTES OF NEWS.

### FROM MANY LANDS.

#### A Great Revival.

A great total abstinence campaign has been carried on during the past year at Newcastle, Eng. Ten thousand people have signed the pledge.

#### Going Backward.

A movement has been commenced by the organized liquor sellers of Montreal to secure the enactment of legislation authorizing the sale of intoxicating liquor on Sundays.

#### Drink and Crime.

At the recent convention of the Catholic Total Abstinence Union in Chicago, the city prosecutor stated that the arrests made in that city annually because of drunk, amounted to 65,000.

#### A Bad Record.

Since the coming into operation of the mullet law in Iowa, the increase of crime has been very marked. In 1889, under prohibition, the arrests reported for drunkenness, vagrancy, assault and disturbance of the peace, were 1,406. In 1898 there were 4,158 arrests made for the offences named.

#### A Vast Revenue.

The amount of duty collected by the British Inland Revenue Department on liquor manufactured, for 1898-9, amounted to £30,103,373. The customs duties on liquors imported amounted to £5,844,719, making a total liquor revenue of £35,948,092. This does not include license fees paid by the enormous number of retail liquor sellers.

#### Wants no Drink Revenue.

Hon. Mr. Schreiner, Premier of Cape Colony, South Africa, is a strong opponent of the liquor traffic. At last general election he opposed the imposition of any duty upon any liquor manufactured in the colony, on the ground that the liquor traffic is an evil, and no state should derive any prosperity or financial benefit from what produced ruin and degradation in the community.

#### Physical Deterioration.

The increasing consumption of alcohol in France, which has been widely discussed and deplored, is showing its effects upon the population. Of conscripts for the army in 1831, twenty-one per cent. were sent back as not physically up to the standard required. In 1868 the percentage was 28 and in 1894 it had reached 34 per cent. In Caen 50 per cent., and in Havre 75 per cent., of the men taken in 1897, were unfit for service.

#### An Important Meeting.

The annual convention of the Ontario Woman's Christian Temperance Union will be held in Guelph, from October 30th to November 3rd. An interesting circular has been issued giving details of arrangements made. The usual fare and a third rates are allowed on the certificate plan. Mrs. E. L. Hill, Box 36, Guelph, has charge of billeting. In view of the present critical position of the prohibition movement in Canada, this convention will be of unusual interest and importance.

#### A Colony to Vote.

In less than three months there will be held a general election in New Zealand, in connection with which a poll will be taken on the liquor question, the result to decide whether or not the traffic is to go on in the different districts voting. The New Zealand Alliance has five organizers in the field and a number of local electoral districts are also employing agents to give their time to house to house canvassing in favor of prohibition.

#### Teetotal Soldiers.

Reports show that in the British Imperial Army there are 35,983 enrolled abstainers. Of these 22,208 are in the Force stationed in India, every third man of which has signed the pledge. The Army Temperance Association which has vigorously pushed the work that has had such magnificent results, has also an honorary membership which now amounts to 5,018. This makes a total of 41,000 abstainers in the British Army in connection with this single association.

#### Prohibition in New Zealand.

The Clutha District is an interesting part of the colony of New Zealand that came under prohibition on July 1st 1894, through the operation of local option legislation. The result is shown in the following table setting out the number of convictions made in the district for three and a half years after the enactment of prohibition, as compared with the convictions made during the previous three and a half years under license.

	LICENSE	PROHIBITION
Drunkenness	146	6
Breaches of peace	15	6
Assaults	11	4
Obscene language	13	8
Disorderly Conduct	13	1
	198	25
Other offences	77	82
	275	107

The prohibition in the Clutha has been only partial owing to the existence of wholesale licenses. If full measures give such results, what would be the effects of complete prohibition?

#### Liquor for the Yukon.

The Yukon Territory is nominally under prohibitory law, no liquor being allowed to enter the Territory except under special permit issued by the Minister of the Interior. It is well-known however, that through the operation of the permit system provided the liquor traffic is carried on interfering disastrously with the moral and material well being of both natives and emigrants.

