

THE CAMP FIRE.

A Monthly Record and Advocate of the Temperance Reform.

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Every onewhoreceives 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.

PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND.

The Prince Edward Island Prohibitory Law will go into operation on June 5th. The question of enforcing the law was discussed in the Provincial Legislature on April 23rd. Premier Farquharson stated definitely that the Government would stand by the law and see it carried into effect, that the liquor sellers had had their day, had been given ample time to clear out their stocks and must be prepared for the new order.

In view of the decision of the Supreme Court of Manitoba that the prohibition law of that province was unconstitutional because it interfered with transactions that did not end within the limits of the province, the Premier of Prince Edward Island introduced the following amendment to the Prince Edward Island Act:

"While this Act is intended to prohibit and shall prohibit transactions in liquor which take place wholly within the Province of Prince Edward Island except as otherwise specially provided by this Act, and restrict the consumption of liquor within the limits of the Province of Prince Edward Island, it shall not affect and is not intended to affect bona fide transactions in liquor between a person in the Province of Prince Edward Island and a person in another province or in a foreign country, and the provisions of this Act shall be construed accordingly."

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NOTES OF NEWS

ABOUT OUR WORK AND WORKERS.

PROGRESS OF THE PROHIBITION CAUSE.

What Our Friends and Foes are Doing.

The Annual Meeting of the I. O. G. T. Grand Lodge of Ontario will be held in Toronto, commencing at 10 a. m. on the third Wednesday of June. Particulars may be obtained from the Grand Secretary, D. Marshall, Thornbury.

The annual convention of the Maritime Prohibition Association presided over by Rev. E. Crowell, of Yarmouth, was held in the Temperance Hall at Truro, N. S., on the evening of May 7th. Particulars of the work done have not yet been received.

The Temperance League in Sydney, N. S., is making a special effort to rouse interest in Scott Act enforcement in that town. There has lately been a good deal of improvement in the administration of the law, but liquor selling is not entirely abolished.

In the year 1901 the Independent Order of Good Templars celebrates its Jubilee. An effort is being made to commemorate the event by the raising of a fund of \$1,000,000 to be expended in promoting the work of the Order and the cause of temperance.

A good deal of indignation is felt by the temperance workers of Coldwater, Ont., against the action of the License Commissioners for East Simcoe in granting a shop license to take effect in the village in spite of the earnest protest of a large number of the best citizens.

Encouraging success is attending the effort being made by the prohibitionists to secure better carrying out of the Scott Act in the County of Pictou, N. S. The bars of New Glasgow have been closed. A second conviction was secured a few days ago in Westville.

A drunken woman had a remarkably narrow escape from a shocking death in Toronto on the evening of May 2nd. She was found lying helplessly intoxicated on the Grand Trunk Railway tracks about ten o'clock at night, and was only removed a few minutes before a heavy train passed the place.

Pure Beer Legislation.

The Imperial House of Commons by a majority of 245 has given the second reading to a Bill providing that every cask of beer should be labelled either "Malt beer" or "Part malt beer." The object of this legislation is to protect beer drinkers against the use of noxious drugs in liquor manufacturing.

Britain's Drink Bill.

Rev. Dawson Burns, D. D., in the London Times publishes his annual calculation of the national drink bill of the United Kingdom, which he estimates at £160,891,718 sterling, for the year 1900. This is a falling off of about a million and a quarter from the drink expenditure of 1899. Reducing the different kinds of intoxicants consumed to an alcohol basis, Dr. Burns estimates the total consumption of alcohol in the United Kingdom at 84,251,006 gallons. The per capita consumption is 2.46 gallons in England, 1.82 gallons in Scotland and 1.64 gallons in Ireland.

A Temperance Victory.

Temperance workers of Great Britain are jubilant over the victory won in the British House of Commons on March 20th, when the second reading of the Sale of Drink to Children Bill was carried by a majority of 318. It is possible that the Bill may not reach a third reading, but the Government can hardly fail to take some early action regarding this important question in view of this wonderful demonstration of public desire for progressive legislation.

Prohibition in Massachusetts.

The report of the Prison Commissioners of Massachusetts for the year 1900 gives a table showing the number of arrests for drunkenness and other offences in the different cities of the state for the year ending September 30th. Twelve of these cities were under prohibition and twenty-one were under license. A careful calculation shows that the average arrests for drunkenness per thousand population in all the licensed cities, amounted to 29 and in the prohibition cities to 14, while the average arrests per thousand for all causes were in the licensed cities 41 and in the prohibition cities 26.

The Canteen Question.

On April 19th, the House of Commons debated the canteen question. Lieut. Colonel Prior, Lieut. Colonel Tisdale and Dr. Sproule championed the cause of the people desirous of having beer supplied to soldiers in training. They did not meet with much encouragement from the House. It is earnestly to be hoped that any action taken by the Minister of Militia will be in the wise direction of upholding the law as it stands and seeing that it is thoroughly enforced at every military camp during the coming season.

Good Templars Resolve.

The 32nd annual session of the English Good Templar Grand Lodge was held at Hanley, commencing on Tuesday, April 9th. About 300 delegates were present. Resolutions were adopted warmly commending the movement to secure the prohibition of the sale of liquor to children, declaring in favor of the local veto proposition and strongly opposing municipalization of the liquor traffic. Joseph Malins was re-elected Grand Chief Templar for the thirty-second time. Most of the other officers were also re-elected.

