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# THE CAMP FIRE.

A Monthly Record and Advocate of The Temperance Reform.

VOL. III. No. 2.

TORONTO, ONT., AUGUST, 1896.

25 CENTS PER YEAR.

## DOMINION ALLIANCE COUNCIL.

### ANNUAL MEETING.

The Annual Meeting of the Council of the Dominion Alliance was held in the Temperance Hall, Toronto, on July 15th. There was a good attendance of representative prohibitionists present. Much interesting discussion took place on the present position of the prohibition movement. The deliverances of the Council on the different questions dealt with were as follows:—

1. That, as the present Dominion Government is pledged to submit the question of prohibition to the people in the form of a plebiscite, it is essential that a central fund be raised for the dissemination of literature throughout the country, and that every province and locality be urged to immediately perfect organization to secure that plebiscite such a victory as will ensure us the speedy enactment and thorough enforcement of a prohibitory law for the Dominion.

2. That we learn with great pleasure of the organization effected by brother prohibitionists in the Province of New Brunswick and of the active part taken in the recent elections, and we extend to them the right hand of fellowship, and invite them to co-operate with us in the dissemination of literature and all other temperance work.

3. That whereas there are, so far as known to our committee, several provinces not yet organized for active work, we recommend that the provinces be earnestly requested to effect immediate organization, either in affiliation with the Alliance or by some other name, to further the interest of the prohibitory cause.

4. Your committee learns with pleasure the preparation of a digest of important parts of the report of the Royal Commission, to be used for information in campaign work. We suggest the distribution of this digest in public libraries and temperance societies and church courts, with requests to carefully read the same. Further, that it be used by the Literature Committee which may be appointed for the campaign work, and in every other way that would benefit the temperance cause.

5. That the Dominion Alliance appoint a deputation to wait on the Dominion Government as early as possible to plead for prohibition. If the Government promise early action on the plebiscite policy it be an instruction to prepare for the campaign. If no such promise is given, that the deputation be instructed to consult with friends of prohibition in the House and endeavor to secure an immediate re-introduction of the Flint resolution.

6. That it be an instruction to the incoming Executive to arrange with temperance and church bodies for the perfecting of organization for the plebiscite campaign, in provinces where general organization does not exist.

## ONTARIO ALLIANCE.

### ANNUAL CONVENTION.

An immense Convention gathered in the Horticultural Pavilion on Thursday, July 16th, to discuss the present situation of the prohibition movement and plan for future action so far as the Province of Ontario is concerned. Dr. J. J. Maclaren called the meeting to order. A Business Committee was appointed which reported a permanent organization for the Convention naming R. J. Fleming for President, and a number of Vice Presidents and Secretaries. Full reports of the proceedings have already been published in the different daily and weekly papers and are familiar to most of our readers.

A deputation waited upon the Provincial Government to ask what was proposed in the way of legislation in view of the Privy Council decision. The Government declined to accept the decision of the Privy Council as authorizing the Province to prohibit the liquor traffic, but promised a measure of restrictive legislation. Subsequently the Convention adopted a great many recommendations for improvements in the existing License Act. Local Option work was also endorsed and recommended. The action of the Dominion Council in reference to the proposed plebiscite and prohibition was approved.

A stormy discussion took place over a proposition to remove the name of Hon. G. W. Ross from the list of Vice Presidents named in the report of the Nominating Committee regarding the officers for the Alliance for the coming year. The proposition was defeated by a large majority. The officers elected are as follows:—

President, Dr. J. J. Maclaren; Vice Presidents, Hon. A. Vidal, Hon. J. O. Aikins, Hon. Geo. W. Ross, Mrs. A. O. Rutherford, Mr. Geo. A. Cox, and the Provincial heads of the W.C.T.U., Sons of Temperance, Good Templars and Royal Templars. Secretary, F. S. Spence; Treasurer, Mayor Fleming; Executive Committee, Rev. W. A. Hunter, H. O'Hara, Rev. Dr. Parker, Rev. Dr. Dewart, W. H. Orr, W. W. Buchanan, Geo. Wrigley, E. J. Davis, M.P.P., G. F. Marter, M.P.P., J. A. Middleton, M.P.P., Miss E. Wills, Rev. Geo. Washington, Mrs. Vance, Hon. S. H. Blake, Rev. Dr. Potts, Mrs. Wiley, Benj. Allen, John T. Moore, Rev. Dr. McKay, Thomas Urquhart, Rev. I. Tovell, D.D., Rev. W. H. Hincks, Ald. J. J. Graham, Ald. J. Jolliffe, Rev. W. Kettlewell. Four of these, namely, Messrs Kettlewell, Wrigley, Buchanan and Lees, tendered their resignations from the Executive. The resignations were referred to the Executive Committee elect.

## DECLINE OF ALCOHOL AS A MEDICINE.

Thoughtful observers recognize that alcohol as a medicine is rapidly becoming a thing of the past. Ten years ago leading medical men and text-books spoke of stimulants as essentials of many diseases, and defended their use with warmth and positiveness. To-day this is changed. Medical men seldom refer to spirits as remedies, and when they do express great conservatism and caution. The text-books show the same changes, although some dogmatic authors refuse to recognize the change of practice, and still cling to the idea of the food value of spirits.

Druggists who supply spirits to the profession recognize a tremendous dropping off in the demand. A distiller, who, ten years ago, sold many thousand gallons of choice whiskeys almost exclusively to medical men, has lost his trade altogether and gone out of business. Wine men, too, recognize this change, and are making every effort to have wine used in the place of spirits in the sick-room. Proprietary medicine dealers are putting all sorts of compounds of wine with iron, bark, etc., on the market with the same idea. It is doubtful if any of these will be able to secure any permanent place in therapeutics.

The fact is, alcohol is passing out of practical therapeutics because its real action is becoming known. Facts are accumulating in the laboratory, in the

autopsy room, at the bed-side, and in the work of experimental psychologists, which show that alcohol is a depressant and anarcotic; that it cannot build up tissue, but always acts as a degenerative power; and that its apparent effects of raising the heart's action and quickening functional activities are misleading and erroneous.

