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THE CAMP FIRE.

A Monthly Record and Advocate of the Temperance Reform.

VOL. III. No. 11.

TORONTO, ONT., MAY, 1897.

25 CENTS PER YEAR.

Do not hesitate to take this paper from the Post Office. If you have not paid for it in advance, some one else has done so for you, or it is sent you free.

ITEMS OF INTEREST.

AFFECTING THE GREAT REFORM.

THE OLD STORY.

The Toronto daily papers have recently reported a number of very sad fatalities directly attributable to the intoxication of the victims. Cases are included of asphyxiation, assault and other such occurrences that in all probability would not have occurred but for the excessive intoxication of the parties who suffered.

KEEPING AT IT.

The Orillia Packet reports an interesting session of the License Commissioners of East Simcoe at which strong protests made by leading residents in different localities resulted in the refusal by the Board of certain unnecessary licenses for which application had been made.

LORDS AND LIQUOR.

Something may be learned of the strength of the liquor traffic in Great Britain from an examination of the records relating to the members of the House of Lords. There are forty Scotch peers who have a direct financial interest in the continuation of the liquor traffic. In England and Wales 172 members of the House of Lords are listed as owners of licensed places.

A GOOD EXAMPLE.

Dr. John Ellis, a wealthy American and an ardent friend of the Temperance cause, who died recently, left a will in which he bequeathed \$10,000 in aid of the support of the National Temperance Society and Publication House of New York.

SCOTCH TEE-TOTALERS.

The recent annual meeting in Glasgow, Scotland, of the Scottish Temperance League, was a gathering of unusual interest. The organization named has now been in operation for fifty-three years and has accomplished vast results in the education of the people on the temperance question. The receipts and expenditure amount to about \$25,000 per annum.

TIGHTENING LAWS.

The New York Legislature has passed the Raines amendment bill which is expected to make a great deal of difference in the working of the law relating to the liquor traffic. The former Raines bill had led to the establishment of many fake hotels which will be wiped out under the new system. Club selling will also be interfered with and generally speaking, restrictions will be imposed upon those who are carrying on the business.

IN POLITICS.

The National Reform Union of Great Britain held its annual meeting in Manchester last month. Sir R. T. Reid, M. P., was one of the principal speakers. He claimed that it was the duty of the liberal party to deal with the liquor traffic, deploring the frightful ravages that are being made in the country by that traffic. He strongly endorsed the local option bill that had been introduced in the last Parliament by Sir William Harcourt.

A NEW METHOD.

A curious attack upon liquor selling is being made in the State of Pennsylvania. A leading prohibitionist has applied for a mandamus ordering the License Court not to issue liquor licenses on the ground that the liquor traffic being hurtful to public morals and health, a law authorizing it is unconstitutional. The prosecutor expects to be defeated, but proposes to carry his case if necessary, to the United States Supreme Court in effort to obtain a vindication of his contention.

MAKING IT WORK.

The State of Vermont has a prohibitory law. It is the duty of the State Attorney to prosecute violators. Recently a State Attorney applied to a Supreme Court Judge for a certificate that the Attorney had discharged his duty, such a certificate being necessary to enable him to draw his salary. A liquor-seller whom the Attorney had prosecuted objected on the ground that others had not been punished for wrong doing. The objection was sustained. Immediately there has been wonderful activity among officials all over the State and applications are made for injunctions against places known to sell liquor. The penalty for selling liquor is not so severe as the penalty for violating an injunction. The latter punishment being a fine of from \$500 to 1,000, with or without imprisonment for not more than six months. Prohibition is just now working in the State.

CRIME AND DRINK.

The New York Voice has been making inquiry of Police Judges in different United States cities regarding the proportion of business that comes to them which may be properly charged to intoxicating liquor. The answers of Judges in Massachusetts' cities are summarized as follows: the figures being the percentage of crime attributable to drink as estimated by the Judge of the city named. Boston, eighty per cent; South Framingham, fifty per cent; Charlestown, ninety per cent; Gloucester, seven-eighths; Hyde Park, nine-tenths; Cambridge, ninety per cent; Newburyport, seventy per cent; Fitchburg, two-thirds; Somerville, seventy-eight per cent.

Some of the answers received from judges in the State of Illinois give the following results: Belleville, ninety per cent; Bloomington, seventy-five per cent; Moine, seventy-five per cent; Danville, seven eighths; Rock Island, a large proportion.

The same judges were asked their opinion as to what would be the result of the closing of saloons upon the criminal record of their respective localities. Nearly all joined in declaring that the suppression of liquor drinking would do away with nearly all crime. Some however, hold that closing down saloons would not produce this result.

A GREAT CONVENTION.

The great prohibition event of 1897 in Great Britain was the National Prohibition Convention held at Newcastle-on-Tyne commencing on Saturday, April 10th. Sir Wilfrid Lawson, Bart, M.P., was President. Many thousands of people attended some of the meetings. Addresses were delivered and papers read by leading prohibitionists from different parts of the United Kingdom, and some from other countries. All the proceedings were intensely interesting. A full report will be published in a volume containing these addresses and papers, which will be an invaluable compendium of temperance and prohibition information.

WRETCHED TEE-TOTALERS.