A Good Paper.

The Canadian Royal Templar, under the editorship of Mr. S. H. Graham, is doing splendid work for the cause of temperance and prohibition. The April number contained an immense amount of interesting statistical information and a number of strong and lively editorials relating to different aspects of the present position of the prohibition reform. It is to be regretted that so much space in this interesting paper has to be given up to official details of the work of the Royal Templar Order and that it is published only once a month. A weekly prohibition paper is one of the crying needs of the temperance cause in Canada.

Discriminating Law Enforcement.

Mrs. Carrie Nation met with trouble in Kansas City, Mo. She entered a saloon there on Sunday, April 21st, and protested against the sale of liquor contrary to law which was being openly carried on. A crowd collected and Mrs. Nation was arrested for causing a public disturbance. She was taken to the police station in a patrol wagon and on

the evidence of the policeman who arrested her, was fined \$500 for blocking the sidewalks. Meantime the saloons against which Mrs. Nation protested are carrying on their lawless traffic practically with the consent of a patronage of the city authorities.

Good Work.

The War Cry, organ of the Salvation Army of Canada, is doing splendid work for the cause of temperance by sound articles and striking cartoons. In the issue for April 13th the front page was devoted to a picture showing what could be purchased by the money necessary to supply three glasses of beer per day. The well-arranged array of articles of domestic consumption included six sacks of flour, six of potatoes, one of rolled wheat, one of oatmeal, twenty five pounds each of peas and beans, twenty pounds of butter, twenty-four dozen eggs, one hundred pounds of sugar, twenty pounds of tea, ten pounds of coffee, fifteen chickens, a turkey, a Christmas pudding and a substantial little surplus of cash for other purposes.

WHAT DRINK DID FOR ONE MAN.

"It was in the beautiful bar-room of the Tabor Grand, in Denver, a group of handsome young men were laughing and drinking, when a poor tottering tramp pushed open the door, and with sad eyes, looked at them appealingly.

"Come in, Senator, and drown your cares in the flowing bowl!" they said, jeeringly.

"I will come in, thank you," he said, "for I am cold and hungry."

"Take this brandy, Senator," they said mockingly, "and drink to our health."

"After swallowing the liquor the tramp gazed at them for an instant, and then, with a dignity and eloquence that showed how far he had fallen in the social scale, he began to speak:

"Gentlemen," he said sadly, "I wish you well. You and I complete a picture of life. I was, alas! a Senator. My bloated face was once as young and handsome as yours. This shambling figure once walked as proud as yours. I, too, once had a home, and friends and position. I had a wife as beautiful as an artist's dream, and I dropped the priceless pearl of honor and respect in the wine cup, and, Cleopatra-like, saw it dissolve and quaffed it down. I had children as sweet and lovely as the flowers of spring, and I saw them fade and die under the curse of a drunken father.

"I had a home where love lit the flame upon the altar and ministered before it, and I put out the holy fire, and darkness and desolation reigned in its stead. I had aspirations and ambitions that soared as high as the morning star, and I broke and bruised their beautiful wings, and at last strangled them, that I might be tortured with their cries no more. To-day I am a husband without a wife, a father without a child, a tramp without a home to call his own, a man in whom every good impulse is dead—all, all swallowed up in the maelstrom of drink.

"Young gentlemen," he said, as he passed out into the darkness, "whichever way you go—whether you follow your mothers', wives', and children's prayers and enjoy their love on earth and dwell with them in heaven, or whether you become a saddened soul, forever lost, like me, I—I wish you well!"

"I shall never forget that sad picture," continued the humorist. "It was wit and humor ending in pathos. Tears dimmed the eyes of the youth as they watched a despairing soul disappearing in the darkness."—Eli Perkins.

The Camp Fire.

A MONTHLY JOURNAL
OF TEMPERANCE PROGRESS.

SPECIALLY DEVOTED TO THE INTERESTS OF
THE PROHIBITION CAUSE.

Edited by F. S. SPENCE

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

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

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

TORONTO, MAY, 1901

BEHIND THE TIMES.

The license law of the Province of Ontario is sadly out of date. In some respects it is inconsistent and contradictory.

The License Act has from time to time been altered by the addition of amendments made without due consideration of the general character and intent of the law, so that it has become a piece of patchwork legislation that it is difficult to comprehend.

For a number of years there has been practically no progress made excepting some slight changes for the convenience of liquor sellers and the increase of the Government's revenue from the traffic. The license laws of other provinces have restrictive provisions which Ontario would do well to copy.

A year ago an official statement was made on behalf of the Government to the effect that this mongrel law was to be revised and consolidated. The promise has not yet been carried out.

The Premier has stated that his Government is favorable to temperance reform. Pending the settlement of the question of jurisdiction he will act wisely in taking steps to have the present law put upon a common sense and progressive basis.

THE JULY MEETINGS.

Arrangements are being made for the Annual Prohibition Convention of the Province of Ontario and the Annual Meeting of the Dominion Alliance Council, both of which will be held in the City of Toronto. The days set apart for these important gatherings are July 9th and 10th.