French and German specialists have denounced spirits both as a beverage and a medicine, and shown by actual demonstration that alcohol is a poison and depressant, and that any therapeutic action it is assumed to have is open to question.

All this is not the result of agitation and wild condemnation by persons who feel deeply the sad consequences of the abuse of spirits. It is simply the outcome of gradual accumulation of facts that have been proven within the observation of every thoughtful person. The exact approximate facts relating to alcohol can now be tested by instruments of precision. We can weigh and measure the effects, and it is not essential to theorize or speculate; we can test and prove with reasonable certainty what was before a matter of doubt.

Medical men who doubt the value of spirits are no more considered fanatics or extremists, but as leaders along new and wider lines of research. Alcohol in medicine, except as a narcotic and anæsthetic, is rapidly falling into disfavor, and will soon be put aside and forgotten.—*Journal of Inebriety.*

## TO WINE MERCHANTS AND DISTILLERS.

The following advertisement is taken from *The Union*, an English newspaper published in Berlin as "An Independent Journal Devoted to the Interests of the Export and Import Trade." It was specially addressed to wine merchants and distillers:—

For the production (without either factory or apparatus) of all kinds of spirits and various wines, we beg to offer our highly concentrated extracts and carefully compounded essential oils, with which and by means of which excellent products can be made after our receipts in the most simple (cold) way, for which we undertake any guarantee, and mention in particular that rum, cognac, absynthe, benedictine, chartreuse, hollands, anisette, curacao, boonecamp, angostura-bitters, whisky, German brandy, arac, gold-water, gilka, marasquino, rose liqueur, cherry brandy, brandy, gin, masticia di chio, etc., made from our preparations, and after long storage cannot be distinguished, or at least with great difficulty, from the genuine articles. The great success attained by us not only in Europe but also in transmarine countries proves the truth of this assertion.

It will not be necessary to draw attention to the great advantages derived from the possibility of making rum, cognac, wormwood-wine, and other spirits and wines in one's own country and on one's own premises, and merely point out that, apart from the great intermediate profit, the freight, duty, and other expenses make the articles mentioned much dearer, and as the materially greater part of many spirits consists of water, for which the greater part of the above expenses have to be paid, it may well be assumed that articles made on the spot from our preparations will prove, according to the duty and excise rates of the country in question, 40 to 90 per cent. (and even more) cheaper than when imported from Europe.

We beg to recommend in particular extract of wormwood, 1 tin of which, containing 1,500 gr. and costing 10 sh., suffices to make 100 litres of excellent wormwood wine (vino wermouth), which is better and more aromatic than those made at Turin, and are about 75 per cent. cheaper than Italian or French wormwood wines. Besides, muck-powder, 1 box of which is sufficient to make 100 litres of muscadine.

Price 8 sh. Wine-vinegar, 1 kilo suffices to produce 40 litres of table vinegar. Extracts of wine-bouquets for madeira, mulaga, muscadine, hock, port, sherry, etc., wines.

## FROM FOREIGN LANDS.

There are 183 parishes in Scotland where liquor selling is prohibited.

London spends \$100,000,000 for liquors. No wonder a commission is inquiring about the effect of the liquor business.

Great Britain sent 4,000,000 gallons of spirits to Africa last year besides a large number of missionaries.

On Oct. 6, a church congress is to be held at Shrewsbury, Scotland, and on the opening day the topic to be considered is, "The Drink Traffic."

During the last week in July, a national conference of temperance advocates was held in London, at which 5,000 delegates were in attendance.

The Good Templars of Scotland have just held their 27th annual session at Paisley, and report an increased membership of nearly 70,000.

A son of Lady Henry Somerset is in attendance upon all sessions of the Royal Commission for investigating the liquor traffic in Great Britain.

A bill has been passed by the Second Volksraad in the Transvaal prohibiting the sale of liquor to the natives. It must pass the First Raad before becoming a law.

The Church of England is doing good work along temperance lines in England. The Lord Bishop of London is president of the National Temperance League.

The Temperance Ironsides is the name of a new temperance organization organized in England for the purpose of inducing the church to take an active hand against the liquor traffic.

The United Kingdom Alliance offers a reward of ten guineas for the best essay on "Prohibition by the Direct Popular Veto." The essay must not exceed 10,000 words, and must be handed in to the secretary not later than October 1.

*The New Zealand Prohibitionist*, published at Christchurch, is now seven years old, and celebrated its anniversary by welcoming home its editor, Rev. M. Issit, who has been travelling in Europe, and passed through the United States on his return.

The "single issue" has struck New Zealand. At a recent Prohibition convention held at Taranaki, the following resolution was passed: "That while temperance reform is impeded by license fees being made a source of local revenue, it is not desirable, in the interests of Local Option, that progress should be retarded by the discussion of minor issues."

The British Empire is abounding in "commissions." Besides the one investigating the liquor traffic, there is a royal commission probing the opium trade in the far East, India and China.

Lawson A. Browne, the president and one of the founders of the Irish Temperance League, is dead. For 40 years Mr. Browne has been at the front of temperance work in Ireland, and his loss is sorely felt.

Last year, the people of New South Wales spent more than \$2,000,000 for liquor, which amounted to more than \$15 per head. Last year the convictions for drunkenness in this same country amounted to 14,630.

Dr. Hirschfeld, a well-known physician of Magdeburg, Germany, was recently arrested on a charge of malpractice. The specific charge was that he had refused to give one of his patients alcohol who was supposed to need it. The doctor, like the more advanced German physicians, is discarding liquor from his practice, and made such a hot defence of the charge that the court not only discharged the physician, but assessed the cost of the defence against the prosecution.

## 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, AUGUST, 1896.

**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.**

### THE PLEBISCITE.

In a few days Parliament will be in full swing. It is generally anticipated that the Session opening on the 19th will be brief, and that little business will be transacted beyond passing of the Supply Bill. Plebiscite legislation will be looked for from the first Session dealing with general business. This will probably be in January or February of 1897.

