

THE CAMP FIRE.

A Monthly Record and Advocate of The Temperance Reform.

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BY W.C.T.U.'S—YOUNG PEOPLE'S SOCIETIES—TEMPERANCE ORGANIZATIONS—AND CHRISTIAN WORKERS GENERALLY.

[We carried prohibition in Maine by sowing the land knee-deep with literature.—NEAL DOW.]

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OUR CAUSE AND OUR CURSE.

SOME LIGHTS AND SHADOWS OF THE STRUGGLE.

His Own Fault.

A curious case was recently tried in Montreal. Phileas Corbell had fallen from the deck of a boat while drunk and was drowned. His heirs sued the Manufacturers Accident Company for \$6000, on two insurance policies. The Court dismissed the action on the ground that the man's death, being due to drink, was not covered by the insurance policies.

Drink And Death.

A terrible fatality occurred near Simcoe Ont., on the night of March 7th. David Cram and his father and brother went home from the town late at night in an intoxicated condition. David seems to have been the worst of the lot and was left by the others to sleep in the barn covered with a horse blanket. Next morning he was found frozen to death.

An Anti-Treating Law.

The House of Representatives of the Legislature of Ohio has passed an Act prohibiting treating. It provides that whoever gives or offers to another person any intoxicating drink in any place where intoxicating liquor is sold shall be guilty of a misdemeanor. The penalty is a fine of from one dollar to twenty dollars.

Whiskey Did It.

A press dispatch says that the body of Thomas Gordon was found on April 7th in Martin's woods on the first concession of Mercier Township, Essex Co., with a whiskey bottle by his side. He had been on a spree when last seen and is supposed to have lain down in that condition and perished. His face was much disfigured by rats. Another addition to the awful record.

Liquor Killed Him.

On Tuesday evening, March 31st, a sad accident occurred at the C.P.R. station in Ottawa. Two young men had been drinking together pretty freely. By mistake both got upon the wrong train. One jumped off, landing safely, his companion attempted to do so, but fell between two cars and four wheels of one of them passed over his legs. He died next afternoon.

A Priest Silenced.

It is stated that Rev. Father Zurcher, the eminent advocate of temperance, who recently spoke in the Horticultural Pavilion in Toronto, has been ordered by his ecclesiastical superiors to keep silent upon the question in consequence of an attack made by him upon the brewing and selling of beer by monks. Archbishop Ryan states that he has issued the order in the interests of temperance. Father Zurcher has resigned the Presidency of the Catholic Temperance Union of Buffalo.

Drink at the Bottom of it.

Arrests have been made of a number of participators in the outrage at Wingham some time ago, which resulted in the death of the unfortunate man who was so cruelly treated. The evidence taken in the preliminary inquiry makes it clear that drink was at the bottom of the tragedy. The mob had loaded themselves up with strong drink in preparation of the action they proposed to take. In fact, they were so badly intoxicated that they seem to have been quarrelling among themselves even while they were carrying out their pre-arranged brutality.

Prevention, Not Cure.

The Toronto Ministerial Association recently dealt with a communication from the Prisoners Aid Association asking for co-operation in an effort to establish an Industrial Home near the city for the cure and treatment of chronic inebriates. The ministers objected to the proposal and refused to co-operate in the scheme, declaring that Government was to blame for the drunkard because of the licensing of the liquor traffic. The proper treatment for the evil was said to be the enacting of a prohibitory law.

Another Fatality.

On March 26th a fearful tragedy was enacted in Toronto. John Finlay, a member of the Body Guards, was returning home from drill late at night with his brother Frank. Both men were badly intoxicated and a quarrel arose between them in the course of which John struck his brother a heavy blow with his scabbard felling him senseless to the ground. Realizing what he had done and filled with alarm, he strove to help the wounded man to his feet and accompanied him for a few hours until he died. He is under arrest. The murdered man leaves a wife and young family.

Royal Templars.

The Dominion Council of the R.T. of T. held its biennial session at Hamilton, commencing Tuesday, March 17th. The Secretary's report showed that the year 1895 closed with 5,859 insurance certificates in force, the net increase for the year having been upwards of 1,000. The death rate was about 7 in 1,000. Benefits paid amounted to \$123,000 surplus on hand \$82,207. The report of the General Manager spoke encouragingly of the progress made in political prohibition sentiment and work. It also advocated organic union of the different temperance orders. The principal officers were re-elected. Very little change was made in the legislation of the order.

Progress in Iceland.

Miss Jessie Ackerman who has lately returned to the United States from a visit to Iceland, has given a newspaper representative much interesting information regarding that far off land. She says that in the whole country there is not a house of ill repute. The moral standard of purity is the same for both sexes. Politically, women are almost on the same level, being allowed to vote at all municipal elections and eligible to most of the offices. The agent of the New York Life Insurance Company is a woman who is also a member of the Atling—the legislative body. There are only three saloons on the island, two of which are at Reykjavik, the capital, which has a

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Read the offer to Clergymen in first column of Page 3. It will be withdrawn April 30th.

population of 4,000. During Miss Ackerman's stay a Local-Option bill was passed, the petition therefor being signed by 7,000 Icelandic women. A scientific temperance-instruction bill was also passed by the Atling. This body at its last session donated 800 kroner—about \$200—to the I. O. of G. T., which is strongly represented there.

