

THE CAMP FIRE.

A Monthly Record and Advocate of the Temperance Reform.

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25 CENTS PER YEAR

Every one who receives this paper is respectfully requested to read every part of it carefully. It is a journal that no Canadian temperance worker can afford to be without. The subscription price is almost insignificant. In the great impending campaign for prohibition in Ontario it will be of intense interest and great value.

SHAMEFUL REVELATIONS.

The New Voice of Chicago deserves the thanks of civilization for its masterly exposure of the villany that has been perpetrated in the Philippines under United States military rule.

The New Voice sent a special commissioner, Mr. William E. Johnston, to investigate and report upon conditions in the conquered archipelago. Mr. Johnston found that the natives of the new possessions were as a rule, comparatively temperate and well behaved, but that the military occupation was fast breeding fearful demoralization.

The canteen system, authorized by army officials, has resulted in most disgraceful drunkenness among the American soldiers, accompanied by other evil practices, setting to the conquered people a shocking example of brutal immorality. In many cases innocent and unoffending natives both men and women, have been ill-treated so shamefully that the record must use the indignation of everyone who has any humanity or decency in his composition.

It is expected that these sad exposures will result in such indignation against the administration which is responsible for them, that there will be an uprising among Christian citizens and a vote polled that will show the politicians that public opinion against official encouragement of the liquor traffic is so strong as to be a political factor that they can no longer ignore.

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FACTS AND FIGURES.

AFFECTING OUR CAUSE.

A Fatal Fight.

A quarrel took place at the Humber tavern west of Toronto city on October 13th. The disagreement terminated in a rough and tumble fight, from the effects of which Isaiah Warner, one of the quarrelling men, has since died.

Fearful Depravity.

A shocking occurrence took place in the city of Toronto on the evening of September 25th. Several boys and young girls spent a part of the night in drinking together on a vacant lot in the west part of the city, and in the morning one of the young men, Fred Barnes, who had been drinking most heavily, was found dead on the scene of the debauch.

Drink Did It?

On September 13th a prominent dentist of Stanley, N.B., was found dead in his room at a hotel where he was staying. For several days he had been drinking to excess, having taken to the use of methylated spirits as a stronger potion than ordinary spirituous liquors. He was missed from his office in the morning and found dead in his room in the afternoon.

Another of the Same.

A drunken quarrel at Oil Springs on October 9th, between two brothers who lived together, resulted in the death of one of them. The men had been to Petrolia together with a load of grain. On the return journey they had a flask of whiskey from which they drank. They also stopped with others at a tavern on the way. Quarreling in the evening at home, they had a serious fight after which one of them lay moaning in bed till the following afternoon when he died.

Convention Reports.

The September Number of the Woman's Journal contains a series of interesting letters from Canadian delegates to the World's W. C. T. U. These letters taken together, give a good idea of the most salient features of that important gathering. The writers are Mrs. A. O. Rutherford, Dominion President, Mrs. Dougall of Montreal, Mrs. J. Bullock, of St. John, and Mrs. Asa Gordon, of Ottawa.

Ontario W.C.T.U.

The Annual Convention of the Ontario W.C.T.U. will be held in Smith's Falls from October 29th to November 3rd inclusive. Mrs. May R. Thornley, the beloved leader of Ontario White Ribboners will preside and the meeting will be of great interest and importance. Mrs. G. L. Stevenson, President of Massachusetts State W.C.T.U., and Mrs. A. O. Rutherford, Dominion President, will be among the distinguished visitors who will address the Convention. Any desired information regarding this important gathering may be obtained from Mrs. Mary Wiley, Provincial Secretary, Richmond Hill.

Quebec W.C.T.U.

In the early part of the present month the Quebec W.C.T.U. held its annual meeting at Granby. Reports were given by returned delegates from the World's Convention at Edinburgh. Plans for the coming year were laid and resolutions were adopted favoring an extension of franchise work, calling for watchfulness over scientific temperance instruction, and strongly condemning liquor selling in military canteens. Much regret was expressed in regard to evil results of Scott Act repeal in Bromo county. Mrs. Sanderson, of Dannville, was re-elected president, Mrs. R. W. McLaughlin, of Montreal, Corresponding Secretary, Miss Bazin, of Ormstown, Recording Secretary, and Mrs. S. P. Leet, of Montreal, Treasurer.

Startling Facts.

Among the revelations made by the *New Voice* special commissioner to the Philippines, are the following startling facts:—
There are now about 200 liquor selling canteens in the American Army garrisons in the Philippines.

During the occupation of the Philippines by the United States Army some 60,000 of the soldiers have been under hospital treatment and one of the principal officials has stated that 15,000 of these were in the hospital because of drink.