Although the actual commencement of the campaign is yet some distance off, no time should be lost before making preparations. Every municipality ought to have its campaign committee organized, the ground looked over, plans laid for seeing that voters' lists are complete and other necessary machinery ready to be put in operation.

The contest is inevitable. It will be hailed by friends of the cause with satisfaction. It means a fight with possibility of a victory in the form of practical legislation on the lines for which we have long worked, and waited, and prayed. Never before had we upon us a heavier responsibility. Never before were we face to face with a more important duty. Earnestly we urge all our friends to get ready at once.

### LOCAL OPTION.

The Ontario Legislation providing for the enactment of Municipal by-laws prohibiting the sale of liquor is in the following terms:—

"The council of every township, city, town and incorporated village may pass by-laws for prohibiting the sale by retail of spirituous, fermented or other manufactured liquors, in any tavern, inn or any other house or place of public entertainment; and for prohibiting altogether the sale thereof in shops and places other than houses of public entertainment: Provided that the by-law before the final passing thereof, has been duly approved of by the electors of the municipality in the manner provided by the sections in that behalf of the Municipal Act."

"No by-law passed under the provision of this section shall be repealed by the council passing the same, until after the expiration of three years

from the day of its coming into force, nor until a by-law for that purpose shall have been submitted to the electors and approved by them in the same manner as the original by-law, and if any such repealing by-law (upon being submitted to the electors) is not so approved, no other repealing by-law shall be submitted for the like approval within the full term of three years thereafter."

These sections are so plain as to require little comment. Under them the liquor traffic may be absolutely wiped out in rural municipalities where it would be entirely unprofitable to pay the high fee required for authority to sell liquor in wholesale quantities, which sales are necessarily limited even in populous places.

The Dominion Alliance is preparing a pamphlet giving details of procedure for bringing Local Option By-laws into force, forms of petition to Municipal Councils, forms of by-laws, and a good deal of valuable information. In the meantime parties engaged in local option work may obtain full information by applying to the Secretary of the Alliance.

### THE JULY CONVENTIONS.

The Annual Meeting of the Dominion Alliance Council and the Annual Convention of the Ontario Branch of the Dominion Alliance held last month, were gatherings of much interest. The decision of the Privy Council regarding provincial jurisdiction and the success of the Liberal Party committed to a Dominion plebiscite, were the matters which made the meetings centres of unusual interest.

Without discussing to any extent the question or undesirability of a plebiscite, both meetings accepted its eminence as a fact and took steps towards preparation for the coming campaign.

The statement by the Attorney General, that the Provincial Government did not accept the Privy Council decision as a clear declaration that the Province had power to prohibit the liquor traffic, prevented the discussion for the time being of provincial prohibition.

The intimation by members of the Government that other restrictive legislation would probably be immediately enacted, encouraged the delegates to the adoption of a series of strong recommendations for changes in the existing liquor laws.

Local Option was endorsed and warmly commended to prohibitionists in Ontario. Following the convention's action there will no doubt be a revival of interest in this method of dealing with the liquor traffic.

The disagreeable feature of the Convention was the difference of opinion brought out by the action of the Hamilton delegates in opposing the continuance of Hon. G. W. Ross as one of the Presidents of the Alliance on the ground that he has been disloyal to the temperance cause in advocating the election of the Liberal candidates in Hamilton when independent candidates were in the field strongly in favour of prohibition. The Convention however, declined to endorse the proposal. It is to be sincerely hoped that there will be no permanent division in the temperance ranks over a question which should never have been introduced at all in a Convention understood to be a union of all classes of workers earnestly desiring the total suppression of the liquor traffic.

The Royal Commission to investigate the liquor traffic in England has been scrutinizing "perpendicular" drinking. The evidence seemed to show that liquor drunk standing up made a man drunk as well as when drunk sitting down.

### COMMONPLACE TEMPERANCE WORK.

A paper read at the Juvenile Institute by Miss Jennie F. Yemen.

"A commonplace life; we say as we sigh,  
But why should we sigh as we say?  
For a commonplace sun in a commonplace sky  
Makes up the commonplace day.

The moon and the stars are commonplace things,  
The flowers that bloom, and the birds that sing  
But dark would this world be, and sad our lot,  
If the flowers bloomed and the sun shone not.

Many of us in the Temperance cause think our work commonplace, insignificant. We are almost ashamed of our positions thinking that to our lot falls the drudgery, affording us no opportunity of achieving great things. To excel in public is granted to others, why not to us? One Niagara is enough for the continent, America, but who of us for a moment, would despise the numerous rivers wending their ways along grassy meadows or the tiny mountains, or threadlets of crystal, trickling down the hill-side, clothing the dry, barren earth with a velvety green carpet and moistening the flowerets of the vale

You say, "Our space is limited, cramped; indeed we have few opportunities, just our Temple once a week, along with a word now and then to help others than Templars." Yes friends, but how may we secure greater opportunities? By making faithful use of those already granted.

You know the parable of the talents—it applies here.—"To him that hath shall be given," and from him who misuses his one talent even those limited opportunities shall be withheld. If you wish to increase your field of labor work faithfully the field you already have, and you will find that greater work will crowd upon you. Soon you will be calling for assistance.

We err when in our inmost thoughts is whispered, "only our Juvenile Temple,—Only a dozen or two girls and as many boys." Yes, that is all, but in each of your ordinary boys and girls lies hidden the germ of great and noble manhood or womanhood Sisters and brothers, to you may be given, if you are faithful in commonplace duties, the pleasure, the blessing and the reward of awakening, caring for, training and developing that germ into a noble, useful being.

Could we but help one other to overcome temptation, to grow strong, true and noble, our life would be no failure. The helper of the weak and wavering, the man or woman who leads others to triumph over intemperance and sin, is greater than a Napoleon or a Wellington.