An Order in Council has recently been issued regarding permits, and is in the following terms:—That each permit issued by the Minister of the Interior shall be signed by such officer as the minister may designate for the purpose; that the fee to be paid for each permit shall be the sum of two dollars per gallon under proof and that such fees shall be and become a part of the liquor revenue of the Yukon territory; that any person taking or importing, or attempting to take or import spirituous or malt liquors or other intoxicants into the Yukon territory who has not first obtained a permit from the minister in the manner hereinbefore mentioned shall be liable to penalties provided by ordinance in that behalf enacted by the commissioner, or council of the Yukon territory.

## THE TRAIL OF THE SERPENT.

### SOME SAD SAMPLES.

The month of September had the usual record of sad disasters and serious crimes directly traceable to intemperance.

Seldom have our people been more shocked than they were by the disgraceful story told of the brutality and crime of the drunken stokers on board the wrecked steamer Scotsman, at Belle Isle. The details as made public are a terrible arraignment of the liquor habit, showing to what depths men can be reduced by the dementia of intoxication.

On Sunday, Sept. 6th, the body of a man was found floating in the bay at Toronto. He had last been seen drinking in a bar room on the preceding Friday evening.

A New Glasgow despatch of Sept. 18th, told a sorrowful story of a drunken man who lay sleeping on the railway track and was instantly killed by a passing train.

It was only a day or two later that a drunken laborer seventy years of age, beat his wife to death at Smith's Falls while under the influence of strong drink.

A similar case barely stopped short of fatal results at Toronto, on September 21st, when a drunken man chased his wife out of the house, striking her as she fled, with a heavy brick. He then demolished the interior of the building with an axe, and defied the police to arrest him.

It would be easy to fill columns with similar instances were we to draw upon our American and English exchanges for the information. The Chicago Tribune which has kept a careful record of crime for ten years, states that during that period the saloons of the country are chargeable with 53,000 murders, and another authority asserts that twelve per cent. of the suicides that take place in France are directly traceable to strong drink.

#### SPARKS FROM THE ANVIL.

No tolerance of the rum fiend or any of his agents.

As good citizens you can do better work by helping to deplete the prisons than by paying taxes to enlarge them.

Patriotism is no less the minister's duty than piety.

The man who is not prepared to be as radical as truth will never wear a reformer's crown, or bear a reformer's martyrdom.

I have never known a lazy man, or a selfish man, or a coward to earn a martyr's crown as a reformer.

"Good citizenship" means conflict rather than repose; the activity of men rather than the seclusion of hermits; battling with public iniquity as the ever implacable foe of good government.

No prohibition law anywhere, however poorly enforced, ever failed to give enough of beneficent result to justify its enactment.

A political party may not expect to change the hearts of men engaged in iniquity, but it may help to prevent the wicked deeds of their hands.

The Decalogue and the Golden Rule have been banished from many an editorial sanctum that is ostensibly respectable.

A political party, however useful, is only an implement, a piece of machinery, a means to an end. When a party claiming to be influenced by principles ceases to act as if in aid of public righteousness, it is time for it to die; it ought to die, and it probably will die.—*Micalf.*

# 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, OCTOBER, 1899

## 100,000 VOTERS.

On the last page of this paper will be found an appeal to the prohibition electors of Canada for co-operation in perhaps the most practical temperance political effort yet made in Canada.

It is proposed to enrol 100,000 electors pledged not to support at next general Dominion election any candidate who will not aid in securing effective legislation against the liquor evil. The movement ought to receive united and enthusiastic support from all classes of moral reform workers.

Over and over again prohibitionists have been told that they can only attain their object by electing prohibitionists to parliament. It is time for us to take a stand in regard to this matter, and we can best begin by declaring that no candidate unfavorable to prohibition can receive our support at the polls.

The circular to which we refer, explains itself so fully that it is not needful to add much to its definite statements, and earnest appeals. If its purpose is carried out, the result will not merely be a refraining from voting on the part of prohibitionists, but the nomination and support either by present parties, or independently, of men who will fulfil the conditions prescribed.

The action recommended is in harmony with the declarations that have been made by many temperance bodies and conventions. It is radical enough to produce results of great advantage to our cause, if fairly carried out. It is reasonable enough to command the co-operation of nearly all who will make party predilection subordinate to high principle.