No doubt the question of improvement of existing legislation will receive a good deal of attention, and the proposal to enlarge the scope of the Scott Act, as adopted at the Annual Convention of the Quebec Alliance, will receive careful consideration. Scott Act improvement is a live question in the Maritime Provinces where the Act is in successful operation over a great deal of territory.

Pending the final decision of the courts regarding the constitutionality of the Manitoba Prohibitory law, prohibition workers are feeling a good deal of anxiety and uncertainty. There is unfortunately among many of our friends a readiness to be too much affected by any immediate friction or delay. We must deal wisely with all such difficulties, accepting what we cannot overcome, and relying upon the righteousness of

our cause which is certain to triumph in spite of temporary hindrances.

The meetings at Toronto will be important. They will consider the questions of immediate parliamentary and electoral action. The House of Commons has definitely declared against the immediate enactment of national prohibition, but holds out a promise of some legislation. The indefiniteness of this promise is very unsatisfactory, and it is manifest that our legislators will only advance under the strong pressure of public demand.

The imminence of a general election for the Province of Ontario will make necessary such organization and effort as will secure a legislature definitely committed to supporting the Provincial Government's avowed policy of prohibition to the limit of the Province's ascertained constitutional power.

The usual reductions in railway fares will be available for delegates to these gatherings. All friends of the temperance cause are earnestly urged to do what they can to secure as large and representative attendance as possible.

A COMING CONVENTION.

Among the many features of the Pan-American Exhibition, which will make Buffalo a centre of world-wide interest, will be a great series of conventions and conferences of every character and name. No fewer than 122 have already been announced.

In this day of organization, when every class or section of the community has established some bond of union and method of co-operation, these meetings for consultation and decision as to plans and methods, have become an important part of the life of the people.

Among the gatherings of moral reform workers one of the most interesting will be the National Prohibition Conference to be held on August 1st and 2nd. To it will come temperance workers from nearly every part of the continent. They will thus be able to unite at one time and with one expense, participation in important discussion of questions in which they are deeply concerned, and a visit to one of the greatest exemplifications of the achievements of modern civilization.

Canadian prohibitionists are requested to meantime keep these dates in mind. They will receive announcement later on of details of a programme of proceedings at this Convention, that will make them more desirous than ever of including a visit to the Buffalo Exhibition among their plans for the summer of 1901.

LAW ENFORCEMENT

Notwithstanding the assurance of members of the Government that special efforts would be made to have the license law of Ontario rigidly enforced, there are still heard from many quarters loud complaints of systematic law violation and of serious failure of license inspectors to interfere with the wrong doing.

These complaints are well founded. License inspectors have given a good deal of attention to the prevention of liquor selling by persons who do not hold licenses. In many cases they seem inclined, however, to wink at disregard of the law by parties duly authorized to sell. Saturday night selling, Sunday selling, selling during prohibited hours, selling to minors, selling to intoxicated persons, are all offences of frequent occurrence. There is not a license inspector in the Province of Ontario who could not secure many convictions against licensees if he chose to do so.

There has also been lately manifested an unfortunate tendency on the part of License Commissioners to issue licenses without due regard to the statutory provisions which they are supposed to obey. For this unwise course of action the Provincial Government must be held responsible. A good deal of high sounding talk is sometimes heard about the independence and discretion of license officials. Everybody knows that these officers will not defy definite instructions from the Government by which they are appointed.

SELLING LIQUOR TO CHILDREN.

Intense interest centred round the recent debate in the Imperial Parliament on the motion for the second reading of the bill to prevent the sale of intoxicating liquors to children. An effort was made by the opponents of the measure to have it ruled out of order by the speaker, but the attempt failed and a division was taken, the result being a vote of 372 for the second reading and 44 against it. The Scotch and Welsh members voted solidly for the Bill. The Irish section of the House supported it by a majority of 78 and the English by a majority of 187.

ABOLISH TREATING.

Treating is about the worst feature of the great liquor evil.

It is traditional, and quite as firmly grounded in our social system as is the habit of drinking.

It is one of the chiefest fostering influences of the drink usages.

It brings the temptation to drink in the way of almost everybody. People who are opposed to drink are placed in a perplexing position by a kind, sociable invitation to indulge.

It sways the multitudes to the shrine of Bacchus, and renders opposing measures and principles abortive in so many instances that it is almost impossible to make headway in favor of total abstinence.

It is a custom which really is accountable for the existence of three-fourths of the barrooms now in existence. If people had to drink alone in five years there would not be one drinking place where now there are five.

It causes men to stay in drinking rooms, and to drink far more than even debased appetite calls for. When one treats, each of his companions feels that he must return the compliment, and the result is a general carousal.

It takes men into drinking places who otherwise would never go there. Recently the writer witnessed a case where a young man stopped in front of a saloon and invited his two chums to have a drink. Both declined positively. He coaxed and pulled at their sleeves until finally one yielded. Then the two of them tried to take the other in, but failed. He stood outside in the cold whilst they went in and drank. He was a hero, but how long can he resist whilst his companions innocently seek his rum?

Treating used to be considered a business necessity; but that sort of thing is frowned upon at present. So will treating of every kind be frowned down in a few years, and why not do so now?

Nine out of ten men who drink will unhesitatingly assert that if it were not for treating there would be a great diminution of drinking.