The motive for our work must not be solely for reward, otherwise we lose the best part of existence. The heart that goes out of itself grows large, tender, and more full of joy. This is the great secret of the noblest lives. We do most for ourselves when we are doing something for others. Education begins at the mother's knee. Every word spoken, every act witnessed, every thought, every emotion aids in the formation of character. Can we not help the development of a character in the ages to come by impressing the benefit of such a character on the present generation.

You may have met with Temperance workers who will only help the semi-respectable, they turn away from the poor wretch who was at one time an innocent boy by his mother's knee but who now through the curse of rum and its associate imps of darkness has become degraded till he shrinks from the pure and true.

They show their dislike. The poor fellow says:—"Oh: Yes. I'm not fit for decent people to look at"—and away he goes to be worse than before. Friends, the refinement that carries us away from our fellow men is not God's refinement.

The great heart of Jesus, the perfect Temperance worker, throbbed with aching anguish over those who were sunken in sin and iniquity. That is to be our example. Our hearts should burn with a great yearning love and compassion for our fallen brothers. Give them a helping hand. They will bless you for a kind word.

In view of the misery and degradation which this curse has caused, let us gird on the armour of love and perseverance to save the innocent of our land from a similar fate. Displace the sparkling dew-drop from the blush-

ing rose-leaf, no skill can replace it. Despoil the great white lily of its color and fragrance, none can give back the perfection of its purity. Destroy the delicate organism of the eye no medical skill in the universe can restore it. When youth has once lost its innocence, when sin has once blasted the soul, when the first freshness of God-giving innocence is gone no after repentance, reformation or repentance or devotion will ever make it just the same. Memory is polluted, the imagination is assailed by impurities, habits of virtue are weakened. The force of vice is strengthened. "The wound may heal but the scar remains." God may forgive, man may forget, but the transgression is never altogether beyond the vision of the transgressor. God gives some things twice, some things many times, but innocence no soul can get a second time.

Let us seek to build up an innocent youth, let each of us do our commonplace duties with commonplace patience and commonplace pleasure and be found true and trusty stewards.

Let us each by loving patient effort hedge the youth of our land round about with principles of Temperance and sobriety, that in the coming generations we may see the dawn of the long-looked-for age when no pitiful wail of helpless wail shall be heard, when the miseries of the drunkard's home shall not be known.

### THE SCOTT ACT AT WORK.

Brome County, in Quebec, is having a revival of Scott Act enforcement. A recent issue of the *Montreal Witness* tells of thirteen convictions of offenders who were sentenced to pay fines aggregating \$850. The Brome County Branch of the Dominion Alliance worked up the prosecutions.

### SCANDINAVIAN TRETOTALLERS.

An interesting article in a recent issue of the *New York Voice* describes the progress of the temperance cause among the 1,500,000 Scandinavians who are now living in the United States. Among these sturdy pioneers there are three classes of temperance work, the Good Templars, the Templars of Temperance and Independent Total Abstinence organizations. The Good Templar work is the strongest and most general. Four temperance papers are published in the Norwegian language and one in tee Swedish. In the State of Minnesota the Scandinavians have been the means of carrying local option in many localities. Prohibition sentiment is very strong among them.

### A SHOCKING TALE FROM LABRADOR.

Pere Goyce, an Oblat Father, who has just returned from a visit to the missions of his Order on Labrador coast, reports that the Indians there are in a state of starvation. He complains that they are dying of hunger, while the rivers of the coast are swarming with fish, especially salmon, but as these waters are mostly in the hands of clubs or wealthy men, they are unable to avail themselves of these sources of natural food supply. He also complains that while the Indians and settlers along the coast are forbidden to utilize the eggs of seabirds, which were formerly a source of food and profit to them, the Newfoundlanders make descents upon the coast in defiance of the Canadian law, and in the absence of adequate police protection and carry them off by wholesale, thus also largely reducing the supply of feathered game. Lastly, he complains of the fatal work done along the coast by the whiskey traders and declares that the missionaries are powerless to carry on their good work in the face of the brute force used by these ruffians and the demoralization caused among the Indians by their nefarious traffic, which has resulted in the melancholy death of a large number of these poor untutored children of the forest. He characterizes the liquor traffic as the greatest evil and scourge of the coast, as it not only increases the poverty of the Indians, but is killing them off with alarming rapidity by aggravating the pulmonary and other diseases to which they are peculiarly subject.—*Montreal Witness*.

Selections.

YOUNG ABSTAINER'S ADDRESS.

I'm mamma's little darling,  
I'm auntie's little joy,  
I'm sister's little torment,  
And papa's funny boy.  
I don't drink beer or cider,  
Some folks there are who do;  
I'd rather have cold water,  
I think it's best, don't you?

I do not use tobacco,  
Cigar's or even snuff;  
I don't intend to, either,  
I do not like such stuff.  
I think that I can travel  
Life's journey all way through,  
As well without as with them,  
And if I can, can't you?

I am a young abstainer,  
I've signed the pledge for life;  
And, when in years I'm older,  
Please count me in the strife.  
The good, the true, the noble,  
Through life I would pursue;  
I'd live to aid the erring,  
And save them, would not you?  
—F. C. H.

SHOW HIM YOUR HANDS.

In one poor room that was all their  
home,  
A mother lay on her bed,  
Her seven children around her;  
And calling the oldest, she said:

"I'm going to leave you, Mary,  
You're nearly fourteen, you know;  
And now you must be a good girl, dear,  
And make me easy to go.

"You can't depend much on father;  
But just be patient, my child,  
And keep the children out of his way  
Whenever he comes home wild.

"And keep the house as well as you  
can;  
And, little daughter, think  
He didn't use to be so—  
Remember, it's all the drink."

The weeping daughter promised  
Always to do her best;  
And, closing her eyes over weary life,  
The mother entered her rest.

And Mary kept her promise  
As faithfully as she might;  
She cooked, and washed, and mended,  
And kept things tidy and bright.

And when the father came home drunk,  
The children were sent to bed,  
And Mary waited alone, and took  
The beatings in their stead.