One of the best known stories in connection with the late Sir Benjamin Ward Richardson's advocacy of temperance tells how he had been on a

visit to one of the three or four small towns in England which have no public house. Although there were 1,000 people there, the doctor was nearly starving. One day a young medical man came to Sir Benjamin for advice as to taking the practice, and Sir Benjamin, placing his hands on the young doctor's shoulders said: "Take my advice, and don't. Those wretched teetotalers not only shirk accidents, but, when wounded, heal so fast that there is neither pleasure nor profit after the first dressing." *Westminster Gazette.*

NEAL DOW'S INSPIRATION.

The following letter from Hon. Neal Dow to the President of the National Temperance Society, will interest our readers:

PORTLAND, March 12, 1895.

MY DEAR HONORED FRIEND, JOSHUA L. BAILY:

Your welcome note of the 10th inst. is just received, and I lose no time in responding to your wish.

I was interested in a general way in the temperance cause when the incident occurred of which you speak. Like many others of that day, I was a teetotaler and exhorted people to follow that example, but the thought of any movement to suppress the liquor traffic had not occurred to me. The sin, shame, and crime of that infamous business burst in upon me with great force when I heard the rumseller's reply to my request to sell no more rum to one who had become a victim to it. It occurred to me as a flash:

"What place on God's earth has that horrid crime?"

I give you the story exactly as it occurred.

There was in Portland an interesting family, in which my wife was particularly interested. The husband was a Harvard graduate. The wife was in feeble health. There were seven children, and all of them were dependent upon the father, who had an important position in the U. S. service. He had occasional irresistible temptations to intemperance.

I had a note one day from this mother asking to see me. I went immediately to the house and found her in great distress. Her husband was away from home at the rumshop, where he always went on such occasions. Her husband had been warned by the department that his services would be no longer wanted at his desk unless he would change his habits, and without his salary his family would be absolutely without resource. The rumseller had great influence over him. If he could be persuaded to sell him no more liquor, his wife could put him in condition to resume his duties at the department.

I went immediately to the rumshop and asked for Mr. Blank.

"He's not here," the rumseller replied.

I heard voices in a back room, and, opening the door, saw Mr. Blank there among other victims. I took him by the arm and pulled him out, and, face to face with the rumseller, laid the whole case out before him, with an earnest plea to sell him no more rum.

"He's a friend of mine, and I do not want to offend him by refusing what he asks for. It is my business to sell liquors. That is all my business. I have a license authorizing me to carry on that business. I will sell rum to anybody who asks for it, who has the money to pay for it. I ask no questions. I support my family by selling liquor and I do not want any of your advice. When I want it I'll send for you. Until then, keep it to yourself."

"You have a license to sell liquor, have you? You'll sell liquor to anybody and everybody who can pay for it without thought or care for the consequent ruin to them of body and soul? You support your family by destroying the families of other people, do you? God helping me, I'll change all that."

And so I turned my back upon the rumseller, and, taking his victim by the arm, led him to his home.

That was the inspiration for the active, earnest, persistent crusade in Maine against the liquor traffic—the gigantic crime of crimes."

Very truly yours,

NEAL DOW.

A MAN TO BE PITIED.

The man who says he should consider it a very great hardship to be deprived of a glass of wine or beer on Sunday! Poor man! He is to be pitied in having made himself so dependent on wine or beer that he feels it "a very great hardship" to be for a single day without the one or the other. In contrast with this, what a blessed freedom is that which the total-abstainer enjoys, who gets on comfortably week after week and year after year without either wine or beer! *Exchange.*

HOW IT PAYS.

He was seated on a park bench, a dilapidated looking fellow, and seemed to be reading a piece of paper he held in his hand.

"You seem to be much interested in your letter," I said as I took a seat on the same bench.

"Yes," he said, "I have been figuring out my account with Old Alcohol to see how we stand."

"And he comes out ahead, I ventured the guess."

"Every time, and he has lied like sixty."

"How did you come to have dealings with him in the first place?"

"That's what I have been writing. You see, he promised to make a man of me, but made me a beast. Then he said he would brace me up, but he has made me go staggering around and then threw me into the ditch. He said I must drink to be social. Then he made me quarrel with my best friends, and be the laughing stock of my enemies; he gave me a black eye and a broken nose. Then I drank for the good of my health. He ruined the little I had and left me as sick as a dog. He said he would warm me up, and I was soon nearly frozen to death. He said he would steady my nerves; but instead he gave me delirium tremens.

"He said he would give me great strength and he made me helpless. He promised me courage but he made me a coward, for I beat my sick wife and kicked my little child. He said he would brighten my wits but instead he made me act like a fool and talk like an idiot. He promised to make a gentleman of me, but he made me a tramp."

"Then you quit?" I ventured to ask.

"No," he answered sadly, "I drink now to forget all the other mean things he has made me do. Say! could you let a poor working man out of employment have ten cents to buy bread?"

"I see he has also made you a liar." I remarked.

"Yes I forgot that. I must put that down.—*Edward Carswell.*

DAYLIGHT.

Swing inward, O gates of the future!
Swing outward, ye doors of the past!
For the soul of the people is moving

And rising from slumber at last;
The black forms of night are retreating

The white peaks have signalled the day
And Freedom her long roll is beating,
And calling her sons to the fray.

Swing inward, O gates of the future!
Swing outward, ye doors of the past!
A giant is waking from slumber
And rending his fetters at last.

From the dust where his proud tyrants
found him,

Unhonored, scorned and betrayed,
He shall rise with the sunlight around
him,

And rule in the realm he has made.
—*James G. Clarke.*

The Camp Fire.