We can readily believe that an anti-treating society, even among people who are not total abstainers, can only do great good, and will tend to teetotalism in the end.—Royal Templar.

ONLY A BABY.

One sultry day last summer, at a time when children of the poorer class in Philadelphia were dying by the score every week, a bloated old man staggered up the steps of a physician's dwelling. The boys shouted out after him. "Old Bourbon," the name by which he had been known in the locality in which he lived for many years.

"The baby's worse," he said, standing hat in hand, when he met the doctor coming out.

"You've been here for me every day for a week," explained the doctor. "I

cannot go again to day. I told the child's mother there was no chance, this morning, it was dying then."

"Won't you come now?"

"No; I have not a minute to spare. There are patients waiting, whom I can help."

"Old Bourbon" followed him to his carriage door, twisting his rag of a hat in his shaking hands. "She's—she's all I've got, doctor."

But the doctor, with a pitying nod, drove away, and the old man, nearly sobered by his keen distress, crept home to the attic where his little grandchild lay dying. Whatever nursing or kindness little Mary had known had come from "Old Bourbon." Her mother had six other children, and went out washing every day. The poor old drunkard and the innocent baby were left to form a strange friendship for each other. She called for him now feebly, as she lay on her mother's lap.

"Daddy! daddy! come to me!"

He knelt down and put his finger into the tiny withered hand. The tears ran down his bloated cheeks.

"God, leave her to me!" he muttered.

"Daddy, come to Mary!" she cried once more, and then the little soul, whose taste of life had been so bitter, passed into the unseen.

It was only a baby. Its mother, who had six other half-starved children to feed, shed but few tears over it. The doctor sent in a certificate of its death with a dozen others. In the weekly bill of mortality there was an item. "Of cholera infantum, seventy." Little Mary was one of the seventy. That was all. Her record was ended. The world had done with her.

But an old trembling man crept next Sunday into the back pew of the little mission church, not far from the attic in which he lived. He stopped the clergyman when service was over.

"Why, is this you, Bour—I beg your pardon. What is your real name?"

"John Black, sir. I want to take my name again. I'm thinkin' of signin' the pledge, 'n' pullin' up for the rest of the time left," stammered the poor wretch.

The clergyman was wise and helpful. John did "pull up." He lived but a few months after that, but he did what he could to live a decent, honest, Christian life in that time.

"The Lord is merciful, John," his friend said to him, as he lay dying.

"I know it, sir. I'm not much acquainted with Him, but I've been tryin' to follow little Mary. I hear her always cryin', 'daddy, come to me.' I'm comin', an' I reckon He'll not turn me back."

Even the baby had its work to do, and had done it.—Morning and Day of Reform

THE U. S. CANTEN: LAW.

Secretary Root, of the War Department, in discussing the defeat of the canteen said: "It is a very unfortunate affair. It is likely the soldiers will now get bad whiskey, instead of good whiskey."

It is said that the whole War Department feels aggrieved over the abolition of the canteen. They say the action of the Senate will seriously interfere with recruiting. Will some one please tell us who is running this government?—the people through their representatives in Congress, or the War Department. This seems a fitting time to demonstrate to these "high and mighty" officials that they are employed by the nation, and their salaries are paid by the nation, and that they occupy subordinate places, and the people rule.—Texas White Ribbon.

INFLUENCE OF RELIGION.

History records several instances of sober nations ousting those given to drink and luxury. It also records how drunken nations have been reclaimed to sobriety by religions which have insisted on total abstinence, and have so continued for hundreds of years. If that is not success, what is it? If some Mohammedans take to drink, more shame to the so-called Christians who persuade them to do so. What is evidently necessary is to make it as shameful and disgraceful for the Christian to take alcoholic poison as for the Mohammedan. In my opinion the Christian religion requires total abstinence with even greater cogency than that of Buddha or Mahomet.—Dr. J. J. Rudge.

Selections.

HERE'S A LADDIE

Here's a laddie bright and fair,
And his heart is free from care;
Will he ever, do you think,
Learn to smoke, and chew, and drink?
Make a furnace of his throat,
And a chimney of his nose,
In his pocket not a groat,
Elbows out and ragged toes?

Here's a laddie, full of glee,
And his step is light and free;
Will he ever, do you think,
Mad with thirst and crazed with drink,
Stagger wildly down the street;
Wallow in the mire and sleet;
Hug the lamp-post and declare
Snakes are writhing in his hair?

Not an ill this laddie knows,
And his breath is like the rose;
Will he ever, do you think,
Poisoned by the cursed drink,
Fever burning in his veins,
Soul and body racked with pains,
Sink into a drunkard's grave,
Few to pity—none to save?

No: this laddie, honour bright,
Swears to love the true and right,
Keep his body pure and sweet,
For an angel's dwelling meet;
Never, never will he sup
Horrors from the drunkard's cup;
Never in the "flowing bowl"
Will he drown his angel soul.

—Julia M. Thayer.

THE MATCH IN THE CRACK.

BY MARY F. MARTIN.

It was a very little match—just a harmless piece of wood, so small and insignificant that Harry Belmont, from whose pocket it fell as he changed his coat to go to the base-ball match, did not think it worth hunting for.