And the little chubby fingers lost  
Their childish softness and grace  
And toughened, and chapped, and cal-  
loused,  
And the rosy childish face

Grew thin, and haggard, and anxious,  
Careworn, tired, and old,  
As on those slender shoulders  
The burdens of life were rolled.

So, when the heated season  
Burned pitiless overhead,  
And up from the filth of the lonesome  
street,  
The fatal fever spread;

And work, and want, and drunken  
blows  
Had weakened the tender frame,  
Into the squalid room once more  
The restful shadow came.

And Mary sent for the playmate  
Who lived just over the way,  
And said, "The Charity Doctor  
Has been here, Katie, to-day.

"He says I'll never be better—  
The fever has been so bad;  
And if it wasn't for one thing,  
I'm sure I'd just be glad.

"It isn't about the children;  
I've kept my promise good,  
And mother will know I stayed with  
them  
As long as ever I could.

"But you know how it has been, Katie;  
I've had so much to do,  
I couldn't mind the children  
And go to the preaching, too.

"And I've been so tired like at night,  
I couldn't think to pray;  
And now, when I see the Lord Jesus,  
Whatever am I to say?"

And Katie, the little comforter,  
Her help to the problem brought;  
And into her heart, made wise by love,  
The Spirit sent this thought:

"I wouldn't say a word, dear,  
For sure he understands;  
I wouldn't say ever a word at all;  
But, Mary, just show Him your  
hands!"—Selected.

OLD JOE.

It was a wonder to everybody in the town of Elmwood that old Joe had such a pretty, dainty daughter as Nannie. There surely was no resemblance between the bloated, sin-hardened features of Joe Winter, and the rounded pink and white face of this girl. The mother, bent with toiling over wash tubs all of her weary married life, likewise seemed almost as far removed from any tie of relationship, but still a close look at her face showed faint signs of former prettiness to which her daughter's might be traced.

But, as in this world, the evil influences seem at times so much more powerful than the good, so in this matter of heredity, the father's nature was stamped upon all the other children; this last child seemed to spring up as a fine flower that sometimes makes its way through tangled weeds and stony soil.

The townspeople took little Nannie under their protection, and she might have been adopted into a pleasant home if the mother's heart could have given her up, or even, strange to say, if the father's debased nature had not shown one remaining trace of manhood in his fondness for Nannie. She was the only member of the family, or indeed the only person in the world who had any influence over him, and many a cruel blow was averted from the mother by the child's little voice or hand. The friends of Nannie, and they were all that knew her, would hold their breath when they saw the little fair head perched upon the perilous height of the coal-wagon, which her father drove when he was sufficiently sober. Many a day old Joe was so ugly that no one could approach him without being received by a volley of oaths, but even then Nannie's baby prattle could be heard talking to "dada."

The future of the child seemed a serious problem as the family grew poorer, for this one good impulse in Joe's life was not strong enough to counteract the downward tendency produced by years of brutalising drunkenness. But the child still continued to develop her finer nature in the midst of these adverse surroundings, and when she was old enough began to desire the advantages enjoyed by the more favored children about her.

"Dada, I want to go to school," she said one day, when she was perched on his knee.  
"Wal, ye c'n go. I guess ye're big enough now," he replied, being in one of his good natured moods, as little Nannie had divined, with the unchild-like keenness that is often found in the children of the poor.  
"But, dada, if I go, I must have clothes and books," she said anxiously.  
"Ma'll git 'em fer ye," with the perfect laziness and selfishness characteristic of the drunkard.  
"But she can't, I've asked her."  
"Wal, she'll git 'em some way," he said, rising to go out, to avoid any discussion that reminded him of his lack of manliness. But a heart-broken cry from Nannie checked his steps. He picked her up, saying:  
"Thar don't ye cry. I'll git em fer ye."

Before he had time to take back this rash promise, the little one had hugged and kissed him in a rapture of delight, which was only abated as she remembered how very seldom "dada" had any money in his pocket.  
"But," she said, "when will you keep the money for me?"  
That was a poser to Joe's weak intellect, knowing, as he did, his inability to keep any money longer than to reach the nearest grog-shop, but he had made his promise and meant to keep that.

"I'll tell ye what, chicken," he said, "ye c'n go'n draw out what ye need ev'ry Saturday, fore I git round, an I'll write it so to the boss right now."

Accordingly Nannie received the following order written on the back of a coal ticket, in very shaky and illegible hand writing: "Pay to the barer, nannie winter, wat she wants off my arnin's ev'ry Satturday, joseph winter."

"But mind ye, now," he added, "don't ye draw eny more'n ye need, or I won't give ye none."  
She promised, and went dancing off to tell her mamma that "she was going to school, and that dada was going to send her."  
This seemed almost incredible, and the mother with knowledge born of years of suffering, shook her head, saying, "Twon't last, but the poor little thing shall go s'long as she can."  
But it did last, and strange to say, old Joe even urged his pet to buy a pretty ribbon for her hair, or new shoes when she needed them, and regularly little Nannie was the first person paid at the coal office where her father worked. The first thing she learned to write was her father's name in full, "Mr. Joseph Winter," and tears came to the teacher's eyes, as she thought of the dignity and affection with which old Joe was invested in the thought of one little person at least. He himself had a momentary feeling of pride and self-respect as he read his name written out with such an effort, and he tucked the paper away in his dirty empty pocket book, "to keep the little gal's feet writin'," he said.

But still his life went on in the same old degraded course, except that there was somewhat more regularity about his working, as his pride in "Nannie's larnin'" increased. The delight of both became excessive when Nannie developed a taste for drawing, and their bare walls were decorated with specimens of her handiwork. Old Joe would wash his hands, an unheard-of proceeding in the past, in order to examine these treasures, which he did almost reverently.  
"Now, just look at that hoss," he would say, "'n to think that my little gal did it."