A. MONTHLY JOURNAL
OF TEMPERANCE PROGRESS.

SPECIALLY DEVOTED TO THE INTERESTS OF
THE PROHIBITION CAUSE.

Edited by F. S. SPENCE

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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, MAY, 1897.

A STRAIGHT VOTE ON A STRAIGHT ISSUE.

There have been recently reported, in some newspapers, suggestions to the effect that it is possible that in the approaching plebiscite the direct question of whether or not the electors are in favor of total prohibition may be in some way complicated by attaching to it or connecting with it some other matters. It is suggested that prohibition would involve a loss of revenue to the Dominion, some plan of raising this revenue should be devised and the opinion of the electors ascertained as to prohibition and this revenue plan.

This proposition is so absurd as hardly to merit serious consideration. There are various sources of revenue and various methods of taxation. The Dominion Parliament will consider these from time to time, and will take action in relation to them according to the necessities of the time and the views of a majority of the members of Parliament. This must be done whether prohibition is adopted or the present system retained, and no matter what fiscal system or principles Parliament may approve. A change in our fiscal policy might affect one source of revenue and necessitate heavier taxation on another, or vice versa. The whole matter is one with which Parliament always does and always must deal directly, whether we have prosperity or adversity, peace or war, drunkenness or sobriety. Parliament cannot evade this fact and cannot tie its hands by asking the people to vote to-day upon some method of raising some uncertain portion of the national revenue at some unspecified future time.

Moreover the prohibition question is not conditioned upon the revenue question. Parliament has already made this clear. The House of Commons, by unanimous vote, has affirmed that prohibitory legislation is right, and must be enacted as soon as public opinion "will sustain" it. Successive Finance Ministers have declared that the revenue question is not a difficulty that should delay the enactment of prohibitory law, and that the finances of the country can readily be adjusted to any change that may be brought about by such law. The prohibition question is one to be settled by itself, and not to be entangled with other unnecessary questions.

Electors have varying opinions upon the revenue question as well as upon the prohibition question. Some of them object to one system of taxation, some to another. Identifying prohibition with some special system of taxation would be inviting persons who do not believe in that particular method of revenue raising to become enemies of the combined question, even

though they were not hostile to prohibition. It would be manifestly a method of preventing, instead of promoting, a fair expression of public opinion.

Such action would be looked upon by many thousands of earnest men as a serious failure on the part of Parliament to carry out the policy to which the present Government is pledged. That Government was placed in power by the electors after having given a pledge to submit the prohibition question to the people. Had the pledge been in reference to any such conditioned submission as is now suggested, the attitude and action of thousands of prohibition electors would have been different. They look to the Government to squarely fulfil the promise which was accepted simply and fully as a candid avowal of an intention to take a plebiscite on prohibition, the public distinctly and definitely having in mind from past experience, an idea of what such a plebiscite would be. Manitoba, Ontario, Prince Edward Island, Nova Scotia, all have given practical definitions of the expression "prohibition plebiscite." That is what the Government, in all fairness and honesty, is pledged to submit. We cannot believe that a Government so situated will so ignore public confidence, or so trifle with a solemn obligation, as to do anything else than what the pledge given must be fairly understood to mean and involve.

AN ILLEGAL SALOON.

The House of Commons has done well by suppressing the sale of intoxicating liquor within that part of the Parliament Buildings under its control. Unfortunately however, the sale is still continued on the Senate side.

So far as we have been able to learn, there is no Act of the Dominion Parliament, there is no Act of the Ontario Legislature, there is no legislation of any kind in force, giving any sanction to this improper practice. The fact is simply that on the Senate side of the House there is run an unlicensed bar that ought to be suppressed, under the sanction of Dominion Legislators, the Provincial Liquor Law is violated and the license and police authorities ignore the flagrant and inexcusable violation.

The same condition of affairs existed until recently in the House of Parliament of Great Britain. On Thursday, January 21st, of the present year, after being pressed for an opinion regarding the matter, the Attorney General said: "I have carefully looked into the law and I have come to the conclusion that the sale of intoxicating liquors as at present carried on in the precincts of the House is not in accordance with the law."

Before this deliverance was made there existed in the minds of some members of Parliament, the idea that they possessed some authority that was above and beyond statutory law, that for some undefined reason they had a right to do what they chose within the precincts of the Parliament Buildings. The statement above quoted shows the utter absurdity of this talk, and leaves our Senators at Ottawa without a shadow of excuse for the continuance of their unlawful liquor selling.

LEGISLATION IN ONTARIO.

Last month we referred to the Bill then before the Legislative Assembly of the Province of Ontario for the amendment of the Liquor License Act. When first introduced, this measure was a severe disappointment to all who expected progressive legislation during the present session of the Ontario

Legislature. So overwhelming was the protest against its feebleness and inefficiency that it was practically withdrawn by the Government, and for it was substituted a better measure.

The most important clause of the new bill was that giving Municipal Councils power to limit the hours during which liquor may be sold in licensed places. This clause was probably of more real value than all the rest of the provisions of the Bill put together. It was the clause that was looked upon as really progressive legislation, and round it was centered nearly all the interest of the discussion of the measure. The liquor traffic had a strong lobby and made desperate efforts to secure the defeat of the clause.

In Committee of the Whole this important section was defeated by a large vote. The members of the Government who were in the House at the time of the division, voted in favor of the clause as did also the men who were looked upon as temperance leaders on the opposition side. The main argument used by those opposed to the proposition was that it would introduce the temperance question into municipal politics and thereby lead the liquor traffic to attempt to secure more influence in Municipal Councils. On this plea men who are professedly friendly to the temperance cause voted against the proposition. In doing so they took the liquor side of the controversy and placed themselves squarely in opposition to what was certainly useful temperance legislation, and squarely on the side of those members openly and avowedly hostile to our cause.