It was a very little mouse that crept stealthily out of his hole that night to hunt for crumbs. His fur was soft and silky, and his eyes bright, but his teeth were sharp, so sharp that, unsuccessful in his search for crumbs, he tried to make his supper off a little stick with a rough end which he found wedged into a crack in the floor.

The match was a little match, and the mouse a little mouse, but the fire started by that little match and that little mouse swept down a whole block of houses, despite the almost superhuman efforts of the firemen.

In the midst of the confusion a cry is heard, "A boy at the upper window!" and there, far up, with hands outstretched for help, stands Harry. Tired with the excitement of the play, he has slept through all the noise and tumult, until when he awakes he finds all effort at escape useless. As he leans from the window the angry flames seem to leap higher to grasp their helpless victim. In the crowd where all the faces are distinct in the glare of the fire stands his mother. She had thought him safe, and oh! what agony to see her boy cut off from her by the cruel flames. Is there no help? In vain he stretches forth his hands for aid; brave hearts pity him, and long to save him, but he is beyond their reach. Already the flames drive him back at intervals, as the wind sweeps them against the window; the casing itself is blistered, and is only kept from bursting into a blaze by the constant stream of water poured on it by the untiring firemen.

Is there no hope, no help? He hears as though in a dream a cry that has seemed only a low murmur amid the confusion, so far removed is he from the crowd. In an instant's hush comes louder the cry, "Reach the fire-escape and you are safe." He is so weak his knees shake beneath him. Had he not better give up further effort to avoid the inevitable fate awaiting him if he stays where he is?

Once more he leans from the window as the stream of water checks the flame for an instant; once more he would look on his mother's face, but as he looks the cry rises louder: "Reach the fire-escape and you are safe," and though he cannot hear his mother's voice, her pale lips seem to be forming the same words.

One determined effort, groping his way through the blinding smoke, scorched by the flames that have already found their way into the room, almost yielding even at the last, he reaches the fire-escape; there kind hands grasp his,

and though weak and wretched, with scars that he will carry to the grave of the cruel fire kindled by the little match, he is saved.

It was only a little harmless white roll of paper that was handed to Edmund Arnold that day in the park by one of his friends. Others were smoking cigarettes, and why shouldn't he? It was anything but agreeable at first, and the headache, for which he accounted to his mother by his long walk in the hot sun, was almost unbearable. At the time he fully determined to leave cigarettes in the future to those who were used to them, but the little match had fallen into the crack, and when next a cigarette was offered to him he was ashamed to refuse, and thought he might stealthily throw part away before he suffered any evil effects from it; but this time it was more enjoyable. He smoked it all, and his headache was so slight that it was scarcely worth noticing. Weeks passed and part of the small salary that he had helped his mother to supply necessities for the family was reserved for his own use, and he was seldom seen without a cigarette between his lips.

Months passed, and becoming inattentive to his duties he was discharged by his employer, and spent his time at the corners of the street with the commonest kind of a cigar in his mouth.

At home he was not the same helpful son that he had once been. At times he would sit moodily in the corner, and as he walked his limbs would shake as though with age.

Years have passed, and in a hospital ward lies Edmund Arnold. He is only seventeen. He may have many years of life before him, but they will all be passed there. His disease has been pronounced an incurable brain trouble, brought on even at this early age by the excessive use of tobacco; and not only are his poor legs paralyzed, but his intellect is weakened, so that, talk to him as you may of the fire-escape, his brain is too inactive to comprehend your meaning.

It was only a glass of cider, and it sparkled and foamed temptingly, but it was a match in the crack as Joe Bunting put it to his lips.

His mother when dying had exacted from him a solemn promise never to touch the first glass of liquor. He knew not why she had insisted so earnestly upon his promising, but it had been a check upon him many a time when his companions had tempted him to drink with them.

Yes, the remembrance of the pale face over which such a look of anguish stole when at first he had hesitated to give the required promise had again and again proved a safeguard to him, but now it was only a glass of cider.

"No harm," one boy said. "No liquor about it," urged another," and he yielded.

Well had his mother known that the dry wood needed but a little match and scratch from the tooth of a very little mouse to start it into a blaze. As the look of anguish spread over her dying face she had thought of one, the father of her boy, who filled a grave—a drunkard's grave. Yes, he had died from the effects of liquor, but never had she had the sad pleasure of soothing his dying moment. No kiss had she given the man once so dear, so noble, ere his spirit took its flight into eternity; no comfort had she in knowing that her voice had cheered his last hours of death-anguish. Instead, he lay in an unknown grave. In the very height of manhood, inflamed to frenzy by the wine-cup, he had taken the life of a boon companion, and his own life paid the penalty. Is it any wonder that, as her boy hesitated to make the promise she required, the past of one loved one and the possible future of another should blend in one?

It was only a glass of cider, but it roused to activity the appetite that had thus far been sleeping, and when next the ruby glass was offered to him he drained it to the dregs and longed for more.

The flame once kindled burned brighter and brighter, and the young life once guarded by the remembrance of a dying mother was fast yielding to the pitiless demon. Is there no help, no hope? Will no one cry, "Reach the fire-escape and you are safe."

Day by day, week by week, month by month, year by year, the flame kindled

by that match in the crack burned on. Instead of the laughing boy whose kiss had in her darkest hours eased his mother's heart-ache, the boy became the swaggering youth whose boisterous laugh and coarse jokes polluted the quiet evening air, as with others, gathered at the street-corners, he passed insulting remarks upon the passers-by.