The Dominion Alliance Executive Committee before adopting this policy, submitted it in detail to leading friends of prohibition in every part of the Dominion inviting criticism upon it, and asking advice concerning it. Of about one hundred replies received, ninety promised co-operation, and only six out of the one hundred disapproved of the proposal.

Of the disapprovers, some thought that the present duty of prohibitionists was to unite with the Conservative Party to defeat the Government; some thought that we ought to demand the immediate enactment of total prohibition for every part of the Dominion, and accept nothing less. As stated, however, the vast majority approved of the plan suggested, which has thus been endorsed by an immense number of those best qualified to speak intelligently and advise wisely on the question.

The success of this movement will give our cause a power and a prestige such as it never has had before. It will make us able to influence the nomination and election of Members of Parliament in one-half the constituencies of the Dominion. We cordially commend it to our readers and urge them to do all they can in its support.

## METHODS OF WORK.

In working out the 100,000 Voters League plan, friends of prohibition will act wisely by suiting their methods of work to their respective localities.

In some places it may be found best to have a union of churches, in some places a union of temperance organizations, in some places a union of both. Sometimes it may be desirable to divide the territory to be canvassed, among the different organizations. Sometimes the work may be best accomplished by letting a union committee control the whole.

The main idea is to have experienced workers wisely decide what method can be most usefully employed and effectively carried out, and then to have all unite on that plan.

No place should be left untouched. No name that can be secured, should be neglected. Every added name is added strength to the movement, and an influence for good both in the locality in which it is secured and throughout the length and breadth of the Dominion.

The movement should be brought up and advocated in every temperance organization, in every young people's church society, in every social circle, at every public meeting and in every other place in which a consideration of it can be secured.

If anyone has any doubt in his mind regarding any particular method of procedure, or any feature of the plan, he should write promptly to the Alliance Secretary who will cheerfully give him any information or advice that can be procured.

No time should be lost. The sooner the work is started, the more thoroughly will it be accomplished.

It is specially desirable that reports of progress be sent to the Alliance Office, and pledge sheets forwarded as soon as signed.

## MEN WHO MOVE THE WORLD.

BY THE REV. DR. J. H. COOB.

Against any great evil in a community the forces are drawn up in the following order:—

Immediately confronting the evil, on the very battle's edge, is a comparatively small company of men whose consciences are perfectly clear. With them all doubt and debate are at an end. They have but one cry, so intense and relentless that it falls on duller consciences like a storm of hail. "Sin! Sin! Sin!" "War to the knife—and no quarter!" These are the radicals, the fanatics, the fools—God's fools, who "turn the world upside down."

Behind these is the great host of the eminently respectable, good, well-meaning men with half-informed consciences, who are timid, or inclined to calmness. Among them originate all the compromises, the make-shifts, the substitutes, the half measures.

Behind this half-converted host stretches the great mass of the indifferent; shading off into the blackness of darkness and the shadow of death.

That is the order of battle. Now comes the process. The conscience, that little band of reformers down at the front, keeps up an incessant racket. They rest not day nor night. They run to and fro discussing, declaring, hurling fire-brands of incendiary literature right and left. They hold forlorn little meetings in most unheard-of places, but manage to so stir things up that their

little place becomes suddenly interesting, as a house afire. They define, explain, teach, exhort. They drag us poor ministers out of our pulpits, and when we get down in their inflammable atmosphere, before we know it we have used "injudicious language." And when a minister reaches that point his course is rapid. He is soon shouting and waving a torch with the worst of them. He is last among the prophets.

So by degrees the backward ones are won over, and catch the divine madness until conscience has an irresistible host under command. It moves steadily on to the occupation of the conquered territory, and then follow the more peaceful tasks of clarifying conviction, establishing customs, and framing righteous, efficient laws.

What the Abolitionist was to slavery, that the Prohibitionist is to strong drink—a sleepless, remorseless conscience, with a naked sword in hand, smiting in the name of God.

## CRAZY SUE.

WAS ROBBED OF HER HUSBAND AND HER DARLING BOY BY THE RUM FIEND.

"Oh, look, there goes crazy Sue. Isn't she funny? She imagines every little boy she sees looks like her little Willie. They say he was the cause of her crazy condition. You know he was an awful drunkard, and was sent to the State prison and died there. I guess she has had lots of trouble."