OUR FOUNDATION.

The prohibition movement seeks to abolish the sale of intoxicating liquors for beverage purposes. It is logically based upon the doctrine that abstinence from the use of intoxicating liquors for beverage purposes is wise and beneficial. If total abstinence is wrong, total prohibition is not right.

The actions and customs of the people are the best and most effective expressions of public sentiment. People who believe in total abstinence ought to be prohibitionists. People who believe in prohibition ought to be abstainers. If there are some persons who will not adopt both these sound principles then it is better for them to uphold one than to uphold neither. But consistency ought to impel all who stand on one plank to see the wisdom and rightness of the whole platform. As a rule total abstainers are prohibitionists.

If the doctrine of total abstinence is not accepted and acted upon by a large section of the public, the cause of prohibition will make very slow progress. The arguments in favor of total abstinence logically carry those who accept them on to the more advanced position. We can therefore most materially aid the prohibition cause by the practice and advocacy of personal abstinence. For reasons that will readily suggest themselves to every thinker, the abstainer is safer, more useful and more progressive in the great fight against the drink evil, than he would be if he indulged, however moderately.

We need a stronger, wider, more persistent and insistent advocacy of this cardinal foundation principle of total abstinence. We need the more consistent carrying out of a practice that has been the protection, the salvation, the elevation of hundreds of thousands who have been threatened with the evils that intemperance brings.

In our wise, earnest, continuous struggle for law that will educate and

save, let us not lose sight of the simple, certain, easily secured and effective method, through which a large measure of success may be immediately secured.

CLIPPINGS.

A big part of the license fees has to be paid by poor women at the wash tub.—*Prohibition News*

Many a boy and man has gotten a position because he did not smoke cigarettes or pipes, but we have yet to hear of the first one that got a position because he smoked, chewed or drank and gambled.—*Corner Stone*.

Alcohol is a poison; drinking it is suicide; risking it is sin; selling it is a sugar coated form of robbery and of murder; and licensing it is the strongest evidence yet of general depravity. There is no crankiness about such a statement, either. The man who doubles up to dodge it is the crank.—*Hampshire Times*.

The brutal "Your money or your life" threat of the highwayman has become the insolent "Your money and your life" demand of the saloon-keeper.—*Temperance Herald*.

When the liquor men tell you that "prohibition won't prohibit," it is a notice in advance that they will not respect the law of the nation; that their traffic is too lawless to submit to constituted authority. Can such persons be considered loyal citizens?—*Citizen*.

If men will engage in this destructive traffic, if they will stoop to degrade their reason and reap the wages of iniquity, let them no longer have the law-book as a pillow, nor quiet conscience with the opiate of a court license.—*Hon. Theodore Frelinghuysen*

A liquor dealer, who had made considerable wealth, had his portrait painted by an artist of fame. His many friends admired the picture, and said it was perfection. One day the wife of a too good customer was called in by way of favor to see the portrait. She said that it was 'vera guid,' but considered that it lacked one thing to make it perfect. 'If his han,' she said, 'had been in oor John's pocket instead o' his ain it wad hae been much truer to life.'—*The Scottish Reformer*.

Here is a vice perfectly preventable stalking among us which produces evils more deadly, because more continuous, than war, famine, and pestilence combined, and yet we are so cold, so neutral, selfish, immoral, and quiescent as to make no serious or united effort to grapple with that intolerable curse. . . . We must be at the last gasp of national honor; we must be in the final paralysis of national selfishness, if we can tolerate the fact that this vice producing evils so deadly and so preventable, is to stalk among us.—*Archdeacon F. W. Farrar*.

Nursed on nature's rotten juices
Rot of barley, rot of corn.
That's where alcohol is born;
To his rotten nature true,
To rot is all that he can do
Rotten men and rotten boys
Rotten hopes and rotten joys,
Rotten fame and reputation;
Rotten politics in the nation!
Rotten ballots, rotten laws,
Parties with a rotten cause;
Nursed on nature's rotten juices,
Rot is all that he produces
—*Westerly Tribune*.

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Selections.

SONG OF THE GLASS.

With eyes inflamed and blear,
With features hollow and wan,
A drunkard sat in a rickety chair
In his attic, all alone;
His person covered with rags,
His hair a tangled mass,
In a voice that told of a soul's despair,
He sang the song of the Glass:
Drink, drink, drink,
Till the eye grows frenzied and wild;
Drink, drink, drink,
Though it murders wife and child:
Drink, drink, drink,
Ay, quaff the poison-bowl,
Though every drop it contains is death,
And ruin to the soul.

Deep hid in the sparkling cup
A grinning demon glares,
A deceptive fiend of beautiful form
Concealing a thousand snares;
Beware of his comely brow,
Beware of his noxious breath,
Tis the devil's sacrament he offers now,
'Twill lure you on to death—
Death by the suicide's hand,
Death by the murderer's steel,
A maniac's cell, a hangman's cord,
A grave in the Potter's Field.

All this and more is bestowed,
Ay, more than tongue can tell—
An hour of bliss, an eternal abode,
In the sulphurous fumes of hell;
O hends in human form!
O men unworthy the name!
'Tis not a good you're dealing out,
But ruin, disgrace and shame—
Shame for the grey-haired sire,
Shame for his aged wife,
Shame for the innocent, prattling
babe,
That follows him all through life.