Who is Responsible.

One of our subscribers, Mr. Hugh Spittall, says in a forcible letter: "I notice the shocking account of the tragedy in Brockville in which Uriah Lapointe shot down ten men, as well as other accounts of fearful results of intemperance. Who is responsible for this outrage? Not Lapointe alone, he was crazed with strong drink. Not the dealer who supplied him the liquor, alone, he is licensed to sell. Not the Commissioners who issued the license alone; they are authorized by Government. The Government is certainly responsible. Who is the Government? The Provincial and Dominion voters who have failed to elect the prohibition representatives who would abolish the liquor curse. They are responsible for all the crime and wretchedness of drunken men and women. If your representative does not favor prohibition, nominate and support one who is, and do not complain of evil while you support it. Do not make long prayers to have the curse removed while you mark your ballot to have the curse sustained. Do not be afraid to go out like Christian men and sacrifice partisanship in an effort to relieve the cause of so much misery, sin and crime. Do not profess religion on Sunday and practice crime creation on Monday."

A New License Law.

The State of New York has a new license law in which a radical departure is made from the plans for regulating the liquor traffic that has hitherto been in vogue. Under the new measure local excise powers are abolished and the issue of licenses is placed in the hands of Inspectors appointed by the State Government somewhat on the Ontario plan.

Licenses are increased in price varying from \$800 in New York to \$100, which is the smallest fee to be charged in a rural locality. One third of the fee goes to the state and two-thirds to the county.

Towns are to have local option and may vote upon the question of selling liquor to be drunk on the premises, selling liquor not to be drunk on the premises, selling liquor by druggists or selling liquor by hotel keepers. A majority vote decides in each case.

No license can be issued to take effect within 200 feet of a dwelling or dwellings without the consent of two-thirds of the owners of the dwellings. This does not apply to licenses already issued. No blinds or curtains or unlocked doors are permitted during the hours when sale is not allowed, except such opening of doors as is necessary for lawful purposes. Free lunches are forbidden.

All Clubs and such organizations must take out licenses the same as other liquor establishments. No sale is to be allowed on Sunday nor on election days, nor within 200 yards of a fair ground.

WORDS OF WISDOM.

I consider all spirits bad spirits.—Sir Astley Cooper.

All the crimes on earth do not destroy so many of the human race, nor alienate so much property, as intemperance.—Lord Bacon.

It has been said that greater calamities are inflicted on mankind by intemperance than by the three great scourges, war, pestilence and famine. This is true for us, and it is the measure of our discredit and disgrace.—W. E. Gladstone, Premier of England, 1890.

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, APRIL, 1896.

THE PRIVY COUNCIL DECISION.

Nine months have gone by since the jurisdiction question was argued before the Privy Council. The Court is not at present in session having adjourned for the Easter vacation. There is a general expectation that judgment will be given when the Court re-assembles, probably about the middle of April.

The judgment will come too late to allow of action by the Local Legislature to take effect during 1896. It is very unlikely that the delay should be extended much further. 1897 will therefore be prohibition legislation year.

In 1897 we shall have a newly elected Dominion Parliament. We shall have legislatures in session with their powers distinctly defined. We shall be in a better position than ever before to deal with the liquor question.

Now is the time for preparation, for planning, for organization, for such action as will elect a national prohibition Parliament. There is not a day to be lost. The work that is done during 1896 will be the measure of the results accomplished in 1897.

LITERATURE CIRCULATION.

In this education year we ought to have a special campaign of education work. The form of education work that is most uniformly effective at all times and under all circumstances, is the education that comes through literature circulation.

When a fight is on we have crowded meetings, pulpits are more outspoken, personal discussion does its work. The activity of these forces is lessened between the times of contest and excitement.

The Post Office is always at work. The mails continually come and go. Men and women and children read what is put into their hands. The work done by the circulation of literature is steady, persistent, and therefore specially productive of permanent good. Now is the time to scatter judicious prohibition literature broadcast in the land.

LEGISLATION IN NEW BRUNSWICK.

The New Brunswick Legislature has passed an Act providing for provincial control of the liquor traffic. Hitherto licenses have been issued by the different municipalities. The new law provides for the appointment of boards of license commissioners on the same plan as does the Ontario law. These commissioners will pass

upon all applications for licenses. License fees will be largely increased, and the proceeds after payment of expenses are to be divided between the municipality and the Provincial Government. Penalties are increased. A license is to be forfeited for the first offence of selling liquor on Sunday. A vote of the ratepayers in any ward or parish can be taken at any time before Jan. 1st, upon the question of license or no license. If a majority votes against license, no license shall be issued till such vote is reversed. Voting may take place once in three years.

UNION.

The Royal Templars in their recent Dominion Convention discussed the question of the organic union of existing temperance Orders and declared in favor of the idea. We have always warmly advocated this proposal. It ought to be carried out.