Nannie's little sketches had more than intrinsic worth, for the contrast between their whiteness and the smoke-begrimmed walls struck even the bleared vision and thick brains of old Joe, and caused him to say one day, rather sheepishly, "Guess I'll hev to whitewash them old walls, the pictures don't show off good on 'em."  
Sure enough he did, and that stimulated the discouraged mother to make an extra effort towards cleanliness in general.  
These were slight improvements, however, compared with what Nannie longed to achieve in her home, which her maturer eyes began to see in its true hideousness. She did not lose her affection for her father or her influence over him, but it did not seem to increase, and she began to fear that she should always be a drunkard's child.  
"What can I do to save my father?" she would ask herself with bitter tears, sometimes sinking into a despair that was pitiful to behold in one so young. Her artistic talent was her great solace and also her father's increasing pride as she began to work in colours, and even to sell the little pictures to friends who valued them for the artist's sake, as well as for their own dainty prettiness.  
Old Joe had planned to buy a frame for one of these productions as a present for Nannie's fourteenth birthday, having kept this secret and his consequent savings for nearly a month. He felt more like a man than he had for many a year with so much money actually in his pocket, and with an unusually steady gait, he walked down to the stores to make his purchase. On the way he met a friend who called out:  
"Come along'n take a drink."  
This was an invitation that Joe did not receive very often and he could not refuse. When he was warmed up by the liquor he began offering to stand treat himself. The number of loafers greatly increased as they stopped on their way home from work, and it was not long before the prospective gilt frame had been swallowed by a thirst more insatiable than that of Tantalus.  
Joe had drunk only enough himself to reach the ugly stage, and instead of feeling remorseful he swore to himself on the way home that "he'd do what he liked with his own money."  
They had waited supper for him, as he had promised Nannie to come home without fail on the eve of her birthday. She ran to meet him, but he turned her off with almost the only cross word he had ever given her. Her blue eyes filled, but she went on getting something for him to eat. His mood was just beginning to soften as he watched her motions, when the mother unwisely remarked, "Shame on you, to be cross to the child on her birthday."

Probably the remembrance of all the wrong he had done her rushed over him, and filled him with an uncontrollable rage, for with a fearful imprecation he snatched up the teapot just brought in by Nannie, and hurled it at his wife.

The child screamed, "Oh, father!" and caught his arm, in time to avert the scalding contents from her mother, but only to receive them on her own right arm.

Then for many weeks the old relationships were reversed. No longer could Nannie greet her father with smiles and attentions, but, instead, he heard groans and moans that could not be repressed. But, blessed be God's compensations, the sight of those very sufferings, inflicted by his own hand, transformed the former brute into a tender nurse. He would never consent to leave her side, but would lie down at night on the floor by the bed, attentive to the slightest sound or motion. The fatal lapses to which we are all so subject, often caused him to grow restless under the restraints to which he had subjected himself, and he might have finally yielded to the power of his old habits, but for a remark he heard the doctor make to Nannie.  
"You will never be able to use your arm very much, my child, the tendons have been so injured."  
"Wat's that, doctor? Ye don't mean to say she can't paint any more?" gasped old Joe, with strained eyes.  
"I'm afraid not, my man," said the doctor, and Nannie gave one heart-broken sob, with her face hidden in the pillow.  
"Oh, my little gal," groaned the father, drops of sweat on his forehead. "Ye must hate me now, Nannie. I'll go away and never bother ye any more, but I want ye to kiss me good-bye if ye can."

The child sprang up in bed, putting her well arm around the man's neck and kissing him tenderly. "Not to say good-bye to my father, but only to 'Old Joe.' We will say good-bye to him, won't we father? An agony of pleading in her eyes made the father sink resistlessly on his knees, and with hands tenderly clasping her maimed arm, register a vow before God and his child, that never again should his arm be a blight or curse to his family.  
—Ellen Hale, in Union Signal.

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DANGER IN HOP BEER.

In speaking of the Good Templars forbidding hop beer, Theodore Schreiner, one of the leaders, who stands by the decision of the Order, has published the following in support of his views:—  
"I knew a young man thirty years ago of my own age, the son of a minister of religion and high standing. This young man, without ever having become wild, vicious or immoral, became a drunkard before he was twenty years old, owing to the daily use from his boyhood in his mother's house of homemade hop beer, which, with its three or four per cent. of alcohol, was enough to light into activity the latent fires of hereditary alcoholism, with which the mother's side of the family was tainted, and the final result was that after twelve years of vain, agonising despairing struggle to free himself from the chains of hellish slavery of drink his poor life went out in the blackness of darkness of suicide some sixteen years ago. He ought to have been living, strong, healthy, happy, useful, respectable to-day and for many years to come, but hop beer damned him to destruction from his boyhood's days, and his poor severed throat with his life-blood gurgling forth calls on every one of his Templar brothers and sisters in South Africa to stay such tragedies and slay the murderous drink that brings them about. That was sixteen years ago, but, mark you, the tragedies are still going on.—South Africa Good Templar.

- Ripans Tabules.
- Ripans Tabules cure nausea.
- Ripans Tabules: at druggists.
- Ripans Tabules cure dizziness.
- Ripans Tabules cure headache.
- Ripans Tabules cure dyspepsia.
- Ripans Tabules cure flatulence.
- Ripans Tabules assist digestion.
- Ripans Tabules cure bad breath.
- Ripans Tabules cure biliousness.
- Ripans Tabules: one gives relief.
- Ripans Tabules gentle cathartic.
- Ripans Tabules cure indigestion.
- Ripans Tabules cure torpid liver.
- Ripans Tabules cure constipation.

## PROHIBITION DOES PROHIBIT.

On the last Sunday in March, when the Sunday clause of the Raines Bill went into effect, the city of Brooklyn underwent a remarkable change. On the following day the Brooklyn morning papers told the story. "Driest Sunday Ever Known," said the headlines of the *Eagle*; "A Quiet and Remarkable Sunday," was the verdict of the *Times*; "Nearly Every Saloon in the City was Closed," shouted the scare-heads of the *Standard Union*. Such a sensation was it that the *Eagle* on Monday morning devoted six columns to telling the remarkable story.