O men with franchise crowned!
Awake from your sluggard's sleep;
Hear ye not that wailing sound?
'Tis the nation's women who weep—
Weep for the thousands untold,
Who lie 'neath the rum-stained grass,
While annually thousands renew their
ranks
And sing the Song of the Glass.
Drink, drink, drink,
Till the eye grows frenzied and wild:
Drink, drink, drink,
Ay, quaff the poison-bowl;
Though every drop it contains is death,
And ruin to the soul.

—O. P. Tennant.

DRUNK AT FOURTEEN.

Drunk in the streets! Oh! saddest sight,
A boy of fourteen years,
Some mother's darling, fallen low;
In vain her falling tears.

A father's hopes were fondly raised
That his young son might grow
To be a bright and shining light,
And every virtue know.

But now upon them unawares
Has crept this deadly foe,
And brought to loving, trusting hearts
This awful weight of woe.

And sadly o'er their fallen boy
Most bitter tears are shed;
And loneliness comes o'er their hearts
As though 'twere for the dead.

No words can comfort in this hour,
We leave them to their grief,
But pray to God from curse of rum
To send us quick relief.

—Cousin Em. in Y. T. Banner.

FAITHFUL AND TRUE.

It was in a small, low room that a woman lay on her dying bed with three little children clustering near her. The eldest was a boy of seven or eight, the other two were girls of three and five. "Willis, dear," the mother said, feebly reaching out her hand to clasp her boy's, "mother is going on a long journey. I wish it was God's will that I could take my little ones with me, but I know it is His will that they shall all come to me after a while. There is a ladder that reaches from earth to heaven; will you climb it, Willis, dear, and bring Elsie and Felta with you?" Willis looked at his mother with eyes full of tears. His breath came quick as he answered:
"Yes, mamma; if I can find the ladder that reaches up to the heaven where you are going. I will climb to the very top, and I will bring my little sisters along, if I have to carry them every step of the way."

Willis' hand within his mother's quivered as he talked, but his face looked strong and resolute, and so it brought comfort to his dying mother.

"Willis, precious boy," she said, "be as kind to your poor father as you can, but do not let him pull you down. You are a little fellow, but I want you to understand me; I want you to know that you are the link between my little girls and myself. If you hold true and firm, all will be well, I believe."

"What shall I hold to, mamma?" sobbed the boy. "I cannot hold to father, and you say you are going away."

"Hold fast to your Saviour's hand, Willis. You know how He gathered little ones to His bosom and how He loved them; well, it is just the same now. Call on Him, if you are in trouble, and He will comfort you. Trust God, and you will be as strong as a lion. You will be tempted, my boy. Some one—perhaps your own father—will offer you strong drink; but do not touch it. It is the first glass that makes all the trouble; you see, if there were not a first glass, there would not be a second."

Mrs. Stern could say no more. She sighed faintly, and then smiled, and closed her eyes. Was the pale boatman carrying her off on that "long journey" of which she had talked? No; not yet. She opened her eyes and held out her arms, whispering faintly:

"Come, all of you."

Willis lifted his little sisters close beside their mother, then knelt with them; and the mother wound her feeble arms around them all.

The arms relaxed their hold; one look at Willis, and then the eyes closed for ever. One expression—"Strong as a lion!"—and then the beloved voice was still.

"Strong as a lion! Strong as a lion!" Those dying words clung to Willis ever afterwards. As he grew older they seemed grand to him and proved to be the inspiration of his life. It was a pathetic sight to see him, day after day, caring for his little sisters, dressing and undressing them, cooking the scanty food his father provided, carving toys for the little ones and hearing their prayers.

Thus passed two years, the father meanwhile coming in and going out, sometimes with a gentle word for his motherless little ones, but often with scowls and scoldings. But Willis, the faithful and true, patiently bore all, for was he not climbing up to his mother?

Just after Willis' tenth birthday, the family were obliged to remove from the little house which once they had owned, but which was theirs no longer, owing to the habits of their father.

Surely the shadows were thickening. The weather was cold; the father was sinking fast, and the little ones seemed left to chance charity. Mark my words! I say seemed left to chance charity, but, thank God! they were not; there is no such thing as chance. Over them all God watched.

Are you wondering whether Willis lost his courage? Well, he was only a boy, you must remember, and his heart grew heavy in that cold little attic room. It was the evening after their removal, he was shivering as he sat by the bed, watching over his sleeping sisters. All the food was gone, and soon, perhaps, these little sisters would awaken and would beg for food. Child though he was, Willis could scarcely endure the thought. Suddenly he seemed to see his mother's face, and her voice said:

"Trust God, my boy, and you will be as strong as a lion."

Peace came. Out into the darkness he went. He was not aimlessly wandering, either, but with a settled resolution to call upon a gentleman, who once met him on the street with his little sisters and bought cakes for them all, and who then turned to a friend with the whispered explanation:

"They are poor Billy Stearn's little ones."

When Willis reached this gentleman's house and stood before him, he felt awed for a moment and was dumb.

"What is it, little fellow?" asked the gentleman.

"Can I shovel your walks, sir?" asked Willis.

"Well, I have no objection, if you are here early in the morning."

"But I would like to do them to-night, sir, because—because—"

"Because what?"

"My little sisters went to bed without any supper, and they will be so hungry when they wake up."