The present separation of forces is extravagant. It means weakness, division, and waste. Now that many beneficiary organizations and the development of church work among young people have circumscribed the field of temperance society effort, the harmfulness of this division is still more manifest.

The time is favourable for action. No immediate special campaign is on hand. Cannot the leaders of the temperance societies of Canada take a little time for consultation and work towards the desirable, the necessary union of the forces that ought to be not only harmoniously co-operating, but strong in the power that must come from judicious unification.

THE TRAIL OF THE SERPENT.

In an article entitled "Crime's Wild Reign" the New York Voice recently gave a list of nineteen terrible instances of outrageous brutality caused through drink, nearly every one of which resulted in the loss of life. Some of the victims were helpless women and children. In some cases the crimes were accompanied with torture that is almost incredible.

Our own country has a record smaller, our population being less, but of much the same character. Not a day passes without furnishing its quota of crime and cruelty, the direct result of the law protected liquor traffic. No war, no earthquake, no pestilence, ever produces such awful results.

It seems almost incredible that in the face of these terrible conditions, public opinion is so apathetic in relation to the drink curse. Evils not at all so productive of disaster call forth more interest and receive more attention. It seems as if our familiarity with the consequences of this fearful national crime, and the hold that the liquor traffic has secured upon the financial interests of the community, had together stupefied our national moral sense.

No other public question is weighty with so much possibility of weal or woe for the homes and families of our land as is this great drink question. Beside it the issues which divide the country are trivial. What is the matter?

Is it not true that even the most earnest friends of the temperance cause have not yet realized the importance of the movement they advocate? Is it not true that though talk has been plentiful, there have been too few professed Christians ready to sacrifice their political prejudices for the sake of humanity and the glory of God? If our earnest, avowed friends took hold of this question with half the energy, determination and

prudence that our enemies display, no technicalities, interest or tricks could prevent the absolute and immediate wiping out of this legalized iniquity.

PROHIBITION IN NORWAY.

The hearts of temperance reformers all over the world will be filled with encouragement and thankfulness when they learn of the great progress that has been made in active prohibition work in the northern part of Europe. Norway has for a number of years dealt with the liquor traffic by the peculiar method known as the Norwegian System. The chief feature of this system is that a monopoly of the retail liquor business in a municipality is handed over to a joint stock company, which company binds itself to pay to its shareholders no larger dividend than five per cent per annum on its paid-up capital. All other profits are to be devoted to the encouragement of educational institutions, benevolent societies, charities and other public uses. Indeed one of the objects of the bounty of these companies has been the temperance cause, which has yearly received a share of the profits of the liquor business.

The law also provides for local option. The people in different localities have a right to totally prohibit the liquor traffic and end its power. Large tracts of the rural part of the country have been cleared of legalized facilities for intemperance.

Lately still further progress has been made, an interesting account of which has been written for the Voice by Prof. R. A. Jernberg of Chicago. The first step leading to the gains made was the election to the Norwegian Parliament of Mr. Sven Aarrestad, President of the National Temperance Society. Mr. Aarrestad introduced and succeeded in carrying through Parliament, a bill giving women the right to vote on the liquor question. The old law about monopoly to sell liquor still remains, but before it can be acted upon the question of prohibition is submitted to a vote of all the men and women over twenty-five years of age in a locality. A vote for prohibition does not however prevail unless a majority of all who have the right to vote declare in favor of it.

This bill became law in 1894. The interest taken in the following elections may be readily imagined. Earnest women took the field in vigorous campaign in favor of prohibition. About half the cities and towns of Norway have voted out the liquor traffic. A number more are pretty certain to follow their example next fall, at which time the licenses of the old companies in these places expire and the people will have an opportunity to decide whether or not they shall be renewed.

The victory obtained in the last elections was a wonderful one. Of all the towns that voted, only two reported votes sufficient to allow a continuance of the liquor traffic. The whole country was stirred, the movement largely having a religious character, and the results were celebrated with praise services all over the kingdom.

PLEDGING CANDIDATES.

Over and over again have we urged upon our readers the wisdom of making themselves active in political organizations, so that they may be potential and influential in securing the nomination of candidates who are sound prohibitionists. We have many enthusiastic prohibition advocates who talk loudly about the duty of voting only for prohibitionists, but who never take any practical steps to secure the

placing of prohibitionists in the field as political candidates. As matters at present stand, it is in most cases too late to accomplish much when the elections are actually upon us. Both parties have selected their candidates beforehand. In many cases neither of the candidates sympathizes with temperance, and there is often little choice between them. The temperance voter in such circumstances is unable to use his ballot to advance the cause that has so strong a place in his sympathies.

The remedy is not to get out of the political parties, but to get into the political parties, to take a hand in their plans and actions. There is scarcely a constituency in the Dominion in which a few earnest temperance men could not control the nomination in one (or both) of the parties so as to secure a temperance candidate, selected under such circumstances as would make his election far more likely than if he were named as an independent. To some workers this line of action would not be agreeable. If we have not friends enough willing to take it regardless of personal feelings, our cause is not in a very hopeful condition.