The speaker, Grace Temple, a bright, vivacious girl of sixteen, and her friend, Jennie Gray, were slowly wending their way home from school one beautiful afternoon in May, when the object of their remarks: "Crazy Sue," passed by them.

"Grace," said Jennie, "let us overtake her and ask her to tell us her history. I do not think she is as crazy as folks say she is, and for my part, I am sorry for her. Let us hurry."

In a few moments they had overtaken her, and urged her to tell them about her little Willie, and, while the tears rained down her cheeks, she told them the following story:

"My dear girls, I was once a happy bride. It would take too long to tell you how my husband, whom I loved, and who was so good and kind to me, from the first glass was brought to a drunkard's grave. I thought when our little Willie came to gladden our lives he would let the accursed stuff alone for his sake, if not for me; but ah, me! It had too great a hold on him. One more soul was added to the list of another agent of the devil, the saloon-keeper. One more wife and mother is left broken-hearted, powerless to do anything but weep, while they still go on adding to their list, never realizing that the devil has a firm grip on their souls. What a terrible awakening it will be for the saloon-keeper to find that for a few dollars, the price of thousands of souls, he will have to spend an eternity in hell, with their wailings ringing in his ears for ever. Oh, my little Willie. He was a beautiful boy. How I loved him and watched over him! He was my all, my idol, my only boy. I would keep him away from the saloon. I hid him as it were, but time came when he would not be watched over by his mother any more, and in an evil hour he was tempted to take the first glass. He came home to me one night with the smell of liquor on his breath. My poor brain was crazed. I knew not what I did. I went from saloon to saloon asking who had given the hellish poison to my boy, but they only laughed at me. The saloon-keeper had given the devil one more soul in return for a few dollars. They called me crazy. I cannot tell you the rest. It will take too long. My boy whom I idolized killed a man in a drunken brawl in a saloon and was sent to the State prison for life. They tell me he is dead. They say I am crazy. Do you wonder I am crazy? Where is my home, my husband, my boy? Where is my beautiful boy? Yes, I am crazy? Who cares?"

But the girls could not answer. Their grief was too great.—*Michigan Christian Advocate.*

## IMPORTANT.

TORONTO, 1899.

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 ramsacked 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 result. 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,  
51 Confederation Life Building,  
Toronto

## Selections.

## THE RUMSELLER'S SONG.

BY PROF. A. H. EVANS.

Do you see yonder farmer just planting  
his field?  
He does all the work, friends, but I get  
the yield.  
He's drinking the fruits of his lands and  
his kine,  
If I wait a few years his whole farm will  
be mine.

## Chorus—

He's working for me.  
He's working for me.  
My wife and my children he feeds,  
don't you see?  
Both houses and lands he is earning for  
me.  
He's working for me:  
Yes, working for me.

Do you hear that mechanic complain of  
his fate?  
Cursing trusts and monopolies early and  
late?  
Yet though wages are low and prices are  
dear,  
He still can find money to buy him his  
beer.

## Chorus—

He's working for me.  
He's working for me.  
My wife and my daughters wear satins,  
while he  
Is buying me horses and carriages—see?  
He's working for me;  
Yea, working for me.

Then see that poor washwoman, wrinkled  
and gray;  
She works, and her husband soon drinks  
all her pay.  
He once worked himself: then I used to  
get more,  
But a half loaf is better than none, to be  
sure.

## Chorus—

She's working for me.  
She's working for me.  
My wife and my daughters have jewels,  
but she  
Is washing to help pay my servants for  
me.  
She's working for me;  
Yes, working for me.

Then there's that policeman with  
uniform gay,  
He's paid by the town, but the work—  
well, now say,  
Were it not for my business he'd soon  
lose his job.  
There'd be few to "pull in" for this  
bluecoated "bob."

## Chorus—

He's working for me.  
He's working for me.  
I make the men drunk and he "pulls  
them," you see.  
Not a man on the "force" but is "solid"  
for me.  
They're working for me;  
Yes working for me.

And then there's the voter. I'm sure I  
don't see.  
Why he growls at his taxes and then  
votes for me.  
I bring on the town what expense I will,  
Then I make the profit, and he foots the  
bill.