Were tears glittering in the gentleman's eyes? I think so, but he turned

so quickly that I am not quite sure. Soon he came back with a basket, and said kindly:

"Here little fellow! run home with this and feed yourself and the little ones. You can come here in the morning and do the work."

Willis went home. Too happy to wait for his little sisters to wake, he aroused them and they had a feast; and then Willis made them kneel while he thanked the Father above. At daylight he began his labor cleaning the walks. His arms ached, but he persevered until the task was finished. All through the winter a cold and stormy one he cleaned walks and thus kept the wolf from the door. When spring came he found other and steadier work. Thus the time went on—working, praying, trusting, climbing.

Years—many of them—have passed. There has just been a terrible fire in the city; many firemen have done brave acts, but one tall young man has aroused the admiration of the crowd. Up and down long ladders he has gone, quickly yet carefully, saving lives and rescuing valuable property. The fire is under control and the people are shouting:

"There's no more danger now."

But are they not mistaken? A misguided saloon-keeper has set out a cask of brandy for the benefit of the wet workers. The cups furnished are eagerly snatched up by the tired, excited men. One little lad shouts:

"There comes Willis Stern, the bravest fellow among the whole lot. Give him a drink, quick! See how pale he looks!"

In a flash a cup was held up to the brave young man.

"Drink it, sir; it will do you good. You are wet to the skin."

Yes, the young man was wet to the skin, and about the smell of the offered beverage there was something strangely tempting. For a second he wavered, and then a whisper seemed to reach him.

"If there is never a first glass there cannot be a second. Strong as a lion, my boy! Strong as a lion."

"Thank you sir," said Willis, declining the glass; I never drink intoxicating liquor. You see, sir, it might kindle a worse fire than this one now dying away."

A gentleman just passing by heard the remark, and, after Willis had gone on, he said to the group:

"That Willis Stern is a fellow to pattern after. God bless him! He has climbed up from the depths with his two sisters clinging to him, and there is not a prettier or more peaceful home in the city than his. Such a go-a-head, such a conqueror of all difficulties, I never saw. He must be made of something more than common stuff."

No, my friend, nothing more than ordinary material; but that grows strong, you know, when anchored upon the rock of temperance and firmness.—*Mother's Magazine.*

WHISKEY AND CRIME.

In a recent issue of the *North American Review* was an article by the Hon. J. C. Parker, who for twenty-five years has been judge of the Federal court for the Indian Territory and the western district of Arkansas. During this period nearly a thousand men have stood before Judge Parker charged with murder. He has sent more criminals to the gallows and jails than any other judge in America.

"When we go to facts," said the Judge, "we find that during the last six years there have been 43,002 homicides in the United States, an average of 7,317 per year. In the same time there have been 723 legal executions and 1,118 lynchings. These startling figures show that crime is rapidly increasing instead of diminishing. In the last year 10,500 persons were killed, or at the rate of 875 per month, whereas in 1890 there were only 4,200, or less than half as many as in 1905. This bloody record shows a fearful increase of the crime which destroys human life.

Asked as to the part whiskey has played in this awful carnival of blood, Judge Parker replies:

"At least three-fourths of the homicides committed in this country are attributable, directly or indirectly, to the use of intoxicants. The question is not a new one to me. It has been forced upon my attention almost continually since I have been upon the bench. I think the same ratio of whiskey homicides would hold good in this court. The number that were influenced indirectly is hard to estimate,

and it is more than probable that in every case of homicide whiskey has played its part, either on the side of the criminal or of the victims. To my positive knowledge, whiskey was the direct cause of twenty-five out of twenty-six murders committed in one locality during the past twenty-one years, the parties to the quarrels having been drinking at the same time or immediately before the tragedies occurred. The remaining one was committed by a young boy, and I am not positive now but that either himself or the man he murdered was under the influence of liquor at the time. It is really difficult to recall a case in which whiskey did not figure one way or another, and the examples are prominent in which murderers were excited immediately to the commission of their crime by becoming intoxicated.—*National Temperance Advocate.*

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LORD JUSTICE HAWKINS THUS REFERS TO DRINK.

In the 20 years that Lord Justice Hawkins has sat upon the queen's bench of England he has won the respect of lawyers the world over. His record has been one that has reflected honor on perhaps the most famous of judicial bodies on this earth. He is known as a man of great breadth of learning and acuteness of observation. In the 20 years that he has honored England's judiciary he has made a critical study of crime and its causes. In this investigation the liquor traffic has constantly loomed up before him as the one great fountain of crime.

At the Leeds winter assizes in 1870, at the Bedfordshire summer assizes in 1878 and at the Chester spring assizes in 1883 his worship declared that nine-tenths of the crimes in the various calendars were in one way or another attributable to drink. At Durham, in 1883, he repeated this same declaration with more emphasis. He said:

"In many a cottage that is denuded of the commonest articles of comfort and necessity, article after article has gone to the pawnshop, simply for the purpose of providing that hideous tyrant, drink, and I do believe that nine-tenths of the crime committed in this country—and certainly in this county—is engendered within the doors of the drinking house."

On one occasion he is on record as follows:

"I have thought very seriously as to what is for the most part the origin of crime, and every day I live and the more I think of the matter the more firmly do I come to the conclusion that the root of almost all crime is drink, that tyrant which affects all ages and both sexes, the young, the middle aged, the old, father and son, husband and wife.