Prohibitionists controlled the Liberal nomination in Colchester N. S., a couple of weeks ago. The result was that the Liberal party nominated Mr. Firman McClure, one of the leading prohibition workers of the province. Similar action has been taken in some other cases so that there are before the people a number of both parties who can be relied upon to support prohibition in Parliament. There are in the House of Commons to-day Conservatives and Liberals who never fail to stand up to be counted on the right side. Wise, determined action on the part of those who believe in the suppression of the liquor party would give us a majority of such men in the Parliament shortly to be elected.

ORGANIZATION.

We continue to urge upon our readers the necessity for immediate definite action on the line of getting our forces ready for the approaching general election campaign. The reasons for this course are simply the immense importance of organized action and our present deficiency in the matter. Prohibitionists have not yet sufficiently realized the fact that they must be wisely united, acting persistently and systematically before they can attain the end they have in view.

The people of Canada believe in prohibition. They earnestly desire prohibition. They fail to secure prohibition. Why?

To some extent, because they have not yet deserved success by adopting the simple methods that always have been, and always will be, effective.

A few men, disciplined, co-operating, wisely directed, will rout a mob ten times their number. Our daily life crowds upon us other equally forcible illustrations. Even in temperance work our experience ought to have taught us the same lesson. In many a local contest for restricting the traffic we have organized and won. We can only win in the wider field of national politics by the same common sense plan.

This paper will reach many thousands of earnest workers outside our regular subscribers. We therefore devote a good deal of space to this incalculably important question of organization, repeating in many cases what we have already said, and earnestly urging our many friends to take immediate steps to secure that preparation which will be the measure of our success in the approaching contest.

THE VANGUARD.

A GREAT WORK—READ CAREFULLY.

The VANGUARD was published during the stirring years of 1893 and 1894 in the form of a magazine. It was devoted to expert discussion of the liquor question and the many matters thereto related. Prohibition workers found it a "mine" of information, and many of them desired to have its articles put into a form adapted for permanent use and reference.

This has been done by binding and indexing the eleven numbers issued in 1893-4.

The book thus produced is a complete encyclopedia of information relating to the temperance and prohibition reform. Every article is written by some person specially qualified to deal with the question he discusses.

In this volume will be found the latest, fullest and most accurate statistics and other authoritative statements; all reliable, fresh and good; covering nearly every field of available fact and argument, and including a great number of tables compiled with the utmost care.

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To put the information contained in the VANGUARD into the possession of those who will use it to advantage, it is offered—for a short time only—to clergymen, at the reduced price of

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This offer to clergymen is only good for this month. On April the 30th it will be positively withdrawn.

Selections.

"WHO BIDS FOR THE CHILDREN."

Who bids for the little children—
Body and soul and brain?
Who bids for the little children—
Young and without a stain?
"Will no one bid?" said the children,
"For our souls, so pure and white,
And fit for all good and evil,
The world on their page may write?"

"We bid" said Pest and Famine,
"We bid for life and limb;
Fever and pain and squalor,
Their bright young eyes shall dim,
When the children grow too many,
We'll nurse them as our own,
And hide them in secret places,
Where none may hear their moan."

"And I'll bid higher and higher,"
Said Crime, with a wolfish grin.
"For I love to lead the children
Through the pleasant paths of sin.
They shall swarm in the streets to pilfer,
They shall plague on the broad high-
way,
Till they grow too old for pity,
Just ripe, for the law to slay."

"Prison and hulk and gallows,
Are many in the land;
'Twere folly not to use them,
So proudly do they stand,
Give me the little children,
I'll take them as they're born
And feed their evil passions
With misery and scorn."

"Give me the little children,
Ye rich, ye good, ye wise.
And let the busy world spin round
While you shut your idle eyes;
And your judges shall have work
And your lawyers wag their tongue,
And the jailers and policemen
Shall be fathers to the young."

"Oh, shame," said true Religion,
"Oh! shame that this should be!
I'll take the little children—
Oh give them all to me!
I'll raise them up in kindness
From the mire in which they've trod—
I'll teach them words of blessing
And lead them up to God."

—Charles Mackay.

DAISY WINTER.

The evening was closing in, after a bitter and blustering December day, and Mr. Winter, the successful and highly-respected lawyer, was seated at his evening meal. Crimson curtains shut out the cold wintry landscape, and the bright firelight played over the polished furniture. Flowers glowed, and silver and cut glass sparkled on the carefully-laid table; but on the forehead of the master of the house a frown rested, and he seemed to derive little satisfaction from the various dainties with which he toyed, though at frequent intervals he filled his glass to the brim with various liquors. Presently the door opened gently, and his wife entered. Tall and slender, with golden curls and shining eyes, it was no wonder that her husband's face softened as his eyes rested on her.

"I am sorry that I could not come down to you before," she said; "but Daisy was so restless that I did not like to leave her. She is dozing now, and seems better."

"What is the matter with the child?" asked Mr. Winter.

"I don't quite know; it began with tooth-ache, but I think she will be all right now. I am rather tired. If you will excuse me, I will go and lie down for half an hour."