As the flame increases in volume, the swaggering youth becomes the poor drunkard—not now satisfied with his occasional glass, but thirsting even for the liquid fire that is consuming his very life. Is there no help, no hope? Will no one cry, "Reach the fire escape and you are safe?"

See, as the fire burns more and more fiercely, each avenue of escape seems closed. His poor beclouded brain is less and less active. Hopeless and benumbed he is ready to sink. But, hark! a murmur reaches his ear, and as he listens the voice of his long-forgotten mother swells the murmur to a cry of earnest, heart-piercing entreaty: "Reach the fire escape and you are safe!" He gropes for it in vain; for a moment he clings to the crumbling pillar of "moderation," but the flame touches that frail support and it falls, almost burying him in its ruins. Discouraged, he scarcely cares to struggle longer, but the cry comes more earnestly: "The fire-escape—reach it and you are safe." Trembling and weak, he totters to his feet. He clutches at one and another frail, charred beam for support, but each gives way at his touch, and unless upheld by a hand, he sees not, he would sink to rise no more. He reaches the fire-escape. Over it is written "Total Abstinence," and, spurning the hand that is outstretched to help him, he steps upon the firm structure: his foot slips even there, and he falls again. One more effort; the hand he spurned is beneath him still, and raises him when his strength is all but gone. Again he steps upon the ladder, this time with his hand fast clasped in the hand of his all-powerful friend, and though bearing for life the scars of the fiery ordeal through which he has passed, he is saved.

Trusting for help and for strength to the almighty arm of Him who laid down His life for him, he is saved on the fire-escape of "Total Abstinence."—National Temperance Society Tract.

MAINE LAW ENFORCED.

Since Rev. Mr. Pearson was elected sheriff of Portland, Me., the liquor sellers of that town have all been hunted out of the business. They are being treated exactly like other law breakers. Heretofore they have been fined once or twice a year as a sort of blackmail to raise revenue, and when the time came for the farce of citing them for violation, word was sent round to them to appear and acknowledge the corn, and pay up. Now, however, every law breaker is arrested on the spot and has to either go to jail until his trial or give bail. There were only three arrests for drunkenness during the first ten days of 1901. Last year's Monday morning police courts always found the cells stocked with drunks. Now there are none. The total arrests for the first week in January were 10. Last year there were 44.

The same state of affairs exists in Lewiston, Me. The mayor and aldermen have decided that the law shall be enforced and the chief of police has notified all liquor joints to close up their doors.

Augusta and Bangor are now the only cities in Maine where liquor can be safely sold.—Royal Templar.

WOOD WHISKEY.

In August, 1899, there was a patent taken out to manufacture whiskey from wood shavings, sawdust, etc. This is effected by means of sulphuric acid (that is vitriol). Hydro-sulphurous acid is afterwards added. It is needless to say that this is simply a murderous composition, not only corroding the walls of the intestines but acting injuriously on the blood. Thus, in case of rheumatic and gouty persons it tends to precipitate the alkaline salts of the blood and aggravate the malady. It is little wonder persons grow weakly who imbibe such liquors. But since whiskey can be made this way for one third the cost, the manufacture goes on merrily.—Scottish Reformer.

IMPORTANT.

TORONTO, 1901.

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 partizan. 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:

Twenty copies will be sent to any one address every month for six months, for ONE DOLLAR, payable in advance

On no other plan can a small investment be made to produce so much of educative results. One hundred and twenty copies may be placed in as many homes. And have more than HALF A THOUSAND readers. One dollar will cover this placing of the claims of our cause before five hundred people. Ten dollars may reach FIVE THOUSAND. WILL YOU HELP US?

Address,

F. S. SPENCE,
52 Confederation Life Building,
Toronto.

SAVE THE CHILDREN.

(The Cheltenham Branch of the British Women's Temperance Association has adopted and issued pledge cards, whereby parents promise not to send their children to the public house.)

In India still men worship gods, Lake Kali, Kama, and Shiv, And even gods of wood and stone, Things that can never live.

In other lands, and Israel too, They worshipped Baal as sire; And Moloch grim, with cruel rites, And children burnt in fire.

We make no gods as Israel did, And as did Greece and Rome; But, lest we think too ill of them, Let us first look at home.

Mammon and Bacchus are not dead, Nor even growing old, If we may judge from what men drink, And things they do for gold.

Where Moloch claims a single child, Bacchus kills full a score, And at his shrine men offer up All they should most adore.

Love, honour, conscience, wife and child, All all a-drowned in drink; And yet Drunk's clam they will not break, And never stoop to think.

We see it all, yet aid by law This vampire-demon Drunk; And some buy shares to get more gold, Gold that will make them sink.

We sing "Brittania rules the waves," And think we're free men all; But they are truly abject slaves, Whom Drunk and Gold enthral.

XX. CENTURY.

YOUNG MEN.