"It is drink which for the most part is the immediate and direct cause of those fearful quarrels in public streets in the night which terminate either in serious mischief to one or other of the parties, or in some other cause of crimes of dishonesty. It is drink which causes a man to be impoverished, and if you trace to its source the cause of misery it is to be found in drink."

In Bristol, in 1880, he said:

"There are millions of men who are in their sober moments as quiet and well conducted as men can be, but the moment they get excited by drink, evil intentions and vicious spirits arise within them; hence an immense number of men appear in calendars who never would if they had been sober."

At Berkshire assizes, in 1891, he asserted that 75 per cent of crimes of violence were traceable to drink, and at Gloucester assizes, also in 1891, he said that more trouble was caused by drink than all things put together, and that of every 100 persons who got into crime, he believed 80, either directly or indirectly, assigned their fall to drink. At Liverpool assizes, in May, 1895, but a little more than a year ago, Justice Hawkins referred to that terrible habit of drunkenness, which got everybody who had it into trouble.—*The Lever*.

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ALCOHOL IN PNEUMONIA.

The effect of alcohol on most of the organs of the body has been carefully investigated, and it is well known how badly drunkards stand pneumonia. It is only recently that any attempt has been made to ascertain what effect alcohol has upon the tissues of the lungs. Recently experiments have been made upon thirty dogs, all apparently in good health, and weighing from fifteen to twenty pounds. The experiments were thus carried out:—

A quantity of commercial alcohol (from one drachm to one ounce) was injected into the trachea, just below the larynx, of a carefully etherised dog. The effects of equal amounts upon animals of the same weight varied greatly; thus, two dogs, each weighing twenty-five pounds, were injected with two drachms respectively, one died in an hour, the other in six hours; while of four other dogs, two weighing twenty-five, one eighteen, and one fifteen pounds, injected also with two drachms each, all four survived. The symptoms which these experiments induced were all similar: dyspnoea, increasing as the inflammation increased, until all the accessory muscles of respiration were called into play. On auscultation it was found that air entered the bronchi and alveoli with great difficulty, and the heart had hard work in pumping blood through the pulmonary circulation. Post mortem, the appearances were those of broncho pneumonia, and the air passages were filled with frothy, bloody mucus, even in one dog that died in five minutes.

Thus it was found that alcohol produced a lesion very closely resembling (if not identical with) that of broncho-pneumonia in man. This is regarded by the investigator as explaining to some extent why drunkards attacked by pneumonia succumb so much more readily than do the temperate. The tissue of the lungs is practically enveloped in alcohol, flowing through the capillaries on the one hand, and passing from the blood into the air vesicles on the other, a condition which must create a state of semi-engorgement or a mild inflammation similar to his red nose and his congested gastric mucous membrane. Since chronic congestion is an important predisposing cause of inflammation, the liability to pneumonia is increased, and, their vitality being lowered, renders the lungs less able to recover from the effects of the disease.—*Family Doctor*.

SUGAR FROM THE GLASS.

A story is told of a father who was in the habit of taking every night a glass of whisky and water. Sometimes he took a piece of sugar out of the liquor and gave it to his little son, with the words, "Here, Jack, have a bit of sugar, boy." The boy took it willingly, and, though at first the taste of the whisky was unpleasant, he soon overcame this and began to like its flavor, till at last the father was persuaded by the boy to give him a sip out of the glass. One evening a sister of the boy was standing by when the father offered her a piece of sugar from his glass. Fortunately at this moment the mother entered and said: "No; stop. Whatever you give to the boy, I cannot allow you to give it to the girl. She shall not learn the taste of intoxicating drinks."

Many years had passed away, and the father had grown old and bent, when he was called upon to perform a most unpleasant duty.

He had to visit his son in prison. How changed was the once bright, happy boy. His face haggard, his eyes sunken, dressed in the meager dress of the convict, he was led out to see his father. He did not welcome him, but looked at him angrily. "Ah," he said, "you see me in my shame and punishment. You think me a bad son, but remember it was your fault that I am thus placed. The sips out of your glass led me to love drink, and that love has been the cause of my crime. I am here because I was taught by you to become a drunkard." The father felt the truth of what the son said. It was the arrow that pierced his heart. He hung his head in sorrow. He had no reply. Surely we should take warning and shun the beginning of evil.—*Onward*.

CIGARETTES DID IT.

As the result of an attempt Tuesday evening to see how many cigarettes he could smoke in half an hour and to win a small wager, fourteen year-old George F. Ellwell, of Philadelphia, died yesterday. The boy was lighting his twentieth cigarette when the half hour was up. He was taken sick during the night and he died next morning.—*Springfield Republican*.

DON'T USE WHISKEY FOR GRIP.

Newspapers and physicians report that "grip" is again epidemic and that it is a more malignant form than usual. A large number of cases are developing into pneumonia and other serious disorders. As usual, many people are making the old mistake of rushing to their whiskey bottle "to wash down the quinine." Upon request of a representative of "The Voice," Dr. A. Monac Lesser, Executive Surgeon of the New York Red Cross Hospital, explained how to recognize and treat the disease.