"Don't you want anything to eat?" asked her husband, glancing at the table.

"No, thank you; I have had what I require," she replied.

Then her blue eyes filled with anxiety as they rested on his flushed face.

"Norman," she said, pleadingly as acting on a sudden impulse she laid a gentle hand on his shoulder, "you will not take any more to-night, will you?"

"Nonsense," said Mr. Winter, roughly. "You might think I was a baby. I know what is good for me, and when to stop," and he shook his shoulder free from her touch.

With a sigh she turned and left the room; further remonstrance as she only too well knew, was useless.

"It is really too bad of Gladys to talk like that," soliloquised Mr. Winter, cracking a nut savagely; "as if I was in the habit of taking too much. I declare it is enough to drive a man wild. Women are half crazy now-a-days with their temperance notions.

There is Gladys thinks I ill-use her because I take a glass when I need it. I should not be the man I am if I didn't."

He drew the decanter to him. "So I'm not to have any more to-night?" he continued; but I will, my dear Gladys, and just as much more as I like," and he filled his glass again. Presently his thoughts turned to his child.

"Poor little Daisy," he said, and his face grew tender, for he loved his seven-year-old daughter passionately.

"What's good for toothache?" he continued, his glance wandering round the room. "By Jove! Whiskey! The very thing!" he exclaimed, "and she shall have it, too, in spite of Gladys," and after filling himself one last glass he rose from the table, and with somewhat unsteady steps went up the stairs to his daughter's room.

Pretty golden-haired Daisy lay with flushed cheeks, half asleep on the white pillows. As her father entered the sapphire eyes opened, and a delightful smile lit up her face.

"Well Daisy," he said, and his voice was thick and unsteady; "how are you?"

"Better, thank you papa," said the child, looking lovingly at him.

"I've brought you some medicine," he continued, sitting down on the end of the bed and pouring out the whiskey with a shaking hand.

"I don't think I want any, papa please," said Daisy, with a troubled glance at the bottle; "and mamma told me never to take it."

"Fiddlesticks!" said Mr. Winter impatiently. "Drink it up at once, like a good girl, and go to sleep."

Daisy's eyes filled with tears at his unusual harshness, and she took the large tumbler from his hand and drank the contents with a brave effort, not to show her distaste for it.

Then Norman Winter rose; to his surprise he found that his head was spinning round and round.

"It's that confounded pastry," he said; "it never does agree with me. I think I'll go and lie down. Ta-ta, Daisy," and he staggered to his room.

When Gladys Winter woke it was to her knowledge that she had overslept herself, and springing to her feet she crossed the landing to her daughter's room; then a sharp cry rang through the house, and brought one of the maids to the door.

"Quick Jane," cried her mistress, "run and tell John to saddle Prince and ride at once for the doctor, and go and call your master."

Jane soon returned.

"John has gone," she said; "but if you please, master is asleep, and James can't wake him."

A sudden flush rose on Gladys' face, and she turned away from the gaze of the sharp-eyed housemaid. For what seemed hours she waited in speechless agony, then there was a sharp ring of hoofs, a quick step on the stairs, and the doctor entered. Hardly staying to greet her he turned at once to the bed, and examined carefully the little patient. Then his eyes glanced round the room, and fell on the bottle left by Mr. Winter.

"Ah! as I thought," he said under his breath. "I must have a stomach pump at once," he said. "Stay, I will write a message," and he hastily scribbled a note and gave it to her.

When Mrs. Winter returned he turned to her and said, "Your daughter is suffering from alcoholic poisoning, due to an over dose of spirits!"

"Impossible!" cried Gladys.

The doctor turned and took up the whisky bottle that stood by the bed. One glance the mother gave it, and her face set into stone.

Then began a fight with death. Hand in hand the grave-faced doctor and the wild-eyed mother struggled for the child's life. A thud of returning hoofs was heard, and a man brought up the doctor's case, and again the fight went on. At last the doctor turned away.

"It is no use," he said, "the spirit is absorbed. I can do no more, but she may live through the night."

Then he turned to the white-faced mother.

"Had you not better send for Mr. Winter?" he asked. With a bitter cry "Oh Norman, Norman!" Gladys dropped on her knees at her darling's side, and hid her face in the clothes.

The doctor glanced at her gravely for a moment, then he turned and left the room.

"Where is your master?" he asked one of the servants who clustered round the door.

"In his bedroom, sir," said James, and he turned and entered it. His finely-cut lip curled in scorn as he

gazed on the sleeping man, and thought of the wife in that other room, and crossing to the bed he shook him roughly. Norman rolled over and opened his eyes.

"What the —" he began angrily, then his eyes fell on the doctor.

"Oh, it's you, is it?" he said. "What's the matter?"

Then his face changed as he saw his gravity.

"Is Daisy worse?" he asked.

"Yes," said the doctor curtly, with Gladys' face still before him. "She is dying!"

"My God!" cried Norman, and he sprang to his feet. "You're dreaming, man; she was all right when I left her."

The doctor gave him a quick scrutinizing glance.

"She is dying from alcoholic poisoning," he said coldly. "She has taken a large quantity of whiskey."