Never was such a Sunday seen by the oldest Brooklynite, and it all came about by the police doing as they were instructed, viz., enforce the Sunday clause of the Raines law. On Sunday, March 20th, out of more than 4,500 saloons, all of which were accustomed to run all day Sunday, only 285 infractions of the law were reported. Out of these 285 cases all save twelve were purely technical, pertaining to shades, stained-glass windows, etc., and arose from the fact that saloon-keepers had not had sufficient time to make the preparations required by the new law.

The following table of arrests for the five Sundays in March tells the story. The first four Sundays are "sidedoor" Sundays, while the fifth is the prohibition Sunday:

DATE.	Drunk.	Dis- orderly.	Assault.	Total.
March 1....	62	2	5	69
March 8....	56	3	2	61
March 15....	62	5	5	72
March 22....	76	2	3	81
March 29....	11	1	0	12

This table is of arrests for drunkenness, disorderlies, and assaults, all crimes directly chargeable to liquor-selling. The average number of arrests for these offences for the first four Sundays was seventy-one, but under the Sunday of prohibition they dropped down to twelve, about one-sixth as many.

The effect of a prohibition Sunday in the city was still more marked in the police courts the following morning. "There are five of these courts in the city, and for years on Monday mornings their business has been at high tide. The court-rooms have been crowded with prisoners and witnesses. This has been especially true of the Adams Street and the Butler Street courts. Justice Walsh, of the former, usually has twenty or thirty drunks before him on Monday mornings, but the morning after the dry Sunday he had not a single case of intoxication before him. Walsh was amazed. In the Butler Street court, there were but two prisoners, and one of these was a "left-over" from Saturday. Thus it was in the other petty courts; the dockets were empty and the justices took a siesta."

## THE DRUNKARD—A REMARKABLE PEN-PORTRAIT OF SCRIPTURE.

Who has woe? who hath sorrow? who hath contentions? who hath babbling? who hath wounds without cause? who hath redness of eyes? They that tarry long at the wine, etc.,—Proverbs xxiii. 29-35.

The heart of Bible doctrine on wine-drinking.

## I. A disease, or a sin?

## 1. Present symptoms:—

(1) Eye flashing, red or dark.  
(2) Tongue, perverse volubility. "In vinum veritas." "Heart utters perverse things." At first it enlivens conversation, quickens oratory. The perverseness comes out.

(3) Temper made irascible, "contentious."

(4) Imagination wrought upon, "see strange (adjective in feminine gender) things, women." "If abstract, the conditions are met in the hallucinations of the delirium; if women are meant, then we perceive the passions inflamed, and our eyes are opened to the fact that a saloon does not exist alone; other vices associated with it, *Est Venus in vinis*."

(5) Insensibility; "beaten and knew it not." Stupefied and besotted; frozen in the pool on a winter's night.

(6) Vertigo and nausea, sleeping in heart of sea, or on top of mast; seasick.

## 2. After effects:—

(1) Wounds without cause; not honourable scars of war, or mother's hand burnt in rescue of her child.

(2) Complaining, woe, sorrow; self, others. "If we let the saloon alone it will let us alone." False.

3. Its tragic end, "at last." Would that it might be at first.

## (1) Temporal, physical, moral.

(2) Eternal serpents, sting, where the worm dieth not, and the fire is not quenched. No drunkard shall inherit the kingdom. Bodily, insensate, spiritually unresponsive. Even a little whiskey renders impervious to the Gospel. Think how many of our daily associates must drink to support all these saloons. Perhaps some of you here present.

II. How induced—by a vice, self-induced; a sin.

(1) "Tarry." How our boys are tempted to tarry, flaunted advertisements, &c.

(2) "Try" (Hebrew). "Sample-rooms."

(3) Intensify the effects, "mixed," drugged.

(4) Awful infatuation; "When shall I awake? I will seek it yet again." Morning thirst, early hours of saloons. Why are business houses open at four in the morning? What business? Is it insatiable desire for dry goods? Final destruction of the will.

"For ever round the mercy seat  
The guiding lights of love do burn;  
But what, if habit-bound, thy feet  
Shall lack the will to turn?"

—Whittier.

Oh, the hopelessness of the drink habit! Not simply a disease, but a sin.

## III. Treatment.

(1) Prevention; avoid very beginnings, look not upon the wine when it gives its eye in the cup, and walks with smoothness over the lips. If you never take the first glass you will never be a drunkard.

(2) Cure, same method. John B. Gough would not permit the presence of a flask on mantel of home where he was entertained; Major P. would not have bay rum put on his face by the barber. How cruel is the saloon-keeper to throw liquor on the sawdust in front to arouse the dormant appetite! Total and uncompromising abstinence is the course here prescribed.

If this is a sin and not simply a disease, who are the sinners?

1. The drinker: "If any man defile the temple of the holy Ghost, him will God destroy."

2. Whoever puts the bottle to his lips: (1) Society ladies. (2) The manufacturer and seller. If they would only advertise the whole of their business on the front (describe it at length)!

(3) The United States Government; its shares of the profits. Phryne's proposition to rebuild the walls of Thebes after Alexander had destroyed them, if they would only permit the inscription, "Alexander destroyed them. Phryne's the courtesan, rebuilt them." Rejected with disdain. The car of Juggernaut over the prostrate forms of the people, crushing to death; and yet the Commonwealth or the municipality proposes to pave our streets with the prostrate forms; yea, the bodies and souls of our citizens! (4) The voter. Mucius Scaevola, rather than betray his country, held his good right hand in the flame until consumed to the elbow. If ever I take the suffrage of an American citizen, and put it in the ballot-box on the side of the saloon, directly or indirectly, immediately or constructively, and do it intentionally, may my tongue cleave to the roof of my mouth, and my right hand lose its cunning!—Rev. W. J. Frazer, in the *Homiletic Review*.

## WE ARE WINNING.

"If you wish to see something worth seeing," a man of the world with no total abstinence proclivities says, "take advantage of your first opportunity to see Frances E. Willard preside over a big convention. She is as cool as steel, and her head seems to be as clear as crystal."