Another hospital official has stated that from five to thirty lunatic soldiers have been shipped back to the United States on every transport which has sailed since the occupation and that nearly every case of lunacy was directly caused by drink. Mr. Johnston believes that this would mean about 900 soldiers driven crazy through drink.

One of the principal surgeons referring to the eleven suicides that have occurred in the army, states that nine of them were directly caused by drunkenness.

Seventy-five per cent. of the so called foreign liquors sold in Manila, are villainous concoctions of bad alcohol and drugs manufactured on the spot.

Army officials have connived most disgracefully at gambling, vice regulation and the worst forms of inducements to men to drink in the interests of the liquor sellers.

"LET US ALONE—MIND YOUR OWN BUSINESS!"

In reply to this exhortation of liquor dealers, Dr. Burns, of England says:

"I cannot let the traffic alone. I have never sold, bought, given, tasted, recommended, or sanctioned it in one form or another. And yet, sir, this traffic won't let me alone. It attacks my pocket. Who pays the increased taxation of drunkenness? The sober and the virtuous. And it is a shame that the whole community should be taxed for one class. I know some persons have said, 'Why don't you let our traffic alone? We don't interfere with you, you may go on with your teetotal speeches, only don't come out in this prohibitory law manner.' I might also say in reply, if you let me alone, I might be tempted to let you alone, but unfortunately you won't. Where is the man in the country who has eyes to see and ears to hear, and a heart to feel, and bowels to yearn and sympathize with moral wretchedness, that is not disturbed beyond utterance every day at the calamities produced by the strong drink traffic? It moves me in every power of my mind. It distresses every motion of my soul. Am I a man, and can I see the manhood of my fellow creatures annihilated out of them? Am I a Christian and can I see the mouth of hell gorged with drunken victims? Is not every man in the community my brother? Is not the drunkard, though fallen, my brother? That degraded wife of his is my sister; those orphans have a claim upon my sympathies; and I do not deserve the name of a man—I should be put down as a monster—if I were not shocked and distressed, and grieved and pained, and martyred by this traffic. Therefore, though I am a teetotaler, and have no connection with the drinking habits of the country, I suffer in body, pocket, mind and conscience, and all the powers of my soul, by this evil and destructive thing."

PURE BEER LEGISLATION.

"It is generally considered and understood that nearly all beer brewed in this State, as well as in most States, would not pass muster under a pure beer law, and if brewed in, say, some parts of Germany, would land the brewer in jail."—Liquor Trades Review.

THE CRANKS.

The cranks are God's own people; they Who point, explore and lead the way. They plod that weary way alone; They ask for bread and get a stone; They ask for fish and get a snake. They starve without the raven's cake. They know the heartache and the tear. They know the bitter jest and jeer. Who dares to help his fellow man. Who dares propose a better plan. Is straight enrolled amid the ranks Of that high army of the cranks: While at their heels the mob decries them, "Stone them—jail them—crucify them!"

To night, alone, I'm thinking sadly—
The common people heard Him gladly,
And sat before His blessed feet,
And hearkened to His counsels sweet,
They ate His fishes and His bread,
And followed where His footsteps led.
Then who are they, all stern and loud,
Who haunt the outskirts of the crowd?
Who ridicule the Righteous One,
"Is this not He, the carpenter's son?
"Impostor, charlatan and fraud?"
The Pharisees! Mine eyes, Oh God,
With hot, indignant tears are wet,
They scourge their sunlit leaders yet!

And Festus yet in judgment sits
Mid cruel, fox-eyed hypocrites,
And these are they who sit to try
The men of genius, and they die,
And as of old they ask of bread,
And get a stone when they are dead.
The Master pilots, men of brains,
Die like Columbus, bound in chains.
The chains of custom, creed and sect.
The manacles of cold neglect.
Some think like Burns—how sad the tale—
Great luck to die outside the jail.
Or, fortunate, poor luckless elves,
To drink the hemlock cap themselves,
And dying painless offer thanks!
God help the hapless band of cranks!
For us who have escaped this school,
Thank God that we were born a fool!
—The Khan.

WAR AND INTEMPERANCE.

We lament the losses of our brave soldiers in South Africa where already some thousands have fallen in battle or died of wounds. Their death has carried sorrow into thousands of homes and has spread broadcast the pall of mourning. We grieve for the loss, although they died in what we believe to be a good cause. They died "as honor dies"—a noble death.

Large as are the numbers of our fallen soldiers, the total would make but a fraction of the vast army that are annually cut off in the British Empire through strong drink. In the British Isles alone it is estimated that 80,000 thus fall year by year with many other thousands in Canada, Australia and other colonies and dependencies. These die a death of shame and dishonor. What father or mother would not rather give five sons to die on the battlefield, than one to fill a drunkard's grave?