Then he sprang forward, for Norman Winter had fainted.

Four days later fair-haired Daisy Winter was laid to rest in the churchyard, and that night the snow fell and covered her with a garment as pure as her own brief life had been, and while it fell softly on the little grave, in the sorrow-stricken house the master sat alone in his study, his arms lying on the table, and his head resting on them, while hour after hour rolled by unnoticed. At last he rose, and going to his desk wrote a few words and then went slowly to his wife's room.

Gladys was sitting by the fire, and without glancing at her he crossed the floor and laid a card on her knee. "In memory of Daisy," he said, and turning away stood gazing with sightless eyes at the fast whitening landscape. She looked down and saw a brightly coloured pledge, with "Norman Winter" written across the bottom. Then she glanced at that solitary figure at the window, and her eyes filled with tears. With a quick step she crossed over to him, and laying her hand on his shoulder said gently, "My husband!"

He turned his haggard face to her, and a glance of surprise and joy lit up his eyes.

"Gladys!" he cried, "Gladys!" and his voice trembled. "Can you forgive me?"

For answer she came, nearer to him, and placed her arms round his neck.

"In God's name, yes," she whispered, and as she ceased speaking the clouds parted, and through the lessening flakes the first bright star appeared, casting its flickering ray alike on the smooth white grave where lay one of "Drink's" many helpless victims, and on the now childless father and mother.—By H. Shirley King, in the Alliance News.

Bad News From Kansas.

It is stated that the liquor party have won a victory in Wichita, Kan. by persuading Governor Morrill to remove from the Police Board a gentleman to whose conscientious enforcement of prohibition are to be contributed the benefits of which mention has already been made. A special despatch to the Voice states that the re-organized Board has removed the former Chief of Police and appointed in his stead Frank Burt, State Secretary of the Order of the Mystic Brotherhood, an organization with the object of securing the repeal of prohibition. Other changes have been made in the public officers. Saloons have been re-opened. The fine license system has been inaugurated, and in defiance of the law, with the consent of the officials, the liquor traffic is again in full blast. Wichita is one of the places in Kansas in which the prohibition of the liquor traffic has always been most difficult.

Liquor Not Needed.

The reported successful effort to reach the North Pole was commanded by a practical Prohibitionist. Dr. Nansen, in setting forth his plans, said:—"For drinking we shall have nothing except water, which we shall get by melting snow. This water, we may, however, mix with lime juice and sugar, or with milk, or make tea, chocolate or soup of it, and thus we shall have pleasant drinks. A good drink is also water mixed with oatmeal. Spirituous drinks will not be allowed." These are his own words.

We cannot tell how much Dr. Nansen's success is attributable to his Prohibition principles; in every other serious undertaking it is an element of success, and why not in a polar expedition?—The National.

DRUNK!

AN ODE FOR BRITONS.

(From the "London Figaro," July 12, 1873.)

Take him up gingerly, the prostrate
 sot!
 Faugh! What of foulness lurks in
 ditch or sty,
 That is not here? Come not too nigh,
 Clean citizen. Behold him! What a
 blot
 On God's creation! Not the unclean
 creatures
 That wallowed in earth's early slime
 Were loathsome as this thing with
 what sometime
 Were human features!

Great God! this was a man! And now
 it seems
 Folly to drag him from his home, the
 gutter.
 Of mere humanity's humblest light
 what gleams
 Shine for those vacant eyes? What
 fall more utter
 Could well be his, if, as in Orient
 dreams,
 Down the long bestial track, his soul
 Should grovel worm-wards? He has
 reached his goal.

Drunk!

Surely the meanest fiend in hell had
 shrunk
 From brotherhood with this foul,
 frowny mass
 Of sodden flesh and rags, that yet will
 pass
 For man. Man! and his loathsome
 lips can frame
 But incoherent oaths, his helpless
 limbs
 Sprawl ignominiously impotent,
 And that dull brain, which with beast
 madness swims,
 Is dead to the last touch of sense or
 shame;
 Imbecile, hideous, incontinent.

Look, Briton! Gaze! and blush that
 the old land
 Of such a plague-spot still should bear
 the brand.
 Drunk! Drunk in daily droves, in
 nightly swarms,
 The things that should be men, but are
 Something too low for naming;
 Than simple brutishness baser far,
 The wallowing tenant of the hogpen
 shaming;
 Void of the savage's least human
 charm,

Seeing that sense has left them, and
 control
 Of self, and decency, and manly spirit;
 Each human trait that lowliest men
 inherit,
 All touch of manhood, every trace of
 soul,
 Seeing such as these go forth in bestial
 wraith,
 Rage subtler-brutish and, with cursed
 hands,
 Smite helpless women and weak inno-
 cents,
 Their wives, their children. God! that
 such base slaves
 Should have such fair possessions!
 Manhood craves
 The power that the blasting lightning
 hath
 To sweep such reptiles from the
 world's fair path,