## Chorus—

He's working for me.  
He's working for me.  
The unthinking voter, as all must agree.  
He boasts of his freedom, but sure as  
can be  
He's working for me;  
Yes, working for me.

But I know it can't last; folks won't  
always be fools.  
Politicians, 'tis true, are the rum-seller's  
tools.  
But the voter will some day "get onto"  
my scheme,  
And then—well, till then, friends, that's  
just a bad dream.

## Chorus—

They're working for me;  
Yes, working for me.  
The people are fools who are working  
for me.  
Some day they'll know better; then who  
will there be  
That is working for me;  
Yes, working for me?

## MY BROTHER'S KEEPER.

BY J. W. J. MORLEY.

"Courage, soul! nor hold thy hope in vain.  
In faith o'ercome the steep; God sets for thee.  
Beyond the mountain summits of great pain  
Leth—thine Italy."

A soft hand was laid tenderly on the  
bowed head of the young man, as a  
sweet voice repeated the above lines.

"There is no use talking that way,  
Nell, it is utterly hopeless. I tell you  
I've tried and failed, and no one will  
trust me again."

"Don't say that, please, Jack. It  
isn't hopeless at all. Tell me all about  
it. I know you must have had some  
terrible temptator."

"Well, it was this way. They had told  
me at the office, the last time I went to  
business all broken up from a night of  
dissipation, that such a thing must not  
occur again; that they had borne pati-  
ently with me for several months, and  
that I was utterly incapable of business  
when my brain was so muddled with  
rum. Well, I promised to do better.  
Mr. Temple is a good man, Nell. Putting  
his hands on my shoulder, he said, 'Jack,  
my boy, you can't do this in your own  
strength; seek the help of One who is  
always ready to help His children.' After  
Mr. Corden had gone out, Mr. Temple  
knelt down and prayed with me. When  
we arose from our knees I gave him my  
hand and the promise to turn over a new  
leaf. Now I have broken the promise, and  
it is of no use to try any more. It will  
just be the same thing again."

The young man broke down complete-  
ly, and burying his face in his hands,  
sobbed like a child. Nell waited until  
his grief was somewhat spent, then said  
gently: "You haven't told me how you  
happened to break your promise, Jack.  
Tell me everything, it will be a relief to  
you."

"Yes, I will, Nell, it is a comfort to  
talk to some one so freely. I can't go to  
mother. It would break her heart to  
know her boy had fallen so low. You  
know I have inherited the taste of liquor.  
My father was a drinking man. Mother  
has been careful that we never should  
have any of the stuff about the house in  
any form. I first began to go astray when  
I was at college. I got in with a fast,  
sporting set, who thought it smart to  
drink wine, play cards, etc., and I was  
too weak to stand their sneers and jeers  
when I refused to engage in their 'fun,'  
as they called it.

"But I am making a long story—I  
must tell you how this last trouble came  
about. Nan Mallory, you know, gave a  
dance last night. I was invited and  
went. In an upper hall on a stand, stood  
the claret-bowl. You may not believe  
me, Nell, but the bowl set me wild. I  
was as afraid of it, as of a serpent, and  
yet it attracted me. I fought against my  
thirst so hard that great beads of perspi-  
ration stood out on my forehead. It was  
a terrible struggle, just how terrible no  
one knows but those who have been  
through it. I finally made up my mind  
I must do something diverting, so I  
walked up to May Gordon and asked her  
to dance with me. After our dance was  
over, she complained of being very warm.  
I fanned her vigorously and did all in my  
power to make her comfortable, but, at  
last, what I had feared, came.

"Mr. White," she said, ever so sweetly,  
'won't you take me upstairs for a glass  
of claret? I know it will refresh me  
more than anything else.'

"Can't I get you an ice, Miss May? I  
can bring it to you right here, and we  
shall not have the journey upstairs.'  
But she immediately straightened herself  
up and said in the most frigid manner,  
'If it is too much trouble, Mr. White,  
to walk upstairs with me, or if you are so  
very much opposed to it' (with a sneer),  
'I will not trouble you further. I shall  
ask Mr. Mallory. I don't think he will  
consider the going upstairs such a  
'journey.'