Yet the drunkard-making business goes on from year to year. Wars have an end, and between them there may be long intervals of peace. But the cruel slaughter of the rum traffic is unending. By day and night it goes on throughout the Empire, in Canada, here in Charlottetown! And it is carried on by men who are "authorized to sell" by the Christian Government of Prince Edward Island. Think of the wickedness, the shame of it.

We are unable to prevent wars, for they spring from international causes, beyond our control. But the votes of the people can make the rum traffic illegal and send to prison the men who are engaged in it. When moved to tears for our heroes fallen in battle ought we not to think of these thousands that are falling to death and dishonor by the rum curse, and of our duty to prevent this awful slaughter which is preventable? Think it over.—Charlottetown Guardian.

The Camp Fire.

A MONTHLY JOURNAL
OF TEMPERANCE PROGRESS.

SPECIALLY DEVOTED TO THE INTERESTS OF
THE PROHIBITION CAUSE.

Edited by F. S. SPENCE

ADDRESS - - TORONTO, ONT.

Subscription, TWENTY-FIVE CENTS a Year

NOTE.—It is proposed to make this the cheapest Temperance paper in the world, taking into consideration its size, the matter it contains and the price at which it is published.

Every friend of temperance is earnestly requested to assist in this effort by subscribing and by sending in facts or arguments that might be of interest or use to our workers.

The editor will be thankful for correspondence upon any topic connected with the temperance reform. Our limited space will compel condensation. No letter for publication should contain more than two hundred words—if shorter, still better.

TORONTO, OCTOBER, 1900

THE ELECTIONS.

The Dominion elections have been announced. Voting will take place on October 31st and polling on November 7th.

The duty of prohibitionists is clear. The action recommended at the Conventions last summer is definite and wise. There can be no advantage to our cause from the support of either party as a party. We can only hope to help our cause by securing the election of members who will support prohibition regardless of mere partisan considerations.

The Conservatives when in power, refused to do anything for prohibition. They sidetracked our appeals by the farcical Royal Commission. They treated us with hostility and contempt.

It was hoped that better things would have come in with the advent of the Liberal party. Although as a party no declaration had been made in favor of prohibition, many Liberal members had been strong prohibitionists while in opposition. Power changed them. After misleading prohibitionists by the Plebiscite, the new Government refused to do anything to carry out the mandate which they had invited. With few exceptions the Liberals who had been strong prohibitionists in opposition, supported the unjust course taken by the Government. The Liberal party has given us no more ground for hope that has the Conservative party.

The situation has been carefully considered in view of these discouraging facts. It is clear that with the vast majority of Members of Parliament the success of the party is more desirable than the success of the prohibition reform. To succeed we must change these conditions. We must secure the election of men of such high principle that prohibition will be put before party or else we must secure such a development and demonstration of public opinion as will make favor for prohibition an essential to the success of a party candidate.

In other words prohibition must be made a dominant political issue. This can only be done under our present party system by the carrying out of the policy declared by last summer's Conventions in the following appeal:—

Friends of the temperance cause are therefore earnestly urged to take a more active part than ever in political affairs, identifying themselves with political organizations, attending political primaries, and conventions, and doing their utmost to secure the nomination and election for the Dominion Parliament of men who can be relied upon to be true to the prohibition cause.

THE METHODIST CHURCH.

The standing committee on temperance, prohibition and moral reform (Ontario section) of the General Conference of the Methodist Church has issued a stirring call to Christian people for energetic action to secure the return of prohibitionists to the Dominion Parliament in the approaching general elections.

This earnest appeal urges the people "to take a deep and fervid interest in the elections and in their results, striving from the beginning and in all consultations and meetings at every step, and in all canvass for votes, and record and returns of the votes, to have men nominated and elected to parliament who will represent the best sentiment of our country on the prohibition of the liquor traffic, and who will be true to the temperance reform."

The appeal goes on to quote the well-known deliverances of the General Conference against the liquor traffic and in favor of the nomination and election of municipal and parliamentary candidates known to favor and support prohibition. It also quotes from and cordially commends the following clauses of the Address recently issued by the Dominion Alliance.

"The prohibition question is of more importance than any of the other political issues of the day, and patriotic citizens are earnestly urged to unite, regardless of mere partisan considerations, to secure the election of those who will stand by the right and by the people, and the defeat of those who have treated this great movement with hostility and contempt.

"Friends of the temperance cause are, therefore, earnestly urged to take a more active part than ever in political affairs, identifying themselves with political organizations, attending political primaries and conventions, and doing their utmost to secure the nomination and election for the Dominion Parliament of men who can be relied upon to be true to the prohibition cause."

PUNISHING THE LIBERALS.