That is Miss Willard as a parliamentarian. As an individual, in a parlour, she is another person. She is delightfully womanly. She has a soft voice and hand, the same clear head, a breadth of view, increased by her wide experience, and a dry sense of humor which makes her an entertaining conversationalist.

At the home of Mrs. Demorest, 21 East Fifty seventh Street, she gave a reporter for the *New York Times* her views of the Temperance movement as it looks to her as President of the World's and National Women's Christian Temperance Unions.

"You know I am an optimist," she said. "The progress of the movement is shown in different places. Bourbon County, Kentucky, the great whiskey region, has, by vote of its people, 'gone dry,' as they say, within a few months. Norfolk, Virginia, has had a Prohibition party administration for about two years. These are little spots, of

course, just as in the Spring things begin to dry off a little in places.

Williamsport, Pennsylvania, has just elected Prohibition officers. I can also mention mention Albion, Michigan which has elected for Mayor the Chairman of the National Prohibition party. The big State of Texas has come under the Local Option Law within a year. The State of Mississippi, in eighty of its eighty-nine counties, is under Local Option. In Arkansas an equally large proportion of area is under Prohibition by Local Option. The signatures of the women there, on a petition against saloons, had equal force with ballots. In Colorado, a week or two ago, the women in all the towns and villages voted for license or no license. The press reports, which are not tinctured with Temperance virus, said 'the Temperance cause won all along the line.'

"Do you notice a change in the general feeling for the Temperance cause?" the reporter asked.

"There is an entirely different atmosphere," Miss Willard replied. "We live in an impressionist age, and we judge by the atmosphere. It is more highly charged by Prohibition ozone than it was years ago."

"And what is the end to be?" "Total Prohibition," Miss Willard replied, with decision, "salted down with salt sea waves. Not sad sea waves, for they will be joyful."

"How soon? Certainly in fifty years; perhaps in half that time, we move so rapidly. Legislatures in the South pass scores of Bills at every session, exempting the territory within so many hundred feet—within so many miles or fractions of miles—of churches, colleges schools, and charitable institutions from the liquor curse."

"Yes, we do that to a certain extent here, but it is a Southern idea and they apply it more frequently than we do. They say in some of the Southern States, that no town that has not a municipal form of government shall have a saloon. The devotion of the people is such that in many places they have torn up their charters, much as they enjoyed the privileges they gave, and went back to village ordinances to get rid of the saloon."

Tennessee was the first State to make this municipal government law. Judge East, of Nashville, said he could tell me of town after town where the people had torn up their charters to get rid of the pesthouse, which is called more and more, 'the curse.'

"Australia and New Zealand have given the ballot to women. Men say they must have their votes to put down the curse, as they cannot do it alone. New Zealand is perhaps the most progressive country on which the sun shines. The Temperance, labour, and equal suffrage movements there are a generation in advance of this country."

"In Norway the liquor traffic is under State control, with a provision that every five years all men and women twenty-five years or over shall have a chance to vote as to whether they desire to have the State liquor agency continued or not. If it is abolished, they will have Prohibition out and out. They voted this Spring in twelve leading towns against the curse. When the voting was over, the people sang, 'A Firm Mountain Is Our God,' and the Lutheran priest pronounced the benediction. The Woman's Christian Temperance Union is working in all this, the keynote being the protection of the home.—*New York Times*.

## WHAT IS A LICENSE?

"License," says Webster, "is authority or liberty given to do or perform any act, especially a formal permission from the proper authorities to perform certain acts; as, license to preach, to practice medicine, to sell gunpowder, and the like."

The legal instrument known as a license can only be issued by authority of the commonwealth, and when so issued takes the things to which it applies out of the place they hold ordinary and place them in an exceptional class where they are subject to certain extraordinary conditions. This gives the things licensed certain special privileges denied to other things of the same class which are unlicensed.

A license can only be properly given to that which is morally right. Marriage, the practice of medicine, the practice of law, preaching, selling gunpowder, running a hack, and the sale of alcohol for medicinal, mechanical, and scientific purposes are right in themselves, but for the good order, safety, and convenience of society need to be regulated and restricted, and hence may be properly licensed. The

sale of strong drink cannot be properly classified with items above enumerated. No man has either a natural or common law right to establish a grogshop. The sale of alcohol for beverage purposes is inherently wrong, and should no more be licensed than stealing, adultery, or murder. To say that it is the absence of prohibitory law it would be right to sell intoxicating liquors for beverage purposes is as wide of the truth as to say that in the absence of prohibitory law it would be right to commit murder.

In a recent decision the United States supreme court declares:—"There is no inherent right of a citizen to sell intoxicating liquors by retail. It is not the privilege of the citizen of the State or of the citizen of the United States." This is the first instance in which this great truth has been crystallised into a judicial utterance by the highest tribunal of the nation, although the principle was enunciated on Sinai many centuries ago. When the State licenses the drink traffic, it puts the stamp of its approval upon that which is inherently immoral and ruinous to the physical, intellectual, and moral interests of society. Under license the State takes charge of the business, decides who shall sell, the price to be paid for the privilege, and prescribes the limitations under which the business shall be conducted. This makes the State a partner in proprietorship of the drink traffic, and responsible for the evil it inflicts.

But who is the State? The answer is, The voting citizenship. Voters elect the Legislature, and it makes the laws. The individual citizen who votes to endorse license, or with a party which endorses the license policy, or for a man who, when in office, votes for the enactment of the license laws, is himself, as a citizen of the State, in partnership with the drink dealer, and morally responsible for the evils resulting from the license system.—Rev. Dr. Leonard, in *The Outlook*.

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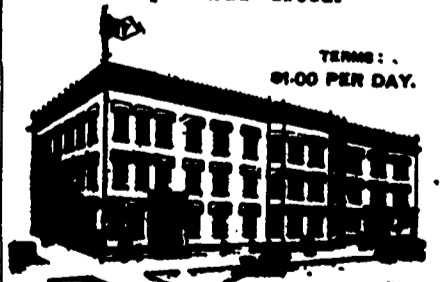
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