"This was too much, Nell. What was  
I to do? She knew my weakness, and I  
simply replied,

"If you insist upon it, Miss May, of  
course I shall consider it a pleasure to  
serve you.'

"So up we went to the claret bowl.  
She filled and drained her tiny glass  
three or four times, chatting all the  
while gaily, having entirely forgotten her  
annoyance of a few minutes before. I  
filled and drained mine many times. My  
blood was on fire! How could I get  
Miss May downstairs so that I might slip

into the gentlemen's dressing-room,  
where I knew a decanter of something  
stronger stood? Frank Mallory was  
nassing just then, so I called him and asked  
him if he would see Miss May down, say-  
ing that I felt ill and must find my coat  
quickly and get into the fresh air. He  
willingly did as I asked him, and I was  
free, or, rather shall I say, a slave, bound  
hand and foot? I drank excessively,  
then staggered out, fortunately without  
any one seeing me, not to go home, but  
straight to a saloon that I knew would  
be open all night. Here I drank most  
deeply, but soon fell into a drunken  
sleep and knew nothing more until ten  
o'clock in the morning, when I was  
roughly shaken and told that I had  
better get off to my work.

"Mother thought I had gone home  
with some of the boys, so of course she  
was not worried about me. I was sobered  
up enough to go to the office, but was  
still unfit for work. Mr. Temple met me  
at the inner office door. He saw at a  
glance what the trouble was.

"John," he said sternly, 'you may  
consider yourself dismissed. We have  
no further use for you; a man who can-  
not control himself is incapable of look-  
ing after the affairs of others. Good  
morning, sir!' and the office door closed.  
I have wandered about all day. Mother  
thinks I went away on business for the  
firm. I have had nothing to eat. I dare  
not go home, and desperation brought  
me to you. I am, to-night, without a  
cent in the world, without a character,  
and with nothing to do. You always  
helped me when I was a little chap,  
Nell, so I come to you to-night. *What  
shall I do!*"

"Poor Jack! I am so sorry for you  
First, you must go to your mother and  
tell her all."

"But, Nell, that will kill her. She has  
always trusted me and believed in me."

"No, Jack, it will not kill her. She  
will be terribly crushed, but when she  
finds that her boy needs her, she will be  
ready to help him. There is no one who  
can help you like your mother, Jack.  
Tell her all; hold nothing back. Then  
you must promise me right here that you  
will not attend another of those dances  
for a year at least."

"But my promise is good for nothing,  
Nell; you know I can't keep it."

"Yes, you can; now promise me that,  
with God's help, you will try, Jack, for  
one year, and that you will not go into  
this gay, thoughtless society that has been  
such a snare to you."

"I can try, but what excuse shall I  
offer?"

"It isn't necessary that you offer any.  
Politely refuse all invitations. You know  
how I have done ever since I came  
home from school. At first I was deluged  
with invitations, but now no one thinks  
it necessary to invite me anywhere."

"Nell, what a dear little sister-cousin  
you are! I have always thought of you  
as my good conscience."

"Yes, Jack, but since you have had so  
many gay young friends, you have nearly  
forgotten your little sister-cousin, and I  
have missed my dear, light hearted, big  
brother. It is just eight o'clock; go home  
now, or Aunt Anna will feel worried.  
Tell her all, and come to me again to-  
morrow. Good night, dear Jack. May  
God comfort, forgive and help you."

"Nell, you have helped me. I will try  
to conquer myself, I will! I will, I will  
be a man!"

When Jack went home that night and  
told his mother everything, she was  
completely overcome, but when she  
found her boy needed her, everything  
else was forgotten. She spent most of  
the night on her knees, for she knew  
where to go for help.

In a few days Jack found a position  
—a very humble one, to be sure, only  
the place of a common mill hand. He  
told the manager frankly why he had  
lost his situation, and how he had tried  
elsewhere but could get nothing to do as  
he could get no recommendation. The  
man, who had known him from a lad,  
said, "Jack, I respect this effort, and I  
will help you all I can. If you can hold out  
we will try after awhile to do something  
better for you."

"Thank you Mr. Brown, I shall en-  
deavor to earn your respect. I am in  
earnest."