We have the utmost respect for the opinions of those friends of our cause who believe that we would be advantaged by the defeat of the Liberal party as a punishment for that party's treatment of the temperance question.

We cannot however, follow these friends in the course which some of them advocate of uniting to support all Conservative candidates and defeat all Liberal candidates, because we see no prospect of securing any advantage to our cause from such a policy.

We must spend our energies in work for the cause. We would be foolish in wasting our time in merely punishing the Liberal party if there was no prospect of any gain to our cause from the punishment.

The only wise and practical policy is the Alliance plan of opposing all candidates regardless of party who are not known and avowed prohibitionists and of working for the nomination and election regardless of party of such men as can be relied upon to do all in their power to secure the enactment and enforcement of a prohibitory law.

The soundness of this position is well shown in the following forcible paragraphs taken from a recent issue of "Forward" the official organ of the Sons of Temperance in the Maritime Provinces.

If Kruger and his unsubjected followers asked permission to settle in Canada with immunity for past and future rebellious acts, and it was known that in the coming election many candidates of both parties were friendly to his cause, and

both parties were, as a whole, according to the declaration of the leader of parliament, opposed to prohibiting freedom to rebels to rebel, would he advocate voting for one of the parties whose adherents were in league with the enemies of our country? If so, which one?

Would not voting for a party dependent upon Kruger's friends for support be equivalent to voting regardless of prohibition of Krugerism? Would it not actually be voting in favor of Krugerism?

If, under such circumstances, the voter has no power to control his representative, is not any effort on his part to control parliament hopeless?

Would not every loyal voter demand a pledge from his candidate, or would he give treason a free scope?

Have we any right or reason to expect prohibition of the distilling and brewing trade from a party composed of distillers, brewers, and their friends and political partners and comrades?

Is it not a fact that both parties are enslaved by the rum power, and that voting for either party without making prohibition an issue and having it "burn its way to the topmost place at an election," is simply voting for a repetition of the cowardly evasion of a quarter of a century?

Do not both parties represent, are they not partners with those engaged in the "gigantic crime of crimes?"

France is the most drunken country in the world to-day. Which party endeavored to introduce light wines, the devil's kindling-wood, into Canada, that has given France such deplorable pre-eminence?

Is it really true that either party, as a whole, is opposed to prohibition?

Is not their failure to comply with the Vox Populi, Vox Dei, due to failure on the part of the Vox Populi to speak at the ballot box for candidates true to the public conscience?

If the Vox Populi speaks emphatically at the ballot-box, will any government dare to resist the public conscience speaking through a majority of representatives in Parliament?

Did Sir John Macdonald know what he was talking about when he told us we could and would get prohibition when we sent a majority of prohibitionists to parliament to vote for it and its enforcement?

Is it reasonable to expect the 249,944 prohibitionists to unite with either party and hold allegiance to it irrespective of that party's record or policy for one, two or three decades, or until the conspiracy against the public weal is suppressed, and corruptibility puts on incorruptible purity?

Is it not the duty of that 249,944 to form a unit of resistance for all time to tyranny, injustice and iniquity, the destruction of home and the church?

In Prince Edward Island the government introduced a prohibitory measure, and as the result of following the Dominion Alliance method they have the support of the opposition. Does not that afford a brighter outlook than if opposition was leagued with the traffic?

A BRAVE MAN BEATEN.

Prohibitionists the world over will learn with regret of the defeat of Sir Wilfrid Lawson, leader of the English prohibitionists, in the election campaign that is now about drawing to a close.

Sir Wilfrid is President of the United Kingdom Alliance for the suppression of the liquor traffic. He represented the Cockermouth division of Cumberland. His sympathies were with the anti-Imperialist party in England, and he believed that the South African war was unnecessary and wrong. The combined opposition of his political opponents, the war advocates, and the liquor party was too much for the veteran.

To Sir Wilfrid is largely due the strength of the local veto party in English politics. His persistently forced local veto measures upon the House of Commons and his defeat will be a serious loss to the temperance cause.

IMPORTANT.

TORONTO, 1900.

DEAR FRIEND,—

You are respectfully requested to carefully examine **The Camp Fire**, a neat four-page monthly Prohibition paper, full of bright, pointed, convenient facts and arguments; containing also a valuable summary of the latest news about our cause. It is just what is needed to **inspire workers and make votes.**

The victory won in the plebiscite was only the opening of a campaign in which the liquor traffic will do its utmost to block, delay, and if possible prevent our securing the enactment and enforcement of prohibitory law. We have plenty of hard fighting ahead of us. We must keep posted and equipped, knowing all that is being done by our friends and foes, and sophistry and misrepresentation that will be advanced.