Smite them, and maim, and slay.
 Who, lifting faces,
 Death-pallid, heaven-patient, pity pray
 At hands that should caress them.
 From what places
 Might not such looks drag down and
 damn the thing,
 That claim's creation's lordship, and
 can grovel
 To such unspeakable humiliation?
 Or what far-chorused praise shall lift
 that nation
 To honour's top-most height, where
 such abound—
 Swarm, hideous, in day's eye the year
 around,
 And nightly lurk in loathsome lair and

fetid hovel?
 Curse of all generations of our name,
 Our many centuried shame:
 Its heat-mark stains our Albion's fore-
 head yet,
 And yet brute-Britons, leather-hided,
 know
 No clinging shame, no passionate
 regret;
 Law's hand is loose upon it, custom
 winks
 At its familiar heaven-affronting show;
 And shallow wittings set
 The unmanned Caliban who reels and
 blinks,
 The fatuously grinning shape,
 Which is a thing below the ver-
 least ape,
 As butt for obnoxious quip and crack-
 ing joke;
 As though the intolerable satyr yoke,

The Bolial-bondage, were a thing
 For cockney wit and dull mirth-mon-
 gering!

Mirth! And ten thousand human
 homes are hells
 Where, throned, a demon dwells
 More merciless than Moloch. Mirth!
 And myriads walk this sun-kissed
 earth,
 With shapes that Dante's hell might
 vomit forth;
 And when a devil's-tithe of human
 worth
 Falls breast-ward year by year, and
 gifted souls
 That heaven's dower predestined for
 high goals,
 Drift helplessly through loathsome
 lazar life,
 And voluntary madness, to vile death
 Mirth! and the din of foul, inebriate
 strife
 Sound skywards ever, and the city's
 breath

Reeks of Silenus. Toil-swart men lie
 prone
 In God-forgotten, swinish impotence,
 Or, spiritless, sue pauper-wise for
 pence,
 And take a beggar's dole on pitiful
 pretence
 Of jovial fellowship. O, clinging
 shame,
 That British men so grovelling should
 have grown!

O sight to make a workman loathe his
 name
 To see his lounging fool-fellows, who
 crush,
 In dull, expectant eagerness, around
 The yet closed tavern doors, as though
 dear life
 Held nothing worth but drink! Oh
 Britons! proud
 Of the old name that nobly rings
 through strife
 And pairs with honour for a thousand
 years!
 Is there one enemy you dare not face!
 One foe in whose foul presence you
 abase
 Your manly fronts in shameful, slavish
 fears?

Lo, men, it is a thing that makes ye
 dogs!
 Lo, free men, it is a taskmaster that
 flogs
 Your cringing backs with scorpion
 thongs, and makes
 Ye mockery for the devils. When it
 takes

Hold on your manhood, ye shall go
 And grovel like whipped curs, more
 loathly low
 Than Helot hounds of old.
 Shall smite pale women, ye, with blood
 of men
 In your polluted veins. Aha! how
 then
 Must laugh the fiends when they
 behold
 The self-applaudive Briton, ever bold,
 Lift hand against the helpless life-worn
 slave
 Who bore his children--and his curses.
 Brave!
 The meanest reptile that can crawl or
 sting
 Is not so poor a thing!

Britons, bethink ye. If one touch of
 shame,
 One pulse of manhood, yet survives
 The dread drink palsy, rouse and shake
 the name
 Of Englishmen from such a damned
 blot—
 A woman beater! Ah! most noble
 name
 To face the judgment with, when
 broken wives
 May not avail, by poor compassionate
 lies,
 To shield you from your shame or stay
 your doom!
 When every nook in God's creation
 cries
 'Gainst giving so foul a thing abiding
 room.
 Brainless besotted! Savages that
 shaped
 Some hideous god, and poured their
 blood to it,
 Were fools less blind than ye, who,
 void of wit,
 Their Moloch rites have aped.

Ye who, so swift to scoff, so quick to
 jeer
 At Juggernaut or Mumbo Jumbo, bend
 In servile homage to a baser god,
 The British Juggernaut, the great god
 Beer!
 See what prone multitudes his shrines
 attend!
 See how man-vestured myriads hang
 upon his nod!
 His sacrifices are a broken life,
 And an imbruted spirit. See what
 strife
 To yield him his behests! See how
 they crush

To fling him health and honour, cour-
 age, sense,
 Manhood's last pulse and decency's
 last blush;

Well paid but if the devilish incense
 Of his foul breath may lap their sodden
 brains
 In idiot stupor, devil-delirium!
 These be your Gods, O Britons! Vain
 vain
 All scorn, all warning! for the dupes
 are dumb;
 Deaf 'e'en to echoes of fiend-laughter
 heard
 Beneath their glittering shrines. Is it
 not time

That patriot sense and equal law
 Should lay strong hands upon them,
 that the word
 Of public shame should brand them,
 that the whip
 Of general scorn should lash our age's
 motley mime;
 No longer grin nor justice look askance
 On this dread devil's dance;
 Nor tolerant custom glance with jest
 and quip
 On this foul thing, mother of murder,
 lust,
 And all abomination? Were't not
 just
 Long-slumbering law should bare her
 righteous brand,
 And drive the drink-fiend from our
 land?