The result of Jack's efforts may be  
known from the following comments  
which Nell overheard some months after.  
It was Nan Mallory's sneering voice that  
said:

"No, girls, we never see Jack White  
any more. I hear he has become an  
active church worker. He is to lead the  
Christian Endeavor meeting to-night. It  
amuses me to think of Jack White as one  
of the psalm-singing kind. I don't think  
we have lost much in losing him from  
our set; he was awfully intemperate,  
you know. Why, one night I gave a  
little dance, and he became so intoxica-  
ted that May Gordon, who went up  
stairs with him for a cup of claret, had  
to call my brother Frank to take her  
back to the parlor. She felt really afraid  
of Jack, he was so wild. I suppose he  
had been drinking all the evening,  
horrid fellow! Lost his position that  
time, too. Served him right, didn't it?  
I say, girls, let us go to the meeting  
to-night and see how Jack leads. I  
think it will be great fun. Let's take  
May with us. What will Jack say? It  
will be too much fun for anything."

"All right," shouted a half dozen  
voices. "We are ready for any fun that  
is going."

That evening, true to their word, the  
girls went to the meeting. They went  
to make fun, but they came home very  
much sobered. The subject was, "Temp-  
tation, and How to Overcome It." Jack  
spoke in such an earnest, touching  
manner, and with so much genuine force,  
that every word struck home to the  
hearts of his hearers. Nearly all the  
passages of Scripture read, hymns sung  
and remarks made pointed to the great  
importance of personal influence and  
responsibility. They showed to what  
extent we are our brother's keeper.  
These thoughtless young girls had never  
had the subject put to them in this way  
before. They were not really bad at  
heart, only thoughtless. It set them to  
thinking, and, as a result, they became  
in time earnest Christian Endeavor  
workers and true-hearted girls.

Nobody but Nell and his mother ever  
knew of the terrible battles Jack fought  
with his old enemy, and nobody but God  
knew of these battles; but finally the  
rough places were passed over, and after  
a year of weary climbing, Jack felt that  
he had truly won his fair Italy—Union  
Signal.

## A STRONG SPEECH.

MR. JOHN MORLEY'S POWERFUL ARRANGEMENT  
OF THE LIQUOR BUSINESS BEFORE  
THE BRITISH PARLIAMENT.

Temperance societies would do well to  
get a copy of Mr. John Morley's late  
speech before the British parliament.

In attacking the conservative policy  
he deals with the drink problem un-  
gloved. He declares that to the philan-  
thropist it is known as a deep root of  
private misery; the magistrate finds in  
it a source of social disorder, and no  
statesman needs to look more than an  
inch below the surface without finding in  
it "much more."

He especially arraigns it as a disturber  
of honest politics. No condition of  
the day so seriously threatens every party  
and every policy as this traffic, which, as  
he says, throws its weight of millions  
upon millions to this or that side solely  
with reference to its own perpetuity and  
profit.

He says of the English brewer, as we  
have long said of the American saloon  
keeper that in war or peace he knows  
but one party, and that is the one which  
will favor the saloon; he knows but one  
platform, and that is immunity to the  
trade. He is either expansionist or con-  
tractionist as are the legislative friends  
of the saloon. He will vote for the flag  
or its rival as the interest of his rum  
barrel may dictate. He has but one  
country, it is his saloon. But one stan-  
dard, it is his license to sell. He knows  
but one policy, and that is to sell more  
liquor. He boasts that for every \$5  
raised to maintain law and preserve or-  
der he will put down \$500 to protect  
the undisturbed immunity of the bar.

The liquor traffic, says Mr. Morley,  
has no interest in any question affect-  
ing the welfare of the state; but no  
detail of legislation is insignificant to  
him if it affects his barrel or his jug—  
Interior.

A PLEDGED LEAGUE OF

**100,000 VOTERS****FOR GOD AND HOME AND CANADA.****A Movement by which the Temperance People of Our Land may deal  
a Death-Blow to the Ruinous Liquor Traffic.****WHAT IT MEANS.***Temperance with teeth, not mere sentimentality, but death to the drink traffic—it means that.**An army of actual voters, not merely for parade or drill, but for the supreme test of a soldier, for a fight—it means that.**Clean, wholesome political organization, the enrolling of thousands of young electors whose first vote will be for principle, not party—it means that.**A union of loyal and determined workers that will do what they desire to have done—it means that.***To Every Temperance Man in Canada:**

DEAR FRIEND:—You are respectfully and earnestly requested to unite with many thousands of your fellow citizens in a campaign to secure the enrolment of 100,000 voters, pledged to consecrate the mighty power of their franchise to the welfare of humanity, and the total overthrow of our beloved country's greatest curse.