The Camp Fire will be one of the best aids you can have in the struggle. It will contain nothing but what you need. Every number ought to be preserved. You cannot afford to be without it, and the subscription price is only nominal, **Twenty-five cents per year.**

While a necessity to every prohibition worker the **The Camp Fire** will also be of special value for distribution. Literature won the plebiscite victory. We must keep up the educating work. Printed matter tells. It does its work continuously, silently, fearlessly and No form of literature is so generally read and so potential as the up-to-date periodical. It comes with the force and interest of newness and life. For this reason the form of a monthly journal has been selected.

This journal will be in every respect reliable and readable. Every article will be short, good and forcible, containing nothing sectional, sectarian or partisan. The literature of the old world and the new world will be ransacked for the most helpful and effective material. The price is very low.

Such literature will convince many a man whom his neighbors cannot convince. It will talk to him quietly, in his own home, in his leisure moments, when he can listen uninterruptedly, when he cannot talk back and when the personality of the talker cannot interfere with the effect of the talk.

It will ply him with facts, arguments and appeals, that will influence, instruct and benefit him. It will set him thinking. This is half the battle. Its wide circulation will swell the victory that we are about to win. This is its object.

Your help is asked in this great work. **Every society** should subscribe for and distribute hundreds of copies. This is the easiest and surest plan of making prohibition votes. Look at the terms:

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Selections.

TUMBLER OF CLARET.

I poured out a tumbler of claret,
Of course, with intention to drink,
And holding it up in the sunlight,
I paused for a moment to think;
I really can't tell what made me—
I never had done so before,
Though for years every day at my dinner,
I had emptied one tumbler or more.

"A friend" in the loneliest hours,
"A companion" I called the red wine,
And called it a "nectar divine."
And sometimes I poetized slightly,
But to day as I gazed on the claret,
That sparkled and glowed in the sun.
I asked it: "What have you done for me
That my true friend would have done?"

"You have given me some pleasant feel-
ings,
But they always were followed by pain;
You have given me ten thousand head-
aches
And are ready to do it again;
You set my blood leaping and bounding,
Which, though pleasant, was hurtful
no doubt.

And if I keep up the acquaintance,
I am sure you will give me the gout.

"I remember a certain occasion
When you caused me to act like a fool;
And, yes, I remember another,
When you made me fall into a pool,
And there is Tom Smither—you killed
him!

Will Howard you made a poor knave;
Both my friends, and I might count a
dozen,
You have sent to prison or grave.

"Is this a loyal friend's treatment?
Are you deserving the name?
Sav! What do you give those who love you
But poverty, sorrow and shame?
A few paltry moments of pleasure,
An age of trouble and grief;
No wonder you blush in the sunlight,
You robber, you liar, you thief!

"I'll have nothing more to do with you
From this moment, this hour, this day;
To send you adrift, bag and baggage,
I know is the only safe way."
And I poured out that tumbler of claret,
Poured it out, and not down, on the
spot,
And all this, you see, was accomplished,
By just a few moments of thought.

—Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

WHEN I COME HOME TO TEA.

To some the morning hour is sweet
And passes all too soon,
Some like mid day, but as for me,
I love the afternoon.
For then as five o'clock draws nigh,
From desk and pen I flee;
And for a welcome warm look out,
When I come home to tea.

Curmudgeons all may scoff and sneer;
Why, let them; what care I?
They're but a race of porcupines,
And I just pass them by.
They grumble deep at all mankind,
And cast sheep's eyes on me;
I wish my joys were theirs as well
When I come home to tea.

Poor slaves of drink, I mourn your ways;
Your stupid tricks I fear;
Your "pick-me-ups" and "knock-me-
downs,"

Your pots of heavy beer.
I scorn your low and smoky haunts
I shun your drunken glee;
And hail with joy that happy hour
When I come home to tea.

Poor bachelors, I mourn for you,
I mourn your luckless life;
Sincerely from my heart I wish
That man would take a wife;
What rapturous joy your hearts would
fill

If you were blessed like me,
In meeting wife and happy bairns
When going home to tea.

Infatuation, oh, how strange!
Which stupid men display,
In leaving home and seeking out
There pleasures far away.
For me—my heaven on earth I find
When children round my knee,
Light up the house with prattle gay
When I come home to tea.

—R. Semple.

A DAY AT BLACK HORSE AND
ANGEL ALLEY.

Many years ago in a narrow alley stood
the Black Horse, one of the worst gin
shops in the East End of London. A
door and a private stairway were in use
for the escape of thieves when a con-
stable was in pursuit of them. A trap-
door also led to an underground room,
where suspected burglars were hidden.
A cellar was used for drunken persons to
sleep off their torpor.