A man in Hartford, Conn., came home drunk. His little boy, from three and a half to four years of age, ran forward to meet his father. Had that father been sober, the boy would have been nestling in his bosom; but he was drunk and seizing the little fellow by the shoulder, he lifted him right over his head, and dashed him out of the second-story window, through sash, glass and all; and on the pavement below they picked up the poor boy, with both his thighs broken. When a man is drunk he does not know what he is about; he has dethroned reason. And so, whether you laugh or cry at some of the follies of drunkenness—whether you hold your sides with merriment, or the marrow stands cold in your bones—yet remember that drunkenness is debasing, blighting, blasting, scathing, mildewing, and jamming to everything that is bright, noble and beautiful.

Young men, let me say to you—what an awful risk you run! Did you ever wake up in the morning, and wonder how you got into your bed? Did you ever lie in the morning, unable to think for the life of you what you did last night? Down on your knees, down on your knees to-night, and thank God, that as you staggered forth, not knowing what you were doing, he did not take your guardian angel from you in that hour, and leave you to plunge into utter ruin.

Why, what is it to get drunk? Here is one case that I knew: and many of my friends were at the wedding—a gorgeous wedding, a grand wedding. Fifteen hundred dollars was the price paid for the flowers, sent expressly from New York. The house had been enlarged for the dancing. A fast young man and a beautiful girl were united. It was a gorgeous wedding, very merry and jolly, plenty of wine; but the bridegroom got drunk, and with his clenched fist, two hours after they had been married, he struck his bride in the mouth. "Hush! hush! don't say anything about it; don't let it get abroad. Hush! hush! it is only known to those here. He was drunk, and did not know what he was doing; cover it up." So they did. He went on his wedding excursion. Six weeks afterwards he got drunk again, and drew a pistol on the wife that loved him. She felt her life was not safe, and went back to her father's house. He came directly to Toronto, in Canada. He got drunk

again, killed a policeman, was tried, convicted, and sentenced to be hanged, in less than ninety days after his wedding. Some friends interceded with the Government, and he is now in Kingston Penitentiary for life. Three drunks! Three times intoxicated! Oh, young men, if God has spared you, and you have ever been drunk in your lives, down on your knees, and, in the gratitude of your souls, declare that you will never again touch that which dethrones reason!

There are those of us who have come out of the fire, those of us who are scarred and bruised, those who will never be what we might have been had it not been for the accursed drink. As year after year rolls on, and brings us nearer and nearer to the end, what would we not give, brethren, could we wipe out our record!

Oh! THAT AWFUL RECORD, young man! You are writing your record now, every day. You begin in the morning with a clean page, perfectly clean, and at night it is smeared, and smudged, and blotted, when you hastily turn it over and think it is gone. No! You can never wipe out a word of your record. You can never blot out a stain nor erase one. No sir! You are making your record.

What a grand thing it is to be a young man, sent out with life all before you, to make of it what you choose, just as you choose—to mould it as you will—to make your life just what you please to make it!

How many of you, young men, are going wrong? And you know you are going wrong. I never knew a man going wrong who was not aware of it. Going wrong! You do not hear them defend it, never—but excuse it. "Oh, it will all come right in the end." What will? "Oh, young men must sow their wild oats." Yes, and they must reap too. "It will be all the same a hundred years hence." What will? "Two diverging lines go on widening to all eternity. There is no cross-cut. If you begin wrong, young man, you can never get right till you come back with bleeding feet, and torn flesh, and streaming tears, and broken heart. And many a man has died in the effort to get back. Oh, the beginning! So many go into ruin with all of life before them.

You are like a switchman, as we call him, on the railway. Here comes the locomotive and the train of cars, freighted with human life, hopes, and happiness; and your hand is on the switch. You can turn that train on to the main track; you can turn it on to the siding; you can turn it down the bank; but when it has passed by, your control over it is gone forever. Never will you have another such opportunity, and opportunities are passing you day by day, day by day. By and by some will say as poor Churchill did on his death-bed, "All gone! every opportunity lost! What a fool I have been!"

Young man, is that to be the end of your life, with all its prospects and all its bright hopes?—John B. Gough.

IT SOUNDED AWFUL.

A temperance lecturer was preaching on his favorite theme. "Now, boys, when I ask you a question you must not be afraid to speak up and answer me. When you look around and see all those fine houses, farms and cattle, do you ever think who owns them all now? Your fathers own them, do they not?"

"Yes, sir," shouted a hundred voices. "Where will your fathers be in twenty years?"

"Dead," shouted the boys. "That's right. And who will own this property then?"

"Us boys," shouted the urchins. "Right. Now tell me, did you ever in going along the street notice the drunkards lounging around the public-house door waiting for some one to treat them?"

"Yes, sir, lots of them."

"Well, where will they be in twenty years from now?"

"Dead," exclaimed the boys. "And who will be the drunkards then?"

"Us boys."

Everybody was thunderstruck. It sounded awful! It was awful, but it was true.—League Journal.

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.

Although the price of the CAMP FIRE—Twenty-five cents per year—is very low, we have decided to make a special offer of premiums for subscriptions received during the early part of the present year.

We have secured a line of interesting and attractive books which we propose to present to both old and new subscribers on the plan below set out. Those who are already on our list and send money to take advantage of this offer, may either have another paper sent them or have their present subscription extended one year.

Each of the books named is among the very best of its class, the matter being selected with much care. Each contains 64 large double-column pages, and is neatly bound in attractive paper covers. We will send a copy of any one of these books by itself on receipt of ten cents.