Under the sanction and protection of law the liquor-traffic now wages its relentless warfare against all that is pure and good, filling thousands of hearts and homes with unutterable sorrow and shame. It debauches young manhood, crushes sorrowing womanhood, and pitilessly robs childhood of all innocence, joy and hope. Everywhere it spreads its seductive snares, luring our bright and promising boys to vice, and hurrying them on to degradation and destruction. It fosters all physical, moral and political uncleanness and crime. It is the potent ally of all that drags men down to wickedness, woe, and despair, and the worst hindrance in the way of every effort to help humanity upwards to goodness, happiness and success.

Thank God that the Christian sentiment of Canada was strong enough to record a substantial majority of our voting electorate in favor of putting this foul evil under the ban of law. We are deeply disappointed at the refusal of the Government to recognize the enormity of the drink traffic, and to obey the mandate which they invited. There can be no justification of the failure to respect the people's votes, and the forcing of this cruel curse upon a protesting nation. The traffic is still legalized and upheld, although its advocates were beaten at the polls, and the right-favoring majority is compelled to submit to tyrannical and iniquitous minority rule.

After careful deliberation, we have decided that it is our duty to invite the voters thus unjustly treated, to unite in an organized political protest against the inaction and indifference of the Government and Parliament. This is not done in retaliation, but because we cannot consent to the continuance of the liquor traffic, with its fearful and inevitable consequences, nor to the course of our legislators in sustaining that traffic in spite of the prayers and votes of the people.

Total National Prohibition is our aim. Short of this we cannot stop. One Province has declared its strong opposition. This is no reason why the rest of the Dominion should be even temporarily debarred from the deliverance which the people have so overwhelmingly demanded. The majority for prohibition in the other Provinces and Territories is **108,011**. Let them have their rights NOW. The battle must go on until the emancipation of Quebec is also secured.

Herewith we submit to you a pledge which explains itself, and which we trust you will cordially approve. We propose to get 100,000 voters to join this promise. It is not binding until 25,000 have signed. We want your personal signature, and we want the valued aid of your effort and influence in your church or society and your community. The pledge is to be signed only by men who are voters, or who expect to be voters before the end of the year 1900.

The voting power of the Christian people of Canada is great enough to overthrow the liquor traffic. It has been ineffective because of our lack of faith in each other. We have refused to sacrifice our party preferences because we were afraid others would not do the same, and that our sacrifices would therefore be ineffective. Political leaders ignore us because they believe that we can be relied upon to vote for party candidates whether such candidates are prohibitionists or not.

Our plan will change all this. It will give us union among ourselves, power in elections, and influence in Parliament. You are not asked to promise to vote against your party, but to promise not to vote for any man who is an enemy to our cause. Your promise becomes binding when enough voters have joined in it to make the movement certain of success.

You are asked to join a league of voters who will make right principle a political force. You are to be one of 100,000 who love humanity and hate the chief cause of human suffering more than you love any political party.

You are to be one of 100,000 men united to deliver Canada from a curse that every year causes thousands of premature deaths, wrecks thousands of homes, blights thousands of lives, plunders our nation of millions of wealth, and loads us with taxation, poverty, sorrow and sin.

Such a movement as this, backed by 100,000 pledged voters, united, determined, enthusiastic, cannot be defeated. It will not be defeated. It will surely make "The Saloon Must Go," the battle cry of a mighty political movement. It will give us a parliament that must and will carry out the demand of the people for the abolition of the liquor traffic.

We, who address to you this appeal, have confidence in the cause we advocate. We have ourselves signed the pledge in which we ask you to join. We appeal to your generosity, your patriotism, your sympathy with the distressed, and your zeal for what is right. Help us in this movement. Work for it enthusiastically, boldly, faithfully, NOW.