Next door to this place Mr. George
Holland determined to open a school for
the ragged children in the neighborhood.
The first night on which it was opened
eleven young thieves came in to see what
he proposed doing. "Give us a song,"
they said. "If you can't sing, we'll sing
you one," which they did.

They supposed he would send for a
policeman, and a fight would result, so
that the school would be broken up. But
he said kindly, but firmly, "Boys, if you
don't go away, I shall put you out," which
he proceeded to do as gently as possible,
and locked the door. The roughs were
pleased that he had the courage not to
call a policeman to his aid, and Mr. Hol-
land remained unmolested.

Ragged children came who had no food
for a day and a half, who had slept on
doorsteps, on sidewalks, or in empty
boxes, stealing a raw turnip or a carrot
to eat, if possible. Two of the little
girls who came had walked the streets of
London for two whole nights, with no
place to lay their heads. Some of the
children, not over five and seven years
old, were intoxicated. Two little boys
came crying and saying, "Mother is dead.
She died at home." Going to the home,
which was only one room, in which four
persons ate and slept, Mr. Holland found
the dead mother.

The work soon increased, till the Black
Horse was rented, and then Angel Alley,
next door, a liquor and gambling saloon
as bad as Black Horse.

When I reached the head of the nar-
row, dark street, I hesitated about going
further, for I saw ragged women with
babies in their arms, and old, tumble-
down houses, but soon I came to a door,
with a placard telling of the meetings
and stating that all were welcome.

Two ragged urchins opened the door and
led the way to the white-haired man who
had given his life to these people, never
marrying and making for himself a home,
because he felt that he must have no
other thought save for these abandoned
ones.

"Come this way till I show you my
children," said George Holland, with his
beaming face. Here was a large, clean
room, with an organ made by a working
man, neat mottoes on the walls, and a
company of the most ragged and forsaken
children I have ever seen. Their feet
were bare, their dresses and coats hung
in tatters about them, and their faces
were thin and worn for lack of food and
sleep. With all-night revels in house
and street, no wonder that these little
creatures are puny and die early.

Another room was for industrial work,
where the boys learn to be carpenters,
make fret work with their little saws,
and print with their small printing
presses. In the next room was the
school school for the very small children,
some of whom were scarcely able to walk.
When they are through this school for
the day, they go to the toy-room, where
these worse than orphan children ride on
rocking horses, or draw little wagons, or
admire the animals in Noah's Ark.

Another part of the house was used
for a Kitchen Garden, where the girls had
little tables, plates and cups, brooms,
brushes and small tubs, and were taught
to be good servants.

We step over into the Black Horse and
Angel Alley, where are beds for homeless
girls, a day nursery where babies are left
for the day while their mothers work,
they paying four cents for the care of an
infant, or six cents if they have husbands.

As soon as the children are brought in
the morning, their dirty clothes are re-
moved, and when bathed, clean ones be-
longing to the house are put on. Each
crib has a red blanket with the name of
some wild flower embroidered on it.
Over the cot some flower is painted, with
a text of Scripture. Over a pretty dark-
eyed baby that put up its hands and
wanted to come to me, were the words,
Daisy, Malachi 18: 2.

Another has Lily of the Valley, Mat-
thew 6: 28-30; Mignonette, Sweet Pea,
etc.

Beyond are neat little beds for home-
less boys. One little fellow seemed near
to death when found by Mr. Holland.
He had a big dog who had been his com-
panion, and he could not bear to part
with him, but how could they have a dog
at the Home?

"Don't take him away," pleaded the
boy. "I han't got no father or mother,
and he's my only comfort. He lies on
my breast and keeps the life in me. Be-
sides, when I'm laying on the street at
night, he barks when he hears a police-
man, and wakes me up so that we get up
and move on to another place." "This
brings to mind Dickens' Joe, the street-
sweeper, who murmurs as he is dying,
thinking that the policeman is urging
him on, 'I'm a-moving to the berryin'
ground—that's the move as I'm up to."
The dog was brought to the Home, and
the boy became well, thanks to care and
food. By and by some boys and girls
collected fruit for him to sell, and he
earned his living till old enough to go to
sea.

One of the most interesting things in
connection with this work for the ragged
is the Tuesday dinner for invalid children.
Few of these at their own homes ever
had over a slice of bread for breakfast or
dinner, and often not as much as that.
The children are charged two cents each
for this Tuesday dinner, the cost for each
being about twelve cents. The pinched
little faces brighten when they see the
meat, which they never see on any other
day. In the coldest weather a basin of
soup and a piece of bread are given twice
or three times a week. The children
have a Boot and Shoe Club. The day I
was at the Black Horse, a wee ragged
child, with pretty black eyes and curly
hair, came in to get her share of money
from the club bank.