A list of these books is given below. For Twenty-five cents we will send THE CAMP FIRE for one year and any one book selected from the list.

NOTE CAREFULLY.—This offer stands good only a short time. Those who are wise will avail themselves of it at once. Address,

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A CART-LOAD OF FUN.



This is a new book, just published, and contains One Hundred and Sixty-six funny Stories, Anecdotes and Jokes by such famous humorists as Mark Twain, Max Adler, Josh Billings, Bill Nye, R. J. Burdette, and many others. It is full of fun and nonsense from cover to cover, and a sure cure for "the blues." All the best jokes, anecdotes and stories of recent years have been carefully selected, and are now offered in this large and splendid collection, which will be richly enjoyed by all who love genuine humor and fun. Among the titles of the anecdotes and stories contained in "A Cart-Load of Fun" are the following: "A Man with a Liver," "Punkin Pie," "How to go to a Counting," "Baumgartner's Dog," "Stove's Elephant story," "Marriage a Scheme to Manufacture Happiness," "Mrs. Jones's Burial," "The Facts About Sam Snyder," "Deacon Amos's Federation Inquiries," "The Seal Case of Eliza de Bill," "The Dead Gulch Christmas Tree," "A Private Scrap," "Marthy Became Reconciled," "Uncle Ephraim's Wisdom," "A One-Horse Hotel," "He Concluded not to Commit Suicide," "Queerly Married," "Hannah was Arrested," "How the Tired Patient Man had his Feelings," "Breaking up a Cat Concert," "Jones's Baby," "The Spelling Book," "The Spelling Book at Angels," "Cal's Courtship," "Denver Jim," "The Foreclosure of the Mortgage," "The Bartender's Story," "The Husky's Receptionists of the day," "The Cow-boy's Christmas Ball," "Tea-stor Jim," "Mike's Confession," "The Surprise Party in Dutchtown," "Old Daddy Turner," "Paddy's Courtship," "Sambo's Dilemma," "Davy and Gowan," "The Turkey Book," "Little John's Christmas," "Joe's Wife," "Uncle Anderson on Prosperity," "The Irishman's Panorama," "Buddy's Troubles," etc., etc. The contents of this book have been selected with great care, the aim being to include only the best, hence it contains the cream of fifty of the ordinary recitation books, and is without doubt the best collection of dialect recitations and readings ever published. A book of 64 large double-column pages, neatly bound in attractive paper covers, and will be sent by mail post-paid upon receipt of only Ten Cents.

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This book contains a large and careful selection of the most popular recitations in the Yankee, Negro, German, Irish and other dialects, as recited by the leading elocutionists of the day. The contents embrace humorous, dramatic and pathetic selections, both in prose and verse, some of which are the following: "The Stolen Watermelon," "The Spelling Book at Angels," "Cal's Courtship," "Denver Jim," "The Foreclosure of the Mortgage," "The Bartender's Story," "The Husky's Receptionists of the day," "The Cow-boy's Christmas Ball," "Tea-stor Jim," "Mike's Confession," "The Surprise Party in Dutchtown," "Old Daddy Turner," "Paddy's Courtship," "Sambo's Dilemma," "Davy and Gowan," "The Turkey Book," "Little John's Christmas," "Joe's Wife," "Uncle Anderson on Prosperity," "The Irishman's Panorama," "Buddy's Troubles," etc., etc. The contents of this book have been selected with great care, the aim being to include only the best, hence it contains the cream of fifty of the ordinary recitation books, and is without doubt the best collection of dialect recitations and readings ever published. A book of 64 large double-column pages, neatly bound in attractive paper covers, and will be sent by mail post-paid upon receipt of only Ten Cents.

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"Modern Entertainments" is the title of a new book by Mrs. Eliza W. Merriman, describing numerous forms of entertainment for evening companies which have been successfully given by recreational societies in all parts of the country. "How can we entertain without dancing or cards?" is the ever-recurring question of that large class who consider such amusements harmful, and this book has been written to meet this precise need. Its possession will enable any hostess to entertain her friends and acquaintances in a manner thoroughly enjoyable, and so numerous and varied are the entertainments described that it will furnish all the material needed in this line for many successive seasons. The following are the titles of the entertainments described: "Entertainment as an Art," "An Initial Entertainment," "The Modern Sewing Bee," "The Five Senses," "An Enjoyable Musical," "The Round Table," "A Valentine Party," "The Bohemians," "A Book Party," "A Geography Party," "A Charade Party," "A Kindergarten for Adults," "An Evening with the Occult," "The Artists at Play," "A Soothing Party," "A Drawing-Entertainment," "A Halloween Party," "A New Year Party," "Out-Door Entertainments," "Breakfasts," "Luncheons," "Teas," "Dinners," "Wedding Anniversaries," "A Meeting of Celebrities," "ENTERTAINMENTS FOR CHILDREN," "An Old Fashioned Party," "A Punch and Judy Party," "A Modern Battle," "A Mystic Circle," "A Shooting Match," "A Peanut Party," "A Christmas Entertainment," "A Hurly Burly," "Modern Entertainments" is a book of 64 large double-column pages, neatly bound in attractive paper covers, and will be sent by mail post-paid upon receipt of only Ten Cents.