What it Costs.

"My homeless friend with the
 chromatic nose, while you are stirring
 up the sugar in a ten cent glass of gin,
 let me give you a fact to wash down
 with it. You may say you have longed
 for years for the free, independent life
 of a farmer, but you have never been
 able to get enough money to buy a
 farm. But there is where you are
 mistaken. For some years you have
 been drinking a good improved farm
 at the rate of one hundred square feet
 at a gulp. If you doubt this statement
 figure it out for yourself.

"An acre of land contains 43,500
 feet. Estimating, for convenience, the
 land square at \$13.56 an acre, you will
 see that it brings land to just one mill
 per square foot. Now, pour down the
 fiery dose and imagine you are swa-
 llowing a strawberry patch. Call in
 five of your friends and have them
 help you gulp down that 500 foot
 garden.

"Get on a prolonged spree some day
 and see how long it will take to
 swallow a pasture land to feed a cow.
 "Put down that glass of gin; there
 is dirt in it—three hundred feet of good,
 rich dirt, worth \$13.56 per acre."
 —Bob Burdette.

SHARP SHOTS.

The man who begins by drinking
 some times may end by having; to
 drink all the time.

Better stay in bed all day than get
 up early in the morning to drink.

Wine opens the damper to let all the
 fires of evil in a man burn.

There is no sin that a man inflamed
 with wine may not commit.

When a man gets up early in the
 morning to drink he is apt to spend
 the day in doing nothing else.

Whoever forms the drink habit gives
 the devil a mortgage on his sleep.

The sparkle in the wine is made by
 one of the devil's sharpest teeth.

When the devil would run his claws
 clear through a man and clinch them
 on the other side he makes him believe
 that moderate drinking won't hurt
 him.

A brewer's horse fares better than a
 drunkard's child.

Appetite for drink is the devil's iron
 chain on the drunkard's neck.

Many a man puts his family in the
 dark to help the saloon pay its gas bill.

Every moderate drinker is leading
 an army of boys toward the pit.

The earliest time to let drink alone
 is before the first drink is taken.

Bridget starts her fire with coal
 oil. The devil uses alcohol.

If there is joy in heaven when a
 sinner repents, what happens when a
 boy goes into a saloon?

If you would teach children to hate
 drink give them the first lesson before
 they leave the cradle.

The first glass has the most poison in
 it.

A drunkard's throat has no bottom
 to it.

The devil agrees with the man who
 claims he can drink or let it alone.

—Ram's Horn.

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THE GOTHENBURG SYSTEM.

"The action of alcohol, as it has been
 wittingly said, is precisely the same
 whether it is sold by a Pharisee or a
 publican, and not even respectability
 can prevent a poison from producing
 its physiological effects. It is supposed
 by some 'that the elimination of
 private profit' is sufficient remedy for
 the removal of the worst features of
 the liquor traffic; and it has been
 suggested that philanthropic companies
 or municipal corporations should be
 intrusted with the sale of alcoholic
 liquor as a means of reducing the
 acknowledged evil of the existing
 system of private competition. To
 state such a proposition in words is to
 expose inherent absurdity. It may
 be perfectly true that publicans use
 every artifice to increase their private
 profits, but a worse danger than private
 greed is the possibility of public
 sanction. This is the final answer to
 those who would place the responsibil-
 ity upon our local governing bodies.
 Apart altogether from financial con-
 siderations, it is impossible to over-
 estimate the evils of a municipal
 public house system. It is bad enough
 to involve the total abstainer in
 complicity with a traffic in which he
 loathes, but it is ten times worse to
 persuade the average citizen that the
 use of intoxicating liquor is respectable
 because of the sanction of municipal
 administration. Qui facit per alium,
 facit per se, and the corporation which
 first enterprises this intolerable ex-
 periment in social depravation will
 make its burgesees partners in the
 degradation of its civic crown."
 —Arnold F. Hills.

Only Evil.

There is a common belief that
 alcohol gives new strength and energy
 after fatigue sets in. The sensation of
 fatigue is one of the safety valves of
 our machine; to stifle the feeling of
 fatigue, in order to do more work, is
 like closing the safety valve so that
 the boiler may be overheated and
 explosion result.

It is commonly thought that alcoholic
 drinks aid digestion, but in reality the
 contrary would be the case, for it has
 been proven that a meal without
 alcohol is more quickly followed by
 hunger than a meal with alcohol.

In connection with the sanitation of
 armies, thousands of experiments upon
 large bodies of men have been made
 and have led to the result that, in
 peace or war, in every climate, in heat,
 cold, or rain, soldiers are better able to
 endure the fatigues of the most
 exhausting marches when they are not
 allowed any alcohol at all.

It appears certain that from 70 to 80
 per cent. of crime, 80 to 90 per cent. of
 all poverty and from 10 to 40 per cent.
 of suicides in most civilized countries
 are to be ascribed to alcohol.—West-
 minster Review.

The devil in solution.—Sir Wilfred
 Lawson.

That beverage the mother of sin.—
 Southey.

The evil is in the drink.—David
 Lewis, J.P.