Her poor cloth shoes were out at the
sides so that her feet touched the pave-
ment. The teacher showed me her re-
cord, how that for many a week, from
her scanty earnings by selling matches or
flowers on the street, she had laid by one
cent till she has saved, with what little
her mother had put in the club bank for
her, enough to buy some cheap shoes.
For every twenty-five cents that a child
earns, Mr. Holland adds four cents. The
girl went away happy with the money
for her shoes.

The mothers' meetings are full of in-
terest. All gave one cent a week that
they may have tea together once a
month. One of the poor men said, "I
wish you had a place for the men at the
back of the mothers' meetings, for by
what my wife tells me, it must be beauti-
ful to be there."

The poor in the out-of-town mothers'
meetings send nosebags to their desolate
sisters in the city; so kindly is human
nature in its lowest estate. In the sum-
mer, bunches of flowers are given to these
ragged children, and they will come the
next morning to repeat the Bible verse
which was pinned to the flowers.

There are sewing classes where the
mothers make garments for three hun-
dred children receiving four cents an
hour for the labor, and obtaining the
garments at cost. There is a Free Labor
Loan Society, to which every man pays
ten cents a week, and can borrow when
he needs. In seven years over \$30,000
have been loaned, and so honest are these
workers that only about ten dollars have
been lost.

These ragged schools, such as the
Black Horse, at George Yard, White
Chapel, were started by a cobbler, who
gathered children around him by dis-
tributing hot potatoes, speaking with
such kindness and a smile on his face,
that all the children listened. The first
society was organized in 1844, in a cow-
shed.

When these schools were first estab-
lished the boys were so rough that they
threw ink bottles at the heads of the
teachers. Sometimes six boys would
put the head master on the floor, and,
sitting on his back, would say, "Pop goes
the weasel." One boy of thirteen, who
had been in jail over a dozen times, when
dressed decently, looked in the glass and
said, "Oh, sir the dog won't know me!"

From the beginning of this work, the
noble Earl of Shaftesbury was president
of ragged schools. About a half million
children have been helped to better
education and morals, and juvenile crime
has decreased seventy-five per cent in
twenty-five years.—Sarah K. Boulton, in
A True Republic.

BACK AGAIN THE FAMOUS "BLACK KNIGHT"



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has returned to
Canada for a
lecture tour and
is now open to
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Read the following specimen
extracts from newspaper opinions
of this MARVELLOUS MAN.

CANADIAN.

His speech was irresistible in its
earnestness and pathos.—Toronto
Globe.

A powerful address, full of humor
and sanctified common sense.—London
Advertiser.

A veritable outburst of the spirited,
natural eloquence, born of a devoted
patriotism.—Charlottetown Guardian.

Succeeded without any apparent
difficulty in keeping his audience in
roars of laughter.—Toronto World

The large assemblage was inspired,
amused, thrilled and caused to weep
almost in unison.—Montreal Witness.

ENGLISH.

The embodiment of all that is best in
his race—humorous, solemn, eloquent
and pathetic.—South Wales Argus.

His inimitable drollery, mixed with
the truest wisdom, completely took
the gathering by storm.—Christian
World.

Such an amount of hearty, healthy,
wit-provoked laughter we have never
heard before in one and a half hours.
Methodist Times.

A sparkling speaker, full of fire and
dramatic action, and carries his audi-
ence along in a very tornado of elo-
quence.—Templar Watchword.

A TROUBLE BREEDER.

Again I take up my pen to write against the saloons and everything and everybody connected with them. Will it do any good? I don't know and it is none of my business. What concerns me most is the fact that I cannot pass a day without seeing or hearing something against the liquor traffic, and I cannot keep quiet. I wish I never had to write about the saloons. The subject has become stale to me; but the injuries resulting from the liquor traffic are fresh every day, and the Devil will not let them become stale.

This morning a gentleman on the cars occupied the time spent on the road by relating to me what a curse to his father the drink habit has been. Good otherwise; but so easily tempted by the power of appetite.

After leaving the cars my eyes greeted two young men so drunk that they could not walk straight. They looked miserable, and were paying the price of a night's debauch.

It was in the tombs, years ago, that I looked into the faces of two young men who were hung for murder shortly after. "Drink brought us here" were the words that came from the lips of one of these young men.

I wish I had never seen those young men. Years have passed, but I cannot get them out of my mind. I see them now—faces almost as white as the wall, a strange look about their eyes, a sort of "do help me" expression that I cannot explain. Neither of these young men had reached his majority; yet they were hung by the neck until pronounced dead.

Each of them had a mother. But the mothers' hearts were broken before the necks of their boys.

How many times have I told my readers that I hate the liquor traffic, and I expect to repeat it again and again.

At my home, in the proper place, are the likenesses of a Methodist preacher and his wife. In other days we were the best of friends. He is still alive, but his wife died the victim of the intoxicating bowl.