"The patient at first feels chilly," he said, "and this is followed by high temperature. These symptoms are always noticeable, but the other symptoms vary. Sometimes there is an intense headache with pains in the bones. Again sore throat and a form of bronchitis appear, and frequently a severe bowel trouble develops which is mistaken for typhoid fever. When the chill first comes on, take a strong cup of hot coffee. The nearest druggist can supply you with a dose consisting of five grains of bicarbonate of soda and three grains of salol. Take this dose every two hours. That is all that is necessary in ordinary cases. The less nourishment taken the better. A cup of plain meat broth may be taken every few hours when the patient is hungry. That is better than milk or food. If the pulse gets weak, a hot bath should be taken. Within the last five days I have seen 22 new cases of grip. Out of these 22 cases, 18 were treated without the use of whiskey, and none met with any serious results. The other four were treated with whiskey, and each one developed into pneumonia. No, sir, don't use a drop of whiskey for grip."

—*The Voice*.

PRIZE FIGHTING vs. LIQUOR.

The Legislature of Nevada has enacted a law licensing prize-fighting. Under this law prize-fights are legal provided the fee of \$1,000 is paid and other minor conditions complied with.

Because of this law the newspapers generally are jumping on Nevada with both feet, and condemning its legislators without mercy for enacting such a monstrous law? Has she done anything worthy of the harsh language used about her for this one act?

Of course it is not necessary for us to affirm that we favor the prohibition of prize-fighting as well as all other evils. But why should editors and speakers who approve of or excuse the licensing of liquor shops condemn Nevada? What right have they to raise their voices in horror at a State for licensing an evil?

A prize-fight is demoralizing. It is inhuman and ought to be suppressed. But it lasts at most but a few hours and is soon over with, while the damnable saloon is open day and night, tempting our men and boys and leading them gradually but surely down to degradation and ruin. Why condemn the Legislature of Nevada for licensing the prize ring and uphold our own Legislature for licensing the dram shop? These critics of Nevada are straining at a gnat and swallowing a camel.

We have no defence to make for pugilism or pugilists. It is most demoralizing sport, and should be suppressed at all hazards. We have a right to say this and demand its suppression. But those who favor the licensing of the sale of liquor have no right to condemn the licensing of a lesser evil. If it is right to extend the protection of law to one evil, it is right to give it to another evil. If, on the contrary, it is wrong to license one evil, it is wrong to license any and all other evils.

The evilest consideration given for a saloon license in Illinois is as good as that given for a prize-fight license in Nevada. Condemn Nevada if you will, gentlemen, but be consistent, and condemn Illinois and every State which accepts money for the privilege of ruining manhood of the country and turning our homes into hells.

—*The Lever*.

ARROW POINTS.

The devil's fastest friend and most helpful ally is the liquor traffic.

It is the licensed saloon that makes the drinker, and the drinker makes the drunkard.

Christian communities lie under the tyrannical dominion of a liquor power cruel as fate, and as persistently aggressive as the evil one.

The man who can deliberately make up his mind to sell alcoholic drinks to his fellow-men is as deaf to the appeals of moral suasion as is the ravenous beast in pursuit of his prey.

Every dollar of license revenue is stamped with individual guilt and national dishonor, and will prove a curse alike to the man who tenders it and the nation that accepts it.

Licensing the dealer gives him the legal right and the personal power to make drunkards of our sons, and worthless vagabonds of the only material we have for future leaders in church and state.

France, in feudal times, granted to her highway robbers license to rob during three days of the week. We laugh at the very idea, and yet we grant to our saloon robbers license to rob six days of the week and they do it on the seventh also.

A thousand small-pox hospitals would not so endanger the health and the life of the people as does the saloon. A thousand lotteries would not so thoroughly corrupt the morals of the people as does the presence of the saloon.

When Spain would found a society for the prevention of cruelty to animals, she raised the required sum by revenue from her bull fights. We laugh at this idea, and yet deem it quite the thing to run city, State, and national governments on revenue deprived from a traffic that brutalizes and demoralizes the people.

"Oh, but you can't make men moral or sober by an act of legislature!" No; nor can you make men healthy by an act of legislature; therefore you should not make any sanitary laws. No more can you make men honest by an act of legislature, therefore repeal your laws against theft, and tear down your jails and penitentiaries.—*National Temperance Advocate*.

WOUNDS FOR ETERNITY.

Whosoever is guilty of excess and intemperance in drinking, even though not to intoxication, but thereby causing great distress to his family, squandering away by his intemperance that which should serve for their support, commits a mortal sin against charity and justice. In like manner, whosoever thus renders himself incapable of the payment of his debts, although he may not drink to intoxication, commits a mortal sin.

It should be a sufficient argument with any reasonable man to know that this evil, as an enemy to man, wounds him wherever he can be wounded.

Sickness is an evil, but it wounds only his health; misfortune may take away his property, but it wounds only his property.

Slander may take away his good name, but it wounds only character. Blindness may take away his sight, and deafness his hearing, and so with all his senses, but these afflictions touch not his true manhood.

Death may take his life, but he dies sound of mind and in the hope of heaven, and it is thus throughout the whole catalogue of natural and social ills—they all come single and alone.

Intemperance strikes at the whole man. It wounds him in time and for eternity.

It takes away health, property, friends, manhood, character, liberty, sight, hearing, brutalizes all moral instinct, degrades the intellectual faculties and natural affections, destroys every talent for good, takes life and destroys the immortal soul.

By accident a man may die of poison, but he dies sane. The drunkard dies a fool.—*Orphan's Bouquet*.

IN INDIA.

The increase in the number of abstainers among the soldiers in India is surprising. It has nearly doubled since 1890, the respective number being 13,487 and 23,715. If this rate of progress is maintained, in five years more than half our forces in India will be total abstainers, setting a splendid example to civilians at home.

N. T. Advocate.