The liquor traffic has slain some of the best people I ever knew. I more than hate it.

I heard a handsome looking young girl say to another, as she entered a saloon in William street, New York, "Now for another nail in my coffin." Inside of a year she was buried.

But I must stop this kind of writing, for sad incidents come to my mind by the score. Too many for my comfort.

The saloon never hit me personally, for which I am thankful; but it has hit so many in the business in which I was brought up that I cannot help but wish that the Devil had never invented such Hell-populating places as saloons.

Some may say, what is the use of talking about the curse of drinking; why not tell us how to abolish it? I have done so to the best of my abilities; but the bulk of the people don't like my remedy and don't like it.

The importation, manufacture and sale of intoxicants as a beverage is the cause of the damnation of thousands in this country every year. Am I right or am I wrong in this statement? If it is true, then when I demand prohibition against the importation, manufacture and sale of liquor for beverage purposes I am right.

In a fight between Heaven and Hell there is consolation in being on the side of the former, even if victory is not in sight.

After I had made a temperance address at Troy, N. Y., an old lady took me by the hand and said, "Thank you, Mr. Scott; the Lord will put you on the back some day." The crowd around me smiled, but the remark made a lasting impression on me.

I would be afraid not to fight the liquor traffic with my tongue and my pen.

Last night while reading an evening newspaper my attention was drawn to the acquittal of a boy tried for killing his father, who, being intoxicated, was trying to kill the lad's mother.

That boy will never forget, as long as he lives, what a trouble breeder the liquor traffic was to him in his young days. Tried for homicide at the time of life when he ought to have been in school

studying his lessons. Acquitted of homicide when he ought to have been playing with his young comrades.

On my desk is a picture of the old Tombs building. The drink traffic has kept that building nearly full since I was a boy. How many sobs have been uttered in that place by those who had thought they could drink when they liked and let drinking alone when they saw fit.

Out in the far-off State of Kansas I beheld several curious sights—empty jails. An empty jail is a blessed sight. Such a sight is apt to make you think that the world is getting better.

I have yet to hear the first man or woman say, Thank God I am a drinker of intoxicants. But I have heard hundreds thank God that they had ceased to drink that which sometimes made them lower than brutes.

The business portion of every community should be opened to saloons, for in no other place is the curse of drink more visible than in places where men are employed.

The men who sell and the men who drink intoxicants are generally a nuisance—both private and public.

What good has the saloon ever done? Think this question over and act accordingly.

If you live in a town with six churches and only two saloons you will admit that the two saloons make the town howl with the ways of the Devil more than the six churches make the town echo with the praises of God. How about most towns that have about five or ten times as many saloons in them as there are churches?

What hurts my neighbor's boy hurts me, and it ought to be so with you.

A mother who has a son who is in the habit of coming home late at night drunk is not troubled with much sleep. Such a mother soon looks old and worn out: the lustre of her eyes ceases to exist, and she sobs to herself until she ceases to be the woman she once was. The trouble breeder has made her old, nervous and and dejected. She wants to die, and yet she wants to live. She seeks for faith, but she almost seeks in vain. She wants to look cheerful, but she cannot. She hardly knows whether she is a Christian or not. She reads her Bible, but the blessed promises do not seem to be for her. She looks up and all is dark: she looks down and it is still darker. She loves her boy, and that is about all she knows.

Such a mother ought to be made to feel that the day is not far off when the great trouble breeder will be utterly destroyed. What makes her case so sad is, that she feels that the fate of her boy is in his own hands. The community looks calmly on at the sight of her boy destroying himself. After he gets awful bad the prospect is that the authorities will take him from his mother and punish him for not being able to stand what the law has permitted others to sell him.

For the "public good" J—E— has a license to sell liquor. The document ought to read: for the public damnation of men, women and children J—E— is permitted to sell his liquors.

Just about now I feel the "mad" taking possession of me. Now I feel like writing sentences that will blister somebody. Perhaps it is now the proper time to stop.

A trouble breeder is the liquor traffic.—G. R. Scott in N. Y. Witness.

ALCOHOL IN OTHER LANDS.

The use of alcohol in some form or another seems to be almost universal. The following list is interesting as showing the different forms of distilled spirits in use in various parts of the world:

Table with 3 columns: By whom employed, Name, Whence obtained. Rows include Hindus, Malays, Greeks, etc., with various alcoholic beverages like Arrack, Rice, and Maize.

A GREAT OFFER.

READ CAREFULLY.

You need this paper. You will need it more and more as the prohibition fight gets hotter and hotter, and the issue of prohibition is before our Legislatures. Read carefully what is said about it in column headed "Important" on page 2.

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